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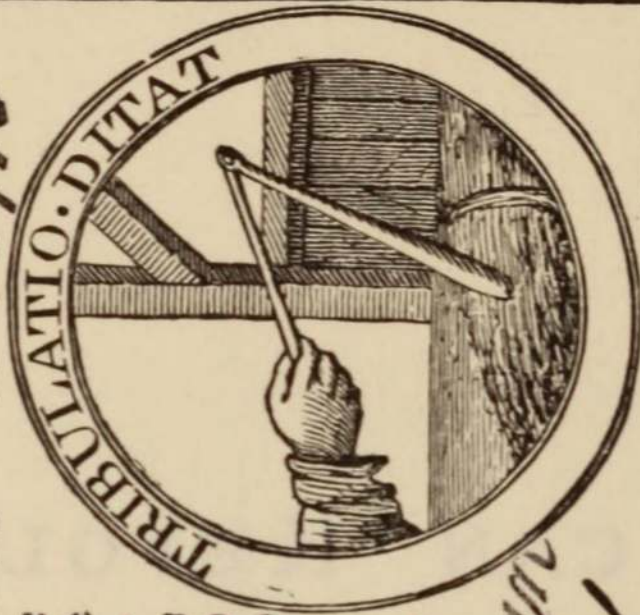


AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

II TWO DOLLARS
 Continental Currency.
 TWO DOLLARS

The United Colonies
 TWO DOLLARS

TWO DOLLARS. No. 13913



TWO DOLLARS.

The United Colonies
 TWO DOLLARS

THIS Bill entitles the
 Bearer to receive
 TWO SPANISH MIL-
 LED DOLLARS, or the
 Value thereof in GOLD
 or SILVER, according to
 a Resolution of CON-
 GRESS, passed at Phi-
 ladelphia February 17,
 1776.

*For Edman
 P. Boyd*

II TWO DOLLARS
 Continental Currency.
 TWO DOLLARS

Fac-simile of a Two Dollar Bill—Revolutionary Currency.
 Feb. 17, 1776.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS
OF THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

A Private Journal.

Prepared from Authentic Domestic Records.

by

LYDIA MINTURN POST

Edited by SIDNEY BARCLAY.



KENNIKAT PRESS
Port Washington, N. Y./London

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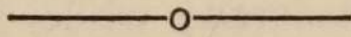
THIS VOLUME

Is with permission inscribed, as a slight

Testimonial of Respect.

S. B.

P R E F A C E .



THE following Papers are taken from private records of the Revolution, written by a mover among, and an eye-witness of, the scenes therein described ; commencing with the occupation of Long Island by the British.

The actors therein served, not in tented fields, or cabinet councils ; their names are not enrolled on the page of history ; their deeds are unsung or unremembered ; their sufferings, losses, and privations are unrecorded. Yet, in their patient endurance they served their country no less than if their blood had been spilled upon her fields of battle, or their treasure given to acquire her freedom.

Placed in a region of country which was taken early, and held by the enemy during the war, they were subject to the depreda-

Preface.

tions, insults, and levies of the British, and to robbery, incendiarism, and brutal assaults from a class of outlaws, between the armies; the refuse of both parties, called Runners, Rangers, Cow-boys, etc.

Those of the noble true-hearted countrymen of Long Island, who were at all active in behalf of freedom and their country, were exiled from their homes and obliged to fly; if taken, they were imprisoned, their families were scattered, and their dwellings indiscriminately plundered; while, by wearing a bit of red ribbon in their hats, as royalists, they might have been undisturbed and protected.

On the morning of the 30th of August, 1776, under cover of a heavy fog, while the enemy were so near that the sound of their pickaxes and shovels, as they dug the trenches, was distinctly audible to the Americans, General Washington, with unrivalled skill and judgment, effected the silent retreat and memorable passage of the East River.

“After this,” says a recent writer, “the British and their allies, the Tories and Refugees, had possession of the island, and many distressing scenes occurred, which were never made public, and can therefore never be known.”

Of this history, the following pages, from unpublished records, long kept, and often curiously though cursorily peeped into, afford a dark, though true picture. It is the history of the trials and

Preface.

sufferings, hopes, fears, privations, and grievances of a neighborhood in the heart of the island. To dwell for a season with fervent gratitude and affectionate pride on the self-denying spirit, indomitable heroism, and inexhaustible patience, which animated our Fathers and Mothers in the Revolutionary struggle, will serve to keep fresh in our remembrance the price paid for our Freedom; will recall our minds from the all-engrossing Present, and rouse them from the benumbing influence of luxury and ease.

The writer of these Letters, and this Diary, was the wife of an officer of the Revolution, and the daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, who, though endeavoring to maintain the neutral ground (as became one who owed allegiance to the Prince of Peace) in the contest which was then raging, dividing the hearts of households, whose peace and joy had never before known a cloud, was yet loyal at heart through all trial, temptation, and loss. His daughter's position, as the reader will perceive, was a peculiar and painful one.

The journal was written during a long period of separation from her husband. It presents a true picture of her life, and commences with an extract from one of his letters to her. It is full of minute details, which, from their beauty and simplicity, have been left untouched. The old manuscript has been faithfully adhered to, the writer of this preface being confident that

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its authenticity will not be doubted by those who, taking truth and nature for their guide, can relish a plain tale plainly told.

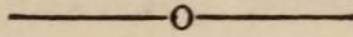
It is questionable whether there could be found in our whole country a spot where time has made so few changes, or custom so little inroad, as in the region which was the scene of these reminiscences. The habits and manners of its inhabitants are unaltered. The same houses, the same furniture, the same farms, the same trees, remain to this day. The spot where some cruelty or outrage was committed is still pointed out, and the very hearthstone is shown, under which lay hidden, until the danger passed by, the little relics of the broken household family plate, or perhaps all the money possessed by the needy owner.

Tax Journal

THE JOURNAL.

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THE JOURNAL.



“**WRITE** *from thy heart, Mary, from the inmost recesses of it, that I may look into it, as it loves, hopes, thinks, fears, that, though absent, thou mayest be near, and that thy troubles, thy cares, may be shared, though not alleviated, by one whom thou lovest, and who loves thee.*”

September.

The request shall be granted; each day a page in the journal, or a letter to my husband.

Still at the Parsonage with my three precious children; already heart-weary

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at your absence, but striving to keep up courage. To-day received intelligence of the unfortunate affair of Brooklyn. What a skilful movement was that of General Washington—a wonderful retreat!—the enemy so near that the sound of their pickaxes and shovels could be heard! It is a new proof of his cool forethought and judgment. The heavy fog seemed to fall providentially. May we not accept it as an omen that our leader is the favored of Heaven?

In this quiet nook where we had hoped to find peace and safety, we shall have disturbance, fear, and danger; since the enemy have possession of the island, there can be no doubt of it, but to some extent my father's neutral stand, and sacred profession, will protect us.

As we have moved to this place, dear

Edward, since you left us, I think it will be agreeable to you to have some little description of it. It is a low-roofed, Dutch style of house, with its gable to the road; white-washed and covered with sweetbriar and creeping vines of many kinds; and my father has planted the ivy, which came from his dear Old England. It grows slowly, and the children love to pick its glossy leaves, and carry them to grandpa. At the sight of them, his heart of tenderness reverts to early days; he tells them of the old castles, and grey ruins it mantles over the sea, and of the one which overgrew the cottage where he was born. The thoughts of my dear, honored parent remind me of a brave old tree torn up by its roots, and transplanted into a foreign soil; it may not die, but it has a sickly appearance, and its leaves

have lost their living green, and are pale and yellow.

The front door opens into a hall of moderate size. On the right is the parlor; back of it my father's study, while on the other side is the dining-room and bed-room, and in the wing the kitchen. The rooms above are spacious and convenient, the windows at the end being large, admitting air and light. Across the front of the dwelling runs a piazza, or covered porch. Here we sit and sew, and talk, and read. My father tells me the news, which he gathers in his walks in the neighborhood; and I read to him portions of your letters, which indeed is but seldom, because they are so few. His breast is, I think, agitated by contending emotions. He is attached to the land of his adoption, and can sympathize in her dis-

tress, but naturally his first, his dearest affections, were given to the land of his birth. Can we censure this? call it infatuation, blindness? Oh no! I honor my father for the sentiment. Do not condemn it, Edward. *We* love this, our native land, the native country of my mother, of both your parents. Her cause seems to *us* a righteous one. She is over-taxed, oppressed, insulted; my father feels this, he is indignant at it; yet, in his character of ambassador of Christ, follower of the Crucified, as well as by nature's instinct, he *hates* the sin, while he *loves* the sinner. They seem (the English) the foes of our own household to him; brother lifting up sword against brother, in unnatural warfare, which he prays may speedily come to an end!

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October 3d.

DEAR, dear husband ! was there ever anything so sorrowful, so dreadful, as young Nathan Hale's fate ? Tears are running down while I write.

Would that the enemy's designs could have been discovered without so costly a sacrifice ! Gen. Washington desired, for he knew it to be of vital importance to the Continental Forces, that some one should penetrate the British Camp, to discover their plans.

In the performance of this duty, the flower of the army has fallen a victim to British wrath and brutality.

Rhoda Pemberton wrote me that at the time when Colonel Knowlton first made known to the officers, the wish of the Commander-in-Chief, a dead silence prevailed ; and then Captain Hale looked up and said, " I will undertake it." It seemed, she said, against right

and nature to all his friends, and even to strangers, that so young and gallant an officer should go out on such service. But young Hale said, "Every kind of service for his country became honorable. It was desired by the Commander of her armies."

Young Captain Hale left the camp at Harlem Heights under General Washington's orders, late in last month, I believe.

Before reaching the British lines he assumed the dress of a school master; he wore a suit of brown broad-cloth, and a round broad-brimmed hat.

He took off his silver shoe buckles too. His college diploma was in his port-manteau, signed by the Reverend Doctor Naphthali Daggett of Yale University.

He passed, so Rhoda tells me, safely

through the British lines, every where, along the posts, and among the tents and barracks, to Huntingdon, about nine miles from this place. It was the place from which he started a short time before. A boat was to meet him, to sail over to Connecticut Main.

The young man went down to the shore at day-break in perfect security; no doubt buoyed with joy at the success of his enterprise.

He saw a boat moving shoreward. *It was the enemy!* He did retreat, but they cried out "Surrender, or Die."

An armed vessel, the "Halifax," stood around the neck, out of sight. Thither the young man was taken, and put in irons.

His papers, written in some dead language (Latin, I believe), were under the soles of his pumps. They betrayed him.

The next morning at daybreak, after he received sentence, he was executed.

“I only regret,” he said, just before he ascended to the gibbet, “that I have but one life to lose for my country.”

Rhoda gave me this account. She says that Prevost Cunningham (the inhuman wretch!) called out, “Swing the Rebel off!”

I cannot write this without weeping. It was a noble testimony, but a bitter necessity. So likely, so young, so brave.

It was on the 21st of September '76. They tore up the letter he wrote to his family, saying, the rebels should never know they had a man in their army who could die with such firmness.

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Tuesday.

THE Hessians have been ordered to cut down all the saplings they can find. They pile them along the road about twelve feet high, then by pressing teams and wagons, they cart it away to forts and barracks at a distance.

It is a serious loss; in a few years our farms will be without wood for use. They (the Hessians) burn an immense quantity;—even the rail-fences, unless we take care to cut and cart wood for their constant use. Keeping the fire a-going all night, many a poor farmer rises in the morning to find his cattle strayed miles away, or his grain trampled down and ruined!

Wednesday.

ABOUT thirty miles to the eastward, a countryman was met on the road by a company of English soldier ruffians, when they began to curse and

swear, and threaten to compel him to say, "God save the king," which he resolutely and unwisely refused to do; though doubtless not counting on their putting their threat into execution.

One of the villains, more in liquor and more violent than the rest, stepped up to the American, with a drawn sword, which he kept flourishing over the poor creature's head, and shouted, "*Say it, or by —— you're a dead man!*" The villain paused an instant; the dumb silence of the man continued, and the dreadful threat was put into execution!

I suppose there are many around us who would have done the same thing. Few, in this our day and generation, pray for their enemies, not even "*Good King George!*"

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Saturday.

RUTH FLOYD'S husband (you remember Ruth, my old friend) has been murdered!

She married Nathaniel Woodhull. He was elected last year President of the Provincial Congress. There are no bounds to the indignation and horror. A pattern of Christian meekness must he or she be, to be able to forgive and pray for such enemies. But that God will turn their hearts I do most fervently implore.

I jot down a few of the particulars, although it is a painful task.

His duty was to drive the live stock from the shore to the interior of the island, out of the reach of the enemy.

Being poorly off for men, he was forced to wait a reinforcement at Jamaica. He was Brigadier-General of Suffolk and Queens.

The General fell a victim to his high sense of honour. He refused to abandon his perilous post, while any hope of reinforcement remained.

My father thinks that he would have been justified in withdrawal. His force was reduced to less than 100 men, from a desire to remove their families to places of safety.

Those remaining, were worn down, and their horses over-driven, in repelling the ravaging parties of the enemy. The British (landing at Gravesend) were pouring over the Island in swarms, cutting off communications with the American force at Brooklyn.

A severe thunder-storm compelled him to take refuge in an inn near by. He was overtaken by the 17th regiment of British Dragoons. The General gave up his sword in token of surrender. A

ruffian ordered him to say, "God save the King." The General replied, "God save us all;" on which the cowardly assassin brutally assaulted the defenceless General with a broad-sword.

He would have killed him, but his hand was arrested by an officer of more magnanimity and honour.

One arm was horribly mangled, from shoulder to hand. In this situation he was dragged from place to place: at length he was released from a filthy little vessel used to transport live stock for the use of the British army by the enemy, and removed, mangled, bleeding, and parched with fever-heat, to an inn at Jamaica, Mrs. Hinchman's tavern.

She gave up the best room and bed for the poor wounded General's use. He begged her not to leave him alone in the hands of the enemy. The

humane woman answered, "Don't be uneasy, General; I don't expect to go to bed to-night."

The next day he was taken westward again. Mrs. Hinchman had dressed the wounds, bandaged his head, which was terribly cut, and the shattered arm.

At a half-way house, while the escort regaled themselves within, the wounded General was left with a guard, under the horse-shed! Here again woman acted the part of the good Samaritan. Mrs. Howard, the landlady, went out to minister to the weak and fainting patriot.

She brought bread, and wine-sangaree, and invited him with tender pity and solicitude, to partake of some refreshment.

The guard impudently asked, "If she had nothing for them?"

"I *give* to prisoners, you can *buy*," the kind woman replied.

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The fainting General was conveyed to New Utrecht. He felt himself rapidly growing worse; his little remaining strength was fast ebbing. He urgently requested that his wife might be sent for. Strange to say, the request was granted. The arm was cut off by the surgeon, but mortification took place, and the brave man breathed his last, his wife, Ruth Floyd, having arrived only in time to receive his dying sigh.

Poor Ruth! What must have been her feelings when the news of her husband's state reached Mastick!

Rhoda writes that she was wonderfully sustained, and showed great presence of mind. She (Ruth Woodhull) caused a wagon-load of provisions to be put up; but little could her poor husband partake of.

General Woodhull lived but a few hours after she reached New Utrecht. He was in the enemy's hospital, in a comfortless, wretched condition. It was his request, that Ruth should distribute the provisions among the poor starved American prisoners there, which she did, and then placed her dear, lost husband's body in the wagon, and went on her lonely way home.

Poor woman!

Yet, as she slowly travelled that dreary journey of 70 miles, in tears, there must have been some comfort in the thought that the precious remains of her gallant husband were not left with the enemy, to be denied the rites of sepulture; but that she could lay him by the side of his forefathers, in the family burial-place; in hope, and honourable pride, that for his country he had laid down his life.

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Thursday.

ONCE a month the Hessians go to head-quarters for their rations, including spirits, and then for three days they are for the most part given up to intoxication, and we have trying and grievous scenes to go through; fighting, brawls, drumming and fifeing, and dancing the night long; card and dice playing, and every abomination going on under our very roofs! The noise from the kitchen, which they always occupy, is terrifying. The door opening into the rest of the house is nailed fast, but the inmates are continually in dread of having their dwellings burnt over their heads.

*Friday
Morning.*

THE Pattisons had a fine young heifer killed during the night. Some of the family heard the noise, but thought it most prudent not to make

any resistance. The creature was drawn and quartered in the barn. What boldness!

Mrs. Clement, the wife of James Clement, was alone in the house with her children yesterday, about two miles hence, when an officer rode up, dismounted, and entered. He told her very civilly that he wanted supper for his company (about sixty men). She politely declined. He then began to insist, and at length said they *should* come. Mrs. Clement replied that it was out of the question. She had nothing prepared; no person to assist her, and four little children to take care of. Still he rode off, saying they would be back in an hour for supper, and if she did not get it ready, she must take the consequences.

She sat in fear and trembling through

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the hour, and her helplessness overcame her so, that she could not resist tears most of the time, though she tried to put her trust in the Lord, that He would deliver from her distress.

She thought it would be well if she could take her children and leave the house, but the nearest neighbor was a mile by the road, though only half that distance through the woods. But the wood was often infested with robbers, and the very thought of going that way made her shudder. In her state of weakness and fear she was quite unable to carry her baby, and the three little ones were unable to walk the distance of a mile. So she determined to wait the event, and when the British came to tell them the truth.

Whether they found a better prospect elsewhere, or what the seeming cause

was, I cannot say; but they did not return, and I cannot help believing that they were providentially deterred from so doing.

I HAVE to-day to record deeds of horror, and of heroism, seldom equalled.

Saturday.

The house of Mr. Wilmot Oakley, near Cold Spring, was attacked last night. He had long expected, and was prepared to meet, the attack, being proverbially brave and powerful.

The robbers forced open the front door, and entered the sitting-room, adjoining Mr. and Mrs. Oakley's bedroom. Two loaded guns stood in the corner of the room. The robbers were armed with pistols and swords. On opening the door, Mr. Oakley saw three men, one of whom called out, "Surren-

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der, and give up your money!" Not he. They had this time met their equal in daring—the man to fight it out, and the woman too!

Mr. Oakley fired his gun, and one of the intruders his pistol, which triflingly grazed the ear of Mr. Oakley. He handed his wife the gun, and took from her the loaded one; fired it off, and his man fell. While she reloaded, he warded the other two of the rascals off with the gun in his hand. He then took the gun again loaded by Mrs. Oakley, fired, and the second man reeled and fell. The other man, seeing one of his comrades dead and the other fallen, ran out of the house, Mr. Oakley (with his gun reloaded) after him, fired at him as he was running on the road. The next morning traces of blood were seen in the road and on the fence, so that there

is little doubt that he was wounded, though he escaped.

I am glad to say every effort was made to save the life of the robber, who lay in a dreadful condition on the floor of the parlor, but it proved unavailing. He followed his companion in wickedness before the light of day.

RATION-DAY. The Hessians borrowed a young horse of Mr. Pat-tison, to fetch home their rations, taking a pail for the liquor. After two hours' absence they drove up, cursing with rage at the horse, and whipping the poor creature most unmercifully. The reason was soon manifest. It seems, just as one of them had set the pail of spirits in the wagon, the young horse reared on his hind legs, and upset the whole!

*Tuesday,
16th Oct.*

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We could scarcely conceal our pleasure on hearing this, well knowing we had escaped one horrible jollification at all events, thanks to the high-mettled animal.

Wednesday.

CHARLES accompanied John Harris home from school, with my permission, last night. He returned this morning, with a story of the night, which he related to me in breathless excitement.

A family living a mile from us were quietly sitting together in the evening, when a noise was heard at the door like that of a sharp instrument thrust into it. On opening the door, there stood a red-coat with his sabre in his hand, which he had stuck into the wood an inch or two. He was backed by a dozen men. They pushed their way in, and were

very unruly, rummaging and ransacking every drawer and closet; but the family had long before taken the precaution to place all their valuables and money in a small room, which opened out of the common sitting-room, putting a large cupboard before the door, which covered it entirely; so that the Hessians quartered there last winter never discovered the existence of the room. A cunning device.

The red-coats, highly enraged at finding nothing, began to threaten terrible things if they did not divulge the hiding place. Mr. W. told them, that if they dared do any violence he would report them to the commanding officer; whereupon they actually went into the kitchen, kindled some light wood, came out, and set a burning brand at each corner of the house. The family were exceed-

ingly alarmed. In great terror, Sarah, the youngest daughter, rushed out. She is famed through all the north side for her comeliness. I can well imagine that she must have appeared to them like a lovely apparition, with her flashing eye and glowing cheek. The ringleader, astonished, stood with a torch in his hand, gazing at her.

At length he said, "Angel!"

"Stop, I entreat you," said Sarah. His looks were riveted upon her in ardent admiration, which embarrassed her.

"I will, on one condition," said he.

"What is it?" said she.

"Will you grant it?"

"If I can," replied Sarah.

"It is, that you will allow me to kiss you."

"Oh, if that is all," said her father,

“comply, my daughter.” So, as she made no resistance, the rough soldier planted a fervent kiss on her lips, expressed himself satisfied, and departed.

They found before her baby-house that the soldiers had stuck the dolls on their bayonets, and railed among themselves and laughed.

It is seldom that a man’s house is attacked more than once. Mr. Harris had his turn some time ago; therefore, although he saw some suspicious-looking persons lurking about, he feared nothing, and rose before daylight, with the intention of going to the south of the island for salt hay.

Mrs. Harris, however, began to feel uneasy and timid, from the reports she heard during the day, and the recollection of her never-to-be-forgotten injuries, and persuaded her husband to remain at

home. That night passed without disturbance.

About nine o'clock the next evening, a neighbor stopped at the gate in his wagon, and he and Mr. Harris were running over the exciting times and scenes enacting round the country, when they saw a man moving about the fields, and peering out of the edge of the woods now and then. One of the serving women, too, had seen some one about dusk standing close by the woodpile, who vanished on her appearance at the door of the kitchen. In consequence of these signs, Mr. Harris concluded not to retire, but to sit up and keep lights and fires burning about the house.

Charles and the other children were sent to bed, but not to sleep; that was impossible, with their perturbed and excited imaginations.

About twelve o'clock, Mr. Harris being on the look out, saw a man at a short distance from the house, apparently reconnoitring; he now held a council with his wife and the two hired men.

They came to the conclusion that an attack was intended, and that it was time to act; and they determined to leave the house in a body, taking the two guns, loaded, the money, silver, and small valuables.

Though the next house was full a half mile off, there seemed no other alternative. The poor little frightened children were hurried up and dressed; their fears and cries were hushed, and they were carried down stairs. As quietly as possible all left the house by the back door.

It was a moment of intense anxiety;

their hearts beat with dread and terror. With trembling limbs, that almost refused to bear them, they slowly and painfully moved on. "Faint, though pursuing," they endeavored to stay their minds above.

At length arrived at Mr. S.'s, another difficulty presented itself. The family would inevitably take them for robbers, and be liable to fire upon them.

In this dilemma Mr. Harris thought it best to go close to the door, and call out his name, trusting that his voice would be recognised, which was the case.

The poor wanderers were warmly received, and provided with comfortable beds, after they had talked over their fright.

The house of Mr. S. has never been attacked, it is so well secured, the doors

and windows being lined and barred with iron, which is well known.

A new source of trouble has appeared on the south side—kidnapping negroes.

The ruffians come in sloops from the Delaware and Maryland country, and landing on the island in the night, they steal the poor creatures while asleep, after the labor of cutting the salt meadow grass for their masters. When they get them away, they sell them at the South.

A week since, while the men were at work, four persons, in broad day, their faces blackened, and dressed like negroes, appeared suddenly, each armed with a gun, and before the others could come to the rescue, a man and a boy were forcibly taken, put in a boat, and rowed off to a cutter out at sea. On the deck the villains could be seen

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putting chains on the poor creatures. I tremble at the thought of the future!

*Wednesday,
Nov. 24th.*

YESTERDAY my indignation was aroused to a high degree. I was sitting in the end of the porch, my father at my side, and little Mary, with your letter in her hands, which she was pretending to read, when a loud cry startled us. It seemed to come from neighbor Pattison's, our nearest neighbor. Charles went over, returned, and gave us this account of the affair. It appears that Edmund Pattison was enjoying his noon rest quietly in the barn (he is a noble-looking lad of eighteen, tall and athletic, and of a high spirit), when a light-horseman rode up to the door. "Youngster," said he, "make haste and bestir yourself. Go and assist the driver of the two yoke of oxen there to

unload his cart of the timber into the road."

Now Edmund had been hard at work with his own hired man, loading the wagon to take the timber to a farmer three miles off, to whom it was sold by his father; the waggon and teams both belonged to the Pattisons.

"Hurry, sir," said the light-horseman.

Edmund firmly replied, "I shall not do it."

"What, sirrah! we shall see who will do it;" and drawing his sword, he held it over the head of Edmund, cursing and swearing, and threatening to cut him down, unless he instantly unloaded, and took his team, and helped to carry in it provisions for the army.

With unblanched cheek Edmund Pattison reiterated his denial, and told him to do it himself.

Incensed and enraged beyond measure at such a contempt of orders, it seemed as though the man *must* strike and kill the stubborn boy, who, firm and undaunted, said not a word.

At this time our Charles, who was on the spot, ran to the house and told Mrs. Pattison that "the Britisher was going to kill her Edmund."

Her cry it was that we heard from the porch. She ran to the barn, and begged the soldier to desist. He was more furious than ever, supposing the fear of the mother would induce compliance; she too expostulated with her son, imploring him to assist in unloading the wagon, and save himself from death.

"No fear of death, mother; he dare not touch a hair of my head." The boy was more determined than before, and the soldier more enraged, flourish-

ing his sabre, and swearing that he would be the death of him.

“ You dare not. I will report you to your master for this,” said Edmund, very boldly. Upon this the light-horseman mounted his horse, and told the brave Edmund once more, that if he did not instantly comply with his request he would cut him into inch pieces!

Edmund coolly walked across the barn-floor, armed himself with a huge pitchfork, and took his station in the doorway.

“ You cowardly rascal,” said he, “ take one step towards this floor, and I stab you with my pitchfork !”

His mother could endure the scene no longer; she ran to the house, where she met her husband, and sent him to rescue Edmund. Friend Pattison, a sensible, clear-headed man, rode up, and

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seeing matters at this high pass on both sides, said to the Britisher, "You know your duty, and have no right to lay a finger on *him*, a non-combatant on neutral ground."

Seeing no signs of relenting, farmer Pattison turned his horse into the direction of the road, and said he would soon see Colonel Wurms, and know *who* had the power to abuse and threaten the farmers of the country in such a manner.

The light-horseman was now alarmed, and thinking it best to get there first, put spurs into his horse, and rode off, uttering awful imprecations.

Thus this time Edmund escaped, though I very much fear his defying, fearless spirit may yet cost him dear.

Saturday,
Nov. 27.

RECEIVED a few hasty lines from
White Plains. They mention an

engagement on the 28th October; “retreated with loss.” The aspect of affairs is gloomy indeed. I cannot but feel despondent. *Where is it to end, and how?* The army is greatly reduced by killed, wounded, and taken, and those whose enlistments have expired daily leaving; the poor creatures remaining, many without shoes or comfortable clothing, are sadly disheartened. The enemy have possession of the city of New York, of Staten Island, and of Long Island. Who can look without trembling at the failure of this struggle to throw off our yoke? The reins drawn tighter, more oppressed and circumscribed, and the examples made of rebels—it is fearful to think of.

It must have been an affecting sight to witness the enthusiasm of the poor, barefooted, ragged, hungry troops, toss-

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ing up their crownless hats in the air, when, on his white charger, the general rode into camp!

I will confess a womanly admiration of a noble exterior. Washington's influence and authority must be enhanced by his gallant bearing and commanding figure, as he sits his proud steed.

You never look at the possibility of failure. It is the cause of liberty, the cause of humanity; yet your letter breathes discouragement. We are so far separated, there is so much uncertainty, and war is so sorrowful, that I sometimes feel a longing to fly with you to a place of peace and safety.

Adieu! The little ones are well; they (blissful things!) know not the care and anxiety of

Your fond and foreboding wife.

December.

THE depredations, robberies, and not seldom murders, committed by the Cow-Boys and Runners, are alarming, and exasperating the people in the extreme. The farmers suffer dreadfully from the levying, taxing, and quartering upon them of the Hessians and British soldiers. They are very insolent, making most unreasonable demands, and the meek-spirited, unresisting Quakers are martyrs to their lawlessness and rapacity.

There are two homesteads besides our own which border The Pond. It is a beautiful little sheet of water. My father often says it would, in the old countries, be called a lake, tarn, or some other pretty name. Well, it would not any more enliven *our* prospect as it sparkles in the sun, and grows dark and shadowy in the twilight. Nor would Charley delight the more to sail his

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mimic ship, or paddle the canoe upon its bosom, than he does now the live-long day. There is a small island in the centre, which is called after the silly birds which dearly love to swim the water, land thereon, flap and dry their wings, and scream their pleasure—*Goose Island.*

Monday.

HENRY PATTISON, the nearest neighbor, has eight sturdy sons, and one little timid daughter. He belongs to the Society of Friends, is a fine specimen of humanity, owns a valuable farm, yet has a pretty hard struggle to bring up his large family. He was beginning to prosper a little, when the war began; but he is a mild, patient, pious man, consulted in all troubles and difficulties the whole country round; has prevented much going to law; visits the sick in

soul and in body, and relieves them by his judicious advice, temporal and spiritual. He is called hereabouts The Peace-Maker.

Friend Pattison appears to have neither "part nor lot" in the struggle in which the country is engaged. How strange! *To be a man, and remain neutral!* His soul abhors War. This principle of their sect is enrooted in his breast. Yet he is a severe sufferer from it. Six Hessians are quartered upon him. They took possession of the kitchen; swung up their hammocks; cook his (the farmer's) food, and hang about, smoking and drinking the live-long day. Dear, how annoying! When shall we be rid of them?

GENERAL HOWE has issued a proclamation offering pardon to

Thursday.

all who will submit to royal authority. Pardon! for what? A just indignation against rights trampled upon!

It is said that many wealthy and influential persons have deserted the American cause. It is indeed a gloomy hour! But we *must* triumph. The descendants of those who sought here a peaceful asylum from oppression,—Huguenots, Puritans, Covenanters,—will not submit to oppression here. They will defend it with their lives. The ocean rolled between them and their tyrants, *then*, as it will *again*. It is God's decree that this people shall be free. The broad lands of this new continent are destined to all time to be the asylum of the Persecuted, the Poor, the Suffering! Tyranny here shall never hold his baleful sway!

THE impressments of men, horses, and wagons, to carry provender, hay, and soldiers, about the country, are unceasingly going on. When the dreadful work begins, the light-horseman is seen flying like lightning from house to house; the men take the alarm, and make every effort to get out of the way, and to hide their horses and wagons. It is very difficult. Many a noble animal is ruined, worked to death. When the farmers are once caught, and receive orders, they dare not disobey, for persecution is sure to follow. They receive less injury by complying.

Monday.

EDITH PATTISON came over to the Parsonage to-day for the first time. She is a sweet young Quakeress; her pure, lovely, and attractive looks are indeed winning. She wore a silvery

Tuesday.

drab poplin; the sleeves came just above the elbow, a little white frill below; her arms are round and white. She wears always a neat gauze cap; it is thought unseemly in their Society that a young woman's head should be uncovered. She is very fair, though her hair and eyes are dark; her aspect is mild, gentle, and pensive. I can describe to you the outline of Edith's features, but not the spiritual expression of her face. She is made a perfect lady of by her eight doting brothers. They will fetch, and carry, and run for their beautiful sister, as though she were a queen. And when you look at her, you do not think it strange, her air and mien are so serene, and dignity sits enthroned upon her brow.

Doubtless when you read my Journal, penned for your eye, you will exclaim,

“How *could* she calmly write these details in stirring times like these?” But remember, Edward, I must be occupied about something; it beguiles the attention, and keeps off sad thoughts of you, which, when I give way to them, rend my heart. My precious father’s peace is disturbed, and even the dear children appear to participate in the foreboding gloom.

TO-DAY little Marcia found me weeping over your miniature. She took it out of my hand, and covering it with kisses, said, “Oh, that is my dear papa. He is a brave man, is he not, mamma? and the best man too that ever lived. When will he come back?”

Thursday.

This prattle will be sweet to your ears, for it comes from the heart.

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Sunday.

THE church was opened for divine service to-day. It was unusually solemn; many officers and soldiers attended; they were serious and attentive.

Our beautiful clover-field is trampled upon and ruined. My dear father was so fond of its luxuriance! When the dew was on it, the air came laden with delicious odor, regaling us when we sat in the porch. The children used to make posies and wreaths of the large red and white flowers, and often expatiated fondly and gratefully on the rich feast preparing for the horse and brindle cow, by Him who "giveth the early and the latter rain." The clover-seed came from England. While in church a company of fifty horsemen rode into the field, and quite cropped and destroyed it. I have persuaded my father to make

complaint to Colonel Wurms; but there is no redress.

A PRESS for horses yesterday. I will relate how Charley saved our young horse. He and James Pattison were idly sitting on the fence, the other side of the pond, talking indignantly of the insults of the British, to whom the former shows no mercy, when they espied a light-horseman at the door of a farm-house. They knew the next place would be Isaac Willetts', which, though only across the pond, is completely hid from our view by a stately row of poplars, which forms a leafy screen; and they knew his errand too, that he would be here in an instant, for when "pressing," they gallop from house to house with violent speed.

"Fleetfoot shall not go," said Charles,

Tuesday.

“without an effort to save him;” and running with all his might to the barn, he jumped on his back, and made for the woods.

On the instant he was seen by the red-coat, who put spurs to his horse, and came on a full run towards the woods, where Charles had disappeared. My heart beat quick when the red-coat too was lost to sight. My dear, brave child might fall from his horse and be dashed against the trees, in the hot pursuit of the light-horseman.

My father and I sat gazing intently towards the woods, awaiting the result in breathless anxiety, astonished at the boy's daring, and ready to reprove his rash spirit in attempting to save the young horse at the risk of his own safety.

In about an hour's time we saw the

red-coat come out of the woods below; he stopped a man in the road, and made inquiries, but getting no satisfaction, rode off, muttering curses.

At nightfall, peeping his way through the wood, Charles made his appearance, still mounted on his favorite Fleetfoot. By signs we made known to him that the danger had passed, and he rode up to the house. Overjoyed to see him, he told us his story, which Grace and Marcia drank in with greedy ears. Indeed the scene in the porch was worthy of Hogarth's pencil. On one side was his pale affrighted mother, and the little girls, with eyes open wide and full of wonder; near by, the venerable grandfather, with silver locks parted upon a peaceful brow, and Charley standing close to his steed, as he recounted his wrongs and hairbreadth escape, leaning

his head occasionally against his proud neck, so that my son's curls of gold mingled with the ebon mane of Fleetfoot.

He said that he struck deeper and deeper into the woods, going from one piece to another, until the forest became very dense and dark. He rode into a tangled, marshy place, where he stood five hours without moving!

At one time he heard his pursuer close by; heard his fearful oaths, heard him lashing the sides of his own jaded horse. Charley's heart beat violently. But the bog was wet and gloomy, and the soldier's ardor was dampened—he durst not venture. So Charles and Fleetfoot were left to themselves in the deep wood. A brave feat for a boy of fourteen!

December.

AN officer of high rank is in winter quarters with us; resistance is out of the question; wounded and ill, we deeply sympathize with him. Foe or friend, he must be cared for compassionately.

Tuesday.

MAJOR MUSGRAVE has two servants. They attend upon him assiduously, but *we* can minister to the mind of the poor gentleman, and by reading and conversing, can beguile him sometimes of the thought of his situation.

Oh, dear husband, war is a weariness! Its effects sicken the soul. Every hour some fresh account of murder, robbery, wounding, destroying, depre-
dating!

When will this unnatural warfare be at an end?

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Wednesday.

MAJOR MUSGRAVE is very ill to-day, but yet considerate, and full of the thoughtful courtesy of the gentleman. What a blessed thing it is, that national animosity can be lost sight of, forgotten, in sorrow and compassion for a fellow-creature's distress! It leads me constantly to bring home to my own thoughts and feelings the idea of a beloved husband, child, or brother, in such a situation, away from me and all that he loved; amid those against whom his hand had been raised in warfare; wounded, ill, in pain, and anguish of spirit. Should I not cherish, in the deep places of my heart, an everlasting gratitude? And should I not teach it religiously to my children, to those who had *thus* ministered unto mine own?

NO public news this many a day.

Friday.

My womanish fears, as you name them, get the better of me. The disparity between the contending parties is so immense. The mother country, the first maritime power on the globe; her great wealth, vast resources, well disciplined armies, experienced military and naval commanders. What have the Colonies to oppose to such an array of means and power?

Inexperienced officers; raw, undisciplined troops; scant arms and munitions of war; small revenue; few armed ships!

Be still, my anxious heart! "All things are possible to them that believe." "By faith we can remove mountains." Mountains they appear when we look at human means, which seem utterly inadequate. But "the race is not to

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the swift, nor the battle to the strong.” What is this struggle of the Colonies? Is it a war of aggression, of cupidity, of conquest, of fierce passion, for tyranny and despotic sway? No—it is the noble endeavor, the strong purpose, founded in inalienable right, to throw off a galling yoke unjustly and perseveringly imposed. It is the cry of humanity against oppression, usurped power, insolence, and rapacity. Will it prevail, or will it be smothered? Will those evils, from which our fathers fled to this new-found country, like hydra-headed monsters, raise *here* their heads, nor be smitten?

Monday.

THE neighbors feel in Major Musgrave an involuntary interest. Sympathy forms this bond. They call often to see him, and inquire about him, and

bring nice things to tempt the sick man's appetite. Such attentions touch him sensibly. The wound is very bad; it has induced a high fever. He is patient and uncomplaining, which is ten times more touching than if he were cross and irritable.

I CANNOT but be powerfully moved by the wounded man who lies below. His heroic patience in such deep suffering is to be greatly admired; also his consideration of others in the midst of it. He seems to forget himself, in the dread of giving trouble and inconvenience. My father says it is the gift of God—*Grace*, which enables him to triumph over the pains of the body. I asked Major Musgrave if he had always endured suffering so patiently? He replied, "I have not borne mental trials

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with patience or meekness; they are more difficult to endure than bodily pain." He has before made allusion to some great sorrow which he has experienced.

Dec. 30th,
1776.

THE year has closed disastrous, gloomy; panic and despair reign in many a breast. All the future is uncertain; none can foretell what another year may bring forth. Our great commander is still hopeful; although he prays Congress for more effort and assistance, he never speaks a discouraging word as to the result of the struggle. If Congress would appropriate more money, and men could be enlisted on longer terms, say during the war, and properly equipped, greater things could be done. Now, no sooner are they organized, and become a little drilled,

than the term of enlistment expires, and raw recruits take their place.

NEWs of the Battle of Princeton.

Jan. 15th.

My husband safe, thank Heaven! General Washington victorious; General Mercer mortally wounded! How the thoughts of his loved ones rush to my heart! God have mercy upon them! The Commander-in-Chief, by his judgment, skill, and cool intrepidity, has struck the enemy with surprise. They have looked with contempt on our raw men, many of whom never saw a battle. They expected to crush us; to quell with ease, by their giant power, the rebels, as the lord of the forest crushes the insects beneath his feet. With all Major Musgrave's politeness, *this* is discoverable.

They forget the deep-rooted indigna-

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tion which burns in our breasts; the determination to be free, animating the whole colonies with one heart and purpose, to do and dare for liberty, or death!

Thursday.

THE Major is rather better; the wound appears to be healing, but he is miserably weak and ill. I went into his room to-day rather unexpectedly; he appeared to have a miniature in his hand, and put it hastily aside. I asked no questions, of course.

Friday.

GENERAL WASHINGTON has completely dislodged the British along the Delaware river, and recovered almost the whole province of New Jersey. Does it not teach man to look to Him, and remember who it is that blesses the means, when to mortal view they seem totally inadequate?

Monday.

OUR trials in this quarter, I have no doubt, appear to you trifling, and insignificant. In comparison with the great sacrifices and noble deeds now enacting on a broader field, they *are* so. Nevertheless they are irritating and exasperating in the extreme, and hard to be borne. Were I to undertake to relate the injuries, insults, horrors, and sufferings our poor farmers are subject to, I should never finish the story. They take the fence rails to burn, so that the fields are all left open, and the cattle stray away and are often lost; burn fires all night on the ground, and to replenish them, go into the woods and cut down all the young saplings, thereby destroying the growth of ages. But worse than all, robbers come over from the main shore in boats, and keep us in constant alarm! They belong to no

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party, and spare none; freebooters, cowardly midnight assassins, incendiaries, indiscriminate, bold, and daring. "Their hand is against every man, and every man's hand is against them."

We have been spared as yet on account of the Hessians and officer, which are quartered here, whom they fear. Thus "some strange comfort every state attends."

Wednesday.

THE soldiers take so much notice of the children, that I fear lest they should contract evil, especially Charles. They have taught him to speak their language; he understands nearly all their conversation. They make pretty willow baskets for Marcia and Grace, and tell them of their own little ones at home, over the stormy ocean. The children are fond of them, and they feel

no enmity towards them. What is more melancholy than the trade of a hired soldier? I deeply commiserate their wretched lot. Nothing to ennoble the contest; no homes and hearths to fight for; no country to save; no freedom to bleed and die for. It may be "sweet and proper for our country to die," as saith the old Roman, but it is bitter servitude to risk life and limb for lucre; and revolting, sickening, to serve in a cause by which we have nothing to gain in victory, or to lose in defeat!

A MOST daring deed was perpetrated last night about a quarter of a mile from us. Mr. Robert Lester is a Tory, and has been somewhat active. He was awakened at midnight by a loud crash; it was occasioned by an immense stone thrown with violent force

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against the front door, which broke in. The robbers entered the house. They ordered Mr. Lester to dress himself instantly; he dared not disobey, being completely in their power; he was blindfolded, taken to the harbor, placed in the light craft which they call "whale-boats," and rowed over to the main shore, seven miles. The villains will sell him to the Whig Committee of Safety.

Thursday.

THE army in winter quarters at Morristown. Depredation and destruction going on about here.

Major Musgrave sits up an hour or two every day; he powerfully awakens my sympathy. Do not be frightened, my husband. Pity, admiration of his patient endurance, no other sentiment can animate my breast. He is our country's foe, but circumstances have made

him so; and he said to me this day, "It is a wicked war, and if it please God to raise me up, I shall never again engage in it."

SPRING is again opening, and the war seems just begun!

March 6th.

A young French nobleman has arrived, having embraced voluntarily the American cause; the love of freedom, and a desire to succor the oppressed, were his only incentives. The Marquis de la Fayette has been appointed a Major-General. He is not twenty years of age. A man of wealth, and used to the luxury of a court.

Our cause assumes consequence in the eyes of foreign powers. Even poor Major Musgrave speaks with greater moderation of probable success in quelling "the revolt."

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Monday.

JAMES PARKER, a farmer near by, was driving home late last evening, from the town; the night was uncommonly dark; he passed a large tree; behind it stood a man with a loaded gun. A voice called out to the traveller to stop; it was unheeded. The robber fired and hit him; he fell off his seat and expired!

The horses took fright, and running three miles, came to a noted tavern kept by Increase Carpenter, where they stopped under a shed, and stood still until morning, when they were discovered with their sad burthen, the dead man! The goods in the wagon were of course untouched, owing to the horses running away. The indignation of the people is without bounds, and very active measures of defence are talked of.

Thursday.

TO-DAY took Edith into Major Musgrave's room, he having expressed a wish to see the kind lady who had sent him so many delicacies made by her own hand. She has many admirers; soldiers and ploughmen, lettered and unlearned, the peaceful disciple of her own quiet sect, and the officer with epauletted shoulder and sword on side. She is lovely and captivating, but

“Securely she smiles on the forward and bold,
They feel what they owe her, and feel it untold.”

Yesterday I saw her pass the window with a gallant at her side. The contrast between them—*she* in her little close bonnet, grey dress, and sober mien, and the gay officer in scarlet regimentals—was very striking. Edith's eyes were cast down to the ground, while his were fixed upon her sweet face pleadingly.

I heard him say, in a low tone, "Oh, Edith, how *shall* I win your favor?"

I can tell him; he will not win it unless he relinquish the warrior's craft. To Edith, all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" is shrouded in gloom. "The shrill fife and spirit-stirring drum" drowneth not in *her* ear the groan of the wounded, the cry of the dying. Amid the din of arms, she listeneth to the widow's wail; and when the shout of victory rises, she sees the orphan's tears!

Do you know, dear husband, that papa and I are much of her way of thinking of late? although it needed not Edith's eloquent defence of peace to convince us. I long for the hastening of the day when "the nations shall not learn war any more, nor lift up sword against nation; but the sword

shall be turned into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning hook."

I suppose you will say, "So be it"—after our independence is secured!

OUR vines are putting forth; the grass is springing; all nature has put on her lovely garb of green. The children are full of joy; it is difficult to keep them to their tasks; but through the long winter they have been more industrious. Charles is quite a proficient in study, his grandpa thinks. I hope you may not have reason to be ashamed of him. This weary absence maketh sick the heart; but I will not dwell upon the sad subject; it pains you to hear me repine. I trust God in his providence will so order the course of events, that all will work together for good. I will try to bear without mur-

*Tuesday,
May 1st.*

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muring whatever He in his wisdom may send.

“They also serve who only stand and wait.”

Thursday.

MAJOR MUSGRAVE'S wound is quite healed, but he is still low and feeble. Nature appears to have struggled hard with some deep inward grief, which is striving for the mastery; he has great fortitude, but may, notwithstanding, sink under it. I fear so. I would not for worlds intrude on his private sorrows; but oh, that I could share and alleviate them!

Friday.

THE farmers have devised a scheme to make known through the neighborhood the presence of the “Runners.” They are generally seen lurking about at twilight, spying the points most favorable for attack; if observed, they walk

on in an unconcerned manner, whistling or singing. Sometimes they will stop, and inquire the way to some place; suddenly disappearing, they are unexpectedly seen again in the edge of the wood, or from behind a hay-stack in the field, peering about, terrifying every body, above all women and children. These signs are not to be mistaken. We are on our guard; the "great gun" with which all are provided, is loaded and fired off. Pop! Pop! go the answering guns for five miles round; each house takes up the alarming tale, and thus it spreads, warning of impending danger, and frightens away the enemy, for *that* time at any rate.

NEIGHBOR Pattison, of his peace-loving spirit, and horror of the "murderous weapon," hath made a large

Aug. 14th.

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conch-shell do the office of a gun; it makes a noble sound, and being close in our vicinity, is a well-known signal. Charles no sooner hears it, than he is on the alert; out comes papa's rusty great gun, whose loud report is soon responded to by the whole neighborhood.

Tuesday.

CONGRESS has passed important resolutions, and increased General Washington's power, investing him with unlimited command. They are endeavoring to rouse the people by an impressive Address. Benjamin Franklin, Silas Deane, and Arthur Lee, are sent to solicit aid of foreign powers.

Wednesday.

MAJOR MUSGRAVE seems very feeble; it is doubtful whether he survives the winter. It is affecting to see him, he is so weak and helpless, yet

patient and uncomplaining. On going into his room to-day, he appeared to be reading old letters, and was evidently much moved. I assured him of my hearty sympathy; he said with emotion, "Oh, dear madam, why do you pity me? *you*, who know nought of the past."

"I do commiserate your present condition; is it not enough to call it forth?"

"It may be," replied Major Musgrave. "But there are sufferings so deep, that the lassitude and decay of the body, although wrought by them, are unheeded, swallowed up by their intensity; even the pang of death is subdued by the peace which it heralds."

As the Major did not offer to unburden his mind to me, I took up Bishop Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying," which my father so delighteth in, and asked whether I should read to

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him. He assented gratefully, and I read an appropriate comforting passage.

September.

NEWs of the battle of Brandywine.

The troops mostly fought bravely, but the day was against us. The young French marquis is wounded; my husband, I trust, is safe. Let me continue to put my trust in the Almighty arm. *He* only can deliver.

My father frequently sits an hour or two with the Major, whose mind is enriched to a degree that makes him an instructive, as well as a delightful, companion. Even religious subjects my dear father does not avoid (he could not if he would); he tells me that he finds in the Major an understanding listener, appreciating states of mind and points of faith, which he scarcely expected from one in *his* walk of life.

WE were awakened in the dead of night by the sound of the conch-shell! Oh, dear husband, I cannot describe to you our consternation. Our turn, I thought, had at length come! My first thought was my precious father, old and feeble; the second of the poor Major. They have both rooms on the first floor. The children clung to me with terror. I felt so powerless! Not so Charles, he was bold as a lion—your true son! He promptly got out the great gun, and loaded and fired it, which more than all frightened poor Marcia, and Grace. In vain I bade them be pacified; they hid their faces in my gown; the little things trembled with fear.

Nov. 10th.

Major Musgrave ordered his two men to their points of defence. I persuaded papa to go up stairs; he appeared calm

and self-possessed amid our agitation. We now listened intently; not a sound did we hear, but the ticking of the great clock, and our own beating hearts. Again and again we listened; all was still. We remained almost motionless until the dawn of day. The first ray of light was hailed with joy. Charles stole over to neighbor Pattison's, expecting, yet dreading to hear a tale of horror, when lo! they greeted him with a great burst of laughter! Now, what think you was the cause, the innocent cause of all this fear and consternation? Little Joseph Pattison! This is the story of it:

At noon the elder boys, while standing around the porch, one after the other had been trying the strength of their lungs on the great conch-shell, calling the hired men to their dinner. Joseph

was eagerly waiting *his* turn, but it never came at all. The meal was ready, the shell was put away on the high shelf over the door, and dinner over they all went to work again.

Now little Joseph's imagination that night, strongly impressed with his disappointment, ran upon robbers, and the urgent necessity of sounding the shell. Up he sprang, ran down stairs, through two rooms, still asleep, took a chair, reached the conch, and blew it most lustily outside the back door, which roused the household. Down they come, and their astonishment is great to behold the little boy with the sea-shell in his hand, and, though undressed and barefooted, perspiration standing in beads on his forehead from the violent exertion! Would that our frights might always prove as groundless!

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Monday.

ON every Monday exercising is practised opposite our house. To-day, when the manœuvring was over, a man who had been found intoxicated the night before, was stripped and whipped severely, with a rattan, till the blood streamed down his back. Oh, it is dreadful to witness such horrors! I fled from the sight, but the heart-piercing cries of the poor creature followed me. I could no longer refrain from running out of the house, and begging them to desist. They paid no attention, and closed the gate upon me. The rattan struck his cheek, perhaps by accident, cut it open, and it bled terribly! I screamed out "MURDER!" They were startled, and stopped. The appealing look of gratitude I received from the poor maimed soldier was sweet reward.

Mary Pattison, whose sympathy for

the suffering never failed, took the poor creature in; commiserating his pitiful condition, she dressed his wounds, which were frightfully deep, and like the good Samaritan, poured in the oil of consolation.

The principles of this peace-loving Society are destined one day to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. They are the same which our blessed Redeemer came to reveal, and sealed with his blood. They are Eternal Truth. "Love to God, and good will to man," He proclaimed; and Love is written on the white ensign of the Prince of Peace!

DAYS of agony and nights of tears are my experience; the agony of suspense, the tears of widowhood! In imagination I have no longer a hus-

Friday.

band ! He is slain on the field of battle, of which no tidings have come ; or the victim of neglected wounds and disease, he is in the hands of the enemy. If alive and at liberty, we surely should long ago have heard from him. How *can* I endure it ? Oh, God, endue me with patience, or I sink ! Thy protection is for those who trust in thee. Do I ? Oh, Lord, help me, I pray thee !

My father meekly reproves my impatience, and so does Major Musgrave. The long-suffering of the Quakers is also a loud rebuke. The words of our blessed Saviour seem to be held by them in sacred remembrance : “ I was sick, and ye ministered unto me ; naked, and ye clothed me ; hungry, and ye fed me ; in prison, and ye visited me.”

WHAT extremes there are in life!

Jan. 10th.

Robert Adams came last night to ask my father to unite him to Rose Wilson. It was strange to see two happy faces amid violence, gloom, and destruction. I was saddened when I thought how soon the joy beaming there would be clouded over in these stormy times. But when my father, whose heart is full of heavenly grace, pronounced his benediction upon the young, hopeful couple, mine responded a deep "*Amen.*"

Marcia went into the other room, and picked two white rosebuds off her bush, and some geranium leaves, which she tied up and gave to the sweet bride, who in purity and grace could almost vie with the flowers.

The ceremony was performed in Major Musgrave's room, at his request. He was much affected, and gave them

each at parting a gold piece, and the blessing, he said, of a dying man.

After they departed, Major Musgrave said to me, "Madam, will you do me the favor to sit with me a while? I would unburden my mind while I have strength, and make a few requests of you."

His faithful servant, Shultz, stood at the back of his chair. He is as attentive as a woman could be to the comfort and wants of his master, and a love and pity passing hers, if that could be, speaks in his face. He talked in a low tone, and walked quietly about the room.

The Major intimated to him that he would be alone with me for a little time. He disposed the pillows gently about his master, and withdrew.

"As regards the war," said Major Musgrave, after some conversation on other topics, "I will say to you, I regret

having ever engaged in it, and had it pleased God to have spared my life, it was my determination to have retired from the service."

I was surprised to hear this avowal, for a more loyal subject of King George, and dearer lover of England, cannot be found. Major Musgrave proceeded to say that it was a most wicked and unnatural war. "The very idea," said he, "of shooting down men who speak the same language and own a common origin, is monstrous. My share in it hath pierced me with sorrow.

"I shall never be able," he continued, "to show the sincerity of my repentance; but, my dear madam, I speak the truth before the Searcher of hearts. You will believe this, my solemn asseveration. Time is drawing to a close. It hath pleased God to try me and sift me sorely

in this life. I have grievously rebelled against his will; have murmured, have mourned, have wept, have agonized. My spirit hath beat so long and unremittingly against the bars of the prison-house, that at last it sinks weak and powerless. And it is in this passive, childlike state, that the first germs of daybreak, the first faint whispers of hope and peace, have visited me. And yet the strength is wanting now, to sing the song of praise and thanksgiving."

I was awed to witness the devotional state of mind to which divine grace had brought Major Musgrave.

He continued.

"And now, my dearest lady, how *can* I express my overflowing gratitude to you? I who have been so burdensome, who have trespassed so long and so

much on the truest, the most patient kindness?"

My heart leaped at this noble acknowledgement of the little we had done. I assured him that we should be rejoiced, and amply repaid, to feel assured that we had alleviated one pang, or beguiled one hour of his suffering mind and body. And when I remember, dear Edward, the day the poor wounded man was brought here, how troubled and willing to be rid of the charge I was, conscience smote me, and I felt that I deserved no thanks. The edifying contemplation of such patient sorrow and unselfishness is worth purchasing, at ten times the inconvenience.

Major Musgrave continued.

"I have one request to make, which I trust your honored father will not be displeased with. It is, that my body

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may be laid in the Friends' burial-place. The desire I have expressed will prove the influence which their principles have obtained upon my mind; my admiration of opinions so new to me is great. The neighboring family, the Pattison family, do so beautifully enforce and exemplify them, the head of it especially. I have, and shall ever venerate the Church of England, the church of my forefathers, of my mother. But the peaceful tenets of this simple people come home so to my state, shedding such balm and repose over a wounded spirit, that I trust the desire to find a last resting-place with them will be regarded."

He requested that the service for the burial of the dead should be read at his grave.

I assured Major Musgrave of my sympathy and appreciation of his feel-

ings. Nor do I think this change to be wondered at in one fresh from witnessing and experiencing, in his own person, the sickening horrors and dreadful evils of War. My own wretched suspense and anxiety doubtless has its influence. I am trying to *write down thought*; to beguile myself a little while of miserable fears.

The Major placed in my hands a manuscript. He said he had written it for my perusal, wishing to acquaint me with his past experience; but feeling too acutely still to do so verbally. He requested me to present his watch to my father, gave a valuable ring containing a brilliant to me, and a memento to each of the children. His consideration and composure were so sweet and touching, that they affected me, and I could not refrain from tears.

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I hastily quitted the room, fearing to excite my dear friend, and knowing that he required rest.

*Monday
Morning.*

OH, dear husband, it is a mournful thing to contemplate! A man full of gentle courtesy, of sensitive and shrinking delicacy, receiving at the hands of strangers, in the attitude of their enemy, all of sympathy or earthly support that he can receive in his dying moments! It grieves me inexpressibly. In such circumstances all animosity of a public nature is completely swallowed up. It must be a heart of stone that is not moved, melted to pity!

Tuesday.

HEAVEN be praised! We have just heard of your safety, and of *the surrender*, though it happened so long since.

General Arnold has gained a bright laurel in the affair; he proved himself a skilful and brave officer. The surrender excites great astonishment among the British hereabouts. "Discretion the better part of valor," thought Burgoyne, his troops worn out, and his situation becoming more and more critical.

Our letters, stained and yellow, looked indeed as though they had come from the wars. I suppose we receive only about one in six.

The American cause seems to assume a brighter aspect since this event. It will doubtless inspire confidence in its ultimate success. The cause of freedom—Heaven grant it!

TH**ERE** is an old proverb which saith, "It is an ill wind which blows nobody good." The Hessians and sol-

Monday.

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diers billeted about here for six months past, left to-day for the mainland campaign, and the robbery, from which we have for some time been exempt, will now go on again. The villains feared the soldiery; dreadful tax as it is to keep *them*, it is nothing in comparison to the other evil.

Thursday.

THE robbers have been over already; they landed last night at the harbor. In the dead of night they surrounded the house of John Pearsall. He is called rich, and there is no doubt they counted on large booty. Their first care is generally to prevent escapes, lest the alarm should be given to the neighbors. Whenever they have reason to think that any one has escaped to inform, they invariably scamper, fearing surprise. On finding his house so

hemmed in, Mr. Pearsall, who was the only man in the house, made a great noise and blustering, calling Tom, John, and Harry to load and fire, then ran to the top of the house with the gun, and fired three times in quick succession. The robbers took the alarm, jumped into the boat, and shoved off. They were fired upon, but I do not know whether injured, but trust not, for they surely are not fit to die.

Major Musgrave still lingers. I found him very weak to-day, but in no pain, for which I desire to be thankful. He appeareth very sad at times; was so to-day. I tried to soothe and comfort him, assuring him again that I would attend to all his wishes; write a particular account to his mother, whom he fondly loves, of his last words, of his constant consideration and thoughtfulness of

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others, his patience, and of his hope of pardon and peace, vouchsafed to him in the holy calm and perfect reliance which he is often favored to experience.

I besought him to cast all his care upon Him who careth for us. We remained for a few moments in sweet and solemn silence, and when I rose to leave the room, and remarked that I thought he was in a peaceful frame of mind, the poor man, or rather the *rich man*, bowed his head in assent, and said, "Bless the Lord, O my soul. All that is within me, bless his holy name."

*Saturday
Evening.*

A TALE of horror has just come to our ears; we have not heard the details, nor do I wish to, they are so horrible. It seems the Runners entered the house of John Wilson, and threatened, until the wife, to save the life of

her husband, revealed the hiding-place. But it was too late; he died the next morning from a sabre-cut which he then received, cleaving the skull and occasioning so great loss of blood. The villains took a large sum of money, which was in silver coin, in bags under the hearthstone. Mr. Wilson was much beloved in the neighborhood; his death produced the greatest excitement and indignation.

I went over to Henry Pattison's this evening; he, with his wife, had just returned from the scene of the dreadful catastrophe; they never witnessed anything more distressing than Mrs. Wilson's state—wringing her hands continually with grief and horror, and at times quite out of her mind. A great company is out in search of the robbers.

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American Revolution.

Monday.

TWO out of three were taken last evening, the other had gone off with the money. It is said that the serving girl connived with the thieves, one of whom was her cousin. How awful to contemplate! I suppose Tory influence will screen them; they were sent to New York this morning strongly guarded. The times are so disordered, that we have to keep still, and bear everything; complaint seemeth utterly useless.

Tuesday.

JUST received the joyful news of the Treaty of Alliance with France. My heart beats tremulously with hope and expectation, and yet I scarcely know what to hope for. Can I, a woman, wife, and mother, delight in warfare, or desire the destruction of the children of a common origin? No! May God

of his merciful goodness grant a speedy termination of the war! This be my prevailing, my fervent prayer.

It is thought the news of General Burgoyne's surrender decided the negotiations, by giving strong encouragement.

My father is very quiet about the news; he longs for peace, but cannot turn against his dear native England. He loves her with all her provocation, or in spite of it.

Nor have I spoken of the treaty to Major Musgrave, but would rather spare his feelings; he is too low to be disturbed with human affairs.

A BAND of ruffians entered the house of Mr. Miller at East Hampton, at midnight, when the men folk were absent. Mrs. Miller caught up her

Thursday.

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American Revolution.

youngest child, an infant, and ran out at the back door; the next, a little boy of four years, crept under a table to get out of sight. But one of the creatures spied him, and saying, "Here's a d—d little rebel," stuck his poignard into his thigh, making a severe wound. Think of the savage hardness of the heart of the man, who would inflict injury upon an innocent helpless child!

Monday.

A SCENE took place at neighbor Pattison's the day before the red-coats left, which I will note down for your amusement; for when the battles are fought, the victory won, and we sit down beneath our own vine and fig-tree, to con together these pages, we will weep and smile over them, and bless Heaven that the trials and dangers are past.

Well, Edith hath been sadly persecuted of late by one of the officers, Captain Morton. And I am of opinion that she would rather favor his suit, if he were anything but a soldier; but love will not run away with her judgment. He is a high-spirited, noble-looking young man, and desperately in love with Edith, which surely is not to be wondered at. Being constantly in her train in their time of leisure, several gentlemen have become enamored of her.

On this occasion she was in the sitting-room, spinning. I heard that Captain Morton had said that he would waste all day to see Edith spin. Indeed she does look serenely beautiful, and stately, as, with measured though light step, she throws the great wheel, while her delicate fingers hold the slender thread.

The wheel as it goes round makes a monotonous, sad sound which I love to hear. So, often when Bridget spins, I open the door of the upper room, that the sound thereof may reach me below, where I sit sewing, or teaching the children. It reminds me of the fall winds among the withered leaves, or the distant sound of rushing waters.

Well, I doubt not Edith was enjoying her own pure and peaceful thoughts, when Captain Morton entered the room. She was grieved to see him, thinking and consoling herself that he had wholly left these parts, in that she heard no tidings of him for many days.

He began abruptly to speak, saying,

“Edith, you have not seen me for some time, in accordance with your

wish; I have been making trial of my power of self-control. Look at me; behold my success!"

She directed her attention to the young man, and was struck with the change which was manifest in his appearance. From the handsome, fine-looking Britisher that he was, he had become pale, stooping, and hollow-eyed.

"Give me hope, or I die; some word of comfort; a look or tone of love; some promise for my thoughts to feed on, to sustain me in absence. To-morrow with this precious boon I go; without it, this is my resource."

Thus saying, the desperate young man took his pistol from his side, and pointed it at his breast. Edith was terrified, but preserving that quietness of manner which belongs to the people of their sect, she left her wheel, and gently,

but firmly, took the pistol out of his hand, and laid it aside.

The officer made no resistance; but seemed as though beneath a spell. The spell was the serene sweetness and composure of her demeanor.

“The intemperance thou showest,” said Edith, “would intimidate me from forming any closer intimacy with thee. Besides, how dost thou think it would seem to my parents and to Friends, that I should contract an engagement with one who holds it no wrong to lift up sword against his fellow-man?”

“Edith, do not set down against me that in which I had no control. Am I to be blamed for being bred to the profession of arms, that I am become the instrument of power to suppress the rebel colonies? The members of your Society are generally supposed

to be on the side of the Mother Country.”

“It is true,” said Edith, “they *are* called *Tories*, but unjustly, as they espouse neither cause. From their great principle, ‘Resist not evil,’ and submission to the powers that be, they are opposed to the rising of the people against the Mother Country.”

(Her father, I have a strong suspicion, wishes, though very cautious, success to the cause of freedom.)

Captain Morton said, “You surely, Edith, wish to see the rebellion quelled, and order and quiet restored?”

“I desire peace most fervently; but you, our brethren, have oppressed us wrongfully, trodden upon our rights, and domineered over us until patience hath had her perfect work, and seemeth to be no longer a virtue. And I will

venture to predict that the side which so wise, so temperate, so just a man as George Washington leads, will be the successful one. Heaven will smile upon it."

The Captain was certainly surprised at this earnest ebullition of feeling, and disappointed too. But his love overbears all, and makes him take rebuke from Edith most patiently.

He said he would reflect upon her remarks; his hopes seemed to have risen, why, she knew not; he took her hand in his, and pressed it to his lips. She promised to remember him with kindness, and they parted.

She will doubtless hear from him again, which I think she will not regret.*

* This young officer's love for Edith led him to remain in this country after independence was

THE British Ministry begin to speak of American affairs with more moderation. It is probably the effect of the fate of their Northern Army, and the Alliance with France. Lord North laid before Parliament bills for conciliation, and commissioners are appointed to bring terms of accommodation. The day is passed for that. Two years ago perhaps reconciliation might have been effected; but we have proceeded too far, we are too sanguine of success, to admit now of listening to any terms, but acknowledgment of our independence.

May 5th.

achieved, and, in the course of time, and through her influence, he became a consistent member of the Society of Friends, and her beloved, and loving husband.

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American Revolution.

*Monday,
June 16th.*

MAJOR MUSGRAVE is no more. His conflict is over, and he sleepeth in peace.

My father had been much with him during the day. He was distressed at times with difficulty in breathing. In an interval of quiet he read to him (my father) the beautiful Visitation of the Sick. Those comfortable words seemed like the dew to the parched herbage; his soul drank them in and was refreshed. In an hour after he fell asleep, and we thought the summons might be delayed some time longer; but at midnight I was called by Shultz. I went quickly; but when I leaned over the bedside to catch the faintest whisper, the dying man tried to speak but could not. He pressed my hand, and raised his eyes to heaven; this action, and the ineffably grateful expression of his countenance

said, as plainly as words could, "*God bless you!*"

Major Musgrave had become so near in sympathy and interest to us all, that it seems like the loss of a dear friend.

It costs us some effort to obey his injunction as regardeth his last resting-place. It seems to my father a strange request; but it shall be held sacred.

THE body was to-day laid in the green burial-ground, near the meeting-house of the Friends. It was followed to the place by three companies of soldiers, marching to the solemn music and the muffled drum.

The sublime and impressive words of the Burial Service were read by my dear father. How they appeared to awe every one!

*Thursday
Evening.*

“Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.”

These words convey a mournful lesson, but those which follow are full of hope.

“I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write from henceforth, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord (in faith and love to him); Even so, saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors.”

The firing over the dead, awakening thoughts of strife and battle, was in painful contrast to these life-giving words. The echoes of that peaceful spot had never before been thus awakened. Though many soldiers of the cross lie there, this is the first, and likely to be the only, instance on record, of a

soldier of earthly combat and carnal weapons taking there his last rest.

There is no stone to mark the spot; but by a young tree growing near I know it, and my thoughts will often visit it.

A LONG, sad day; no news from my dear husband, and the house *so* desolate! The engrossing occupation gone, my hands hang idly, while anxiety and care reign within. Even the children's prattle sounds discordant to a mother's ear, which is attuned only to stories of violence and outrage, which are so familiar they excite no surprise. Yet fear, and dread, and horror, never flee away.

I will strive, lest despair take entire possession of my soul; and, "faint, though pursuing," follow the rugged

Friday.

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path my Saviour trod, that leads to peace enduring, and a crown of joy. "He is a strength to the needy in his distress; a refuge from the storm; a shadow from the heat."

Saturday.

I HAVE been employed to-day in putting up with great care everything belonging to Major Musgrave, that they may be sent, when occasion offers, to his friends in England. In a little box of spice-wood (of which he gave me the key) I found the packet of letters and papers left for my perusal, and put them away for some future time. Recollection is too fresh now.

The consciousness that my feeble efforts were made to assuage his grief (and it is my conviction that Major Musgrave's sorrows were deeper than met the eye), to smooth his passage to

the tomb, and to comfort his last hours with sympathy and care, is full of inward peace and satisfaction.

I RECEIVED, dearest Edward, to-day, your charming letter of the 15th August.

Tuesday.

The arrival of the French fleet, twelve ships of the line and four frigates, under command of Count d'Estaigne, is joyful news.

The British troops remain inactive in New York since the battle of Monmouth. The American loss that day was small; but the great heat occasioned many deaths, and much grievous suffering in both armies.

I look forward to the day with trembling eagerness when all shall be over, and we shall be in the enjoyment of the peace earned so dearly; for though *you*,

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my dear Edward, never stopped to count the cost, when you enlisted life, limb, and fortune in the cause, *I* cannot help thinking sometimes, in my desponding moments, that the risk of life and limb, neglect of affairs, loss of property, of health, of ease, of comfort, is the tremendous price of liberty. You say "she is worth ten times as many sacrifices, if could be, than these even." She may be to those surviving to enjoy and reap her laurels, but patriotism in *my* breast, just now, is too faint a spark to glory in perspective, in a hero's memory, though embalmed in tears!

It seemeth too dear at such a price. Bear with me, my husband; you know I am sorely tried. I will strive for more patience and submission, and commit thy precious life to the care of Him,

without whom not a sparrow falleth to the ground.

Amid all the trouble and gloom surrounding, a ludicrous incident will provoke a smile.

LAST night the Runners appeared round a house near West-Town, and were about forcing a door in front when they were discovered. John Rawlins, the owner, sent a negro up stairs to fire when the word was given. It was a bright moonlight night, and he saw the creatures step up to the door from a window near it with a pane of glass out. In alarm, he looked out for something wherewith to defend himself; seeing the broom, he took it for want of something better, and ran it through the broken window. It touched the shoulder, and grazed the cheek of one of the villains,

Wednesday.

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who, supposing it to be a loaded gun, cried out piteously, "Oh, heavens, don't kill me!" as though he had never an evil intention towards any one.

The signal was now given, and the man above fired; they soon scattered, leaving Jown Rawlins aiming his broomstick through the broken window-pane!

Thursday.

MY precious father is obliged to go to New York; it is to him a great undertaking. He dreads impediments of every kind, having arrived at the age so feelingly described in holy writ, "When the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail, and fears shall be in the way."

Friday.

THEY left this morning (papa and Charles) in the chariot. Received a condoling and scolding letter from Aunt Barbara. She dwells feelingly on

you, in that you have joined the rebels, whose cause, she appears to think, is that of anarchy, confusion, and insubordination. "She dreads to look at the end to which it will bring us; confiscation, contumely, and perhaps the forfeiture of life."

Dear, simple soul! The possibility of the struggle being successful, and the yoke shaken off, never seems to have entered her imagination. I suppose she pities *our* delusion, while we commiserate *hers*! Heaven only knows which the most justly.

HOUSE-BREAKING, horse-stealing, and depredation are so common, that I am weary of noting them down, and have pretty much ceased to do so. But as an incident occurred last night which illustrates and proves the power

Saturday.

of the Law of Love, it must not pass unrecorded.

The Runners came over from the main shore to attack the house of Stephen Willetts, a Quaker; he stands high in the Society, is a preacher, and devout man. The family had retired; *he* first took the alarm, and knew in a moment that his time of trial had come. He made (he says) a mental ejaculation of prayer to God for grace, to do and say the thing that was right.

Thus led, who can doubt that his petition was granted? The demon of Fear was cast out by the angel of Love. He threw open wide the door and said, "Walk in friends, and warm yourselves, it is chilly this evening." He threw wood on the fire, and kept talking so kindly, that the men, though ever so evilly disposed, had not time to say a

word. He then went and called at the foot of the stairs for his servant; "Cæsar, come down; get ready some supper for these friends. They must be very cold, and need refreshment." Minced pies, meat and bread, were put upon the table, and cider ordered to be drawn.

The robbers looked at each other in silent amazement; but the old man's kindness was so pressing, and seemed so hearty, it was out of their power to refuse; so they sat down and partook of his good cheer. After they had eaten, Mr. Willetts told them when they wished their beds were ready. They were now completely overcome; their hard hearts melted, making them as unable to begin the work of plunder as though bound in chains of iron! One of them spoke, and said that they had some distance to go on the morrow, and as they were up,

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they might as well walk a few miles farther. They then thanked the Friend for his kindness, and bade him good night. As they walked out they could but ill conceal the knives and pistols they bore about them.

Tuesday.

PA^PA and Charles safely returned; the latter much excited by all he saw, and the former cheerful and well, having met with no difficulties. I trust that he may be spared to see many good days, or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl broken.

Charles gave me a vivid description of the plains around Jamaica, which were filled with white tents, and presented a pretty and lively aspect. In the village of Bruyklin, he says there are built many small one-story houses for the soldiers.

He saw a sight too in New York, which, with your republican notions, dearest Edward, would excite little emotion; but the very mention of which made the blood tingle in my veins. They saw a Prince of the blood royal! Prince William Henry.*

He is about seventeen years old, very stout (my father thinks) for that age. The royal family are said to be inclined that way. King George is portly. The young Prince wears the British army uniform; he has a pleasant countenance, but very crooked, knock-kneed legs, of which you must know papa is a keen observer, a handsome limb being in *his* eyes of no small importance in view of personal appearance.

They saw the Prince passing down

* Afterwards King William IV. of England.

Queen Street. My father took off his hat as he walked near, and bade Charles do the same. This may be a great weakness; but the seed sown in youth by the honored dead, and nourished and grown with the growth, cannot be rooted out in a day.

The French fleet has sailed for the West Indies without having accomplished anything of importance, being unsuccessful in all its enterprises. A great disappointment. Well, if no other good effect follows, its presence inspired confidence in the Continental army, and importance in the eyes of the enemy.

THERE is great distress from the depreciation of our bills of credit; it dispirits and enfeebles exertion. General Washington sorely perplexed amid

his murmuring men. Heaven grant
speedy relief! * * * * *

(The Journal is defective here, and
several letters are wanting.)

BATTLE of Camden. 16th August.

Sept. 10th.

Hard fought. The Continentals
defeated. Baron de Kalb, a Prussian
gentleman, slain. The second officer in
command.

The greater part of our forces, mili-
tia, who fled at the first fire, and could
not be rallied, which I cannot find in
my woman's heart to condemn, dear as
freedom is to its every pulse. I can so
vividly fancy myself standing up for the
first time before the enemy's murderous
batteries, and the courage oozing out at
my finger ends.

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American Revolution.

Tuesday.

NEWs to-day of the arrival of another French fleet. Seven ships of the line; 6,000 land troops, commanded by Count de Rochambeau, at Rhode Island.

Will give new life to Congress and the army.

October 5th.

A LETTER from my husband; still inactive, the South having now become the principal seat of action, which I do not regret. The French fleet returned to France! Thus has perished our hope of naval assistance. It seems unaccountable. The land forces remain.

Thursday.

A DEEPLY interesting document from Edward, in which is recorded a most detestable and flagrant instance of treachery.

The Lord be praised, we have been delivered from the consequences!

A plot of General Benedict Arnold for giving into the hands of the enemy the fortress of West Point! Who can imagine what might have been the result had not the despicable design been providentially frustrated?

Arnold has acted with bravery in several actions. It is said the cause of his dreadful defection is that the laurels which *he* won at Saratoga were awarded to General Gates by Congress, and but little notice taken of his valor on that occasion. Is this any excuse for such Satanic revenge? A bad man, and never a true lover of his country.

A patriot would drain his heart's blood for her, even though she should prove ungrateful.

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American Revolution.

Saturday.

GENERAL GREENE appointed to the command of the Southern division.

Monday.

THIS neighborhood is still infested with the odious Hessians. They are so filthy and lazy, lounging about all day long, smoking and sleeping. The patience of the good Friends is inexhaustible. After filling up their parlors, kitchens, and bed-rooms, the whole winter with chests, liquor-casks, hammocks, bird-cages, guns, boots, and powder-flasks, they were last week ordered to Jamaica. Oh the rejoicing! It *would* flash out of the eye, though their discreet tongues spake it not.

The moment the Hessians took their leave Friend Pattison caused the broken places in the wall to be repaired, for the Colonel's lady had the room ornamented

all around with stuffed parrots, perched on sticks driven in the wall. The quarterly meeting of the Society is near at hand. They expect friends and relations to stop with them, and make preparations for their reception.

Well, all were putting their houses in order, when the appalling news spread like wildfire—" *The Hessians are coming back!*"

Running to the window, I descried them in the distance like a cloud of locusts, dusky and dim; but the fife and drum, assailing our ears, if we needed additional evidence, convinced us that it was too true. They had indeed been ordered back. How many tears of vexation I shed!

MAJOR ANDRE! How my heart bleeds for him! 'Tis true he was a spy, and he dies the death of a spy;

Monday.

but his many noble traits and accomplishments, ardent temperament, intrepidity and gentleness, win admiration, and excite compassion and regret. I cannot think of his bitter fate. General Washington, it is thought, would have granted his last affecting request (to die by the musket), but others sternly just, refused the boon, and he died ignominiously.

My father knew his family, and remembers *him*. A noble, handsome-looking man; tall, and of a remarkably well-proportioned person.

He is spoken of by the officers as the soul of honor. It seems strange that a person of his character could engage in such an undertaking. The noble sentiment of *Amor Patriæ* becomes soiled when made the plea for clandestine actions, which will not bear the scrutiny of justice, the light of day.

And yet I grieve at his sad end. Is it on account of his fascinating qualities, the blandishment which rank, beauty, and chivalrous bearing cast around him? Or is it simply as a *man* that I pity and deplore him?

I trust he would have my sympathy, were he the humblest private in the British army.

Major Andre had an unfortunate attachment, and died with the miniature of the young lady close to his heart. An ignominious death—how shocking to his feelings!

I HAVE not courage yet to open Major Musgrave's manuscript, having a presentiment that it will be of a very sad nature.

Tuesday.

UNTO how many evanescent things is human life likened in Holy Writ!

Thursday.

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American Revolution.

“What is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away.”

“As the night-watch that is past. As a dream of the night.”

“As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.”

Tuesday.

THE neighborhood has been more quiet for a week past, and the Hessians have really left, bag and baggage, for which Heaven be praised! They are like the locusts of Egypt, desolating the land, and eating up every green thing.

Wednesday.

“**H**E will give the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise

for the spirit of heaviness." These comforting words have been in my thoughts this day, making me peaceful. I have listened to the still small voice within me. Oh that I could be enabled to do this oftener! How much care and turmoil of spirit would it lighten!

NO news of importance. A deputation of Friends was sent last month to a place called Nine Partners, about twenty miles east of the Hudson River. Henry Pattison was one of the number; he gives a very interesting account of their progress. They crossed the water to Mamaroneck, and proceeded to White Plains. They had some questioning to undergo from the enemy, as they were obliged to pass the Continental lines; and coming from Long Island, where the British power is

Thursday.

supreme, they had fears of being stopped; still, believing themselves to be in the way of their religious duty, they persevered. They passed near General Washington's head-quarters. On approaching, they were stopped, examined severely, and handed over to the Committee of Safety, which declared they could not allow them to proceed consistently with the orders they had received.

They then desired that General Washington might be informed of their detention, and requested that he would give them an interview. It was granted; they were received with marked deference and respect. It is the custom of this peculiar sect to speak with moderation, never in strong terms, either in condemnation or praise, complimentary language being specially disapproved

of. But I can gather from their quaint though guarded phrase, that they were much struck with the elegance and dignity of General Washington's person and address.

Friend Pattison admitted that he was a likely man, and conducted with great propriety. As much praise as they could be expected to bestow upon "a fighting character."

After politely requesting them to be seated, the General made close inquiry relating to the British force on the island.

His manner being calculated to inspire confidence, they very candidly told all they knew, and acquainted him with some facts before unknown to him.

General Washington inquired where they passed the night, and said he was entirely convinced, from his knowledge

of their Society, and of the person with whom they tarried, that their object was, as they represented, entirely religious. He apologized for their detention, saying, it seemed unavoidable, and if they returned the same way, he should be happy to hear of their success in seeing their friends.

When the humble company entered the General's presence, an aide stepped up, and hinted to them the propriety of removing their hats.

Henry Pattison said, "In presence of God in prayer alone, do we bow the uncovered head. Before kings, or the mightiest of earth's potentates, this respect is not shown. In *His* sight there is no respect of persons; in ours, all men are brethren."

General Washington said he was well acquainted with their customs, and some

of his best friends were of their body. He advised them to go forward, and always plainly tell the truth.

On their return, passing again near the camp, they availed themselves of General Washington's invitation. He appeared deeply interested in their relation of what they had seen and heard, and dismissed them with kind assurances of regard, requesting them to represent to the enemy whatever they chose, as he knew they would tell only the truth, in which he was willing to trust.

PUBLIC affairs engage but little attention hereabouts; each family is absorbed in its own toils and privations.

Benedict Arnold has received, as a reward of treachery, the appointment of Brigadier-General in the British army, and, it is said, a large amount of money

Friday.

besides. Small compensation for the forfeiture of honor, principle, reputation, *all* that man holds dear! A bold, ambitious, bad man, pitiless and selfish, he betrayed his country from the unworthy motive of revenge. True, he served her nobly in the expedition to Quebec, and proved himself on other occasions a fearless officer, and Congress awarded too little praise, and acted perhaps unwisely in promoting younger men before him; but personal aggrandizement, and not patriotism, actuated him; while the love of freedom, devotion to right and justice, is the principle of action of Washington, Greene, and Montgomery, whose memory many a tear will embalm, and whose heroic bravery, beauty, graceful attractiveness, and melancholy fate, will form the theme of praise and regret to beings yet unborn.

Tuesday.

IN reading my Bible to-day I came to that beautiful passage: "And nation shall not lift up sword against nation, nor learn war any more. The sword shall be turned into the ploughshare, and the spear into the pruning-hook." It appears to indicate that the peaceful pursuits of agriculture will prevail over the earth, and war and devastation cease. May God hasten the day!

Yet the resistance of the Colonies against oppression is righteous and just. This land is destined to be the Home of the Free. It seems as though God, having prepared and decreed it for the refuge of the persecuted and the wretched of the earth, had opened the eyes of the hardy Spaniards, whose faith was certainty, and whose adventurous spirit never flagged, revealing the existence of a broad continent over the wide wa-

ters, which appeared to others a wild chimera. And then the indomitable perseverance of the early settlers, which no difficulties could daunt, no hardship subdue. The piety and self-denial of the Puritans; the enthusiastic faith and devotion of the Covenanters, the Huguenots, in deep baptism of sorrow; all here came, the chosen of God, to a place prepared for them in wisdom and mercy—the Canaan to the Israelites! Over these broad lands and fertile fields a race is to spread, and become like the leaves of the forest, or the sands of the sea, for numbers. Here liberty, peace, and plenty shall prevail beneath the benignant smile of the Lord. But never may we or our children's children, like the Israelites, wax wanton, and turn against the God of all our mercies!

The declension of the Covenant peo-

ple is affectingly portrayed in the eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, and fearful denunciation is pronounced against those in such a case.

“For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of olive oil, of milk and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness. Thou shalt not lack anything in it. A land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass. And thou say in thine heart, My power, and the might of mine hand, hath gotten me this wealth. But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God, for it is He that giveth thee power to get wealth.”

1780

American Revolution.

Monday.

PLUNDER, rapine, and violence still go on, and "the end doth not appear." With Job I feel that I can almost say, "My soul is weary of my life." This long separation is hard to be borne. Lord save me from selfish repinings, enable me to renounce my own wishes and desires for the common weal; and in thy good time restore my husband to us, and peace and freedom to this tempest-tossed and afflicted people.

Wednesday.

LAST night Mr. Burr, a storekeeper, was asleep in the store (as was his custom, for the purpose of guarding it), when he was aroused by a noise at the window, which was so heavily barred that though they bored the shutter, and tugged at it a great while, they could not open it. Near the top of the shutter there is unfortunately a small open-

ing to admit the light. Through this one of the villains put his gun and fired, killing Mr. Burr. The ball passed through his body, as he was sitting up in bed. The wretches then fled, and their victim lived but a few moments, just long enough to tell the particulars.

When will deliverance come ?

TH**ERE** is a man by the name of Hugh Jarvis,* a Tory, from the province of New Jersey, who is extremely persecuting and hard on the people, especially the unresisting Quak-

Saturday.

* This man, after the war, manifested the deepest and most heart-felt contrition, on account of his brutal conduct towards the Friends. He became a member of their Society ; visited them, and wished to make any reparation in his power for the injuries inflicted ; and even offered his body to the smiter, humbling himself, and mourning his iniquities.

ers. It seems as though when once a man sides with the enemy, he goes to greater lengths to show his zeal; or by bullying and threatening the unoffending, to hide his own shame.

He will not listen to expostulation or reason, and seems to be devoid of mercy. He will often take the last morsel of hay or provender out of a barn, when the owner pleads for only a little, for his famishing cattle, for the night.

He yesterday ordered John Perkins to go out with his boys, and take their scythes and cut the grass off some meadow-land of their own, which they counted on as winter feed for their creatures; by threatening and fearful oaths he compelled compliance. But it was a hard day's work.

Monday.

A DREADFUL deed was committed last night. Four persons came over from the mainland and attacked the house of Richard Albertson. They surrounded it, and one of them knocked loudly at the door. Knowing it to be useless to resist, he got up and opened it; they entered, and with violent gestures told him to hand them all his money. He is considered a wealthy farmer, and they doubtless knew it. He said he had very little in the house, and they would be welcome if they would be satisfied. They thereupon swore furiously, saying they did not believe it, and commenced searching, rummaging drawers, opening closets, and even lifting up the hearthstones, which they have discovered is a favorite hiding-place. They found nothing of value. Incensed highly, they commenced swear-

ing and threatening the women, who were excessively terrified; they ordered them to uncord the bedstead, they themselves pulling off the bed-clothes. Afraid to disobey, their trembling fingers refused the task. (Mr. Albertson had been put out of the room, so as to play upon the fears of the females.) The ruffians said they wanted the rope to hang him with. They could extort no more by threatening.

They now dragged in the master of the house, and proceeded to put the rope around his neck and tie his hands behind him.

Then the wife and children fell upon their knees, and begged the ruffians to spare their father.

Mr. Albertson calmly told them that it was useless to kill him; *that* would not bring money. The wife then offered

the wretches all her silver spoons, and twenty dollars in money besides, which they rudely clutched, but demanded more, as violently as before. They now began to abuse his only son, William, a boy of about fourteen years, thinking, doubtless, that by exciting the fears and sympathy of the father, the booty would be produced.

The poor man, sorely tried, told the ruffians that money was nothing to him in comparison; if he had it, he would give it them. What little he *did* possess was let out to his neighbors. Whereupon they began to strike at him with their sabres, knocking him down, and then standing him up, and cutting him dreadfully, he begging for life; his wife, having fainted away, was lying on the floor.

This went on until day began to

dawn, when they left, cursing and threatening to burn his house over his head. The cord was unloosened from the neck of Mr. Albertson, and the deep gashes dressed. He received severe injury, and will bear the scars thereof through life, for I am thankful to say his life is not despaired of. Great indignation prevails, and a plan has been devised by the people to protect themselves from such great evil in future. A company of young men is to be associated, to ride about on horseback all night; twelve go out at once, and are relieved at a certain hour by others. They are well armed, and will give the alarm where they discover signs of an intended attack. Richard Thompson is their leader, a bold, intrepid man.

THIS text dwells on my mind to-day:

Tuesday.

“The Lord is king, be the people never so impatient. He sitteth between the cherubim, be the earth never so unquiet.” It has comforted me much—the faith that God is over all, blessed for ever!

THERE was another robbery perpe-

Thursday.

trated about twenty miles from this place, under most singular circumstances, last week. There were three men, and they appeared to be entirely superior to the Runners, or Cow-boys, who infest the country, in station, though not in humanity. They all wore black masks, and were armed with cutlasses, as well as silver-mounted pistols. It was the house of Joseph Willetts, an aged man. They very politely told him not to be at all alarmed, as they only wanted his

money, and would not injure him, or any of his family. The old man complied with their request, but could not satisfy their rapacity. He offered them now, though most reluctantly, his old silver timepiece (a heavy old-fashioned watch, which he had worn at his side fifty years), and it seemed like parting with a friend.

The creatures now threw off the mask of politeness, though not those they covered their faces with, and uttered the most fearful oaths, and threats of death and cruelty. It is generally believed they were British soldiers. One of them, horrible to relate, let fall his cutlass on the head of the aged man, aiming doubtless to kill him; but as he stooped to avoid the blow, it struck his cheek, making a dreadful wound. He fell; his daughter ran to him, and leaning

over her venerable parent in agony of spirit, cried, "Oh God, they have killed him!"

The villains then began to cut up the chairs, to destroy the furniture, and break the looking-glass. After which they relieved the wounded man and his outraged family of their presence.

The whole country round is roused, and determined to ferret out the offenders.

The end is with Him "who neither slumbers, nor sleeps," in whom is "neither variableness, nor shadow of turning."

F AITH in an overruling Providence was nobly exemplified in a case which occurred in one of the Jerseys. A Friend was pinioned in his own barn. He stood with his back to the large door, with a drawn sword close to his breast,

Saturday.

which an enraged Britisher, with threat of instant death, in case of denial or refusal of compliance with some outrageous demand, held in his hand. Calm and still, the aged Friend stood. It seemed to exasperate his persecutor beyond all bounds. With a horrible objurgation he flourished his sabre, and bringing it down within a hair's breadth of the noble man's throat, paused: fiery wrath gleamed in his eye. It was a moment of terror to the bystanders; they besought the Friend to give in.

The stillness was profound. The aged man looked in his enemy's eye, and spoke: "Thou canst do no more than thou art permitted to do." The voice struck solemnly on the ear.

For an instant more the sword was uplifted; then it fell as though the arm had been palsied. The violent man was

cowed, awe-struck. He strode out of the barn, mounted his horse, and rode away furiously.

THERE is a rumor of a great battle fought at the South, and the Continentals victorious. I cannot vouch for the truth of it. My first thought and prayer is my husband's safety; the next for our country.

By skilful military manœuvres, General Washington has kept Sir Henry Clinton in a state of continual alarm and uncertainty for some time. It was generally understood that New York was the point of attack. But the General suddenly broke up the camp at White Plains, and crossed the Hudson river.

REPORT of the dreadful deed I recorded (of the masked men) was

Thursday.

Friday.

made to the captain of a company quartered at Jericho. By inquiry, three men were found to have been absent on the night of the attack. The officer professed himself desirous of having them severely punished, if they could be identified. Whereupon the wounded man, Mr. Willetts, being yet too ill, his sister, an aged spinster, with others of the household, went to head-quarters. The men were assembled, and she recognised two, by their voices, and their size, and general appearance, as the offenders. They were made to confess and designate the third, who had deserted.

Though he whom they sorely injured, humanely, and in a forgiving spirit, pleaded for them, and begged that they might not be severely dealt with, they were punished severely, by what they call picketing.

THE house of Fry Willis, of Jericho, was entered by way of the kitchen, where a young man and woman were sitting over the fire. The robbers fired off a gun to obtain a light. They then set a guard over each bed, and searched for money and valuables. The man-servant, "a warrior," attempted to run for his sword, but was held back. They ransacked cabinets, desks, etc., and took money to a considerable amount, the serving-man's excepted, which was concealed under a drawer.

The venerable and respected Thomas Willis, then a boy sleeping in his trundle-bed, narrates these incidents of the war of the Revolution, elucidating, in the trials and afflictions of his people (the Friends), and their patient submission, that divine charity which suffereth long and is kind.

John Searing had been observed by the enemy carting pork ; counting upon his having received the money for it, the creatures went to his house and demanded it. On refusing it, his life was threatened. He persisted, was seized and his head placed upon a block, and a man stood over him with an axe, bringing it down every moment as if to sever his head from his body. His wife then placed all the money they had, about forty pounds, at their feet, and rushed to save her husband by placing her arm across his neck.

The sight of the money caused them to desist their threatenings.

The same person, Mr. John Searing, was equally fearless when commanded by an officer to go with his team to the harbor to cart liquor. He was in his own wagon on the road and driving.

He refused the request. A sword was brandished over his head, with a threat of instant death.

There was a pause, and a solemn uplifting of the heart to God on his part.

The trustful man then said, "If thou seest anything in me worthy of death, why then take my life."

John Searing did not feel free, conscience free, to perform such a behest.

Such perfect trust in Divine protection disarmed the atrocious wretch. His arm fell powerless. He took the good man prisoner and carried him to the colonel, who respected his religious scruples.

His walk home over the fields alone was full of the joy and peace of a faithful believer. He used through his after-life to recur to it as the most delightful walk he ever took.

The robbers, on entering the house of John Willis, were so exasperated at finding no booty, that they tied the hands of all the family behind them, as well as those of the eminent preacher, Joseph Delaplaine, who was their guest at the time.

They dragged the wife of Mr. Willis by the hair about the house, and then left them, telling them that they had set fire to the house, which was true, as they saw the flames kindling and curling up the wooden jamb beside the fireplace. Their hands all tied!

A young woman named Phebe Powell, by dint of the most powerful efforts, at length loosened one of her hands and ran to extinguish the flames, which she succeeded in doing before releasing the rest from their thongs!

Saturday.

HEART-SICK, and weary of recording these deeds of horror, and longing to divert the thoughts and allay the feelings of indignation and unquiet, to which they give rise and continually keep in exercise, I determined to devote this morning to the perusal of Major Musgrave's writing, which, though it fills my soul with sadness, exasperated and harassed as it is in my present state, must still be a relief, though a momentary one.

I insert it in my diary for your perusal, trusting that you will participate, my dear husband, in the interest I felt for my lost friend, and will feel with me a lively concern in what so nearly relates to him.

THE MANUSCRIPT OF MAJOR MUSGRAVE.

“Inclination and gratitude, my dear

madam, prompt me to relate to you some of the secrets of my life, feeling assured, from the interest you have testified in me, that it will not be deemed burdensome or intrusive.

“ My youth was passed in the vicinity of the pretty town of Tiverton, in Devonshire, surrounded by most sweet and pleasant influences.

“ The window of the little dormitory from which my eye used to wander on awakening from my morning slumbers, took in a wide and beautiful range; distant hills, verdant soft meadows, browsing sheep, and lowing herds. The little river Ex, like a thread of silver, ran through and around them all, to join the Lowman, and even passed through the main street of the village. In midsummer we could jump over it; but in the spring time, when it was

swollen by the rains, we had to go around and cross it by the bridge.

“Our noble mansion stood on an eminence, commanding a fine view of the surrounding park, and the upland and meadows beyond.

“The inmates consisted of my widowed mother, one brother, myself, and an orphan cousin.

“Howard and I were very unlike; he a boy of noble impulses, but volatile, unsteady, impulsive. Of a contemplative turn myself, I was studious, and though deep, strong, and ardent in feeling, yet of a calm, quiet demeanor. While Howard made himself heard wherever he was, engaging in field sports, violent exercises, running, wrestling, and leaping, I stayed at home in the large library chair, buried in some exciting wild romance, legend, or tradition.

1780

American Revolution.

“In my earliest years my imagination revelled in tales of enchantment and fairy-land; when older, it wondered, delighted, and fed on the lore of chivalry; built feudal castles in the air and stormed them; battled down portcullis, crossed the moat, stood first in the court, a bold knight and true, encased in armor, fighting his way through deadly foes, armed to the teeth, eager to plant the standard of his chief on the castle summit, or to rescue from oppression and confinement the faire ladye of his love.

“This fuel to an already heated imagination, poisonous food to a mind so constituted (a temperament highly excitable), was deadening to all the practical uses of life.

“My dear mother did not undertake to direct our pursuits or watch our mental habits; so that we were out of harm,

she left us to pursue the even tenor of our way in peace.

“So I grew up a visionary; averse to society, to active life, yet with a pure heart, and a high moral sense.

“Howard had a roving disposition, and longed to see the world, which I only knew, or cared to know, through books. He entered the Royal Navy, that his wandering propensities might have ‘ample scope and verge enough.’ He was two years my senior.

“After what has been said, you will readily believe that if love should take possession of my heart, it would prove an absorbing, consuming passion. So hath it proved.

“In my sixteenth year Grace Arden went to school at a distance from home. When she was gone I first knew that I loved her, and loved her not as a sister

as I thought I did. I missed her every moment, and longed for her return. In one year she came; not only in *my* eyes, which were those of a lover, but in the eyes of everybody, transcendently beautiful, lovely, and engaging beyond description.

“I might dwell in rapture on those graces, and glowingly paint from the heart on which they are indelibly engraven, the impression of their ineffable loveliness; but it is breaking at the thought that it is not for *me* that she is so fair; that all her wealth of charms which I gazed and doated on, dreamed about, counted my own, and idolized as a miser does his gold, was snatched from my grasp; and that the fruit so fair to the eye, proved—can I say it?—but ashes, and bitterness within.

“But I could never impute a fault to

Grace, then, and it almost kills me to write it now !

“I told my love to her; she listened with maidenly grace, seemed moved, excited, and said it was returned. In short, Grace accepted my suit. I was happy—oh, how happy!—in the conviction !

“We rode through groves and shadowy lanes; by moonlight paced the terrace, breathing vows of love; strolled by the rivulet, and sat down by its side, mingling our voices with its ripple, singing, musing, whispering ever of one and the same theme—love! With Grace it was a sentiment, with me a passion; with her a pastime, with me the destiny of my life; with her evanescent, changeful as the April clouds, with me enrooted and entwined among the very heart-strings !

“Now, when I retrace these scenes, it seemeth strange, and I wonder that I clothed her mind in so many sweet perfections. But then I know that I made her the embodiment of the fair vision of a fervid imagination; the ideal charmer, complete in every feminine grace; investing her with all that fancy pictured fair, and wise, and good in woman! Methinks I hear you sigh. So do I, now the dream is over. Had any one then whispered the shadow of a suspicion of the constancy of my Grace, I should have regarded it as the vain babbling of a fool.

“The house was thrown into unwonted confusion by the news that Howard was returned from the Mediterranean, in the ship of war Vulcan; and when he came dashing in one day in the Royal Navy uniform, his brown curls

falling about his handsome embrowned face, as he removed his cap, kissed Grace, and the blood mantled her face, I felt a slight twinge; but it quickly passed, for I was secure of my possession—her undivided heart.

“I said nothing of our engagement to Howard, nor did Grace, thinking it prudent not to publish it until my path and business in life was marked out.

“Howard remained on shore six weeks, and we crowded into this short space of time much enjoyment. We one day took a more than ordinary distant ride on horseback; Grace dearly loved the exercise, and Howard was an accomplished horseman. I endured it for *her* sake, for otherwise I had no pleasure in it.

“The day was fine, and we rode far among the Devonshire hills. Howard

led the way up their steep sides, often where neither road nor path could be traced, chatting and laughing merrily all the time, for his spirits were inexhaustible.

“The sun was near setting when Grace switched up her little grey palfrey and left us behind; in a moment she was out of sight, and in another we heard a scream. Howard put the spurs into his horse and dashed on. For one instant I was stunned in alarm, but I followed with the swiftness of light. He was in time to save her!

“She had mounted to the summit of the hill so rapidly, that she found it impossible to arrest her progress on the brink of the precipice or declivity on the other side, and it could not be seen until it was too late to avert the danger.

“The horse fell and rolled over and

over, Grace still fast, unable to extricate herself. At this point Howard reached the spot, leaped from his horse, ran down the steep place, caught the palfrey by the rein, and when I came up, was holding Grace in his arms, insensible and pale as marble.

“I thanked Heaven in a mental ejaculation for her preservation; but wished—how deeply!—that *I* might have been her deliverer. When Grace at length opened her eyes, and lifted them till they rested on Howard’s face; when she murmured his name, looked her thanks, and seemed so content in her position, I felt another twinge, and wished him on the blue Mediterranean, if not at the bottom of it.

“For a few days after this accident I felt a little nervous, and the usual *finale* of such a catastrophe—the love of

the lady—haunted my thoughts continually.

“But I saw nothing to excite the least suspicion. Grace was as confiding and loving as before, and I never loved her half so well.

“In a few days after I went to London for a week (for which I have accused, nay, hated myself since). My mother wished me to go on some business transaction for the family.

“I cannot say that the thought of Grace and Howard’s being constantly thrown together did not cross my mind rather unpleasantly; but it was dismissed, I remember, as an unworthy one, and implicit faith in the truth and fidelity of my love was triumphant.

“The day after my return Howard sailed for the West Indies.

“I thought Grace was distracted and

sad; rather more so than parting with one for whom she had only a cousinly attachment might warrant. But in a little while she cheered up, and appeared almost unchanged.

“Grace and I were inseparable, and she acted well her part. Oh, hateful dissimulation!

“I was sleeping on the brink of ruin; basking in the sunlight on the bosom of the earth which was to engulf me; listening only to the voice of the charmer, but deaf to the tone of warning!

“Yet the beautiful mask must fall, soon or late; I *must* be awakened from the fascinating dream.

“The truth one day was revealed. Letters came from Howard; one for my mother, and one for me, and another for Grace.

“Ours were read aloud, and handed

about; *she* went away to open hers. I rallied her on her return to the drawing-room about keeping her letter so secret, and said it was but a fair return of favor to share it with us.

“In looking at her, I thought she had been weeping; there were evident traces of tears on her face.

“Grace saw my surprise, and said something soothing and evasive. My excited suspicions were again lulled. Oh, fond, infatuated fool!

“I would fain linger, and shrink from the dreadful final hour. My dear, dear friend, I know your warm heart feels for me, and its sympathy is grateful, although it fails to assuage my sorrow.

“Though Grace maintained the same demeanor towards me, I began to *feel* a change. Still the reality never dawned on my mind. Could I distrust a being

whom I loved as my own soul? Loved idolatrously, and therefore sinfully, you will say, and as I too have since learned to see it. But it was as uncontrollable as phrensy; as vain then the attempt to moderate or temper it, as to allay the storm-wind with a breath, or to lull the tempestuous sea.

“ I said that I *felt* a change. She had a sort of patient, enduring manner when with me; a want of responsive warmth of feeling; languor, if not indifference, was plainly discernible. To sum all, I experienced no more that indescribable blissfulness, that repose, that joy, that perfect happiness in her presence, which reciprocal love once gave. The casket was there, but the precious, priceless gem was lost!

“ How long this state of deception on one part, and delusion on the other,

might have lasted, I know not. I was again called to London. Excuse me, dear madam, from dwelling on distasteful, painful details; you will pardon me if I hasten my relation towards its painful close, and will believe that every incident connected with this journey is hateful to me, though stamped as with red-hot iron upon my seared brain. This is strong language; you will say it is the language of passion. True, my dearest lady; but *can* I speak calmly, though on the bed of death, of the refined cruelty of suffering, the heart-breaking misery which I at that time endured?

“Of the bitterness of such a retrospection, the exquisite pain of such a memory (the fine edge of which is never blunted), may neither you nor yours ever have the faintest conception.

“I received two letters while in London; one for myself, the other to be mailed by me to Howard. Of the correspondence I was aware, and thought it but natural and cousinly in Grace, unsuspecting that I was!

“With a lover’s impatience I opened my own, as I thought. These are the words which greeted my eyes: ‘Oh, dearest Howard, can I longer bear this cruel separation?’ I was startled, but I instantly thought, ‘The mistake is only in the name. It was quite a natural one in writing two letters.’ I read on: ‘It is hard to *seem* to love another, when my heart is wholly yours.’ The knife was driven into mine, but not yet to the core. I thought myself justified in reading on, or rather now think so; *then* I should have laughed at the question. Not open my eyes when led

blindfolded to the brink? Shut them to the perfidy which betrays, destroys me?

“A dimness came over my sight, a sense of faintness, and yet I read on: ‘Charles is as listless and spiritless as ever. I *do* wish he possessed a spark of the fire of *your* ambition, a particle of force of character; he would be at all events the more agreeable as a companion; as to *love*, that is in vain for him to win, or keep, with his brilliant brother for a competitor.’ Dizziness overpowering compelled me to pause ere I broke the seal of the other letter, for the truth now flashed upon me: ‘These cruel words were intended for *Howard*, and the letter was directed wrongly to *me!*’

“At length I opened the true one, or rather the false one—false indeed!

“There were indeed no protestations of love, but it was taken for granted through the whole; and a longing anxiety was expressed for my return, and many kind things said.

“In an agony of disappointment I tore the paper into shreds, and stamped it beneath my heel, and wept—wept such tears as manhood sheds—tears wrung from the soul! But in an instant I resealed the precious document to Howard, rang, and instantly dispatched it.

“I was not ill, no fever seized me; outwardly I was calm. But the sickness of despair, of grief, of deception, of wounded feeling and betrayed affection, prostrated body and spirit. They have been doing their work on this weary frame from that moment, bringing me to what you have seen. God knows I

have striven against it. A strong delusion, you will perhaps think. Yes, it was. I *can*, and *could* reason well; question myself as to its sin, and smile at the folly of regretting one so unworthy. But the spectre of my lost love haunted me with its sweetness, its charm. It stood before me when I attempted to mingle with my fellows, when I lay upon my sleepless pillow, when I knelt in prayer, sat at my untasted meals, or entered the house of God. The sense of misery, of desertion, viper-like, preyed upon my lacerated heart!

“To go home, it was impossible. For *me* there was *no* home. Affection maketh a home. And yet I felt that there was one being to whom I must pour out my sorrow, on whose loving breast it would soothe me to rest my aching head—my Mother!

“I wrote to her, entreated her to come to London quickly; to come alone, on business, or any other plea.

“She came, and was shocked at my appearance beyond measure. I told her all. She wept with me. The only balm that had been poured into the wound—her sympathy—was sweet, but it could not cure me. Astonished and aggrieved, she wished to intercede. The idea was intolerable to me. I shrank from it with inconceivable dislike, and exacted a promise from her of entire silence.

“London would not hold me now, nor England. I must go somewhere. My mother suggested the Continent. New scenes and travel, she felt sure, would in time restore me to my wonted cheerfulness. Oh, little my mother knew of the spirit-wound I had received!

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“The revolt of the American Colonies had broken out. It was the field for me. I knew that I must have action; it was the only escape from the thoughts which assailed me, the phantom of the past which pursued and tormented without ceasing.

“It was a dreadful separation to my mother. If a mother ever feels an intenser love for one child than for another, mine did for me; a son after her own heart, dependent on her for sympathy, even when a child, and as a man, trustful, confiding, and affectionate. Besides, was I not now the object of her deep commiseration? The tenderest emotions of the heart flowed out to me in near and embracing sympathy.

“I cannot recur to the parting scene. Having obtained a commission of rank in the army, I embarked for the Colo-

nies. Here I have been struggling with fate three long years. You, my dear Mrs. C——, have seen the end. Your tears fall. You weep that one so young should be the victim of unrestrained passion. It *is* sorrowful *thus* to die. But Death, I hail thee as a merciful messenger! I know that I am in the hands of One who knoweth and pitieth my infirmities. He will have mercy on me. All my pangs, my struggles, are not hid from him. He heareth the voice of my prayer. Blessed be his holy name!

“P.S. I heard two years since of the marriage of Howard. I can, and do forgive them. . . . Place the miniature on my heart. Send the other keepsakes to my precious mother. My heart aches for her in anticipation of the anguish she will have on my account!

God bless her! And you, my dear lady, your honored father, and little ones. You have all solaced and comforted me."

Will not tears indeed flow at the perusal of this affecting recital? I regret, dear Edward, that you never knew Major Musgrave; I am sure that your discriminating judgment would have led you to appreciate him.

We still feel his loss deeply. Even Charles, though young and volatile, was saddened many days after his departure, as were the servants, and every one about the house. Old Nero would have done anything to serve him. I have seen tears coursing down his dark face when the Major, on some mild sunny morning, assisted out by Shultz, would stand in his dressing-gown, lean-

ing against the garden gate, looking so woful and so pale! No wonder Nero's heart was touched; he has as warm a one as ever beat beneath a white man's breast.

AN unusual press for men and horses to-day. The Sabbath is no more regarded than any other day, especially as it affords a favorable time for stealing hay, cattle, etc., when most of the men are attending divine worship.

Being at private devotions, I was interrupted by the entrance of Charles, shouting vociferously, "The Britisher is after Nero!"

It seems that a light-horseman rode up rapidly to Henry Pattison's, inquiring for men; all were gone to meeting. He looked about and in the house, and satisfied himself of the fact, but unfor-

Sunday.

tunately espied our Nero standing in the stable doorway.

“By Jove,” said he, “I’ll have that negro.”

Seeing the soldier running towards him, poor Nero expected to be taken, and was already trying to reconcile himself to his fate; but he suddenly thought, “It’s not worth while to give in without an effort.” So, keeping the barn between himself and his pursuer, he made for a large hay-stack enclosed in the middle of the field.

The red-coat ran his horse violently, with the intention, doubtless, of overtaking him before he reached the stack; but Nero, though rather old and stiff, reached it, and jumped over the fence of enclosure.

Almost instantly the Britisher rode up with his drawn sword, and swore if he

did not yield himself up, he would run him through.

We now saw the soldier ride furiously round the hay-stack, and old Nero get on it, although with some difficulty, for it was ten or fifteen feet high. Then the enemy dismounted and leaped over the fence. Nero running backwards and forwards on the hay-stack (the top of it was flat and about thirty feet long), the soldier striking at him unsuccessfully with his sword all the time. At length we saw that *he* too got upon the hay-stack, and we gave up poor Nero; his fate seemed inevitable. Not so; he most adroitly eluded the light-horseman; jumped off, crossed the fence, and made for the woods.

His pursuer meanwhile mounted his horse and was in hot pursuit; indeed, close at his heels. Luckily there was a

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thick hedge to cross, where our old hero had the advantage, for the horse would not leap it, and the rider, fuming and cursing dreadfully, was obliged to dismount again; but the fugitive was now far on his way to the woods, where it was fruitless to follow. He was in such a rage at being thus baffled, that Nero would have fared badly had he ever fallen into his hands. He remained in the woods until after dark, when he crept home, and received a warm welcome, especially from the children.

Tuesday.

THE news of the battle of Yorktown confirmed.

Some months since General Washington broke up the camp at White Plains and crossed the Hudson river, passed quietly through the Jerseys and the Province of Pennsylvania, and joined

the young Marquis de la Fayette, who commanded a large force at Elk river.

Here they separated the forces, one body sailing for Virginia, the other marching for the same point.

At a place called Chester (I believe in the Province of Pennsylvania), General Washington heard the joyful news of the arrival of twenty-four French ships of the line, under Count de Grasse.

They had an engagement with the enemy under Admiral Graves, in which the French Allies were victors, and left masters of the Bay of Chesapeake.

The whole American force under Washington surrounded the king's troops at Yorktown; they were blockaded by land and by water by an army (including French and militia) of 16,000.

The tremendous firing of artillery took the enemy by storm; they could

neither rally nor recover. Their batteries and defences were completely demolished; their guns were silenced, and no hope of relief or way of escape remained.

On the 17th of October, Lord Cornwallis, the British commander of the land forces, proposed a cessation of hostilities, and two days afterwards surrendered; and articles were signed by which the troops, stores, and shipping fell into the hands of General Washington. Thus was the pride of the royal army laid low.

The thanks and praise be to God! We do not dare ascribe it to the strength of an arm of flesh, but to the righteousness of our cause, and to the might and power our great commander hath been endued with from on high.

The people are cautious in their ex-

pressions, being surrounded by the British; but their joy is irrepressible at the good news, though no public demonstration can be made.

Divine service was performed in the American brigades, and the Commander-in-Chief recommended that all who were not on duty should join in worship, enjoining "a serious deportment, and that sensibility of heart which the recollection of the surprising and particular interposition of Divine Providence in our favor claims."

WHILE joy reigns in a large portion of the country, we are not released from persecution. It has indeed been at times almost beyond endurance. "Day unto day uttereth speech." Sometimes we are ready to exclaim, "Wo is the day that ever my

Wednesday.

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eyes saw the light!" But the morning is breaking; our Father in heaven hath not utterly hid his face from us.

Nov. 5th.

MY husband writes most cheeringly.

The letter was brought by a friend of Major Musgrave, who wished to make inquiries respecting him, and take charge of his effects. The gentleman seemed to have loved him well, and to have appreciated the sweetness and delicacy of his nature. He was much moved at my recital of the Major's sufferings, mental and bodily. We weep, but not for him; he sleepeth well.

A DAY of public thanksgiving. May the incense of prayer and praise ascend from the altar of my heart!

My honored father participates in the general joy; not for the discomfiture of

the British, but from the hope of peace, which his soul loveth, and the healing of discord.

IT is the first day of the year. The little ones are very merry, and are wishing all they meet “a happy coming year.” It is for them a pleasant day, but we are saddened by its recurrence. The sunshine of their hearts is not clouded; blessed season of hope and joy! In my own, too, it dawns more brightly than the last. My loved partner is not here, but I have cause to sing the song of deliverance, in that his precious life hath been preserved amid so many and great dangers, which he has never shunned but rather courted. Is not the prospect brightened for my country since this time last year? And for him whom the voice of men placed at the helm—

Jan. 1st.

the great Washington—is there no joy, no gratitude, in the deep places of my heart, that God hath raised him up, hath preserved, hath prospered him?

Aug. 10th.

NEWs of Lord North's resignation of the office of Prime Minister, and the forming of a new cabinet, who advise His Majesty to discontinue the war. Glorious news! Heaven grant it may be true. It is certain the war has proved but great loss of life and treasure, without any real gain to English valor, or concession on the part of the Colonies.

Faces of men, women, and children, brighten with expectation of better times. May their hope be not again overclouded! In war there is not a gleam of light to illuminate the darkness. Its practices are adverse to the law of con-

science, and lacerating to the feeling heart.

We are ready to shout the pean of victory, to exult afar off in the triumph, and to cheer on the conflict. But could we witness the heart-sickening details, see the loathsome reality, hear the piercing groan, the horrid imprecation, the fiendish laugh, we should "rejoice with trembling," and mourn the necessity, while we return thanks for the victory.

Then let us pause in silence, and while the good angel of our thoughts brings to our recollection the frightful Gorgon-brood of evils which follow in the train of War, pray without ceasing that Peace may come and reign in our land.

THE cry of peace resounds! The news came to-day. The children

April 23.

ran from school, dismissed by the teacher, that all might share in the general joy. They are told that some great good has happened, they know not what. The time will come when they will experience and treasure it as the highest favor vouchsafed by a kind Providence. God be praised!

The soldiers and Hessians are moving off in bands, and the sick are left behind to follow after. Many of the poor creatures have formed attachments, and the ties of kindness and gratitude are hard to break. The human heart, of whatever clime or station, *will* respond to good treatment; and it is cheering and delightful to observe that, in spite of the greatest personal inconvenience, by patience and good offices, we may awaken interest and gratitude in those beneath us.

Many of them begged to be permitted to remain in some menial capacity; but the ties of kindred prevailed with the greater part.

APPENDIX.

A SERMON

PREACHED ON THE EVE OF THE BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE BY THE REV. JOAB TROUT, SEPTEMBER 10th, 1777.

“NOT long since,” writes Mr. Hamilton Schefmyer, “searching into the papers of my grandfather, Major John Jacob Schefmyer, who was out in the days of the Revolution, I found the following discourse, delivered in the presence of a large portion of the American soldiery, General Washington, General Wayne, and other officers of the army, on the eve of the battle of Brandywine.”

American Revolution.

"They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."—St. Matthew, chap. 27, v. 52.

SOLDIERS AND COUNTRYMEN :

We have met this evening, perhaps for the last time! We have shared the toil of the march, the peril of the fight, and the dismay of the retreat alike; we have endured the cold and hunger, the contumely of the internal foe, and courage of the foreign oppressor. We have sat, night after night, beside the camp fire; we have heard together the roll of the reveille, which called us to duty, or the beat of the tattoo, which gave the signal for the hardy sleep of the soldier, with the earth for his bed and the knapsack for his pillow.

And now, soldiers and brethren, we

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have met in the peaceful valley on the eve of battle, while the sunlight is dying away behind yonder heights—the sunlight that to-morrow morn will glimmer on scenes of blood!

We have met amid the whitening tents of our encampment; in time of terror and of gloom have we gathered together. God grant it may not be for the last time!

It is a solemn moment, brethren. Does not the solemn voice of nature seem to echo the sympathies of the hour? The flag of our country droops heavily from yonder staff; the breeze has died away along the green plain of Chadd's Ford, the plain that spreads before us glittering in the sunlight. The heights of the Brandywine arise gloomy and grand beyond the waters of yonder stream. All nature holds a solemn si-

American Revolution.

lence on the eve of the uproar, of the bloodshed and strife of to-morrow!

“They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.”

And have they not taken the sword?

Let the desolated plain, the blood-sodden valley, the burned farm-house, blackening in the sun, the sacked village, and the ravaged town, answer! Let the whitening bones of the butchered farmer, strewed along the fields of his homestead, answer! Let the starving mother, with the babe clinging to the withered breast that can afford no sustenance, let *her* answer, with the death-rattle mingling with the murmuring tones that mark the last struggle of life! Let that dying mother and her babe answer!

It was but a day past, and our land slept in the quiet of peace. War was

not here; wrong was not here. Fraud, and wo, and misery, and want dwelt not among us. From the eternal solitude of the green woods rose the blue smoke of the settler's cabin, and golden fields of corn looked forth from amid the waste of the wilderness, and the glad music of human voices awoke the silence of the forest.

Now—God of mercy!—behold the change! Under the shadow of a pretext, under the sanctity of the name of God, invoking the Redeemer to their aid, do these foreign hirelings slay our people! They throng our towns, they darken our plains, and now they encompass our posts on the lonely plain of Chadd's Ford.

“They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.”

Brethren, think me not unworthy of

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belief when I tell you the doom of the British is near! Think me not vain, when I tell you that beyond the cloud that now enshrouds us, I see gathering, thick and fast, the darker cloud and the blacker storm of divine retribution!

They may conquer us to-morrow. Might and wrong may prevail, and we may be driven from this field, but the hour of God's own vengeance will come!

Ay, if in the vast solitudes of eternal space, if in the heart of the boundless universe, there throbs the being of an awful God, quick to avenge and sure to punish guilt, then will the man George of Brunswick, called King, feel in his brain and his heart the vengeance of the eternal Jehovah! A blight will be upon his life, a withered brain and accursed intellect; a blight will be upon

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his children, and on his people! Great God, how dread the punishment!

A crowded populace, peopling the dense towns, where the man of money thrives while the laborer starves; want striding among the people in all its forms of terror; a proud and merciless nobility adding wrong to wrong, and heaping insult upon robbery and fraud; a God-defying priesthood; royalty corrupt to the very heart, and aristocracy rotten to the core; crime and want linked hand in hand and tempting men to deeds of wo and death; *these* are a part of the doom and retribution that will come upon the English throne, and the English people!

Soldiers, I look around upon your familiar faces with strange interest. Tomorrow morning we will all go forth to the battle; for need I tell you that your

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unworthy minister will march with you, invoking God's aid in the fight? We will march forth to battle! Need I exhort you to fight the good fight; to fight for your homesteads, for your wives and children?

My friends, I might urge you to fight by the galling memories of British wrong. Walton, I might tell you of your father butchered in the silence of night on the plains of Trenton; I might picture his grey hairs dabbled in blood; I might ring his death-shriek in your ears!

Shelmire, I might tell *you* of a butchered mother; the lonely farm-house, the night assault, the roof in flames, the shouts of the troopers as they dispatched their victims; the cries for mercy, the pleadings of innocence for pity. I might paint this all again in the vivid colors

American Revolution.

of the terrible reality, if I thought your courage needed such wild excitement.

But I know you are strong in the might of the Lord. You will march forth to battle on the morrow with light hearts and determined spirits, though the solemn duty, the duty of avenging the dead, may rest heavy on your souls.

And in the hour of battle, when all around the darkness is lit by the lurid cannon glare, and the piercing musket flash, when the wounded strew the ground and the dead litter your path, then remember, soldiers, that God is with you! The eternal God fights for you! He rides on the battle-cloud; he sweeps onward with the march, or the hurricane charge! God, the awful and the infinite, fights for you, and will triumph!

“They that take the sword shall perish by the sword.”

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You have taken the sword, but not in the spirit of wrong and ravage. You have taken the sword for your homes, for your wives, for your little ones. You have taken the sword for truth, for justice and right; and to you the promise is, "Be of good cheer, for your foes have taken the sword in defiance of all that man holds dear, in blasphemy of God." They shall perish by the sword.

And, now, brethren and soldiers, I bid you all farewell!

Many of us may fall in the battle to-morrow. God rest the souls of the fallen! Many of us may live to tell the story of the fight to-morrow, and in the memory of all will ever rest and linger the quiet scene of this autumnal night.

Solemn twilight advances over the

American Revolution.

valley. The woods on the opposite heights fling their long shadows over the green of the meadow. Around us are the tents of the Continental host; the suppressed bustle of the camp, the hurried tramp of the soldiers to and fro among the tents, the stillness and awe that marks the eve of battle.

When we meet again may the shadows of twilight be flung over a peaceful land. God in heaven grant it!

Let us pray.

Oh God of mercy, we pray thy blessing on the American arms. Make the man of our hearts strong in thy wisdom; bless, we beseech thee, with renewed life and strength, our hope and Thy instrument, even George Washington. Shower thy counsels down on the Honorable the Continental Congress. Visit the tents of our host; comfort the sol-

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dier in his wounds and afflictions; nerve him for the fight; prepare him for the hour of death.

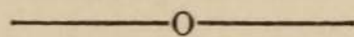
And in the hour of defeat, oh, God of Hosts, do thou be our stay; and in the hour of triumph be thou our guide.

Teach us to be merciful. Though the memory of galling wrongs be at our hearts knocking for admittance, that they may fill us with the desire of revenge, yet let us, oh, Lord, spare the vanquished, though they never spared us in the hour of butchery and bloodshed!

And in the hour of death do thou guide us to the abode prepared for the blessed; so shall we return thanks unto thee through Christ our Redeemer.

God prosper the Cause. Amen.

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
GENERAL WASHINGTON.



THE following note was found among the papers of the late Lord Erskine :

“ TO GENERAL WASHINGTON :

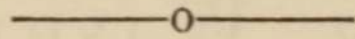
“ Sir,—I have taken the liberty to introduce your august and immortal name in a short sentence which is to be found in the book I send to you.

“ I have a large acquaintance among the most valuable and exalted class of men ; but you are the only human being for whom I ever felt an awful reverence.

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I sincerely pray to God to grant a long and serene evening to a life so gloriously devoted to the happiness of the world.

“T. ERSKINE.”



In the year of our Lord 1790, I stood upon the door-step of the counting-house, of which I was then but the youngest clerk, when the companion beside me hurriedly said, “There he comes! There comes Washington!”

I looked up Pearl Street, and saw approaching, with stately tread and open brow, the Father of my country. His hat was off, for the day was sultry, and he was accompanied by Colonel Page and James Madison.

Never have I forgotten, nor shall I to my dying day forget, the serene, the

American Revolution.

benign, the god-like expression of the countenance of that man of men. His lofty mien and commanding figure, set off to advantage by an elegant dress, consisting of a blue coat, buff small clothes, silver knee and shoe buckles, and white vest; his powdered locks, and powerful, vigorous look (for he was then in the prime and strength of his manhood), have never faded from my mind during the many years which, with all their chances and changes, have rolled between.

As Washington passed near the spot where I stood, his mild, clear, blue eye fell upon me, and it seemed as though his very glance was a benediction. Though high deeds and noble acts, fame, death, a nation's worship and tears, have since in the deep places of my heart consecrated his name above

American Revolution.

every other name of earth, yet even then, boy as I was, the glance thrilled me through and through; my eyes fell beneath it, and my hand was involuntarily raised to uncover my head as that august personage passed by.

The aspect of the outer man alone was calculated to enforce respect, to compel awe and reverence. But there is that in the sight and presence of a being we revere, a being whose name we have been taught to lisp in infancy with grateful affection, and have had held up to us in boyhood as worthy of all honor and imitation, which stirs feelings which lie far down in the depths of the soul, and inspires faith and trust in God, and in human goodness. Oh! heaven-taught, heaven-endowed man! ordained of thy Maker to be thy country's deliverer!

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Once again I saw the President. He was riding, the carriage being drawn by four beautiful bays. I remember well its silver plate and yellow panels (yellow, by the way, has ever since seemed to me a proper and aristocratic color for a vehicle of this kind). Mrs., or Lady Washington, as she was always called, sat by his side. She was of a comely and pleasant countenance, and appeared to be conversing in a lively manner with the General.

“Be not too familiar, lest men see thine infirmities, and learn to cavil at thy teaching.”

This truth Washington appears to have appreciated; or rather it was innate in his character. Yet no man had fewer infirmities than he, and none could have less dread of scrutiny. The most conspicuous trait in his character,

American Revolution.

and one of the rarest virtues, was moderation. This was exemplified in every act of his life. Temperance shone in all; it was the guide of his conduct, the key to his great successes. Ambition, fame, military glory, considered in themselves, seem never to have had entrance into his clear, conscientious mind. With him all "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" was never dreamed of. The right and freedom nerved his arm. He drew only the sword of defence. Though his courage was undaunted, enthusiasm formed no part of his character. "The loud clarion and the spirit-stirring drum" never drowned in his ear the cry of despair, the shriek of the dying. He never for a moment forgot that the fall of the meanest soldier on the battle-field carried desolation, wailing, and often destitution, into an household.

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But to return. The gaily prancing steeds soon rolled the carriage out of sight, and left me standing in the street, an enthusiastic boy-dreamer, with wondering gaze and crowding thoughts.

Once more was he borne along; the steeds not now prancing and gay, but one, the old war-horse, led before his master's body, saddle and stirrup empty, and cloth of black covering him! Mournfully the dumb animal seemed to walk. How mutely eloquent it was!

The scene is now before me; the solemn procession slowly moving, marked through all its length with the sad trapping of wo. The unutterably solemn strain of music, the march for the dead, rings in my ear. I seem to see again the serious, downcast faces of the men who followed it. Again I hear the sobs and the weeping of the women, and see

American Revolution.

the wondering and affrighted look of the little children. Each mourned as with a personal grief. Earth will never again behold such a spectacle—a nation melted in tears!

Why were they shed? What trait of our beloved Washington do we most gratefully reverence? Is it not his transcendent goodness, his unsullied integrity, his purest patriotism? Yes, we love while we honor his memory. While he lived, we reposed trust in him, as in an ark of safety, a shield of defence. A God-fearing man, He prospered and blessed his life. Favored of Heaven, he enjoyed the confidence of men. No, I repeat, never shall I forget the words which wrought wonder, consternation, and fear in my mind—*Washington is dead!*

For many years I dwelt in the very

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house in which the great defender lived. I slept in the very room in which he slumbered. Sometimes an ancient friend of the family would point out with pleasure and honorable pride the very spots where the General and his lady stood on grand reception days; how they were attired; what gracious words they spake, and how kindly and how hospitable they were.

And then the old man, sighing, said to my mother, with the retrospective glance of age, "Ah, madam, these were palmy days!"

There was one article in the house which had belonged to the Washington family, and only one. It was an old mirror. It fitted over the mantelpiece underneath the wainscotting, and was never removed. Well do I remember, when a mere child, being told this by

American Revolution.

an old servant, and how I gazed upon it with veneration, because it had often reflected the face and form of the beloved Washington. It was held as a relic of him.

Many a weary night when I have lain sleepless on my bed, the wind whistling mournfully without, a lonely feeling would creep over me as I looked upon the wainscotted walls of The Great Room, the old blue tiles of the large fire-place, and the deep embrasured windows, and felt the stillness so profound within that I could almost hear the beating of my heart. Then the terrors of a fearful imagination would be exorcised, as the words of my mother seemed to whisper me again: "When vain fears disturb thee, remember the good man who once lay where thou liest, and be thankful. The dark vision will be dispelled."

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Then I have thought, "His eyes have rested on the objects which I now behold." I have fancied the thoughts that might have filled his mind as he lay on a sometime sleepless pillow—thoughts pure, thankful, self-sacrificing, noble!

A vivid picture of the illustrious man was before me; his countenance uplifted and lustrous with heavenly peace and hope; his hands upraised, and his lips moving with words of prayer and praise. For I had been told that he was a man of prayer; and in *this*, I had been taught to believe, lay his strength.

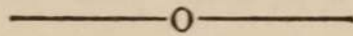
And then (easy transition), a yet more glorious vision passed before me—a beatific vision. I have seen him one of the throng of those who walk in white beneath the shadow of the Eternal Throne; his face radiant with joy,

American Revolution.

and a crown of light encircling his brow,
yet wearing the same serene, majestic
look which he wore on earth.

Spirit of Washington! wise, mild,
merciful, temperate, just, we evoke thee!
Influence, guide, and rule thy country-
men!

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
GENERAL LA FAYETTE.



IN dwelling upon Washington, the name of another great man rises involuntarily—La Fayette. His disinterestedness, noble heroism, and pure integrity, shine with unsullied lustre. We experience a hearty reverence and affection; are proud that such a man espoused our cause, and freely accord to him the high honor of one worthy to be called the Friend of Washington.

Kindred in spirit, in aims, in hopes,

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Washington tempered the ardor of La Fayette, viewing him in the light of a dear son, while La Fayette revered the wisdom, greatness, and virtue of his guide, his example, his more than friend.

Married to a lovely and high-born woman in the year 1774, when but a little over seventeen years of age, in the summer of '76 La Fayette was stationed on military duty at Metz, being then an officer in the French army. Dining at that time with the Duke of Gloucester (brother to the King of England) at the house of the commandant of that place, the conversation fell on American affairs.

The details were new to the young Marquis. He listened with eagerness and intense interest. The cause seemed to him just and noble, from the repre-

American Revolution.

sentations of the Duke himself, and before he left the table he devoted himself heart and hand to it. He determined to offer his services to a people who were struggling for freedom and independence. And from that hour he could think of nothing but this chivalrous enterprise.

The property of La Fayette being at his own disposal (an annual revenue of two hundred thousand livres), he was enabled to pursue in this respect his heroic inclinations. His youthful imagination was fired with the thirst of glory. The dazzling vision of conquering and establishing a wide country over the sea, to be the habitation, home, and dwelling-place of Freedom, so dear to his lofty and untrammelled mind, became real and palpable. Recollections of the glorious Past, its republics and

American Revolution.

their ancient splendor, arts, letters, poets, orators, and warriors, filled his mind, and mingled with the cry of the oppressed sounding in his ear, above the booming ocean which rolled between, fixing his firm resolve.

Born and cradled amid the most aristocratic influences, brought up in the lap of luxury, and united to the object of his affections, rank, wealth, friends, power, whose blandishments are so blinding to the mental and moral vision, and so inimical to high purposes and noble deeds, were unheeded by La Fayette. That cry for succor was never stilled. He would not turn a deaf ear to it. The promptings of a generous heart were obeyed. The sacrifice was made; to *him* no sacrifice, yet in truth a tremendous one, one which we feel with a thrill of gratitude, and shall to all generations.

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By leaving France, La Fayette incurred the displeasure of his king and of the nobles and his own relations. To his wife he thus writes, when fairly off at sea :

“How many fears and anxieties enhance the keen anguish I feel at being separated from all that I love most fondly in the world! How have you borne my departure? Have you loved me less? Have you pardoned me? Your sorrow, that of my friends, and my child, all rushed upon my thoughts, and my heart was torn by a thousand painful feelings. I could not at that instant find any excuse for my own conduct.

“If you could know all that I have suffered, and the melancholy days that I have passed, whilst flying from all that I love best in the world! Must I

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join to this affliction the grief of hearing that you do not pardon me? I should feel in truth too miserable. But I need not fear this, need I, my dearest love?"

In reading such letters we fully estimate the costliness of the sacrifice. We may perhaps feel regret in reviewing some scenes in the life of La Fayette. We regret that the life of Louis and his beautiful queen, placed in his hands, were not, by decision, firmness, and forethought, saved. Speaking of them, he says: "The king and queen, whose lamentable fate only allows me to pride myself on some service I have rendered them." Again: "If I have erred in the path I am pursuing, forgive the illusions of my head in favor of the good intentions and rectitude of my heart."

Washington's love for La Fayette

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forms one of the softest and most beautiful traits of his august character. "He came," says the Marquis, in speaking of a severe illness he suffered, "every day to inquire after his friend, but fearing to agitate him, only conversed with the physician, and returned home with tearful eyes, and a heart oppressed with grief."

When La Fayette was wounded at Brandywine, Washington said to the surgeon, "Take care of him as if he were my son, for I love him the same;" and he expressed for him during this illness the most tender and paternal anxiety.

"How is it possible," exclaims La Fayette, whose love and respect knew no bounds, "that he should not have been warmly cherished by his disciple—he who, uniting all that is good to all

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that is great, is even more sublime from his virtues than from his talents? Had he been a common soldier he would have been the bravest in the ranks; had he been an obscure citizen, all his neighbors would have respected him. With a heart and mind equally correctly formed, he judged both of himself and circumstances with strict impartiality."

"Nature," he adds, "while creating him expressly for that Revolution, conferred an honor upon herself. And to show her work to the greatest possible advantage, so constituted it, that each distinct quality would have failed in producing the end required, had it not been sustained by all the others."

The most delightful recollections of my earliest childhood are those of the visit of General de La Fayette to America. The splendid pageant of his en-

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trance into this city is indelibly imprinted on my memory; as is also the being held on men's shoulders in the Park, after viewing, in all its pompous length, the procession, to behold the benevolent and beaming countenance of one whom I had been taught to revere.

Afterwards too, the honor that I felt in being taken by the hand by this great and brave man, my heart beating proudly the while beneath the ribbon badge which I wore, stamped with his features, and with the words, "*Welcome to the Nation's Guest.*"

Oh, happy day for me! thrice happy and glorious to him!

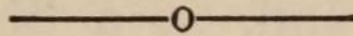
The animated face, plain dress, few courteous words, and gracious, kind looks of La Fayette, are well remembered.

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Kings and emperors have visited the kingdoms of their compeers, when more elaborate pageantry, more royal pomp has been displayed.

From war, victors have come laden with spoils, while the populace, with frantic zeal, have dragged their chariots through the crowd of benighted worshippers; but such an universal, spontaneous outburst of national gratitude—the impulse of millions as of *one undivided heart and mind*—cherished, transmitted, and grown with the nation's growth, during the lapse of near fifty years, was never before exhibited to the world—was never recorded on history's page!

ANECDOTES OF
AND
TRIBUTES TO WASHINGTON.



IN 1754 he was stationed at Alexandria with his regiment, the only one in the colony, of which he was the colonel. There happened at that time to be an election in Alexandria for members of the Assembly, and the ballot ran high between Colonel George Fairfax and Mr. William Elgey.

Washington was on the side of Fairfax, and a Mr. William Payne headed the friends of Elgey.

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In the course of the contest, Washington grew very warm (for his passions naturally were very powerful, though a wise regard to duty, *i.e.* honor and happiness, soon reduced them to proper command), and unluckily said something to Mr. Payne, who, though but a cub in size, was a lion in heart, elevated his shillelah, and, at a blow, extended our hero on the ground.

News was soon carried to the regiment that their colonel was murdered by the mob!

On the passions of the soldiers, who doated upon their commander, such a report fell at once like a flash of lightning on a magazine of gunpowder.

In a moment the whole regiment was under arms and in rapid motion towards the town, burning for vengeance.

During this time Washington had

been liberally plied with cold water, acids, and volatiles; and, happily for Mr. Payne and his party, was so far recovered as to go out and meet his enraged soldiers, who crowded round him with faces of honest joy to see him alive again.

After thanking them for such an evidence of their attachment to him, he assured them that he was not hurt in the least, and begged them, by their love of him and of their duty, to return peaceably to their barracks.

As for himself, he went to his room, generously chastising his passion, which had just struck but a spark that had like to have thrown the whole town in a flame; and feeling himself the aggressor of Mr. Payne, he resolved to make him the honorable reparation of asking his pardon.

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No sooner had he made this heroic resolution, than recovering that delicious gaiety which ever accompanies good purposes in a virtuous mind, he went to a ball that night, and behaved as pleasantly as though nothing had happened.

Early the next morning he wrote a polite note of invitation to Mr. Payne to meet him at the inn.

Payne took it for a challenge, and repaired to the inn in full expectation of smelling gunpowder. But what was his surprise, on entering the chamber, to see, in lieu of a brace of pistols, a decanter of wine and a pair of glasses on the table.

Washington rose to meet him, and offering his hand, with a smile began :

“ Mr. Payne, to err sometimes is nature ; to rectify error is always glory.

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I believe I was wrong in the affair of yesterday. You have had, I think, some satisfaction, and if you deem that sufficient, there is my hand; let us be friends."

An act of such sublime virtue, produced its proper effect upon the mind of Mr. Payne, who, from that moment, became the most enthusiastic admirer and friend of Washington; and for his sake, ready at any time to charge up to a battery of two-and-forty pounders.

"Would our youth," says the narrator, "but be persuaded to act in a style so correct and heroical, our papers would no longer shock us with accounts of elegant young men murdering each other on false principles of honor; by one desperate deed depriving themselves of all present pleasure, and of all future hope."

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“There was a man,” says an eloquent writer, “who stood on the loftiest seat of power and did not fall. Hallowed for all time be the anniversary of his birth! Our Washington was one of the few great men in the world, in whom the better sentiments were wrought into established and governing principles.”

This was emphatically his greatness. His whole character was based upon steadfast and inflexible principles. I see this trait in all his writings. I see everywhere, how all that there was of feeling and enthusiasm in his mind was tamed down to the sedateness and strength of principle. I see in his whole life the same concentration of everything to the one point of duty.

Duty, principle, was the pole-star that guided him through the troubled and trying scenes of his life.

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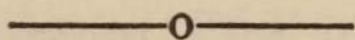
It is this which the sculptor has set forth when he represented the victorious chief with one hand surrendering to the country the sheathed sword, the emblem at once of command and of power, and with the other pointing to heaven, in token of humble and solemn gratitude, and allegiance to the Power Supreme.

And this was, in the sphere in which he moved, a greatness of which many who are called great were utterly incapable. It was a greatness which no man in similar circumstances ever exhibited. A Cæsar grasping at the sceptre of empire, an Alexander sweeping the skirts of Asia with his hosts, a Napoleon or a Cromwell, vaulting, when occasion served, to the seat of arbitrary power—what were those examples of miscalled greatness to the sublime and Christian heroism of our Washington?

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This demands a resolution, an energy, a nobleness, to be seen nowhere else. To abjure all ease, all softness, all indulgence, all ambition, as the solemn behest of charity; to bring to an end this eternal conflict—the contradiction between our ideal and our practice—to pass through the great regeneration from passive sentiment to resolved and active principle. This, in every walk, individual, social, political, in every career of communities or nations, is the only path to unfading glory on earth, and eternal bliss in heaven.

REMARKS ON THE DEATH
OF
GENERAL LA FAYETTE.



THE majority of men estimate the superiority of their fellows solely by the indications of power—of power under whatever shape it may present itself; no matter how unequal may be its development, or how destructive its display. What mind does not shrink before the blazing intellect of Byron—the iron ambition of Napoleon?

But how few can appreciate the moral grandeur, the wonderful assemblage, the

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just balancing and developing of good and great qualities, in the character of Washington? And yet that character was such a *phenomenon* as a singular departure from the wonted exhibitions of human nature, under its most glorious aspects, as ever had a place upon the annals of mankind.

And history will regard La Fayette as one of those immortal benefactors of our race who have stretched their arms beyond one generation to embrace the children of centuries in advance—a living model of goodness in every age! One of the few nobly great men who live on the pages of the world's history, to teach us, when despairing of the onward destiny of our race, that there have been some who have dared to be honest under all circumstances, and who have retained their benignity and love of

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mankind, when philanthropy became a reproach and a by-word !

The honesty that rose to the dignity of heroism, and the moderation which in classic story would be dignified as the loftiest philosophy, will leave unquestioned the greatness of La Fayette.

THE END.



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