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NATHAN HALE STATUE ON YALE COLLEGE CAMPUS,  
New Haven, Conn.

Bela Lyon Pratt, Sculptor.



# A SACRIFICE OF "SEVENTY-SIX"

NATHAN HALE

"One of the fortunate few who do not die"

1776

"In 'Seventy-Six,' George Third, the British King,  
Commands his Hessian soldiers, forth to bring  
Their burnished arms, and cross the stormy sea,  
To crush a people struggling to be free."

ELIZABETH G. BARBER.



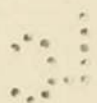
BY ELLEN MORGAN FRISBIE,  
REGISTRAR OF LUCRETIA SHAW CHAPTER, D. A. R.  
AUTHOR OF "HENRY SYLVESTER CORNWELL,"  
"POET OF FANCY."

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No 1.

This little tribute to the memory of  
Connecticut's distinguished son,  
and the youthful hero of our country,  
NATHAN HALE,  
is dedicated to the  
Daughters and the Sons of the American Revolution  
and the  
Daughters and the Sons of the American Republic.



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## FOREWORD.

Lucretia Shaw Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of New London, is the custodian of the Nathan Hale Schoolhouse on "Ye Towne's Antientest Buriall Place" in Huntington Street.

The Daughters "keep open house" there two afternoons in each week, during the summer months.

Many strangers are attracted to the quaint building in its ancient (though not its original) setting, and are interested in the story of its most famous Master's sad fate.

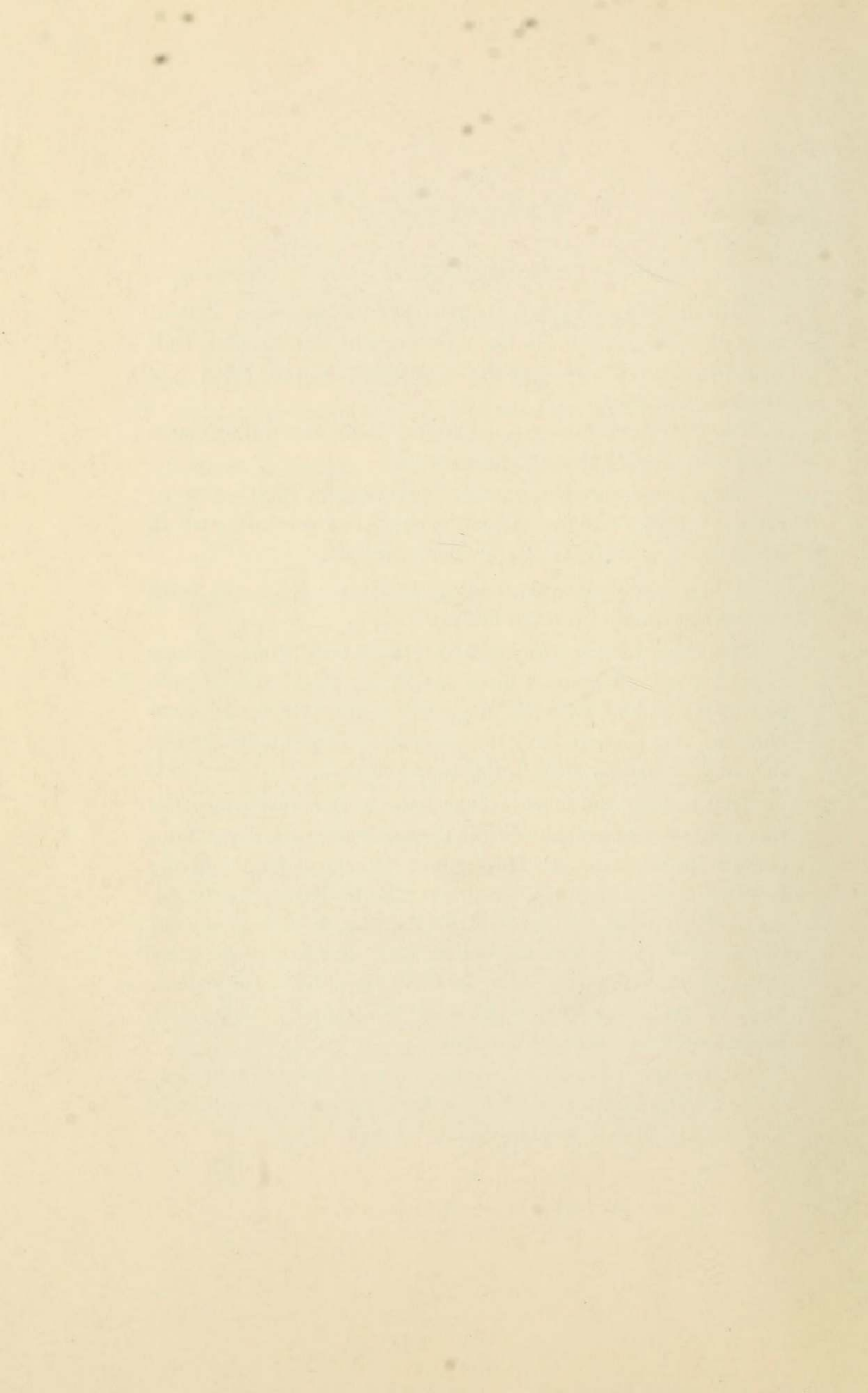
Many visitors have inquired: "Is there not, on sale, some souvenir booklet on Nathan Hale?"

The Regent of the Chapter, Mrs. Sidney Hale Miner, recently appointed a committee of three, Mrs. Mary Packer Clark, Miss Nettie Jay Bishop, with the Registrar of the Chapter as chairman, for this purpose, and the committee respectfully submits the story of Nathan Hale in this little brochure.

The author wishes to make grateful acknowledgment of valuable assistance received from George Dudley Seymour, Esq., of New Haven, Hon. E. Hart Fenn, Secretary of Sons of the Revolution of the State of Connecticut, Charles Barney Whittlesey, Esq., Historian of the Sons of the Revolution of the State of Connecticut, Henry Russell Browne, Esq., Secretary of the Sons of the Revolution of the State of New York, L. R. Hammond, Esq., of the *Saturday Chronicle* of New Haven, and Louis Kingsbury, Esq., of South Coventry.

Authorities consulted: Professor Henry Phelps Johnston, of the College of the City of New York, Benson J. Lossing and I. W. Stuart, Hale's first biographer, in 1856.

E. M. F.





## A SACRIFICE OF "SEVENTY-SIX"

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### NATHAN HALE

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"He hath bought his eternity with a little hour, and is not dead.  
Death only dies."

\* \* \*

SCHOLAR—TEACHER—	SOLDIER—MARTYR
BORN AT COVENTRY, CONN.,	DIED IN NEW YORK CITY
JUNE 6, 1755	SEPTEMBER 22, 1776

#### NATHAN HALE.

One hero dies—a thousand new ones rise,  
As flowers are sown where perfect blossoms fall;  
There quite unknown, the name of Hale now cries  
Wherever duty sounds her silent call.

With head erect he moves and stately pace,  
To meet an awful doom—no ribald jest  
Brings scorn or hate to that exalted face;  
His thoughts are far away, poised and at rest;

Now on the scaffold see him turn and bid  
Farewell to home and all his heart holds dear.

Majestic presence!—all man's weakness hid,  
And all his strength in that last hour made clear:  
"My sole regret, that it is mine to give  
Only one life, that my dear land may live."

—*William Ordway Partridge.*

In a beautiful rolling country about twenty miles east of Hartford, Conn., and about three miles from the pretty village of South Coventry, in Tolland County, stands the boyhood home of Captain Nathan Hale.

By remarkably good fortune the house stands today in almost exactly the same shape in which it was built by Deacon Richard Hale.

It is a large, substantial, characteristic Connecticut farmhouse, standing some six hundred and sixty feet above sea level, commanding a distant and beautiful view of the Bolton hills.

It was erected, as a recently discovered manuscript reveals, in 1762, though not interiorly finished until later.

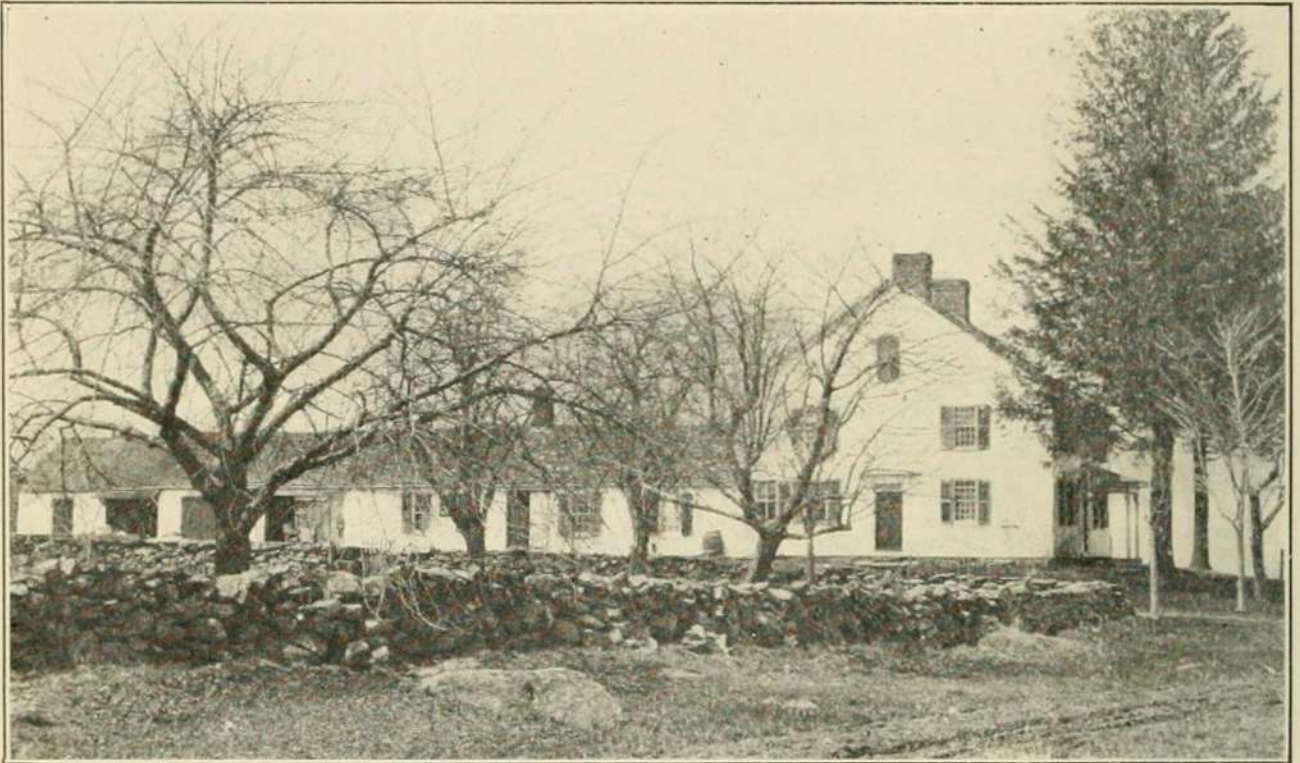
Nathan Hale was probably born in an earlier house near the



site of the present one, which was his home from 1762 until "he resigned his life as a sacrifice to his country's liberty" in 1776.

The local tradition is that the house was built when Nathan was a little boy and this tradition is now confirmed by the manuscript above referred to.

In 1675, large tracts of thousands of acres in this region were owned by Attawanhood, familiarly known as Joshua, the third



THE BOYHOOD HOME OF NATHAN HALE  
South Coventry, Conn.

son of Uncas, the famous Sachem of the Mohegan Indians.

Joshua, who was Sachem of the western Nehantics, was also a friend of the white men, and in February, 1675, "being sick in body," he made a will in which he gave thousands of acres of land to his many English friends.

The town of Coventry was laid out in 1708 by authority of the General Assembly of the Colony, and was part of a tract willed to prominent settlers of Hartford and New London by Attawanhood (or Joshua), the son of Uncas.

The Connecticut Assembly gave the town its name in 1711, no doubt in honor of old Coventry in England.

In 1710-1711, the home of Samuel Birchard, the original settler, was the only house in the vicinity of the beautiful sheet of water, called Shempipie by Joshua, but which later received the name of Lake Wamgumbaug. The site of the Birchard house is marked by a small sign.



The Nathan Hale homestead, not far from the lake, in danger of falling into uninterested hands, was recently purchased by George Dudley Seymour, Esq., of New Haven, a descendant of Samuel Birchard, the original settler of Coventry, and Mr. Seymour's acquisition of this property assures the preservation of one more historic place in the State of Connecticut.

An immense oak tree (under whose wide spreading branches tradition says the Indians held their council meetings) stands on the bounds of the Hale homestead, and on this ancient tree its new owner has appropriately bestowed the name of "Joshua's Oak."

On his mother's side Nathan was descended from Elder John Strong, who in 1630 sailed from Plymouth, England, and was one of the founders of Dorchester, Mass.

Prof. Johnston writes: "The Strong's, like the Hales, were a typical family through whom \* \* \* we are enabled to observe the working of domestic and social influences in colonial life" \* \* \* "Success seems to have attended the enterprise and hard labors of these families." \* \* \* "From the town record we learn that as early as 1724, Justice Strong was able to turn over to his son, Captain Strong, a farm of ninety acres, in consideration of 'parental love and affection,' " and Richard Hale purchased from \* \* \* two of the original proprietors of the Coventry tract, an extensive farm of two hundred and fifty acres. \* \* \* Such was Hale's ancestral background. Solid qualities, excellent traits, and simple ways."

"Ancestry meant much in those days."

The Hale and Strong families, and farms, were united when Elizabeth Strong was given in marriage to Richard Hale on the second day of May, 1746, and Nathan was the sixth in a family of twelve children.

Deacon Richard Hale held offices in both town and ecclesiastical societies, and represented his town in the Connecticut Assembly, and it was said of him: "Never a man worked so hard for both worlds as Deacon Hale."

A serious man, from whom Nathan seems to have inherited that steadfastness of purpose, which was a marked characteristic of the martyr.

Nathan's mother was a domestic woman, devoted to her home and family, with religious inclinations which were transmitted to her son. A most worthy daughter of that "good grandmother," Preserved Strong of whom Nathan wrote: "*Has*



*she not repeatedly favored us with her tender, most important advice? The natural tie is sufficient, but increased by so much goodness, our gratitude cannot be too sensible."*

Stuart, Hale's first biographer, in 1856, described the family as "a quiet, strict, godly household where the Bible ruled and family prayers never failed, nor was grace omitted at meals, nor work done after sundown on a Saturday night."

Quoting Stuart again: "Nathan early exhibited a fondness for those rural sports, to which such a birthplace and scenery naturally invited him. He loved the gun and fishing rod.  
\* \* \* He was fond of running and leaping \* \* \* firing at a mark \* \* \* playing ball, etc."

Not robust in early boyhood he strengthened himself by exercise and simple diet, and "with the growth of his body, his mind, naturally bright and active, developed rapidly." "He mastered his books with ease \* \* \* and was constantly applying his information."

The "portrait" of Nathan Hale, recently discovered on the "northwest chamber" door, in the homestead, would indicate this was Nathan's room. On the inner side of the only door leading into the northwest chamber is the profile, "Slightly incised in the soft wood and a little larger than life. Shadow portraits, made by tracing the shadow cast by a candle, were not uncommon at the time this shadow profile of Nathan was made." The profile remained, exposed to view many years, remembered by later generations of the Hale family, and particularly by Nathan's niece, Rebecca (Hale) Abbot.

In 1846, on the completion of the Hale monument, Mrs. Abbot, called at the homestead, requesting to see the profile, and found to her surprise, the room, including the door, had been painted.

Mr. George Dudley Seymour, the owner and preserver of the "homestead," has had the paint removed and the fair shadow profile came to view on Nathan's chamber door.

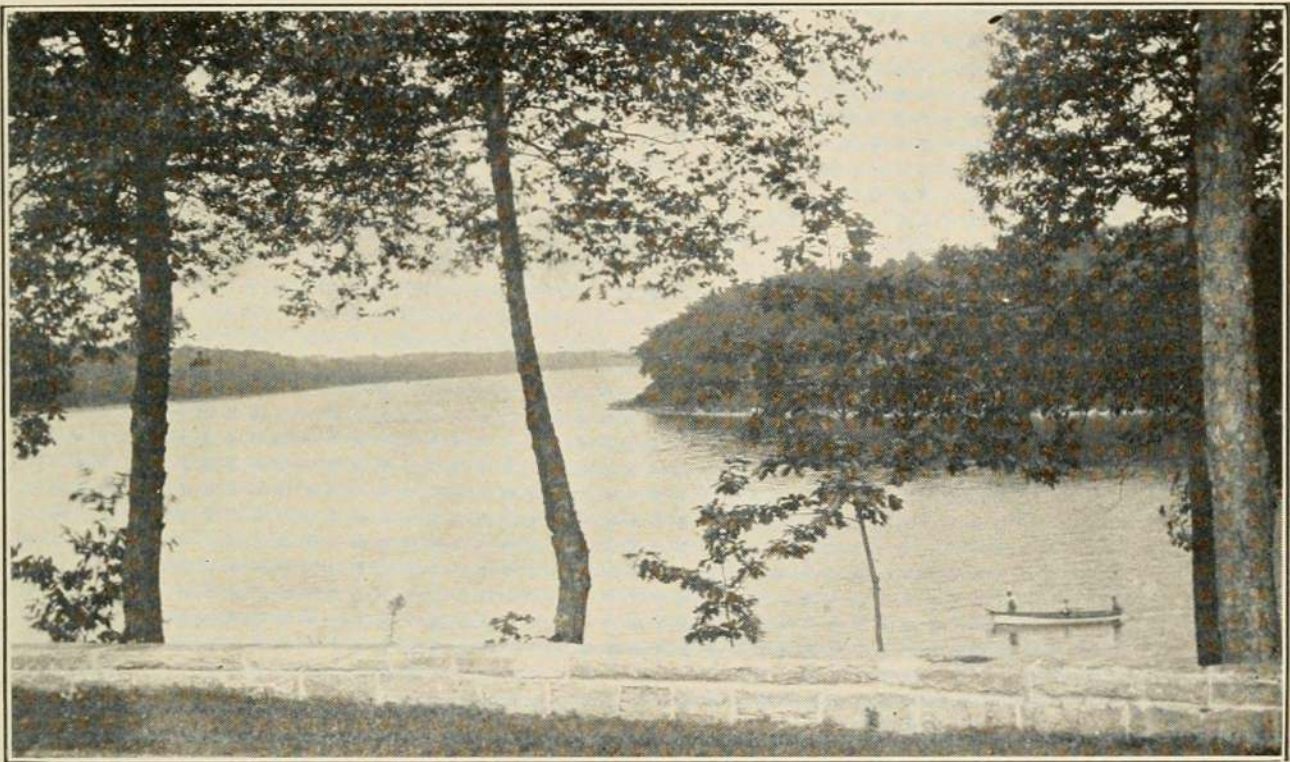
It was a letter dictated by Mrs. Rebecca Hale Abbot, a daughter of Lieutenant Joseph Hale, one of Nathan's brothers, which led to the discovery by Mr. Seymour, of the profile portrait, which probably had not seen the light for three-quarters of a century.

The old Congregational meeting-house where the Hale family worshiped was burned several years ago. It stood facing the town green and overlooking Lake Wamgumbaug, the beautiful sheet of water that Nathan loved and where he swam and fished when a boy.



A mile, or more, from the Hale home, down the "Old South Road" stands the ancient parsonage where Enoch and Nathan used to go to recite their Latin to the Rev. Joseph Huntington, a well known Congregational clergyman, who prepared the brothers for Yale College.

In September, 1769, they entered that institution, Nathan, the younger, being then in his fifteenth year, and in the classroom they were known as "Hale primus" and "Hale secundus" and "Nathan stood among the highest in all-around attainments, the classics, especially," and was one of the youngest as well as one of the best students ever graduated from Yale College.



JOSHUA'S SHEMPIPIE OR LAKE WAMGUMBAUG

He was considered the best athlete the college had produced, and the space he covered in his famous jump on the New Haven "Green" was shown for many years after he left his alma mater.

One of the founders of Linonia, a debating society to which the brothers belonged, Nathan's force and logic in argument made him a formidable opponent, and the minutes of this society in Hale's handwriting are among the most precious treasures of the University.

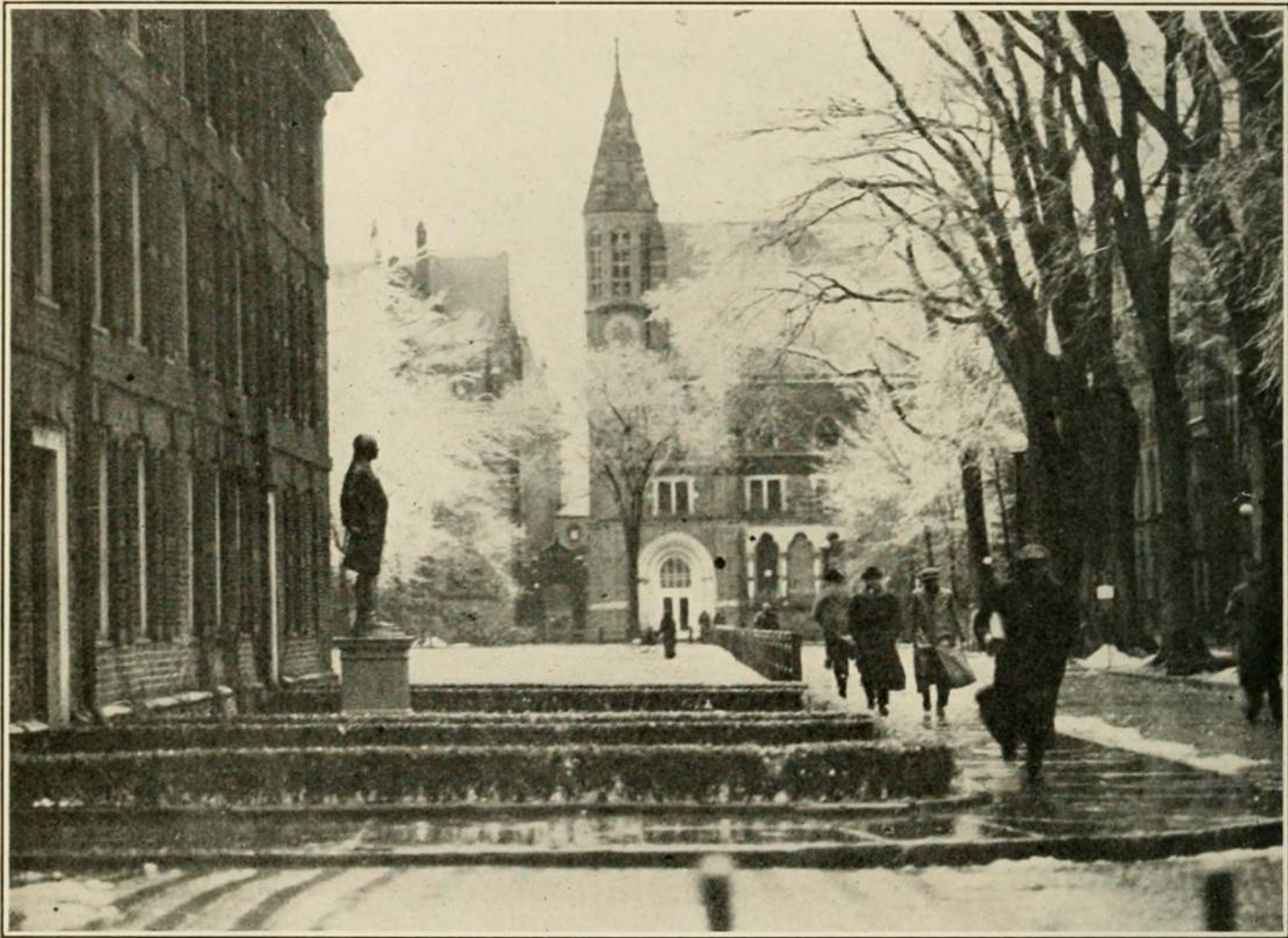
Commencement Day for Nathan Hale's class, with thirty-six graduates, was on September 3, 1773, when he was eighteen years old, and "the treat of the day," was a debate on the pertinent question: "Whether the Education of Daughters be not, without just reason, more neglected than that of sons?"



Nathan triumphantly conducted the argument for the "Daughters" with whom he was a general favorite.

Among his intimate college friends was General Hull, who was, later one of the charter members of the "Cincinnati." His classmate, Benjamin Tallmadge, was the colonel of the Revolutionary army, who, by a peculiar irony of fate, had charge of Major John Andre, during his imprisonment.

One of the three original college buildings remains, "Connecticut Hall," in which Hale undoubtedly roomed during his four years' course.



NATHAN HALE STATUE AND "CONNECTICUT HALL"

New Haven, Conn.

For the first two or three years in college, the Hale brothers, probably, wore homespun clothing. At one time Enoch was called to Coventry to be fitted to a suit, and their father wrote: "I sopose one mesure will do for both of you."

Quoting again from their father: "If you do not one of you come home I don't see but that you must do without any New Close until after Commensment."



Again: "I hope you will carefully mind your studies that your time be not lost and that you mind all the orders of College with care and be sure above all forget not to Learn Christ while you are busy in other studies." And again: "Shun all vice, especially card playing."

Nathan's mother died when he was twelve years old, and it was her wish and hope that he would enter the ministry, but on leaving college he decided upon teaching, "The usual step before a calling."

He accepted a position at East Haddam, Conn., a town of agricultural and shipping interests, on the Connecticut River, which was also called Moodus, abbreviated from the Indian name "Machimoodus"—"the place of the noises." The name Moodus designates at the present day the manufacturing village a few miles above East Haddam.

Stuart wrote: "The rich scenery of the town, its rocky uneven face, the phenomena from which it derives its Indian name, its numerous legends of Indian Powwows, its Mount Tom and Salmon River, were all sources of great delight to the young instructor, as habitually, the cares of school being over, he wandered around for air and exercise, for pleasure and the sports of the chase, there

"Where the little country girls  
Still stop to whisper, and listen, and look,  
And tell, while dressing their sunny curls,  
Of the Black Fox of Salmon Brook."

Hale, in his letters, called the place "Modus," which in his day was a settlement of good society and considerable wealth, but his stay there was a short one of four or five months.

Preserved by Stuart, the recollections of Mrs. Hannah (Green) Pierson (who knew Hale well when he lived in this river town) present this attractive picture of the youthful tutor: "He was a happy and faithful teacher; everybody loved him, he was so sprightly, intelligent, and kind, and—so handsome."

Three months before the Hale brothers entered college, their father married Mrs. Abigail Adams of Canterbury, and subsequently her two daughters, Sarah and Alice, became members of the household at South Coventry, and an older son, John, promptly fell in love with Sarah and married her in 1771.

Alice Adams was distinguished for her intelligence and beauty, and very soon Nathan and Enoch were strongly attached to her.



## HALE TO "ALICIA."

Love poem without date.

Alicia, born with striking charm

\* \* \* \* \*

Fair in thy form, still fairer in thy mind,  
With beauty, wisdom, sense with sweetness joined.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let others toil amidst the lofty air  
By fancy led through every cloud above  
Let empty follies build the castles there  
My thoughts are settled on the friend I love

\* \* \* \* \*

T'is friendship pure that now demands my lays  
A theme sincere that aids my feeble song

\* \* \* \* \*

Far from the seat of pleasure now I roam  
The pleasing landscape now no more I see  
Yet absence nea'r shall take my thoughts from home  
Nor time efface my due regards for thee.

The parents seem to have looked upon their attachment with disfavor on account of the youthfulness of the couple, and Deacon Hale's desire to see his son enter the ministry, probably, caused him to think an early engagement would prove more of a hindrance than a help to Nathan during his college course, so in February, 1773, Alice was prevailed upon to accept a well-to-do suitor in Mr. Elijah Ripley, of South Coventry.

Early in December, 1773, Nathan was corresponding with Mr. Timothy Green of New London, with reference to his engagement as "Master" of the "Union School," for the spring term of the following year.

The proprietors of the Union School were

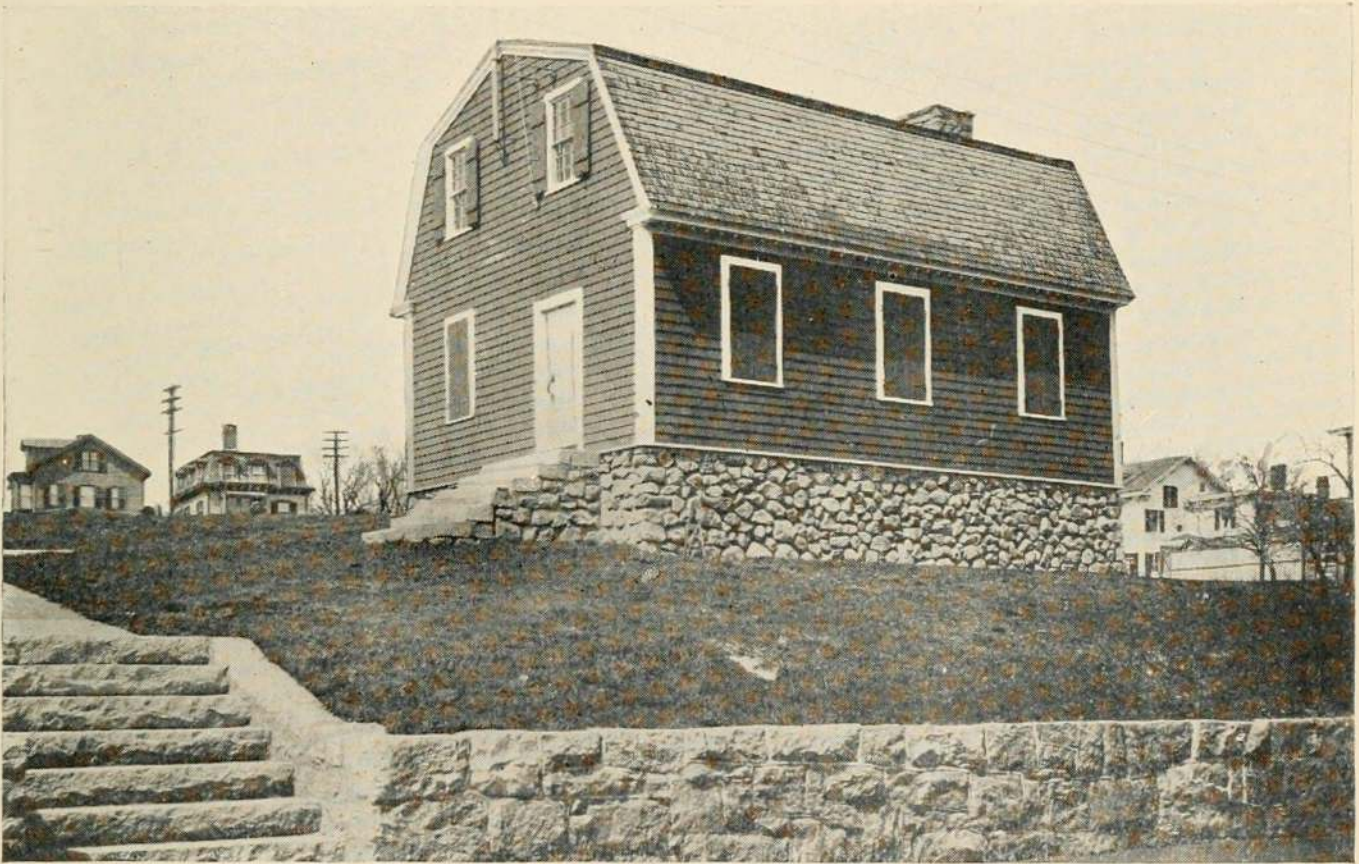
John Winthrop, Esq.,	Capt. Joseph Packwood,
Capt. Guy Richards,	Capt. William Packwood,
Duncan Stewart, Esq.,	Capt. Richard Deshon,
Capt. Robinson Mumford,	Mr. John Richards,
Mr. Roger Gibson,	Richard Law, Esq.,
Winthrop Saltonstall, Esq.,	Mr. Timothy Green,
Capt. David Mumford,	Mr. Samuel Belden,
Thomas Mumford,	Jeremiah Miller, Esq.,
Mr. Silas Church,	Capt. Russel Hubbard,
Capt. Michael Mellaly,	Mr. Nathaniel Shaw, Jr.,
Capt. Thomas Allen,	Capt. John Crocker,
Capt. Charles Chadwick,	Doct. Thomas Coit,



and in the petition of incorporation the statement is made they "have at great cost erected a schoolhouse for the advancement of learning."

The statement has been accepted that there were twelve proprietors of the Union School, but in a call for the meeting which Nathan Hale sent to the proprietors on February 22, 1775, he addresses the twenty-four proprietors by name, a fact of special interest to the people of New London.

The Union Schoolhouse was built in 1774, and stood originally, on what is now the northwest corner of State and Union Streets, the site of the present Crocker House.



NATHAN HALE SCHOOLHOUSE

Bulkeley Square and Huntington Street, New London, Conn.

The land records of New London give the dimensions of the lot as forty by fifty feet, and for the "consideration of one share of stock"—in the Union School—John Richards sold in 1782 to the proprietors of Union School the land on which the schoolhouse was then standing. Probably the school building was erected on leased land or by some arrangement equivalent to lease. These peculiarities of transferring land are frequently discovered in the early records of New London.

Union Street was opened at a later date and received its name from the Union School.



The school building was removed to the opposite side of Union Street in 1830.

The families of the "proprietors" formed agreeable companions for the young teacher, and the charm of his conversation made him the favorite of all, of the old as well as the young, in every domestic and social circle.

Miss Caulkins, who wrote in 1852, described Hale as a man of many agreeable qualities, social, animated, and a favorite among the ladies.

Mrs. Elizabeth Poole, "an inmate of the same family with the deeply lamented Capt. Hale while he taught school in New London," said of him: "His capacity as a teacher, and the mildness of his mode of instruction, was highly appreciated by parents and pupils; his appearance, manners and temper secured the purest affection of those to whom he was known."

One of his New London scholars, Samuel Green, left this description of him: "His manners were engaging and genteel; his scholars all loved him. While he was not severe, there was something determined in the man which gave him a control over boys that was remarkable. He had a way of imparting his views to others in a simple, natural method, without ostentation or egotism, which is a rare gift."

Nathan wrote from New London, to his uncle: "*I have a school of 32 boys, about half Latin, the rest English. \* \* \* In addition I have kept during the summer, a morning school, between the hours of five and seven, of about 20 young ladies for which I have received 6s. a scholar by the quarter.*"

It would be interesting from a New London standpoint if the names of these young women could be ascertained, but so far, with a few exceptions, they have not been identified.

When Nathan Hale visited his home "on leave" from Camp Winter Hill, in January, 1776, he came down to New London and received "some old dues for Louisa Fox's school."

In the postscript of a letter to Hale from Gilbert Saltenstall, dated December 18, 1775, his friendly correspondent wrote: "The young girls, B. Coit S. & P. Belden have frequently desired their compliments to Master, but I've never thought of mentioning it till now--You must write something in your next by way of P. S. that I may show it them.

Quoting again from Hale's letters: "*The people with whom I live are free and generous. \* \* \* They are desirous that I would continue and settle in the school and propose a considerable increase in wages.*" \* \* \* "*I have a very convenient school house and the people are kind and sociable.*"



Again : \* \* \* “*My time is pretty fully occupied, profitably, I hope to my pupils and to their teacher.*”

In a letter to the Trustees of Union School, New London, Hale wrote: “*School keeping is a business of which I was always fond; but since my residence in this Town every thing has conspired to render it more agreeable.*”

To a friend in New Naven he wrote: *I am happily situated; I love my employment; find many friends among strangers; have time for scientific study, and seem to fill the place assigned me with satisfaction.*”

The news of the battle of Lexington, April 19, 1775, was received in New London late one afternoon, and created intense excitement, and in the evening an enthusiastic meeting was held in Miner's Tavern—in the rear of the present Burkle building, next north of the Whaling Bank, on Bank Street, New London, when Nathan Hale made his famous speech.

In favor of marching at once to Boston he made a public demand for the freedom of the colonies when he said: “*Let us march immediately and never lay down our arms until we obtain our independence.*”

Bertha Palmer Attwood relates the story of a small boy who was present at this meeting, and as he was returning with his father to their home he inquired: “What was that long word, father? Independence? What does it mean?” “Alas! my son,” replied the father, “Too well we know it may mean the hangman's rope.”

The patriotic Hale enlisted and was made a lieutenant in a company in Colonel Webb's regiment. He resigned his position as teacher, and in a most affecting interview with his pupils, he took each boy by the hand in an affectionate farewell.

Lieutenant Hale took part in the siege of Boston and received a commission as Captain in January, 1766, became Captain in Connecticut Rangers in May under command of Lieutenant Colonel Knowlton of Ashford, Conn., who was distinguished at Bunker Hill.

The youthful officer was idolized by his soldiers, and instances of his generosity are noted, when pay-day being long deferred he advanced money from his own purse.

There is evidence of his having been a social favorite; in his diary are found notes of his having dined with General Putnam, Captain Hull, Dr. Wolcott and other men of distinction.

From Camp “Winter Hill,” Hale wrote Betsey Christophers: “*My curiosity is satisfied.* \* \* \* *Not that I am dis-*



*contented—so far from it, that in the present condition of things I would not accept a furlough were it offered me,"* and then he commiserates her in a friendly way about the scarcity of young men there would be in New London that winter.

The Betsey Christophers letter is now the property of Yale College as that institution purchased it for the neat sum of \$1,575.00. The letter appears in the addenda.

Early in 1775, Alice Ripley returned to the Hale homestead, a widow with an infant son who did not long survive his father, and in January, 1776, Nathan Hale accepted a "furlough" and visited his home, and tradition says he and Alice Ripley became engaged, expecting to be married at the close of the war.

The story of the disastrous defeat and the retreat after the Battle of Long Island shows the serious condition of the American army when General Washington requested Colonel Knowlton to call his officers together and make known to them the necessities of the occasion and ask for a volunteer to enter the British lines.

There was needed for the errand a good draughtsman, one skilled in military and scientific knowledge, with courage and caution, to secure details concerning the plans and resources of the enemy, which information the commander-in-chief considered essential to the success of the American arms.

Captain Nathan Hale responded to the call, and accepted the perilous trust, in these words: "*I will undertake it.*"

His brother officers tried to influence him by saying that detection and death would certainly follow such an enterprise. To his friend, Captain William Hull, Hale replied: "*I am fully sensible of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation. But for a year I have been attached to the army and have not rendered any material service while receiving a compensation for which I make no return. Yet I am not influenced by the expectation of promotion or pecuniary rewards. I wish to be useful, and any kind of service necessary to the public good, becomes honorable by being necessary. If the exigencies of my country demand a peculiar service, its claims to that service are imperious.*"

After receiving instructions probably from Colonel Knowlton, Nathan Hale started on his lonely errand with his confidential friend, Stephen Hempstead, of New London, a sergeant in his company, who had obtained permission to accompany him as far as possible on this dangerous expedition.



They proceeded along the Connecticut shore as far as Norwalk, and there Captain Hale secured the privateer Schuyler to convey him across the Sound to Huntington, Long Island.

He was dressed in the homespun garments of the schoolmaster, which, it has been said, he actually wore while he was teaching in New London, and from the Hempstead narrative we learn that Hale left with his close friend, his uniform, commission, public and private papers; also his silver shoe buckles, saying: "*They would not comport with my character as schoolmaster,*" but he retained his college diploma as an assistance in his disguise.

It was arranged that Hempstead should meet him on his return, about the twentieth of September, in Norwalk, and here the two friends parted for the last time.

A sergeant, who had been in the French and Indian wars, was approached on the subject of this dangerous errand and promptly refused, saying he was "ready to fight the British at any time and place," but he, for one did not "feel willing to go among them to be hung up like a dog."

The assertion has been made that Stephen Hempstead volunteered to go on this mission, but Nathan Hale was chosen for the errand.

Various stories of Captain Hale's apprehension have been in circulation, but the most probable of all suggests New York, or its close vicinity, as having been the place of his capture. That "it was suspected by his movements that he wanted to get out of New York;" that he was "apprehended" on the night of September 21st, and met his fate at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 22nd, seem to confirm this theory.

The prisoner was conveyed to General Howe's headquarters in the mansion of James Beekman, at Mount Pleasant, as the high bank at East River was called, and confined one night in the greenhouse on the estate.

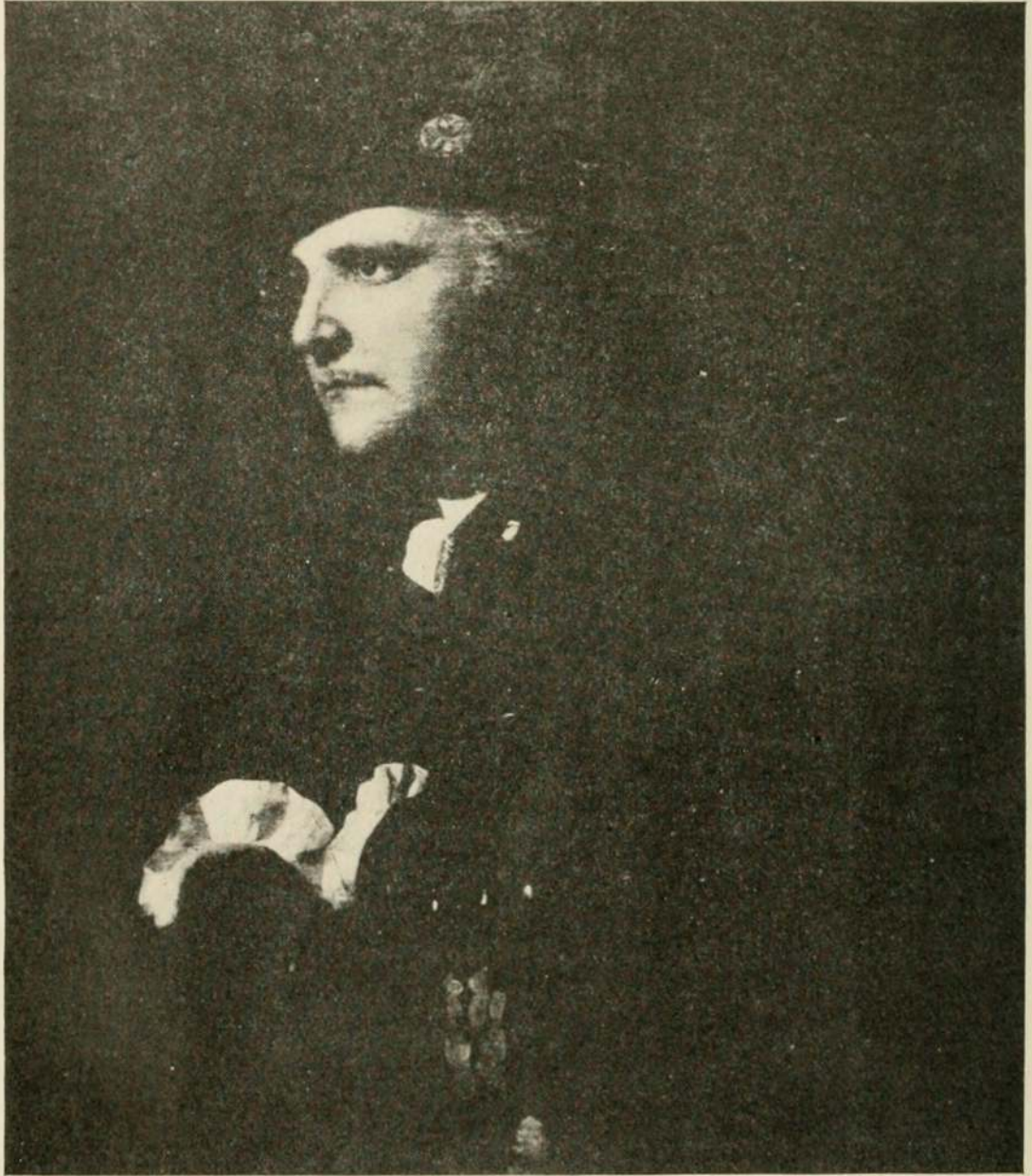
The statement has been made that Lord Howe was amazed at the accuracy and the extent of the memoranda which Hale had secured in the brief time he had been between the lines, and was so impressed with the personality of the prisoner that he was promised a release if he would join the British army.

Howe wrote an order to Provost Marshal Cunningham "to receive the body of Nathan Hale, a captain in the rebel army, and at daybreak the next morning, September 22, 1776, to see him hanged by the neck until dead."



On the morning of Nathan Hale's capture a fire was accidentally (?) started near what is now the Staten Island Ferry. The flames spread rapidly and five hundred dwellings were destroyed.

The British asserted that the conflagration was the revenge of Whig incendiaries, and the flames were still raging when Hale was awaiting his doom on that Sunday morning.



CAPTAIN MONTRESSOR

(Aid-de-camp to Sir William Howe) who befriended Hale in his last hours and preserved his last words

From a painting from Copley

An officer, Captain John Montessor, of the British Engineer Corps, then serving as aide-de-camp to Sir William Howe, kindly furnished the Bible and writing materials which the cruel Cunningham had refused him, and Hale spent his last morning in



writing to his loved ones, only to see his letters destroyed by Cunningham, who said: "The rebels should never know they had a man who could die with such firmness."

The scene of Nathan Hale's execution "in front of Artillery Park," was, writes Prof. Johnston, "A spot approximately on the line of Third Avenue, between Sixty-sixth and Sixty-eighth Streets," near the Dove Tavern.

"Under the shadow of Lord Howe's headquarters," while the prisoner, guarded and pinioned was standing on a ladder waiting for the rope to be thrown over a tree, Cunningham demanded of him a confession and his response contained his last words: "*I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.*"

Enraged at this reply the brutal Provost Marshal shouted: "Swing the rebel off!"

Cunningham's cruelties were notorious, and it is worthy of notice that one historian writes, upon the scaffold in England, after the war, Cunningham confessed his monstrous crimes.

The closing details of Hale's last hour were received from Captain Montessor, a witness of the execution, who came to the American camp under a flag of truce on an errand concerning the exchange of some prisoners, and from him was received the information that Captain Hale had been arrested within the British lines, condemned as a spy and executed that morning.

Several years after the death of Nathan Hale, Alice Ripley married Mr. William Lawrence, the son of a former treasurer of Connecticut, and lived at Hartford, Conn., to the age of eighty-eight years, and was remembered by her friends and grandchildren as a sweet, lovely, intellectual woman. Though her second marriage seems to have been a very happy one, she cherished the memory of her youthful lover and her last words were: "Write to Nathan."

A copy of her portrait hangs in the Athenaeum at Hartford.

Alice Lawrence's reminiscences of Hale describe him as nearly six feet in height, erect in form, slender, powerful, remarkable for grace of movement and manner, and with a full, handsomely featured face and a firm but sympathetic expression.

Altogether, her description of the martyr's appearance corresponds with the personal recollections of his companion at arms, Lieut. Elisha Bostwick, which was preserved on the lieutenant's commission, and recently discovered among the Revolutionary pension roles, in Washington, a copy of which may be found in the addenda.



Timothy Dwight, Hale's tutor at Yale College, and afterwards president of that institution, in his "Conquest of Canaan," pays this tribute to his friend and pupil;

Thus while fond virtue wished in vain to save,  
Hale, bright and generous, found a hapless grave.  
With genius' living flame his bosom glowed,  
And science lured him to her sweet abode;  
In Worth's fair path his feet adventured far  
The pride of Peace, the rising hope of War;  
In duty firm, in danger calm as even—  
To friends unchanging, and sincere to Heaven  
How short his course, the prize how early won,  
While weeping Friendship mourns her favorite gone.

A certain questionable sentimentality has associated and compared the mission of Captain Hale to that of Major Andre.

Both were young, brave, accomplished beyond most of the young men of their day, and each was devoted to his country.

Andre, handsome, fascinating and cultivated, to whom the officers of the British army, many of them scions of the English nobility, were devotedly attached.

Hale was the equal of Andre in personal appearance, in talent, in agreeable manners—but here the comparison ends, for Hale was superior to Andre in the test of character.

Nathan Hale went on his errand, alone, to serve his country in her greatest need, with his life in his hand if the occasion should require the sacrifice.

John Andre came with a bribe in his hand to purchase the crime of treason.

It was at the Beekman mansion that Andre received his final instructions before going up the Hudson River to meet Benedict Arnold, for it was to Andre that Arnold resolved to surrender West Point.

One writer asserts: "The Americans would gladly have saved the life of Andre could Arnold have been given up to them. Unofficial overtures were made to General Clinton to exchange Arnold for Andre, but honor forbade the act."

Arnold escaped, but Major Andre, the adjutant general of the British army who came as a spy to negotiate, remained a prisoner.

"Andre walked to the place of execution," writes a contemporary historian, "With firmness, composure and dignity." Upon seeing the preparations he inquired with some degree of concern: "Must I die in this manner? I am reconciled to my fate, but not to the mode," but added: "It will be but a momentary



pang." \* \* \* "He ascended the cart with a pleasant countenance which excited the admiration and melted the hearts of all spectators."

"That event," quoting from Lossing, "has two prominent aspects, namely: the courage, patriotism, faith in the American people, and the unswerving fidelity in the discharge of a momentous trust, of our beloved Washington and his officers, in the face of a most extraordinary temptation to do otherwise; and the execution as a spy of the adjutant-general of the British army, while that army, twenty thousand strong, was lying only a few miles distant supported by powerful ships of war."

The memorial stone to Major Andre, erected at Tappaan, bears on its west side an inscription written by Dean Stanley.

On the north face:

"He was more unfortunate than criminal."

"An accomplished man and gallant officer."

—*George Washington.*

Quoting again from Lossing: "The first of these two lines is quoted from a letter of Washington to Count de Rochambeau.

\* \* \* The second line is from the sentence of a letter written by Washington to Colonel John Laurens."

"How gaily shone on thy bright morn of youth,  
The star of pleasure, and the sun of truth!  
Full from this source descended on thy mind  
Each generous virtue, and each taste refined.  
Young genius led thee to her varied fane,  
Bade thee ask all her gifts, nor ask in vain."

"The Americans," wrote Elias Boudinot, L.L. D., "had a commander-in-chief, who knew how to make his compassion for the unfortunate and his duty to those who depended upon him for protection to harmonize and influence his conduct. He treated Major Andre with the greatest tenderness, while he carried the sentence of the council into execution according to the laws of war."

England enshrines the remains of Andre in Westminster Abbey, near the "Poet's Corner," where she cherishes the relics of her children of renown.

The King settled a pension upon the family of Andre and "the honor of knighthood was conferred upon his brother to wipe out the imputed stain upon the family name."

No stone, no memorial marks the grave of Nathan Hale. "He gave up youth, hope, ambition, love, life, all, for his native land."



"His ashes, hidden or scattered, have left but one consoling reflection, that the soil of freedom holds them—the soil for which he lived and died."

"Shall haughty Britons in heroic lays,  
And tuneful numbers, chant their Andre's praise?  
And shall Columbia—where blest freedom reigns  
With gentle sway, to bless her happy plains,—  
Where, friendship, truth, and simple manners shine,  
And noblest science lifts her head divine;—  
Shall she forget a son's—a patriot's name,  
A hero's glory, and a martyr's fame?  
And shall not one, of all her tuneful choir,  
Whose bosom glows with true poetic fire,  
Attempt to sing that dear departed youth,  
Who fell a victim in the cause of truth?  
Rous'd by the thought, a friend presumes, thus late,  
Lov'd Hale, thy life and death to celebrate."

Andre's reply as to his expectations of reward was, "Military glory, the applause of his king and his country, and perhaps a brigadier-ship," and his last words were a challenge to all men to witness his courage. "All I request of you, gentlemen, is that, while I acknowledge the propriety of my sentence, you will bear me witness that I die like a brave man."

But Hale, above all thought of self, or of anything save his country's cause, left behind him that sublime sentiment by which he will always be remembered.

#### ADDENDA.

"During the last few years," writes Mr. Geo. Dudley Seymour, of New Haven, "Rival students and rival antiquarians have investigated every conceivable source of information for new facts about Hale. Now, just as Prof. Johnston's book is leaving the press, one of the most important Hale items in existence has come to light. Such happenings add zest and romance to the work of the historical student.

"Buried in the archives of the pension office at Washington for upwards of eighty years, no one ever dreamed of examining the pension files of Elisha Bostwick for a personal description of Nathan Hale, \* \* \* but it was discovered to be one of the most precious files in the archives, in so far as it con-



tained, in the handwriting of the pensioner, the most detailed and authoritative personal description of Captain Nathan Hale known to exist.

“Elisha Bostwick’s reminiscences as a Revolutionary soldier are written in his own hand upon the back and front of his commission, which bears the beautiful and characteristic signature of John Hancock, President of the Continental Congress, and appoints: ‘Elisha Bostwick, gentleman, second lieutenant of Captain Isaac Bostwick’s company, in the 19th Regiment of Foot commanded by Col. Charles Webb.’”

“The commission, which is dated January 1, 1776, is a handsome piece of printing, on a sheet of hand-made paper, \* \* \* in danger from falling to pieces on account of folding creases, it has now been mounted with great care between transparent sheets of the silk used for preserving old documents \* \* \* descriptions of Hale that have come to us have been written by his college friends or pupils.

“It is gratifying to find a description of Hale’s personal appearance and characteristics from a companion at arms, who did not know him except as a soldier.

“It is a high tribute to Hale that fifty full years after his death, an old acquaintance living apart from the world should have been moved to pay such a beautiful tribute to him.

“It is reassuring to have it confirm other accounts of Hale, though it is more detailed than any of them, and particularly that it should, by good fortune, so happily support Hale as he has been portrayed by the sculptor, and as he stands on the campus today.

“A critical examination of the entire document shows its high evidential value.

“Its interest to the antiquarian, to the historical student, and even to the average reader, is absorbing.

“The figure of Washington, evoked by its reference to him is so striking that it is hardly surpassed in the whole range of Washingtoniana.

“The anecdote of Colonel Scott is one of the best Revolutionary anecdotes.

“The clearness of the writer’s recollection and his power of description shows us that we may receive what he has to say about Nathan Hale with complete confidence.”



COPY OF MR. GEORGE DUDLEY SEYMOUR'S CERTIFIED COPY  
OF LIEUT. ELISHA BOSTWICK'S COMMISSION.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,  
PENSION BUREAU.

WASHINGTON, D. C., December 1, 1914.

I, G. M. SALTZGABER, Commissioner of Pensions, do hereby certify that the accompanying pages numbered one (1), to eleven (11), inclusive, are truly copied from the originals on file in the Pension Bureau in the claim for pension of Elisha Bostwick, Revolutionary War, Survivor's File No. 10,376.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and caused the seal of the Pension Bureau to be affixed, on the day and year above written.

(Signed)

G. M. SALTZGABER,

(Seal)

Commissioner of Pensions.

IN CONGRESS

The Delegates of the United Colonies of New Hampshire, Massachusetts-Bay, Rhode-Island, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, the Counties of Newcastle, Kent, and Sussex on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North-Carolina, and South Carolina, to Elish : Bostwick Gentleman

We reposing especial trust and confidence in your patriotism, valour, conduct and fidelity, DO by these presents constitute and appoint you to be Second Lieutenant of Captain Isaac Bostwicks Company in the nineteenth Regiment of foot Commanded by Colonel Charles Webb—in the army of the United Colonies, raised for the defence of American Liberty, and for repelling every hostile invasion thereof. You are therefore carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Second Lieutenant by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging. And we do strictly charge and require all officers and soldiers under your command, to be obedient to your orders, as Second Lieutenant And you are to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time as you shall receive from this or a future Congress of the United Colonies, or Committee of Congress, for that purpose appointed, or Commander in Chief for



the time being of the army of the United Colonies, or any other your superior officer, according to the rules and discipline of war, in pursuance of the trust reposed in you.

This commission to continue in force until revoked by this or a future Congress.

Attest

By Order of the Congress,

Cha Thompson Secy.

John Hancock President.

January the first 1776—

A Sketch &c—In the month of May 1775 I inlisted as Sergeant & Clark in Capt. Isaac Bostwicks Company, Colo. Charles Webbs Regt. match'd for Boston for 8 months, viz from 1st May to last Decr. & when arived at Hartford recd. orders to go by water down Connecticut river to Lyme, where we kept Guard at Governor Griswolds house left by his family, the enemy being in the Sound; thence march'd to Newlondon, kept guard there awhile—thence to Stonington & back to Newlondon, thence thro' Norwich, Providence &c to Genl. Washingtons head quarters at Cambridge—Encamped on Winterhill—there remained until first of Jany. 1776 when our Regt. was discharg'd—I then had the offer of a Lieutenancy in the Continental Army for 12 months in a new Regt. to be commanded by the same Colo. Charles Webb—Street Hall Lt. Colo.—John Brooks Major—Capt. Bostwick went home to Newmilford to raise his new company, & I took winter quarters with the few men which then inlisted for the ensuing year, at the Temple house North of Bunkers hill—In the Spring, the Regt. being fill'd up we were Stationed at Roxbury near Boston neck.—was in the party which on the 4th of March took possession of & fortified Dorchester heights under the command of Genl. Thomas—remained at Roxbury until the British evacuated Boston on the 17th day of March 1776: upon which our Regt. with others recd. orders immediately to repair to New York; march'd direct to Newlondon; thence by water to N. York, remained there and on long island until the retreat of our Army from N. York—The first battle I was in was at the white plains, where our army was defeated Octr. 29th. Lt. Yates' Platoon which was next to that of mine received a Cannon shot which with one ball kill'd three men, namely—Serjeant Garret & Smith & Taylor, & Chilsey had one arm taken off by the same ball. Some while after had orders to march into Jersey, cross'd the Hudson at Peekskill Novr. 15th.—on our



march thro' Jersey our General Charles Lee was taken Prisoner by a party of light horse, being put up for the night a mile or two in rear of our main Army, (which was a discouraging stroke to us for the time)—continued our march—crossed the Delaware & encamped at a place called Newtown on the Pennsylvania side—and on the 24th of Decr. our whole Army, being very small Recd. marching orders; toward evening Crossed the Delaware 9 or 10 miles North of Trenton: but by reason of ice in the river & the storm of snow & hail the whole Army did not get across till late at night—it being dark every Officer comanding a platoon for distinction had a piece of white paper placed on his hat; & each Officer having a Watch at the time our line of march began had it set exactly by the time of his excellency's watch,—Soon began our March and march'd in the Storm till day break—a halt was made—at which time his excellency with his Aids came from the rear encouraging & talking to the soldiers as he rode by them toward the front & the words of his Excellency which I heard I well remember were these "Soldiers keep by your Officers, for Gods sake keep by your Officers" Spoken with a deep & solemn voice it being then twilight; the horses taken out, & the Artillerymen harness'd & prepared march'd on & it was not long before we heard the firing of our own Centrys of the enemy both on the North road that we ware in & the road which leads from Princeton into Trenton from the East; & their out Guards retired firing; & our Army taking a very quick march soon entered the town on both roads at the same time; the Enemy having scarcely time to parade made but little resistance—their Artillery taken, about one thousand resign'd their arms all Hessians; the remainder crossing the bridge at the lower end of the town escaped— Their commander Colo. Rhall a Hessian officer was mortally wounded & perhaps 15 or 20 killd; our loss only one killd, two officers & a few Soldiers wounded.— March'd the next day with our Prisoners back to our encampment at Newtown—then recrossed the Delaware & returned back to Trenton & there on the first day of Jany. 1777 our years service expired. And then by the pressing Solicitation of General Washington a part of those whose time of service was out, consented on a ten dollars bounty to stay six weeks longer; & although desirous to return home I engaged to stay, & made every exertion in my power to make as many stay with me as I could: and before night on that same day an express from our piquet Guard inform'd that the Enemy were advancing upon us from Princeton: an Alarm was made, our Army crossed the



bridge and formed on the South side of the Creek South of the town: where, in the evening & thro' the night fires were kept burning, while our Army by a Circuitous night march arrived by sunrise the next morning at Princeton; where we attack'd those of the enemy who were left there kill'd about one hundred & took about 300 prisoners—(In this action it was said that the person of his excellency was too much exposed to the enemy's fire) NB: The body of a British Capt. by the name of Lesslie was found among the dead, which was carried along with us in a waggon & the next day buried with the honors of war— he was said to be a Nobleman's son— General Mercer of the Pennsylvania Militia & sundry other excellent officers & soldiers were killed in this Battle— The prisoners being British & some highlanders with their Scotch Plaid dress were conducted to Peekskill; from whence those of us who composed their guard return'd to head quarters at Morristown— The enemy having withdrawn to Brunswick made continual excursions after forage & plunder—, which rendered it necessary we should have strong guards on the lines— I was detached in one of them of 300 men under Colo. Scott for a fortnight, during which time we all slept on our arms & in our clothes— while we lay at a place called Quibbletown, had sundry skirmishes with those foraging parties, one of which was severe; we drove them some time & they began to leave their waggons, but at last they brought their Artillery to bear upon us & we having none retreated leaving our wounded in the field, among which was our Adjutant—Kelley—an Active charming Officer, he was wounded in the flesh of his thigh by a musket ball, he could still walk & the soldiers endeavoured to bring him off, but being press'd he told them to leave him, saying I must be a prisoner:—but horrid to tell, as soon as they came to him while asking for quarter they took his own Rifle & with the butt of it broke & pounded his skull to pieces & then cutting off both skirts of his coat took them off with both pockets & their contents—and a Soldier in my Platoon—Andrew Cushman a pleasant youth was left among the wounded, & with the rest were all murdered with the Bayonet by repeated Stabs, they were buried there—but Kelley was brought into Camp and buried under arms— Such is British Clemency & mercy! And with this tour of Duty my time of service in the Continental Army expired— I then return'd to head quarters at Morristown Feby. 15th, 1777: And being discharged, from thence waded in the snow on foot home to my father's house— And may I add that my heart was impressed with the tenderest sensations,



and I trust with Gratitude & thankfulness to God that my life was spared, while alas my companions were slain by my side & left in their graves—

NB:— The Logical advice of Colo. Scott when we were going into a skirmish one day I always remember, & the glib manner in which he spoke it — said he— "Take care now & fire low, bring down your pieces, fire at their legs, one man wounded in the leg is better than a dead one, for it takes two more to carry him off, & there is three gone—leg them, dam 'em I say leg them."—

When the enemy destroyed the publick stores at Danbury (april 26-1777) & burnt the town, there was not enough of us collected to make any resistance, but the next day as they return'd by the way of Ridgfield had a skirmish with them there, a number kill'd on both sides—Genl. Wooster mortally-wounded I saw him a little before the Action began but not afterward— slept in a barn— next day followed them to Wilton— slept that night in Marvins barn— next day followed them to Compo where we attack'd them while going on board their Ships—Lt. Seeley mortally wounded— a number of others killed & wounded.

Colo. Knowlton who comanded the rear Guard of our Army in the Retreat from N. York being mortally wounded & the enemy pressing upon them ordered his men who were trying to bring him off to take him aside out of the road that he might die alone where the enemy could not see him & abuse him John Terrill of our Company was there with him.

One peculiar circumstance I here state, as a remarkable occurrence— A Soldier in my family mess Paul Todd of Massachusetts, in the evening of one day when we had been skirmishing with the enemy on the lines near Brunswick while we were at supper found a musket ball lodged in a piece of bread which he had carried all day upon his back in his pack; we immediately made search to find how it got there; but to our astonishment for some time could not find any bullet hole in his pack, but at length it was found on that side of his Pack which was next to his back, we then searched his cloaths & found a bullet hole in the back of his coat, our wonder still increasing he striped off his clothes & found that the ball had passed through all his cloaths in a slanting direction, & passed first through the elbow of his coat, then entered the side of his coat under the arm, went thro his coat & his vest & shirt & so into his pack & bread, the force being spent it lodged there.—



I will now make some observations upon the amiable & unfortunate Capt. Nathan Hale whose fate is so well known; for I was with him in the same Regt. both at Boston & New York & until the day of his tragical death: & although of inferior grade in office was always in the habits of friendship & intimacy with him: & my remembrance of his person, manners & character is so perfect that I feel inclined to make some remarks upon them: for I can now in imagination see his person & hear his voice— his person I should say was a little above the common stature in height, his shoulders of a moderate breadth, his limbs strait & very plump: regular features—very fair skin—blue eyes—flaxen or very light hair which was always kept short—his eyebrows a shade darker than his hair & his voice rather sharp or piercing—his bodily agility was remarkable I have seen him follow a football & kick it over the tops of the trees in the Bowery at New York (an exercise which he was fond of)—his mental powers seemed to be above the common sort—his mind of a sedate and sober cast, & he was undoubtedly Pious; for it was remarked that when any of the soldiers of his company were sick he always visited them & usually prayed for & with them in their sickness.—

A little anecdote I will relate; one day he accidentally came across some of his men in a bye place playing cards—he spoke—what are you doing—this won't do,— give me your cards, they did so, & he chopd them to pieces, & it was done in such a manner that the men were rather pleased than otherwise— his activity on all occasions was wonderful— he would make a pen the quickest. & the best of any man—

Innumerable instances of occurrences which took place in the Army I could relate, but who would care for them: Perhaps it may be thought by some that I have already been at the expence of Prolixity: nobody in these days feels as I do, left here alone, & they cannot if they would. but to me it is a melancholy pleasure to go back to those Scenes of fear & anguish & after the laps of 50 years (1826 was in my 78th. year) to rumenate upon them which I think I can do with as bright a recollection as though they were present— One more reflection I will make— why is it that the delicious Capt Hale should be left & lost in an unknown grave & forgotten!—

The foregoing Statements were mde from Memory & recollection & from documents & Memorandoms which I kept.

Elisha Bostwick



N. B. Soon after my return from the Army I received a Lieutenants Commission in the Militia afterwards a Captains Commission & served in various terms of duty in Alarms to the close of the War: during the War was in six actions, to wit: that at White Plains— at Trenton— Princeton— Quibbletown— Ridgefield & Compo— in the later part of the War a Captain

Elisha Bostwick—

born in Newmilford—

Decr. 17th—(O. S.) 1748

EXCERPT FROM WATSON SPERRY'S EDITORIAL IN HARTFORD  
COURANT.

“ This old document is as fresh and vivid as if it were written yesterday \* \* \* or during the days when Hale kicked the football over the trees in the old New York Bowery or turned his masterly hand to making a quill pen. \* \* \* the young man comes before us in these old lines as vigorous and undaunted as on the day when the British hanged him. It was all in the day's work. Young men are doing the same thing in Europe today and with the same belief in their duty. \* \* \* Hale did not pull back from death even when it faced him in its meanest form. He knew that that also was in his day's work. \* \* \* So out of this old manuscript the young captain steps again in his immortal youth. He stands just over yonder, with blue eyes and light hair cut short, with straight legs and regular features, of good height and with well set shoulders—a personable and solid young man, with a body fit for the sports of youth and for the length of days required by old age. \* \* \* Military necessity knows nothing of what is glibly labelled dangerous or disgraceful. If a thing has to be done, in war, it has to be done, and some brave and capable soul has to do it. \* \* \* Thus young Hale died tranquilly for duty's sake, and for Washington's sake, and for this country's sake; and it is thus that he lives in his buoyant and immortal youth, just as he steps out of this old manuscript. He is one of the fortunate few who do not die. \* \* \* When Sir William Howe ordered him to be strung up he no doubt meant to make an end to the young American captain, but in fact he made the beginning of him. From that moment young Hale passed from an engaging and capable personality into an enduring national symbol.



It is that change that gives to this old manuscript its value and its charm; for it shows us the young man as he was when he went about among men on this earth, not knowing that a

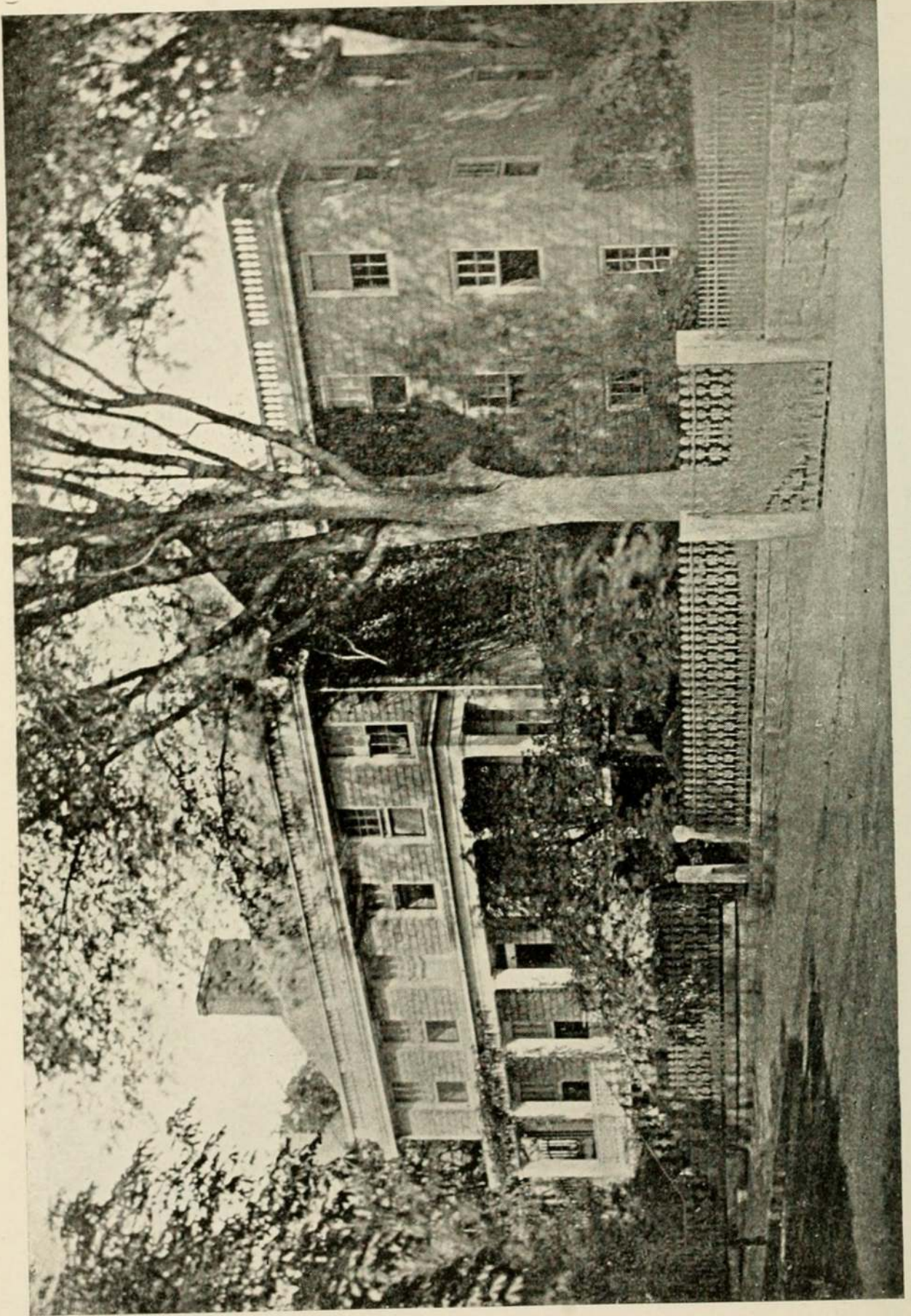


MADAME LUCRETIA SHAW

The Patron Saint of Lucretia Shaw Chapter, D. A. R., New London, Conn.

hundred millions of people would welcome him again a hundred years later as a living example and symbol of patriotic duty fully performed.





SHAW MANSION, BUILT 1753  
The Home of the New London County Historical Society



“ And one there was—his name immortal now—  
Who died not to the ring of rattling steel,  
Or battle-march of spirit-stirring drum,  
But, far from comrades and from friendly camp,  
Alone upon the scaffold.”

Madame Lucretia Shaw, whose noble name the Daughters of the New London Chapter, D. A. R., are proud to bear, and whose gracious memory they would perpetuate in grateful acknowledgment of her life of unselfish devotion and the sacrifice of her early death in the cause of American freedom, was the devoted wife of Nathaniel Shaw, Jr., “ An eminent merchant and a most efficient representative of the Continental Congress in naval affairs during the ‘ War of Independence.’ ”

“ One of the earliest acts of Congress, after the Battle of Bunker Hill, was the authorization, under the hand of John Hancock, for the issue to Nathaniel Shaw, Esq., of a Commission as Naval Agent for the Continent,” and “ From this period,” writes Miss Caulkins, “ During the remainder of the struggle, as an accredited agent of Congress and the Colony, Mr. Shaw furnished stores, negotiated the exchange of prisoners, provided for sick seamen, and exercised a general care for the public service.”

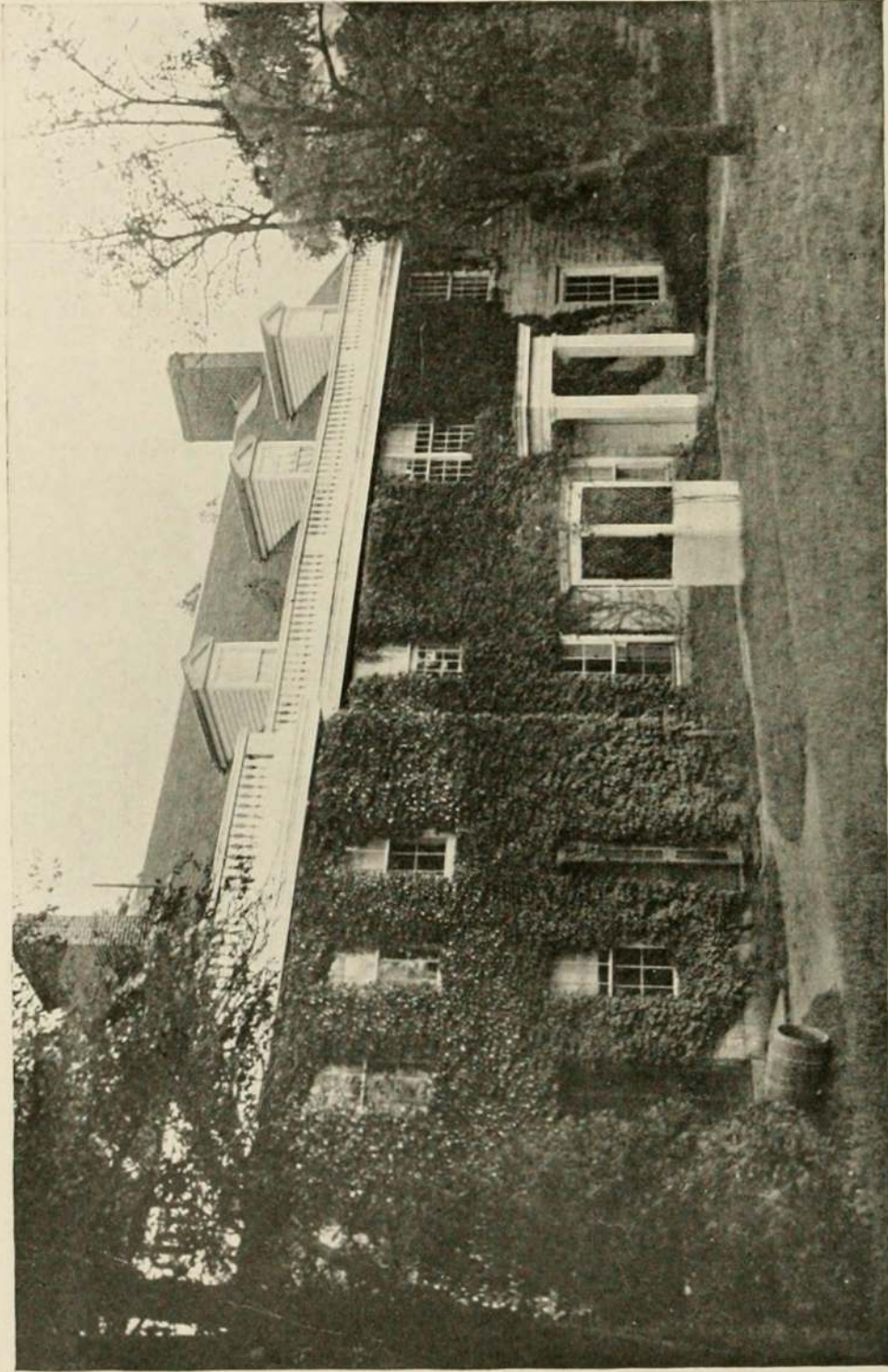
The Shaw Mansion was erected in 1753, by Nathaniel Shaw, Sr., and the stone of which it was built was quarried from the grounds. The house was always famous for its hospitality, and official guests and distinguished strangers visiting New London in Colonial days, or during the great war movement, were entertained at the Shaw Mansion.

Governor Trumbull was the personal friend of the Shaw family, and in its home General Washington, General Green, Governor Griswold, and all the men of note in the colony were welcome visitors, and Nathan Hale, while he was “ Master ” of the “ Union School ” of New London, was a frequent guest by the hearthstone of his “ genial trustee.”

The Shaw Mansion is now the property of the New London County Historical Society, it having been purchased by that association from Miss Jane Richards Perkins, the last occupant, and the last local descendant of the Shaw family.

In the Mansion’s portrait gallery, Lucretia Shaw from her position near the Washington guest chamber, still looks down upon all observers—“ preserved through the genius of the artist Copley ”—a stately matron, “ In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,” gracefully holding a red, red rose in one shapely hand.





SHAW MANSION, REAR VIEW  
From the garden near the summer house on "the rocks"



“With an open hand to want, and ever a pitying eye for suffering,” the last act of Lucretia Shaw’s life, and the occasion of her death, was her devotion to some sick prisoners whom she had received into her home. In her sympathy and her charity, she manifested an unfailing spirit of impartiality, and from these suffering sailors, the victims of ship fever, Lucretia Shaw contracted the illness which proved fatal, and her beautiful, useful life was ended while she was yet in her prime, and her husband survived her but a few months.

The last male resident of the Shaw Mansion, Mr. Nathaniel Shaw Perkins—the brother of Miss Jane Richard Perkins—was the executor of the estate of the late Judge John P. C. Mather of New London. Among valuable and interesting papers, Mr. Perkins discovered a letter written by Nathan Hale, while he was teaching in New London, to a young woman who subsequently became an ancestor of Judge Mather. In this letter Nathan Hale requested of the youthful maiden, the pleasure of escorting her that evening “*to sit on the rocks behind the Shaw house to watch the sunset over the water.*”

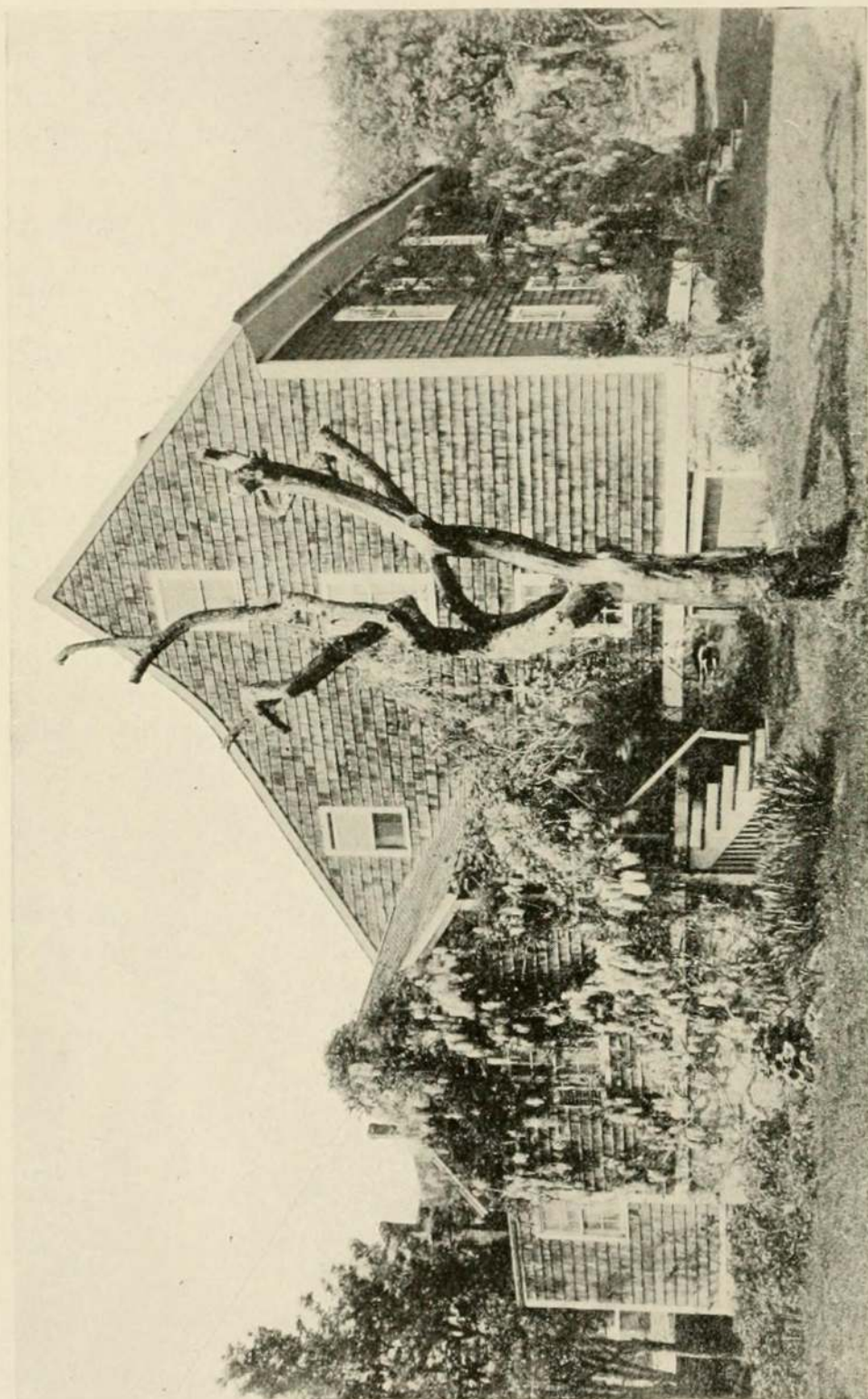
This brief note, preserved by the fair damsel to whom it was addressed, proved, strange to say, the most valuable asset in Judge Mather’s estate, and it was purchased by a Chicago collector for \$975.00.

“When Arnold burnt the town,” the torch was applied to the roof of the Shaw Mansion by Arnold’s Tory incendiaries. The adjoining house was the residence of the Christophers, a family famous for its Tory proclivities, but very friendly to the Shaws.

The charming Christopher girls—and there was a bevy of them—detained and entertained the British officers on the south side of the Christopher house, while a Mr. Jones, who was married to one of the Christopher girls, extinguished the fire and spared the historic Shaw Mansion to its grateful owner and to later and admiring generations.

During the Spanish-American war Miss Jane Richard Perkins was the regent of Lucretia Shaw Chapter of New London, and in this historic old Shaw Mansion history repeated itself when Lucretia Shaw’s “Daughters” met at the home of their “War Regent”—as they were pleased and proud to call Miss Perkins—to work for the suffering soldiers and sailors, and valuable assistance was rendered to the “Red Cross” by willing hands under the supervision of the “War Regent” and her efficient committee.





HEMPSTEAD HOUSE, NEW LONDON, CONN.,

A "fortified house," built in 1643,

The birthplace of Sergeant Stephen Hempstead, the confidential friend of Nathan Hale



The historic Hempstead house, "A fortified house," one of the show places of New London, built in 1643, and the birth-place of Sergeant Stephen Hempstead, born May 6, 1754, the fourth in descent from Sir Robert Hempstead, knight, the immigrant, whose ancestor once saved the life of Charles The First, and received the royal accolade from the sword of a grateful sovereign.

Sergeant Stephen Hempstead, the confidential friend of Nathan Hale, was left for dead on the battlefield of Harlem Plains, but he lived "to fight another day" at the storming of Fort Griswold on Groton Heights, opposite New London, Sept. 6, 1781, "When Arnold burnt the town."

At the Groton massacre, Sergeant Hempstead was wounded in the left elbow by a ball, and in the right hip by a bayonet thrust which lamed him for life. Never weary of relating to his grand-children the stories of the Revolutionary war he "shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won;" saying: "If I should have to suffer a thousand fold, or even death, I would gladly endure the suffering, or offer my life if necessary, for the sake of my dear country."

Stephen Hempstead died in St. Louis, in 1831, and was buried in Bellefontaine Cemetery, which was a part of the original plantation where he settled when he moved from New London in 1811.

A bronze tablet on the Hempstead house bears this inscription:

In honor of  
STEPHEN HEMPSTEAD  
born here  
MAY 6th, 1754

Distinguished for bravery  
at the  
BATTLE OF GROTON HEIGHTS  
SEPT. 6th, 1781

Erected by the  
STEPHEN HEMPSTEAD SOCIETY  
C. A. R.



Stephen Hempstead's son Edward, a lawyer, born in New London in 1780, was admitted to the bar in 1801, and began the practice of law in Rhode Island. Moved to St. Louis in 1805; was Attorney-General for upper Louisiana in 1809-11; and was the first delegate to Congress from all the territory west of the Mississippi River. During Edward Hempstead's terms in Congress, Henry Clay was "Speaker," and Daniel Webster, John Randolph, and John C. Calhoun were among the great men who composed the "House."

It is interesting to note that the first two delegates from this new territory were Connecticut men, Edward Hempstead and Rufus Easton.

The Hempstead house was also the birthplace of Sheriff Joshua Hempstead, who, mounted on his famous black horse, playfully named "Deputy Sheriff," carried the despatches between Boston and New London during the Revolutionary war, and bringing the news of the battle of Bunker Hill in a day and a night, a distance, as the road was then traveled, of one hundred and ten miles, and Sheriff Joshua was no "light-weight."

The story has been related when, at a comparatively recent date, the sheriff's bones were removed from one cemetery to another, "Men gazed with wonder at his colossal frame, whose huge jawbone would have fitted easily as a visor over any modern countenance."

His great gun, of a make prior to that of the old Queen's arm still rests on the hooks in the "summer-tree," a rafter running along the "keeping room" ceiling in the Hempstead house.

Elizabeth Wells Champney, in her inimitable way, tells the amusing story of Joshua's grand-daughter, pretty Patty Hempstead, and her adaptibility to the sumptuary laws.

Desirous of shining resplendent at a ball to be given in honor of the naval officers, in New London, and the purchase of a new gown being out of the question, at that particular time, Patty desecrated the blue satin, embroidered waistcoat of her knightly ancestor with a pair of rash little scissors, which changed the garment of stateliness into a "jockey" or jacket, which, when



worn over an India muslin must have been "marvellous becoming" to pretty Patty Hempstead. The ancient garment was restored to its original shape as nearly as possible, but it still bears the marks of the snippings of the scissors which adapted it to the softer outlines of the feminine form.

Tradition says that Patty Hempstead taught the first school in New London, the expenses of which were defrayed by the town's money, but tradition also presents a rival claimant for that honor in the person of Nancy Collins who taught what was designated as the "Poverty School," near Hill Street, which was, at that time called "Poverty Hill."

September 6, 1781, was the date appointed for a gathering of the Hempstead clan at the Hempstead House, and many of Sir Robert's descendants were expected from all the regions round-about. Goodwife Hempstead was preparing a big dinner, but her first arrivals were uninvited and unexpected guests who were clad—not in the wedding garments of Holy Writ, but—in the red of that "snuffy old drone from the German Hive," for that arch-traitor Arnold and his Tory incendiaries were burning the town.

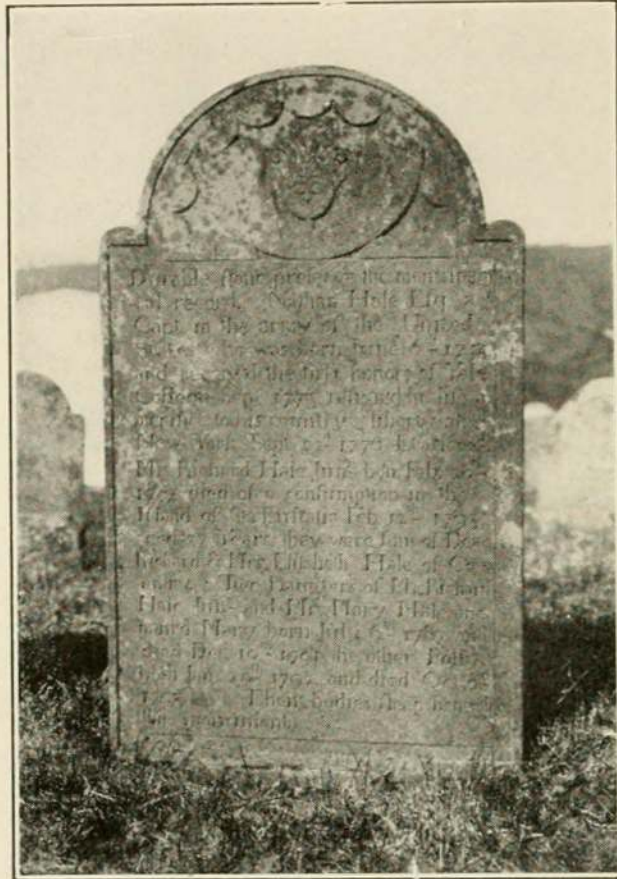
"Madame," said the officer, addressing the matron, "Your dinner announces itself to hungry men, and will be very welcome. We shall dine with you, and you will dine with us." When they had voraciously satisfied their hunger by feasting upon the toothsome viands prepared for the Hempstead scions, their leader expressed his approval; "Madame," said he, "Your dinner was most excellent, and in consideration of your enforced hospitality we will spare your house," but these minions of His Majesty Georgius Secundus entered Goodwife Hempstead's dairy and bayoneted all her choice cheeses, and they visited Goodman Hempstead's cellar and removed all the spigots from the barrels of rum—after generously sampling the contents thereof—and they failed not to remove the spigots from the barrels of molasses also; then—they departed for pastures new.

And this is the true story of how the old historic Hempstead House was saved from the torch on that memorable sixth day of September, 1781, "When Arnold burnt the town."



## HALE MEMORIALS.

The Hale Headstone in the South Coventry Cemetery, placed by the loving members of the Hale family more than a century ago bears this impressive inscription :



HALE TOMBSTONE

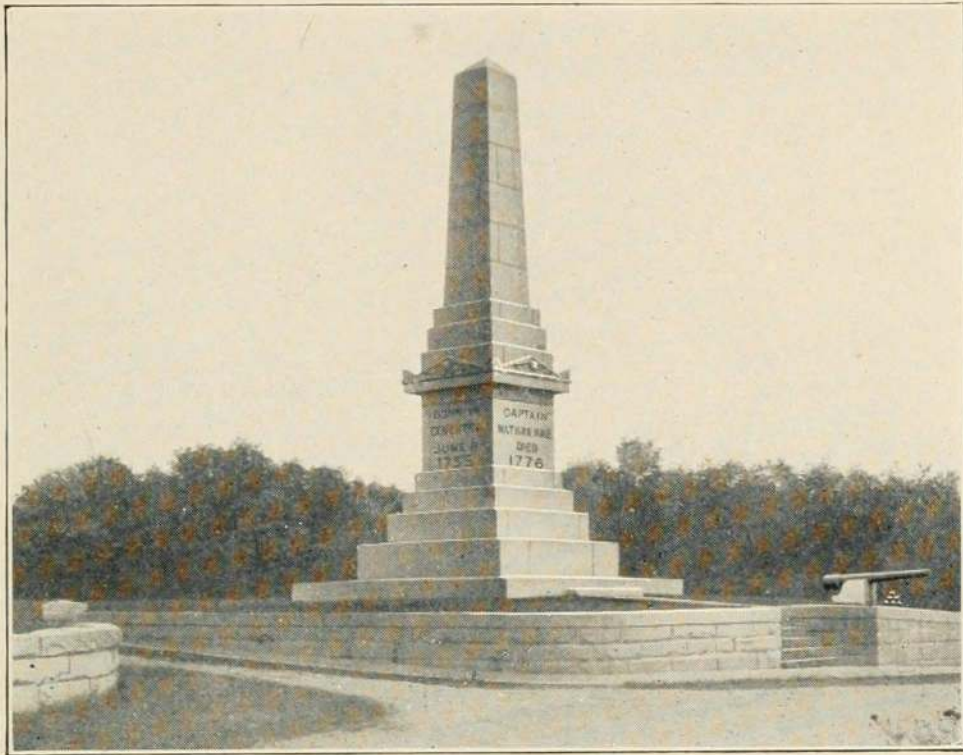
In Cemetery in South Coventry, Conn.

Durable stone preserve the monumental record. Nathan Hale Esq. a Capt in the army of the United States who was born June 6th, 1755 and receiv'd the first honors of Yale College Sept. 1773, resigned his life a sacrifice to his country's liberty at New York Sept. 22nd, 1776. Etatis 22d

The first public memorial that commemorates Nathan Hale was a fort built during the war of 1812-14 at the entrance of New Haven harbor, Fort Hale.

In the old Congregational meeting-house, where the Hale family worshiped, the Hale Monument Association was formed in 1836 or '37. An appropriation of \$1,200 was obtained from the State of Connecticut. Fairs, tea parties, social functions, and enterprises by the fair sex secured the additional amount, and in 1846 the monument was erected. It is a shaft of Quincy granite forty-five feet in height. At one of the fairs, a poem, addressed to the "Daughters of Freedom," printed on white satin was offered for sale, and contained these verses :





#### NATHAN HALE MONUMENT

In Cemetery in South Coventry, Conn., erected in 1846

“Ye come with hearts that oft have glowed  
 At his soul-stirring tale,  
 To wreath the deathless evergreen  
 Around the name of Hale.

“Here his memorial stone shall rise  
 In freedom’s hallowed shade,  
 Prouder than Andre’s trophied tomb  
 ’Mid mightiest monarchs laid.”

This Hale memorial stands upon elevated ground in front of the old burial ground in which rest the remains of the Hale family. It was designed by Henry Austin, a New Haven man, and was erected under the supervision of Solomon Willard, the architect of the Bunker Hill monument.

A bronze statue of Nathan Hale, on the grounds of the Wadsworth Athenaeum, Hartford, was presented to that institution by James J. Goodwin in 1894.

On November 25, 1893, the Society of “Sons of the Revolution in the State of New York” dedicated a bronze statue of Hale in the City Hall Park, New York.

The State of Connecticut erected a bronze statue of Nathan Hale in the Capital building at Hartford in 1887.





## NATHAN HALE STATUE

Erected in City Hall Park, New York City—A Parade Ground for Washington's Troops in 1776—by the Sons of the Revolution in the State of New York



A memorial, in the form of a column with a fountain at its base, was erected by residents of the place, to commemorate the landing of Captain Hale at Huntington, Long Island.

Mr. George Taylor of "Halesite," of Huntington, L. I., placed commemorative tablets on a boulder on the shore of the bay.

"During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries," wrote Mr. Charles Barney Whittlesey, of Hartford, "There lived in the District of East Haddam, Conn., many of the good old New England families, whose members and descendants have helped to make the history of this ever progressive country of ours.

\* \* \* In 1745-50 it became apparent to those families in East Haddam that a schoolhouse was necessary in that district, and through their influence the building was erected. \* \* \*

About the first of November, 1773, Nathan Hale began his career as a teacher in that little building, which was located at the "forks" in the road between Moodus Landing and Chapman's Ferry. \* \* \*

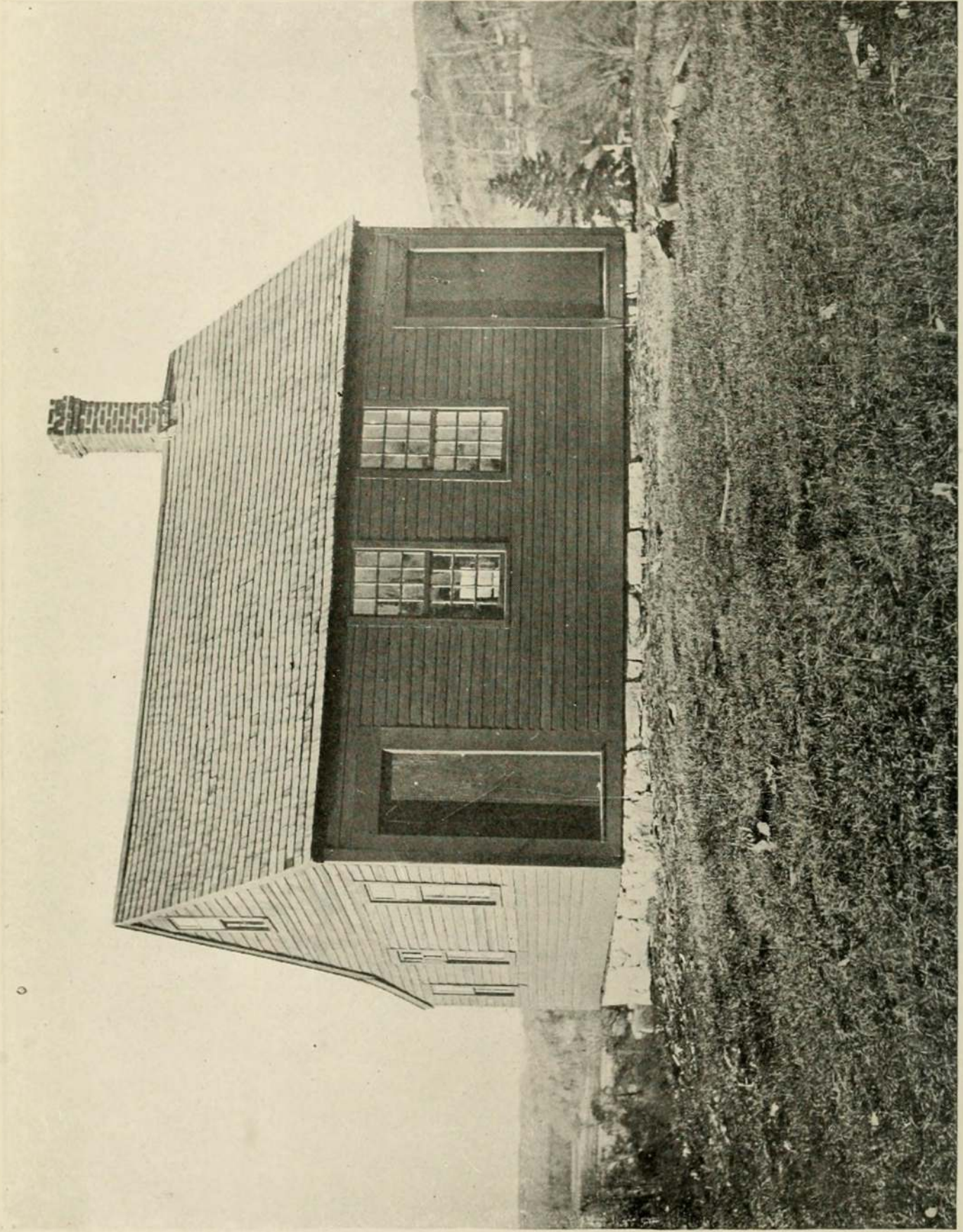
Nathan Hale was then a strong, athletic youth of eighteen years. He had graduated from Yale College with honors and was well fitted for the profession he entered upon—but—he concluded that "East Haddam was too inaccessible, either by friends, acquaintances, or letters," so he removed to New London where he taught from May, 1774 to July, 1775.

In 1799 a larger building was provided for the school, and Captain Elijah Atwood purchased the original schoolhouse, and having made an addition converted it into a dwelling. For one hundred years it was occupied by members and descendants of the Atwood family. In 1899, Judge Julius Atwood presented the building to Colonel Richard Henry Green, of New York, for the purpose of having it conveyed to the New York Society Sons of the Revolution.

Colonel Green had the building removed, at his own expense, to its present site on the banks of the Connecticut River, and made the transfer of the property. The Connecticut Society Sons of the Revolution were asked to accept this historic schoolhouse, where Nathan Hale began his career as a teacher, and the gift was accepted.

Hon. Morgan G. Bulkeley, a native of East Haddam, presented the Connecticut Society with eight acres of land which surrounds the schoolhouse, and it is known as the "Nathan Hale National Park."





NATHAN HALE SCHOOLHOUSE IN EAST HADDAM, CONN.,  
Where the Yale graduate began his career as a teacher in 1773



The formal acceptance of the schoolhouse and park was arranged for the sixth day of June, 1900, the one hundred and forty-fifth anniversary of the birth of Nathan Hale, and the



Marking the original site of the Nathan Hale Schoolhouse in  
East Haddam, Conn.

building became the headquarters of the Connecticut Sons of the Revolution where the annual meetings are held during the month of June.



The ceremonies were combined with the Bi-centennial celebration of the town of East Haddam, and the unveiling of a bronze bust of Nathan Hale, by the townspeople, to mark the original site of the schoolhouse where Hale taught in the winter of 1773-74.

Norwalk Chapter, D. A. R., in 1901 erected an ornamental fountain, for general use, opposite the city armory, at Norwalk, where Nathan Hale changed his picturesque uniform for the schoolmaster's disguise.

A statue of Nathan Hale, by William Ordway Partridge, stands in one of the parks in St. Paul, Minnesota. It was erected by the Nathan Hale Chapter, D. A. R., of St. Paul.

New London was on June 17, 1901, the Mecca of the Sons, Daughters and Children of the American Revolution from all over the State, and distinguished representatives from patriotic societies of other states made the pilgrimage to take part in the dedication of the restored "Union Schoolhouse" of New London, from which Nathan Hale resigned as "Master" to enter the Revolutionary army.

The ancient building was purchased, removed and restored by the Connecticut Society, S. A. R., and it now occupies a position in "Ye Towne's Antientest Buriall Place" on Bulkeley Square and Huntington Street.

The Nathan Hale Branch, S. A. R., marched through the city to the new site escorted by detachments of regulars and marines, the Moodus Drum Corps, the Putnam Phalanx, public school boys, and various societies and delegations.

The exercises were opened with prayer by Rev. Edwin S. Lines, State Chaplain of the S. A. R. Ernest E. Rogers, President of the Nathan Hale Branch of the Connecticut Society, extended a cordial welcome to the guests. The President of the State Society, S. A. R., Hon. Jonathan Trumbull, grandson of Governor Trumbull of the Revolution, responded to the greeting and presented the keys of the schoolhouse to Mrs. Sara T. Kinney, State Regent of the Connecticut D. A. R., who accepted them for the Lucretia Shaw Chapter, of New London.

Hon. Walter S. Logan, President-General of the National Society, S. A. R., delivered the oration, which was followed by an historical address by Prof. Henry Phelps Johnston, of the College of the City of New York, who was at that time preparing his first edition of the "Life of Nathan Hale."



Marcus Towne, a pupil of Nathan Hale Grammar School, of New London, the son of Walter A. Towne, Principal of Bulkeley High School for boys, recited Judge Finch's poem, "Hale's Fate and Fame," the assembly joined in singing America and the exercises closed with the benediction by Rev. S. Leroy Blake, D. D., Chaplain of the Nathan Hale Branch, of New London.

A bronze tablet, over the fireplace, in this building, the gift of the Nathan Hale Branch of S. A. R., of New London, bears this inscription :

NATHAN HALE

TEACHER

PATRIOT

MARTYR

1755

1776

'Any service necessary for the public good becomes honorable by being necessary.'

"This schoolhouse was purchased and restored in 1901 by the Connecticut Society, Sons of the American Revolution, assisted by the Daughters of the American Revolution, that it might be preserved to the honor and memory of Nathan Hale, who resigned his service as teacher to enter the service of his country."

This tablet was unveiled by young Nathan Hale, a great-great-grandchild of Rev. Enoch Hale, a brother of Nathan Hale.

The fire set was the gift of the Stephen Hempstead Society, Children of the American Revolution, in memory of the close friendship that existed between Nathan Hale and Stephen Hempstead.

The flag, also a gift of the Stephen Hempstead Society, C. A. R., was raised by Mrs. Marion Hempstead Lillie, Organizing President of the Stephen Hempstead Society, C. A. R., assisted by Miss Mary Hempstead Dill, of St. Louis, a great-grand-daughter of Stephen Hempstead.

"To teach, it was young Nathan's choice,  
Thus did his nature find its voice  
In service for his fellow men,  
At first, not with the sword, but pen,  
This brought him to New London town,  
A place e'en then of much renown.

\* \* \* \* \*

"In yonder schoolhouse young Hale taught,  
There freedom's battle first was fought,  
For in the school as well as church  
The dominie ne'er shirked the birch.



\* \* \* \* \*  
 Within that schoolroom furnace heat,  
 Did not make winter's cold retreat;

\* \* \* \* \*  
 "No patent ventilator gave  
 The ozone that 'tis said will save  
 The student from untimely grave,  
 For through the school walls everywhere  
 Did fully circulate the air.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 "Yet here did Hale his work begin  
 In young men's heads, of putting in  
 The seed thought, which in time will grow,  
 And often glorious harvest know."

The above lines are quoted from a poem written in June, 1901, by Rev. John E. Hurlburt, the son of Rev. Joseph Hurlburt, whose home was "Mount Vernon," on Court House Square, New London, at present the residence of Mrs. Elisha Palmer.

At the conclusion of the address of welcome, by Mr. Ernest E. Rogers, an aged man leaned over his shoulder and said: "I knew Alice Adams." Later this man's name was ascertained to be Henry Allyn Stillman, and his address was 100 Woodmont Street, Hartford, Conn.

On April 26, 1902, in reply to a letter from Mr. Rogers, Mr. Stillman wrote: "Your letter of the 23rd inst. relating to the dedication of the Nathan Hale Schoolhouse at New London on the 17th of last June was duly received and brought to mind afresh the grand occasion and the bright day with all the accessories of military and crowds of people full of good cheer, who all in their different ways enjoyed to the full the enthusiasm of the day. I look back to that day with entire satisfaction and am very glad that I was one of the boys that marched in the procession to the Nathan Hale Schoolhouse."

Mr. Stillman was eighty-six years old and was the grandson of a Revolutionary patriot. "He marched," writes Mr. Rogers, "between two 'real sons,' James M. Grant, eighty-five years old, the son of Hamilton Grant, and Henry H. Quintard, eighty-eight years old, the son of James Quintard."

At that date, June 17, 1901, New London could boast of two "real sons," William and John Burbeck, sons of Brigadier-General Henry Burbeck, of New London. William Burbeck, with the flowing blue ribbons attached to the insignia of the Society of the Cincinnati,—which is always the inheritance of the oldest son—was a striking figure in the procession on that "rare" day in June.



General Burbeck was military commander of the New London district during the War of 1812, and he retired from the army at the end of that war and made his home in New London, in the house next north of the Johnston Block on Main Street.

General Burbeck had passed thirty-eight years of his life in the service of his country, he having been a captain of artillery in the War of the Revolution. His death occurred on October 2, 1848, at the age of ninety-four.

A monument to General Burbeck's memory was erected in Cedar Grove Cemetery, New London, by the Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati, of which, at the time of his decease,



“YE TOWNE'S ANTIENTEST BURIALL PLACE” \*

Opened in 1653 on Meeting House Hill, Bulkeley Square. The last resting place of the early settlers of New London, Conn. The grave of Captain Richard Lord is marked by the oldest inscribed stone in New London County. Madame Lucretia Shaw's tomb is above the star, and outlined against the Bulkeley School building

“ Yet the birds sing as gaily over thy walls,  
The golden sunbeam as brightly falls,  
The grasses spring and the daisies blow  
The same as a hundred years ago.

And the busy world goes by at thy feet  
Through another city's surging street ;  
Up and down, in gladness, in tears,  
Go the children of men as in other years.”



he was president, and the last survivor, but one, of the charter members of that Society.

The General's son William died in 1905, at the age of eighty-one; the younger son, John, died in 1904, at the age of seventy-eight.

The Nathan Hale Grammar School, a large brick building on Lincoln Avenue, Williams and Waller Streets, New London, erected in 1890.

A bronze statue of Nathan Hale, designed by Bela Lyon Pratt, was erected in 1914, on the east side of "Connecticut Hall," the only building of Hale's time now remaining on the campus at Yale College.

The front face of the pedestal bears this inscription :

NATHAN HALE

1755 1776

Class of 1773

On the back :

A Gift to Yale College

By Friends and Graduates

Anno Domini MCMXIV

Bela Lyon Pratt, of St. Botolph Studios, though many years a resident of Boston, Connecticut claims him as her son. He was born in Norwich, Conn.; "Modeled and drew at home when a child;" studied at the Yale School of the Fine Arts under Professors Wier and Niemeyer. Entered Art Students League, N. Y., 1887, studying under Augustus St. Gaudens; student at Paris, 1890—of Chapu and Falquiere—entered Ecole des Beaux Arts same year; received two medals and two prizes while in Paris.

Since 1892, Mr. Pratt has produced many works in sculpture. A series of four medalions, "The Seasons," in pavilion of Library of Congress; various groups for Buffalo Exposition; Statue, Phillips Brooks, Brooks House, Cambridge; John Winthrop, the Younger, New London, Conn.; Andersonville Monument for State of Connecticut, Andersonville, Georgia; Harvard Spanish War Memorial, &c., &c.

Mr. Pratt's father, George Pratt, was graduated from Yale College and a prominent lawyer in Norwich. When a student at Yale he occupied one of the rooms on the ground floor of Connecticut Hall near where his son's statue of Hale now stands.



Mr. Pratt's mother was the daughter of Oramel Whittlesey, the founder of the famous Music Vale Seminary, in Salem, Conn., and Mr. Pratt has a summer home on the Music Vale estate.

There is no memorial to Nathan Hale, Connecticut's "Martyr Spy" in Washington, the Nation's Capitol, although there are statues of men who have rendered much less meritorious service to their country.

In Statuary Hall, in the Capitol, Connecticut is represented by the statues of Roger Sherman and Jonathan Trumbull, which were presented to the government by the State of Connecticut in 1872.

During the summer of 1914, Congressman Augustine Lonergan, of Hartford, introduced in the house of representatives a bill, calling for a government appropriation of one hundred thousand dollars for the erection of a monument, on the public grounds at Washington, D. C., in memory of the Revolutionary patriot and distinguished son of Connecticut, Nathan Hale.

A petition, signed by members of Lucretia Shaw Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution of New London, Conn., was presented to Congressman Bryan F. Mahan of New London, and in the autumn of 1914, a second bill, advocating the memorial to Nathan Hale, was presented by Congressman Mahan.

It is hoped that Connecticut's Martyr, so long overlooked by the national government, may soon receive a favorable, though long deferred recognition.

Major General Hull, an officer of the Revolutionary army, left this interesting account of Nathan Hale: "Thus fell an amiable and as worthy a young man as America could boast. \* \* \* his motives for engaging in this service were entirely different from which generally influence others in similar circumstances. Neither expectation of promotion, nor pecuniary reward, induced him to this attempt.

A sense of duty, a hope that he might in this way be useful to his country, and an opinion, which he had adopted, that every kind of service necessary to the public good, become honorable, by being necessary, were the great motives, which induced him to engage in an enterprise, by which his connections lost a most amiable friend, and his country one of its most promising supporters. \* \* \* To see such a character, in the flower of youth, cheerfully treading in the most hazardous paths, influenced by the purest intentions, and only emulous to do good to his country, without the imputation of a crime, fall a victim to policy, must have been wounding to the feelings, even of his



enemies. \* \* \* To the memory of Andre, his country have erected the most magnificent monuments, and bestowed on his family the highest honors, and most liberal rewards.

To the memory of Hale, not a stone has been erected, nor an inscription to preserve his ashes from insult."

This excerpt is taken from Miss Hannah Adams' "History of New England," published in 1799.

#### HALE'S FATE AND FAME,

read at the centennial anniversary of the Linonia Society of Yale College, in 1853, during Commencement week, by its author, Francis Miles Finch, Judge of the New York Court of Appeals.

To drum-beat and heart-beat  
A soldier marches by ;  
There is color in his cheek,  
There is courage in his eye,  
Yet to drum-beat and heart-beat  
In a moment he must die.

By starlight and moonlight  
He seeks the Briton's camp,  
He hears the rustling flag,  
And the armed sentry's tramp—  
And the starlight and moonlight  
His silent wanderings lamp.

With slow tread and still tread  
He scans the tented line,  
And he counts the battery guns  
By the guant and shadowy pine ;  
And his slow tread and still tread  
Give no warning sign.

The dark wave, the plumed wave !  
It meets his eager glance ;  
And it sparkles 'neath the stars  
Like the glimmer of a lance ;  
A dark wave, a plumed wave,  
On an emerald expanse.

A sharp clang, a steel clang !  
And tenor in the sounds ;  
For the sentry, falcon-eyed,  
In the camp a spy had found ;  
With a sharp clang, a steel clang,  
The patriot is bound.

With calm brow, steady brow,  
He listens to his doom ;  
In his look there is no fear  
Nor a shadow trace of gloom ;  
But with calm brow and steady brow  
He robes him for the tomb.



In the long night, the still night,  
 He kneels upon the sod ;  
 Ane the brutal guards withhold  
 E'en the solemn Word of God !  
 In the long night, the still night,  
 He walks where Christ hath trod.

'Neath the blue morn, the sunny morn,  
 He dies upon the tree ;  
 And he mourns that he can lose  
 But one life for Liberty ;  
 And in the blue morn, the sunny morn,  
 His spirit-wings are free.

His last words, his message words,  
 They burn, lest friendly eye  
 Should read how proud and calm  
 A patriot could die,  
 With his last words, his dying words,  
 A soldier's battle-cry !

From Fame-leaf and angel-leaf,  
 From monument and urn,  
 The sad of Earth, the glad of Heaven,  
 His tragic fate shall learn ;  
 And on Fame-leaf and angel-leaf,  
 The name of Hale shall burn !”

“Judge Finch's poem on Hale,” wrote Mr. Seymour, “Though not equal in merit to his Civil War poem entitled, ‘The Blue and the Grey,’ struck a responsive chord, and through the medium of the old-fashioned school ‘Readers’ of years ago, brought Hale's story before the school children of the entire country.’”

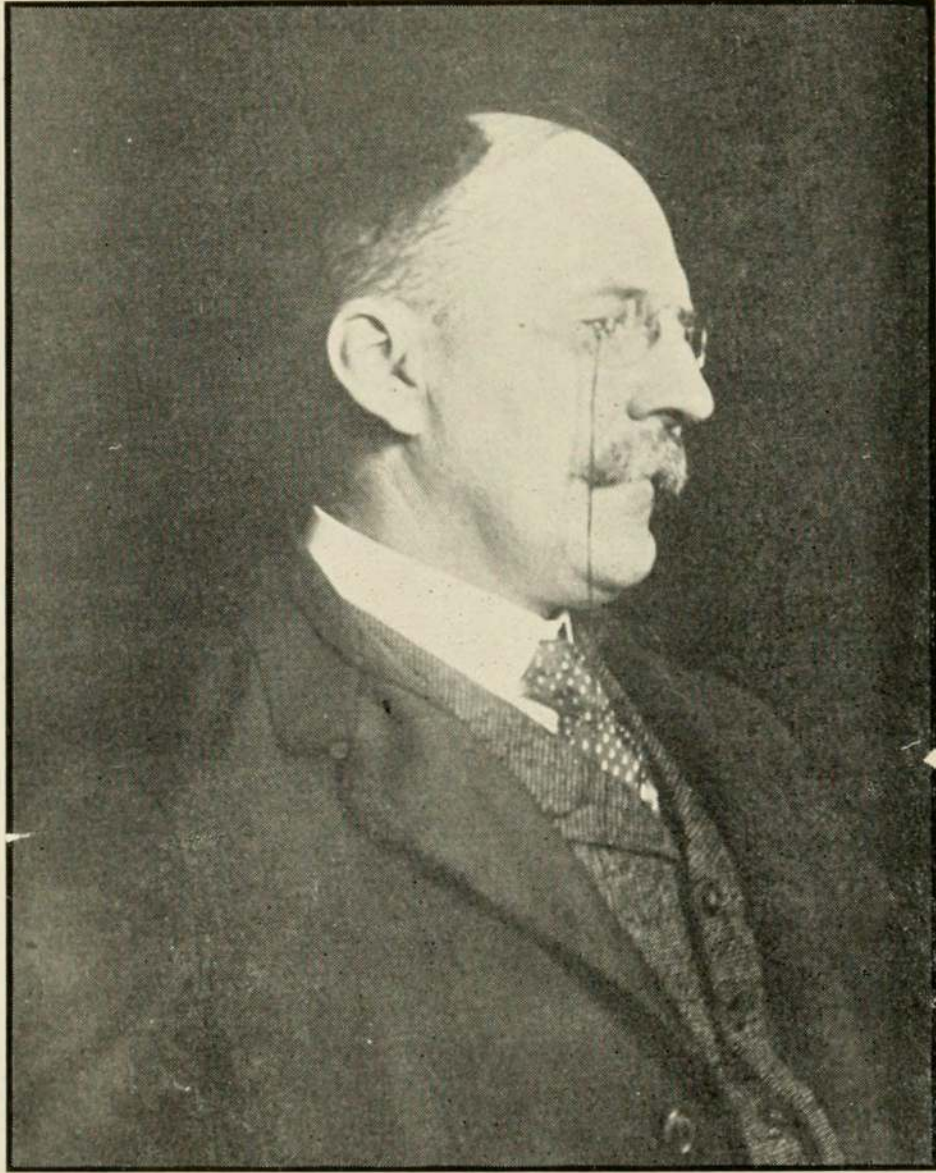
Quoting again from Mr. Seymour: “I think it is not too much to say that this poem did more than anything else to keep Hale's memory fresh during the latter part of the last century.”

“In this estimate of Judge Finch's poem on Hale,” continues Mr. Seymour, “I am confirmed by the venerable Dr. Dwight, whose grandfather, the first President Dwight, was a college tutor, as well as a friend and correspondent of Hale, and who paid Hale a touching tribute in his epic, entitled, ‘The Conquest of Canaan,’ which with youthful precocity he began at nineteen and finished at twenty-two. It is a curious fact that this poem, once so greatly admired, would now be all but forgotten except for the ten lines which Dwight introduced, as a tribute to Hale, after he had finished the poem.’”

Excerpt from Mr. George Dudley Seymour's “Familiar Hale,” “An attempt to show by what standards of age, appearance and character the proposed statue of Nathan Hale for the Campus of Yale College should be judged,” published in 1907.



“There is no existing portrait of Nathan Hale. \* \* \*  
 There is reference to a miniature \* \* \* which  
 must now be regarded as irretrievably lost. \* \* \*  
 Such accounts as we have of Hale bring before us a handsome,  
 frank and lively fellow of winning naturalness. He belonged to  
 the epic age of homespun; he came from sturdy stock; he was  
 country bred; there is no reason for believing that he was in any



GEORGE DUDLEY SEYMOUR,

Owner and Preserver of the Hale Homestead in South Coventry, Conn.

way different in appearance or breeding from the average country boy brought up on a farm by God-fearing, hard-working parents. He was a good scholar, but he found time for the full enjoyment of student life. Of his great popularity with his classmates there is abundant evidence. His modesty and manliness, his scholarship and his attractive personality, won friends for him just as



they win friends today. \* \* \* His army life was too brief to have made a typical soldier of him, though his enjoyment of the social side of camp life is undisguised. \* \* \* But the roughness of camp life can have had no attraction for him; neither did he ever mix with the world enough to acquire the polish of a courtier. Generous of impulse, modest and unassuming, he had natural good manners rather than finished ease. His bringing up was homely—in the best sense. Gallant he undoubtedly was, but we should not think of applying that word to him. The tributes paid to him after his untimely fate breathe a different feeling. They point to a serious boy-nature which goes back of the stilted language of that day.

“A poem \* \* \* by a friend and companion of Hale during his student days at New Haven, gives probably the best picture we have of Hale, though it partakes of the extravagance of the elegiac poetry of the period.

“Erect and tall, his well-proportioned frame,  
 Vigorous and active, as electric flame;  
 His manly limbs had symmetry and grace,  
 And innate goodness marked his beauteous face;  
 His fancy lively, and his genius great,  
 His solid judgment shone in grave debate;  
 For erudition far beyond his years;  
 At Yale distinguished above all his peers;  
 Speak, ye who knew him while a pupil there,  
 His numerous virtues to the world declare;  
 His blameless carriage and his modest air,  
 Above the vain parade and idle show  
 Which marks the coxcomb and the empty beau;  
 Removed from envy, malice, pride, and strife,  
 He walked through goodness as he walked through life;  
 A kinder brother nature never knew,  
 A child more duteous or a friend more true.”

In the fading minutes \* \* \* of the Linonian Society, which was one of the great college institutions of Hale's time, it is recorded that at the anniversary exercises in 1773, the play given was “The Beaux' Stratagem,” with Enoch Hale and James Hillhouse in the cast. After the play, as the scribe is careful to record, “We were very well entertained with a supper.”

The candles that lit that little supper after the play were extinguished nearly one hundred and forty years ago, and yet a faint light still streams through the door left half open for us by the youthful scribe and we get just a glimpse of the gay young performers. \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*



These were young men of high ideals, and it is pleasant to know they were classmates and friends. Hillhouse consecrated a life of unparalleled activity and devotion to the public good, and has no memorial in the city he served so well and so beautifully adorned with elms. \* \* \* \* \*

Nathan Hale's letters, and his soldier's diary that he kept during the last few months of his life, show what manner of man he was.

\* \* \* one feels his tragic fate with a sense of personal loss. \* \* \* how whole-souled in friendship he must have been. \* \* \* It is refreshing to find that Nathan was not too nice to use the slang of the day. Winter Hill, we read, was "stumped" to wrestle Prospect Hill. \* \* \*

There is not a despondent line or reflection in his entire diary. \* \* \* The impression produced upon the reader by the original in the handwriting of Hale is incommunicable.

"I like to think," continues Mr. Seymour, "That Hale went to his doom simply and quietly, thinking of the bright fields of his home in Coventry, of the 'Old Brick Row' at New Haven, of his family and his friends; that he bore himself calmly—a brave fellow about to die. I can imagine him unflinching without but tremulous within—he was young, life was dear to him, the earth that he looked out upon was fair, friendship had been sweet to him, he did not want to die. It is inconceivable that he said his memorable last words—'I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country'—with an heroic pose.

\* \* \* Unless Hale's statue takes its place on Yale's old Campus as naturally as the students of today take their places there, it must be counted a failure. If it is a self-conscious work, posed, theatrical, it will remain a solitary figure on the Campus—a thing apart from life, so much uncut bronze, an incumbrance. If it realizes Hale as he was, Hale as he lives in history, Hale as he has been enshrined in the hearts of Yale men since he for all time typified the Yale ideal, the work must be so direct in its appeal, so familiar in its spirit, that the students of today, as they pass back and forth, will feel that he is one of them—one of them in every way, but happily removed from the tumult of life, from loss and stain, and forever bright.

"If Nathan Hale can thus be made to live again on the Campus in the sight of all Yale men, what an inspiration will be furnished them— \* \* \* a friend to leave with a sense of loss and to come back to with a renewing of the life of the heart. These are high standards, but can Yale accept for Nathan Hale



—her own hero—anything but the highest? Is there a place on the Campus for any statue of him except one \* \* \* to portray him as he was, as he lives in the pages of his diary and in his letters and in the words of those who knew him best.

“That Hale should have been entrusted with a grave and perilous errand, and that he should have had a captain’s rank, shows how deeply his ability and the fine quality of his courage had impressed those about him. But those facts have led us to think of him as older than he was. It is hard to realize that, when Hale stood on the scaffold that Sunday morning, he was no older than the Junior of average age today. He died September 22, 1776. His twenty-first birthday fell on the sixth of the previous June.

“Undergraduates may well feel that Hale is one of them and claim him as a friend. His very youth brings him close to life on the Campus—lends brightness to his name, endears him to all who are quick to feel a modest and manly spirit.”

In a letter to Mr. George Dudley Seymour, in 1907, immediately after the appearance of “Familiar Hale,” Judge Finch wrote: “I think you are entirely right in urging that the statue of Hale should represent his youth. There was in him not only patriotism and courage, but a young man’s love of adventure and ambition to do things. He went to his work fearlessly, with a young man’s abundant hope and disregard of danger. Let him stand on the Campus as the YOUNG man brave that he was.”

Mr. John S. Babcock, a poet of Hale’s native place, paid a tribute to the memory of Nathan Hale from which are quoted the following verses:

“He fell in the spring of his early prime,  
 With his fair hopes all around him;  
 He died for his birth-land—a glorious crime,  
 Ere the palm of his fame had crowned him.  
 He fell in her darkness, he lived not to see  
 The morn of her risen glory;  
 But the name of the brave, in the heart of the free,  
 Shall be twined in her deathless story.”

Moses Coit Tyler, in his “History of American Literature,” writes: \* \* \* “Nathan Hale, a most gallant and accomplished young American, of a character stronger and more original, probably than Andre’s, and certainly not less noble,  
 \* \* \* took upon himself, in the name of duty to his



country, the ignominy and the peril of becoming a spy. \* \* \*  
 The story of this young fellow's fearless devotion and death, has not been suffered to die or grow dim among us. Poems have been written about him. Statues have been reared to him. Anniversaries have been kept in his honor.

Moreover, in the very year of his self-immolation, his fate was sung in a ballad, which for poetic quality—for weird pathos, for a strange sweet melody—probably deserves to be placed at the head of this entire class of writings as produced during the period of the Revolution."

An author friend expresses this opinion: "The publication of this poem may, possibly, lead to the discovery of the author. It is interesting because a poem in ballad form, because early in date, because there is mystery about it, and because it may have unsuspected evidential value.

It may be that the writer of it knew more about the circumstances attending the capture of Hale than has been preserved in any other way."

The reward of twenty-five dollars still holds good as no one has yet produced the author's name.

"To discover the author of this poem would be a real achievement, and might easily lead to the discovery of more knowledge than we now have of Hale."

#### HALE IN THE BUSH.

By an unknown poet of 1776.

The breezes went steadily thro' the tall pines,  
 A-saying "oh! hu-ush!" a-saying "oh! hu-ush!"  
 As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,  
 For Hale in the bush, for Hale in the bush.

"Keep still!" said the thrush as she nestled her young,  
 In a nest by the road; in a nest by the road;  
 "For the tyrants are near, and with them appear,  
 What bodes us no good, what bodes us no good."

The brave captain heard it, and thought of his home,  
 In a cot by the brook; in a cot by the brook.  
 With mother and sister and memories dear,  
 He so gaily forsook; he so gaily forsook.

Cooling shades of the night were coming apace,  
 The tatoos had beat; the tatoos had beat.  
 The noble one sprang from his dark lurking place,  
 To make his retreat; to make his retreat.



He warily trod on the dry rustling leaves,  
 As he pass'd thro' the wood ; as he pass'd thro' the wood ;  
 And silently gain'd his rude launch on the shore,  
 As she play'd with the flood ; as she play'd with the flood

The guards of the camp, on that dark, dreary night,  
 Had a murderous will ; had a murderous will.  
 They took him and bore him afar from the shore  
 To a hut on the hill ; to a hut on the hill.

No mother was there, nor a friend who could cheer,  
 In that little stone cell ; in that little stone cell.  
 But he trusted in love, from his father above,  
 In his heart all was well ; in his heart all was well.

An ominous owl with his solemn bass voice,  
 Sat moaning hard by ; sat moaning hard by.  
 "The tyrant's proud minions most gladly rejoice,  
 For he must soon die ; for he must soon die."

The brave fellow told them, nothing he restrain'd,  
 The cruel gen'ral ; the cruel gen'ral ;  
 His errand from camp, of the ends to be gained,  
 And said that was all ; and said that was all.

They took him and bound him and bore him away,  
 Down the hill's grassy side ; down the hill's grassy side.  
 'Twas there the base hirelings, in royal array,  
 His cause did deride ; his cause did deride.

Five minutes were given, short moments, no more,  
 For him to repent ; for him to repent ;  
 He prayed for his mother—he asked not another—  
 To Heaven he went ; to Heaven he went.

The faith of a martyr the tragedy show'd,  
 As he trod the last stage ; as he trod the last stage.  
 And Britons will shudder at gallant Hale's blood,  
 As his words do presage ; as his words do presage.

"Thou pale king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,  
 Go frighten the slave, go frighten the slave ;  
 Tell tyrants, to you their allegiance they owe—  
 No fears for the brave, no fears for the brave !"

"Men from the First Church of Christ and its congregation were leaders in the Revolutionary struggle," wrote Rev. S. Leroy Blake, D. D., in his "History of the First Church of Christ, of New London." "Captain James Chapman, one of the men who led New Londoners to Bunker Hill ; Adam Shapley, who lost his life from wounds received in the battle of Groton Heights ; Peter Richards, who gave up his young life in that awful slaughter. Stephen Hempstead and Thomas Updike who were associates of Nathan Hale, and Nathan Hale himself, Jedediah Huntington, who was on the staff of General Washington, Robert Hallam,



Nathaniel Shaw, Jr., and others, were the contributors of this church to the mighty struggle which ended in our national life."

In Gilbert Saltonstall, a graduate of Harvard University, the son of General Gurdon Saltonstall, "Hale seems to have found a kindred spirit." He was the grandson of Rev. Gurdon Saltonstall, who resigned his pastorate of the First Church of Christ, of New London, to become the Governor of the Colony of Connecticut. Gilbert Saltonstall was one of the foremost young men of New London, by birth and culture, and the fact that Hale became his intimate friend and correspondent is significant of Hale's charm.

Gilbert Saltonstall's letter to Nathan Hale, the postscript of which appeared on page 16 appears in this addenda by request:

New London Dec<sup>r</sup> 18<sup>th</sup> 1775

Dr Sir

Yours of the 13<sup>th</sup> Inst<sup>t</sup> duly rec<sup>d</sup> for which am greatly obliged. The Post was not in fault in handing you a letter from me last Week, he could not deliver what he never was possess'd of.—last Post Day I was at Wethersfield w<sup>h</sup> occasiond y<sup>r</sup> having no letter from me.

I wholly agree with you in y<sup>e</sup> agreables of a Camp Life, and should have try'd it some Capacity or other before now, could my Father carry on his Business without me. I propose'd going with Dudley, who is appointed to Comm<sup>d</sup> a Twenty Gun Ship in the Continental Navy, but my Father is not willing, and I can't persuade myself to leave him in the eve of Life against his consent. \* \* \* \* \*

Yesterday week The Town was in the greatest confusion imagineable; Women wringing their Hands along Street, Children crying, Carts loaded till nothing more would stick on posting out of Town, empty ones driving in. one Person running this way, another that, some dull, some vex'd, none pleas'd, some flinging up an Intrenchment, some at the Fort preparing y<sup>e</sup> Guns for Action, Drums beating, Fifes playing; in short as great a Hubbub as at the confusion of Tongues; all this occasioned by the appearance of a Ship and two Sloops off the Harbour, suppos'd to be part of Wallaces Fleet.—When they were found to be (Friends) Vessels from New Port with passengers y<sup>e</sup> consternation, abated, and all fell to work at the Intrenchment, which runs from N. Douglasses to S. Bills Shop, they have been at work eversince Yesterday Week when the Weather would permit.



They work'd Yesterday at Winthrops Neck and are (at) it there today.—In some respects we are similar to a Camp, for Sunday is no Day of rest now.—You would hear the small Chaps (who mimick Men in everything they can). cry out “Cut down the Tories Trees” there is not one of Cap<sup>t</sup> Jo: Coits Willows remaining in his Lot back of his House, they are appropriated to a better use than he would ever have put them to—The Breast-work is much the better for them. \* \* \* \* \*

What Brigadier has quitted y<sup>e</sup> Service, I learn there is a Vacancy?

The Soldiers can give no other Reason for not Enlisting than the old woman's, they wou'd not, cause the(y) wou'd not.

My Compliments to Cap<sup>t</sup> Hull, am very sorry to hear of his Illness, hope this will find him recruited.

I am with Sincerity

Your Friend

Gilbert Saltonstall.

“Gilbert Saltonstall subsequently entered the privateer service, and was several times wounded in an action with a British cruiser, which in desperation and casualties recalled the sea fights of Paul Jones.”

This charming letter, written by a pupil of Nathan Hale's, the son of Major Latimer, of Hale's regiment, shows how Hale endeared himself to his pupils.

ROBERT LATIMER TO HALE AT CAMP.

Dr Sir,

As I think myself under the greatest obligations to you for your care and kindness to me, I should think myself very ungratefull, if I neglected any opportunity of expressing my gratitude to you for the same. And I rely on that goodness, I have so often experienc'd to overlook the deficiencies in my Letter, which I am sensible will be many, as maturity of Judgment is wanting, and tho' I have been so happy as to be favour'd with your instructions, you can't Sir, expect a finish'd letter from one, who has as yet practis'd but very little this way, especially with persons of your nice discernment.

Sir I have had the pleasure of hearing by the soldiers, which is come home, that you are in health, tho' likely to be deserted by all the men you carried down with you, which I am very sorry for, as I think no man of any spirit would desert a cause in which,



we are all so deeply interested. I am sure was my Mammy willing I think I should prefer being with you, to all the pleasures which the company of my Relations Can afford me.

I am Sir with respect y<sup>r</sup> sincere friend  
& very H<sup>'</sup>ble S<sup>t</sup>

Rob<sup>t</sup> Latimer.

Dec<sup>br</sup> 20<sup>th</sup> 1775

P. S. My Mammy & aunt Lamb (?) presents Complim<sup>ts</sup> My Mammy would have wrote, but being very busy, tho't my writing would be Sufficient—My respects to Capt Hull

Addressed to Capt. Hale

"att Winter Hill" per

fav'r of Ens. Hurlbut.

THOMAS U. FOSDICK TO HALE AT CAMP

New London, Dec<sup>r</sup> 7, 1775

Dear Sir

Ever since the uneasiness, which I have heard, persisting amongst the Connecticut Troops, I've form'd a Resolution to go down to the assistance of my countrymen, to facilitate which I have resigned my office as Serjeant in Col. Saltonstall's Com'y—I make no doubt, Sir, but you can assist me to some such office, as I should choose to be in that station, under you in particular; if not I am determin'd to come down—a hearty Boy, undaunted by Danger. Ensign Hurlbut will write you concerning the above.

Your in haste very hum<sup>ble</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>

Tho<sup>s</sup> Updike (Fosdick)

The Betsey Christophers letter, which became the property of Yale University at such a princely price, (\$1,575.00) referred to on page 18, is inserted here by request.

Betsey Christophers was seven years Hale's senior, and the statement that she was a pupil of Hale's might not bear the acid test.

FROM CAMP "WINTER HILL" HALE WROTE TO BETSEY  
CHRISTOPHERS, AT NEW LONDON.

Camp Winter Hill Oct<sup>r</sup> 19<sup>th</sup> 1775

Dear Betsey

I hope you will excuse my freedom in writing to you, as I cannot have the pleasure of seeing and conversing with you. What is now a letter would be a visit were I in New London



but this being out of my power suffer me to make up the defect in the best manner I can I write not to give you any news, or any pleasure in reading (though I would heartily do it if in my power) but from the desire I have of conversing with you in some form or other.

I once wanted to come here to see something extraordinary — my curiosity is satisfied. I have now no more desire for seeing things here, than for seeing what is in New London, no, not half so much neither.

Not that I am discontented—so far from it, that in the present situation of things I would not accept a furlough were it offered me. I would only observe that we often flatter ourselves with great happiness could we see such and such things; but when we actually come to the sight of them our solid satisfaction is no more than when we only had them in expectation.

All the news I had I wrote to John Hallam—if it be worth your hearing he will be able to tell you when he delivers this. It will therefore not (be) worth while for me to repeat.

I am a little at a loss how you carry at New London—Jared Starr I hear is gone—The number of Gentlemen is now so few that I fear how you will go through the winter but I hope for the best.

I remain with esteem

Yr Sincere Friend

& Hble Svt.

N. Hale

The quaint philosophy of Roger Alden, one of Hale's New Haven friends is too good to be omitted.

\* \* \* “for such Principles & Practices, which we experience every Day we live, contradict common sense & basely degrade what is so frequently stiled the greatest Excellence of human Nature, human Reason—But it is a common Observation & as true as it is old, that mankind may be led, but will never be drove—This we may observe in every stage of Life, from the Infant to fourscore years & Ten—this which seems to be innate and born with us, appears to me the greatest proof of universal Depravity & Original Sin, that I can conceive of, but it is so always was & always will be—”

Excerpt from address of Governor Simeon E. Baldwin, at Nathan Hale Schoolhouse at East Haddam, Conn., June 14, 1913:



"Two great sayings of two great Americans dwell in the nation's memory.

"One came from a young man closing a short career, as short as it was glorious. The other came from a man of middle age who had for long years been rendering high public service in a great station. It was Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg.

\* \* \* The prevailing note of Lincoln's was humility before our soldier dead. The note of Hale's was a proud declaration of patriotic duty, the looking forward to becoming in a brief moment one of the soldier dead. It was but a few lines that Lincoln spoke. It was but a short sentence that fell from the lips of Hale. Both spoke from the heart; both spoke under the influence of the deepest feeling; both spoke to history."









Nancy  
Hanks  
Lincoln  
Public  
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