THE
CONTINENTAL ARMY
SERIES

….Odds and Ends

by Wm. Thomas Sherman

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For *The Continental Army Series* vol. I, see:
https://archive.org/details/TheContinentalArmySeriesRealityAndAspirationInTheAmerican
~or~
http://www.scribd.com/doc/94480242/THE-CONTINENTAL-ARMY-SERIES-Reality-and-Aspiration-in-the-Am-Revy-Era

For *The Continental Army Series* vol. II, see:
https://archive.org/details/Vol2ContinentalArmySeries
~or~
http://www.scribd.com/doc/136892381/Vol-II-THE-CONTINENTAL-ARMY-SERIES-Reality-and-Aspiration-in-the-American-Revolutionary-Era

The purpose of the work before you is to serve as a compendium of postings from the Face Book Lee's Legion page and that appeared subsequent to the second volume of the *Continental Army Series.* To that extent, it can be characterized as a more or less random miscellany of articles and short pieces; with relatively little or no design of making the whole a *formal* addition to the present two volume Continental Army Series. To be brief, the reason for my doing so is simply one of convenience and that allows me to add new articles over time and at my leisure; without having to follow a pre-set plan or set a necessary limit to the quantity of entries that might be included; unlike volumes one and two of the original Continental Army series where there was a definite intent of endeavoring to cover most of the major literary genres of 18th and early 19th century America, as well as along the way throwing in a number of desultory items which directly or indirectly related to those same spans of history and that readers might also find of added interest or amusement. Here instead I have permitted myself to be even more open ended and include whatever happened to suited me at the time of writing a given entry; so that what turns out as the over all final result cannot be guessed until the time comes, whenever that time may be, when I am finally done.

William Thomas Sherman
Seattle, Washington

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19th CENTURY DIME NOVELS

"It has been mentioned as an extraordinary circumstance, that Milton was a great reader of romances in his youth. But this is no more than what was common, in some degree, to his contemporaries. Before the grand Rebellion, these books were in all hands; and were the source from which young readers especially, in the age of fiction and fancy, nourished the sublime."
~ Thomas Warton, *Observations on the Faerie Queene of Spenser* (1754), vol. I, Sec. V.

If what Warton states is correct, it seems then reasonable to surmise that had Milton grown up in mid to late 19th century America he might had fed his fondness for romance with Dime Novels.

A week or so ago, I discovered the Beadle and Adams Dime Novel Online Digitization Project by Northern Illinois University; regarding which, see:

http://www.ulib.niu.edu/badndp/bibindex.html
http://www.ulib.niu.edu/badndp/contents2.html

The Beadle and Adams Dime novels and miscellaneous other children and young people's volumes ran from 1851 to 1879, and the assortment and quantity of the firm's output is tantalizingly impressive; covering topics and genres as diverse as the Revolutionary War, the Wild West, Sea Stories, American History generally, fairy tales, re-tellings of literary classics. They also published songbooks and manuals on how to play games, such as baseball. If you like nostalgia or are curious about Dime novels, the Beadle and Adams Dime Novel Online Digitization Project is great, and fun, place to browse.

It was a separate company, however, that put out the "Liberty Boys of 76," respecting which one author-historian (quoted at a different website) explains:

"There were about 100 of these Liberty Boys, who, suffering casualties, were always able to fill up their ranks with new recruits, though the latter had to pass a rigid test. Dick Slater was captain of the band and knew that the effectiveness of such a small force lay in its mobility and quick striking power. Mostly they served as infantry, like the regulars of the Continental Line, but occasionally they appeared as cavalrymen or mounted infantry, and Captain Slater always rode a black charger named Major."

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AN ANECDOTE ABOUT CHARLES LEE

As found in "Men and Events of the Revolution: Memoranda of Judge Richard Peters relating to the events that occurred during the Revolutionary War;" see *The American Historical Record*, May 1873, vol. 2, no. 7, pp. 223-224; edited by Benson J Lossing, and available at:
https://archive.org/details/pottersamericanm02lossuoft

[Judge Richard Peters:] "Of the illustrious General Greene, I hope we shall have a more respectable biography, than any I have seen. I loved, admired and valued him next to our immortal Chief. The worthy but minor characters comparatively I highly esteemed, but any very prominent exploits of their exhibition, have escaped my memory, tho' I knew they faithfully performed their duty. Of my friend General Lee,[1] too much cannot be said of his military merits. The world envious of superior merits, view private peccadillos, to gratify invidious consciousness of inferiority. I lamented the shades, but did not forget the sunny side of his character.

"General Lee tried experiments with us to undertake the training and maneuvering of troops, by means of regimental standards, grand division colors and signal flags. The bearers of these were as raw as

[1] [*Edit. Note*.] In the original text, Peters or an *American Historical Record* editor specifically states that the "General Lee" in question is Henry Lee. However, I have since been informed by Continental Army historian John U. Rees that it would seem rather that the "General" referred to is Charles Lee; based on accounts that it was he who tried to unsuccessfully introduce regimental colors.
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ourselves, and the scheme failed entirely. He threw us into frequent and inextricable confusion and himself into many violent and often ludicrous passions. We, after he left us, assiduously applied our selves and became as perfect in every part of duty as any troops I have seen since. I think our numbers exceeded 4,000 including Musketry, Horse and Artillery. Among these was a beautiful company of Quakers, who had left the discipline of 'Friends' for that of the camp. We were equipped (in uniform) and armed at our own expense. The poorer men were assisted by their wealthier compatriots."

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"REVEALED BY THE DEAD"

While I am not in a position to vouch for its truth (no "Arthur Carrington," incidentally, is listed in the *Heitman Register*), the story itself is nonetheless a good one; befitting a late autumn's or winter's fireside. The original article can be found in *Guernsey Magazine*, March 1890, vol. 18, no. 3.

The mystery of the death of a young Virginia officer of the Revolutionary Army, who was a member of Washington's command at Valley Forge, has just been unravelled at the Falls of French Creek in a most remarkable manner. The facts constitute a story of surprising interest. The skeleton of the young soldier has been found in a cave, and with it a letter which explains the manner of his death, and why it was that for more than a hundred years the fate and place of sepulchre of Lieutenant Arthur Carrington, of Richmond, Virginia, have been unknown.

The discovery was made in a cave at the Falls. This is a wild and romantic region, about twelve miles from Valley Forge, where through a large area immense granite boulders are piled in all sorts of fantastic shapes, and which in the earlier history of the State was a hiding-place for robbers and wild beasts. Lately granite quarries were opened there, and it was in pursuit of this industry that the cave was discovered and opened. This happened several weeks ago, and created a good deal of interest in the neighbourhood, and much speculation as to the manner in which the skeleton came there.

It was supposed that it was that of a soldier or hunter, from the fact that the remains of a rifle were found by its side; and it was thought that the person while in life had gone there to escape pursuing Indians. But the finder of the remains, W. W. Potts, the contractor for the removal of the stone, did not inform the public that there had been a letter found with the skeleton. He had the remains carefully interred in the churchyard at St. Mary's, about five miles away; and he now makes public the story of the letter, together with the result of his inquiries with reference thereto.

By the side of the skeleton in the cave was found a glass bottle, which was taken charge of by Mr. Potts. In this bottle was found a letter, dated May 20, 1778, and addressed to Virginia Randolph, of Richmond. It appears from the letter that Miss Randolph was the sweetheart of the young soldier, and that he had parted from her but a short time before to join his command, having been home to be cured of a wound.

He tells that he was sent out from camp in charge of a small foraging expedition, when they were cut off and pursued by a larger party of British. He, as well as several men under him, knew of the facilities for hiding in this locality, and particularly of a cave where previously horses had been hidden. By the time they had reached the rocks pursuit was so close that they had to abandon their horses and flee on foot. He alone reached the cave; and just after he entered, either through the firing of muskets or by the clambering over it of some of his pursuers, a high boulder that overhung the entrance was dislodged and came crashing down, completely closing the opening by which he had entered. He was frightened at first, but was reassured by the discovery that there was a little light entering the cave from another direction. Seeing this, he kept quiet, resolving to find his way out as soon as he was sure that his pursuers had left the neighbourhood. After a while he attempted to put his resolve into execution, but after a diligent search for a means of exit, he found that the only opening was a very small crack in the roof of the cave, far out of reach, and scarcely large enough to pass his hand through.
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The letter then relates his futile efforts to dig his way out through the walls of solid rock which surrounded him; of how he hallooed in the vain hope that some one would hear him, until his voice was completely worn out; of his hunger, and finally of the premonitory symptoms of the return of a fever through which he had recently passed, which he welcomed as likely to hasten his release from suffering. The letter is filled with the most endearing epithets, and every line exhales a fervid piety and lofty patriotism. It closes with a tender farewell to his sweetheart, and the hope that they will not long be separated.

After reading the letter, Mr. Potts communicated with friends in Richmond who are familiar with the history of the old family of that city; and a little inquiry developed the fact that the death of Virginia Randolph of a broken heart was one of the traditions of the Revolution among the old families, and that her grave in Hollywood Cemetery is well known, being marked by the following inscription:—

Died of a Broken Heart, on the 1st of March, 1780,
VIRGINIA RANDOLPH,
Aged Twenty-one Years and Nine Days.
Faithful unto Death.

It appears that she was related to the Peyton family, of Virginia; and among their family papers have been found letters referring to the illness of Miss Randolph as being caused by the disappointment and mystery clouding the fate of her betrothed lover, Arthur Carrington.

"The descendants of Miss Randolph's family have directed that the skeleton be sent to Richmond in order that it may be buried by the side of the remains of his sweetheart in Hollywood, where the two graves are likely to be as much the Mecca of lovers as is the tomb of Abelard and Heloise in the cemetery of Pere La Chaise.

The original letter, remarkably well preserved, is in the possession of Mr. Potts, who lives in Warwick, a few miles from French Creek—a region rich in reminiscences of Revolutionary days, and where many of the cannon used in the patriot army were cast.

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"THE RED-CLOAKS ARE COMING!"

In (or a little after) 83 A.D., during the reign of Emperor Domitian, a Roman army under general Gnaeus Julius AGRICOLA faced down, at the battle of Mons Graupius, the Caledonii -- the last tribe left resisting Roman rule and occupation of Britain; in what is today northern Scotland. Our account of this event comes from the pen of the Roman historian Tacitus, and includes a reported speech by the British leader Calgacus; which, with a few changes, sounds *very like* something that might have been spoken by an American Revolutionary war leader, back to the wall, fighting the British many centuries later: only in the case of Calgacus and the ancient Britons there were no Allies (as the Bourbon French were to be, circa 1778-1783) to expect support and succor from. Although Calgacus' pre-battle exhortation to his empire defying followers (as we have it) is to large degree the work of Tacitus himself, there is no reason to doubt that the sentiments expressed, particularly given their zeal and fervor, are substantially authentic and originated with the Britons themselves. It reads (in English translation) as follows:

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29. Early in the summer Agricola sustained a domestic affliction in the loss of a son born a year before, a calamity which he endured, neither with the ostentatious fortitude displayed by many brave men, nor, on the other hand, with womanish tears and grief. In his sorrow he found one source of relief in war. Having sent on a fleet, which by its ravages at various points might cause a vague and wide-spread alarm, he advanced with a lightly equipped force, including in its ranks some Britons of remarkable bravery, whose fidelity had been tried through years of peace, as far as the Grampian mountains, which the enemy had already occupied. For the Britons, indeed, in no way cowed by the result of the late engagement, had
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made up their minds to be either avenged or enslaved, and convinced at length that a common danger must be averted by union, had, by embassies and treaties, summoned forth the whole strength of all their states. More than 30,000 armed men were now to be seen, and still there were pressing in all the youth of the country, with all whose old age was yet hale and vigorous, men renowned in war and bearing each decorations of his own. Meanwhile, among the many leaders, one superior to the rest in valour and in birth, Calgacus [or Galgacus] by name, is said to have thus harangued the multitude gathered around him and clamouring for battle:--

30. “Whenever I consider the origin of this war and the necessities of our position, I have a sure confidence that this day, and this union of yours, will be the beginning of freedom to the whole of Britain. To all of us slavery is a thing unknown; there are no lands beyond us, and even the sea is not safe, menaced as we are by a Roman fleet. And thus in war and battle, in which the brave find glory, even the coward will find safety. Former contests, in which, with varying fortune, the Romans were resisted, still left in us a last hope of succour, inasmuch as being the most renowned nation of Britain, dwelling in the very heart of the country, and out of sight of the shores of the conquered, we could keep even our eyes unpolluted by the contagion of slavery To us who dwell on the uttermost confines of the earth and of freedom, this remote sanctuary of Britain’s glory has up to this time been a defence. Now, however, the furthest limits of Britain are thrown open, and the unknown always passes for the marvellous. But there are no tribes beyond us, nothing indeed but waves and rocks, and the yet more terrible Romans, from whose oppression escape is vainly sought by obedience and submission. Robbers of the world, having by their universal plunder exhausted the land, they rifle the deep. If the enemy be rich, they are rapacious; if he be poor, they lust for dominion; neither the east nor the west has been able to satisfy them. Alone among men they covet with equal eagerness poverty and riches. To robbery, slaughter, plunder, they give the lying name of empire; they make a solitude and call it peace.

31. “Nature has willed that every man’s children and kindred should be his dearest objects. Yet these are torn from us by conscriptions to be slaves elsewhere. Our wives and our sisters, even though they may escape violation from the enemy, are dishonoured under the names of friendship and hospitality. Our goods and fortunes they collect for their tribute, our harvests for their granaries. Our very hands and bodies, under the lash and in the midst of insult, are worn down by the toil of clearing forests and morasses. Creatures born to slavery are sold once for all, and are, moreover, fed by their masters; but Britain is daily purchasing, is daily feeding, her own enslaved people. And as in a household the last comer among the slaves is always the butt of his companions, so we in a world long used to slavery, as the newest and the most contemptible, are marked out for destruction. We have neither fruitful plains, nor mines, nor harbours, for the working of which we may be spared. Valour, too, and high spirit in subjects, are offensive to rulers; besides, remoteness and seclusion, while they give safety, provoke suspicion. Since then you cannot hope for quarter, take courage, I beseech you, whether it be safety or renown that you hold most precious. Under a woman’s leadership the Brigantes were able to burn a colony, to storm a camp, and had not success ended in supineness, might have thrown off the yoke. Let us, then, a fresh and unconquered people, never likely to abuse our freedom, show forthwith at the very first onset what heroes Caledonia has in reserve.

32. “Do you suppose that the Romans will be as brave in war as they are licentious in peace? To our strifes and discords they owe their fame, and they turn the errors of an enemy to the renown of their own army, an army which, composed as it is of every variety of nations, is held together by success and will be broken up by disaster. These Gauls and Germans, and, I blush to say, these numerous Britons, who, though they lend their lives to support a stranger’s rule, have been its enemies longer than its subjects, you cannot imagine to be bound by fidelity and affection. Fear and terror there certainly are, feeble bonds of attachment; remove them, and those who have ceased to fear will begin to hate. All the incentives to victory are on our side. The Romans have no wives to kindle their courage; no parents to taunt them with flight; many have either no country or one far away. Few in number, dismayed by their ignorance, looking around upon a sky, a sea, and forests which are all unfamiliar to them; hemmed in, as it were, and enmeshed, the Gods have delivered them into our hands. Be not frightened by idle display, by the glitter of gold and of silver, which can neither protect nor wound. In the very ranks of the enemy we shall find our own forces. Britons will acknowledge their own cause; Gauls will remember past freedom; the other Germans will abandon them, as but lately did the Usipii. Behind them there is nothing to dread.. The forts are ungarrisoned; the colonies in the hands of aged men; what with disloyal subjects and oppressive rulers,

the towns are ill-affected and rife with discord. On the one side you have a general and an army; on the other, tribute, the mines, and all the other penalties of an enslaved people. Whether you endure these forever, or instantly avenge them, this field is to decide. Think, therefore, as you advance to battle, at once of your ancestors and of your posterity."[2]

33. They received his speech with enthusiasm, and as is usual among barbarians, with songs, shouts and discordant cries. And now was seen the assembling of troops and the gleam of arms, as the boldest warriors stepped to the fro, As the line was forming, Agricola, who, though his troop were in high spirits and could scarcely be kept within the entrenchments, still thought it right to encourage them, spoke as follows--..."[3]

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"THE RIVALS" (1775)

Some after New Years has passed like to put the holidays behind them; while yet others prefer to let the holiday making linger a bit; the former, for instance, taking down lights and decorations while the latter keep them up. I don't suppose I myself am always wholly one way; and, depending on how I am feeling, will like the one approach or the other. At the present time around, I thought I would join, at least for a while, those who enjoy reveling a little longer, and it is with this in mind I thought I might share here Richard Brinsley Sheridan's (1751-1816) comedy-play "The Rivals" from 1775.

Sheridan was Irishman turned English playwright and Member of Parliament. In the early 1780's, owner of the famous Drury Lane Theater and after penning his tremendously successful "The Rivals," "School for Scandal" (1777), and "The Critic" (1779), he joined the whigs in the House of Commons under Charles James Fox in support of the Americans during the War for Independence; later in 1782 serving as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs under the Marquis of Rockingham (another pro-American whig.) Two frequently made assertions that appear in biographies about him are that a) George Washington considered "The Rivals" his favorite play, and b) that not long before his death in 1816, and at a time he found himself living in dire indigence, the United States Congress voted Sheridan £20,000 for his taking our country's part during our revolution. This offer, in turn it is said, he turned down; understandably not wanting to incur the ire and censure of his own countrymen. Unfortunately, and though try as I might, I have not as yet been able to find original evidence to support these two somewhat interesting if not startling anecdotes if anyone therefore knows of contemporary sources to back them up, please drop us a line and let us know.

There are actually a number of VERY good versions on YouTube of "The Rivals," but my favorite so far is this from 1970 with Jeremy Brett (whom some may recollect played Sherlock Holmes in a tv series that appeared sometime in the 1980s.)
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RjYNZj9QOjg

The show moves along so quickly that it is easy to miss some of the razor keen quips, exchanges, and one-liners. Consequently, for the full text of "The Rivals," see:
http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/24761

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[2] Although the ancient Britons and Celts and Picts could be doughty land fighters, such was not however or generally the case at sea. With presumably some added later input from the Vikings and Normans, the bases and foundations of the later Royal Navy, and in turn United States Navy, would seem to originally derive from Saxon fore bearers; as none of the Celts, Picts, or other ancient Britons seemed to have left much of a record as mariners. See chapter XXV, vol. III, of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

[3] For the above plus the remainder of the text that follows it, including Agricola's own speech to the soldiers of Rome, AND, as well, the account of the battle itself, see: http://www.sacred-texts.com/cla/tac/ag01020.htm
(scroll down to the very bottom of the web page.)
While for a modern in-depth study and examination of Mons Graupias, including a weighing of Tacitus' version of the same, see: http://www.monsgraupius.webeden.co.uk/#
Of related interest also, see Tacitus' account of the brave and clever British freedom fighter Caratacus in *Annals of Rome*, ch. 10, or of warrior queen Boudicca at ch. 14.

“SIR, I SHOULD TROUBLE YOU TO DIE AGAIN...”

Historically, it might be said that the jury is still out as to how long standing and viable Democracy proves and has proven to be. One of the themes of Thomas Paine’s “Common Sense” was the idea that monarchy represented the illegitimate, indeed bandit, rule by the few over the many. And yet some have come to see and argue that something very like Paine’s notion of monarchy has superseded democracy. If this last view be correct, might it then be said that Paine was wrong and ultimately unrealistic?

The desire for complete autonomy and self-rule was not what actually brought about the American Revolutionary War. What and in effect accomplished *that* was Britain dispatching masses numbers of troops to punish Boston for its rowdy defiance of the King’s officers and regulations; and the resultant shooting. But for the British sending over an army as it did, it is highly questionable whether, perhaps even unlikely that, the Americans would have sought full blown separation and independence from Britain. Indeed, before Lexington and Concord loyalist and member of the First Continental Congress Joseph Galloway, for one, had proposed a scheme not unlike that adopted for Canada in the 19th century; with most Americans at the outset of the fighting decidedly pro-reconciliation and against Independence, including persons like Benjamin Franklin, George Washington and Thomas Jefferson.

In this way, and as historian Barbara Tuchman and others have concluded, the Revolutionary War was in fact the equivalent of Britain’s Vietnam. This, moreover, is most strikingly brought out in Richard Brinsley Sheridan’s “The Critic.” Although ostensibly this comedy-play seems at first a lampoon on the then current theater, in its final form in takes on a significance much larger and deeper in importance. It came to the stage when the war was in full swing in 1779; and contains direct references to the conflict; which by then involved France.

Sheridan utilizes the device of a play within the play, much like how the one about “Pyramus and Thisbe” is used in Shakespeare’s “A Midsummer Night’s Dream.” Only here the play within the play is “The Spanish Armada,” serving as a parody to the 1779 world war.

Watch and see if it doesn’t remind you of protests in America during the Vietnam war; in a tone of sarcasm reminiscent of cartoonists Gillray and Cruikshank; while remembering Lord North and his ministry had powerful forces to contend with at home -- as well as overseas.

To view this play full screen from a regular YouTube page, see:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mD4p2R_3ziI

[“The Critic Richard Brinsley Sheridan” - broadcast as Play of the Month on 23 Aug 1982]

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CANINE FEALTY

The following Revolutionary War memento by Philip Freneau to canine fealty and courage is remembered in Moses Coit Tyler’s *The Literary History of the American Revolution*, vol. II: 1776-1783” (1897), pp. 255-257.

[Tyler:]...From these savageries of satire, it is a relief to turn for a moment to a playful and gracious little poem—also a product of the year I778—a poem in which Freneau, while still not forgetful of the vices which make so many human beings detestable to him, shews both admiration and tenderness for the virtues which adorn the dog—that humble and faithful friend of man. In the circumstances that gave occasion for his poem “To the Dog Sancho,” one gets some glimpse of the lawlessness and violence which the barbarities of war had by that time made rampant among us, especially on the outer edges of our civilization. Sometime in that year, 1778, a lonely cabin occupied by Freneau, near the Neversink Hills in New Jersey, was attacked at midnight by robbers, who came armed with a musket and a cutlass, which they used with almost fatal effect on poor Sancho, he having courageously challenged their right to be there. The
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easy and playful movement of this poem well suits its humanity of tone,—the affability, in fact, of the poet's ways toward a companion so truly loved and respected by him:

"The world, my dear Sancho, is full of distress,
And you have your share, I allow and confess;
For twice with a musket, and now a cutteau—
You had nearly gone off to dog-heaven below.

"Was this your reward, to be slashed, to be cut,
For defending at midnight the door of a hut?
You had little to fight for, had little to win,
Yet you boldly held out, till the robbers broke in.

"The blade which was meant the bold robber to face,
To guard a fair lady, or serve in the chase,
Was drenched in the blood of an innocent cur,
Who said in dog language, 'What want you, good Sir?'

"Poor fellow, I pity your pitiful case!
In fact they have ruined the round of your face;
And die when you will, be it early or late,
You will go to your grave with a scar on your pate.

"If ever a dog be permitted to pass
Where folks I could mention, have fixed on a place,
(But which, I suspect, they will hardly attain
While rights of pre-emption in Satan remain.)

"Good Sancho had merit to put in his plea,
And claim with the claimants a portion in fee,
On the ground, that in life he was one of the few
Who, in watching and barking, were trusty and true.

"To warn us of danger, he ventured his beef,
And, in his own lingo, cried—'Robber and Thief!'
So now, in return for the good he has done,
For the vigils he kept, and the battles he won,

"I'll give him a verse with the great of the age,
And if he quite dies, he must die in my page;
And long may he live in despite of the mob,
And the fools who his master, a poet, would rob!

"Wherever I take up my evening retreat,
Dear Sancho, I'll have you to lie at my feet;
And whether at home or in regions remote,
For a bed, I'll allot you the skirt of a coat.

"With my dog at my feet, and my gun at my head,
I am equally safe in a fort or a shed;
From a snap of his teeth and the shot of a gun,
Thrice happy the thief that is able to run!"

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U.S. CONGRESSMAN THOMAS SUMTER
VOTES "NAY" ON REIMBURSING
NATH. GREENE'S WIDOW
(and Gives His Reasons), Jan. 1792.

"Resolved, as the opinion of this Committee, That the estate of the late Major General Nathaniel [sic] Greene ought to be indemnified for and on account of the engagements entered into by that General with certain persons in the State of South Carolina, for the purpose of obtaining supplies for the American Army, in the year 1783, and that----- be granted to the Executors of the estate of the late Major General Nathaniel Greene, for that purpose.
"Resolved, That a committee be appointed to bring in a bill in conformity to the foregoing resolution."

In about August and September 1782, with arrangements being made for the British evacuation of Charleston, General Nathanael Greene advertised in newspapers that he was taking bids for a merchant to supply his (reportedly) ragged and badly fed army. In response, he received a single reply from a John Banks, a Virginian, who asserted he was member of a financial partnership in Fredericksburg. As a result, a deal was struck by which Greene became personal guarantor, on behalf of Congress, for the money owed Banks; with the latter then purchasing and sending in the much needed supplies. As events unraveled, however, it turned out that Banks (it was alleged) had sought to speculate on the debts by trying to market them in what we now might describe as insider trading. The scheme and others of his failed, with Banks winding up heavily in debt. He himself died not long after, and his monetary liabilities were subsequently passed on to Greene.

Appeals were made by Greene and associates, include Col. Edward Carrington, to assist him with these unexpected financial burdens arising from the arrangement with Banks; when allegations were raised that Greene himself had acted, with aforethought, in Banks purported peculations -- thus casting suspicions on his motives. As a result, he was forced to sell one of the two estates awarded him by the state of Georgia for his wartime services, as well as some holdings in North Carolina to help cover the heavy expenses. Yet when Greene in turn died in 1786, the amount owed Banks' creditors was still outstanding.

Then in 1792, Greene's widow Catherine submitted a petition to Congress requesting reimbursement for debts taken on by her husband from Banks. At the time sitting in Congress was none other than Thomas Sumter, and who evidently still smarting from what he construed as Greene's and the Continentals ill treatment of him and his South Carolinians, stood in the forefront of those opposing Catherine Greene's indemnification; arguing that Greene's army was not in so bad shape as averred; that Greene ought to have gone to the South Carolina legislature for succor instead of contracting with Banks, and finally that Mrs. Greene's financial straits were not nearly so dire as asserted.

Despite these arguments and in the end, a resolution was passed granting Catherine Greene's petition.

For a copy of the Congressional hearing on widow Greene's petition, including Sumter's response, see:
http://www.gunjones.com/Sumter-contra-C.Greene-petition.pdf
~or~
https://www.scribd.com/doc/302557231/Congressman-Thomas-Sumter-contra-petition-of-Catherine-Greene-Jan-1792
* The original scans from where the above was made can be found at:
"Annals of Congress, House of Representatives, 2nd Congress, 1st Session, Pages 317 through 326, Petition of Catharine Greene" at:
http://memory.loc.gov/cgi-bin/query/D?hlaw%3A1%3A.%2Ftemp%2F%7Eammem_MOkH
* While for the main *Annals of Congress* page, which "Annals" span the 1st Congress to the first session of the 18th Congress (i.e., 1789 to 1824), see: http://memory.loc.gov/ammem/amlaw/lwac.html

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THE GREENE-BANKS CONTROVERSY

"I am satisfied, nay absolutely certain, that had Mr. Banks failed in this contract at the time General Greene became his security in the several instances in consequence whereof the Estate of that officer hath since suffered, nothing less than the dissolution of the Army must have followed, as no possible means of supporting it could have been adopted; no other contract could have been obtained..."
~ From the Affidavit of Col. Edward Carrington, signed 4 Feb. 1790, Richmond, Virginia.

"...We are happy in being able to add to this state of affairs, that, in consequence of these measures, the southern army is now better clothed than we have ever seen any American troops since the beginning of the war."
~ From the "Card" of Anthony Wayne and Edward Carrington.

In 1826, Henry Banks (1761–1836), brother of John Banks (both sons of Gerald Banks, Jr. of Stafford County, VA.), published a most extraordinary (and what we today might refer to as "tell all") book entitled *The Vindication of John Banks, of Virginia, Against Foul Calumnies Published By Judge [William] Johnson, of Charleston, South Carolina, and Doctor Charles Caldwell, of Lexington, Kentucky. Also The Vindication of General Henry Lee, of Virginia, with Sketches and Anecdotes of Many Revolutionary Patriots and Heroes*. It is of most curious and informative interest on a number of levels, including sketches and anecdotes about the war in the south, circa 1780-1783 -- Henry Banks, for example had personally had known Daniel Morgan, Henry Lee, and sundry members of Lee's Legion. But the main thrust and purpose of the book is an attempt to exonerate brother John Banks from charges that he somehow had defrauded Nathanael Greene -- an assumption commonly made by contemporaries and later historians of those times. On the contrary, asserts Henry, it was Greene who had defrauded, robbed and even possibly had a part in murdering John!

The story of the Greene-Banks affair is one of such intricate Byzantine intrigue and complex financial dealings and relationships, it is not possible to begin to taking up the several questions raised by it here. However, a few points can and should be made in the way of an introduction.

1st. The reason Greene personally became a financial surety for Virginia merchant John Banks (who had in late 1782 and early 1783 appointed as a purchaser for army clothing and food stuffs for Greene's army) was that Robert Morris, Congress' hard pressed Superintendent of Finance, subsequently refused to back Greene/Banks' bills when Banks purchased the urgently needed supplies from British occupied Charleston. At the same time, Charleston merchants did not trust Banks' credit and asked that Greene be made personal guarantor of the consignments.

2nd. But this only the superficial beginning of the controversy, and as things got on it was alleged that Banks somehow forced and surreptitiously maneuvered Greene into shady business dealings -- such is at any rate is what Greene's supporters have argued -- thus making Greene responsible not only for bills outstanding on the army but for costs of Banks failed financial enterprises.

3rd. No, says Henry, what ACTUALLY happened was that when John, in his late twenties, mysteriously died, Greene, with the aid of some of his army staff, seized and appropriated to himself John Banks' estate for himself, under the pretense of looking after it on behalf of the deceased, and to in general sort things out financially for everyone concerned.

4th. While so far, we are led to imagine that either John Banks or Greene was THE culprit for some serious financial malfeasance of some kind (and or worse), there are several others players known to have been closely tied in with what took place -- and perhaps yet others not even known about; such that it may well be that neither Banks nor Greene was guilty (or at most not VERY guilty) -- indeed, BOTH may have been the victims of SOMEONE ELSE'S snookering.

As Henry Banks, as noted, had known Henry Lee, it seems very likely he also knew Lee's son Henry IV; which latter similarly was irate and indignant with U.S. Supreme Court Justice William Johnson's *Life and Correspondence Of Major-General Nathanael Greene* (1822); such that Henry derides

Johnson not only for his handling of brother John, but also, like Henry IV (in his *Campaign of 1781 in the Carolinas* [1824]), Johnson's alleged falsehoods and unjust criticisms of Henry Lee.

Among others whom Henry Banks writes about, the following is a list of formal entries in his book; including, as you will observe, a number of members of Lee's Legion.

COLONEL HENRY LEE
MAJOR JOSEPH EGGLESTON
MAJOR MICHAEL RUDOLPH
CAPTAIN JAMES ARMSTRONG
COLONEL EDWARD CARRINGTON
ROBERT MORRIS, OF PHILADELPHIA
SMITH AND BOWDOIN (Merchants associated with John Banks)
JAMES HUNTER (Another Banks associate)
ICHABOD BURNET
MR. ROBERT FORSYTHE (Banks associate)
GENERAL THOMAS NELSON
GENERAL DANIEL MORGAN
GENERAL EDWARD STEVENS
COMMODORES JAMES AND RICHARD BARRON
PATRICK HENRY
GOVERNOR JOHN TYLER
GOVERNOR [Benjamin] HARRISON.
COL. THOMAS NEWTON, OF NORFOLK
PAUL LOYALL, OF NORFOLK
HENRY TAZEWELL
COLONEL ROBERT GOODE
COLONEL MILES SELDEN
JUDGE JAMES MERCER
JOHN STRODE, OF STAFFORD
JOHN STRODE AND JOHN BANKS
JUDGE WILLIAM JOHNSON
DOCTOR CHARLES CALDWELL

For a .pdf copy of *The Vindication of John Banks, of Virginia* [etc.] (1826), see:
* https://archive.org/details/vindicationofjoh00bank

Other titles of related interest and worth getting also are:

* William Johnson's *Life of Greene* (1822), vol. 2:
https://archive.org/details/SketchesOfTheLifeAndCorrespondenceOfNathanaelGreeneVol.ii
Regarding the Banks-Greene business, see pages 286, 318-319, and 354-384.

* Henry Lee's *Memoirs of the war in the Southern Department of the United States* (1869 edit.)
https://tinyurl.com/hbzxpc4
Re Banks, see p. 572.

* Henry Lee IV's *The Campaign of 1781 in the Carolinas* (1824)
https://archive.org/details/campaignincarol00leegoog

* *The Life of Nathanael Greene: Major-General in the Army of the Revolution* (1871), Vol. 3, by George Washington Greene (N. Greene's son)
https://archive.org/details/lifeofnathanaelg003gree
See pp. 457-466, 520-521, 529 (GW), 560-564.

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LEE'S HORSE AT THE BATTLE OF GUILORD COURT HOUSE

The following unusual anecdote from Col. John Eager Howard, of the Maryland Line, is found as a footnote on page 173 of *The Campaign of 1781 in the Carolinas* (1824) by Henry Lee IV:

"It was said at the time that Lord Cornwallis, finding Stevens's men fought bravely, and that it was difficult to force them, put himself at the head of the grenadiers and second battalion of guards, and by a vigorous charge broke the line; and that he had two horses shot under him. Colonel Lee rode a large and gay sorrel horse, which, in the action in the morning, was unmanageable, and dismounted his rider, and was taken by the British. Some days after the action, several dead horses were found on the ground; among them this sorrel horse. It was said that Cornwallis's horse being shot, he mounted the sorrel, and he was killed also under him."

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THE MIDNIGHT RIDE OF PAUL REVERE

"On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year..."

The first poem I recollect to have ever moved and inspired me -- way back in the fifth grade. And I adore it still; even if William Dawes and other historical details of significance get short shrift or are omitted. Originally appearing in Longfellow's 1863 collection *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, this audio version by Michael Maglaras is easily the best I know of; for which see:
http://two17films.blogspot.com/2010/03/hear-michael-maglaras-read-longfellows.html?spref=fb

For the full printed text of the poem: http://www.nationalcenter.org/PaulRevere'sRide.html

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LOST YOUTH

While it is essentially agreed that the Rowley poems, claimed to be the verse of a medieval author, are actually the work of Bristol born Thomas Chatterton (1752-1770), precursor of the Romantics and who tragically took his life at a very young age, it is not, on the other hand indubitably established whether he should be seen merely as a rank forger and imposter or, alternatively, as a would-be and more respectable marketer of literary wares like James MacPherson. In any event, that he was quite the character, impassioned poet, and lively eccentric is very plain from reading a detailed biography of him. Though as with just about any poet, you have to sift to arrive at what you are looking for, the good poems there are nonetheless; so that it is all the more great the pity that the controversy surrounding his forgeries and untimely end has tended to obscure, or even deny, his (at times at any rate) otherwise proven and praiseworthy merit as a talented voice and author; nor would it surprise to learn that Robert Burns had read and been inspired by him: though the flavor and subject matter tend to be different, the free candor, individualism, and maverick spirit of both are so similar and echoing.

One lesser know fact concerning Chatterton was that for a spell he tried to make money as a political writer, of both the Charles Churchill and Junius sort; and, in the process, met with the favor of such as John Wilkes. Unfortunately and in the process, however, he did not receive support sufficient to also garner a worthwhile income. At the time of the Stamp Act crises and later, Chatterton's pen flowed in full force to promote various whig causes, including American resistance to Parliament and the struggle for equal rights. The following is an interesting sample of the latter, and taken from "The Resignation" (1770), composed for and following the occasion of the Duke of Grafton resigning from the premiership.

"Alas! America, thy ruined cause
Displays the ministry's contempt of laws.

Unrepresented thou art taxed, excised,
By creatures much too vile to be despised;
The outcast of an ousted gang are sent,
To bless thy commerce with [a] government.
Whilst pity rises to behold thy fate,
We see thee in this worst of troubles great;
Whilst anxious for thy wavering dubious cause,
We give thy proper spirit due applause...

"Look round thee, North! scene! see, what a glorious
O let no thought of vengeance intervene:
Throw thy own insignificance aside,
And swell in self-importance, power, and pride.
See Holland easy with his pilfered store,
See Bute intriguing how to pilfer more,
See Grafton's coffers boast the wealth of place,
A providence reserve to hedge and race.
New to oppressions and the servile chain,
Hark how the wrong'd Americans complain;
Whilst unregarded the petitions lie,
And liberty unnoticed swells her cry.
Yet, yet reflect, thou despicable thing,
How wavering is the favour of a king;
Think, since that feeble fence and Bute is all,
How soon thy humbug farce of state may fall;
Then catch the present moment while 'tis thine,
-- Implore a noble pension, and resign!..."[4]

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THE HISTORY YOU DON'T KNOW

"To any one whose mind is accustomed to dwell upon the tremendous and world-wide nature of the issues that were decided in 1759 upon the Heights of Abraham, there is something romantic in the fact that in the summer of 1609 the first founders of the Dutch, the French, and the English powers in America were pursuing their adventurous work but a few hundred miles apart. While Hudson in September was sailing on the 'River of the Mountains,' we may wonder if any rumour can have reached him of the wild fight in July, when Champlain defeated the Mohawks by the forest-clad shores of the beautiful 'Lake of the Iroquois,' better known now by the name of the victor than of the vanquished. In that same September, hard by the falls of the James River, John Smith was holding friendly parley with the tribe that had adopted him, and bought of them the tract of land where the city of Richmond now stands. In the previous summer of 1608 Smith had met a party of Iroquois on the Susquehanna, and had entertained them in amicable discourse. Thus the first Englishman ever seen by those tawny lords of the wilderness came to them as a friend, while the French were now making them deadly enemies. The shots fired by Champlain, so few miles from the river on which the Half Moon was sailing, determined that whatever colony hostile to France should be planted at the mouth and along the banks of that river should enjoy the friendship and alliance of the strongest confederacy of Indians upon the American continent. It made the Iroquois the allies first of the Dutch and afterward of the English; and this is one of the great central and cardinal facts in the history of the New World. Had the Iroquois been the allies of the French, it would in all probability have been Louis XIV., and not Charles II., who would have taken New Amsterdam from the Dutch. Had the Iroquois not

[4] For more, see:
* *The Poetical Works of Thomas Chatterton* vol. 1(and which includes a useful and engaging biography):
https://archive.org/details/poeticalworksth00edgoog
* For the Rowley poems in particular:
http://www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/13037
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been the deadly enemies of the French, Louis XIV would almost certainly have taken New York from the English."
~ John Fiske, *Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America* (1899), vol. 1, pp. 83-84, v1.

There is, at times, a regrettable tendency among some scholars of our day to make light of, if not dismiss, the work of 19th century American historians; these last being perceived as dated, mindlessly patriotic, or else routinely unreliable. While some of these perceptions are sometimes not without some justified bases, yet lapsing into such prejudices are as (or more) wrong and misleading than the class of historians they generalize about, brush aside or presume to correct. In actual truth, the United States in the 19th century produced some quite superlative, exceptionally learned and meticulously thorough authors and exhaustive researchers of the past; indeed, with some of them ranking among the most ambitious chroniclers that ever took up the pen. Not that they were always above the occasional mistake and or else unduly susceptible to partisan subjectivity, but what great historian is immaculate and free from such foibles or shortcomings?

Of the great American 19th century historians one might name, the list certainly will include:

William H. Prescott
George Bancroft
John Lothrop Motley
Francis Parkman
Henry Adams

and John Fiske (1842-1901).

I just so happen of late to find myself reading Fiske's *The Dutch and Quaker colonies in America* (1899).[5] Initially, I suspected the book might be a relatively dry, academic and esoteric study. Yet as it turned out in fact, I come away from reading it astounded to learn how much history I DIDN'T know; further coming away with the reinforced lessen that anyone who wants to PROPERLY understand the American Revolution needs to go back to America's earliest colonial roots. For example, and aside from the English Civil War, did you know that the first successful war of political revolution of pre-modern times was the Dutch Revolt 1568-1648, i.e., of the UNITED Netherlands versus Spain; which in a sense and in several important respects, not least of which political, presaged our own Revolutionary War and country's founding?

But this is just the tip of iceberg (which sailing the sea of American history students do well to apprise themselves of); with the following being several more points found in Fiske that you perhaps like myself, will find something to learn from and that you didn't already know or else didn't QUITE FULLY realize or appreciate.

Head spinning in retrospect as it might seem, there was a distant era when what we now refer to as New York City could have been described as main street and small town America. It is further worth adding that behind the farce of Diedrich Knickerbocker is a story as fascinating, amusing, and, at times, even touching as anything in Irving's fiction.

Here I have mixed my own summaries with directs quotes from Fiske's work.

* As well as New York, Dutch settlers left their mark on Connecticut, Pennsylvania and Delaware.

* The Dutch in Manhattan traded with the Puritans in Boston and Salem. Also many English came to settle with the Dutch in New Amsterdam.

* Some 16th century explorers came very near the Arctic and Antarctic.

[5] For the full text of volume 1 of which, see: https://archive.org/details/dutchandquaker01fiskrich

* In addition to Columbus, Many of the great earlier explorers Cabot (for England), Verrazano (for France), Amerigo Vespucci (for Portugal) were Italians in the service of other countries

* Henry Hudson was an Englishman, albeit in the Dutch service.

* "With regard to the Hudson River, there can be no sort of doubt that it was visited by many Europeans before Hudson, and in the story of these earlier voyages there is much that is of interest."

* Hudson made the first recorded observation of a sun spot.

* "The European Netherlands are plural because they are an aggregation of small states; but there was only one New Netherland, and to speak of it in the plural, as many persons do, is to commit a solecism. The southern limit of New Netherland was the South River, as the Delaware was then commonly called.

* Time and again wars with the North American Indians in the 17th centuries were effectually started by the whites. As contemporary Fiske's cites writes: "For all right-thinking men here know that these Indians have lived as lambs among us, until a few years ago."

* "Now the reason why the Huguenots did not come over to New France was simply that they were not allowed to do so. Although Louis XIV. was sorely vexed and alarmed at the slowness of increase in the population of Canada, he would not allow a heretic to be received there on any terms. The Huguenots, therefore, were obliged to lose their nationality and their speech, as the Pilgrims would have done if they had stayed in Holland. They became absorbed in the populations of northern Germany, Holland, England, and the English colonies. Here, then, we come back to the advantage possessed by people with a free government. As between a Spanish colony, with its Inquisition and its arbitrary taxes, and an English colony, with its freedom of the press, its habeas corpus, and its popular assemblies, it is easy to see which is most likely to attract settlers." [p. 114]

* [Regarding what turned out to be the origin of the strategically decisive Anglo-Iroquois alliance:] "It was similar meddling that some years later made it necessary for the settlers of New England to crush the Narragansetts in self-defence. It was just such indiscretion that had led Champlain to attack the Mohawks, and make them the irreconcilable enemies of Frenchmen. Probably the Dutch could not have adjusted the matter so easily as they did if the Mohawks had not been keenly alive to the value of an alliance which supplied them with firearms. This prevailing need, and the hope of punishing the French, gave to the Dutch, and to the English after them, a very firm hold upon the Iroquois tribes." [p. 108]

* "For ages untold the currency of the red men had been wampum, or strings of beads made Wampum from sea-shells. There were two sorts, the white as currency beads made from a kind of periwinkle, and the black beads made from the clam. It had some of the features of a double standard, inasmuch as black wampum was worth about twice as much as white ; but as no legal tender act obliged anybody to take the poorer coin for more than its intrinsic value, no confusion resulted. It was good currency, for it had an intrinsic value that was well understood and remarkably steady so long as Indians continued to form an important portion of the trading world. For any material to be fit to serve as a currency three conditions are indispensable: 1. It must be an object of desire for its own sake, apart from its use as currency. 2. It must be difficult to obtain. 3. Its value must not be subject to fluctuations. Wampum satisfied these conditions. It was used for a number of purposes, and in particular was highly prized for personal adornment. In order to find it, one must go to its native coasts and gather the shells and prepare them, and the areas in which these shells occurred were limited. Since wampum thus cost labour it could easily serve as a measure of other labour. The amount of effort involved in getting a beaver skin could readily be estimated in terms of the effort involved in getting a fathom of beads. The relations between wampum and beaver were subject to but slight variation ; immemorial custom, the net result of ages of barbaric experience, had determined them. As for gold and silver, the red men cared much less for them than for the venerated medium of traffic and diplomacy, the repository of tribal records, the coveted decoration alike for men and women. Throughout the seventeenth century wampum played almost as important a part in the northern colonies as tobacco played in Virginia, and as a medium of exchange it was

far better than tobacco. It has been well said that " wampum was the magnet which drew the beaver out of interior forests;" or in other words, it was for the white man a currency redeemable in those peltries which were wanted throughout the civilized world. Now the shores of Long Island abounded in the shells of which wampum is made, and the Indians upon those The shores were the chief manufacturers of wampum on the whole Atlantic coast." [pp.152-153]

* "One of them prescribed that in case of any injury done to an Indian by a white man, the proper remedy was not to murder white men, but to make complaint to the Director at New Amsterdam; and similarly, in case of damage done by Indians, the Dutch were to complain to his sachem. Various provisions were made for avoiding quarrels, and by a special article the Indians bound themselves to restore the captive granddaughter of Anne Hutchinson. This promise was fulfilled, and it is said that the little girl, now eleven years old, could speak Algonquin much better than English and was unwilling to come back to civilized life." [p. 169]

* "Now we do not find in New Netherland any such immediate and irrepressible reproduction of the free institutions of Holland. One explanation for this contrast at once suggests itself. The migration to New England was a migration of communities already organized in England; the parish, crossing the ocean, became the township, and, in its relations to the powers above it, assumed a shape essentially similar to that which it had maintained in the old country. The most fundamental fact in the case was that government by the primary assembly had not lost its vitality in rural England. What did not cross the ocean at that time, but was at a later period made the subject of conscious imitation, was the urban form of representative government, with the mayor at its head. Now the Dutch migration to New Netherland was not a migration of churches but of individuals. It brought with it no preexisting organization. The resulting community was for a long time a fortuitous aggregation of traders, more at home on a ship's deck than in the farmyard, and without that abiding interest in creating and sustaining homes which an agricultural community feels." [p. 192]

* [Despite its semi-autocratic government (relative to New England), New Amsterdam was cosmopolitan, and, informally at least, offered greater religious toleration than New England.] "During Stuyvesant's rule there was a great influx of Waldenses from Piedmont and of Huguenots from France, and besides these there were Scotch Presbyterians, English Independents, Moravians, Anabaptists, and Jews. In 1655 you might have gone from the Penobscot all the way to Harlem River without meeting any other civilized language than English, but in crossing the island of Manhattan you might have heard a dozen or fifteen European languages spoken." [p. 200]

* "State rights [in the european Netherlands] flourished at the expense of national unity and strength, but there was a party that dreaded too much national unity, very much as it was dreaded in America by Patrick the Netherlands Henry and Samuel Adams. The States General constituted but one chamber, but there was another body which discharged many of the functions of an upper house and which represented the nation at large. This was the council of State, consisting of eighteen men, who were obliged to forswear allegiance to their own states and to take an oath of allegiance to the United Netherlands." [p. 212]

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THE BIDDLES OF PHILADELPHIA

The Quakers in colonial America largely opposed war with Britain during the American Revolution. Yet there were, as you know, famous exceptions like Nathanael Greene. In addition to Greene, were the Biddles of Philadelphia and who included Edward Biddle (1738–1779), a member of the First Continental Congress and his more familiar brother Nicholas Biddle (1750–1778), who in 1778 attained no little naval glory in the one-sided sea fight between the U.S. frigate *Randolph* and the H.M.S. *Yarmouth*. The nephews of Edward and Nicholas included Commodore James Biddle (1783-1848), who distinguished himself during the War of 1812 in the battle of the U.S. brig *Hornet* versus the H.M.S. *Penguin*, and the latter's brother banker Nicholas Biddle (1786-1844), who became most famous as the last President of the Second Bank of the United States; an institution embroiled in a heated, and as it turned out losing, political
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contest, with President Andrew Jackson. As if these weren't enough, another family notable in American history was banker Nicholas' grandson Maj. Charles J. Biddle (1890–1972), who in World War One became an eight count flying ace.

Today the estate of banker Nicholas Biddle, "Andalusia," and where generations of Biddles have been born and died is held by the National Park Service as a National Historic Landmark and is open to the public. It is located in what was once Bensalem Township, Pennsylvania, overlooking the Delaware River. It houses many family artifacts and mementos; as well as collections of individual family members papers and publications; including banker Biddle's edited version of the Lewis and Clark journals; which publication he helped to sponsor. The home itself is distinguished by that Greek neo-classical style Thomas Jefferson inaugurated in America, and I think may, along with its lush, verdant gardens, come as pleasant, indeed beautiful, surprise to nearby residents of Pennsylvania and New Jersey who may as yet not know of the site. For more, see: www.andalusiapa/org

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EQUAL TIME DOCTRINE

When in early 1778, following the battles of Saratoga, the French formally joined in alliance with the American revolutionaries, the face of things completely changed for the British. War with the French took on an importance that made the struggle in America, relatively speaking, little more than a sideshow. Among then the first political measures placed under consideration by King George was the replacement of Lord North with ardent whig William Pitt (the elder), Earl of Chatham. Personally, the King was much averse to the idea; insofar as appointing Chatham to prime minister, as a practical matter, represented the further relinquishing of his own royal power and authority. And yet it was understood by all, Americans as well as British, that if there was any single individual who might hope to reunite the colonies with Britain it was Pitt. Unfortunately for those who sought such reconciliation, Chatham became seriously ill and died in May.

Meanwhile, in a second attempt at peace (the first had been tried by Sir William Howe in 1776), the king and Parliament, having decided the matter in March, sent forth negotiators under 30 year old Frederick Howard, Earl of Carlisle across the Atlantic to seek an end to the American conflict. After some preliminary efforts by General Sir Henry Clinton, the new British commander in chief in America, to commence a dialogue with the Americans, the Carlisle commissioners arrived in British held Philadelphia in June. They subsequently communicated to Congress, then sitting in York, PA -- and as well to individual colonial assemblies and to disaffected Americans generally -- that His Majesty's government was willing to repeal all of the proscriptive Acts against the colonies and spare Americans future taxation, if the colonies would agree to return and submit once more to British rule.

On the 17th of the same month, the Continental Congress, with Henry Laurens as its sitting President, declared its refusal to treat with the commissioners on the terms proposed without the removal of British military forces from the former colonies; accompanied by the full admission and granting of American independence. Carlisle had not been authorized to accede to such concessions; so that his peace efforts came to naught; with some attempt however being made, also unsuccessfully, to secure the release of the British soldiers taken at Saratoga; in view, as it was argued, of the Americans having violated Burgoyne's conditions of surrender.

When Clinton evacuated Philadelphia (being stopped at the battle of Monmouth en route to New York), the Carlisle commission as well returned to New York and remained there a few months. Before finally leaving for home in Oct., they had printed (by Rivington) a "Manifesto and Proclamation" as Britain's, for the moment, final response to the unyielding colonials.

You have read or heard the 4th of July "Declaration," here is (as it were and effectively in answer to the former) the REPLY of the opposition.
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This text used here is taken from *Almon's "Remembrancer* for 1779; while for a detailed presentation of the exchanges between the Carlisle Commission and the American Congress including and leading up to the Oct. 1778 Manifesto and Proclamation, see the same volume pages 38-72, and available at: https://archive.org/details/TheRemembrancerOrImpartialRepositoryOfPublicEventsvol.7

MANIFESTO AND PROCLAMATION.

To the Members of the Congress, the Members of the General Assemblies or Conventions of the several Colonies, Plantations, and Provinces, of New Hampshire, Massachusetts-Bay, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, the three Lower Counties on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, and all others, free inhabitants, of the said colonies, of every rank and denomination.
By the Earl of Carlisle, Sir Henry Clinton, and William Eden, Esq; Commissioners appointed by his Majesty, in pursuance of an act of parliament made and passed in the 18th year of his Majesty's reign, to enable his Majesty to appoint Commissioners to treat, consult, and agree upon the means of quieting the disorders now subsisting in certain of the Colonies, Plantations, and Provinces, in North America.

Having amply and repeatedly made known to the Congress, and having also proclaimed to the inhabitants of North America in general, the benevolent overtures of Great Britain towards a reunion and coalition with her colonies, we do not think it consistent either with the duty we owe to our country, or with a just regard to the characters we bear, to persist in holding out offers which in our estimation required only to be known to be most gratefully accepted: And we have accordingly, excepting only the commander in chief, who will be detained by military duties, resolved to return to England a few weeks after the date of this manifesto and proclamation.

Previous, however, to this decisive step, we are led, by a just anxiety for the great objects of our mission, to enlarge on some points which may not have been sufficiently understood, to recapitulate to our fellow-subjects the blessings which we are impowered to confer, and to warn them of the continued train of evils to which they are at present blindly and obstinately exposing themselves.

To the members of the Congress, then, we again declare, that we are ready to concur in all satisfactory and just arrangements for securing to them and their respective constituents, the re-establishment of peace, with the exemption from any imposition of taxes by the parliament of Great Britain, and the irrevocable enjoyment of every privilege consistent with that union of interests and force on which our mutual prosperity, and the safety of our common religion and liberties, depend. We again assert, that the members of the Congress were not authorized by their constitution, either to reject our offers without the previous consideration and consent of the several assemblies and conventions of their constituents, or to refer us to pretended foreign treaties which they know were delusively framed in the first instance, and which have never yet been ratified by the people of this continent. And we once more remind the members of the Congress, that they are responsible to their countrymen, to the world, and to God, for the continuance of this war, and for all the miseries with which it must be attended.

To the General Assemblies and Conventions of the different colonies, plantations, and provinces above mentioned, we now separately make the offers which we originally transmitted to the Congress; and we hereby call upon, and urge them, to meet expressly for the purpose of considering whether every motive, political as well as moral, should not decide their resolution to embrace the occasion of cementing a free and firm coalition with Great Britain. It has not been, nor is it, our will, to seek the objects which we are commissioned to pursue, by fomenting popular divisions and partial cabals; we think such conduct would be ill suited to the generous nature of the offers made, and unbecoming the dignity of the king and the state which make them. But it is both our wish and our duty to encourage and support any men, or bodies of men, in their return of loyalty to our sovereign, and of affection to our fellow-subjects.

To all others, free inhabitants of this once-happy empire, we also address ourselves. Such of them as are actually in arms, of whatsoever rank or description, will do well to recollect, that the grievances, whether real or supposed, which led them into this rebellion, have been for ever removed, and that the just

occasion is arrived for their returning to the class of peaceful citizens. But if the honours of a military life are become their object, let them seek those honours under the banners of their rightful sovereign, and in fighting the battles of the United British empire against our late mutual and natural enemy.

To those whose profession it is to exercise the functions of religion on this continent, it cannot surely be unknown, that the foreign power with which the Congress is endeavouring to connect them, has ever been averse to toleration, and inveterately opposed to the interests and freedom of the places of worship which they serve; and that Great Britain, from whom they are for the present separated, must, both from the principles of her constitution, and of Protestantism, be at all times the best guardian of religious liberty, and most disposed to promote and extend it.

To all those who can estimate the blessings of peace, and its influence over agriculture, arts, and commerce, who can feel a due anxiety for the education and establishment of their children, or who can place a just value on domestic security, we think it sufficient to observe, that they are made by their leaders to continue involved in all the calamities of war, without having either a just object to pursue, or a subsisting grievance which may not instantly be redressed.

But if there be any persons who, divested of mistaken resentments, and uninfluenced by selfish interests, really think that it is for the benefit of the colonies to separate themselves from Great Britain, and that so separated they will find a constitution more mild, more free, and better calculated for their prosperity than that which they heretofore enjoyed, and of the change which the maintaining of such a position must make in the whole nature and future conduct of this war; more especially when to this position n added the pretended alliance with the court of France. The policy as well as the benevolence of Great Britain have thus far checked the extremes of war when they tended to distress a people still considered as our fellow-subjects, and to desolate a country shortly to become again a source of mutual advantage. But when that country professes the unnatural design, not only of estranging herself from us, but of mortgaging herself and her resources to our enemies, the whole contest is changed; and the question is. How far Great Britain may, by every means in her power, destroy or render useless a connection contrived for her ruin, and for the aggrandizement of France. Under such circumstances, the laws of self-preservation must direct the conduct of Great Britain, and if the British colonies are to become an accession to France, will direct her to render that accession of as little avail as possible to her enemy.

If, however, there are any who think, that, notwithstanding these reasonings, the independence of the colonies will; in the result, be acknowledged by Great Britain, to them we answer, without reserve, that we neither possess or expect powers for that purpose; and that if Great Britain could ever have sunk so low as to adopt such a measure, we should not have thought ourselves compellable to be the instruments in making a concession which would, in our opinion,' be calamitous to the colonies for whom it is made, and disgraceful, as well as calamitous, to the country from which it is required. And we think proper to declare, that in this spirit and sentiment we have regularly written from this continent to Great Britain.

It will now become the colonies in general to call to mind their own solemn appeals to Heaven, in the beginning of this contest, that they took arms only for the redress of grievances, and that it would be their with, as well as their interest, to remain for ever connected with Great Britain. We again ask them, whether all their grievances, real or supposed, have not been amply and fully redressed; and we insist, that the offers we have made, leave nothing to be wished, in point either of immediate liberty or permanent security. If those offers are now rejected, we withdraw from the exercise of a commission with which we have in vain been honoured: the same liberality will no longer be due from Great-Britain, nor can it either in justice or policy be expected from her.

In fine, and for the fuller manifestation, as well of the disposition we bear, as of the gracious and generous purposes of the commission under which we act, we hereby declare, That whereas his Majesty, in pursuance of an act made and passed in the eighteenth year of his Majesty's reign, intitled, *An act to enable his Majesty to appoint Commissioners with sufficient powers to treat, consult, and agree upon the means of quieting the disorders now subsisting in certain of the colonies, plantations and provinces of North-America*, having been pleased to authorize and empower us to grant a pardon or pardons to any number or description of persons within the colonies, plantations and provinces of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts-

Bay, Rhode island, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, the three; lower Counties on Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North-Carolina, South-Carolina, and Georgia: And whereas the good effects of the said authorities and powers towards the people at large, would have long since taken place, if a due use had been made of our first communications and overtures, and have thus far been frustrated only by the precipitate resolution of the members of the Congress not to treat with us, and by their declining to consult with their constituents: we now in making our appeal to those constituents, and to the free inhabitants of this continent in general, have determined to give to them what in our opinion should have been the first object of those who appeared to have taken the management of their interests, and adopt this mode of carrying the said authorities and powers into execution. *We accordingly hereby grant and proclaim a pardon or pardons of all and all manner of treasons or misprisions of treasons, by any person or persons, or by any number or description of persons within the said colonies, plantations or provinces, counselled, commanded, acted or done on or before the date of this manifesto and proclamation.*

And we further declare and proclaim, that if any person, or persons, or any number or description «f persons within the said colonies, plantations, and provinces, now actually serving either in a civil or military capacity in this rebellion, shall, at any time during the continuance of this manifesto and proclamation, withdraw himself or themselves from such civil or military service, and shall continue thenceforth peaceably as a good and faithful subject or subjects to his Majesty, to demean himself or themselves, such person or persons, or such number and description of persons, shall become and be fully entitled to, and hereby obtain all the benefits of, the pardon or pardons hereby granted; excepting only from the said pardon or pardons, every person, and every number or description of persons, who, after the date of this Manifesto and Proclamation, shall, under the-pretext of authority, as Judges, Jurymen, Ministers, or officers of civil justice, be instrumental in executing and putting to death any of his Majesty's subjects within the said colonies, plantations and provinces.

And we think proper farther to declare, That nothing herein contained is meant or shall be construed to set at liberty any person or persons now being a prisoner or prisoners, or who, during the continuance of this rebellion, shall become prisoner or prisoners.

And we offer to the colonies at large, or separately, a general or separate peace, with the revival of their ancient governments secured against any future infringements, and protected for ever from taxation by Great Britain. And with respect to such farther regulations, whether civil, military, or commercial, as they may wish to be framed and established, we promise all the concurrence and assistance that his Majesty's commission authorizes and enables us to give.

And we declare, That this manifesto and proclamation shall continue and be in force *forty days* from the date thereof; that is to say, from the third day of October to the eleventh day of November, both inclusive.

And in order that the whole contents of this manifesto and proclamation may be more fully known, we shall direct copies thereof both in the English and German language to be transmitted by flags of truce to the Congress, the General Assemblies or Conventions of the colonies, plantations, and provinces, and to several persons, both in civil and military capacities within the said colonies, plantations, and provinces. And for the further security in times to come, of the several persons, or numbers or descriptions of persons, who are or may be the objects of this Manifesto and Proclamation, we have set our hands and seals to thirteen copies thereof, and have transmitted the same to the thirteen colonies, plantations, and provinces above mentioned; and we are willing to hope, that the whole of this Manifesto and Proclamation will be fairly and freely published and circulated, for the immediate, general, and most serious consideration and benefit of all his Majesty's subjects on this continent. And we earnestly exhort all persons who by this instrument forthwith receive the benefit of the King's pardon, at the same time that they entertain a becoming sense of those lenient and affectionate measures whereby they are now freed from many grievous charges which might have risen in judgement, or have been brought in question, against them, to make a wise improvement of the situation in which this Manifesto and Proclamation places them; and not only to recollect, that a perseverance in the present rebellion, or any adherence to the treasonable connection attempted to be framed with a foreign power, will, after the present grace extended, be considered as crimes of the most aggravated kind, but to vie with each other in eager and cordial

endeavours to secure their own peace, and promote and establish the prosperity of their countrymen, and the general weal of the empire.

And, pursuant to his Majesty's commission, we hereby require all officers civil and military, and all others [of] his Majesty's loving subjects whatsoever, to be aiding and assisting unto us in the execution of this our Manifesto and Proclamation, and of all the matters herein contained.

Given at New York, this 3d day of October 1778.
Carlisle, L. S.
H. Clinton, L.S.
Wm Eden. L. S.

By their Excellencies command,
Adam Ferguson, Sec.

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OUR FOURTEEN PRESIDENTS

...of the Continental Congress, that is (and who were elected by the delegates of the several colonies/states.) Although some historians are understandably emphatic is contrasting the mere chairmanship of the President of Congress with the post-1787 office of President of the United States, still the former was not without importance in helping to shape the character and personality of the latter. After all, what is a body without a head?

1. Peyton Randolph
of Virginia
Sept. 5, 1774.

2. Henry Middleton
of South Carolina
Oct. 22, 1774.

*. (again) Peyton Randolph
May 10, 1775. [Randolph shortly after became seriously ill, dying in Oct. of the same year.]

3. John Hancock
of Massachusetts
May 24, 1775.

4. Henry Laurens
of South Carolina
Nov. 1, 1777.

5. John Jay
of New York
Dec. 10, 1778.

6. Samuel Huntington
of Connecticut
Sept. 28, 1779.

7. Thomas McKean
of Delaware
July 10, 1781.
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8. John Hanson
of Maryland
Nov. 5, 1781.

9. Elias Boudinot
of New Jersey
Nov. 4, 1782.

10. Thomas Mifflin
of Pennsylvania
Nov. 3, 1783.

11. Richard Henry Lee
of Virginia
Nov. 30, 1784.

12. Nathaniel Gorham
of Massachusetts
June 6, 1786.

13. Arthur St. Clair
of Pennsylvania
Feb. 2, 1787.

14. Cyrus Griffin
of Virginia
Jan. 22, 1788.

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A SELF MADE MAN.

The story of Blacks during the Revolutionary War as related in Benjamin Quarles *The Negro in the American Revolution* (1961) is, to say the least, quite sobering. How nightmarish, reading Quarles, aspects of that world and its era, of which many of us otherwise and not so strangely wax sentimental, now seem; where and when human beings were openly bought, sold and traded like property. Not surprisingly, the American revolutionaries avowedly fighting for liberty have by some seen as hypocrites for having slaves. Yet there were loyalists who were slave holders also. And of course not all Americans, whether radical or loyalist, condoned slavery. Indeed, it would seem to have been a common perception that slavery really was, after all, an inherently temporary and transitional institution that was needed to help found and establish the colonies, and that sooner or later something would have to be done finally to end it. But how to do so, including how long before such was possible -- THAT was the question. At one end there were those who wanted to have prohibited it then and there; while at the other extreme were such, as one would expect, who would have liked to have postpone emancipation indefinitely.

Nor were all Blacks in revolutionary America slaves, and this of itself reminded both Blacks and Whites alike that it simply did not make sense to enslave someone based on race. Free Blacks played a significant roles in the conflict, and several of their stories are in retrospect encouraging. While it was relatively rare to have more than a small few together in a given unit or ship, free Blacks served as soldiers and sailors on both sides; though mostly Blacks were made to serve as laborers, mechanics (such as carpenters), and teamsters. Quarles notes that some Blacks, albeit extremely few, could even be found in the Continental cavalry; like one John Banks of Goochland County, Virginia; who served for two years in Bland's First Continental Light Dragoons, and from which Henry Lee himself as a dragoon officer first hailed (Quarles, p. 74).
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Of the many anecdotes, brief sketches and short biographies in Quarles, the two following are among those that particularly bear repeating:

"...Edward Hector, of the Third Pennsylvania Artillery, took part in the Battle of Brandywine in September 1777. When the American army pulled back, Hector disobeyed the order to abandon the wagons. Making use of arms left on the field by fleeing soldiers, he protected his horses and his ammunition wagon, bringing them safely in. Fifty years later the Pennsylvania legislature gave him a $40.00 donation." [pp. 74-75]

"Of the Negroes serving on the privateers the best known to history was James Forten [1766-1842] who while not yet fifteen enlisted as a powder boy on the 'Royal Louis,' commissioned by Pennsylvania [State navy] in 1781. On her second cruise the 'Royal Louis' was captured by the frigate 'Amphyon,' assisted by two other British vessels. Young Forten became a playmate of the son of the 'Amphyon's' commander, but the powder boy resisted efforts to persuade him to renounce his American allegiance. As a consequence he was sent to the floating dungeon, the 'Jersey' where he spent seven months before being released in the general exchange of prisoners which took place as the war drew to a close. After the war Forten became a sailmaker in Philadelphia, eventually amassing a fortune of $100,000, a portion of which came from his invention of a device for handling sails. Forten spent some of his money in support of reformist movements, particularly the William Lloyd Garrison wing of the abolitionist crusaders." [pp. 92-93]

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A FUTURE U.S. ATTORNEY GENERAL
ENTERTAINS LEE'S LEGION WITH HIS DRUMMING.

The anecdote below comes from *Memoirs of the Life of William Wirt* (2nd edition, 1850), Volume 1; ch. 1, pp. 26-27; edited by John Pendleton Kennedy: the latter also the author of several popular works including *Horseshoe Robinson* (1835), and, as well as novelist, was Secretary of the Navy for Millard Fillmore.

The US Attorney General under James Monroe and John Quincy Adams and author of several notable writings himself (including a biography of Patrick Henry), Wirt (1772-1834) at one point was a US Presidential candidate for the Anti-Masonic party. As with Kennedy, and not to mention more than a few members of Lee's Legion, Wirt was from Maryland. In his memoirs he relates how as a child he encountered and performed for Lee's Legion passing through his hometown on their way to join Greene's southern army.

"Before I left Bladensburg [Maryland] to reside in it no more, which happened in my seventh year, another event occurred which rests vividly upon my recollection. This was the passage of Lee's Legion [about mid November 1780] through the village. I presume this occurred when Lee was detached from the north to support General Greene in the south. I remember the long line of cavalry in the street, the large beautiful horses and fine looking men in uniform, and a particular individual who was pointed out to me as a relation to my family. His hair was loose, long, black and frizzled, and flowed over his broad shoulders, sweeping down to his saddle. General Lee, whom I knew well in after-times, has repeatedly mentioned this individual to me as an officer (a subaltern, perhaps) of great merit; which fixes the fact that the cavalry I saw was of Lee's Legion. It extended along the street until the head of the column had turned the corner at the lower, the southern, extremity of the village, before the rear came in view:—a spectacle well calculated to fill the imagination, and stamp itself deeply on the memory of a boy of my age.

"It must have been at the same time that a body of infantry of the Continental army, was in Bladensburg,— perhaps, also, a part of Lee's Legion [this would ostensibly be the infantry of the Legion.] There was among them a doctor whose name, it strikes me, I have heard mentioned as a surgeon [either Matthew Irvine or else Alexander Skinner, both surgeons in the Legion, probably the former] in Lee's
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corps. The only thing, in the way of rebuke, I recollect to have ever received from my dear mother, was occasioned by an incident connected with these troops. The continual musters of militia in Bladensburg, with the drum and fife, had made me a drummer from a period so early that I have no recollection of its commencement. My ear was naturally good, and I was a singer for the amusement of company from the time that I could speak, and perhaps sooner. The accuracy of my ear and my imitative propensity kept me drumming on the tables and on the floors and singing the common marches of the time with such directness and dexterity that it attracted the attention of others. An old gentleman whose name I cannot now recall, drew out of his bosom one day, a pair of small drumsticks, which he had had made for me and painted blue, and gave them to me as a present. I had no drum, but with these sticks I pursued my drumming exercise with such effect that I could soon beat time as accurately as any drummer in the army. This was the state of my proficiency when the troops aforesaid marched through Bladensburg. Pushing and peering about them, I found myself, one day, at the baker's in a room where the soldiers were drinking, and where there were drums and fifes in plenty. The baker was a merry-hearted man, and, upon seeing me, had a drum and fife paraded, and the drumsticks put into my hands. I set to beating, with the accompaniment of the fife too. It was my first exhibition. I performed with so much animation and success that the soldiers were astounded. The drum-head was soon covered with as many pieces of silver coin and pennies as filled both my hands. It was on occasion of my carrying these home in triumph, that my honoured and beloved mother gave me a rebuke against taking money presents, which fashioned my character in that particular for life."

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IN MEMORIAM,
SEPTEMBER 5th, 1813.

While it is no little unusual that two opposing commanders should die fighting one another in the same battle, as, say, did Montcalm and Wolfe in the battle at Quebec, how much even more remarkable is it that the two should also end up being buried side by side.

And yet that is precisely what happened in the case of naval captains Master Commandant Samuel Blyth, RN, and Lieut. William Burrows, USN; when not long following the September 5th, 1813 engagement between the brigs HMS *Boxer*" and US *Enterprise*, the two young men, Blyth 29 years of age and Burrows 27, were, in a formal ceremony paid for by the town's citizens, indeed laid to rest together in Eastern Cemetery in Portland, Maine.

With a sanguine violence reminiscent of some the fight wounds Homer describes, Blyth, and who somewhat ironically had been a British pall bearer at the funeral of mortally wounded and captured American Captain James Lawrence, was virtually split in two by a cannon ball early in the encounter. Burrows, a veteran of the Jeffersonian war in Tripoli, for his part, incurred an acutely painful injury of a musket ball that entered through the groin; though he survived long enough (eight hours) to realize his victory.[6]

It just so happened that living in Portland at that very same time of the action was the six year old Henry Wadsworth Longfellow; who in addition happened to be the nephew of midshipman Henry Wadsworth. The latter was one of those who had perished in the ill-fated fire ship *Intrepid*, commanded by Lieut. Richard Somers; that, in a stunning and spectacular night explosion prematurely blew up; killing all its officers and crew in a prospective attack on Tripoli harbor, September 4th 1804.

While it is hard to guess how much he might have been able to recall so many years afterward, in 1855, Longfellow penned a poem commemorating the event and his early years in Portland; as follows.

My Lost Youth

[6] For a succinct, yet reasonably thorough, account of the *Enterpise*/*Boxer* battle, and including an 1860s sketch and description of the graves of Blyth and Burrows (footnote 61), see Benson Lossing's *Pictorial Field Book of the War of 1812* (1868) at:
http://freepages.history.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~wcarr1/Lossing2/Chap31.html
[do a Find search under "Boxer"]; while for a .pdf copy of this same book, see:
https://archive.org/details/fieldbookswar181200lossrich
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Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o’er and o’er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o’er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o’erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
“A boy’s will is the wind’s will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering’s Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.

And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

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JEREMY BENTHAM AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

Sometime a while back, we suggested Lord Carlisle's "Manifesto and Proclamation" of Oct. 1778 as one, at least, contemporary British response to the Declaration of Independence. And yet in the year 1776 itself, a 130 page pamphlet appeared entitled *An Answer to the Declaration of the American Congress*. Although presented as an anonymous work, its actual authors were London attorney John Lind (1737–1781) and his Tory friend Jeremy Bentham (1748-1832).
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Among other rebuttals and statements of possible interest, it contains the following:

"If the exercise of powers, thus established by usage, thus recognised by express declarations, thus sanctified by their beneficial effects, can justify rebellion, there is not that subject in the world, but who has, ever has had, and ever must have, reason sufficient to rebel: There never was, never can be, established, any government upon earth."

"The last head consists of Acts of self-defence, exercised in consequence of resistance already shewn, but represented in the Declaration as Acts of oppression, tending to provoke resistance. Has his Majesty cut off their trade with all parts of the world? They first attempted to cut off the trade of Great Britain. Has his Majesty ordered their vessels to be seized? They first burnt the vessels of the King. Has his Majesty sent troops to chastise them? They first took up arms against the authority of the King. Has his Majesty engaged the Indians against them? They first engaged Indians against the troops of the King. Has his Majesty commanded their captives to serve on board his fleet? He has only saved them from the gallows."

"It has happened, that bodies of peasants have risen, and armed, in order to compel the farmer to sell at a lower price. It has happened, that the civil magistrate, unable to reduce the insurgents to their duty, has called the military to his aid. But did ever any man imagine, that the military were sent to punish the insurgents? It has happened, that the insurgents have resisted the military, as they had resisted the civil magistrate: It has happened, that, in consequence of this resistance, some of the insurgents have been killed:—But did ever any man imagine that those who were then killed, were therefore punished? No more can they be said to be punished, than could the incendiary, who should be buried beneath the ruins of the house, which he had feloniously set on fire. Take an example yet nearer to the present case. When the Duke of Cumberland led the armies of the king, foreign and domestic, against the Rebels in Scotland, did any man conceive that he was sent to punish the Rebels?—Clearly not.—He was sent to protect dutiful and loyal subjects, who remained in the peace of the King, against the outrages of Rebels, who had broken the peace of the King.—Does any man speak of those who fell at the battle of Culloden, as of men that were punished? Would that man have been thought in his senses, who should have urged, that the armies of the King should not have been sent against the Rebels in Scotland, till those very Rebels had been judicially heard, and judicially convicted?"[7]

Now quite how much of *An Answer* was the work of Lind and how much of Bentham is not so easy to say. Yet if we assume Bentham had a major part in its writing, it seems most peculiar and odd that the founder of Utilitarianism -- the doctrine that the greatest happiness of the whole should be the guiding principle of law and social policy -- would have nothing good to say about a document that preached "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness." In any event, as time went by Bentham, to some extent certainly, modified his earlier views; for by 1790 he addressed a treatise to the National Convention of [Revolutionary] France titled "Emancipate Your Colonies!...Shewing the Uselessness and Mischievousness of Distant Dependencies to An European State."

Bentham in any event was a strange amalgam of various post-Enlightenment era theories and creeds. As well as originally being a loyal Crown Tory, he was also a Hobbesian centralist, Lockean wisher of and for public felicity, democratic socialist, church-state separatist, animal rights proponent, and pacifist who at one time argued for the violent suppression of America's rebels.

Not only did Bentham subsequently change his original perspective on "Anglo-America," he even went so far as to effusively praise the United States Federal Constitution, saying, among other remarks we might quote:

"Of the case of pure democracy, the longest established, and as yet the only completely established, exemplification, is that afforded by the cluster of incorporated republics, constituting the Anglo-American United States.""

[7] For a full .pdf text of *An Answer*, see: https://archive.org/details/cihm_20519

One of his greatest ambitions was to seek a general codification of all laws, including the English Common Law, based on and using his utilitarian ideas and principles. Starting in 1811, he corresponded with President James Madison advocating such reform, including as it applied to national constitutions; a subject Madison himself was no novice to. While Madison saw some advantages and good points to Bentham's ideas, in all he felt Bentham was addressing the wrong person, and such questions, particularly with regard to the Common Law, were more properly something to be considered at the state, not national, level. To read Madison's responses, one is struck, if we were not already knowledgeable of it, by what a most erudite and brilliant intellectual our 4th President himself, like Bentham, was.

See, for instance:

Jeremy Bentham to James Madison, 30 October 1811
http://founders.archives.gov/documents/Madison/03-03-02-0595

James Madison to Jeremy Bentham, 8 May 1816
http://rotunda.upress.virginia.edu/founders/default.xqy?keys=FOEA-print-02-01-02-5135

James Madison from Jeremy Bentham, [September] 1817
http://founders.archives.gov/documents/Madison/04-01-02-0104

Bentham afterward sent off his proposals to "several states," but where they were received with little greater enthusiasm. However, ever the dogged reformer, he maintained his efforts even up into the Presidency of Andrew Jackson. However, and even so, to no avail; as by that time the United States refused to adopt views for legal and political change from any place but home.

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"SOME ACCOUNT OF THE AMERICAN ARMY" (1817)

When Madison in late 1811 and early 1812 was preparing the army for a possible war with England, party lines dictated who and who didn't receive officer commissions. As John R. Elting puts it in his *Amateurs, to Arms!: A Military History of the War of 1812* (1991): "Few Federalists were accepted [for army commissions], though many were willing to serve, and this had the side effect of dampening the already weak war spirit in New York and New England" (p. 4). Early on, in the Federalist administrations of Washington and Adams when war with revolutionary FRANCE seemed a serious possibility, the Navy and a standing army were seen as a detriment to the country by democratic-republicans, and a governmental investment in waste and a promoting of aristocracy. Not so surprisingly therefore, there was a pronounced Federalist leaning among the Navy Officer corps. Yet ironically, and as John Adams in his twilight years correspondence with him attested, Jefferson played an important part in the expansion of the Navy, writing:

"I have another Curiosity, more ardent Still. I have ever believed that you were the Author of the Essay towards a Navy when you was Secretary of State. I have reason to suspect that Hamilton was averse to that Measure. That you were always for a Navy to compell the Barbary Powers to peace, I distinctly remember in many of our personal Conversations in Europe: and I have carefully preserved very Strong Letters from you full of arguments for Such a Navy. If I am mistaken in ascribing to you the measures taken in Washingtons Administration, looking towards a Navy, I wish you to correct my Error. Till that is done I Shall Sincerely believe myself orthodox." [Adams to Jefferson, 11 June 1813].

Of course, when the time rolled around for a fight with BRITAIN in 1812 all the previously pacifistic democratic-republicans (including Jefferson) were very eager to take up arms; while simultaneously, and given the partiality to the former mother country and as well the aforementioned denial of commissions, most of the Federalists became the nay-sayers to the conflict (among them Henry Lee initially); including some who even contemplated secession of New England from the Union.
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Joseph Dennie, the founder of *The Port Folio* quarterly, was an avowed Federalist; only dying in Jan. 1812 we can't know how he would have reacted to the War of 1812 (started in late June.) And yet as the war went on, *The Port Folio* followed closely and took great pride in American victories, while occasionally admitting and lamenting defeats, on land and sea. For this reason, copies of the magazine from that era provide some valuable accounts of the war and articles on some of its leading American figures, both in the army and navy. Lacking professional sports in those days, following the war back then became not unlike people and pundits in our time following the World Series or Super Bowl play-offs. [To read issues of *The Port Folio* online, do a Google Books search and include in the title a given year you are looking for.]

One article of unusual interest appeared in *The Port Folio* for July 1817 entitled "Some Account of the American Army" (1817), and that furnishes an outline history of the forming of that branch of military service, starting in 1796 [the article has a typo referring to "1776."] When the size of the active and reserve US Army in 2016 (and not counting Navy, Marines, and Air Force) amounts to 1,186,500, how perhaps sobering it is to read:

"By the act of March 16, 1802, the peace establishment was re-organized and remained at about four thousand, until 1808, when it was raised to ten thousand, which was the army peace establishment previous to the late war [i.e., War of 1812]."

Also of note on .pdf page 14: "Women (in the proportion to every 17 men [in an army unit],) a ration in kind, also to matrons and nurses allowed in hospitals."[8]

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MILES WALLINGFORD (1844)

"Free Trade and Sailors Rights"
~ Motto on a flag flown by the U.S. frigate Essex,
captained by David Porter in 1812 and 1813.

During the war itself and as interpreted by general histories ever since, the impressment of American sailors was and has been seen as one of the main causes of the War of 1812. Yet as Henry Adams urges in his history of the Madison administration, it was not impressment of American seaman that was foremost on the minds of those sitting in Washington at the time war was declared. Rather it was the seizure of neutral American shipping combined with a desire to rid the West of the great threat and hindrance posed by the British-Indian alliance to American settlers moving west. Strangely enough, Napoleon was seizing American neutral shipping as much as the British were; and the United States had every and as much moral right to declare war on him for the same reason. But they chose war with Britain instead: because a) Britain was the traditional enemy of the democratic-republicans; b) the Royal navy could pluck ships off the high seas more easily (rather than just take them in port as Napoleon had to); c) the British by way of Canada was more easily attacked, and d) the, as stated, desire of many Southern and Western Americans leaders (like Henry Clay of Kentucky) to once and for all clear away the British supported (and armed) Tecumseh-led Indian confederation in the northwest, and somewhere along the line the Creek and other hostiles in the south and southwest. On a passing and related note, it was the British who first attacked neutral shipping during World War 1, and the Germans (with U-boats) merely followed suit. So that despite an explosive event like the Chesapeake-Leopard affair of 1807, when the British actually fired on and boarded a United States NAVY frigate in order to take sailors they claimed were there own, the impressment of American sailors by the British was not seen by the U.S. government as nearly so compelling or actual a catalyst for the conflict as these other considerations.

And yet the impressment of American sailors was understandably of great concern to many, if not so much to the political leaders of the United States. It has been speculated (by Elting for example, p. 69) that there were probably more impressed American (some 6000) serving in the Royal Navy in 1812 than

[8] For a .pdf copy of "Some Account of the American Army" (1817), see: https://archive.org/details/AmArmyPortFolioJul1817
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there were regular sailors in that of the United States. In any event, the grievance did serve as a helpful rallying cry against the British among more ordinary folk. The practice had been going on ever since the beginning of Britain's wars with revolutionary France in the 1790s, and the British navy was too desperately short of manpower to give it up in response to U.S. protests.

What was it like being impressed at sea and or having your neutral ship seized by the British up and prior to the War of 1812? While there are some actual historical accounts and narratives, one will not find a more lively and thought provoking version than that James Fenimore Cooper presents in his 1844 novel *Miles Wallingford* (the sequel to *Afloat and Ashore* [1844].)

Like virtually all 19th century novelists, Cooper tends to be prolix to a degree we wish he wasn't; expressing in, say, 10 pages what he might well have summed up in 1 or 2. Likewise, conversations between his characters are often overly drawn out. And yet when he does get going otherwise, his can make for some quite engaging reading. *Miles Wallingford* is a good case in point, and is replete with some adventure filled, amusing,[9] and even heart-pounding action. The literary lapses Mark Twain so satirized were largely a problem of Cooper's earlier writings, and in his later works his prose is much more fluid and coherent; though, as mentioned, at times he goes on to unnecessary length to tell a story. Cooper himself was at one time a midshipman in the United States Navy (serving on Lake Ontario), and spend a good deal of his career writing about and chronicling it, and seafaring in general. For which reason, if you plan on reading one of his nautical works, be sure you have a good and comprehensive sailor's dictionary at hand when it comes to his descriptions of sailing and ship handling.

In a word, I found *Miles Wallingford* a both enjoyable and edifying read, containing much naval action/adventure, as well as an interesting and occasionally moving picture of domestic life in the United States in the very early nineteenth century. One of its most memorable chapters is that where Wallingford's merchant ship is stopped and searched by the British in 1803. For those then who are short of time to pick up on Cooper's lesser known works, here are excerpts from that same chapter.

Excerpts from Chapter XIII of *Miles Wallingford* (1844) by James Fenimore Cooper.

...At length, having reduced the sail to the three topsails, reefed, I hove-to the "Dawn," and waited for a visit from the Englishman's boat. As soon as the frigate saw us fairly motionless she shot up on our weather quarter, halt a cable's length distant, swung her long, saucy-looking yards, and lay-to herself. At the same instant her lee-quarter boat dropped into the water, with the crew in it, a boy of a midshipman scrambled down the ship's side and entered it also, a lieutenant followed, when away the cockle of a thing swept on the crest of a sea, and was soon pulling round under our stern. I stood on the lee quarter, examining my visitors, as they struggled against the swell, in order to get a boat-hook into our main chains. The men were like any other man-of-war's men, neat, sturdy, and submissive in air. The reefer was a well-dressed boy, evidently a gentleman's son; but the lieutenant was one of those old weather-beaten sea-dogs who are seldom employed in boats unless some-thing more than common is to be done. He was a man of forty, hard-featured, pock-marked, red-faced, and scowling. I afterward ascertained he was the son of some underling about the Portsmouth dockyard, who had worked his way up to a lieutenancy, and owed his advancement principally to his readiness in impressing seamen. His name was Sennit.

We threw Mr. Sennit a rope, as a matter of course, and Marble met him at the gangway with the usual civilities. I was amused with the meeting between these men, who had strictly that analogy to each other which is well described as "diamond cut diamond." Each was dogmatical, positive, and lull of nautical conceit, in his own fashion; and each hated the other's country as heartily as man could hate, while both despised Frenchmen. But Sennit knew a mate from a master, at a glance; and, without noticing Marble's sea-bow, a slight for which Marble did not soon forgive him, he walked directly aft to me, not well pleased, as I thought, that a shipmaster had neglected to be at the gangway to meet a sea lieutenant.

[9] In spite of the claims of some literary historians to the contrary, Cooper did in fact overtime possess and develop a quite decent sense of humor; as shown in his portrayal of Moses Marble and some of the verbal exchanges in *Afloat* and *Wallingford*; not to mention also as evinced in his "Elaborate Review" of the Somers Mutiny and its subsequent Proceedings.

"Your servant, sir," commenced Mr. Sennit, condescending to notice my bow; "Your servant, sir; I suppose we owe the pleasure of your company, just now, to the circumstance of the weather's clearing."

This sounded hostile from the go off; and I was determined to give as good as I received.

"Quite likely, sir" was my answer, uttered as coolly as I could speak— "I do not think you got much the advantage, as long as there was thick weather."

"Ay, You're a famous fellow at hide and go seek, and I do not doubt you would make a long chase in a dark night. But his Majesty's ship 'Speedy' is not to be dodged by a Yankee. "

"So it would seem, sir, by your present success."

"Men seldom run away without there is a cause for it. It's my business to find out the reason why you have attempted it; so, sir, I will thank you for the name of your ship, to begin with."

"The 'Dawn,' of New York."

"Ay, full-blooded Yankee— I knew you were New England, by your tricks."

"New York is not in New England; nor do we call a New York ship a Yankee," put in Marble.

"Ay, ay — it one were to believe all you mates from the t'other side say, be would soon fancy that King George held his throne by virtue of commission from President Washington."

"President Washington is dead, Heaven bless him!" retorted Marble, "and if one were to believe half of what you English say, he would soon fancy that President Jefferson held his office as one of King George's waiting-men."

I made a sign for Marble to be silent, and intimated to the lieutenant I was ready to answer any further inquiries he wished to make. Sennit did not proceed, however, without giving a significant look at the mate, which to me, seemed to say, "I have pressed a mate in my time."

"Well, sir, the 'Dawn,' of New York," he continued, noting the name in his pocket-book. "Now are you called yourself?"

"The 'Dawn' of New York, Miles Wallingford, master."

"Miles Wallingford, master. Where from, whither bound, and with what laden?"

"From New York; bound to Hamburg; cargo sugars, coffee, and cochineal."

"A very valuable cargo, sir," observed Mr. Sennit, a little dryly. "I wish for your sake it had been going to any other part of the world, as this last war has sent the French into, that part of Germany, and Hamburg is suspected of being rather too much under Bony's influence."

"And were we bound to Bordeaux, sir, what power have you to stop a neutral at this distance at sea?"

"If you put on power, Mr. Wallingford, you depend on a crutch that will betray you. We have power enough to eat you, should that be necessary. I suppose you mean right."

"I shall not dispute with you, sir, about words."

"Well, to prove to you that I am as amicably disposed as yourself, I will say no more on the subject. With your permission, I will now examine your papers; and to show you that I feel myself among friends, I will first send my own boat back to the 'Speedy.'"

I was infinitely disgusted with this man's manner. It had the vulgar sort of witticism about even his air, that he so much affected in his speech — the whole being deformed by a species of sly malignancy, that rendered him as offensive as he seemed to me to be dangerous. I could not refuse to let a belligerent look at my papers, however, and went below to get them, while Sennit gave some private orders to his reefer, and sent him away to his frigate...

I was soon on deck, carrying my writing-desk under my arm, Mr. Sennit preferring to make his examination in the open air, to making it below, he read the clearance and manifest with great attention. Afterward he asked for the shipping articles. I could see that he examined the names of the crew with eagerness, for the man was in his element when adding a new hand to his frigate's crew.

"Let me see this Nebuchadnezzar Clawbonny, Mr. Wallingford," he said, chuckling. "The name has an alias in its very absurdity, and I doubt not I shall see a countryman — perhaps a townsman."

"By turning your head, sir, you can easily see the man. He is at the wheel."

"A black! — umph — yes; those fellows do sometimes sail under droll titles. I do not think the lad was born at Gosport."

"He was born in my father's house, sir, and is my slave."

"Slave! A pretty word in the mouth of a free and independent son of liberty, Mr. Wallingford. It is lucky you are not bound to that land of despotism, old England, or you might see the fetters fall from about the chap's limbs."

I was nettled, for I felt there was some justice in this sarcasm, and this, too, at the very moment I felt it was only half merited; and not at all, perhaps, from an Englishman. But Sennit knew as much of the history of my country as he did of his own, having obtained all he had learned of either out of newspapers. Nevertheless, I succeeded in keeping silent.

"Nathan Hitchcock; this chap has a suspiciously Yankee name; will you let me see him, sir?" observed the lieutenant.

"The chap's name, then, does him no more than justice, for I believe he is strictly what we call a Yankee."

Nathan came aft at the call of the second mate, and Sennit no sooner saw him than he told him to go forward again. It was easy to see that the man was perfectly able to distinguish, by means of the eye alone, between the people of the two countries, though the eye would sometimes deceive even the most practiced judges. As the "Speedy " was not much in want of men, he was disposed not to lay his hands on any but his own countrymen.

"I shall have to ask you, sir, to muster all your people in the gangway," said Sennit, rising, as he passed me the ship's papers. "I am only a supernumerary of the 'Speedy,' and I expect we shall soon have the pleasure of seeing her first on board, the Honorable Mr. Powlett. We are a nob ship, having Lord Harry Dermond for our captain, and lots of younger sons in the cockpit."

I cared little who commanded or officered the "Speedy," but I felt all the degradation of submitting to have my crew mustered by a foreign officer, and this, too, with the avowed object of carrying away such portions of them as he might see fit to decide were British subjects. In my judgment it would have been much more creditable and much wiser for the young Hercules to have made an effort to use his club, in resisting such an offensive and unjustifiable assumption of power, than to be setting up doubtful

claims to establish principles of public law that will render the exercise of some of the most useful of all international rights perfectly nugatory. I felt a disposition to refuse compliance with Sennit's request, and did the result only affect myself I think I should have done so; but conscious that my men would be the sufferers, I thought it more prudent to comply. Accordingly, all the "Dawn's" people were ordered to muster near the quarter-deck.

While I endeavor to do justice to principles, I wish to do no injustice to Sennit. To own the truth, this man picked out the Englishman and Irishman as soon as each had answered his first questions. They were ordered to get their things ready to go on board, the "Speedy," and I was coolly, directed to pay them any wages that might be due. Marble was standing near when this command was given, and seeing disgust, most likely, in my countenance, he took on himself the office of replying.

"You think accounts should be balanced, then, before these men quit the ship?" he asked, significantly.

"I, do, sir; and it's my duty to see it done. I will thank you to attend to it at once," returned the lieutenant.

"Well, sir, that being the case, we shall be receivers, instead of payers. By looking at the shipping articles, you will see that each of these men received fifty dollars, or two months' advance" (seamen's wages were as high, frequently, in that day, as twenty or thirty dollars); "and quite half of the 'dead-horse' remains to be worked out. We will, therefore, thank his Majesty to pay us the odd twenty-five dollars for each of the men."

"What countryman are you?" demanded the lieutenant, with a menacing look. "Cornish by your impudence: have a care, sir; I have carried off mates before now, in my day."

"I came from the land of tombstones, which is an advantage; as I know the road we all must travel, sooner or later. My name is Marble, at your service; and there's a hard natur' under it, as you'll find on trial."[10]

Just at this moment, the frigate's boat came round her stern, carrying the Honorable Mr. Powlett, or the gentleman whom Sennit had announced as her first lieutenant. I thought the rising anger of the last was a little subdued by the appearance of his senior officer; social position and private rank making even a greater difference between the two than mere date of commission. Sennit, suppressed his wrath, therefore; though I make no doubt the resentment he felt at the contumelious manner of my mate had no little influence on what subsequently occurred. As things were, he waited, before he proceeded any further, for the "Speedy's" boat to come alongside.

Mr. Powlett turned out to be a very different sort of person from his brother lieutenant. There was no mistaking him for anything but a gentleman, or for a sailor. Beyond a question, he owed his rank in his ship to family influence, and he was one of those scions of aristocracy (by no means the rule, however, among the high-born of England) who never was fit for anything but a carpet-knight, though trained to the seas. As I afterward learned, his father held high ministerial rank: a circumstance that accounted for his being the first lieutenant of a six-and-thirty, at twenty, with a supernumerary lieutenant under him who had been a sailor some years before he was born. But the captain of the "Speedy," himself, Lord Harry Dermond, was only four-and-twenty; though he had commanded his ship two years, and fought one very creditable action in her.

After making my best bow to Mr. Powlett, and receiving a very gentleman-like salutation in return, Sennit led his brother officer aside, and they had a private conference of some little length together. "I shall not meddle with the crew, Sennit," I overheard Powlett say, in a sort of complaining tone, as he

[10] [*Edit. Note*. When an infant, Marble was a foundling discovered at a tombstone cutter's yard; where he had been abandoned.]

walked away from his companion. “Really, I can not become the master of a press-gang, though the ‘Speedy’ had to be worked by her officers. You are used to this business, and I leave it all to you.”

I understood this to be a carte-blanche to Sennit to carry off as many of my people as he saw fit; there being nothing novel or surprising in men’s tolerating in other's acts they would disdain to perform in person. As soon as he left his junior in rank, the youthful first lieutenant approached me. I call him youthful, for he appeared even younger than he was, though I myself had commanded a ship when only of his own age. It was easy to see that this young man felt he was employed on an affair of some importance.

“It is reported to us, on board the ‘Speedy,’ sir,” the Hon. Mr. Powlett commenced, “that you are bound to Hamburg.”

“To Hamburg, sir, as my papers will show.”

“Our government regards all trade with that part of the continent with great distrust, particularly since the late movements of the French. I really wish, sir, you had not been bound to Hamburg.”

“I believe Hamburg is still a neutral port, sir; and, if it were not, I do not see why an American should not enter it, until actually blockaded.”

“Ah! these are some of your very peculiar American ideas on such subjects! I cannot agree with you, however, it being my duty to obey my orders; Lord Harry has desired us to be very rigorous in our examination, and I trust you will understand we must comply, however unpleasant it may be, sir. I understand now, sugar and coffee are exceedingly suspicious.”

“They are very innocent things, rightly used, as I hope mine will be.”

“Have you any particular interest in the cargo, Captain Wallingford?”

“Only that of owner, sir. Both ship and cargo are my own private property.”

“And you seem to be English, or American— for, I confess myself unable to tell the difference between the people of the two countries, though I dare say there is a very great difference.”

“I am an American by birth, as have been my ancestors for generations.”

“I declare that is remarkable! Well, I can see no difference. But, if you are American, I do not see why the sugar and coffee are not American, too. Lord Harry, however, desired us to be very particular about these things, for some reason or other. Do you happen to know, now, where this sugar grew?”

“The canes of which it was made grew, I believe, in St. Domingo.”

“St. Domingo? Is not that a French island?''

“Certainly, in part, sir; though the Spaniards and the negroes dispute the possession with the French.”

“I declare I must send Lord Harry word of this! I am exceedingly sorry, Captain Wallingford, to detain your ship, but my duty requires me to send a young gentleman on board the ‘Speedy’ for orders.”

As I could urge no plausible objection, the young gentleman was again sent back to the frigate. In the meantime, Sennit had not been idle. Among my crew were a Swede and a Prussian, and both these men having acquired their English in London or Liverpool, he affected to believe they were natives of the old island, ordering them to get their dunnage ready to go under the pennant. Neither of the men, however, was disposed to obey him, and when I joined the group, leaving the lion. Mr. Powlett waiting the return of his boat, on the quarter-deck, I found the three in a warm discussion on the subject.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Wallingford," Sennit cried, as I approached, "we will compromise matters. Here are two fellows who are Lancashire men, if the truth were known, that pretend to be Norwegians, or Fins, or to come from some other outlandish country or other, and I wish to place them under his Majesty's pennant, where they properly belong; as they are so reluctant to receive this honor, I will consent to take that fine-looking Kentish man, who is worth them both put together."

As this was said. Sennit pointed to Tom Voorhees, an athletic, handsome young North River man, of Dutch extraction, a fellow who had not a drop of English blood in' his veins, and the ablest-bodied and the best seaman in the "Dawn;" a fact that the lieutenant's nautical tact, had not been slow to detect.

"You are asking me to let you have a man who was born within ten miles of myself," I answered, "and whose family I know to be American, for near two centuries."

"Ay, ay; you're all of old families in America, as everybody knows. The chap is English born for a hundred guineas; and I could name a spot in Kent, not ten miles distant from that where he first, saw the light. I do not say, however, you were not his neighbor — for you have a Dover look, yourself."

"You might be less disposed to pleasantry, sir, were this a thirty-six, or were you and I on shore."

Sennit gave me a disdainful look, and terminated the affair by ordering Voorhees to get his chest ready, and to join the two other men he had pressed. Taking example, however, from the Swede and the Prussian, Voorhees walked away, using no measures to obey. As for myself, thoroughly disgusted with this man, a vulgar rogue, I walked aft to the other lieutenant, who was only a gentleman-like dunce.

Mr. Powlett now began to converse of Loudon; and he told me how often he had been at the opera when last in town — and remarked what an exceedingly delightful *fete champetre* was lady somebody's entertainment of that sort. This occupied us until the boat returned, with a very civil request from the captain of the "Speedy," that I would do him the favor to pay him a visit, bringing with me the ship's papers. As this was what no belligerent had a right to demand, though privateersmen constantly did it, I could comply or not. Fancying it might expedite matters, regarding the civility of the request as a good omen, and feeling a desire to deal with principals, in an affair that was very needlessly getting to be serious, I consented to go. Marble was called, and formally told to take charge of the ship. I could see a smile of contempt on Sennit's lace, at this little ceremony, though he made no objection in terms. I had expected that the first lieutenant would go to the frigate with me, but, after a short consultation with his junior, the last was deputed to do me this honor.

Sennit now appeared disposed to show me every slight and indignity it was in his power to manifest. Like all vulgar-minded men, he could not refrain from maltreating those whom he designed to injure. He made me precede him into the boat, and went up the "Speedy's" side first, himself, on reaching that vessel. His captain's conduct was very different. Lord Harry was not a very noble-looking personage, as your worshipers of rank imagine nobility to appear, but he was decidedly well-mannered; and it was easy enough to' see he commanded his own ship, and was admirably fitted so to do. I have had occasion to learn that there is a vast deal of aristocratic and democratic cant, on the subject of the appearances, abilities, qualities, and conduct of Europeans of birth and station.

In the first place, nature has made them very much as she makes other people; and the only physical difference there is proceeds from habit and education. Then, as to the enervating effects of aristocracy, and noble effeminacy, I have seen ten times as much of it among your counter-jumpers and dealers in bobbinet, as I have seen in the sons of dukes and princes; and in my later days, circumstances have brought me much in contact with many of these last. Manliness of character is far more likely to be the concomitant of aristocratic birth, than of democratic, I am afraid; for, while those who enjoy the first feel themselves above popular opinion, those who possess the last bow to it, as the Asiatic slave bows to his master. I wish I could think otherwise; but experience has convinced me of these facts, and I have learned to feel the truth of an axiom that is getting to be somewhat familiar among ourselves, viz., "that it takes an aristocrat to make a true democrat." Certain I am, that all the real, manly, independent democrats I have

ever known in America, have been accused of aristocracy, and this simply because they were disposed to carry out their principles, and not to let that imperious sovereign, “the neighborhood,” play the tyrant over them. As for personal merit, quite as fair a proportion of talent is found among the well-born as among the low; and he is but an *ad captandum vulgus* sort of a philosopher who holds the contrary doctrine. Talleyrand was of one of the most ancient and illustrious houses of Europe, as was Turenne; while Mansfield, Erskine, Grey, Wellington, and a host of Englishmen of mark of our time, come of noble blood. No, no, the cause of free institutions has a much higher and much juster distinctions to boast of, than this imaginary superiority of the humbly-born over those who come of ancient stock.

Lord Harry Demand received me just as one of his station ought to receive one of mine, politely, without in the least compromising his own dignity. There was a good-natured smile on his face, of which, at first, I did not know what to make. He had a private conversation with Sennit, too, but the smile underwent no change. In the end, I came to the conclusion that it was habitual with him, and meant nothing. But, though so much disposed to smile, Lord Harry Dermond was equally disposed to listen to every suggestion of Sennit that was likely to favor the main chance. Prize money is certainly a great stain on the chivalry of all navies, but it is a stain with which the noble wishes to be as deeply dyed as the plebeian. Human nature is singularly homogeneous on the subject of money; and younger-son nature, in the hands of *majorats* and entails, enjoys a liveliness of longing on the subject that is quite as conspicuous as the rapacity of the veriest plebeian who ever picked a pocket.

“I am very sorry, Captain Wallingford,” Captain Lord Harry Dermond observed to me, when his private conference with Sennit was ended, and altogether superior to the weakness of Powlett, who would have discussed the point, “that it is my duty to send your ship into Plymouth. The French have got such an ascendency on the continent, that we are obliged to use every act of vigilance to counteract them. Then, your cargo is of enemy’s growth.”

“As for the ascendency, my lord, you will see we Americans have nothing to do with it, and my cargo, being necessarily of last year’s crops, must have been grown and manufactured in a time of general peace. If it were not, I do not conceive it would legalize my capture.”

“We must leave Sir William Scott to decide that, my good sir,” answered the captain, with his customary smile; “and there is no use in our discussing the matter. An unpleasant duty ” — as if he thought the chance of putting two or three thousand pounds in his pocket, unpleasant! — “an unpleasant duty, however, need not be performed in a disagreeable manner. If you will point out what portion of your people you could wish to keep in your ship, it shall be attended to. Of course, you remain by your property yourself; and I confess, whatever maybe done with the cargo, I think the ship will be liberated. As the day is advancing, and it will require some little time to exchange the people, I should be exceedingly happy it you would do me the favor to lunch in my cabin.”

This was gentlemanly conduct, if it were not lawful. I could foresee a plenty of evil consequences to myself in the delay, though I own I had no great apprehensions of a condemnation. There was my [promissary] note to John Wallingford to meet, and two months’ detention might keep me so long from home, as to put the payment at maturity quite out of the question. Then came the mortgage on Clawbonny [Wallingford’s New York family estate and which he had mortgaged], with its disquieting pictures; and I was in anything but a good humor to enjoy Lord Harry Dermond’s hospitality. Still I knew the uselessness of remonstrances, and the want of dignity there would be in repining, and succeeded in putting a good face on the matter. I simply requested that my chief mate, the cook, and Neb, might be left in the “Dawn,” submitting it to the discretion of my captors to take out of her as many of the remainder of her people as they saw fit. Lord Harry remarked it was not usual to leave a mate, but to oblige me, he would comply. The frigate would go in for water in the course of a fortnight, when I might depend on having, the entire crew, his Majesty’s subjects excepted, restored to my command.

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***VIEWS OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN AMERICA* (1821)**
by Frances Wright.

The *Port Folio* reviewer was very correct, in summing up his assessment of *Views of society and Manners in America* (1821) by Frances (also "Fanny") Wright (1795-1852), when he wrote:

"Upon the whole we consider these 'Views of Society and Manners in America,' as the product of more than common intellect. It is a very entertaining book, although, to us, it contains nothing new. We are gratified by her approbation, while we smile at her mistakes. Many of them, are evidently misrepresentations to which she yielded...But she came to be pleased—and pleased she was. She pre-determined to praise and she praises indiscriminately. Perhaps she had got a little seasoning from the British Journals, which call us a vain and self-sufficient people; and by way of trying what potions of flattery we can swallow, she tells us, that our [house or domestic] servants, the very plagues of a suffering country—are good, honest, high-minded souls, that 'will not receive an insulting word!' What we ourselves, either lament or ridicule, are with her among the most delectable points of our system. She somewhere sees a ragged troop of militia going through their exercise, 'the blacksmith from his forge, the mechanic, his coat marked with saw-dust; the farmer, with the soil yet upon his hands,' and being asked, what she thought of our soldiers—she 'secretly brushed a tear from her eye!' This was singularly pathetic, yet it mischievously brings a story to our recollection of an old lady in a neighbouring village Who allowed a militia company to provide themselves with arms from her wood-pile, provided they would dismiss and 'stack arms' at her door when the parade was over. But after all, if her book should prove an antidote to the [negative] tribes [of foreign critics] that have gone before her, she will have done us 'good service.' Let her applause be flattery, we take it all in good part, for while we would respectfully recommend a little of the same sort of sensibility to Miss Wright, we all profess to feel that inimitable apostrophe of Sir Walter Scott—

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned.
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."[11]

These remarks serve well, indeed are necessary, for and as an introduction to Ms. Wright's book; for to recommend it otherwise and without due qualification would be misleading as to its merits. Yet though never so penetrating or disinterested an onlooker as de Tocqueville, and though as an apologist for the United States she tends to wax too sentimentally; nor are her opinions always above refutation or rebuttal, the work is else singularly valuable for giving a picture of what things were like in the country when as an Scottish immigrant she composed it, by way of a series of letters, in the period from 1818 to 1820. It is well to be in mind that about the same time as she wrote there were individuals from her original homeland, including her native Scotland, who disparaged the U.S. in order to better advertise immigration to Canada. At the same time, her account despite its occasional errors, is spot on correct at other points; as for example in her description of the American sense of humor. In addition, as a reporter, the scope of her coverage is impressively broad, and among other topics she addresses are the nation's cities, towns and

[11] From *The Port Folio*, Sept. 1821, vol. XII, no. 1; or see at Google Books *Port Folio* for 1821, part 2.

natural landscapes, waterways, laws and government, the personality and manners of the people, religion, American women, famous Americans, Revolutionary War veterans, the state of American painting and literature (little or nothing said respecting music), Native Americans, Blacks and slavery, the War of 1812, Canada and its relation to U.S. -- and more. In subsequent years and as an American citizen, she became a vocal advocate for Black emancipation and the enhancement of the status of, including higher education for, women.[12]

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Ships of the War of 1812
that (in one form or other)
STILL SURVIVE!

While most are already well acquainted with the still commissioned USS *Constitution* and the restored brig USS *Niagra*[13] (that fought in the battle of Lake Erie), it is surprising to learn how many remains of ships from the War of 1812 survive and have been recovered in the past hundred years or so.

As stated in *The Naval War of 1812* (1998) edited by Robert Gardiner (not be confused with Theodore Roosevelt's work of the same title), p. 129:

"Following the war Perry's and Macdonough's squadrons were deliberately scuttled so that immersion in the cold water would retard the decay caused by alternate soaking and drying. As a result the hull of the *Eagle* survives to the present, and the hulk of the *Niagara* was retrieved in 1913 for centennial celebrations of Perry's victory; restored and preserved, it exists today as part of the modern Niagara, Pennsylvania's official 'tall ship.'"

In addition to the *Eagle* are:
* The hull of the *Ticonderoga* and some remnants of the captured *Linnet*, all from the battle of Lake Champlain, and purposely (as alluded to above) sunk in the nearby Poultney River shortly after that engagement.
See: http://nautarch.tamu.edu/newworld/pastprojects/LCwarof1812.htm
Note. This page also includes remarks on the *Eagle*.
And: http://www.lcmm.org/shipwrecks_history/shipwrecks/war_1812_wrecks.htm
* The hull of the 1814 brig *Jefferson* discovered in Sackets (also "Sackett's") Harbor in the 1980s. Her re-discovery, as reported in one news article, came about in this way:
"For some reason, the hull of the *Jefferson* was neither raised nor destroyed. Settling into thick mud on its port side, its starboard timbers were soon worn away by ice and waves. The remains then lay undisturbed until the mid-1960s, when a marina was built on the site. Some pilings were driven through gun-ports. Others went straight through the hull, pinning the ship to the bottom.
"One day a young couple, unaware of what lay beneath their marina, took their sailboat for a jaunt on the lake. They soon noticed that they were taking on water. On the way out, a protruding timber from the *Jefferson* had punched a hole through their hull."
See: http://www.deseretnews.com/article/24383/SUNKEN-VESSEL-ILLUMINATING-1812-WAR-AND-ERAS-SHIPBUILDING-TECHNIQUES.html?pg=all
And: http://nautarch.tamu.edu/model/report3/

* The schooners *Hamilton* and *Scourge* both of which went under in an blustery tempest during the war, but which are to a large degree intact, being found by divers at the bottom of Lake Ontario.
See: http://www.hamilton-scourge.hamilton.ca/
Also: https://www.amazon.com/Ghost-Ships-Emily-Cain/dp/0863430902
Also see: *Ned Myers, or, a Life Before the Mast* (1843) by Myers and James Fenimore Cooper. Myers was on the Scourge when it went down.

[12] For a .pdf text of *Views of Society*, etc., see: https://archive.org/details/viewssocietyand01wriggoog
[13] Etymological note in passing. The original Native American pronunciation of "Niagara" was, more properly, "NIGH-YA-GA-RA."
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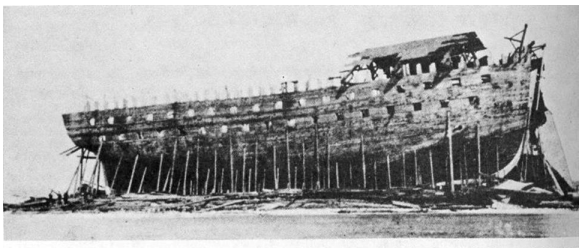
* The gunboat *Scorpion*, flagship of Commodore Joshua Barney's Patuxent River flotilla that sought to stave off and forestall the British offensives in the Maryland/Chesapeake region, including their advance on Washington.
See: https://www.nps.gov/articles/archeology.htm
And: https://www.c-span.org/video/?306325-1/war-1812-shipwreck

In passing, James B. Coooper, of LEE'S LEGION and like John Mapes from New Jersey, come the War of 1812 entered the United States Navy as a sailing master, and commanded gunboats, like the *Scorpion*, in that conflict off the New Jersey shore. For more on Cooper, see *Continental Army Series*, vol. 1.

Of note, regarding the frigate *Philadelphia*, set afire in Tripoli Harbor by Stephen Decatur and company in 1804, see:
http://query.nytimes.com/mem/archive-ree/pdf?res=9E00E2D6123BE633A2575AC1A9679C946296D6CF

Illustrated case inscriptions from the official catalogue of the trophy flags of the United States Navy by Harold Connett Washburn, put out in 1913, has black and white photographs of Royal Navy ensigns captured by the U.S. Navy during the War of 1812. You can obtain a .pdf copy of the same at:
http://archive.org/details/illustratedcase01acadgoog



Photograph from the Jefferson County, New York, Historical Socie
Ship-of-the-Line *New Orleans* on the stocks at Sacketts' Harbor, Lake Ontario, New York, in 1883. Note that a portio of the shiphouse remains.

A photograph from 1883 of the (intended to be) U.S. First Rate or ship of the line *New Orleans*, 106 guns, still lying on the stocks at Sackets Harbor, N.Y. at that time. Begun in late 1814, it was part of the naval arms race between the British/Canadians under Commodore James Yeo, RN, and those of the United States forces under Commodore Isaac Chauncey, USN; both sides vying for supremacy of the Great Lakes and Lake Champlain. The war ended however before construction could be completed; with the *New Orleans* left sitting for almost seven decades (that's right seven decades!) before being sold for scrap in 1883.

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SENIOR CITIZENS (circa 1820-30)
REMEMBER OLD PHILADELPHIA

The Annals of Philadelphia and Pennsylvania was written and published, in successive and periodic volumes from 1830 to 1850 (and in updates thereafter), by Philadelphia bookseller and antiquarian John Fanning Watson (1779-1860). For they who love 19th century American treasure-chest history books -- broad in scope, copious in lore and information -- such as those of Alexander Garden, Benson Lossing, Lyman Draper, Frank Moore, and that were put together with heart felt devotion, and (usually) with meticulous loving care, *Annals of Philadelphia* is doubtless among the best. Not only does it go over more conventional historical subjects, but its coverage extends further to (and this is not a complete list) -- buildings and bridges, gardens, furniture, clothing and styles, dancing, local caves, sports and amusements, ponds and skating places, churches, charities, orphanages, poor houses, medicine and hospitals, schools and education, libraries, theater and entertainments, printing and publishers, Indians, European ethnic minorities, Blacks, shipping and navigation, steam boats, superstitions and tall tales, crime and law enforcement, fires and fire engines, banks, pirates and their secret digs, seasons and climate, agriculture, --- and last but not least anecdotes and personal recollections of old Philadelphia and Pennsylvania, from its first settlement by the Europeans up to the early 19th century.
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To give a taste of some of the odder sorts of reminiscences and historical curiosities, take the strange and mystical story of Eli Yarnall of Frankford, who reportedly possessed second sight:

"The habits of the boy, when he sought for such facts, was to sit down and hold his head downward -- his eyes often shut; and after some waiting declared what he saw in his visions. He has been found abroad in the fields, sitting on a stump, crying --- on being asked the reasons, he said he saw great destruction of human life by men in mortal combat. His descriptions answered exactly to sea fights and army battles, although he had never seen the sea, nor ships, nor cannon; all of which he fully described as an actual looker on. Some of the Friends who saw him became anxious for his future welfare, and deeming him possessed of a peculiar gift and a good spirit, desired to have the bringing of him up. He was therefore brought away by Joseph Potts, a public Friend, and committed to the mastery of Nathan Harper, a Friend, engaged in the business of tanning in Frankford. There he excited considerable conversation; and so many began to visit him as to be troublesome to his master, who did what he could to discourage the calls. Questions on his part were, therefore, shunned as much as he could. He lost his faculty by degrees, and fell into loose company, which of itself prevented serious people from having any farther wish to interrogate him..." (vol. 1, ch. 25)

But more to our immediate and usual purpose, follows are extract accounts from some Philadelphia senior citizens vividly describing the taking and occupation of the city by the British, starting in late Sept. 1777 (from vol. 2, ch. 13.), including a few portraits in miniature of some famous names.

The Entry of the Army -- as told by Captain J. C.

The grenadiers, with Lord Cornwallis at their head, led the van when they entered the city; their tranquil look and dignified appearance have left an impression on my mind, that the British grenadiers were inimitable. As I am relating the feelings and observations of a boy then only ten years old, I shall mention many things perhaps not worth relating; for instance, I went up to the front rank of the grenadiers when they had entered Second street, when several of them addressed me thus – "How do you do, young one -- how are you, my boy"-- in a brotherly tone, that seems still to vibrate on my ear, then reached out their hands, and severally caught mine and shook it, not with an exulting shake of conquerors, as I thought, but with a sympathizing one for the vanquished. The Hessians composed a part of the van-guard, and followed in the rear of the grenadiers -- their looks to me were terrific -- their brass caps -- their mustaches – their countenances, by nature morose, and their music, that sounded better English than they themselves could speak -- plunder -- plunder -- plunder -- gave a desponding, heart-breaking effect, as I thought, to all; to me it was dreadful beyond expression...

Recollections of the Entry of the Army -- by a Lady.

In answer to my esteemed friend Watson's queries, respecting what I can remember of the state of things, facts, and the expression of public opinion, during the memorable years of 1777 and '78, when the hostile army of Great Britain occupied Philadelphia, I will give my recollections as briefly and as simply as I can.

I can well remember the previous gloom spread over the minds of the inhabitants, from the time it was thought the enemy would advance through the Jerseys; the very darkest hour of the revolution appearing to me to be that preceding the capture of the Hessians at Trenton. The tories who favoured the government at home (as England was then called) became elated, and the whigs depressed. This may account for a good deal of severity that was used before the constituted authorities of that time left the city, in visiting the inhabitants, and inspecting what stores of provisions they had, taking in some instances what they deemed superfluous, especially blankets, of which our army were in great need. After the public authorities had left the city, it was a very gloomy time indeed. We knew the enemy had landed at the head of Elk, but of their procedure and movements we had but vague information; for none were left in the city in public employ, to whom expresses would be addressed. The day of the battle of Brandywine was one of deep anxiety. We heard the firing, and knew of an engagement between the armies without expecting

immediate information of the result, when towards night a horseman rode at full speed down Chestnut street, and turned round Fourth to the Indian Queen public house; many ran to hear what he had to tell, and as I remember, his account was pretty near the truth. He told of La Fayette being wounded...

The army marched in, and took possession of the town in the morning. We were up-stairs, and saw them pass to the State-house; they looked well, clean, and well clad, and the contrast between them and our own poor barefooted and ragged troops was very great, and caused a feeling of despair -- it was a solemn and impressive day -- but I saw no exultation in the enemy, nor indeed in those who were reckoned favourable to their success. Early in the afternoon, Lord Cornwallis' suite arrived and took possession of my mother's house. But my mother was appalled by the numerous train which took possession of her dwelling, and shrank from having such inmates; for a guard was mounted at the door, and the yard filled with soldiers and baggage of every description; and I well remember what we thought of the haughty looks of Lord Rawdon [since the Marquis of Hastings, and who died at Malta in 1826] and the other aid-de-camp, as they traversed the apartments. My mother desired to speak with Lord Cornwallis, and he attended her in the front parlour. She told him of her situation, and how impossible it would be for her to stay in her own house with such a numerous train as composed his lordship's establishment. He behaved with great politeness to her, said he should be sorry to give trouble, and would have other quarters looked out for him -- they withdrew that very afternoon, and he was accommodated at Peter Reeve's in second, near to Spruce street, [now David Lewis' house, 142 south Second street] and we felt very glad at the exemption -- but it did not last long -- for directly the quarter-masters were employed in billeting the troops, and we had to find room for two officers of artillery, and afterwards, in addition, for two gentlemen, secretaries of [Admiral] Lord Howe.

The officers, very generally I believe, behaved with politeness to the inhabitants, and many of them, upon going away, expressed their satisfaction that no injury to the city was contemplated by their commander. They said, that living among the inhabitants, and speaking the same language, made them uneasy at the thought of acting as enemies...

General Howe, during the time he stayed in Philadelphia, seized and kept for his own use Mary Pemberton's coach and horses, in which he used to ride about the town. The old officers appeared to be uneasy at his conduct, and some of them freely expressed their opinions;-- they said that, before his promotion to the chief command, he sought for the counsels and company of officers of experience and merit -- but now, his companions were usually a set of boys -- the most dissipated fellows in the army.

Lord Howe was much more sedate and dignified than his brother, really dignified, for he did not seem to affect any pomp or parade...

One of my acquaintance, indeed an intimate one, performed the part of a "nymph of the blended rose" in the splendid festival of the Meschianza, but I saw no part of the show, not even the decorated hall where the knights and ladies supped, amidst the "grand Salema" of their turbaned attendants; nor even the rido to part, which was gazed at from the wharves and warehouses by all the uninvited population of the town...

Even whig ladies went to the Meschianza and to balls, but I knew of very few instances of attachments formed -- nor, with the exception of one instance, of any want of propriety in behaviour.

When they left the city, the officers came to take leave of their acquaintance, and express their good wishes. It seemed to us, that a considerable change had taken place in their prospects of success, between the time of their entry and departure. They often spoke freely in conversation on these subjects.

Further Facts -- by J. P. N., Esq.

...When the enemy were bombarding Fort Mifflin, we could see the path of the bomb from the top of my old house. The blowing up of the Augusta was attended with a shock similar to that of an earthquake. I immediately started for Schuylkill point, where the British had a battery, and saw some firing. The officers appeared much chagrined at the events of the day. On our way down, we met several wagons with

wounded soldiers -- many of them in great pain -- their moans and cries were very distressing. These men had been wounded before Red Bank fort.

I was present when some of the troops were going off for Germantown, the morning of the battle -- they were in high spirits, and moved in a trot.

Houses entirely occupied by the soldiery were a good deal injured -- their conduct, however, was quite as good as could be expected. The officers of middle age were in general polite -- the younger ones were more dashing. Some of them had women with them. I recollect Colonel Birch of the horse, and Major Williams of the artillery. They occupied houses to themselves and were not quartered on families. All the regiments paraded morning and evening.

After the battle of Germantown, the officers who were made prisoners in that action were confined some days in the long room up-stairs in the State-house, afterwards Peale's Museum.

During the winter, prisoners and deserters were frequently brought in, and carried first to head-quarters. They were easily distinguished, as the latter always had their arms, and which they were allowed to dispose of;-- they were almost naked, and generally without shoes -- an old dirty blanket around them, attached by a leather belt around the waist.

Deserters from head-quarters were led off to the superintendent, (Galloway) and officers of the new corps were generally on the look out to get them to enlist.

The citizens of Philadelphia were once gratified with the full display of General Washington's whole army. It was done on the occasion of raising the spirits of the whigs, and of proportionably dispiriting the measures of the tories. As it was intended for effect, it was of course, in the best array for our poor means, and had indeed the effect to convince the tories it was far more formidable than they expected! This martial entry passed down the long line of Front street. There, thousands of our citizens beheld numerous poor fellows, never to be seen more among the sons of men! They were on their march to meet the enemy, landed at the head of Elk. They encountered at Brandywine and at Germantown, and besides losing many lives, retained little of all those implements and equipages which constituted their street display in our city...[14]

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TOURNAMENT OF LOVE

When word was received in April 1778 that Sir William Howe's resignation as commander in chief of North America was (after some six months waiting) approved of by the home government, members of his staff, headed by aides John André and Oliver De Lancey Jr., applied for a subscription among their fellow officers to fund a farewell celebration in his honor. The result, May 18th, was the Mischianza (also spelled "Meschianza"), meaning "medley" in Italian, a lavish and sumptuous gathering of some 400 specially invited guests, including many Philadelphia belles, both whig and tory; which fete depending on your view was seen as either the social rave of the day or else a self-indulgent exercise and embarrassment to suffering local loyalists. Among its highlights was a 17 gun salute by the Royal navy, an entry procession accompanied by three marching bands, and a masque and staged jousting tournament between certain British officers (one of whom was Tarleton); attired as medieval knights and accompanied by their suitably adorned lady escorts. Festivities then were concluded with fireworks, a grand banquet and sparkling ball.

[14] For the online texts of volume 1 and 2 of Watson's *Annals*, go to:
http://www.usgwarchives.net/pa/philadelphia/watsontoc.htm
See also Google Books for downloads of individual volumes in .pdf, and which have the advantage of illustrations in addition to text.
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There is no reason to think that the dazzling gala was to amuse and employ André's talents as an adroit showman and colorful artist (in stage design, graphics, and poetry) as much as to laud and thank the controversial Howe. But in some way was it also perhaps intended as an inspiration to the Royal cause itself? And if so, what the significance of the chivalry theme? Well for one, British soldiers were, after all, spoken of as "the King's" and hardly ever, if ever, as "Parliament's." And it was His Majesty that was seen at the forefront of national, including military, leadership, at least as a matter of morale and custom. And a King inevitably meant knights, castles, and chivalry, didn't it?

The war for morale in war is, in no small part, a contest of youth. America had an advantage in that itself was young, and offered egalitarian notions of advancement based on merit and opportunity for a new life, not least of which for many English themselves. When then André invoked the image and spirit of ancient chivalry as his themes, albeit in creatively stylized form, he was, in response, attempting to revive what were once the ideals of Britain's own YOUTH: knights, damsels, and courtly codes of honor and love. In fact, Andre's developing this line was in keeping with the burgeoning of the romantic movement in Britain that would later culminate in the works of such as Sir Walter Scott. One of the earlier and most notable recallings of the not infrequently cynical but also barbarian abhorring 18th century to a return to chivalry was the Reverend Richard Hurd's *Letters on Chivalry and Romance* from 1762. Where the Augustans tended (though there were exceptions, like Bishop Percy, the Wartons, Thomas Gray, Walpole, James MacPherson, and Thomas Chatterton) to brush aside all that was medieval and Elizabethan (even Shakespeare needed to be heavily edited to suit) as outdated, Hurd turned to Britain's cultural nursery as a source of healing moral inspiration, and a renewed national idealism stating:

"The youth [of those former times], in general, were fired with the love of martial exercises. They were early formed to habits of fatigue and enterprise. And, together with this warlike spirit, the profession of chivalry was favourable to every other virtue. Affability, courtesy, generosity, veracity, these were the qualifications most pretended to by the men of arms, in the days of pure and uncorrupted chivalry. We do not perhaps, ourselves, know, at this distance of - time, how much we are indebted to the force of this singular institution. But this I may presume to say, that the men, among whom it arose and flourished most, had prodigious obligations to it. No policy, even of an ancient legislator, could have contrived a better expedient to cultivate the manners and tame the spirits of a rude and ignorant people. I could almost fancy it providentially introduced among the northern nations, to break the fierceness of their natures, and prevent that brutal savageness and ferocity of character, which must otherwise have grown upon them in the darker ages."

And what about winning ladies' hearts? Wasn't the American Revolution in part and on the level of some individuals a by product of romantic rivalry and that, on a not distant subsidiary plane, of a traditional chivalrous kind? Even long after the Revolution, and outside of politics, British culture and social standing continued to embody for many Americans what was most respectable and refined, and American gallants continued to have stiff social competition from their overseas cousins, particularly in urban areas like New York, Boston, and Charleston. The disparity of culture is no little illustrated in that most American theater and publicly performed music were by transplanted Britons (with some important music by Germans), and also by the vehemence with which some American authors (Freneau, Barlow, Humphreys, Tyler, Woodworth, Paulding, for instance) sought to openly defy and contend against British literary domination.

What ostensibly actuated such antipathy at the root is further (and candidly) set forth by the central character of James Fenimore Cooper's *Afloat and Ashore* (1844), ch. 21: "But the influence of England, and Englishmen, in all America, was exceedingly great forty years since [i.e., in the early 1800s]. This was still more true in New York, than in the country generally; and a half-pay English Major was a species of nobleman among the better sort of Manhattanese of that day. How many of these quasi lords have I seen, whose patents of nobility were merely the commissions of captains and lieutenants, signed by the Majesty of England! In that day—it is nonsense to deny it—the man who had served against the country, provided he was a 'British officer,' was a better man than he who had served in our own ranks. This was true,

however, only as regarded society; the ballot-boxes, and the people, giving very different indications of their sentiments on such subjects."[15]

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INFLUENCE OF THE BRITISH ISLES ON THE YOUNG UNITED STATES

"A fellow named John, who, for some petty offence, had been sent on board as a punishment, was carried past me, wounded. I distinctly heard the large blood-drops fall pat, pat, pat, on the deck; his wounds were mortal. Even a poor goat, kept by the officers for her milk, did not escape the general carnage; her hind legs were shot off, and poor Nan was thrown overboard."
~ Samuel Leech, *Thirty Years from Home, or A Voice from the Main Deck* (1843)

Not only did the Revolutionary War (1775-1783) and the founding of the United States (1784-1815) serve as the occasion for a new or renewed start for colonial Americans, but it also became a new start for many from Europe who emigrated prior to, during, or just after those times. Not least of these in their number were those from the British Isles. For, as many of you already know, more than a few of the most illustrious or well known (i.e., if not so illustrious) patriots were born in Great Britain: including Stephen Moylan, Horatio Gates, Charles Lee, William Richardson Davie, John Barry, John Paul Jones, Thomas Paine, Hugh Mercer, and Richard Montgomery.

As well, following the Revolutionary War, more than a few of the United States' most celebrated writers, poets, composers, musicians, stage people and other artists were also transplanted also British, Scots, or Irish, as in for example --

* Writers and publishers: Mathew Carey, Susanna Rowson, William Cobbett, John Davis, Alexander Wilson (who, says Fred Lewis Pattee, was poet even more so than an ornithologist.)
* Composers and musicians: Benjamin Carr, James Hewitt, Rayner Taylor, Alexander Reinagle, John Bray (also an actor and playwright)
* Stage actors: Thomas Apthorpe Cooper, Mr. and Mrs, John and Frances Hodgkinson, George Frederick Cooke
* Architect: Benjamin Latrobe[16]

With respect to two of the United States Navy's most renown and successful captains of the War of 1812, William Bainbridge was the son of a loyalist; while Johnston Blakely was Ireland born.

During the Revolutionary War, a number (at least in the hundreds if not thousands) of British soldiers and sailors came over to the American side as deserters, and some in the War of 1812 also, and subsequently remained in the United States as citizens. It has been conjectured that something like 25% of the Continental Army deserted in the course of the conflict (see *Military Desertions during the American Revolution 1775-1783* by Joseph Lee Boyle.) British army specialist Don N. Hagist, although still researching the question, estimates that the rate of desertion for the British army during the Revolutionary War, not counting Loyalists, Germans, or others, figures at something like 7%. Of these, we do know, by their reported frequency, that a not insignificant portion ended up enlisting in the Continental Army.

Of the British deserters, whether soldier or sailor, are two who left especially memorable reminiscences of their war experiences and of their beginning a new life in America.

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[15] For André's account of the Mischianza, see:
http://freepages.history.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~wcarr1/Lossing1/Chap36a.html
While for an in-depth article in *American Heritage Magazine*, by Morris Bishop, relating the event: http://www.americanheritage.com/content/you-are-invited-mischianza

[16] Of note and worth mentioning here is that practically all of the best early American painters studied and received their formal training in Great Britain, like West, Copley, Charles Wilson Peale, Trumbull, and Stuart.
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In the case of the Revolutionary War, there is John Robert Shaw, who fought as a British regular at the battle of Camden. His *An Autobiography of Thirty Years, 1777-1807* (1807) is available as a .pdf at: https://archive.org/details/narrativeoftheli009228mbp

The other is British sailor Samuel Leech, who fought in the War of 1812. His *Thirty Years from Home, or A Voice from the Main Deck, Being the Experience of Samuel Leech*...[etc.] (1843) likewise can be found at: https://archive.org/details/thirtyyearsfromh00leec_0

Both Shaw and Leech's narratives are hugely valuable as informative, lively, amusing and sometimes touching records of life in early America, whether in time of war or peace. Since I have already cited and quoted from Shaw in two of my books, I thought I would use this occasion to give some extracts from Leech.

If Shaw is very good, Leech is, over all, even better, furnishing one of the most thorough and fascinating accounts of life as an early 19th century sailor as any you will find. There is such a wealth of and variety of subjects covered in this book and anecdotes worth reproducing that is extremely difficult to know what to select as an excerpt. I decided at last upon his action-packed, brutally realistic telling of the sea battle between the frigates *United States* and *Macedonian*, 25 October 1812, and it is that which follows.

Of note, Captain John S. Carden of the *Macedonian* was the son of Maj. John Carden, of the Prince of Wales American Volunteers; who was among those who fought Sumter at the battle of Hanging Rock in Aug. 1780.

[from ch. VI, pp. 126-136]

…We had scarcely finished breakfast, before the man at the mast-head shouted, "Sail ho!"

The captain rushed upon deck, exclaiming, "Mast-head there!"

"Sir!"

"Where away is the sail?"

The precise answer to this question I do not recollect, but the captain proceeded to ask, "What does she look like?"

"A square-rigged vessel, sir," was the reply of the look-out.

After a few minutes, the captain shouted again, "Mast-head there!"

"Sir!"

"What does she look like?"

"A large ship, sir, standing toward us!"

By this time, most of the crew were on deck, eagerly straining their eyes to obtain a glimpse of the approaching ship, and murmuring their opinions to each other on her probable character. Then came the voice of the captain, shouting, "Keep silence, fore and aft!" Silence being secured, he hailed the look-out, who, to his question of "What does she look like?" replied, "A large frigate, bearing down upon us, sir!"

A whisper ran along the crew that the stranger ship was a Yankee frigate. The thought was confirmed by the command of "All hands clear the ship for action, ahoy!" The drum and fife beat to quarters; bulk-heads were knocked away; the guns were released from their confinement; the whole dread

paraphernalia of battle was produced; and after the lapse of a few minutes of hurry and confusion, every man and boy was at his post, ready to do his best service for his country, except the band, who, claiming exemption from the affray, safely stowed themselves away in the cable tier. We had only one sick man on the list, and he, at the cry of battle, hurried from his cot, feeble as he was, to take his post of danger. A few of the junior midshipmen were stationed below, on the berth deck, with orders, given in our hearing, to shoot any man who attempted to run from his quarters.

Our men were all in good spirits; though they did not scruple to express the wish that the coming foe was a Frenchman rather than a Yankee. We had been told, by the Americans on board, that frigates in the American service carried more and heavier metal than ours. This, together with our consciousness of superiority over the French at sea, led us to a preference for a French antagonist.

The Americans among our number felt quite disconcerted, at the necessity which compelled them to fight against their own countrymen. One of them, named John Card, as brave a seaman as ever trod a plank, ventured to present himself to the captain, as a prisoner, frankly declaring his objections to fight. That officer, very ungenerously, ordered him to his quarters, threatening to shoot him if he made the request again. Poor fellow! He obeyed the unjust command, and was killed by a shot from his own countrymen. This fact is more disgraceful to the captain of the Macedonian, than even the loss of his ship. It was a gross and a palpable violation of the rights of man.

As the approaching ship showed American colors, all doubt of her character was at an end. “We must fight her,” was the conviction of every breast. Every possible arrangement that could insure success, was accordingly made. The guns were shotted; the matches lighted; for, although our guns were all furnished with first-rate locks they were also provided with matches, attached by lanyards, in case the lock should miss fire. A lieutenant then passed through the ship, directing the marines and boarders, who were furnished with pikes, cutlasses, and pistols, how to proceed if it should be necessary to board the enemy. He was followed by the captain, who exhorted the men to fidelity and courage, urging upon their consideration the well-known motto of the brave Nelson, “England expects every man to do his duty.” In addition to all these preparations or deck [*sic*, “for the deck”?], some men were stationed in the tops with small-arms, whose duty it was to attend to trimming the sails, and to use their muskets, provided we came to close action. There were others also below, called sail trimmers, to assist in working the ship, should it be necessary to shift her position during the battle.

My station was at the fifth gun on the main deck. It was my duty to supply my gun with powder, a boy being appointed to each gun in the ship on the side we engaged, for this purpose. A woollen screen was placed before the entrance to the magazine, with a hole in it, through which the cartridges were passed to the boys; we received them there, and covering them with our jackets, hurried to our respective guns. These precautions are observed to prevent the powder taking fire before it reaches the gun.

Thus we all stood, awaiting orders, in motion less suspense. At last we fired three guns from the larboard side of the main deck; this was followed by the command, “Cease firing; you are throwing away your shot!”

Then came the order to “wear ship,” and prepare to attack the enemy with our starboard guns. Soon after this I heard a firing from some other quarter, which I at first supposed to be a discharge from our quarter deck guns; though it proved to be the roar of the enemy’s cannon.

A strange noise, such as I had never heard before, next arrested my attention; it sounded like the tearing of sails, just over our heads. This I soon ascertained to be the wind of the enemy’s shot. The firing, after a few minutes’ cessation, recommenced. The roaring of cannon could now be heard from all parts of our trembling ship, and, mingling as it did with that of our foes, it made a most hideous noise. By-and-by I heard the shot strike the sides of our ship; the whole scene grew indescribably confused and horrible; it was like some awfully tremendous thunder-storm, whose deafening roar is attended by incessant streaks of lightning, carrying death in every flash, and strewing the ground with the victims of its wrath: only, in our case, the scene was rendered more horrible than that, by the presence of torrents of blood which dyed our decks.

Though the recital may be painful, yet, as it will reveal the horrors of war, and show at what a fearful price a victory is won or lost, I will present the reader with things as they met my eye during the progress of this dreadful fight. I was busily supplying my gun with powder, when I saw blood suddenly fly from the arm of a man stationed at our gun. I saw nothing strike him; the effect alone was visible; in an instant, the third lieutenant tied his handkerchief round the wounded arm, and sent the groaning wretch below to the surgeon. .

The cries of the wounded now rang through all parts of the ship. These were carried to the cockpit as fast as they fell, while those more fortunate men, who were killed outright, were immediately thrown overboard. As I was stationed but a short distance from the main hatchway, I could catch a glance at all who were carried below. A glance was all I could indulge in, for the boys belonging to the guns next to mine were wounded in the early part of the action, and I had to spring with all my might to keep three or four guns supplied with cartridges. I saw two of these lads fall nearly together. One of them was struck in the leg by a large shot; he had to suffer amputation above the wound. The other had a grape or canister shot sent through his ancle [sic]. A stout Yorkshireman lifted him in his arms, and hurried him to the cockpit. He had his foot cut off, and was thus made lame for life. Two of the boys stationed on the quarter deck were killed. They were both Portuguese. A man, who saw one of them killed, afterwards told me that his powder caught fire and burnt the flesh almost off his face. In this pitiable situation, the agonized boy lifted up both hands, as if imploring relief, when a passing shot instantly cut him in two.

I was an eye-witness to a sight equally revolting. A man named Aldrich had one of his hands cut off by a shot, and almost at the same moment he received another shot, which tore open his bowels in a terrible manner. As he fell, two or three men caught him in their arms, and, as he could not live, threw him overboard.

One of the officers in my division also fell in my sight. He was a noble-hearted fellow, named Nan Kivell. A grape or canister shot struck him near the heart: exclaiming, “Oh! my God!” he fell, and was carried below, where he shortly after died.

Mr. Hope, our first lieutenant, was also slightly wounded by a grummet, or small iron ring, probably torn from a hammock clew by a shot. He went below, shouting to the men to fight on. Having had his wound dressed, he came up again, shouting to us at the top of his voice, and bidding us fight with all our might. There was not a man in the ship but would have rejoiced had he been in the place of our master’s mate, the unfortunate Nan Kivell.

The battle went on. Our men kept cheering with all their might. I cheered with them, though I confess I scarcely knew for what. Certainly there was nothing very inspiriting in the aspect of things where I was stationed. So terrible had been the work of destruction round us, it was termed the slaughter-house. Not only had we had several boys and men killed or wounded, but several of the guns were disabled. The one I belonged to had a piece of the muzzle knocked out; and when the ship rolled, it struck a beam of the upper deck with such force as to become jammed and fixed in that position. A twenty four pound shot had also passed through the screen of the magazine, immediately over the orifice through which we passed our powder. The schoolmaster received a death wound. The brave boatswain, who came from the sick bay to the din of battle, was fastening a stopper on a back-stay which had been shot away, when his head was smashed to pieces by a cannon-ball; another man going to complete the unfinished task, was also struck down. Another of our midshipmen also received a severe wound. The unfortunate ward-room steward, who, the reader will recollect, at tempted to cut his throat on a former occasion, was killed. A fellow named John, who, for some petty offence, had been sent on board as a punishment, was carried past me, wounded. I distinctly heard the large blood-drops fall pat, pat, pat, on the deck; his wounds were mortal. Even a poor goat, kept by the officers for her milk, did not escape the general carnage; her hind legs were shot off, and poor Nan was thrown overboard.

Such was the terrible scene, amid which we kept on our shouting and firing. Our men fought like tigers. Some of them pulled off their jackets, others their jackets and vests; while some, still more determined, had taken off their shirts, and, with nothing but a handkerchief tied round the waistbands of

their trowsers, fought like heroes. Jack Sadler, whom the reader will recollect, was one of these. I also observed a boy, named Cooper, stationed at a gun some distance from the magazine. He came to and fro on the full run, and appeared to be as "merry as a cricket." The third lieutenant cheered him along, occasionally, by saying, "Well done, my boy, you are worth your weight in gold."

I have often been asked what were my feelings during this fight. I felt pretty much as I suppose every one does at such a time. That men are without thought when they stand amid the dying and the dead, is too absurd an idea to be entertained a moment. We all appeared cheerful, but I know that many a serious thought ran through my mind: still, what could we do but keep up a semblance, at least, of animation? To run from our quarters would have been certain death from the hands of our own officers; to give way to gloom, or to show fear, would do no good, and might brand us with the name of cowards, and ensure certain defeat. Our only true philosophy, therefore, was to make the best of our situation, by fighting bravely and cheer fully. I thought a great deal, however, of the other world; every groan, every falling man, told me that the next instant I might be before the Judge of all the earth. For this, I felt unprepared; but being without any particular knowledge of religious truth, I satisfied myself by repeating again and again the Lord's prayer, and promising that if spared I would be more attentive to religious duties than ever before. This promise I had no doubt, at the time, of keeping; but I have learned since that it is easier to make promises amidst the roar of the battle's thunder, or in the horrors of shipwreck, than to keep them when danger is absent, and safety smiles upon our path.

While these thoughts secretly agitated my bosom, the din of battle continued. Grape and canister shot were pouring through our port-holes like leaden rain, carrying death in their trail. The large shot came against the ship's side like iron hail, shaking her to the very keel, or passing through her timbers, and scattering terrific splinters, which did a more appalling work than even their own death-giving blows. The reader may form an idea of the effect of grape and canister, when he is told that grape shot is formed by seven or eight balls confined to an iron and tied in a cloth. These balls are scattered by the explosion of the powder. Canister shot is made by filling a powder canister with balls, each as large as two or three musket balls; these also scatter with direful effect when discharged. What then with splinters, cannon balls, grape and canister poured incessantly upon us, the reader may be assured that the work of death went on in a manner which must have been satisfactory even to the King of Terrors himself.

Suddenly, the rattling of the iron hail ceased. We were ordered to cease firing. A profound silence ensued, broken only by the stifled groans of the brave sufferers below. It was soon ascertained that the enemy had shot ahead to repair damages, for she was not so disabled but she could sail without difficulty; while we were so cut up that we lay utterly helpless. Our head braces were shot away; the fore and main top-masts were gone; the mizzen mast hung over the stern, having carried several men over in its fall: we were in the state of a complete wreck.

A council was now held among the officers on the quarter deck. Our condition was perilous in the extreme: victory or escape was alike hope less. Our ship was disabled; many of our men were killed, and many more wounded. The enemy would without doubt bear down upon us in a few moments, and, as she could now choose her own position, would without doubt rake us fore and aft. Any further resistance was therefore folly. So, in spite of the hot-brained lieutenant, Mr. Hope, who advised them not to strike, but to sink alongside, it was determined to strike our bunting. This was done by the hands of a brave fellow named Watson, whose saddened brow told how severely it pained his lion heart to do it. To me it was a pleasing sight, for I had seen fighting enough for one Sabbath; more than I wished to see again on a week day. His Britannic Majesty's frigate Macedonian was now the prize of the American frigate United States…

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[ch. VII, pp. 141-144]

I now went below, to see how matters appeared there. The first object I met was a man bearing a limb, which had just been detached from some suffering wretch. Pursuing my way to the ward-room, I necessarily passed through the steerage, which was strewed with the wounded: it was a sad spectacle, made more appalling by the groans and cries which rent the air. Some were groaning, others were swearing most
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bitterly, a few were praying, while those last arrived were begging most piteously to have their wounds dressed next. The surgeon and his mate were smeared with blood from head to foot: they looked more like butchers than doctors. Having so many patients, they had once shifted their quarters from the cockpit to the steerage; they now removed to the ward-room, and the long table, round which the officers had sat over many a merry feast, was soon covered with the bleeding forms of maimed and mutilated seamen.

While looking round the ward-room, I heard a noise above, occasioned by the arrival of the boats from the conquering frigate. Very soon a lieutenant, I think his name was Nicholson, came into the ward-room, and said to the busy surgeon, "How do you do, doctor?"

"I have enough to do," replied he, shaking his head thoughtfully; "you have made wretched work for us!" These officers were not strangers to each other, for the reader will recollect that the commanders and officers of these two frigates, had exchanged visits when we were lying at Norfolk, some months before.

I now set to work to render all the aid in my power to the sufferers. Our carpenter, named Reed, had his leg cut off. I helped to carry him to the after ward-room; but he soon breathed out his life there, and then I assisted in throwing his mangled remains overboard. We got out the cots as fast as possible; for most of them were stretched out on the gory deck. One poor fellow who lay with a broken thigh, begged me to give him water. I gave him some. He looked unutterable gratitude, drank, and died. It was with exceeding difficulty I moved through the steerage, it was so covered with mangled men, and so slippery with streams of blood. There was a poor boy there crying as if his heart would break. He had been servant to the bold boatswain, whose head was dashed to pieces. Poor boy! he felt that he had lost a friend. I tried to comfort him by reminding him that he ought to be thankful for having escaped death himself.

Here, also, I met one of my messmates, who showed the utmost joy at seeing me alive, for, he said, he had heard that I was killed. He was looking up his messmates, which he said was always done by sailors. We found two of our mess wounded. One was the Swede, Logholm, who fell overboard, as mentioned in a former chapter, and was nearly lost. We held him while the surgeon cut off his leg above the knee. The task was most painful to behold, the surgeon using his knife and saw on human flesh and bones, as freely as the butcher at the shambles does on the carcass of the beast! Our other messmate suffered still more than the Swede; he was sadly mutilated about the legs and thighs with splinters. Such scenes of suffering as I saw in that ward-room, I hope never to witness again. Could the civilized world behold them as they were, and as they often are, infinitely worse than on that occasion, it seems to me they would for ever put down the barbarous practices of war, by universal consent.

Most of our officers and men were taken on board the victor ship. I was left, with a few others, to take care of the wounded. My master, the sailing-master, was also among the officers, who continued in their ship. Most of the men who remained were unfit for any service, having broken into the spirit-room and made themselves drunk; some of them broke into the purser's room and helped themselves to clothing; while others, by previous agreement, took possession of their dead messmates' property. For my own part, I was content to help myself to a little of the officers' provisions, which did me more good than could be obtained from rum. What was worse than all, however, was the folly of the sailors in giving spirit to their wounded messmates, since it only served to aggravate their distress.

Among the wounded, was a brave fellow named Wells. After the surgeon had amputated and dressed his arm, he walked about in fine spirits, as if he had received only a slight injury. Indeed, while under the operation, he manifested a similar heroism-observing to the surgeon, "I have lost my arm in the service of my country; but I don't mind it, doctor, it's the fortune of war." Cheerful and gay as he was, he soon died. His companions gave him rum; he was attacked by fever and died. Thus his messmates actually killed him with kindness [here Leech is thinking from a temperance standpoint] …

[*Ibid*., pp. 146-152]

When the crew of the United States first boarded our frigate, to take possession of her as their prize, our men, heated with the fury of the battle, exasperated with the sight of their dead and wounded

shipmates, and rendered furious by the rum they had obtained from the spirit-room, felt and exhibited some disposition to fight their captors. But after the confusion had subsided, and part of our men were snugly stowed away in the American ship, and the remainder found themselves kindly used in their own, the utmost good feeling began to prevail. We took hold and cleansed the ship, using hot vinegar to take out the scent of the blood that had dyed the white of our planks with crimson. We also took hold and aided in fitting our disabled frigate for her voyage. This being accomplished, both ships sailed in company toward the American coast.

I soon felt myself perfectly at home with the American seamen; so much so, that I chose to mess with them. My shipmates also participated in similar feelings in both ships. All idea that we had been trying to shoot out each other's brains so shortly before, seemed forgotten. We eat together, drank together, joked, sung, laughed, told yarns; in short, a perfect union of ideas, feelings, and purposes, seemed to exist among all hands.

A corresponding state of unanimity existed, I was told, among the officers. Commodore Decatur showed himself to be a gentleman as well as a hero in his treatment of the officers of the Macedonian. When Captain Carden offered his sword to the commodore, remarking, as he did so, "I am an undone man. I am the first British naval officer that has struck his flag to an American:" the noble commodore either refused to receive the sword, or immediately returned it, smiling as he said, "You are mistaken, sir; your Guerriere has been taken by us, and the flag of a frigate was struck before yours." This somewhat revived the spirits of the old captain; but, no doubt, he still felt his soul stung with shame and mortification at the loss of his ship. Participating as he did in the haughty spirit of the British aristocracy, it was natural for him to feel galled and wounded to the quick, in the position of a conquered man.

We were now making the best of our way to America. Notwithstanding the patched-up condition of the Macedonian, she was far superior, in a sailing capacity, to her conqueror. The United States had always been a dull sailer, and had been christened by the name of the Old Wagon. Whenever a boat came alongside of our frigate, and the boatswain's mate was ordered to "pipe away" the boat's crew, he used to sound his shrill call on the whistle, and bawl out, "Away, *Wagoners*, away," instead of "away, United States men, away." This piece of pleasantry used to be rebuked by the officers, but in a manner that showed they enjoyed the joke. They usually replied, "Boatswain's mate, you rascal, pipe away United States men, not Wagoners. We have no wagoners on board of a ship." Still, in spite of rebuke, the joke went on, until it grew stale by repetition. One thing was made certain however by the sailing qualities of the Macedonian; which was, that if we had been disposed to escape from our foe before the action, we could have done so with all imaginable ease. This however, would have justly exposed us to disgrace, while our capture did not. There was every reason why the United States should beat us. She was larger in size, heavier in metal, more numerous in men, and stronger built than the Macedonian. Another fact in her favor was, that our captain at first mistook her for the Essex, which carried short carronades, hence he engaged her at long shot at first; for, as we had the weather gage, we could take what position we pleased. But this manoeuvre only wasted our shot, and gave her the advantage, as she actually carried larger metal than we did. When we came to close action, the shot from the United States went "through and through" our ship, while ours struck her sides, and fell harmlessly into the water. This is to be accounted for both by the superiority of the metal and of the ship…[Leech goes into a further detailed comparison the armaments and manpower of the respective ships.]

To these should be added the consideration that the men in the two ships fought under the influence of different motives. Many of our hands were in the service against their will; some of them were Americans, wrongfully impressed, and inwardly hoping for defeat: while nearly every man in our ship sympathized with the great principle for which the American nation so nobly contended in the war of 1812. What that was, I suppose all my readers understand. The British, at war with France, had denied the Americans the right to trade thither. She had impressed American seamen, and forcibly compelled their service in her navy; she had violated the American flag by insolently searching their vessels for her runaway seamen. Free trade and sailors' rights, therefore, were the objects contended for by the Americans. With these objects our men could but sympathize, whatever our officers might do.

On the other hand, the crew of our opponent had all shipped *voluntarily* for the term of two years only; (most of our men were shipped for life.) They understood what they fought for; they were better used in the service. What wonder, then, that victory adorned the brows of the American commander? To have been defeated under such circumstances would have been a source of lasting infamy to any naval officer in the world. In the matter of fighting, I think there is but little difference in either nation. Place them in action under equal circumstances and motives, and who could predict which would be victor? Unite them together, they would subject the whole world. So close are the alliances of blood, however, between England and America, that it is to be earnestly desired, they may never meet in mortal strife again. If either will fight, which is to be deprecated as a crime and a folly, let it choose an enemy less connected by the sacred ties of consanguinity.

Our voyage was one of considerable excitement. The seas swarmed with British cruisers, and it was extremely doubtful whether the United States would elude their grasp, and reach the protection of an American port with her prize. I hoped most sincerely to avoid them, as did most of my old shipmates; in this we agreed with our captors, who wisely desired to dispose of one conquest before they attempted another. Our former officers, of course, were anxious for the sight of a British flag. But we saw none, and, after a prosperous voyage from the scene of conflict, we heard the welcome cry of "Land ho!" The United States entered the port of New London; but, owing to a sudden shift of the wind, the Macedonian had to lay off and on for several hours. Had an English cruiser found us in this situation, we should have been easily recovered; and, as it was extremely probable we should fall in with one, I felt quite uneasy, until, after several hours, we made out to run into the pretty harbor of Newport [Rhode Island]. We fired a salute as we came to an anchor, which was promptly returned by the people on shore…

[*Ibid*. pp160-162]

There was great excitement in New York, when the brave tars of the victorious United States, walked in triumphant procession through the streets, in the presence of countless citizens. First, came Captain Carden's band, which had now shipped with Decatur; they were followed by the commodore and his officers, and these by the crew. At the City Hotel, all hands partook of a sumptuous dinner. This was followed by rather more than a usual amount of drinking, laughing, and talking; for as liquor was furnished in great abundance, the men could not resist the temptation to get drunk. As they left the room to go to the theatre, the poor plates on the sideboard proclaimed that "Jack was full three sheets in the wind." Almost every one, as he passed, gave them a crack, crying out as they fell, "Save the pieces;" thus illustrating the old proverb, "When rum is in, wit is out."

The visit to the theatre passed off very much like the dinner, to wit, there was an abundance of shouting and cheering all the evening. After the close of the play, all hands scattered to see their friends, with orders to be on board next day. It was a week before they all returned.

I was much struck with the appearance of Decatur that evening, as he sat in full uniform, his pleasant face flushed with the excitement of the occasion. He formed a striking contrast to the appearance he made when he visited our ship on the passage to New York. Then, he wore an old straw hat and a plain suit of clothes, which made him look more like a farmer than a naval commander.

Never had men more friends than the crew of the United States at this period. Every boarding-house was open to them; every merchant would trust them; every one was willing to lend them money. What was it that gained them such public favor? "O, their victory, of course," replies the reader. Stop; I will reveal the secret. They had some *prize money* coming to them in a few weeks! That was the key that unlocked coffers; the warmth that melted the heart; the spirit that clothed the face with smiles. But for that—THE PRIZE MONEY—poor Jack's credit and favor would, as usual, have been below par…

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LISTEN TO THE MOCKINGBIRD!

As well as the usual dogs and cats, 18th century Americans sometimes kept other animals as pets. For example, portraits of the time not infrequently show their sitters with birds, such as parrots, cardinals, doves, linnets, canaries, and mockingbirds, and which animals were occasionally also trained. And in a time without phonographs or CD players, the mockingbird in particular was especially popular for its singing qualities. As early as 1772, Thomas Jefferson is known to have begun keeping some as songsters for his wife and daughters, and continued to have them in later years, including at the White House; where one mockingbird "Dick," a special favorite, was even present at cabinet meetings. So talented were these birds that they were taught and able to warble American, Scottish, and French melodies.

The Marquis de Chastellux, in his *Travels*, vol. 1, (p. 77, 1828 Am. edit.), mentions that "Colonel [Stephen] Moylan's father-in-law has fitted up a little rural asylum, where his family go to avoid the heats of summer, and where they pass whole nights in listening to the song of the mocking bird for the nightingale does not sing in America."

Even soldiers in the field, when off duty, took time to enjoy the music of the feathery tribes. Lieut. William Feltman, of the First Pennsylvania Regiment, in his *Journal* of 1781-1782 (published in 1853), has at least two entries on this point.

"Sept'r 15th. [1781, while in Virginia with Anthony Wayne's brigade] —This morning about two o'clock, as I was walking up and down past one of my sentinels in order to keep myself awake, I was very agreeably entertained by the singing of a mocking-bird. He sang by himself and continued his notes till day-light. One would have imagined that he was sensible of the merit of his accomplishments and that it was in complaisance to man as well as for his satisfaction that he was pleased to sing when all was silent (but the barking of some dogs). Nothing animated him so much as the stillness of nature; 'twas then that he composed and executed all his tones. He raised from seriousness to gaiety, and from a simple song to a more sportive warbling, from the lightest quivers and divisions, he softened into the most languishing and plaintive sighs, which he afterwards forsook to return to his natural sprightliness. Interrupted by the passing and repassing of the soldiers, waggons, &c. by examining them. This day we had a very heavy shower of rain."

"Jan'y. 19th. [1782, in South Carolina] —This morning about two o'clock I had a small fire kindled to myself near my guard, I was very agreeably entertained by the singing of a very fine bird called the large Gray Owl. He sang very melodious for about two hours. Very heavy firing yesterday morning, cannon and small arms. The firing was at Genl. Greene and his party of Horse who were within one mile of Charlestown, reconnoitring, &c."[17]

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CLIVE'S TURTLE

General and Lord Robert Clive achieved some notable feats in his life, including being one of the chief founders of British power In India and victor of one of the most astonishing of battles, Plassey, in June 1757. In addition, he was later offered command of the British forces in North America at the onset of the Revolutionary War, but declined it; having in 1772 stated: "America will sooner or later become independent there can be no question."

More recently Clive has come once more into the news when it was reported that in March 2006 one of his pet tortoises Aldabra tortoises, named "Adwaita," had died in a zoo at Kolkata (Calcutta) at the ripe old age of about 255 years old! This would have made the beloved and venerable shell bearer some 25 years old at the time of our Declaration of Independence.

[17] For a sampling of 18th century American paintings of sitters and their birds (and other pets), see: https://b-womeninamericanhistory18.blogspot.com/search/label/Birds
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OLD FRITZ TO THE RESCUE?

"Frederick was, in fact, playing a waiting game. To his brother, Prince Henry, he had written about a week earlier [June 1777],'I purpose to draw out this negotiation in order to fall in with the side [in the American war] for which Fortune shall declare herself.'"

Was Frederick the Great's assistance decisive in helping to win the American Revolution?

Well, not quite -- PERHAPS. Yet in a 1904 article for *The American Historical Review*, Paul Leland Haworth does observe that the aging Frederick was especially peeved with Britain, his former ally in the Seven Years War, in consequence of its rejecting Pitt and consequent abandoning Prussia in order to make peace with France when that conflict came to a close. As a result, come the American Revolutionary War Frederick was that much more to be sympathetic toward the Americans, yet without overtly wanting to entangle himself in a conflict with Britain. The story is an interesting one; the upshot of which was, as Haworth's relates, in 1777 and 1778 Prussia faced war with Austria over the succession to the Bavarian throne, and in order to better compete for France's support against Austria (which also vied for France's approval), Frederick kindly stood un-disapproving of France's alliance with the rebellious colonies. Such that had Frederick inclined the other way, France possibly would have been more hesitant and reluctant to whole-heartedly throw in its lot in with the Americans.[18]

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JONATHAN CLARK

While many early U.S. history buffs will know that George Rogers Clark was the older brother of William Clark (of "Lewis and Clark" fame), not so many are also aware that the elder brother to both of them in turn was Jonathan Clark (1750-1811), an officer in the Continental Army; who was at Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, serving with the 8th Virginia Regiment. As a Major he was second in command to Major Henry Lee at the raid on Paulus Hook in 1779. It was with Jonathan Clark that Lee found himself in a dispute over rank that nearly caused the Paulus Hook mission to be cancelled almost immediately after it had set out. Lee, later, was compelled to apologize to the outranked and infuriated Clark over the misunderstanding. Although Clark technically had seniority, Washington had bestowed command of the enterprise on Lee, its principal planner and organizer. Clark afterward was among the gallant defenders taken prisoner at the Siege of Charleston, May 1780.

On Aug. 19, 1879, when the centenary of the battle was celebrated a book was published on the event entitled *Memorial of the centennial celebration of the battle of Paulus Hook, August 19, 1879: with a history of the early settlement and present condition of Jersey City, N.J.* (1879); which as it turns out is fairly well done and thorough study of the Paulus Hook action, and which includes some valuable documentation.[19]

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A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

But whose? It has been commonly asserted that Lewis Warrington (1782-1851), yet another of the outstanding U.S. naval captains of the War of 1812 and also later Secretary of the Navy, was the illegitimate son of Comte de Rochambeau[20] and Rachel Warrington; sired when that General was in Williamsburg prior to his participation at Yorktown. Yet, historian Robert Selig, in an article on Capt.

[18] For more, you can download Hayworth's full article at: http://www.jstor.org/stable/1833470?seq=1#page_scan_tab_contents
[19] To obtain a .pdf copy of the same, see the Internet Archive at: https://archive.org/details/memorialofcenten00farr
[20] Or perhaps and more plausibly his son and who was present on his Yorktown staff, Donatien de Rochambeau.
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Louis Francois Bertrand-Dupont D'Aubevoye, Comte de Lauberière, found in *American Heritage Magazine*, Feb.-Mar. 1997, vol. 48, iss. 1, states:

"In Williamsburg, wrote Lauberdière, there lived 'a widow named Madame Ridte'—that is, Susanna Riddel—whose 'two charming nieces, Miss Rachel and Camilla Warrington,' had been orphaned in 1770 by the death of their father, a minister. Lauberdière set his sights on Rachel, whom he may have met while she was tending the sick and wounded soldiers in the Williamsburg hospital. In France lower-class women were considered fair game for the aristocracy, and Lauberdière regarded the whole affair lightly. 'As the chanson says, 'Let us make love, let us make war'—these two occupations are filled with attraction. In fact, we tried to combine the one with the other.' Rachel accepted Lauberdière's advances, and he wrote that 'our desires were fulfilled.' They were so fulfilled in fact that Lucy Randolph informed Comte Christian de Deux-Ponts, with whom she had fallen in love, in a letter of August 15, 1783, that the November before, Rachel had been safely delivered of 'a son, whom she named Louis after his father Monsieur Lobidier.'"[21]

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A HURRICANE IN SPRING

Excerpts are a fine thing; particularly when there is so much to read; particularly in our new century when reading as a pastime has so much competing against it. It was part of my purpose in *The Continental Army Series* to supply introductions to writings relating to the history of colonial America and the early United States that many will have little or never heard of. Yet naturally there came to be a necessary and practical limit to the amount of material from a given author that I might be able to include. The downside of this, of course, is that there are other and further works by that writer which could not be covered. Although, to give just one example, I was able to allow James Kirke Paulding a fair degree of attention, relatively speaking, there is still much else worth sampling of his that I groan to have had to omit.

A *perfect* case in point is chapter four of his *The Dutchman's Fireside*. Published in 1831, *The Dutchman's Fireside* is one of Paulding's works that -- along with *Salmagundi* (1807-1808, written in conjunction with the brothers Irving); *Koningsmarke, the Long Finne* (1823), some Christmas-New Years stories; his essay on "National Literature" (found in *Salmagundi, second series*);[22] and, for patriotic and nostalgia reasons, *The Old Continental, or The Price of Liberty* (1846) -- modern readers and who have a taste for the novelty of a distant, obscure past will generally find most appealing and of interest. Of remark as well, *The Dutchman's Fireside* was the most popular and successful of Paulding's fiction works during his own lifetime.

Although in his essay "National Literature," Paulding decried romance and writers' resorting to the supernatural, he had a pronounced and peculiar romantic streak of his own and loved to wax nostalgic over America's then rapidly vanishing past; not dissimilar to how some today (like yours truly) turn to writings such as his in order (in part) to relive a bygone era, not least of which Paulding's own, filled with persons, sights, colors, and sound, that by and large are no more. Like friend Irving, he especially delighted in lore relating to old Dutch New York and the Hudson River and Highlands region, including their

[21] For more from this same article, see:
http://www.americanheritage.com/content/america-ungrateful
While for one account of the Rochambeau as father version, see:
https://tinyurl.com/z49gyta

[22] In this same essay, Paulding predicted a revival of interest in the novels of Charles Brockden Brown. Readers might also want to try *Salmagundi, second series*. While it is usually brushed aside, then and since, as a pale and outdated imitation of its predecessor, it nonetheless well serves as a somewhat unusual and sometimes illuminating record and memorial of the era of Good Feeling, circa 1820, and of the hopes, dreams and visions one American had for his country at that time, an American, incidentally, who by the late 1850s, and unlike Irving, had himself become a thing of the forgotten past, largely passed over and ignored. With respect to his writing generally, one might and understandably not always find convincing the opinions he expresses as either a moral or social observer, and he is sometimes comes across as short sighted in those areas. As when, for example, he attributes Sybrandt's introversion, false pride and social timidity as simultaneously arising from the bookish schooling the youth had received from Dominie Stettinius *and* the effect of superstitious lore on impressionable youth. On the other hand, though such identification of the sources of behavior is of dubious value, his portrayal of personalities is refreshingly original, and does reflect psychological insight and subtlety on his part. Compare the realism of Catalina Vancour, for instance, to just about any of James Fenimore Cooper's female characters.
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association both with the French and Indian War and the American Revolution. Being himself of Dutch descent, Paulding had an even greater affinity and penchant himself for Hudson River history based on personal reminiscences.

In a brief preface to *Fireside* he credits Ann Macvicar Grant's *Memoirs of an American lady, with Sketches of Manners and Scenery in America, As They Existed Previous to the Revolution* (1808) as an inspiration. Anne Grant (1755-1838) was a daughter of a Scottish officer in the British Army who had been stationed near Albany during the French and Indian War; with she and her family returning to remain in Scotland in the 1768. Her memoirs recount recollections of her childhood there, and of customs of the area, the Schuyler family, the Indians and Scotch highlanders. Her book was enthusiastically admired by Sir Walter Scott and Robert Southey, but also significantly influenced Cooper's *Last of the Mohicans* (1826) and *Satanstoe* (1846). In the former, Cooper took from Grant the name Duncan for one of his main characters, as well using information related by her about the Indians and the Scotch soldiers of that time. In the case of *Satanstoe* his picture of winter sports at Albany, about the time of French and Indian War, is clearly drawn from her account as well.

Paulding's satire and wit are not, at least not usually, among his strong points, and his humor wears thin compared to that of someone like English contemporary Thomas Love Peacock. Yet he does not infrequently exude a palpable and infectious warmth while gifted with a wonderful skill at natural description; that, although on occasion perhaps *too* florid, demonstrates his ability as a sometimes author of unequivocal genius. Chapter IV of *Dutchman's Fireside* then is most apt specimen of this, and I frankly don't know of any passage from all his writings that is nearly so sublime, elegant and moving.[23]

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CHAPTER IV.

A Morning's Smiles, The Evening's Tears.

The next morning Ariel [Sybrandt Westbrook's uncle] came over, and found Sybrandt half-willing, half-afraid to accompany the party to the island, of which he [Ariel] was to be the commander-in-chief. Never man was so busy, so important, and so happy as the good Ariel, at having something to do for a whole day. Blessed, indeed, yea, thrice blessed is he whom trifles can make happy. It is this which forms the bliss of childhood and the consolation of old age, each of which finds its appropriate enjoyments in an exemption from the serious labours and oppressive anxieties of the world's great business.

It was a cheerful and inspiring morning as ever shone upon the rich plains of the happy Hudson — happy in being the chosen river on whose bosom floats the tide of fashion to and fro; on whose delicious borders dwell in rustic competency thousands of contented human beings, enjoying the fruits of their labours amid the fruitions of a blameless life and a quiet spirit. The day was such a one as I myself prefer to all others; when the sun diffuses his influence through a gauzy veil of semi-transparent clouds, which temper his rays into a mild genial warmth, that, while it takes, perhaps, from the vigour of the body, communicates to the mind a delicious and luxurious aptitude for the indulgence of the gentler emotions. In such days, and through such a medium, the beauties of nature exhibit only their softest features; and display their greatest varieties of shade and colouring; the winds are hushed; the waters smooth and glassy; the foliage wears a fleecy softness; the hills appear more beautiful; the mountains, magnified in the misty vagueness of distance, seem blended with the skies; the different shades of green that deck the bosom of the earth become more distinct yet more harmonious than when basking in the glare of the sun; and every

[23] There is an excellent introduction to Paulding and this novel by Thomas O'Donnell in the 1966 Masterworks of Literature Series edition (College and University Press, New Haven, Conn.); where O'Donnell remarks that Paulding's son's, William, 1868 revision of the work is seriously flawed; inasmuch as he tampers gratuitously with diction while painstakingly expurgating his father's "earthy -- but never indelicate-- imagery." For example, "bull's foot" in William Paulding's editorial hands turns into "chipmonk," while "Peace to his *manes*, black as they were!" becomes "Peace to his soul!" p. 6. Unfortunately the 1868 edition is the only *complete* copy of *The Dutchman's Fireside* currently available online; for which reason, if interested, I strongly advise obtaining a more modern printed re-publication, of which there are several.
For another, incidentally, helpful intro to the book, in this instance by Robert P. Preston, see: http://www.gunjones.com/Robt-P-Winston_on_Dutchmans-Fireside.pdf from *Studies in American Fiction*, Volume 11, Number 1, Spring 1983, pp. 47-59.

sound that meets the ear, like every object that attracts the eye, partakes in the gentle harmony that reigns all around. It is in the remembrance of such scenes in after-life, and amid the struggles, hopes, and disappointments which checker the course of manhood, that we are apt to contrast our present cares with our former enjoyments, exaggerating both, and giving a false estimate of the different periods of an existence, which, if we fairly hold the balance, will be found pretty much the same in all its various changes, from the cradle to the grave.

Our little party consisted of Master-commandant Ariel, chief manager, factotum, &c, as busy as a bee, as noisy as a caty-did, and as merry as a cricket; Catalina, Sybrandt, and some half a score of the beaux and belles of Albany, who had come to the mansion-house bright and early in the morning, all dressed in neat and simple attire, befitting a ramble among the wild roses and clambering vines of the happy island. This little paradise, to speak in learned phrase, was an alluvial formation of times long past, composed of the rich spoils of the surrounding lands, deposited by the river. It was as level as the surface of the stream in which it was embosomed, and covered with a carpet of rich, luxuriant verdure, which, when it was not pastured, gave to the scythe a glorious harvest three times a year. On every side and all around, the banks were fringed with the light silvery foliage of the water-willows, mingled with tufts of wild roses, and growths of nameless wild flowers of every hue and various odours; and canopied at intervals with clambering vines, whose long tendrils sometimes bent down and waved to and fro on the gliding waters as they passed slowly by. Within this leafy barrier was nothing but a green sward, shaded at various intervals by the vast giants of the alluvial growth—elms and plane-trees, of such towering majesty, that they overlooked the gentle eminences which bounded the flats on either side. The witching murmurs of the waters, as they glided along under the willow branches and nodding vines, mingled with the chorus of a thousand birds, who remained all summer in undisturbed possession; and though the pipe of the shepherd was never heard in these pleasant abodes, it was aptly supplied by the music of harmonious nature, the murmuring waters, and the warblers of the woodlands.

Under the skilful guidance of the active, indefatigable Ariel, the little party arrived at the scene of their anticipated pleasures, all gay and happy, save our friend Sybrandt, who, from the moment he joined the group, felt the spell of the demon besetting him sorely. His gayety was repressed, his faculties benumbed, and his youthful vigour changed to a leaden inertness by that habitual shyness and awkwardness the very consciousness of which prevented ail efforts to shake it off. He was always either behind or before the party, and generally too far from it to hear what was said. Thus, when the hilarity of the youthful spirit effervesced into a sprightly laugh, the demon of pride, suspicion, and consciousness, whispered that the laugh was at him. The other young men were, indeed, quite as awkward, and without his knowledge and acquirements; but they made an excellent figure, notwithstanding, and performed their parts with a gay, gallant frankness, such as woman in all situations loves. They had lived in the world at Albany, mixed in its business, and dissipated their self-love in the pursuit of various objects, while poor Sybrandt had passed his youth in nursing the off spring of solitude—sensibility, pride, and selfishness. It is social intercourse alone that, by calling is off from self-contemplation, and making it necessary to remember and to administer to the wants or the enjoyments of others, can make man happy himself, and an instrument of happiness to others.

When they came to the riverside, where lay the little boat which was to take them to the island, Sybrandt had sworn to himself that he would offer his hand to Catalina to assist her in embarking. But he was so long before he could screw himself up to the direful feat, that one of the Albany lads, more gallant as well as alert, was beforehand with him. A bashful man is like a tiger; he makes but one effort, and if that fails, slinks away to his jungle, and essays not another. I myself have my own experience to vouch for this; having in the far-off days of my gallantry, foil many a time and oft, in dining out, gathered myself together with a gallant ferocity to ask the lady of the feast for the honour of a glass of wine with her. But alas! if peradventure the lady listened not to my first demonstration, I was prone to relapse into an utter and incurable in capacity to repeat the mighty effort. The sound of my voice died suddenly, and word spoke I never more. So was it with master Sybrandt, who, having expended his powder in a flash of the pan, sunk only the lower for the exertion he had made.

The little party landed, and pursued their pleasures in separate groups, or couples, as chance or inclination prompted. In those days of Doric innocence and simplicity—and thanks to Heaven, it is so still

in our happy country—young people of different sexes could enjoy the pleasures of a rural ramble, in parties or in pairs, without the remotest idea of impropriety, and without waking a single breath of scandal. If there be any thing in the music, the repose, the fascinating and quiet beauties of nature that excites to love, it is gentle and virtuous love; an awakening impulse rather than an ungovernable passion; and if perchance it works to final mischief, it is rather from accident than purpose—nature than depravity. It is not here that the sensual passions acquire their overpowering energies; but at midnight revels, where dazzling lights, artificial splendours, seducing music, high-seasoned viands, and luxurious wines, pamper the senses into lascivious longings, and swell the imagination to exaggerated conceptions of pleasure, which carry us away we know not and we care not whither. Long may it be before it is the fashion to abridge the freedom of virgins, and extend that of wives, in our country.

Catalina having carried her point in making Sybrandt one of the party, was rather in a better humour with him than usual. She plagued him now and then in various sly ways, and sometimes raised a laugh at his expense. The first fine edge of the feelings, fortunately for mankind, both in pleasure and pain, is worn off by the first enjoyment and the first suffering. Were it not so—but I am insensibly becoming a moralist, when I only aspire to story telling. Sybrandt by degrees already felt like a musical instrument, in better tone for being played upon, and two or three times caught himself actually enjoying the scene and the festivity of his companions. The ridicule of women sometimes makes bold men only more bold and confident; and I have known a most exemplary modest person made down right saucy by the freedoms of others. Indeed there is not in the world so impudent a being, as a shy man forced out of his shyness. The very impulse carries him to the opposite extreme. The bent of Sybrandt's mind had, however, been too long and too rigid to be relaxed all at once.

I pity the most exalted of all created beings who cannot feel the inspiration of the balmy air, the music and the smiles of nature; for he can have neither sensibility nor imagination. It was not so with Sybrandt; though apparently a most unpromising pupil for the school of romance, there were, if I mistake not, certain springs of action and certain latent fires hidden and buried in his head and heart, which only required to be touched or lighted to make him a far other being than he seemed just now. As the morning passed, he insensibly began to feel less awkward, and his shyness gradually wore away. He ventured to speak to some of the young damsels, and finally had the unparalleled intrepidity to attach himself to the side of his cousin in a stroll under the vines and willows that skirted the shores of the little island.

By degrees the feelings which nature had implanted in his heart opened and expanded, like the seeds which lay dormant in the deep shades of the forest for years, until the trees being cut down, the warm sunbeams waken them to life and vegetation. The emotions of his heart for a while overpowered his long-cherished timidity, and lent to his tongue an eloquence that pleased, while it surprised Catalina. The rich stores of imagery which long reading and contemplation had gathered in his mind, where they had lain enchained in the icy fetters of timidity, were let loose by the new-born warmth that thrilled through his frame, and flowed forth without study or effort into striking observations, tender associations, and sparkles of a rich and glowing fancy. Catalina listened with astonishment to the animated statue; and as she looked him in the face while pouring forth the treasures of his mind, and saw the divinity that sparkled in his eyes, she once or twice detected herself in thinking Sybrandt almost as handsome as an aid-de-camp. He, too, felt elevated in his own estimation; for the first time in his life he had listened to his own voice without feeling his heart beat with apprehension, and for the first time he could look back upon an hour spent in the society of a female, without a pang of the keenest mortification.

"Sybrandt," at length said Catalina, "why don't you talk so every day?"

"Because every day is not like to-day; nor are you, my cousin, always what you are now."

A silence ensued, from which they were roused by the cheerful, joy-inspiring shouts of Ariel, who had prepared his collation, and was summoning all the rambling lads and lasses to come and partake of the blessings of his prudent forethought. To him eating was an affair of the first consequence; he never joined a party, either of business or pleasure, without first reducing it to a certainty that there would be no starvation attending it ; and it was almost as affecting as a last dying speech to hear him relate the melancholy story of the ruin of a brace of the finest woodducks he ever saw, by the "d--d stupid folly" of his cook, who roasted

them in a pot instead of before the fire. The good Ariel had spread his stores on a snow-white tablecloth of ample dimensions, laid upon the rich greensward beneath a canopy of vines, that clambered over the tops of a clump of sassafras, whose aromatic buds sent forth a grateful fragrance. Here he marshalled his forces with great discretion, placing the lads and lasses alternately around the rural repast, and enjoining upon the former the strictest attention to his nearest neighbour. As to himself, he could never sit still where there was room for action. He curvetted around the little circle like a merry spaniel; cracked his jokes, and laughed only the louder when nobody joined him; helped himself, and ate and talked, all at the same time, with a zest, an hilarity, and honest frankness that communicated themselves to all about him, infecting them with a contagious merriment. The birds chirped over their heads, the flowers grew beneath their feet, the mild summer breezes played upon their cheeks, hope glowed in their hearts, and youth and health were their handmaids ; why then should they not laugh and be merry?

But a plague on Nature! she is a female, after all, and there is no trusting her. As thus they sat unheeding all but themselves and the present moment, Nature had been at work unnoticed by the little crew, gathering into one great mass a pack of dark rolling clouds along the western horizon. The banks of the little isle were, as we said before, fringed all around by trees and shrubbery, and tangled vines, that quite hid the opposite shores, making it a little world within itself. The dark tempest gathering in the west had therefore escaped the notice of the party, until the moment when a burst of merriment was interrupted by a flash of lightning, and a quick, sharp crash of thunder. When the Creator speaks, all nature is silent; and if, as some suppose, the leaping lightning is the quick glancing of his angry eye, the thunder the threatening of his voice, no wonder if every sound is hushed when they break forth from the pitchy darkness of the heavens. The laugh ceased; the birds became silent in their leafy bowers; the trees stilled their sweet whisperings; the insects chirped no longer, and the river murmured no more. There was a dead pause in the air, the earth, and the waters, save when the Creator of them all spoke from the depths of his vast obscurity.

The merrymakers looked at each other in silence, and in silence sat, until Ariel ventured to clear his voice with “a-hem!” which, to say the truth, lacked much of its wonted vigorous energy and clearness. Sybrandt gained a position whence he could overlook the island barrier, and came back running to announce that a thunderstorm —so rapidly that it would be impossible to cross the river and gain the nearest house in time to escape its fury. The damsels looked at the young men, and the young men looked at the damsels. One had on her best hat, another a new shawl, a third her holyday chintz gown, and each and all wore some favourite piece of finery, which, though peradventure Dolly the cook and Betty the chambermaid would scorn to wear, even on week-days, in this age of rapid unparalleled improvement, was still dear to their simple, innocent affections. The boys too, as they were called, and still are called among the old lords of the land, had on their Sunday gear, which, as they never ran in debt to the tailor, it behooved them to nurse with special care. What was to be done in this sore dilemma; for now the quick, keen flashes, the equally keen crashes that came with them, and the dead, dull calm that intervened, announced that the rain and the tempest were nigh.

Ariel was as busy as an assistant-alderman at a fire, and about as useful. Being a man who was always in a hurry when there was no occasion, it may be naturally supposed, that when there was occasion he would be in such a great hurry that his resolves would tread upon one another’s heels, or impede their operations by running athwart each other, and breaking their heads. And so, indeed, it happened; he was ten times more busy than when he had nothing to do; swore at the lads for not doing something; suggested a hundred impracticable things; and concluded, good man! by wishing with all his soul they were safe housed in the old mansion.

Catalina had been brought up at the boarding-school in the fear of thunder. The schoolmistress, indeed, always encouraged the young ladies by precept not to be frightened; but she never failed to disappear in a thunderstorm, and was one time discovered between two featherbeds almost smothered to death. It is to be regretted that this natural and proper feeling of awe which accompanies the sublime phenomena of nature should degenerate into abject fear or irrational superstition. Divested of these, the approach of a thunderstorm is calculated to waken the mind to the most lofty associations with the great Being who charges and discharges this vast artillery, and to exalt the imagination into the highest regions of

lofty contemplation. But fear is an abject, soul-subduing sentiment, which monopolizes the mind, debases the physical man, and shuts out every feeling allied to genuine piety and faith.

Suddenly an idea struck Sybrandt, which was instantly adopted and put into execution. The boat, a broad, flat skiff, was drawn up the bank, and placed bottom upwards, with one side supported by sticks, and the other reclining on the ground towards the west, so that the rain might run off in that direction. The few minutes which intervened between this operation and the bursting of the torrent of rain were employed by the young men in covering the open spaces about the sides of the boat with grass and branches, as well as the time would admit. There was only space enough under this shelter for the young women, though Ariel managed to find himself a place among them. He was in the main a good-natured, kind-hearted man, but he did not like being out in a storm any more than his neighbours. The young men stood cowering under a canopy of thick vines, which shaded the boat and a little space besides. It was observed that Sybrandt placed him self nearest that end of the boat under which Catalina was sheltered, and that he was particular in the disposition of the grass and branches in that quarter.

A few, a very few minutes of dead silence on the part of our little group intervened before the tempest sent forth its hoards of wind and rain, smiting the groaning trees, and deluging the thirsty earth till it could drink no more, but voided the surplus into the swelling stream, that began anon to rise and roar in angry violence. This storm was for a long time traditionary for its terrible violence; and for more than half a century people talked of the incessant flashes of the lightning, the stunning and harsh violence of the thunder, the deluge of rain, the hurricane which accompanied it, the lofty trees that were either split with lightning or torn up by the roots by the wind, and the damage done by the sudden swell ing of the river on that remarkable day.

The party which found shelter under the boat fared indifferently well ; but the others were in a few moments wet to the skin. The little flexible willows bent down to let the storm pass over them; but the sturdy elms and plane-trees stood stiff to the blast that wrung their arms from their bodies, and scattered them in the air like straws and feathers. The rushing winds, the roaring of the troubled waters, were mingled with incessant flashings of lightning, accompanied by those quick, sharp explosions of thunder that proclaim the near approach of the electric power. At length the little party was roused by a peal that seemed to have rent the vault of heaven, and beheld with terror and dismay a vast plane tree, within a hundred yards' distance, directly in front of them, shivered from top to bottom like a reed. The explosion for a moment stilled the tempest of rain, during which interval the vast dissevered trunk stood trembling and nodding, like one suddenly struck by the hand of death. Another moment, and the winds resumed their empire, the stout monarch of the isle fell to the ground with a tremendous crash, and the force of Omnipotence was demonstrated in the instantaneous destruction of a work which long ages had brought to maturity.

The young women screamed, and the youths shuddered, as they beheld this huge giant of nature yielding in an instant to a mightier power. But soon they were drawn off to the contemplation of a new danger. It is well known how sudden, nay, almost instantaneous, is the swelling of our rivers, especially near their sources, and where they traverse a hilly or mountainous region. The little isle where our scene is laid was but a few feet above the ordinary level of the stream, and its surface as flat as the stream itself, which now began to dash its waves beyond the usual barrier, until at length the situation of the little party became extremely critical. The land had become less safe than the waters, and immediate measures were taken to prepare for the inundation, by turning the boat upon her bottom again. The party was arranged on the benches to the best advantage, and the young men stood prepared to ply the oars the moment the boat was floated off. Soon the tremendous torrent rolled over the surface of the whole island in one mighty mass of dark waters, speckled with white foam; and the boat was carried down the stream with the swiftness of an arrow. The difficulty was to escape the trees and bushes, which still reared their heads above the waters, since it was obvious that nothing could preserve the boat but her being kept from the slightest interruption in her course. The great object, therefore, was to avoid every obstacle, and to keep her head directly down the stream, till they met with some little nook or cove, where the current was less violent. In times of danger the master spirit instinctively takes the lead, and the lesser ones instinctively yield obedience.

Ever since the coming of the storm Sybrandt had seemed a new being, animated by a newly-awakened soul. The excitement of the scene had by degrees caused him to forget his shyness; and now the presence of danger and the necessity of exertion roused into action those qualities which neither himself nor others were conscious he possessed. He who had trembled at the idea of being introduced into a drawing-room, and shrunk from the encounter of a smiling female eye, now stood erect in the composure of unawed manhood, with a steady hand and a steady eye, guiding the little skiff through roaring whirlpools and angry currents, furiously conflicting with each other, almost as skilfully as a veteran Mississippi boatman. All else sat still in the numbness of irrepressible apprehension. Even the busy Ariel was motionless in his seat, and his active tongue silent as the grave. But neither human skill nor human courage could struggle any length of time with the power of the waters, every moment aggravated by new accessions. In turning a projecting point, round which the current whirled with increased impetuosity, the boat struck the edge of an old stump of a tree just beneath the surface, and was upset in a single instant. Fortunately for some, though, alas! not for all, the current made a sudden inflexion immediately below the projecting point into a little shallow cove, where it subsided into repose. It was in making for this harbour that the boat unfortunately encountered the stump, which, as I stated, was not visible above the waters. It is with sorrowful emotions I record that the accident was fatal to two of the innocent girls and one of the young men, who sat in the bow of the boat, which unfortunately, as she overturned, sheered out into the stream, and launched them into the whole force of the current. They were carried away and their bodies found a day or two afterward many miles below. The others, with the exception of Catalina, were shot directly, and in an instant, by the sudden angle made by the current, into the little shallow, quiet cove, where they were all preserved. Catalina was not one of these. Less strong, and less inured to the sports and perils of rural life, she became insensible the moment the accident occurred, and would have quickly perished, had not Sybrandt swam into the edge of the turbulent whirlpool where she was floating, and brought her safely to the land.

Sadly the remnant of our little party returned to their respective homes without their lost companions, and sadly they contrasted the beauty of the quiet genial morning, and the happy anticipations that beckoned them forward to sportful revelry, with the uproar of nature, and the gloomy shadows of the evening, which closed in darkness, sorrow, and death. The remembrance of this scene, and of the conduct of Sybrandt, not only before but during the storm, and in the hour of her extreme peril, was often afterward called to mind by Catalina, and not unfrequently checked her inclination to laugh sometimes, and sometimes to be downright angry with her sheepish, awkward cousin.— I need not dwell upon the anxiety of the father and mother of our heroine, nor of the good Dennis, who, in the midst of his fears, could not help crying out against and sparing not this new-fangled custom of making parties for the island, though both tradition and history avouch that these sports were coeval with the commencement of our happy era of honest simplicity. Suffice it to say, that the good parents received their only child as one a second time bestowed upon them by the bounty of Heaven, and that they were full of gratitude to Sybrandt,—whose inspiration seemed now departed from him. The crisis that awakened his sleeping energies having passed away, his long cherished habits again beset him; instead of expressing his joy at having been instrumental in preserving Catalina, and showing his sensibility to the parents' gratitude, he became embarrassed, silent, awkward, stultified—and finally vanished away no one knew whither. We must not omit to record that from this time forward the worthy Ariel attended the Dominie's sermons regularly twice every Sabbath; a custom he had never followed before, inasmuch as he had a most sovereign propensity to falling asleep and disturbing the congregation by snoring.

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DEBTS REMAINING.

During and after the Revolutionary War, the Continental, and later United States, Congress enacted several measures to award soldiers and sailors, and or their widows, pensions for their wartime services. Along with Land Grants, such pensions were, during the war itself, intended as recruiting inducements or as compensation for permanent, battle-incurred injuries and disabilities. Later with the conflict won, many veterans returned home with little or no pay; having sold their recruitment bonuses and grants to speculators and profiteers, usually at the fraction of their value; and this was true even for some officers as well as enlisted men. In the case of some of these poor soldiers and who became quite publicly
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visible, they were reduced to dire want and even beggary, with the neglect of them overtime becoming a national embarrassment and disgrace.[24] Yet after the nation had some time to get its finances in order, a movement arose, beginning in earnest after the end of the War of 1812, to both relieve such soldiers in need *and* to properly compensate and additionally award those who could prove their Revolutionary War-time service, the latter as a measure of showing the country's appreciation for their toils, contributions and sacrifices. A more detailed, overview history of these pensions and Land Grants can be found at Will Graves' website at http://revwarapps.org/revwar-pension-acts.htm [25] We should note here, however, that the two most important of the Acts of Congress to aid the struggling veterans were those passed in 1818 and in 1832.

In addition to doing the Revolutionary War soldiers and sailors simple justice, one huge benefit that arose from the Pension Acts was that in order to qualify for them the service person (this included some women) or their spouse had to furnish proof of their service. This frequently resulted in many valuable records and accounts about the war, and that have since (as many will already know) become of priceless value to historians.

The following article on the subject appeared in Sept. 1818 in *The Port Folio* (vol. VI, no. III, pp. 236-237.)

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The Soldiers of the Revolution.— At the last session of Congress, an act was passed for the relief of those soldiers who had waded through the war by which our independence was achieved. In this appropriation of the revenue, we see more active virtue than was shown in all the expenses which have been lavished upon ridiculous experiments, and useless foreign embassies. The following letter from a gentleman of the bar in Yorktown, Pennsylvania, describes, with great feeling and effect, the appearance of a number of venerable clients, in whose behalf he claimed the benefit of this law.

"The act of congress for the relief of soldiers of the revolution, is of a singular character and effect. That class of people had seemed to have retired from the world. This age had not seen them at all; the last had scarcely seen them, or but seen them to hid them a final adieu. The lanes and back streets of our towns, or the sequestered vales of oar country, it is true, were sometimes said to be favoured with here and there a solitary one. But like witches or ghosts, they were oftener heard or talked of, than seen. 'New lords and new laws,' rose up one upon the heels of another, but neither the deeds of the first, nor the effects of the last reached them. They seemed like extremities of the body politic, which remained cold, inactive, palsied, dead. Medicine after medicine might be administered to the vital parts, but the extremities remained useless and comfortless, and in a measure lifeless. But the vivifying act in question, was no sooner passed, than its effects seemed to thrill through every vein and nerve of the body politic, and these old stumps and broken bones, and rigid nerves, and fleshless sinews, began to move, and live, and grow. Here and there you might see them tottering in second childhood, with their old brows half relaxed from wrinkles, inquiring for those who would aid them in procuring their country's bounty. Like infancy, they seemed instinctively to know there was nourishment at the breast, but were too helpless to reach it They seemed to come forth in numbers not before supposed to exist, and indeed it was gladdening to see so many venerable heroes yet in being. We look upon them as we would upon the swords with which our fathers hewed their way to glory; the instruments with which our country's liberty was achieved. But these remarks may as well give place to the muster-roll of sergeant Thomas's squad. It contains the names of those who made application through the writer of this article for the relief provided by the act.

1 Sergt. Francis Thomas, aged 80.

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[24] As an example of one of the post-war appeals for relief of the veterans, see: *A Plea for the Poor Soldiers; or an Essay, to Deomonstrate that the Soldiers and other Public Creditors, who really and actually supported the burden of the Late War, Have Not Been Paid! Ought to be Paid! Can be Paid! And Must be Paid!* (1790) by a Citizen of Philadelphia.

[25] And which is part of Mr. Graves' more comprehensive "Southern Campaigns Revolutionary War Pension Statements & Rosters" at http://revwarapps.org . See also http://freepages.genealogy.rootsweb.ancestry.com/~fayfamily/pensions.html While for a single volume collection of pension application extracts, see *The Revolution Remembered: Eyewitness Accounts Of The War For Independence* (1980) by John C. Dann.
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2 Corporal Michael Elly, ” 61.

3 Music, Thos. Burk, ” 58.

4 Private Joel Gray, ” 75.

5 ” James Hogg, ” 63.

6 ” Val. Hertzog, ” 60.

7 ” Phil. Wagoner, ” 74.

8 ” Thos. Randolph, ” 71.

9 ” John Brown, ” 67.

10 ” John Horn, ” 72.

11 ” John Deis, ” 60.

12 ” Con. Pudding, ” 64.

13 ” Joseph Wren, ” 81.

Total years of age, 967.

Averaging 69 years of age each! It is to be questioned whether any sergeant in christendom, could produce such a command as this under sergeant Thomas. Old, shrivelled, needy, bowed down, shivering under the frost of seventy winters! Yet cheerful and ready to “shoulder the crutch, and show how fields were won.”

Joel Grey--He may indeed be addressed in the style of the old ballad, and make the same response;
“Oh why do you shiver and shake
Gaffer Gray?
And why does your nose look so
blue--
I am grown very old
And the weather ’tis cold,
And ray doublet is not very new.”

Thos. Randolph—Better known here as “Old Tommy Randals,” the standing bug-bear of childhood, and likely to rival the most celebrated “Boog-a-hoos” of any past age. We sincerely hope his sooty notes of “sweep O”—”sweep O,” will soon be exchanged for more cheerful ones. Indeed he has scarcely a note of any kind left, as he is now the tenant of the poor house, having been some time ago gathered to that promiscuous congregation of fatherless, motherless, sisterless, brotherless, houseless and friendless beings, each of whom is little less than *civiliter mortuus*.

Michael Elly.—This old winter beaten and woe-worn veteran, during the battle of Germantown, observed a cannon ball approaching his squad, bouncing on the ground from place to place, threatening the legs of his command with sudden destruction. With admirable presence of mind he wheeled his men on their right and left, to make a vacancy for it to pass, and wheeled into his place in the line again, with great regularity and composure. “Right, corporal Elly,” said his officer, “ always make way for gentlemen whose business requires such *despatch*.”

Joseph Wren.—This old man's body and spirit seem to be equally light He travels his thirty miles a day with ease. His appearance reminds you of the Egyptian mummies, so celebrated for their fresh and life-like appearance after the lapse of centuries. During the deluge (not Noah's flood nor yet Deucalion's, as you might have supposed from his ancient date, but the deluge which buried a third part of our town in ruins, on the ever memorable 9th Aug. 1817,) old Wren, like the lively bird of his own name, perched himself in a snug corner of the garret of a two story frame house and went to sleep. The house rose on the bosom of the deep, plunged all but the garret into the waves, and was dashed from surge to surge, till it lodged against a tree. Five persons were drowned! "side by side they lay," in a room of the second story of the house. Joseph slept on. At length when the God of Nature held out the olive branch of hope to the terror struck tenants of the roofs of the tottering houses and the flood subsided, so that the "dry land appeared,"—when the mighty ocean that had been, as it were, created in a moment and precipitated upon us, gathered itself into the mild and unassuming Codorus again, Joseph's abode of death, where youth and health and female excellence and manly virtue, had been buried in the waves, was visited—and still he slept. When he was awakened he rubbed his eyes, not certain they were his own, nor whether he was Joseph Wren any more; for he knew not where he was, unless it might be in some place on the other side of the grave. Thus, indeed, has Joseph Wren had "hair breadth escapes," in the "forest wild and city full," and is spared to be made glad by something very unlike the "ingratitude of republics." What a spectacle is sergeant Thomas's venerable, honourable and ancient squad!— Their history is all eventful. Poor, old, lame, blind, deaf and forgetful! They never looked to see this day. They have been bandied about from pillar to post, often without a home, or stated place of residence.* Almost every one has lost his discharge, and most of them, in the language of William Murphy's petition, have no evidence but their own words, their age, their poverty and their scars, of having faithfully served their country, and of being in need of its support.

[signed] THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND."

* So true is it that they, many of them, have no home, that on being asked where they reside, they often reply with a melancholy smile at the oddity of the thing, "almost any where."

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THEATER NIGHT -- NEW YORK, 1802

"He [Irving] *is a highly gifted man. He is a sent man, but they who are sent sometimes go further than they ought."*
~ William Blake, Henry Crabb Robinson's *Reminiscences.*

If there is anything drawing of my own intellectual curiosity it is to imagine, or in other instances perhaps be able to see in reproduced form, what life and manners were like in and of a by gone era. One good illustration of this is in wondering what it was like going to a theater at a particular time in the distant past. Since, for one thing, that sort of experience, as much as anything else one might name, tells us what moved and excited people back then; as the theater often drew them together from different stations and walks of life into one social event. If such a gathering was going to be pleased, the performance and what it contained had to be good; else the patrons to that theater would simply stop showing up. This placed pressure on the promoters of stage productions to identify what it was that (under the circumstances) would most delight, amuse, and or move their patrons; so that what was the result of the promoter's efforts makes it possible for us to have a better and more full idea of what some people living at that early time were like. Needless to say, the same is true to some extent of literature, music and art generally, but theater perhaps all the more so because, not infrequently, it combined all three.

At the time they were published in New York's (daily) *Morning Chronicle*, from January to late April of 1803, Washington Irving's "Jonathan Oldstyle" letters, were served up essentially as a kind of morning coffee satire and editorial of the moment for the newspaper's readers. Yet ironically and insofar as they furnish an animated picture of what theater was like in early America, they have, with the passing of years, come to take on the character of a text of inestimable value, akin even to a rediscovered ancient fragment of extremely rare content, owing to their hard matched scarcity as a historical record. Since outside ordinary theater reviews by conventional critics, newspaper advertisements, and texts of plays we
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have comparatively little to go on when it comes to knowing and understanding quite what it was like attending a theater performance in America in the early 19th century. Though William Dunlap's *A History of the American Theater* (1832) is of substantial value for being uniquely informative, that work is mostly concerned with the broad history of American theater and with stage life between productions and behind the scenes. Irving's Oldstyle letters, on the other hand, take us on a visit to the theater with a show going on full swing, and for this reason, theater historians of that period of American history are characteristically and at some point obliged to quote from or at least cite them.

Like young Benjamin Franklin, 19 year old Washington Irving had the good fortune to have an elder brother who published a thriving city newspaper, and to which both Franklin and Irving got their first start in published writing by contributing to. Likewise the pieces both Franklin[26] and Irving wrote were satires written, tongue in cheek, in the style of Joseph Addison's *Spectator*. Yet in saying so we must not forget that Addison was not himself, and though decidedly preferring cheerfulness to mirth (*Spectator* 381), above penning essays of comedic intent and effect. Moreover, Irving was also doing a take off on Joseph Dennie's "Oliver Oldschool" writings for *The Port Folio* (yet another of many American authors influenced by Addison), hence the pen name of "Jonathan Oldstyle;" though Irving's anonymity as Oldstyle author was short lived.

The Oldstyle letters proved a regional hit, and among their many fans was Aaron Burr and who recommended them to daughter Theodosia. Charles Brockden Brown liked them as well and offered Irving a job writing for *The Literary Magazine, and American Register* in Philadelphia, but which Irving, professing preoccupation with his law studies, declined. Some of Irving's other youthful compositions may have ended up in the *Port Folio*, and, despite the parody of names, Jospeh Dennie can be counted as another early admirer. Even New York city's Park Theater and American Old Company, headed by William Dunlap, and which Irving had lampooned, ultimately came to like and appreciate the Oldstyle letters, though Dunlap's and the company's irritation initially was "excessive."[27]

When the Revolutionary War was being fought, and outside British occupied cities, the theater had been formally banned. It only began making a comeback in the United States in the late 1780s, and was even then still controversial with many. In addition to certain religious who objected to plays and stage shows on moral grounds, there were theater proponents, like William Dunlap and many newspaper and periodical critics who zealously sought to hold plays and theaters to "correct" standards of culture and classical refinement, lest the theater become a corrupter of manners as well as morals. Yet despite their efforts to elevate theater tastes and practices, democratic tendencies in American culture caused plays and stage shows to be drawn down to the intellectual levels and sensibilities of the common people -- or rabble depending on how you viewed them. The Oldstyle letters were therefore and in part a sarcastic reaction to this.

Although great things lay ahead for Irving with *Salmagundi* (1807-1808), the Knickerbocker *History of New York*, and of course *The Sketch Book* (1819-1820), it was with these satires he first made his mark. Here then, in the way of a sample, are two of the nine of the Oldstyle letters.[28]

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[26] In the case of Franklin, it was the "Silence Dogood" letters.

[27] Peter Irving, the *Morning Chronicle* editor, was also a physician and who had many ties to theater people, and William Dunlap makes mention of him on several occasions in his *History*. He was also an fervent supporter of Burr, and on behalf of *The Corrector*, a second newspaper he headed, in 1807 he had Washington assigned to Richmond as reporter at Burr's treason trial. Washington Irving for his part favored Burr; in consequence of his own distaste (like that of younger contemporary William Cullen Bryant) for (perceived) Jeffersonian eccentricity and mob republicanism.

[28] Irving wrote other occasional and fugitive pieces for his brother's *Morning Chronicle* and *The Corrector*, and which can be found as part of the series "The Complete Works of Washington Irving," in *Miscellaneous Writings I 1803-1859*, Richard Dilworth Rust, editor (1981).
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LETTER III.

Sir—There is no place of public amusement of which I am so fond as the Theatre. To enjoy this with the greater relish I go but seldom; and I find there is no play, however poor or ridiculous, from which I cannot derive some entertainment.

I was very much taken with a play bill of last week, announcing, in large capitals, "The Battle of Hexham, or, Days of Old." Here, said I to myself, will be something grand—Days of Old—my fancy fired at the words. I pictured to myself all the gallantry of chivalry. Here, thought I, will be a display of court manners, and true politeness; the play will, no doubt, be garnished with tilts and tournaments; and as to those banditti, whose names make such a formidable appearance on the bills, they will be hung up, every mother's son, for the edification of the gallery.

With such impressions I took my seat in the pit, and was so impatient that I could hardly attend to the music, though I found it very good.

The curtain rose—out walked the Queen [Mrs. Whitlock, a sister of Mrs. Siddons], with great majesty; she answered my ideas—she was dressed well, she looked well, and she acted well. The Queen was followed by a pretty gentleman, who, from his winking and grinning, I took to be the court fool; I soon found out my mistake. He was a courtier "high in trust" and either general, colonel, or something of martial dignity. They talked for some time, though I could not understand the drift of their discourse, so I amused myself with eating peanuts.

In one of the scenes I was diverted with the stupidity of a corporal and his men, who sung a dull song, and talked a great deal about nothing: though I found by their laughing, there was a great deal of fun in the corporal's remarks. What this scene had to do with the rest of the piece, I could not comprehend; I suspect it was a part of some other play, thrust in here by accident.

I was then introduced to a cavern, where there were several hard-looking fellows, sitting around a table carousing. They told the audience they were banditti. They then sung a gallery song, of which I could understand nothing but two lines:---

"The Welshman lik'd to have been choked by a mouse,
But he pulled him out by the tail."

Just as they had ended this elegant song, their banquet was disturbed by the melodious sound of a horn, and in marched a portly gentleman [John Hodgkinson], who, I found, was their captain. After this worthy gentleman had fumed his hour out, after he had slapped his breast and drawn his sword half a dozen times, the act ended.

In the course of the play, I learnt that there had been, or was, or would be, a battle; but how, or when, or where, I could not understand. The banditti once more made their appearance, and frightened the wife of the portly gentleman, who was dressed in man's clothes, and was seeking her husband. I could not enough admire the dignity of her deportment, the sweetness of her countenance, and the unaffected gracefulness of her action [Mrs. Elizabeth Ford Johnson]; but who the captain really was, or why he ran away from his spouse, I could not understand. However, they seemed very glad to find one another again; and so at last the play ended, by the falling of the curtain.

I wish the manager would use a drop-scene at the close of the acts; we might then always ascertain the termination of the piece by the green curtain. On this occasion, I was indebted to the polite bows of the actors for this pleasing information. I cannot say that I was entirely satisfied with the play, but I promised myself ample entertainment in the after-piece, which was called the "Tripolitan Prize." Now, thought I, we shall have some sport for our money; we will, no doubt, see a few of those Tripolitan scoundrels spitted like turkeys, for our amusement. Well, sir, the curtain rose—the trees waved in front of the stage, and the sea rolled in the rear—all things looked very pleasant and smiling. Presently I heard a bustling behind the scenes—here, thought I, comes a band of fierce Tripolitans, with whiskers as long as my arm. No such

thing—they were only a party of village masters and misses, taking a walk for exercise, and very pretty behaved young gentry they were, I assure you; but it was cruel in the manager to dress them in buckram, as it deprived them entirely of the use of their limbs. They arranged themselves very orderly on each side of the stage, and sung something, doubtless very affecting, for they all looked pitiful enough. By and by came up a most tremendous storm: the lightning flashed, the thunder roared, and the rain fell in torrents: however, our pretty rustics stood gaping quietly at one another, until they must have been wet to the skin. I was surprised at their torpidity, till I found they were each one afraid to move first, for fear of being laughed at for their awkwardness. How they got off I do not recollect: but I advise the manager, in a similar case, to furnish every one with a trap-door, through which to make his exit. Yet this would deprive the audience of much amusement; for nothing can be more laughable than to see a body of guards with their spears, or courtiers with their long robes, get across the stage at our theatre.

Scene passed after scene. In vain 1 strained my eyes to catch a glimpse of a Mahometan phiz. I once heard a great bellowing behind the scenes, and expected to see a strapping Mussulman come bouncing in; but was miserably disappointed, on distinguishing his voice, to find out by his swearing that he was only a Christian. In he came—an American navy officer. Worsted stockings—olive velvet small clothes—scarlet vest—pea-jacket, and gold-laced hat—dressed quite in character. I soon found out, by his talk, that he was an American prize-master; that, returning through the Mediterranean with his Tripolitan prize, he was driven by a storm on the coast of England. The honest gentleman seemed, from his actions, to be rather intoxicated; which I could account for in no other way than his having drank a great deal of salt water, as he swam ashore.

Several following scenes were taken up with hallooing and huzzaing, between the captain, his crew, and the gallery, with several amusing tricks of the captain and his son, —a very funny, mischievous little fellow. Then came the cream of the joke: the captain wanted to put to sea, and the young fellow, who had fallen desperately in love, to stay ashore. Here was a contest between love and honor—such piping of eyes, such blowing of noses, such slapping of pocket-holes! But old Junk was inflexible,—What! an American tar desert his duty! (three cheers from the gallery,) impossible! American tars forever!! True blue will never stain!! &c. &c. (a continual thundering among the gods). Here was a scene of distress; here was bathos. The author seemed as much puzzled to know how to dispose of the young tar, as old Junk was. It would not do to leave an American seaman on foreign ground, nor would it do to separate him from his mistress.

Scene the last opened.—It seems that another Tripolitan cruiser had bore down on the prize, as she lay about a mile off shore. How a Barbary corsair had got in this part of the world—whether she had been driven there by the same storm, or whether she was cruising to pick up a few English first rates, I could not learn. However, here she was. Again were we conducted to the sea-shore, where we found all the village gentry, in their buckram suits, ready assembled, to be entertained with the rare show of an American and Tripolitan engaged yard-arm and yard-arm. The battle was conducted with proper decency and decorum, and the Tripolitan very politely gave in—as it would be indecent to conquer in the face of an American audience.

After the engagement the crew came ashore, joined with the captain and gallery in a few more huzzas, and the curtain fell. How old Junk, his son, and his son’s sweetheart, settled it, I could not discover.

I was somewhat puzzled to understand the meaning and necessity of this engagement between the ships, till an honest old countryman at my elbow said, he supposed this was the Battle of Hexham, as he recollected no fighting in the first piece. With this explanation I was perfectly satisfied.

My remarks upon the audience, I shall postpone to another opportunity.

Jonathan Oldstyle.

December 1, 1802.

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LETTER IV.

Sir, —My last communication mentioned my visit to the theatre; the remarks it contained were chiefly confined to the play and the actors; I shall now extend them to the audience, who, I assure you, furnish no inconsiderable part of the entertainment.

As I entered the house some time before the curtain rose, I had sufficient leisure to make some observations. I was much amused with the waggery and humor of the gallery, which, by the way, is kept in excellent order by the constables who are stationed there. The noise in this part of the house is somewhat similar to that which prevailed in Noah's ark; for we have an imitation of the whistles and yells of every kind of animal. This, in some measure, compensates for the want of music, as the gentlemen of our orchestra are very economic of their favors. Somehow or another, the anger of the gods seemed to be aroused all of a sudden, and they commenced a discharge of apples, nuts, and gingerbread, on the heads of the honest folks in the pit, who had no possibility of retreating from this new kind of thunderbolts. I can't say but I was a little irritated at being saluted aside of my head with a rotten pippin; and was going to shake my cane at them, but was prevented by a decent looking man behind me, who informed me that it was useless to threaten or expostulate. They are only amusing themselves a little at our expense, said he; sit down quietly and bend your back to it. My kind neighbor was interrupted by a hard green apple that hit him between the shoulders—he made a wry face, but knowing it was all a joke, bore the blow like a philosopher. I soon saw the wisdom of this determination; a stray thunderbolt happened to light on the head of a little sharp faced Frenchman, dressed in a white coat and small cocked hat, who sat two or three benches ahead of me, and seemed to be an irritable little animal. Monsieur was terribly exasperated; he jumped upon his seat, shook his fist at the gallery, and swore violently in bad English. This was all nuts to his merry persecutors; their attention was wholly turned on him, and he formed their target for the rest of the evening.

I found the ladies in the boxes, as usual, studious to please; their charms were set off to the greatest advantage; each box was a little battery in itself, and they all seemed eager to outdo each other in the havoc they spread around. An arch glance in one box was rivalled by a smile in another, that smile by a simper in a third, and in a fourth a most bewitching languish carried all before it.

I was surprised to see some persons reconnoitering the company through spy-glasses and was in doubt whether these machines were used to remedy deficiencies of vision, or whether this was another of the eccentricities of fashion. Jack Stylish has since informed me, that glasses were lately all the go; though hang it, says Jack, it is quite out at present; we used to mount our glasses in great snuff, but since so many tough jockeys have followed the lead, the bucks have all cut the custom. I give you, Mr. Editor, the account in my dashing cousin's own language. It is from a vocabulary I do not well understand,

I was considerably amused by the queries of the countryman mentioned in my last, who was now making his first visit to the theatre. He kept constantly applying to me for information, and I readily communicated, as far as my own ignorance would permit.

As this honest man was casting his eye round the house, his attention was suddenly arrested. "And pray, who are these?" said he, pointing to a cluster of young fellows. "These, I suppose, are the critics, of whom I have heard so much. They have, no doubt, got together to communicate their remarks, and compare notes; these are the persons through whom the audience exercise their judgments, and by whom they are told when they are to applaud or to hiss. Critics! ha! ha! My dear sir, they trouble themselves as little about the elements of criticism, as they do about other departments of science and belles-lettres. These are the beaux of the present day, who meet here to lounge away an idle hour, and play off their little impertinences for the entertainment of the public. They no more regard the merits of the play, nor of the actors, than my cane. They even strive to appear inattentive; and I have seen one of them perched on the front of the box with his back to the stage, sacking the head of his stick, and staring vacantly at the audience, insensible to the most interesting specimens of scenic representation, though the tear of sensibility was trembling in every eye around him. I have heard that some have even gone so far in search of amusement, as to propose a game of cards in the theatre, during the performance. The eyes of my neighbor sparkled at this information—his cane, shook in his hand—the word "puppies" burst from his lips. "Nay," says I, "I don't

give this for absolute fact: my cousin Jack was, I believe, quizzing me (as he terms it) when he gave me the information." "But you seem quite indignant," said I, "to the decent-looking man in my rear. It was from him the exclamation came: the honest countryman was gazing in gaping wonder on some new attraction. Believe me," said I, "if you had them daily before your eyes, you would get quite used to them. Used to them, replied he; how is it possible for people of sense to relish such conduct?" "Bless you, my friend, people of sense have nothing to do with it; they merely endure it in silence. These young gentlemen live in an indulgent age. When I was a young man, such tricks and follies were held in proper contempt." Here I went a little too far; for, upon better recollection, I must own that a lapse of years has produced but little alteration in this department of folly and impertinence. "But do the ladies admire these manners!" "Truly, I am not as conversant in female circles as formerly; but I should think it a poor compliment to my fair countrywomen, to suppose them pleased with the stupid stare and cant phrases with which these votaries of fashion add affected to real ignorance."

Our conversation was here interrupted by the ringing of a bell. "Now for the play," said my companion. "No," said I, "it is only for the musicians. These worthy gentlemen then came crawling out of their holes, and began, with very solemn and important phizzes, strumming and tuning their instruments in the usual style of discordance, to the great entertainment of the audience. "What tune is that?" asked my neighbor, covering his ears. "This," said I, "is no tune; it is only a pleasing symphony, with which we are regaled, as a preparative." For my part, though I admire the effect of contrast, I think they might as well play it in their cavern under the stage. The bell rung a second time—and then began the tune in reality; but I could not help observing, that the countryman was more diverted with the queer grimaces and contortions of countenance exhibited by the musicians, than their melody. What I heard of the music, I liked very well; (though I was told by one of my neighbors, that the same pieces have been played every night for these three years;) but it was often overpowered by the gentry in the gallery, who vociferated loudly for Moll in the Wad, Tally ho the Grinders, and several other airs more suited to their tastes.

I observed that every part of the house has its different department. The good folks of the gallery have all the trouble of ordering the music; (their directions, however, are not more frequently followed than they deserve.) The mode by which they issue their mandates is stamping, hissing, roaring, whistling; and, when the musicians are refractory, groaning in cadence. They also have the privilege of demanding a bow from John, (by which name they designate every servant at the theatre, who enters to move a table or snuff a candle); and of detecting those cunning dogs who peep from behind the curtain.

By the by, my honest friend was much puzzled about the curtain itself. He wanted to know why that carpet was hung up in the theatre? I assured him it was no carpet, but a very fine curtain. "And what, pray, may be the meaning of that gold head, with the nose cut off, that I see in front of it?" "The meaning—why, really, I can't tell exactly—though my cousin, Jack Stylish, says there is a great deal of meaning in it. But surely you like the design of the curtain?" "The design,—why really I can see no design about it, unless it is to be brought down about our ears by the weight of those gold heads, and that heavy cornice with which it is garnished." I began now to be uneasy for the credit of our curtain, and was afraid he would perceive the mistake of the painter, in putting a harp in the middle of the curtain, and calling it a mirror; but his attention was happily called away by the candle-grease from the chandelier, over the centre of the pit, dropping on his clothes. This he loudly complained of, and declared his coat was brain-new. "How, my friend?" said I, "we must put up with a few trifling inconveniences, when in the pursuit of pleasure." "True," said he; "but I think I pay pretty dear for it;—first to give six shillings at the door, and then to have my head battered with rotten apples, and my coat spoiled by candle-grease; by and by I shall have my other clothes dirtied by sitting down, as I perceive every body mounted on the benches. I wonder if they could not see as well if they were all to stand upon the floor."

Here I could no longer defend our customs, for I could scarcely breathe while thus surrounded by a host of strapping fellows, standing with their dirty boots on the seats of the benches. The little Frenchman, who thus found a temporary shelter from the missive compliments of his gallery friend, was the only person benefited. At last the bell again rung, and the cry of "Down, Down—hats off," was the signal for the commencement of the play.

If, Mr. Editor, the garrulity of an old fellow is not tiresome, and you choose to give this view of a New-York Theatre a place in your paper, you may, perhaps, hear further from your friend,

Jonathan Oldstyle

December 3, 1802.

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OF HARLEQUINS AND COLUMBINES.

Regarding pantomimes, music and theater historian Susan L. Porter, in *With an Air Debonair: Musical Theatre in America: 1785-1815* (1991), pp. 38-40, writes:

"Pantomimes were frequently used as afterpieces or as interval pieces in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. Often an evening's bill included not only a play or opera, and an afterpiece or farce, but a pantomime as well. Occasionally full-length pantomimes were presented, and fairy-tale pantomimes such as *Cinderella* and *Mother Goose* became popular early in the nineteenth century, particularly during the festive post-Christmas season....

"[They] were generally without spoken dialogue until about 1780; thereafter some speaking pantomimes appeared...

"Acrobatics and dance were important elements of the miming. By the turn of the [19th] century, dance was so vital a part of the pantomime that the terms 'ballet' and 'pantomime' were sometimes used interchangeably...

"Pantomime plots were frequently mythological or supernatural. Many pantomimes were harlequinades as well; Harlequins filled every leading role from Apollo to Faust and appeared in every conceivable situation. (In Baltimore, a pantomime entertainment presented in 1783 was entitled *Columbus, or Discovery of America, with Harlequin's Revels.*) Harlequin was a clown and a magician, and magical transformations and metamorphoses were an important part of every pantomime. At the end of the pantomime, Harlequin won the heart of the leading lady, Columbine. Other stock characters were her old father, Pantaloon, and his unnamed clownish servant."

Pantomimes? Harlequinades? What is all this about I wondered, and what were such like when they appeared in early American (United States) theaters?

To begin with, we must understand pantomimes and harlequinades had their origin in the Italian *Commedia dell'Arte* (i.e., "Comedy of Art"), which latter were improvised drama or comedies that focused on the abilities of performers rather than on prearranged material, as in say a fixed script; not unlike impromptu music compared to music played from a score. The practice commenced in about the 14th century, and reached its height in fashion in the 17th and 18th; where after establishing itself in France, it gradually became part of the English theater entertainment about the early 1700s, and finally as well in the United States in the closing end of the same century. In Italy the principal star characters of such programs were Punchinello and Punchinella; in France they were Pierrot and Pierrette; in England, and subsequently America, Harlequin and Columbine.

Although looked down upon by traditional or high minded thespians and theater professionals, Pantomimes and quasi-Pantomimes, like and as well puppet and acrobatic shows, were popular with ordinary folk; not unlike how masses today will prefer a glittering rock and roll or colorful professional wrestling show to more traditional stage musicals and dramas; the former having the advantage or the same familiar characters with creative variations on the same kinds of sounds and actions customarily expected. As the nineteenth century progressed, the pantomimes and harlequinades, ostensibly jarring to the decorum of more serious stage people and producers, moved from the theater to circuses "where they were combined with equestrian feats, tumbling, ropewalking and other skills." (Porter, p. 42.) And out of such grew the
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latter day circus clown, and in turn and later, for that matter, burlesque, vaudeville, and silent film comedy.[29]

As could be anticipated and given the sundry controversies about allowing theater again in the country, theater critics in the United States often disparaged pantomimes as absurd. But the general public in larger urban centers, like Philadelphia, New York, Boston. Baltimore, and Charleston, evidently loved them since they tended to be more financially successful than conventional stage plays. Yet not enough so apparently to prevent their ultimately ouster from the regular theater.

"When *Cinderella* was performed with great success in Boston in 1807, 'The Drama' section of *The Emerald* [newspaper] grumbled:

"'We cannot but regret that the introduction of Cinderella on our boards should have excluded the regular entertainments of the drama…'

"In spite of such criticisms, 'From the days of *The Necromancer*, pantomimes never ceased to be the best trump card a manager could play.'" (Porter, p. 44.)

One might infer that part of the appeal of the pantomimes and harlequinades was their magical and humorous quality, and that, by using larger than life or exaggerated stock characters (with sometimes fairy tale settings), they, semi-consciously as it were, highlight and reveal, to our amusement and surprise, real, imagined or wished for archetypes that ordinarily lie beneath everyday surface appearances.

Though we get some hints from Dunlap's *A History of the American Theater* (1832), periodical reviews and publicity, there is much we don't know about how pantomimes and harlequinades of the late 18th and early 19th century in America actually looked like to an audience. However, at the Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen, Denmark there is to this day an open-air theater, dating back to the late 19th century, where pantomime and harlequin shows are still played, and that are variously done in 18th, 19th, and 20th century fashions and forms of music. Below is a YouTube link to one of the Tivoli theater's late 18th century or early 19th style performances. Whether this or something like (note the literal "slap" stick) is quite what Americans saw is open to question, but whatever they did see and hear, we can at least say it was derived from something such as this.

The action here, about a half hour in length, is admittedly not always so easy to follow, but it does convey the feel of thing. Also, for historical accuracy you would want to imagine a small orchestra in a pit just below the stage. Given the camera's distance and area it covers, I strongly urge viewing this on an enlarged screen.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=D53-W-3KjC4
["Pantomime Theatre - 3/ - The Skeleton"]

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"HE PLAYS THE VIOLIN"

There are actually *several* well sung and good renditions of "He Plays the Violin" on YouTube, and by various companies and productions, from the musical "1776." and which I might have chosen, but I preferred this because it cuts out most of the intro and outro dialogue (getting right to music.) When, at around ten years of age, I saw "1776" at the St. James Theatre on Broadway sometime in March 1971, it was not Betty Buckley (of the original cast), as best I recall, but rather (by process of elimination looking through Playbills onlline and ibdb and unless I am mistaken) Chris Callan who played Martha Jefferson (though William Daniels as John Adams I remember *very well*; despite its being so long ago.)

[29] Charlie Chaplin's tramp, we might note, in his combing of comedy and pathos is a throwback to the French clown character, Pierrot (and for whom such as Mabel Normand, Edna Purviance, et al. then could be thought of as among the "Pierrettes" who teamed with him.)
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https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EXfoAYBhkXw

["He Plays the Violin" - Carolyn Agan as Martha Jefferson, Mick Tinder as John Adams, and Rob Lembruggen as Ben Franklin in Keegan Theatre's 2007 production of 1776]

Musician-author Seth Rudetsky, as part of his "Brava!: Seth Rudetsky deconstructs Masterworks of Broadway" series on YT analyzes into parts the stellar version by Betty Buckley on the 1969 Columbia LP recording. His is a most edifying presentation that draws our attention to aspects of the number many will or may have missed (and for which see:)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lBB7wJBVEkA

["Seth Rudetsky - Deconstruction of "He Plays the Violin" From 1776"]

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HARD LEATHER CAPS

Among a Continental Army soldier's standard issues, whether in the infantry or cavalry, was a "hat or leather cap." By "hat" was usually meant the tricorne or, though more rarely, bicorne hat. "Leather cap" by comparison could have a wider variety of meanings depending on what kind of soldier they were being issued to. Light infantry units, for instance, commonly wore leather caps. Normally these were of relatively thin leather and without visor, standing straight up from the upper brow and flush with the forehead; such as the sort the regular British light Infantry wore. But later some light infantry caps had visors and took on the form of a helmet, such as Lafayette's Light Infantry Corps in 1780, and which was further adorned with a black and red cockade.

The helmet version of the leather cap was that which the cavalry received, and was constructed from hard leather and which usually included a visor. Some infantry units wore these as well, but these helmet-like "caps" were mostly characteristic of the cavalry. They could be modified to suit differ styles, with sometimes varying colored sashes encircling the brim, and feathered plumes or bearskin crests attached; in order to give the whole a more distinctive and dashing look.

The 2nd Continental Light Dragoons and Armand's Legion cavalry wore brass helmets, but this kind of headgear was unusual. Regarding Lee's Legion, Harold Peterson, in *The Book of the Continental Soldier* (1968), p. 237, quotes Thomas Alexander Boyd's *Light-horse Harry Lee*, (1931) and which describes Lee before the battle at Paulus Hook on July 15, 1779 wearing a "bright green jacket, high frilled stock, lambskin breeches, polished boots, and a leather cap topped by a 'resplendent horsehair plume.' When crossing the Dan in 1780, Boyd relates that the Legion appeared in short green jackets, tall caps 'draped with bearskin,' breeches, and white linen overalls."

Then there is this of related interest:

"May 1st.[1779, Saturday; at Camp Middlebrook, NJ] -Thirteen cannon have just announced the arrival of M. Gerard, the French minister, and a gentleman of distinction from Spain, by the name of Don
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Juan de Mirrilliars [de Mirailles]; and preparations are making to afford these foreign gentlemen an opportunity of reviewing our army.

"2d.[Sunday] - The whole of our army in this quarter was paraded in martial array in a spacious field and a stage was erected for the accommodation of the ladies and gentlemen spectators. At the signal of thirteen cannon, the great and splendid cavalcade approached in martial pomp and style. A very beautiful troop of light horse, commanded by Major Lee, a Virginian, marched in front, then followed his Excellency the Commander in Chief and his aids-de-camp, next the foreign ministers and their retinue, and the general officers of our army and their aids closed the procession..."
~ Dr. James Thacher's *Military Journal*

There is a most fascinating letter detailing the spectacle of Washington's camp at Middlebrook, New Jersey in early May 1779; and at the time of Dr. Thacher's description quoted above. It was (reportedly) written by one Jabez Eyre, ostensibly a relation and probably brother of Jehu Eyre (1738–1781), also an artificer and artilleryman; and is found in *Pathfinders of the Revolution: A Story of the Great March Into the Wilderness and Lake Region of New York* (1900), by William Elliot Griffis, pp. 57, 61-63, 68-69; an odd book because in parts it almost reads like historical fiction, and yet at the same time the quoted extracts seem authentic enough. Dated "camp At Middlebrook Heights, May 31, 1779," Eyre, among several things in his lengthy letter, states:

"...Of course I am most interested in the artillery, which I find is parked at Pluckamin. Here they hold a sort of school of war in the academy building, the young officers and men receiving instruction in gunnery and tactics. There are altogether about fortynine companies, with about seventeen hundred men. They wear black coats with red facings. Their jackets and breeches are of white wool, and their hats are of yellow. My friend, Colonel Proctor, does not like this new uniform. He prefers the old blue coats faced with white and buff, which remind him of old country politics and traditions ; but, like a good soldier, he yields to Washington's orders. He will march his artillery men into the wilderness with a regiment of black coats instead of blue. He is to take nine guns. How I wish I were going in his place!

"Our Pennsylvania boys under Wayne have blue coats lined with white, ruffled shirts, red flannel leggings, and caps dressed with fur. They are almost as neat as their general, whose nick or pet name 'Mad' came from a slouchy, drunken fellow. His regiments form one of the finest brigades in the Continental force. Washington's life-guards wear buff and blue, forming a splendid body of men, and the model for the army. There are some quite bright uniforms in the Maryland and Pennsylvania lines, but naturally I am most interested in those men that are to march westward against the savages. Nearly all the Jerseymen wear blue, turned up with red. The New Hampshire men, who are to join Sullivan, are now in camp at Redding, Connecticut, or on their march to the Delaware Valley...

"...General Washington seems to appoint men out of sheer merit, and not out of personal favor. Nevertheless, if I were a betting man, I should wager a dinner of the best Pennsylvania 'dump noodles and schnitz,' with the ham and molasses thrown in, that 'Lighthorse Harry Lee,' a young cavalry officer here, has been sentimentally favored by Washington and given the separate command of three companies of light horse, although he is only twenty-three years old. Mrs. Greene says that Harry Lee's mother, when a young girl, made Washington's heart bounce up and down, and many thought, from his attentions to her at one time that they were both in love with each other and engaged to be married. But, until our general met the widow Custis, he does not seem to have been very successful as a lover.

"Light-horse Harry Lee is a graduate of Princeton College, and a very graceful fellow. He is an especial favorite at the Van Veghten house, which I enjoy visiting so often, though I am frequently at the Middlebrook tavern also, where I meet many officers, among whom I am delighted with Colonel Alexander Scammel, now thirty-five years old and an adjutant general of the army. He stands six feet two in his stockings, and is a big-hearted fellow. He is self-doomed to bachelorhood, for his lady love up in Connecticut will have him only on condition of his leaving the army. Yet, though he loves her, he loves his country more, and has broken off the engagement."

Somewhat puzzled as to where this letter came from, I found it also quoted -- though strangely not cited as to the source -- in "Washington;s Camp on the Middlebrook" by Rev. T.E. Davis, Wash. D.C.; found in *Somerset County Historical Quarterly*, Vol. 1, Somerville, N.J., Jan. 1912, no.1, pp. 10-11. Even more exciting, Rev. Davis quotes an additional report that stated (himself quoting along the way):

"Judging from the meagre descriptions of the uniforms worn by the soldiers, Camp Middlebrook must have presented a very showy appearance on parade or review day. One Pennsylvania regiment 'wore blue coats lined with white, ruffled shirts, red flannel leggings and caps trimmed with fur.' Another Pennsylvania regiment had 'brown coats faced with red, with red cuffs and capes, and cocked hats with white loopings.' The men of another Pennsylvania regiment wore 'long blue coats faced with red and buff, and small round hats with black feathers.' The 3d Virginia regiment was uniformed in 'light-drab coats with pale-blue facings, green vests and linen overalls.' The 6th Virginia wore 'black coats faced with red, white waistcoats, linen shirts and overalls;' while the coats of the 13th Virginia were 'blue cuffed and faced with yellow.' The 5th Maryland regiment wore 'brown coats faced with red, swanskin vests, oval brass buttons, brown broadcloth breeches;' while the 6th Maryland appeared in 'gray coats, faced with green.' [Maj.] Lee's light horse cavalry wore 'cocked hats, green coatees, (coats with short flaps) faced with white waistcoats and black breeches.[' ?]"

Now where did Davis obtain this additional information, and which has Lee's Light Horse (prior to their becoming Lee's Legion) wearing cocked hats, green coatees, white facings and black breeches, and which description essentially supports a previous hypothesis of mine, based on Alonzo Chappel's (1828-1887) painting "Washington's Farewell to His Officers, 1783" (c. 1857), that Lee's Legion dragoons did or may have worn something similar?

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AMERICA'S FALLEN BRITISH WAR HERO

The idea of Americans pitching in to raise a formal monument in honor of British war dead did not begin with the Guilford Battle Ground Company. *That* distinction goes to the colonial assembly of Massachusetts; who in 1759 paid to have erected in Westminister Abbey a memorial to George Augustus Howe, 3rd Viscount Howe (c. 1725-1758); the inscription for which reads

"THE PROVINCE OF MASSACHUSETS BAY, IN NEW ENGLAND BY AN ORDER OF THE GREAT AND GENERAL COURT BEARING DATE FEBy; 1st: 1759, CAUSED THIS MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF GEORGE AUGUSTUS LORD VISCOUNT HOWE, BRIGADIER GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES IN AMERICA, WHO WAS SLAIN JULY THE 6th 1758, ON THE MARCH TO TICONDEROGA, IN THE 34th YEAR OF HIS AGE: IN TESTIMONY OF THE SENSE THEY HAD OF HIS SERVICES AND MILITARY VIRTUES, AND OF THE AFFECTION THEIR OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS BORE TO HIS COMMAND. HE LIVED RESPECTED AND BELOVED: THE PUBLICK REGRETTED HIS LOSS; TO HIS FAMILY IT IS IRREPARABLE."[30]

Above is a not often seen view of George A. Howe as a young officer in the 1st Foot Guards, painted by Joshua Reynolds. The only other known portrait of him that I am aware of is an engraving; which, when it comes to those depicting 18th century engravings of military officers, are generally

[30] See: http://www.westminster-abbey.org/our-history/people/george-howe
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unreliable as far as accuracy goes. All the more so this seems in the case of a contemporary engraving of G. A. Howe compared to this Reynolds canvas.

As Brig. Gen., Howe, brother of Sir William and Admiral Richard Howe of Revolutionary War fame, was killed, in the company of the 55th Regt. and some Connecticut militia acting as scouts under Maj. Israel Putnam, in a skirmish with the French prior to the miserable defeat of Gen. Abercromby at the hands of the Marquis de Montcalm at Ticonderoga (or Fort Carillion in French) on July 8, 1758. Before that, he had spent much time learning the ways of the American forest fighters, including personally going out on forays with Robert Rogers. Based on such training and education, he, to a large degree, thereafter succeeded in transforming his own 55th Regiment into rangers. His death was sorely felt by both the Americans and British; with his subsequent absence practically guaranteeing the debacle at Ticonderoga two days later.

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WHY THE FRENCH LOST CANADA

"It was under such [discouraging] circumstances, and on the 9th of September, that Wolfe addressed his last letter to the Secretary of State. His own view of his prospects [at Quebec] was most gloomy; he writes as if anxious to prepare the public mind in England for his failure or retreat, and as if his main motive for still remaining were to keep the French army in play, and divert it from other quarters. Here are his own concluding words: 'I am so far recovered as to do business, but my constitution is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state, or without any prospect of it.' Let him who reads these words, and their event, learn from them never to lose hope of success in an honourable cause. The aid of Providence, as it should never be presumed on, so it should never be despaired of. Within five days from the date of that letter the name of Wolfe had become immortal to all ages!"
~ Mahon, *History of England*, v3, p. 385.

When all was said and done, why exactly did France lose the FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR (1754-1763)?

Among the more prominent causes and reasons that might be listed are:

* British naval supremacy discouraged France from transporting more men, munitions and supplies to Canada than it otherwise might have.

* Corrupt officials in Canada ended up robbing and cheating Indian allies of much of the money and presents the French government had sent them. As a result, in 1758 and 1759, the Indians to a large degree abandoned the French cause and or were bought out by the British.

* French command in Canada suffered from divisiveness between the colonials under Governor Vaudreuil and the regular French military under Montcalm. While, when it came to fighting the war, Montcalm was competent, Vaudreuil was not. And yet Vaudreuil cared about Canada, even if only for selfish reasons; when Montcalm didn't *really*, and after a while would have preferred remaining in Europe.
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* The British had far more settlers in North America than the French.

And yet despite all this, when one reads about the battle of Quebec and the events leading up to, one is struck by what a "near run thing" it was. For had Wolfe been defeated or his attack postponed till the following year, the delay might have afforded the French the extra time needed to bolster Canada's defenses sufficiently and rendered Quebec much stronger, perhaps even impregnable. Indeed, in some respects Quebec was already nigh impregnable -- but (as it turned out) for L'Anse au Foulon.

And who, at the last minute as it were, apprised Wolfe of L'Anse au Foulon?

Why that would have been, or so the story goes, Virginia captain Robert Stobo; who also happened to be one of those with Washington when the latter surrendered Fort Necessity. Indeed, Stobo was one of the two given up as hostages to the French at that capitulation.

The exciting tale of Stobo's adventures in the war reads about as close to historical fiction as real-life history gets, and in Aug. 1963 (vol. 14, issue 5) an article appeared in *American Heritage Magazine* by author Robert C. Alberts entitled "The Fantastic Adventures of Captain Stobo,"[31] available online at: http://www.americanheritage.com/content/fantastic-adventures-captain-stobo

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The above map detail is from the gloriously beautiful "America Septentrionalis" (i.e., North America) from 1733 by Henry Popple. For an enlarged scan of the same and in its complete form, see: https://standrewsrarebooks.files.wordpress.com/2012/07/popple-key.jpg

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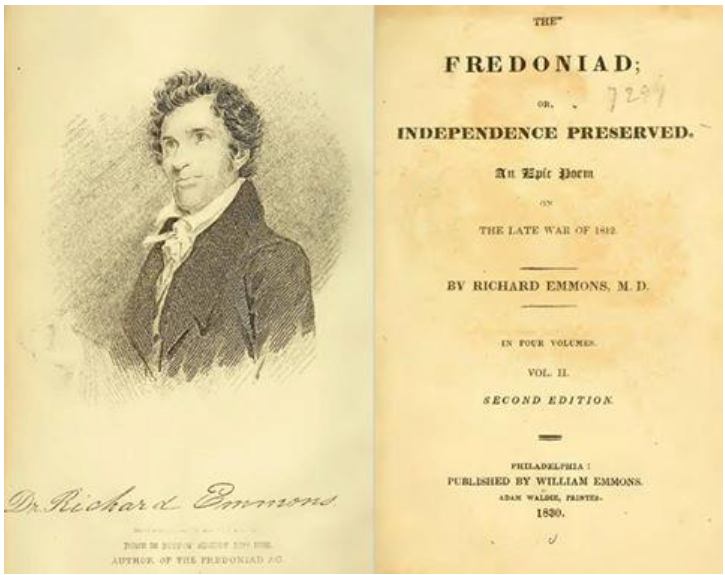

EPIC AMBITION

In *The American Epic: Transforming a Genre 1770-1860* (1989) historian John P. McWilliams Jr. surveys and examines attempts by sundry of our early national authors to write the great American epic. Initially, and subsequently for the most part, this meant a poetic epic along the lines of Homer (based on Alexander Pope's translation), Vergil, and Milton. Among those who tried the same, and with mixed and

[31] This in turn originated from the 1965 book length treatment by Alberts *The Most Extraordinary Adventures of Major Robert Stobo*. Meanwhile, *The Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo of the Virginia regiment*, written by Stobo himself, first came to print in 1854. You can find a copy of that at: https://archive.org/details/memoirsofmajorro00stob
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very qualified success, were Timothy Dwight with his *Conquest of Canaan* and Joel Barlow with *The Columbiad*. These two are fairly well known among early American literature students. And yet what comes as a surprise, as McWilliams brings out, is that there were several other would-be Homers and of whom I myself frankly never heard of.

One of these was Richard Emmons (1788-1834) of Kentucky; regarding whose effort McWilliams states: "Simply to describe Dr. Richard Emmons mammoth epic *The Fredoniad* is an act of critical cruelty. Its full title is *The Fredoniad; or Independence Preserved: An Epic Poem of the Late War of 1812.* Emmons offers his countrymen what may be the longest poem in English: 4 volumes, 40 cantos, 1,404 pages, some 33,380 lines of heroic couplets -- a poem more than twice the length of the Iliad." Although routinely panned, when not ignored or laughed at, by his contemporaries, Emmons' work nevertheless was admired by Herman Melville for at least his noble and good intention, writing: "I was much pleased with a hot-headed Carolina cousin of mine who once said, -- 'If there were no other American to stand by Pop Emmons and his Fredoniad, and till a better epic came along, swear it was not very far behind the Iliad.' Take away the words, and in spirit he was sound." And incomprehensible chore though it must be to read through *in toto*, you can't help but like and be impressed by Emmons' fiery gumption and inexhaustible patriotic aplomb.

McWilliams goes on to recount how subsequent authors attempted to use romances, novels, formal, histories, and modernistic poetry as the medium of choice for the aspired to great American epic. In all, McWilliams' book is a monumental study and must read for anyone interested in historical literary essays to capture the American soul. Highly recommended!

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"THE VICAR OF BRAY"

The "Victor of Bray" dates back to the 16th century, when the wars of the Reformation began in full swing. And while originally derived from a specific English cleric of the parish of Bray in England, the title came to generally allude to a clergyman or priest who, as a matter of self-preservation (for himself and his congregation), swore ETERNAL loyalty to whoever happened to be on the throne of England or otherwise in power (as in the case of Oliver Cromwell.) While on the surface this might make him seem and to be taken as a mere hypocrite, the practical reality is a bit more complicated than that; for had the "vicar" not so sworn, he might not only lose his ecclesiastical office, but perhaps even his life. So that, in fairness, the proper question to be asked is: did such fickleness of loyalty render him a rascal, or rather might it better have been said that those in power were being unreasonable, particularly given the sometimes high frequency of change in power?

A song was written in the early 18th century based on this type, but later during the American Revolution was adapted by some loyalists -- for example James Rivington in an issue of his New York *Royal Gazette* of June 30th 1779 -- to satirize some of their brethren who, to save their necks, ended up making peace with the American rebels.

See: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Vs6SIvnurl0

["The Vicar of Bray - Stanley Holloway – 1937"]

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A GOLDEN MEMORY OF LONG AGO

A midshipman who served under Decatur in the war with Tripoli (1801-1805), later prominent New York attorney, Supreme Court Justice for the State of New York, and even later head of Columbia College (now University), WILLIAM ALEXANDER DUER (1780-1858) also happened to be the maternal grandson of Maj. Gen. William Alexander, "Lord Sterling," of New Jersey, about whom he penned a biography, available at: https://tinyurl.com/yavvnll6

Indeed and for that matter, Duer can be included among the tribe of Knickerbocker authors in the age of Washington Irving, and among his other published works of note are personal reminiscences of New York city in the late 18th; that were originally presented as addresses to The St. Nicholas Society of the City of New York.

Below are excerpts from the same in which he recalls President Washington's inauguration of April 30th, 1789; followed by a brief sketch of Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr.

"The next impressive spectacle I witnessed, was far more interesting and important than any I had as yet seen, have since beheld, or ever expect to see. It was the inauguration of Washington, as the first President of the United States. This auspicious ceremony took place under the portico of the Federal Hall, upon the balcony in front of the Senate Chamber, in the immediate presence of both houses of Congress, and in full view of the crowds that thronged the adjacent streets. The oath was administered by Chancellor Livingston, and when the illustrious chief had kissed the book, the Chancellor, with a loud voice, proclaimed, 'LONG LIVE GEORGE WASHINGTON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.' Never shall I forget the thrilling effect of the thundering cheers which burst forth, as from one voice, peal after peal from the assembled multitude. Nor was it the voices, alone, of the people that responded to the announcement, their *hearts* beat in unison with the echoes resounding through the distant streets; and many a tear stole down the rugged cheeks of the hardiest of the spectators, as well I noted from my station in an upper window of the neighboring house of Colonel Hamilton. Thus, before I had attained my tenth year, I witnessed the primary inauguration of Washington; and, if my life be spared, I may, before the threescore years be added to the ten, be present at the installation of a successor who resembles him.

"As the administration of the oath of office to the first President, was the most imposing scene ever witnessed in this city, it shall be the last I shall commemorate, especially as those since exhibited are too recent to need description. I proceed, therefore, to notice some of the most remarkable characters, public or private, I saw, or knew in early life. Those first on the list were reduced officers of the disbanded army; — *reduced* indeed, in more senses than one.

"As this city was the seat of the Continental Government, the veterans of the Revolutionary Army formed a conspicuous feature in the face of society, as they walked the streets, generally arm-in-arm, in their *razéed* uniforms, in many cases nearly thread-bare. All, however, did not submit to this reduction of their regimentals. I remember a certain General Donald Campbell, who continued to parade the streets in full dress, cocked hat, bag-wig, sword, and solitaire, for several years after everybody else had doffed their military costume, except, indeed, a superannuated English General, of the name of Maunsell, residing in this city, who, in contrast, if not in opposition to our own post-liminary hero, persevered in wearing his scarlet coat and epaulets, until both they and he were fairly worn out.

"Among the *ci-devant* military, with whose persons, from seeing them frequently at my father's, I became most familiar, were General Knox, the Baron de Steuben, and his aids, Walker, North, and Fairlie, a General Howe, of North Carolina, and Colonels Platt, Lewis, Fish, and Webb, Captains Edward Dunscombe and Theodosius Fowler, with Doctors Craigie and Draper, who had been surgeons in the army. Among the civilians were John Jay, Gouverneur Morris, Egbert Benson, James Duane, John Lawrence, the Chancellor, and Brockholst Livingston. The most intimate friends of the family were Alexander Hamilton and Robert Troup. Besides these, the members of the Continental Congress, when in session, were, in consequence, probably, of my father's official situation, not unfrequently his guests. I recollect particularly the last three Presidents of that body, Arthur Sinclair, Nathaniel Gorham, and Cyrus Griffin; with James Madison and Arthur Lee, of Virginia, Robert Morris, of Pennsylvania, Ralph Izard and John Kean, of South Carolina, Philip Schuyler, of New-York, and Rufus King, then of Massachusetts."

~ New York as It Was, During the Latter Part of the Last Century (1849), pp. 27-29.

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"Hamilton was better versed [than attorney Samuel Jones] in public and international law, and the general principles of ethical jurisprudence than with the common law. He was, indeed, more of an orator
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than a lawyer, and more of a statesman than either. His oratory was graceful, fluent, animated and impassioned. His style was diffuse, but never heavy or obscure; and as an Advocate, he displayed the qualities which distinguished him as a man. In his professional character, he was bold, frank, courteous, fertile of resources, and in the discussion and illustration of facts and character, exhibited a deep insight into the human heart. As an individual, his leading characteristics were magnanimity, candor and benevolence of heart, vigor and brilliancy of imagination, strength, comprehensiveness, and ductility of mind; all regulated by principle, and sustained by incorruptible integrity.

"His competitor at the bar, and deadly adversary in politics, was Burr, who exhibited a complete contrast to him in character, both professional and personal. Wary, cool, supercilious, artificial and imposing in his manner, close and dispassionate in reasoning, curt and severe in his language, he confined himself in argument to a few strong and prominent points. By this adroit use of the talents he actually possessed, he contrived to pass for much more than he was really worth. To principle, either in politics or morals, he never made pretence. So that his merit, if he had any, consisted in not being a hypocrite."

~ *Reminiscences of An Old Yorker by the late William A. Duer* (1867), p.24.

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THE PHANTOM OF THE BATTLEFIELD

"At Eutaw Springs the valiant died..." -- but and Per Chance Weren't Even Buried!

In continuing my project of surveying and reading through early American poets, I came across this piece by Dr. Joseph Brown Ladd (1764-1786), from Newport, Rhode Island, who traveled to South Carolina after the war, including the battlefield at Eutaw Springs. In it, he recalls finding the bones of soldiers still on the site!

How common was such remissness on other Revolutionary War fields of encounter I wonder. (Any thoughts or comments on the subject are welcome.)

THE JOURNEY.

Our destined course we next pursue,
Till Eutaw Springs appear in view;
Here we behold the bloody field,
Where British bands were forced to yield—
The fair historic page shall tell,
That here full many a Briton fell.
Our horses left, around we stray,
And all the scene of death survey:
There lay a heap of bleaching bones,
And there whole human skeletons;
In every prospect did appear,
The sad effects of cursed war.

Here first my foot disturbed with impious tread,
The sacred relics of the silent dead;
From a large grave, with skeletons displayed,
To tear the peaceful bones I next essayed;
For here full oft th' anatomist may find
The separate frames, which may with skill be joined.
First, a large tibia from the grave I tore;
Next, an os femoris, from distance bore;
The different bones by art replaced again,
The left trochanter still I sought in vain;
But while my search laborious I pursued,
Through the recesses of the spreading wood,
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In form scarce human, with terrific brows,
The awful genius of the wood arose:
His reverend head a lofty cedar crowned;
A zone of bushes clasped his body round.
Onward he came, all ghastly was his look;
The tall trees trembled, the whole forest shook:
At length, in thunder his expressions broke,
And slowly solemn thus the phantom spoke:

Oh, impious stranger! suffer still to rest
These hallowed bones—and from dispersion save
The sleeping patriot. Say, canst thou molest,
Nor let the soldier slumber in his grave?

What pledge hast thou, unthinking stranger, say?
What surety hast thou when grim death shall come,
That none will tear thy peaceful bones away,
Or none deny thy skeleton a tomb?

The bones thou seest were drest with heavenly skill,
Whilom, as thine, with nerves and vigor too;
Go ask of Britain, if she bears not still
Their dread remembrance, in each deathful blow?

Those sleeping warriors taught their foes to yield,
And Fame's shrill trumpet left no name behind;
But loud proclaimed, through the bloody field,
The brothers, friends, and fathers of mankind.

Disturb not then the slumbers of the brave;
At least, these hallowed bones a tomb afford:
For who deserves an honorable grave,
Like those who earned it by the bloody sword?

Depart in peace, forbear this hallowed shade;
But think, oh stranger! as thou dost depart,
And let the instruction which is here conveyed,
With deep impression sink into thy heart.

Here ceased, and swift as lightning's rapid flight,
The horrid phantom vanished from my sight;
Amazed I stood—by terror all inspired—
I viewed, I trembled, and with awe retired.[32]

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"Children of the night -- what MUSIC they make!"

In early April 1781, at about the same time Cornwallis arrived at Wilmington after the battle at Guilford Courthouse, Greene resolved to return with his army into South Carolina. In furtherance of this, he dispatched Lee's Legion in advance of him to join up with Marion.

[32] Found in *The Literary Remains of Joseph Brown Ladd, M.D.* (1832), pp. 43-45, available in .pdf at: https://archive.org/details/literaryremainso00laddrich
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En route, Lee and his men had a most unusual encounter -- altogether fitting to recall here this eve of Halloween (2017). The following excerpt comes from chapter XXIX of *Memoirs of the War in the Southern Department of the United States* (1869 ed.), pp. 326-330.

Lee [speaking in third person], in obedience to his orders, took the route toward Cross Creek, which, it was inferred, would very much conceal his real object, by inducing the British general to believe that Greene proposed to place himself in his neighborhood.

After advancing in this course, as long as was compatible with a speedy union with Marion, the light corps turned to the right, and, by a very expeditious march, gained Drowning Creek, a branch of Little Pedes. In a large field, on the southern side of this stream, Lee encamped for the night, when a very extraordinary occurrence took place, worthy, from its singularity, of relation.

Between two and three in, the morning, the officer of the day was informed that a strange noise had been heard in front of the picket, stationed on the great road near the creek, resembling that occasioned by men moving through a swamp.

Presently, and toward that quarter, a sentinel fired, which was followed by a sound of the bugle calling in the horse patrols, as was the custom on the approach of the enemy. The troops were immediately summoned to arms, and arrayed for defence. The officer of the day reported very particularly every thing which had passed, adding that several of the sentinels and one patrol concurred in asserting, that they heard plainly the progress of horsemen, concealing with the utmost care their advance. Never was a more perplexing moment: yet, knowing as Lieutenant-Colonel Lee did, that no enemy could be near him, unless Lord Cornwallis, divining Greene's plan and Lee's route, had pushed a body from Wilmington, with orders to proceed until it reached Drowning Creek, where Lee would probably pass it, for the purpose of intercepting him, he was induced to consider the intelligence as the fabrication of imagination, which sometimes leads the most serene and circumspect into error.

In a few moments, in a different quarter of our position, another sentinel fired, and soon afterward the same report, from that point, was made, as had just been received from the other. Appearances were now so strong as to dissipate the first conclusion, and what was deemed imaginary, was felt to be real.

A change in the formation of the troops was made to correspond with this last annunciation of the enemy's approach.

This was not completed before, in a different direction, we heard the discharge of a third sentinel. Now the most excruciating sensations were experienced; it appeared as if these different feelings of our position were wisely and dexterously made, preparatory to a general assault, to take effect as soon as the approach of light should warrant its commencement. All that could be done, was done.

The pickets and sentinels held their stations; the horse patrols had been called in; and the corps changed its position in silence and with precision upon every new annunciation, having in view the conjoint object of keeping the fires between us and the enemy, and holding the horse in the rear of the infantry. During our last evolution to this end, we were again interrupted by the discharge of the line of sentinels in our rear, along the great road. Thus the enemy had traversed the major segment of our position, and had at length fixed himself upon the road of our march.

No doubt now remained, not only of the enemy being upon us, but that he was in force, and well understood his object. He had reconnoitered with penetration and perseverance, and had ultimately placed himself in the very spot most certainly promising success...

It soon appeared, and the columns advanced to the great road, infantry in front, baggage in the centre, and the cavalry in the rear. As soon as the head of the column reached the road, it turned to the left, pursuing the route to the Pedee [Peedee]. The van officer, proceeding a few hundred yards, now got up to the sentinel who had fired last, and received from him the same account so often given before. The enigma still remained unexplained, and the corps continued its march, in slow motion, expecting every moment the enemy's fire. In this state of suspense we might have continued long, had not the van officer directed his attention to the road, for the purpose of examining the trail of our active foe, when to his astonishment, he found the tracks of a large pack of wolves. It was now evident, that the presumed enemy was a troop of wild beasts, collected together, and anxious to pass along their usual route, when finding it obstructed, they turned from point to point to pass through the field: everywhere fired upon, they continued widening their circuit until they reached the great road from which they had been originally turned. Our agitation vanished, and was succeeded by facetious glee. Nowhere do wit and humor abound more than in camps; and no occurrence was more apt to elicit it than that which we had just experienced. Never was a day's march more pleasant, being one continued scene of good humor, interspersed with innocent flashes of wit. For a time the restraint of discipline ceased. Every character, not excepting the commandant's, was hit; and very salutary counsel was often imparted under cover of a joke. Each considered himself a dupe, all laughing at a credulity, any attempt to remove which, during the scene, would have been treated as insulting temerity. The pickets, the patrols, the sentinels, and the officer of the day, were marked as the peculiar - objects of derision. Wonderful that not one of the many could distinguish between the movement of wolves and soldiers! They were charged with disgraceful ignorance, shameful stupor, bordering close upon rank cowardice. Vain was the attempt of the abused individuals to defend their character and conduct: it was the interest of the many to fix the supposed stigma on the few, and the general verdict was against them. Reaching a settlement, the corps halted, and for a while the remembrance of the ludicrous occurrence of the night yielded to the solicitude of every one to provide his breakfast.

Here what had passed was imparted to the inhabitants, and the unintelligible adventure was very satisfactorily solved. We were informed that there had been in the field, where the corps had encamped, a store of provisions collected for the army; but that it never had been conveyed to camp, being too distant from the line of march. Being neglected, its contents became putrid: the wild beasts soon profited by the neglect, and enjoyed nightly the food intended for the soldier. Having comprehended within our range of sentinels this abandoned store, we had interrupted their usual visits, and the circle which they nearly completed was from solicitude to find access to their nightly repast.

This was what had been termed "acute reconnoitring," and "an enemy in force, well understanding his own views."

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"Thus merit ever loves and seeks the shade"
-- FORGOTTEN POEMS AND POETS (1776-1805)[33]

Although upon closer examination we are *sometimes* pleasantly surprised by the diversity and originality to be found in 18th and early 19th century American poetry, the majority of poets in this country followed what was being composed in Britain, and to that extent most of the American poetry of those times tends to be slavishly imitative and not infrequently dull reading today. The problem by and large began and was a result of a desire of British writers to follow in the footsteps of the Greek and Roman classics, and instill the style and manners of the ancients into both English prose and verse. Yet as J.A.K. Thomson explains, and to make the point for our purposes more succinctly, what by and large worked well for prose did not, by contrast, work so well for poetry, whether British or American.

"Dr. [Samuel] Johnson has been a good deal sneered at for thinking the Dryden-Pope [heroic] couplet more musical than [Milton's] "Lycidas," but it is evident that Dryden and Pope thought so to. We

[33] This and subsequent installments of this "Forgotten Poems and Poets" sub-series are contained and available in a single .pdf at: https://archive.org/details/ForgottenPoemsAndPoetsOfEarlyAmerica
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cannot explain what looks like an insensitiveness of ear, but we have to accept it as fact. We must know what the age admired if we are to understand its approach to antiquity. What it admired then was good sense, pointedly expressed, and an almost geometrical regularity of form with a corresponding regularity of meter. It must be allowed that these things are to be found in the classical literature and that the eighteenth century view is not so much wrong as inadequate. It is a view that had the right to be expressed, and if the results were disappointing or even bad poetry they were almost wholly splendid and salutary in prose...

"'The best of the modern language poets in all languages,' wrote Garth to Pope at the beginning of the latter's career, 'are those that have nearest copied the ancients.' The young poet accepted and maintained this opinion throughout his life, and it may be called on the whole the orthodox view of the eighteenth century. No one therefore can hope to understand that century unless he understands something of what the classics meant to it...

"...their [Dryden and Pope's] followers and imitators had in general little to say, and then the inadequacy of the doctrine [i.e., of mechanically imitating, or attempting to imitate, the ancients] was revealed..." (*The Classical Background of English Literature* (1948), pp. 188, 190-191.)

And yet what so frequently the would-be 18th century classical poet failed to understand had been clearly enunciated by Pope himself in the "Essay on Criticism" (1709):

"First follow nature and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same.
Unerring nature still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged and universal light,
Life force and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source and end and test of art
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show and without pomp presides
In some fair body thus the informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigor fills the whole,
Each motion guides and every nerve sustains,
Itself unseen, but in the effects remains...

"But when to examine every part he came
Nature and Homer were he found the same
Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design
And rules as strict his labored work confine
As if the Stagirite o'erlooked each line
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem,
To copy nature is to copy them..."

But such appreciation and feeling for the natural was not lost on all, and there were effulgent exceptions to robotically conventional or mindlessly routine poetry. Works like those of Countess Anne Finch's "A Nocturnal Reverie," James Thomson's "Seasons," John Dyer's "Grongar Hill," Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," MacPherson's "Ossian," and Chatterton's "Rowley" poems, to name a few, were there also; helping to plant the seeds that subsequently flourished into heart felt, moody, and or pensive romanticism.

In America Philip Freneau was himself a forerunner of the romantic movement, at least in America, and even somewhat earlier poets like Philip Livingston, Annis Stockton, and even Phillis Wheatley (the latter by her sincere and impassioned appeals for freedom) made auspicious strides in creatively rising above the cloying affectation and rigidity of obligatory and formulaic classicism. 18th century American poetic satirists, on the other hand, tended to be less fortunate; and their albeit capably crafted mock epics and related pieces generally suffer from a strained and sometimes painfully dated sense of humor.

One of the first notable British romantic influences on American post-Revolutionary War poets and who was especially liked was Thomas Chatterton. John Blair Linn "of New York," for example, in

1795 wrote and published an elegy in the "Rowley" poet's honor; while one anonymous Baltimore poet from the same period adopted for himself the pseudonym "Augustus Chatterton." Not long after, Sir Walter Scott and Byron then became all the rage.

Yet just as not all 18th century classicists, whether British or American, could no where near come to emulating the success of Dryden, Pope or Cowper, so most early and later 19th century would-be romantics fell decidedly short of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Burns, or Blake; so that change in genre or focus did not automatically produce better bards. Far be it from us to then to assume that romanticism was necessarily or always an improvement over classicism. Perhaps therefore we might just as well conclude (with apologies to Alexander Pope):

> For brands of poetry let fools contest;
> whate'er imparts *true* heart or wit is best.[34]

And important to remember too, not all classicisms and romanticisms are the same. "Classicism is health, Romanticism is sickness," said one quondam romantic. Yet Goethe's classicism was almost singularly Hellenic in emphasis; whereas 18th century British and American poets in general were or sought to be Augustan in style and taste. By the same token, to show how divergent styles and avenues of approach to romanticism could be requires nothing more than a cursory list of well known romantic poets by which to compare each other with.

American poets of the early Republic were invariably patriotic and no less emphatic about it. Nonetheless, the American people themselves and at large were too busy expanding business, seeking fortunes, and founding the country to bother with literature, and poetry in particular. Two of the most common themes of early 19th American century poems are either unrequited love and the social futility of a poetic vocation; both of which, to be frank, were often felt by the poet very bitterly.

One of the best tests for ascertaining whether a poem is good or not is how it sounds when read aloud. And it is a gratifying thing if after sifting through heaps of old and forgotten poetry (indeed, not so infrequently, rightly forgotten poetry) one chances across something that, if admittedly less than perfect, is even so vigorous, moving, and still retains meaning and significance on the human level. Applying this method and criteria, and having spent some weeks pouring through poems by unknown and relatively unknown American poets in the span from, roughly, 1770 to 1800, the following are eight poems which I thought deserve a second chance. Well, I liked them anyway; choosing however only eight in order to make the experience of reading them all the more easier, and consequently more enjoyable to readers not normally given to reading poems. I mention this because I by no means want to leave the impression that there are not more worthwhile poems that might have been included. But with "Time's winged chariot hurrying near," others and the rest, I hope, will in this instance excuse the practical exigency of a brief collection and review.

Prefatory Note.

In the course of this article several works are cited or mentioned, and which we list here for purposes of advance and more convenient reference:

* *The Beauties of poetry, British and American: containing some of the productions of Waller, Milton, Addison, Pope, Shirley, Parnell, Watts, Thomson, Young, Shenstone, Akenside, Gray, Goldsmith, Johnson, Moore, Garrick, Cowper, Beattie, Burns, Merry, Cowley, Wolcott, Palmerston, Penrose. Evans, Barlow, Dwight, Freneau, Humphreys, Livingston, J. Smith, W.M. Smith, Ladd, Bayard, Hopkinson, James, Markoe, Prichard, Fentham, Bradford, Dawes, Lathrop, Osborne.* (1791), edited by Mathew Carey.[35]

* *Specimens of American Poetry* (1829), in three volumes, by Samuel Kettell.[36]

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[34] Though for Pope's own views on what makes for good poetry and written in the spirit of Horace, see his *Essay on Criticism*.
[35] Available at: http://quod.lib.umich.edu/e/evans/N17951.0001.001?rgn=subject;view=toc
[36] For vol. 1, see https://tinyurl.com/l26tdlj ; vol. 2 at https://tinyurl.com/mw5xdkj ; vol. 3 https://tinyurl.com/lfba688

* *Cyclopedia of American Literature* (1854-1875), in two volumes, by Evert Augustus Duyckinck and George Long Duyckinck.[37]

Of further interest also are:

* *Specimens of the American Poets* (1822), published in London, by Henry Roscoe.[38]

* *Early American Poetry: A Compilation of the Titles of Volumes of Verse and Broadsides, Written by Writers Born or Residing in North America, and Issued During the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries* (1903 and 1907), in two volumes, by Oscar Wegelin.[39]

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Joseph Hazard (c. 1750-?) of Lincoln College, Oxford is known to us as the author of *The Conquest of Quebec* published in 1769; which is an altogether nice piece of its kind and of the pre-revolutionary period; bemoaning life's transience while celebrating Wolfe's victory and British patriotism. Whether he is possibly the same (which at present doesn't seem likely) or else a relation to Joseph Hazard (1757-1817) [sic], from New York and the author of *Juvenile Poems, On a Diversity of Subjects* (1789) and *Hazard's Poems* (1814) is a point I was not able to determine; except that we do know that the mother of the latter Hazard was named Elizabeth. The Duyckincks make no mention whatsoever of any Joseph Hazard; though Kettell in his anthology includes one Hazard poem from the 1814 publication. Otherwise and outside the contents of *Juvenile* and *Hazard's* Poems, and that during the Revolutionary War he was a friend of liberty and supporter of the American cause, there was little or no information I could obtain about this author.

These are two melancholy pieces taken from *Juvenile Poems* (1789), that I personally found both affectionately likeable, if also somewhat and unintentionally amusing.

ELEGY 3d. The Lot of Humanity.

THE heirs of sorrow, from life's earliest date,
Alike with ills one common war we wage;
Through every period feel the blasts of fate,
In grief's dark volume only, shift the page.

Predestin'd pupils for a school of pain,
How soon, alas! we sad proficients grow;
Foreign to us, all knowledge else is vain,
Wise only in diversity of woe.

Some flattering form of happiness invites;
Eager we start—the tinsell'd bauble chace;—
In fond pursuits of fancy, drawn delights
Urge the abortive, unsuccessful race.

Caught by the appearance of illusive joys,
Fictitious pleasures, we for real believe;
Yet, ah! how soon the wish'd fruition cloys,
And nought behind but deadly poisons leave.

So the gay serpent, as he basks supine,

[37] For vol. 1, see https://tinyurl.com/nxze8qm ; vol. 2 at https://tinyurl.com/mvhxe7k
[38] https://tinyurl.com/lf9p46v
[39] For vol. 1 see https://tinyurl.com/kk6mqrm ; and vol. 2 at https://tinyurl.com/mny5hqh
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Charms the fleet warbler on his airy way;
Downward he drops, inconscious of design,
To latent death, an unsuspecting prey.

Of what avail is Reason's friendly beam,
Celestial light! to aid our frailties giv'n?
Immers'd in darkness, scarce a feeble gleam
Vouches the gift peculiar of Heav'n.

Mere slaves of Passion's arbitrary sway,
Restraint we know not, nor admit controul;
But blindly err, as Folly marks the way,
And one impetuous frenzy rules the soul:

Deaf to Reflection's moralizing pow'rs,
In vain they point their efficacious balm;
Dark o'er the mind, one gloomy tempest low'rs,
Nor yields the shortest interval of calm.

What strange fatality our steps attend!
What dire events result our ev'ry deed!
From specious bliss some sad mischance depends,
Wounds us to lose, and kills, if we succeed.

The sport of Fortune, at her option tost,
Of ev'ry sensual appetite the slave—
Each purpos'd scheme, by wayward fortune crost—
Ah! why should we protracted being crave!

Tormenting state! sad privilege to live!
Too late convinc'd, th' important truth we know;
Life's fairest prospects glitter to deceive,
Nor true Felicity exists below.

New-Haven, Dec. 24th, 1776.

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Written under a great Depression of Spirits, upon viewing the artful and insincere raised to the heighth of Prosperity;—the last ten lines being intended as an Epitaph.

GRANT me, ye pow'rs! from life the wish'd release,
And sooth my passage to the realms of peace;
This troubled mind to envied rest compose,
That feels its own, but bleeds for others woes;
That knows no sordid, no ignoble aim,
Or basely triumphs in another's shame;
But glows to find, tho' small his share of bliss,
That some there are who boast more happiness.
'Tis not for me to crave a longer date,
Who daily bends beneath the blasts of fate;
For whom the sun darts not one chearful ray,
Or gilds with joy the orient face of day:
For happier youths, let vernal roses bloom—
Mine be the dreary regions of the Tomb:—

EPITAPH.

YET, should my milder fortune have design'd,
That I one kindred soul shall leave behind;
By Friendship prompted, should he chance to stray,
Where these frail Limbs in dull Oblivion lay;—
O! may his breast heave forth one anxious sigh—
One tear of pity glisten from his eye:
Sad as he thinks what once I us'd to be—
How near to him—how dear he was to me;—
This tribute paid, my friend may onward go—
One Sigh—one Tear—is all that's due to *Joe*.

Poughkeepsie, July 22d, 1778.[40]

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Saumel Kettell has this, among other things, to say about physician and poet William Ladd (1755-1786), from Newport, Rhode Island, "His life is marked with a character of singularity, for it realizes the dreams of romance, and presents as striking a case of ill-starred love as ever furnished a theme for the novelist or poet. Ladd possessed by nature a warm susceptible heart, and a lively fancy. His early days were passed amid privations, but his exuberant spirits and imaginative turn of mind made amends for this lack of the gifts of fortune, and secured him enjoyments in his penury. He became attached to poetry, first as an amusement, and afterwards as a solace and refuge from the troubles and mortifications which beset him. His warm fancy, and quick susceptibility of feeling, kindled this attachment into enthusiasm, and carried him into a dreaming state of existence. His imagination reposed in regions of sunshine and bliss, and pictured every scene in glowing colors..."

Along with the above quoted from sketch and other pieces, "Arouet and Amanda" can be found in Kettell at vol. 1, pp. 334-341.

AROUET TO AMANDA.

Once more, dear maid, the wretched Arouet writes;
His pen obedient, as his heart indites;
These lines may haply waste your precious time,
And his loathed writings may be deem'd a crime.
Thou say'st that friendship can afford a cure
To the deep wounds, the sorrows I endure ;
The generous thought with rapture I pursue—
It must be lovely, for it comes from you.
But O how poor is friendship to express
"The soul-felt pang of exquisite distress."
Once I was happy—blest with native ease,
A friend could cheer me, and a book could please;
But now no joys from books or friendship flow,
Not one poor respite to my load of woe.
Did not you, dearest, see my fond distress,
Beyond all power of language to express?
The whirling thought, the swift impassion'd kiss,
Delirium sweet and agony of bliss.
How have I listen'd when your accents broke,

[40] From Hazard's *Juvenile Poems, On a Diversity of Subjects* (1789), (pp. 15-17) and (pp. 42-43); available at http://quod.lib.umich.edu/e/evans/N16979.0001.001?view=toc
While for *Hazard's Poems* (1814 edition), see: https://tinyurl.com/mptels4
See also *Kettell* vol. 3, pp. 112-113.
~~~

And kiss'd the air that trembled as you spoke.
Death, friendly Death will soon relieve my pain,
Long sure he cannot be implored in vain.
When to my sight the monarch of the tomb
Shall rise terrific and pronounce my doom;
Will then Amanda, ah! she will, I trust,
Pay the last tribute to my clay-cold dust:
Will sighing say, here his last scene is o'er,
Who loved as mortal never loved before.
Dear, matchless maid! that kind concern display'd,
Would sweetly soothe my melancholy shade.
O'er my lone tomb O yield that sad relief;
Breathe the soft sigh and pour out all your grief;
Or shed one tear in pity as you pass,
And just remember that your Arouet was.

~~~***~~~

Born in Santa Cruz, West Indies, Peter Markoe (1752?-1792), although in 1775 passing the bar at Lincoln's Inn, England in 1775, relinquished a legal career to become, like friend Philip Freneau, a full time poet, playwright, pro-American political activist in Philadelphia, and in Markoe's case, a playwright. Among his published works are "The Patriot Chief" (1783), a stage play; *Miscellaneous Poems* (1787); *The Algerine spy in Pennsylvania: or, Letters written by a native of Algiers on the affairs of the United States of America, from the close of the year 1783 to the meeting of the Convention* (1787); *The Times* (1788), a book length poem; and "Reconciliation; or The triumph of nature: a comic opera, in two acts." (1790).

HOPE. AN ODE.

HEARD ye that sigh?—Soft as the gales,
Which gently stole thro' Eden's vales,
Ere man, as yet not desp'rate grown by vice,
Mourn'd his lost innocence and Paradise,
To heav'n it rises—Angels, bear the sound,
Far, far above the starry frame!
From Hope's aspiring breast it came;
And whilst glad myriads wait around,
With never-fading glory crown'd,
Present it at the throne of grace,
An offering worthy of the place.

Heart-soothing Hope! thou friend of man!
With thee our earliest bliss began!
To thee, sweet comforter! our wishes tend;
Ah! deign thy humble vot'ries to befriend!
Guard us, bright seraph! from corroding care!
When all our weak resources fail,
When friends forsake, and foes assail,
Thy sure assistance let us share,
And chace the monster, fell Despair.
Compell'd to seek his native hell,
In torments let him rage and yell!

Soul-cheering Hope! the verse inspire,
As with bold hand I strike the lyre,
As, urged by thee, I wake the willing muse,
Who, warm'd by patriot cares, extends her views.
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Reason and truth the heart-felt wish allow.
Hail, self-dependent Industry!
A nation's bliss must spring from thee:
I form no visionary vow;
Since active Science guides the plough;
And Valour rivalling old Rome,
The shuttle throws, or rears the dome.

Yet, yet, thou universal friend!
To all the race thy views extend;
And faintly sketch, sweet Hope, the happy plan,
Which may exalt the savage into man.
Base Av'rice! from th' uncultur'd scene remove,
Who dar'st the garb of Justice wear!
To scenes of polish'd life repair;
Nor think, thy maxims can improve
Th' untutor'd tenant of the grove.
Can Avarice religion preach?
Shall they, who rob, pretend to teach?

Ye, whom superior talents bless,
Whom virtue leads to happiness!
By moral culture first prepare the soil;
Religion's fruit shall then reward your toil,
On earth the visionary ladder stood,
Which reach'd at length, the yielding skies,
And man, by slow degrees, must rise.
Uncheck'd by fear, unstained with blood,
Thus shall ye rear the public good
On Justice, which shall time defy,
'Till Hope be swallow'd up in Joy.[41]

~~~***~~~

John Lathrop (Jr., 1772-1820) son of a Boston minister, after graduating from Harvard took up and practiced law for a while, but subsequently became an educator. As well as a part time poet, he occasionally gave orations, such as at Fourth of July events. In 1799, he sailed to Calcutta, India, where he taught and unsuccessfully attempted to set up a seminary school there, returning then to the United States in 1819. Both a Federalist and a Free Mason, he was friend and an associate of the likes of Fisher Ames and poet Robert Treat Paine, Jr. Like John Blair Linn, there has been more written on him than the rest of our less than familiar poets, and the Duyckinks allot a comparatively spacious entry to him. Though he wrote sundry odes, monodies, and other miscellaneous pieces, Lathrop's most conspicuous poetic work is *Speech of Caunonicus, or an Indian Tradition* (1802);[42] "Caunonicus" referring to a Sachem of the Narraghusett.

A WINTER PIECE.

SURLY Winter now returns;
Nature droops her head, and mourns:
Sol's oblique, descending ray
Lends a faint and transient day;
Night the realms of day invades,
And her dark dominion spreads.
Brooks no more meandering run;

[41] Carey pp. 177-178.
[42] Available at https://tinyurl.com/lrh99o4
~~~

Streams are harden’d into stone;
Where the boatman oft has ply’d,
Pond’rous sleds securely glide.

Naked and deform’d are seen
Meadows lately dress’d in green.
Groves and fields are disarray’d;
Leaves are wither’d, dry’d the blade.
Songsters of the wood are flown,
All their cheerful music gone;
Not a swallow strains his throat,
The lark forgets his sprightly note;
Zephyrs, with their gentle breeze,
Sport no more along the trees:
Winds in angry murmurs howl,
Skies with gathering tempests scowl;
Proudest forests humbly bend;
Thick the woolly flakes descend.
See, how fast the valley fills!
How the driving snow-bank swells!
Batt’ring hail-stones urge the hind,
Refuge in her shed to find;
Trembling stands the hardy steer,
Lowing for the master’s care.

Farmers now their stables tend,
And from storms the herds defend;
Load with new-thresh’d grain the floor;
Prudent deal the winter’s store;
Shiv’ring from the cold retire;
Heap fresh fuel on the fire;
From the evening borrow day,
Drive the piercing frosts away;
Sit secure within the doors,
And defy the storm that roars;
With a book, or chat, deceive
The slow hours of winter’s eve;
Teach the list’ning youths the lore,
Which their grandsires taught before;
And their admiration raise
With good things of ancient days:
Or the works of distant climes,
Or the news of modern times.
Thus dull winter rolls away:
Thus we pass the irksome day.

Ah! a deadlier winter speeds—
Winter which no spring succeeds.
When our blooming youth is gone,
And our frosty age comes on,
Then no more will spring return—
Age is hopeless—age forlorn—
Hopeless?—no—the silver’d head
Shows, the storms of life are fled:
So the sunshine tips the hills,
As it louring clouds dispels.

Happy christian, who has trod
All the length of virtue's road,
From the goal his eye can cast
Back on storms and dangers past,
And with hope anticipate
Pleasures of the heav'nly state!
When is clos'd this varied scene,
Calmer seasons then begin.[43]

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This poem is one of a related set by an anonymous writer reproduced in Elihu Hubbard Smith's *American Poems, selected and original* (1793), and which contains this explanatory note: "This, and the succeeding Poems, signed BIRTHA, are extracted from the *Gazette of the United States*; where they form part of a poetical Correspondence, carried on under the signatures of ELLA[44] and BIRTHA. We have selected the following Poems as being most correct, and most worthy of preservation; especially as they are now offered to the public with the author's corrections."

"Ella" and "Birtha," incidentally, are characters in Chatterton's "Ella, A Tragical Interlude" (or "AElla") one of the "Rowley" poems and which first appeared in print in 1777.

TO ELLA.

AH! vainly Ella, do I hear
Thy lute complain, in notes so clear,
As would seduce an angel's ear;
That bids me check the song of praise,
And give to *other themes*, my lays.

To fierce disease and grief a prey,
In pain I pass the lingering day.

No more I raise the sprightly strain,
  Or warble the melodious song,
That fill'd the breast with envied pain,
  And could the joys of life prolong.

Now, when the *glowing orb* of day,
  Hath sunk beneath the western wave;
With melancholy heart I stray
  To hear the stream his border lave.

Or like some pilgrim press the yielding grass,
  And wet my sandals with the nightly dew,
A sprig of laurel breaking as I pass,
  To thee I say the honoring branch is due.

My dangerous course along the vale I take,
  Beneath the hanging rock, that seems to shake
With ev'ry blast, and threatens on my head

[43] Carey p. 204-206, and see Duyckinck vol. 1, pp. 611-614, Kettle vol. 2, pp. 101-108.
[44] Identified by Fred Lewis Pattee, in *The First Century of American Literature: 1770-1870* (1935) p. 109, as Elihu Hubbard Smith himself. This is seconded by James Cronin, editor of *The Diary of Elihu Hubabrd Smith, 1771-1798* (1973). Charles E. Bennett (and following in the wake of Marcia Edgerton Bailey) goes further to identify "Birtha" as Joseph Bringhurst, Jr.: see "A Poetical Correspondence among Elihu Hubbard Smith, Joseph Bringhurst, Jr., and Charles Brockden Brown in *The Gazette of the United States*," *Early American Literature*, vol. 12, No. 3 (Winter, 1977/1978), pp. 277-285 [UNC Press].
~~~

Its crushing weight to roll;
But my undaunted soul,
Enjoys the scene, nor feels the chill of terror spread.

Now, near a cavern dark, and wild,
With folded arms I stand,
Like melancholy's gloomy child;
I heave the swelling sigh;
Upon the passing gale;
While from my ever-streaming eye;
Adown my cheeks, so wan and pale,
The tears incessant drop upon my hand.
There I hear the moping owl,
His dismal whoopings roll,
Upon the heavy ear of night,
In sounds that would thy soul affright.

But oh! my bursting heart!
So tortur'd by the fang of grief,
In other scenes would seek relief:
On fancy's rapid wing I'd dart
Where Horror with his staring eye,
And upright hair,
Sits gazing on the fiery sky,
When sulphurous lightnings fly,
And swell the soul to wild despair.

Where the vex'd wave with mad'ning roar,
Rolls thundering on the craggy shore,
And aims with ev'ry dreadful shock,
To burst apart the flinty rock;
When still like wretched man! in vain
He strives his purpose to obtain;
Mad to despair, he flies again
And clamours to his parent main.

BIRTHA.
MAY 21, 1791.[45]

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Of the poets contained in this brief sampler, John Blair Linn (1777-1804), originally from Shippensburg, Pennsylvania, is the best known and documented; with his brother in law Charles Brockden Brown having written a posthumous sketch of him.[46] While I hope at a later date to devote a special article to Linn, here at least for now is a melancholy sonnet of his.

MARY'S TOMB, A SONNET.

WHAT mournful noise resounds from yonder grove?
The grove where Mary slumbers in her tomb;

[45] *American Poems, selected and original* (1793), edited by Elihu Hubbard Smith, pp. 240-242, available at: http://quod.lib.umich.edu/e/evans/N19277.0001.001/1:3?rgn=div1;view=toc
[46] And which can be found as an introductory piece in Linn's *Valerian, A Narrative Poem* (1805), pp. iii-xxiv, and also in *The Port Folio* (in three parts): Jan. 1809, pp 21-29; Feb. 1809, pp. 129-134, Mar. 1809, pp. 195-203.
~~~

What sigh is that, what plaintive voice of love?
Which flings its sorrow to the midnight gloom—

II.
What figure's that, which glimmers through the trees?
And drooping bends, upon the flowery green,
Whose locks wave gently with the fanning breeze,
And anguish'd views the sad surrounding scene—

III.
'Tis mourning Belville weeping o'er the urn
Where mould'ring in the dust his Mary lies,
Whom hope had sooth'd with smiles at his return,
But now deluding, shuns his sorrowing eyes.

IV.
His sad remembrance paints the lovely maid,
Their former love, their happiness and joy,
When she in beauty and in health array'd,
Was the sole object of his mind's employ.

V.
When last he parted from her soft embrace
To seek the dangers of the ocean's swell;
When the tears trickled o'er her gentle face
As he the beauteous mourner, bade farewell.

VI.
Returning; she has fled his anxious arms,
And sought the icy fetters of the tomb,
No more her Belville views her blooming charms,
But cloth'd in sorrow, sighs his hapless doom.

VII.
O'er the fair maid, ye trees your verdure wave,
Protect her with your wide and cooling shade,
Softly ye dews distill upon her grave,
Where Belville's tears the debt of sorrow paid.[47]

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Samuel Low (1765-1819), states Kettell, is the author of a compilation of verse, in two volumes, "published at New York in 1800." Low was a playwright as well as poet, and his collection is unique for its focus on and attempts at sonnets in a variety of forms.

TO A VIOLET.

Though not the gaudy Tulip's drap'ry fine,
Yet thou, fair plant, canst Tyre's rich purple boast;
The beauty of the Amethyst is thine;
Thy neat and simple garb delights me most;

[47] *Miscellaneous works, prose and poetical. By a young gentleman of New-York* (1795), pp. 141-143.
http://quod.lib.umich.edu/e/evans/N21984.0001.001?view=toc
See also Duyckinck vol. 1, p. 262, and *The Port Folio*, Jan. 1809, vol. VII, no. 1, pp 21-29; Feb. 1809, vol. 1, no. 2, pp 129-134; March 1809, vol. 1, no. 3, pp. 195-203.
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Unseen and shadowy forms, of tiny size,
Delicious dew-drops from thy surface sip,
Feast on thy charms their microscopic eyes,
And breathe thy sweets, as o'er thy leaves they trip.
Emblem of innocence and modest worth,
Who lov'st the eye of rude remark to shun,
Whose lovely, lowly form still tends to earth,
Unlike the flower which courts the mid-day sun;
Thou seem'st, sweet flow'ret, of his beam afraid;—
Thus merit ever loves and seeks the shade.[48]

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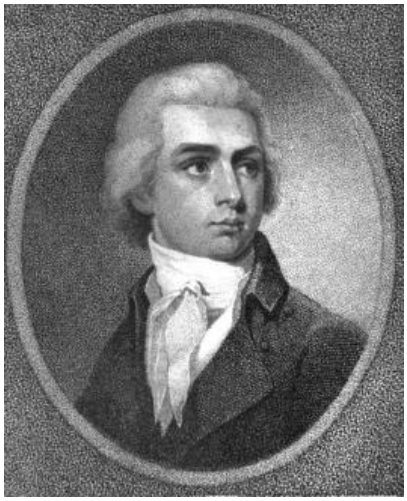

J. B. LINN.

William Clifton (1772-1799) and John Blair Linn (1777-1804).

FORGOTTEN POEMS AND POETS, Part II

As Fred Lewis Pattee notes in *The First Century of American Literature: 1770-1870* (1935), p. 364, it is most peculiar yet true nonetheless that an exceptionally high number of poets of the early Republic suffered or died from tuberculosis; furnishing, as he does so, the following (partial) list:

St. John Honeywood.....1765-1798.....33 years
William Clifton.....……1772-1799.....27 "
John Blair Linn...……..1777-1804.....27 "
Carlos Wilcox.....……1794-1827.....32 "
Joseph Rodman Drake...1795-1820.....25 "
J. G. C. Brainard..……..1796-1828.....32 "
James W. Eastburn..…...1797-1819.....22 "
John Everett.....…….....1801-1826.....25 "
E. C. Pinkney.....…….....1802-1828.....17 "
Lucretia Davidson...…...1808-1825.....28 "
Willis G. Clark...…….....1810-1841.....31 "
Lucy Hooper.....…….....1817-1841.....24 "

[48] Kettell vol. 1, pp. 318-324.
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Margaret Davidson..…..1823-1838.....15 "[49]

And yet if being cut down in the prime of youth were not misfortune enough, Pattee, with small qualification and with little exception to give in the form of excerpts to consider, summarily brushes aside and dismisses their poetry as irredeemably vapid, dull, and forgettable. Although, after some casual scanning of the writings of these authors, his assessment seems for the most part fair, it is by no means wholly so. For if one takes the time and trouble -- though admittedly not always an agreeable task where a voluminous amount of material is involved -- to go through the compositions of these and other young poets of the early Republic, there is a good chance with a few of them of finding verses which, if not to be classed with the great poetry of the ages, is or may be at least sufficiently novel, touching, amusing (whether intentionally or no), musical, and or of unusual historical interest; insofar as the piece may, perhaps even strikingly, disclose heretofore unknown or little suspected aspects to the artistic temperament and imagination of then young America.

Unfortunately however, owing to the occupational necessity of having to digest and review large quantities of reading, while often having to do so in great haste no less, literary historians too frequently have the regrettable tendency of casually lumping literary works into "good" and "bad" categories. While understandable for practical reasons, it even so leaves the misleading impression that a literary work is *always* either merely good or bad; when of course this is by no means true; nor is the *just* assessment of a writing so simple as the approach or method seems to imply. Nor is the justification or basis of judgments made any more clear and acceptable when, whether consciously or not, personal or subjective concerns, such as present day social or ideological or regional agendas for example, come into play, sometimes surreptitiously, into the critic's weighing of an author's effort.

What in practice is customarily ignored is that a literary, or any artistic, work is assessed on the basis of criteria of a given critic's choosing. Sometimes the particular criterion employed is obviously implied or stated; at others times it is not so, and rather and instead simply assumed without discussion. If then we are to take a critic seriously, it only makes sense for us to know what he or she values and what the criteria they apply to a work are. And yet do we do this?

Having mentioned this, perhaps it might help further to suggest that the criteria a critic applies should be interpreted as measures or "litmus tests" of a work's *use* or *usefulness*. For example, relegating our discussion here to poetry, a given poem could be said to have the following uses:

1. To inspire or otherwise move us emotionally; while conveying or else hinting at a spiritual, moral, and or social message.
2. To amuse and entertain.
3. To instruct and educate; whether as intended by the author, and or viewing the work in historical retrospect.

Whether the poem effectively achieves any or all of the above, that is, is found useful, depends on, among other things, the context in which the poem is read: including the reader's mood of the moment (the emotional "weather," so to speak); capacity for and range of emotion (including sense of humor); level of education and sophistication; imagination and musicality; and what he or she values generally. So vital in importance are such contexts in the experience of poetry, and others arts and genres, that even proven and undeniable masterworks may, as we know, markedly suffer in our enjoyment and appreciation of them; if the time is not right; some other context in which they are experienced or presented is deficient or inappropriate, including what may be inherently lacking in the reader or audience itself.

At the very least then, readers should regularly take any kind of literary or artistic criticism or evaluation with at least a grain of salt; particularly when we are routinely being told given works are either

[49] Elihu Hubbard Smith (1771-1798), like Clifton and Balir, also passed away at 27. The dates for Lucretia Davidson are here corrected from his Pattee's text. He also mentions that Washington Irving and William Cullen Bryant were lifelong consumptives; to which we can add as well that Charles Brockden Brown was one of those who died at a relatively young age (39) of the malady. Joseph Dennie, though his was a different disease, stands out as another premature fatality (at age 43) of that literary era.

all "good" or all "bad," and all the more so should we be cautious when it comes to assessing works of by gone ages, when changes in taste can radically prevent us from understanding how people felt and took life, whether in its pains and pleasures, way back when. For instance, it is not untypical of some habitually peremptory late 19th and 20th century modernists and putative "realists" to ridicule 18th century poetic idealism or early 19th century sentimentalism. Granted some idealist and sentimentalists on occasion deserve such ridicule. Unfortunately, however, in the process readers are sometimes misled into conflating the rejection of poorly expressed idealism or sentimentalism as justified condemnation of idealism and or sentimentalism themselves. And this, of course, is most unfair. Moreover and as a practical matter worth remembering, it is possible that even in the case of an idealistic or sentimental poet who writes badly, their sincerity (where such is actually present) still may manage to get through and move us; even if for example -- or perhaps even because -- they are so naïve in their outlook or else, as writers, artificial or contrived in their expressions (e.g., à la the Della Cruscans.) Though the effect on us is not what the poet wished, in fact he unintentionally might cause us to laugh, nonetheless, we know what he (or she) means, we know what they are striving at. And despite what is or seems an overtly imperfect performance, there still may be present in the verse something to palpably feel and enjoy; that is, at least, if we but cut them a little slack and make some effort to feel and see things the way they did.

But all this is qualified with a *may*, and naturally it still remains for literary scholars and historians to scrutinize and sift carefully, and there is admittedly much poetry from the past that no amount of sensitivity is ever going to give life to; and such value it might possess is, at most, strictly of a historical and informational character. Only there are, on the other hand, every now and then overlooked or forgotten poems that merit new perusal, indeed some which will find "keepers;" if we will give ourselves to be more indulgent and receptive; while taking care to bypass cold prejudice, the whims of current dogma, and overly nice convention. For not so infrequently whether a poem or other literary work is "still read" or not begs, rather than answers, the question why, and we *might* well find that the assumed shortcoming perhaps lies more in the reader than the given work or author.

In a recent foray of mine then to take a closer and further look at what young poets of the early Republic might especially deserve reappraisal and a more extended look at than usual, two I finally decided on were William Clifton and John Blair Linn: both originally from Pennsylvania; both (at different times) part of the Philadelphia's Federalist leaning literati set; both passed away at the age of 27. While they received some respect and appreciation in their day, and somewhat after their early passing as well, such praise and acknowledgments were ephemeral and regularly qualified with reminders that while their work did not quite or uniformly achieve the best or highest standards of excellence, it most certainly showed exceptional *promise* – but alas, a promise not to be realized due to their untimely deaths. The verdict is substantially true, and we would not want to leave the impression that Clifton or Blair necessarily evinced timeless or towering genius that eluded or was unjustly neglected by history and the critics. However, if we glean some of what is best among their writings, they are interesting as youthful voices, post-teenage dreamers and worthy exemplars of the momentous era in which they were born, lived and died. And at the very least, they are, in this writer's view, certainly good enough to be spared complete oblivion as competent *literary artists* -- which is more than can be said generally of their poetical peers of about the same age group in late 18th and early 19th century America.

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William Clifton (1772-1799), son of an affluent and prosperous "mechanic" or craftsman, grew up in a strict Quaker family in Philadelphia; so strict that it was not till his late teens that it was possible for him to dispense with formal Quaker dress and manners. He was said to have suffered from an ailment throughout most of his life, possibly the consumption that ultimately killed him; and that prevented him from mixing in public and being involved much socially. At nineteen years of age, a ruptured blood vessel so injured him that he was, it was said, prevented from taking up a formal calling or career; evidently seeming to imply that he then had to live on his family's wealth. Despite this, one of his biographers very oddly states he was "much attached to the sports of the field, and was peculiarly accomplished in the arts of the sportsman."[50] Otherwise and aside from a small circle of literary friends, he was prone to be solitary. In

[50] *Analectic Magazine*, June 1814, pp. 479-488.
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seclusion, he took special pains to educate himself, and as he matured developed abilities as an accomplished poet, sketch artist, and musician.

Politically, he was of a decidedly "anti-mob," Federalist bent, very much in the mold of Alexander Hamilton and Joseph Dennie; only perhaps more so than they. And his first published writings as a poet were vitriolic yet elegant of their kind heroic couplets, in the style of Dryden and Samuel Butler, lampooning the opponents of the Jay Treaty with Great Britain. At a time when America was becoming enamored of Revolutionary France, he was so staunch an enemy of the Jacobins that he was indignant that the *Quasi*-War had been prevented by President John Adams from becoming a formal one. At the same time as penning a song to celebrate Nelson's victory at the Nile, he has a poem entitled "The Descent of Tallyrand into Hell." In "The Chimeraid," an unfinished work, although the invectives are more tempered than earlier, he lets loose his sarcasm against Jefferson and the Republicans as well as the French.

Yet he first particularly achieved real literary notice in his day for an epistle he wrote as a foreword to an American edition (published by William Cobbett) of conservative English writer William Gifford's (1756-1826) verse satires *Baviad* (1791) and *Maeviad* (1794); [51] which, among other points made, ascribed the decline in poetry to a decline in morals. Clifton's introduction, and cited by later reviewers as his most finished and elaborate opus, opens with these disgruntled, telling stanzas:

"In these cold shades, beneath these shifting skies,
Where Fancy sickens, and where Genius dies;
Where few and feeble are the Muse's strains,
And no fine frenzy riots in the veins,
There still are found a few to whom belong
The fire of virtue and the soul of song;
Whose kindling ardour still can wake the shines
When learning triumphs, and when Gifford sings.
To thee the lowliest bard his tribute pays,
His little wild-flower to thy wreath conveys;
Pleas'd, if permitted round thy name to bloom,
To boast one effort rescued from the tomb.

"While this delirious age enchanted seems
With hectic fancy desultory dreams;
While wearing fast away is every trace
Of Grecian vigour, und of Roman grace,
With fond delight, we yet one bard behold,
As Horace polish'd, and as Persius hold,
Reclaim the art, assert the muse divine,
And drive obtrusive dulness from the shrine.
Since that great day which saw the tablet rise,
A thinking block, and whisper to the eyes,
No time has been that touch'd the muse so near,
No age when learning had so much to fear,
As now, when *love-lorn ladies light verse frame*,
And every rebus-weaver talks of fame…"

Outside punctilious antiquaries, however, Clifton's work would most probably have been lost to posterity but for the gathering of his poems following his death in December 1799 in a publication titled *Poems, chiefly occasional, by the late Mr. Clifton* (1800); and from which the following selections are taken.

[51] It was in these works that Gifford came forth as one of the first and leading detractors of Della Crusca; a band wagon soon followed on both sides of the Atlantic. Later he was one of the most prominent on the staff of the "notorious" *Quarterly Review*.

IL PENSEROSO.[52]

I hate this spungy world, with all its store,
  This bustling, noisy, nothingness of life,
This treacherous herd of friends with hollow core,
  This vale of sorrow, and this field of strife.

Me, shall some little tranquil thatch receive,
  Some settled low content, remote from care,
There will I pipe away the sober eve,
  And laugh all day at Lady Fortune there.

Why should I mingle in the mazy ring,
  Of drunken folly at the shrine of chance?
Where insect pleasure flits on burnished wing,
  Eludes our wishes, and keeps up the dance.

When in the quiet of an humble home.
  Beside the fountain, or upon the hill,
Where strife and care and sorrow never come,
  I may be free and happy, if I will.

SONG[53]

Boy, shut to the door, and bid trouble begone,
If sorrow approach, turn the key,
Our comfort this night from the glass shall be drawn.
And mirth our companion shall be.

Who would not with pleasure the moments prolong.
When tempted with Friendship, Love, Wine, and a
  Song.

What art thou, kind power, that soft'nest me so,
That kindest this love-boding sigh,
That bid'st with affection, my bosom o'erflow,
And send'st the fond tear to my eye.

I know thee! for ever thy visit prolong,
Sweet spirit of Friendship, Love, Wine, and a Song.

See the joy-waking influence rapidly fly.
And spirit with spirit entwine,
The effulgence of rapture enamels each eye,
Each soul rides triumphant like mine.

On a sea of good humour floats gayly along.
Surrounded with Friendship, Love, Wine, and a Song.

And now to the regions of Fancy we soar,
Thro' scenes of enchantment we stray,
We revel in transports untaxed before,

[52] *Poems, chiefly occasional, by the late Mr. Clifton* (1800) p. 94.
[53] *Ibid*. p. 95.

Or loiter with love on the way.

Resolv'd like good fellows the time to prolong,
That cheers us with Friendship, Love, Wine, and a Song.

For Friendship, the solace of mortals below,
In the thicket of life, loves a rose,
Good wine can content on misfortune bestow,
And a song's not amiss I suppose.

Then fill, my good fellows, the moment prolong,
With a bumper to Friendship, Love, Wine, and a Song.

SONG, "Soul of Columbia"[54]

Soul of Columbia, quenchless spirit, come!
Unroll thy standard to the sullen sky!
Bind on thy war-robes, beat thy furious drum:
Rouse, rouse thy Lion Heart, and fire thy Eagle eye.

Dost thou not hear the hum of gathering war?
Dost thou not know
The insidious foe
Yokes her gaunt wolves and mounts her midnight car!

Dost thou not hear thy tortured seamen's cries?
Poor, helpless souls, in dreary dungeons laid;
Towards thee they turn their dim, imploring eyes;
Alas! they sink—and no kind hand to aid.

Thou dost, and every son of thine
Shall rest in guilty peace no more;
With noble rage, they pant to join
The conflict's heat, the battle's roar.

Loose to the tempest let the banner fly;
Rouse, rouse thy Lion Heart, and fire thy Eagle eye.

MARY WILL SMILE.[55]

The morn was fresh, and pure the gale,
When Mary, from her cot a rover,
Pluck'd many a wild rose of the vale
To bind the temples of her lover.
As near his little farm she stray'd,
Where birds of love were ever pairing,
She saw her William in the shade,
The arms of ruthless war preparing.
"Though now," he cried, " I seek the hostile plain,
Mary shall smile, and all be fair again."

[54] *Ibid*. p. 96.
[55] *Ibid*. p. 102.

She seized his hand, and "Ah!" she cried,
"Wilt thou to camps and war a stranger
Desert thy Mary's faithful side,
And bare thy life to every danger?
Yet go, brave youth! to arms away!
My maiden hands for fight shall dress thee,
And when the drum beats far away,
I'll drop a silent tear and bless thee.
Return'd with honor, from the hostile plain,
Mary will smile, and all be fair again.

The bugles through the forest wind,
The woodland soldiers call to battle,
Be some protecting angel kind,
And guard thy life when cannons rattle!"
She sung, and as the rose appears
In sunshine, when the storm is over,
A smile beam'd sweetly through her tears,
The blush of promise to her lover.
Return'd in triumph from the hostile plain,
All shall be fair, and Mary smile again.

TO A ROBIN.[56]

From winter so dreary and long,
Escaped, ah! how welcome the day,
Sweet Bob with his innocent song,
Is return'd to his favorite spray.

When the voice of the tempest was heard,
As o'er the bleak mountain it pass'd,
He hied to the thicket, poor bird!
And shrunk from the pitiless blast.

By the maid of the valley survey'd,
Did she melt at thy comfortless lot?
Her hand, was it stretch'd to thy aid,
As thou pick'dst at the door of her cot?

She did; and the wintery wind,
May it howl not around her green grove:
Be a bosom so gentle and kind,
Only fann'd by the breathings of love.

She did; and the kiss of her swain,
With rapture, the deed shall requite,
That gave to my window again
Poor Bob and his song of delight.

[56] *Ibid*. p. 104.

TO FANCY.[57]

Airy traveller, queen of song,
Sweetest fancy, ever young,
I to thee my soul resign;
All my future life be thine:
Rich or beggar'd, chain'd or free,
Let me live and laugh with thee.

Pride perhaps may knock, and say,
"Rise thou sluggard, come away:"
But can he thy joy impart,
Will he crown my leaping heart?
If I banish hence thy smile
Will he make it worth my while?

Is my lonely pittance past,
Fleeting good too light to last,
Lifts my friend the latch no more,
Fancy, thou canst all restore;
Thou canst, with thy airy shell,
To a palace raise my cell.

At night, while stretch'd on lowly bed,
When tyrant tempest shakes my shed,
And pipes aloud; how bless'd am I,
All cheering nymph, if thou art by,
If thou art by to snatch my soul
Where billows rage and thunders roll.

From cloud, o'er peering mountain's brow
We'll mark the mighty coil below,
While round us innocently play
The lightning's flash, and meteor's ray:
And, all so sad, some spectre form
Is heard to moan amid the storm.

With thee to guide my steps I'll creep
In some old haunted nook to sleep,
Lull'd by the dreary night-bird's scream,
That flits along the wizard stream,
And there, till morning 'gins appear,
The tales of troubled spirits hear.

Sweet's the dawn's ambiguous light,
Quiet pause 'tween day and night,
When, afar, the mellow horn
Chides the tardy-gaited morn,
And asleep is yet the gale
On sea-beat mount, and river'd vale.

But the morn, though sweet and fair,
Sweeter is when thou art there;
Hymning stars successive fade,

[57] *Ibid*. p. 105.

Fairies hurtle through the shade,
Love-lorn flowers I weeping see,
If the scene is touch'd by thee.

When unclouded shines the day,
When my spirits dance and play,
To some sunny bank we'll go
Where the fairest roses blow,
And in gamesome vein prepare
Chaplets for thy spangled hair.

Thus through life with thee I'll glide,
Happy still whate'er betide,
And while plodding sots complain
Of ceaseless toil and slender gain,
Every passing hour shall be
Worth a golden age to me.

Then lead on, delightful power,
Lead, Oh! lead me to thy bower;
I to thee my soul resign,
All my future life be thine.
Rich or beggar'd, chain'd or free,
Let me live and laugh with thee.

A FLIGHT OF FANCY.[58]

For lonely shades, and rustic bed,
Let philosophic spirits sigh;
Ask no melancholy shed,
No hermit's dreary cave, not I.

But where, to skirt some pleasant vale,
Ascends the rude uncultured hill,
Where 'midst its cliffs to every gale,
Young Echo mocks the passing rill:

Where spring to every merry year,
Delighted trips her earliest round;
Sees all her varied tints appear,
And all her fragrant soul abound;

There let my little villa rise,
In beauty's simple plumage drest:
And greet with songs the morning skies,
Sweet bird of art, in nature's nest!

Descending there, on golden wing,
Shall fancy, with her bounties roam;
And every laurell'd art shall bring
An offering fair to deck my home.

Green beds of moss, in dusky cells,

[58] *Ibid*. p. 108.

When twilight sleeps from year to year,
And fringed plats, where Flora dwells,
With the wild wood shall neighbor near.

The fairies through my walks shall roam,
And sylphs inhabit every tree;
Come Ariel, subtlest spirit, come,
I'll find a blossom there for thee;

Extended wide, the diverse scene,
My happy casement shall command,
The busy farm, the pasture green,
And tufts where shelter'd hamlets stand.

Some dingle oft shall court my eye
To dance among the flow'rets there,
And here a lucid lake shall lie,
Emboss'd with many an islet fair.

From crag to crag, with devious sweep,
Some frantic flood shall headlong go,
And, bursting o'er the dizzy steep,
Shall slumber in the lake below.

In breezy isles and forests near,
The sylvans oft their haunts shall leave;
And oft the torrent pause to hear
The lake-nymph's song, at silent eve.

There shall the moon with half shut eye,
Delirious, hear her vocal beam,
To fingering sounds responsive sigh,
And bless the hermit's midnight dream.

No magic weed nor poison fell
Shall tremble there; nor drug uncouth,
To round the muttering wizard's spell,
Or bathe with death the serpent's tooth.

No crusted ditch nor festering fen
With plagues shall teem, a deadly brood.
No monster leave his nightly den
To lap the 'wilder'd pilgrim's blood.

But on the rose's dewy brink,
Each prismy tear shall catch the gleam;
And give the infant buds to drink,
The colors of the morning beam.

The waters sweet, from whispering wells,
Shall loiter 'neath the flowery brake;
Shall visit oft the Naiad's cells,
And hie them to the silver lake.

The muse shall hail, at peep of dawn,
Melodiously the coming day;

At eve her song shall soothe the lawn,
  And with the mountain echoes play.

There spring shall laugh at winter's frown,
  There summer blush for gamesome spring,
And autumn, prank'd in wheaten crown,
  His stores to hungry winter bring.

'Tis mine! 'tis mine! this sacred grove,
  Where truth and beauty may recline,
The sweet resort of many a love;
  Monimia,[59] come and make it thine.

For thee the bursting buds are ripe,
  The whistling robin calls thee here,
To thee complains the woodland pipe;
  Will not my loved Monimia hear?

A fawn I'll bring thee, gentle maid,
  To gambol round thy pleasant door;
I'll curl thee wreaths that ne'er shall fade,
  What shall I say to tempt thee more?

The blush that warms thy maiden cheek,
  The morning eye's sequester'd tear,
For me, thy kindling passion speak
  And chain this subtle vision here.

Spots of delight, and many a day
  Of summer love for me shall shine;
In truth my beating heart is gay,
  At sight of that fond smile of thine.

Come, come, my love, away with me,
  The morn of life is hastening by,
To this gay scene we'll gaily flee,
  And sport us 'neath the peaceful sky.

And when that awful day shall rise,
  That sees thy cheek with age grow pale,
And the soul fading in thine eyes,
  We'll sigh and quit the weeping vale.

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In comparing William Clifton and John Blair Linn (1777-1804) as poets, the former comes across, all in all, as the more polished and better versifier. While Clifton is vigorous, knows what he wants, and cuts and organizes his phrases and stanzas more cleanly and clearly. Linn generally is less sure of himself and in trying out different modes and genres leaves the impression of someone not altogether resolved as to his aim. The result is often a mix of styles and approaches that typically -- though by no means always -- suffer from a lack of harmonizing consistency. One of his biographers, Lewis Leary, in an April 1947 article for *The William and Mary Quarterly* (vol. 4, no. 2, pp. 148-176), in part explains this by saying: "Linn clearly did not know where he stood amid the confusion of what his readings told him should be

[59] [*Edit*. Chaste beauty and title character of Thomas Otway's very popular "The Orphan, or the Unhappy Marriage, A Tragedy" (1680).]
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written and the frantic promptings of his own adolescent sensibility."[60] Indeed, for a young man, Linn was extremely well read, making himself acquainted with the great authors and poets of classical antiquity and the relatively more recent past, e.g., Shakespeare, Milton, Robert Blair, James Thomson, Thomas Gray, and the modern writers of or closer to his day, including Samuel Johnson, James Beattie, James MacPherson, Thomas Chatterton, Robert Merry (of Della Crusca), Friedrich Schiller, Ann Radcliffe – as well as the more prominent American authors like Dwight, Barlow, and Trumbull: with all these being cursory listings of whom his studies covered. But his critical judgment -- for he did write literary reviews and essays -- furthermore sometimes failed him ridiculously. Leary mentions, for example, that despite his enthusiasm he misread Milton. As well, Linn brushed aside both Freneau and Wordsworth as of minor significance. Further, he was taken in by MacPherson's hoax; even so far as to at one point praise "Ossian" as a the greatest of all poets! His "The Death of Washington" (1800), written in the style of the same Celtic bard, John P. McWilliams rightly and accurately characterizes as laughable.

Notwithstanding, there is much, with some gleaning, that remains to like and find of interest in Linn's writings, and given which and had he time to ripen as an author there is good reason to believe he (and or Clifton as well) might indeed very well have ended up attaining legitimate and lasting fame as the preeminent poet in the generation that produced Brockden Brown, as its novelist; William Dunlap, its playwright, and Joseph Dennie, its luminary of letters and essayist.

His father William Linn, of Scotch-Irish heritage, was a graduate of Princeton, having as fellow classmates Freneau, Aaron Burr, and James Madison. He was ordained as a Presbyterian minister; acted as chaplain in the Continental Army with the Pennsylvania line, and subsequently attained distinction as a pastor of several established congregations in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York. An intimate with Washington's family, he was installed as the House of Representatives' first chaplain. He further and eventually earned the positions as president of three colleges, including Rutgers; all the while acquiring for himself a reputation as a widely respected and esteemed pamphlet writer, orator, and educator. He married three times (the first two of his wives having died), and bore several children, with John Blair Linn (1777-1804) being the first, and whom he survived by four years.

The poet was born at the old family homestead at Shippensburg, Pennsylvania in the midst of the Revolutionary War on March 14, 1777. He along with the family moved to several locations with each new change of his father's place of employment, including New York. At nine years of age he was put in the hands of private instructors and subsequently attended a country boarding school at Flushing on Long Island; during which period he was introduced to and became proficient in Latin. Like Clifton, his health was from the beginning precarious and his youthful days at Flushing, when he was more robust and surrounded by nature, are contrasted in Brown's biography with the sickly last years of his life spent mostly in busy, urban settings. At thirteen he was entered into Columbia College, and graduated from there at seventeen. From an early age he shown a marked enthusiasm for poetry and literature, and some of his writings as a teenager appeared in *New-York Magazine*, including an essay "The Young Compositor" where he expressed his life long view that the purpose of writing was first and foremost to make oneself understood clearly, and not be unnaturally trammeled by arbitrary form and convention. With a mind to becoming an attorney, he obtained a clerk's position with Alexander Hamilton's law office. However, like so many authors who started out that way, he became disenchanted with the dry learning and dissembling artificiality of the legal life and studies; with the lure of the theater and letters only drawing him further away in this. He wrote two plays, one of which *Bourville Castle, Or the Gallic Orphan* (1797) was produced by John Hodgkinson, William Dunlap and the Old American Company. No copies of these survive, and evidently *Bourville Castle* did not meet with the hope for stage success. Finally abandoning the legal profession, he turned to a religious vocation, and after studying with colleagues of his father in Schenectady became a member of the Presbyterian clergy. He subsequently married Hester Bailey (daughter of a colonel John Bailey of Poughkeepsie), later having three children (two of whom survived him), and in 1799 was offered and obtained the highly respected position as assistant pastor to Rev. John Ewing at the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, the most important of its denominational kind in the city. From that time to his death in 1804, he was active in the pulpit and in print; was well liked as a preacher and minister, while remaining to the end fervently devoted to his calling and profession.

[60] Leary, p. 157.

Yet all this while – whether as college student, law clerk, divinity scholar, and ultimately minister -- Linn was assiduously engaged in literary projects of one kind or other; with his chief literary (as opposed to religious related) publications over the years being as follows:

* *Miscellaneous Works, Prose and Poetical by a Young Gentleman of New-York* (1795)
* *The Poetical Wanderer: Containing, Dissertations on the Early Poetry of Greece, On Tragic Poetry, and on the Power of Noble Actions on the Mind, to which are Added Several Poems* (1796)
* "The Death of Washington" (1800)
* *The Powers of Genius* (1801, then a second edition in 1802)
* *Valerian, A Narrative Poem: Intended, in Part, to Describe The Early Persecutions of the Christians, and Rapidly to Illustrate the Influence of Christianity on the Manners of the Nations* (1805, unfinished and printed posthumously)[61]

Wrote Brown in his biographical sketch of Linn: "To mankind at large his short life was useful and glorious, since it was devoted to the divine purpose of inculcating moral and religious duty, and the purpose, only less divine, of illuminating the imagination with the visions of a glowing and harmonious poetry." Here he was, at least in part, alluding to something Linn enunciated himself; where the latter states: "Literature, next to religion, is the fountain of our greatest consolation and delight…literature renders men more eminently useful, opens wider their intellect to the reception of divine light, banishes religious superstition, and bows the knee, with purer adoration, before the throne of God. Literature on the rugged journey of life scatters flowers, it over shadows the path of the weary, and refreshes the desert with its streams. He who is prone to sensual pursuits may seek his joy in the acquirement of silver and gold, and bury his affections with the treasure in his coffers. The nobler soul, enlightened by genius and taste, looks far above these possessions. His riches are the bounty of knowledge, his joys are those which wealth cannot purchase. He contemplates nature in her endless forms, and finds companions, where men of different pursuits would experience the deepest solitude."[62]

This thought is perhaps all the more interesting when one recalls that the title "bard" is Celtic in origin, and bards were originally members of the Druidic priesthood. In Latin poetry, such as Vergil, the word "vates" refers to seers and prophets as well as sometimes being used a reference to poets. And, of course, was not King David himself among the very most renown of songsters and harpists? All of which suggests that poets down through history have acted as a secondary priesthood or ministry, and it comes as no great surprise that such as Dwight, Barlow, Freneau, and Brackenridge, while themselves originally chaplains and or otherwise intended for holy orders, diverged -- after each one's peculiar fashion -- into literary and other secular careers. Here Linn was going in reverse and formally stayed with the church.

Perhaps one might add that only in scripture and literature, including oratory, can what we value most be adequately spoken of; and only in scripture and literature do matters cosmic and divine, and of the deepest heart and spirit have a context and venue where verbal communication is even possible. So that, it could be argued, but for scripture and literature all these concerns would or might be lost.

We tend to think that if one was good enough as an author, one could simply make a living writing. But it was only around the latter 18th and early 19th century that this was beginning to become even possible. Prior to that, well-known authors, not least of which poets, almost always -- even someone like the highly successful MacPherson -- needed to rely on a regular job, a rich inheritance, and or royal patronage; of which there was nothing of the latter sort in the United States. And when real money did start coming the way of some American authors, it was for their work as fiction writers, novelists, journalists, lecturers and essayists; no one ever, not even Bryant or Whitman, could expect to survive on his earnings as a poet.

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[61] In addition, Linn, signing himself as "I.O." was a regular contributor, mostly as poet, to Brown's *Literary Magazine, and American Register*; appearing at: Oct. 1803, pp. 21, 47; Nov. 1803, p. 89; Dec. 1803, pp. 191-192; Jan. 1803, p. 247; Feb. 1804, pp. 336-341; Mar. 1804, pp. 424-425; April 1804, p. 18; May 1804 p. 117.
[62] *The Powers of Genius* (1802, 2nd edition) pp. 13-14.

In making selections of Linn's verse, I have chosen both short poems and extracts from longer ones from over the span of his brief career, commencing in 1795. They reflect what strike me as some of his best work as a poet, or else show him at his creatively adventurous, and which and for that reason some may find interesting and or amusing. Though he often unsuccessfully strains for effect and his wording hackneyed even silly, there is here, even so, at their root strong feeling, and an impassioned desire to transcend the mundane and routine. Leary faults him for confounding religion and poetry in a way that caused the latter to suffer, and there is some truth to this. Likewise, Linn loved nature, but unlike Wordsworth, sought it in outdated 18th century style tropes and pastoral idealizations; apparently with a mind to imitating William Collins. Yet in his striving for the sublime, he sometimes shows an able talent for the pictorial, making the imagery of a few of his poems memorable. In some respects we might even say he possessed a little something of William Blake's otherworldly intuition; conjuring up strange visions and starry scenes that at times are impressively imaginative; such as, for example, in the opening book of *Valerian* (which we have included.)

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On the basis of a most encouraging subscription list, in 1795, and at eighteen years of age, Linn put out his first publication *Miscellaneous Works, Prose and Poetical by a Young Gentleman of New-York* (1795), unsigned and anonymous. It contained an unusual mix of different types of poems and short essays; some of which had previously appeared in the *New-York Magazine*. Much of the prose reads like school exercises, but which nevertheless occasionally contain mature thoughts and musings; such as and for instance:

"To the imagination man owes some of the most pleasing moments of his life; it wafts him to celestial regions, unseen, untrod, and brings to his contemplative view, those beautiful and captivating scenes which none but she herself can paint. It is she that paints the lovely grottos, the verdant vallies and the spreading lawns, the retreats of muses, and the gentle streams which meander through them; she brings to the view of the youthful lover, the charming form of his Amelia, and dwells on the pleasing prospect, when she shall be his.—She presents to youth honor, fame, and rewards…"[63]

It is with the poems, however, with which we are concerned, and what follows are some of the better or at least more striking ones.

ADDRESS TO SOLITUDE. AN ODE.[64]

THY haunts, O Solitude! I love to rove,
Along thy lawns, beneath thy shady grove;
Among thy bowers to rear the humble cot,
And soft indulge my bosom's secret thought:
There, musing, ponder on the tale of woe,
And bid the tear of duteous sorrow flow.

As o'er the flow'ry dales I stray along
I'd catch the music of thy murm'ring streams,
I'd listen to thy songster's plaintive song
Which lul[l]'s the mind in fancy's fairy dreams;
The voice of noisy man not there is found,
The clam'rous discord of the town not there;
None but a rural and melodious sound,
In mournful music warbles thro' the air.

The brownish Thrush from yonder spray
Tunes his clear melifluous lay,

[63] *Miscellaneous Works, etc.* (1795) p. 15.
[64] *Ibid.* pp. 9-11.

While dim evening spreads her veil
Philomela resumes her tale.
Quiv'ring flows the strain along,
Attentive sorrow lists the song;
The sad enthusiast lends her ears,
Compos'd reflection calls her tears;
Dull melancholy soothes the wound
And glimm'ring visions hover round.

A dreary gloom surrounds the woodland plain,
Music and silence hold their tranquil reign;
A low'ring darkness wraps the rural scene,
The moon from high, reflects her ray serene.
Her trembling beams break thro' the spreading trees,
While parting moves the ev'ning's sighing breeze.
Now let me seek O Solitude thy shade!

A son of sorrow, and a son of woe!
To mourn the ravages which death hath made,
And to humanity a tear bestow.—
Delusive objects strike my sorrowing eyes,
Form'd by fair Luna's clear reflective light
Behind the bushes awful forms arise,
And fleeting phantoms glide before the fight,
Come, O gloomy solitary shade!
Thy vot'ry's anguish'd breast pervade—

Where nourish'd reigns the weeping thought
And mourns humanity's appointed lot;
Clothe all thy scenes in sorrow's dress,
Thy murm'ring streams let grief express;
Let visions thro' the thicket stray,
And superstition bend its way—
Let all thy plains congenially impart
And sigh responsive to a bleeding heart.

MELANCHOLY. AN ODE. [65]

ON yonder barren isle in dreary cells,
The dread enchantress, Melancholy, dwells,
And her dark draught prepares;

Sad, hollow accents from her cave resound,
A glimm'ring taper throws its rays around,
And lights the frightful snares.

Within the cell a misty stream appears,
Swell'd with humanity's afflicted tears,
Which murm'ring seems to flow;

O'er mossy rocks its trick'ling course it bends,
Ghosts stand and gaze when foaming it descends,
And raise shrill shrieks of woe.

[65] *Ibid*. pp. 11-13.

Upon the ground, th' enchantress sits reclin'd,
Around the cave howls the loud sighing wind,
A snake beside her lies,

Loose and disordered is her shaggy head,
A spotted mantle round her limbs is spread,
Deep stain'd with various dyes.

Upon its hinge hoarse moves the iron door,
Sad, sullen sounds rise from the echoing floor,
Sweet music to her ear.

Sudden she starts from her dim aged seat,
Sends a shrill scream which echoes wild repeat,
Which phantoms startling hear.

Around the cell her crimson eyes she throws,
A dreary silence spreads its still repose,
No whisp'ring zephyr blows:

Save the hard drawing of the hag's foul breath,
Bad as the vapours of destroying death;
And the slow stream which flows.

She distant, here, from human eye remains,
No moral wanders o'er her pensive plains,
Here dusky Raven's scream;

Here glimm'ring ghosts glide solemnly along,
Who pausing list the Raven's dolesome song,
And gaze on Luna's beam.

Before the cell a cypress' branches spread,
The weeping-willow hangs its sorrowing head,
Which form a dreary scene:

Behind steep rocks with tow'ring aspect rise,
And strike an awe on the astonish'd eyes;
On distant shores survey'd.

When Cynthia on the plains her shadow throws,
When Luna and the twinkling planet glows,
And light the Gothic scene;

Close round her limbs the fairy wraps her robe,
She frightful wanders from her dark abode,
And dimly stalks the green.

ELEGY, SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN DELIVERED BY CHATTERTON, JUST BEFORE HIS DEATH, AFTER HE HAD TAKEN A POTION OF ARSENIC. [66]

SCENE lies in his room—Pieces of manuscripts which he had torn are scattered about the floor, and the dreadful phial which contained the poison standing on the table.—After having stood for a considerable time in a very thoughtful posture, he at length speaks—

I.
Ah! fond deceiver Hope, thy reign is o'er,
No more shall Chatterton be sooth'd by thee.
Soon will death waft him from this hated shore,
And launch a wretch in dread eternity.

II.
Eternity! thou awful starting name!
I tremble and shrink back at inward thought,
How can I now a God's protection claim?
O hapless youth what is thy destin'd lot?

III.
But what is there on earth that bids me live?
Fortune on me has always look'd with guile;
To Chatterton her gifts, she scorns to give
No friend but pity ever lent a smile.

IV.
On others she has pour'd her plenteous store,
More than is needful for frail life's support,
While I for food in silence must deplore,
Or the compassion of the haughty court.

V.
Shall Chatterton, e'er thus himself demean?
One who has claim'd Britannia's sons applause,
Hath he not feelings both acute and keen?
Which rise repugnant, to th' Almighty's laws.

VI.
Nature hath call'd, I quickly have obey'd,
Unable to support Affliction's load,
Life's glim'ring taper now begins to fade,
Soon will I reach the awful grave's abode.

VII.
The soft poetic note will cease to flow
From Chatterton's, or Rowley's pen,
No more he'll tune the youthful lyre to woe,
No more he'll seek a charitable friend.

VIII.
No more he'll mourn on earth his hapless fate,
No more he'll claim the poet's scant reward,
No more he'll be dependent on the great,
Or bow submissive to a haughty Lord.

[66] *Ibid*. pp. 143-147.

IX.
To those who've hurt the feelings of his mind,
Poor Chatterton doth now forgiveness lend,
All that he asks and all he would remind,
Let those who've injur'd, now lament his end.

X.
An author's lot is poverty and pain,
The son of disappointment, anguish, grief—
Hope still retaining its deceitful reign,
Soothes his sad soul with prospects of relief.

XI.
But Ah! Those prospects only but appear
And vanish from the anxious eager eye—
In vain affliction drops the briny tear,
In vain the bosom heaves the pensive sigh.

XII.
O my fond mother, how thy tender breast
Will shrink with anguish at the deed I've done;
Oft have you lull'd me when by woe oppress'd,
Oft have you pray'd for blessing on your son.

XIII.
How will you cast to Heaven your streaming eyes,
And tear your tresses and your flowing hair;
Your bursting bosom scarce will hold your sighs,
And human reason scarce support despair.

XIV.
And thou my sister, whose soft feeling glows
For Chatterton with tenderness and love,
Whose sorrow beats congenial with my woes,
How will the news thy gentle passions move.

XV.
But O! the horrid crimson deed is done,
In vain, your throbbing sighs and starting tears—
Soon will the thread of human life be spun,
Now to my view eternity appears.

XVI.
Your son, your brother, at his latest breath,
With pensive gratitude remembers you;
Fond thought retains you, as he sinks in death
And bids you both eternally adieu.

XVII.
The ev'ning comes to close the solemn scene,
The sun now sets in awfulness and gloom;
Slow glides the deep, in blue expanse serene,
The weeping willow slumbers o'er my tomb.

XVIII.
The dusky raven sends its mournful cry,
The distant thunder repercussive roars,
The fading light saint glimmers on my eye,
Now sable night his frightful curtain low'rs.

XIX.
Silence now holds all nature calm and still,
Ah! there the death-bell sends its hollow toll,
Here death now stalks, to obey the sov'reign will,
To him I now resign my fleeting soul.

ADDRESS TO ADELINE. [67]

WHEN beauteous Adeline attunes her lyre,
Each poet-bosom thrills with genial fire,
The patriot passions with fond rapture glow
When *freedom's* charms in warbling music flow,
When *Independence* in her soaring strains,
Smiles o'er Columbia's free and happy plains—

Soft was thy music, fair poetic maid,
Which sweetly sung in Beth'lem's lonely shade,
When Lehieghs [sic] stream receiv'd the plaintive song,
And still more mournful murm'ring flow'd along.
Oft has thy lyre in accents smooth and slow,
Tun'd in soft melody the tale of woe.

The flowing numbers told a maid distress'd,
And wafted sorrow to a stranger's breast,
Fair *scenes of Nature* in luxuriance rose,
And kindly smil'd on Adeline's repose;
But still their charms no soothing aid impart,
Still thoughtful sorrow damps thy feeling heart.

Thy odes inspiring lively ardour cheer,
Thy tender elegy demands a tear,
The lofty strain of LIBERTY is thine,
The *soothing numbers* of the sacred nine;
Accept sweet poetess what candor pays
In admiration of thy tuneful lays.

~~**~~

The poems in *The Poetical Wanderer: Containing, Dissertations on the Early Poetry of Greece, On Tragic Poetry, and on the Power of Noble Actions on the Mind, to which are Added Several Poems* (1796) are easily more forgettable than those found in *Miscellaneous Works*, but there is at least one piece which here we might insert.

The Author's Elegy over the remains of his Pen[68]

FAREWELL kind friend who zealous in thy trust,

[67] *Ibid*. pp. 170-171.
[68] *The Poetical Wanderer, etc*. pp. 111-112.

Hast trac'd the wanderings of a youthful heart,
Thy worn remains I now bestow the dust,
And sadly mourn that we are forc'd to part.

How patient thou hast borne they tiresome lot,
And faithful follow'd where I chose to lead!
Mark'd what was passing in my busy thought,
And told the world what they will never read!

Dull lines or not, 'twas all the same to thee,
Thou follow'd on unknown to any fear;
They zeal was guided by a love for me,
Who car'd as little for a cynic's sneer.

Now in my service thou art sad decay'd,
Perhaps I've been a master too severe;
Who much too often has requir'd thy aid,
And yet may mourn this usage with a tear.

Farewell thou pen—a tender last farewell!
Thou must for ever leave this musing eye.
We all must part and seek the mouldering cell.
We all must sicken, and we all must die.

How long the wight who mourns o'er thy remains,
Will live beyond thee none on earth can tell;
Perhaps they elegy may close his strains,
And no more Pens he'll ever bid farewell!

~~**~~

Having been largely a critical success both in England and America, *The Powers of Genius* (1801), a book length verse performance filled with copious explanatory footnotes,[69] is the one effort poet Linn was expected to be most remembered for, and went through two printings. "Genius," as he uses the term, refers to invention led on by imagination. As a didactic work, *Powers* is actually very good of its kind; in parts reminiscent of Dryden, Pope, Thomson and Akenside – and, one might add, American William Livingston; only and for that reason better suited to the eighteenth than nineteenth century. Notwithstanding, it still has its stirring and evocative passages that make the whole worth preserving.

Part I

Say what is Genius? words can ne'er define
That power which springs from origin divine;
Genius we know by her impetuous force;
We know the torrent by its headlong course;
We know the sun by his effulgent ray,
Which gloom disperses from the face of day.
Invention marks the genius of the soul,
And on the lightning rides from pole to pole.
It sweeps with comets its eccentric flight,
And soars in air beyond the world's dim sight;
Disdains the paths that common footsteps tread,
But breathes the spirit of the mountain head:
It flies through scenes unvisited before,

[69] Here omitted.

"Exhausts this world, and then imagines" more.
Allied with Genius see bright Fancy move
The queen alike of terror and of love;
She gives the wings on which Invention soars
And untried regions of the world explores.
With ease she varies her enchanting forms,
Now roves thro' peaceful meads, now flies with
storms:
Now her fair fingers kiss the shepherd's reed,
And now she shudders at some nameless deed:
Now sadly wandering thro' the twilight grove,
She tells the tale of unrequited love.
Now rous'd to rage she chills the soul with fear,
To arms she cries and grasps the quivering spear.
While sinks the world within the arms of sleep,
And Night's thick mantle falls upon the deep;
While not a murmur breaks the still serene,
And fairy footsteps only press the green,
Then wond'rous visions to her sight appear
And sounds celestial melt upon her ear;
Ev'n then enwrapt with murkiest shades she walks,
Pours sweetest numbers and with Genii talks.
....The memory notes transactions as they roll,
And calls past images before the soul.
Forth at her magic call the scene appears
Which long lay buried in the depth of years;
The active principle on her relies,
On her foundation bids the building rise.
Judgment with these and Sympathy refin'd
Guide and improve the genius of the mind.
The heart too cold to feel the generous glow,
The heart that melts not at another's woe,
The heart that owns not Handel's angel-lay
Shall sleep forever in its house of clay:
There Genius never dwells an happy guest,
She finds no entrance in the frozen breast.
Though erring taste be found in early years,
Yet blooming genius oft in youth appears;
Youth sometimes burns with all the poet's rage,
And speaks the glory of a riper age....[70]

Taste is the willing umpire of the soul,
And arm'd with sanctions acts without controul;
It takes from Genius a reflected ray,
As Cynthia brightens from the source of day.
The seeds of taste in numerous breasts are sown,
But few can mighty Genius call their own.
Born in his wilds, the rude and humble swain,
Whose wishes centre in his small domain,
Who night and morning breasts the chilling air,
And tends his flock the object of his care;
Views Nature's landscape with admiring eye,
And looks with wonder on the evening sky;
He loves the grandeur of the gliding flood,

[70] *The Powers of Genius* (1802, 2nd edition) pp.22-26.

The pensive silence of the deep-dark wood;
He loves to hear, while stretch'd on lowly bed,
The storm beat loudly on his little shed;
Delighted views the golden sun of morn
And hears the hunter wind his early horn;
The voice of music meets his willing ear,
The tale of sorrow ever claims his tear.
These warm impressions speak uncultur'd Taste,
Which lives with rustics in the dreary waste;
Which spreads o'er Nature an enrapturing smile,
And smooths for man the rugged brow of Toil.
Who loves to wander o'er romantic plains,
Will likewise love the bard's descriptive strains;
Who loves to listen to the feathered throng,
Enraptur'd hears the poet raise his song...[71]

Part II

THO' in the dreary depths of Gothic gloom,
Genius will burst the filters of her tomb;
Yet Education should direct her way,
And nerve, with firmer grasp, her powerful sway.
To shun instruction from the ancient page,
Despise the records of the classic age,
"Would be the folly of a truant-mind
To counsel deaf, to its true interest blind.
He that neglects the culture of the soil
Whose richness would reward his utmost toil,
Deserves more censure than the rugged swain
Who wastes no labour on the barren plain.
....The mind on knowledge and on science bent,
Would sooner learn from others, than invent.
But few can hope unaided to explore
Where human footstep never was before.
Science still wears the blooming face of youth,
And darkness yet conceals some useful truth:
We should not spurn our Father's toil and aid
But build where sages their foundation laid.
Round the old oak the springing ivy twines,
Nor shuns support the wild luxuriant vines.
Wisdom a venerable form appears
Moving along beneath a load of years.
The comet's glare enlightens not the world,
Which flies thro' Heaven, in wild confusion hurl'd;
But 'tis the Sun that holds his ste[a]dfast sphere,
And crowns the seasons of the rolling year.
The marble buried, in its native mines,
Conceals the beauty of its clouds and lines;
The sculptor's polish can each feature give,
And even make the rugged marble live!
Thus Genius, in the night of darkness born,
May wind, unnotic'd, her resounding horn,
Unless fair Science to her wondering soul,

[71] *Ibid*. pp.32-35.

The page of Knowledge and of Art unroll[l].
Like the stout traveller straying from his course,
She errs the more from her exhaustless force...[72]

Tho' Genius mostly loves some daring theme,
Yet she can warble with the tinkling stream;
Tho' her bold hand strikes the hoarse thundering
strings,
Yet not the nightingale more sweetly sings.
Hush! every sound....let not a zephyr move;
O, let me listen to those notes of love!
For tender Virgil breathes his softest strain,
And Amaryllis fills the shady plain:
His voice of music lulls the stilly scene,
And not a whisper flits across the green.
In transport lost I tread some fairy shade,
And hear the accents of my peerless maid!
Her silent footsteps thro' the glade I trace,
And seem to clasp her in my fond embrace;
Around me flows the breath of every flower,
And wildest music breaks from every bower.
Thou murmuring breeze! O bear upon thy wing
That strain, which flows from Petrarch's mourn-
ful string.
O speak those charms which Petrarch's Laura
wears!
O breathe that passion which he mourn'd in tears!
Thou stream of Time! bear in thy course, along,
The early lustre of Italian song!...[73]

Part III

What vast delights flow on that glowing breast,
By Virtue strengthened and by Genius blest!
Whate'er in Nature beautiful or grand,
In air, or ocean, or the teeming land,
Meets its full view, excites a joy unknown,
To those whom Genius dashes from her throne.
Genius finds speech in trees; the running brook,
To her speaks language, like a favourite book;
She dresses Nature in her brightest form,
She hears with rapture the descending storm,
She lists the chiming of the falling stream,
Which lulls to sleep and wakes the airy dream;
Enwrapt with solitude she loves to tread
O'er rugged hills, or where the green-woods spread;
To hear the songsters of the lonely grove,
Breathe their sweet strains of gladness and of love:
She loves the darkness of an aged wood,
The ceaseless uproar of the restive flood,
The sullen grandeur of the mountain's brow
Which throws a shadow on the vales below.

[72] *Ibid*. pp.53-35.
[73] *Ibid*. pp.61-64.

She loves to wander when the moon's soft ray,
Treads on the footsteps of departing day,
When heavy sadness hangs upon the gale,
And twilight deepens o'er the dusky vale...[74]

....As late I roam'd the Hudson's banks along,
What time the night-bird pour'd his gloomy song:
What time the moon threw her ascending beam
O'er Night's dark bosom and the wizard stream;
I heard this strain....(it now no longer flows
Peace to the ashes of a man of woes!)
Here on this beaten rock, O let me rest!
Breathe thou clamp gale upon my throbbing breast!
Roll on bold River, let me hear thee rave,
I love the music of thy silver wave.
Long years have flown since I, a careless boy,
Plung'd in thy waters with a boisterous joy.
Now worn with care, to every joy unknown,
I seek thy shades unpitied and alone.
In early youth my steps were led astray
From Gain's proud temple by the Muse's lay;
From crouded streets and busy throngs I fled
Where woodland-scenes and quiet vallies spread.
Fair Nature's haunts unwearied I explored,
Where sang the stream, where falling waters roar'd.
A fond enthusiast on the mountain's brow,
I heard the echo babble from below.
I lov'd the dingle and the tangled dell,
And crept with silence to her hermit-cell.
Nature I lov'd when cloth 'd in mildest charms,
She lur'd sweet Quiet to her fondling arms.
I lov'd her more when with her clouds o'ercast,
She hove the ocean with her yelling blast,
When thunders roll'd from her Creator's hand,
Burst from the skies and shook the wondering land...[75]

Sons of Columbus! on whose distant land,
Peace pours her blessings from her bounteous hand;
Whose sail of Commerce, spreads where Ocean
roars,
And brings the tribute of a thousand shores.
O hear my voice!....my warning words attend!
The sceptre own of an immortal friend!
O! what is Virtue cherish and pursue,
Nor lose this darling object from your view;
Your love, your soul, your whole affections, give
To him who died that rebel man might live;
O! banish hence that dark and civil rage,
The scourge and curse of this degenerate age;
Let every breast with social virtue move,
Let every bosom own a brother's love.
Crown'd by your hand, let Learning flourish here;
And, cloth'd in fogs, bid Dullness disappear;

[74] *Ibid*. pp.94-95.
[75] *Ibid*. pp.97-99.

Cherish the arts of usefulness and peace:
O! let your own Columbia rival Greece.
Thus Genius spoke....express'd a parent's prayer;
Rose on the clouds, and melted into air. [76]

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Valerian, A Narrative Poem: Intended, in Part, to Describe The Early Persecutions of the Christians, and Rapidly to Illustrate the Influence of Christianity on the Manners of the Nations (1805), as noted earlier, appeared posthumously, and tells the fictitious tale of a young Roman Christian who flies Nero's persecutions to find safe haven in a strange and wild kingdom in the Caucasus; with, as the title states, purpose of showing the beneficial effects of Christianity on a heathen peoples. There are the makings of a good story here, but unfortunately the poem's uncompleted state renders this rather a vexation and annoyance. Which is perhaps and partly why a writer for the *The Boston Review*, June 1807, pp. 319-322, did not like the idea of the work being published at all. Linn's choice of names for his characters and places is not the best, and in that his powers of invention do not serve him well. Yet his description of a far off, imaginary land is at times entrancing and effective.

BOOK I.

FAR in the east, washed by the restless wave,
Montalvia spreads her bold and fruitful shores:
There dwelt a people little known to fame,
But brave and hardy. No historic page
Has held their picture to succeeding years,
Nor told those customs, those heroic deeds,
Those early scenes of love, which might instruct
The children of a distant age and clime.

From Thuscan origin this people sprang.
A wandering tribe, they left their native fields
In search of other climes, and on those shores,
Which they Montalvia called, they reared their tents,
And formed their homes. Time, as she flew, increased
Their number and their strength, and introduced
The arts, to ornament their domes, their walls,
Their wide-spread cities, and their waving fields;
To brighten all the joys of social life.

Through the long waste of time, O let me look
On those wild regions, on their waving woods,
On their high rocks, beat by unceasing storms!
Rise to my view embodied forms of men;
And hither, airy Fancy, speed thy flight;
Unroll thy record; whisper to my ear
Thy burning thoughts; lend me thy wings, and bear
Me over tracts unvisited by man!
Thy fairy visions oft have met my eyes,
When musing in the dark of solitude
And night; oft, listening to thy wayward dreams,
I've followed thee o'er cloud-capt hills, o'er streams,
O'er plains, o'er scorching sands, o'er unsunned snows,
O'er deserts nightly vexed by stormy blasts:
Now be my guide once more, and let my song

[76] *Ibid*. pp.107-108.

Prove not unworthy of thy varying powers,
And not unpleasing for the world to hear!

A man revered within Montalvia lived,
Alcestes named, low bowed with weight of years.
He by his king was held in honour, love;
By all his wide-spread tribe in reverence held
For mild demeanour. He vaunted that his eye
Pierced far into the' oblivious past, and scanned
The map of onward time; that Heaven to him
Revealed all secret things, from others hid;
That oft, at midnight, to his hallowed ear
Some heaven-sent minister, in whispers soft,
Told him the will of those who rule o'er men.

Far in a glade, beneath a mountain's brow,
Stood the low mansion of this aged seer.
Some mossy trees bent over his rude cot,
And swinging to the winds their giant arms,
Made music like the dashing of the sea.
A bed, some rushy seats, a lumbering chest,
Composed the scanty furniture within.
Upon the hearth, with some dry fuel piled,
A watch-dog slumbered, grey with many years:
Attendant on Alcestes, his fond master,
And grateful to the hand which gave him food,
He slumbered only where the old man lay,
And followed him in all his museful walks.

An only child watched the declining age
Of this kind man; Azora was she called:
A fairer maid no fancy ever formed.
Time had flown by, and numbered eighteen years
Since on her birth her happy father smiled.
Her form was moulded by the softest grace;
Roved o'er her face bewitching smiles, and o'er
Her shoulders fell a shining flood of hair.
No step so lightly as Azora's moved
In the gay gambols to the tabor's sound,
When yellow moonlight slept upon the hills.
Skilled was her father to draw music forth
From strings that, likest those of airy harp,
Breathed ravishing and sad mellifluence;
And he had taught his daughter all his art;
And oft, when twilight stole upon the vale,
And in her steps enamoured Silence came,
Azora's harp was heard, Azora's voice
Companioning, far sweeter than its own.

On the still cottage of Alcestes rose
The dawning smile, the brightening tints of morn.
Propped by his staff, and followed by his dog,
He bent his footsteps to the neighbouring shore:
For still on nature he delighted looked,
Mused o'er a world of grandeur, drear and wild,
With raptured thought; and yet his eye reposed

As fondly on the calmly, softly fair.
Arrived, he clambered 'midst the jutting rocks,
And leaning thoughtfully upon his staff,
Gazed on the waters rolling at his feet.
While wrapt in meditation thus he stood,
A cloud obscured the beams of early day,
The winds uprose, the angry Caspian raved,
And hove his billows higher in the blast.
Thus high above the elemental war,
The sage stood museful, muttering to the winds
The burthens of his heart and wayward dreams,
When suddenly and oft his ears were pierced
By the loud barking of his faithful dog.
Curious to know the cause, he turned his steps,
And sought his dog, whom at the water's edge,
Pawing the sand, he found, and on the surge
Bending a wistful and inquiring look:
When lo! the sage, lifting his eyes, beheld
A man, whom waves had cast upon the shore,
With members cold and still, bereft of life.
Youthful he seemed, and noble in his form;
His face and uncouth raiment plainly spoke
A stranger, from some distant coast unknown.

Alcestes raised him in his aged arms,
Hoping that life was not quite flown beyond
The strenuous call of his health-giving art;
And aid obtaining, gently bore away
To his low cot, and to his rushy bed.
Nor was the hope deceitful, nor his call
Inefficacious. Soon he noted life,
Yet tremulous, within the clay-cold breast.

With generous care he and his daughter nursed
The unknown wand'rer; watched they o'er his couch;
By every gentle healing art they wooed
His lingering spirit back; and back it came.
When first he oped to the fair light his eyes,
He saw Alcestes and Azora bending,
With anxious eyes and piteous, o'er his bed,
And heard their cry of joy to see him live.
Astounded he beheld them, and in voice
But faint and scarcely audible, inquired,
"In what place he was cast, in what strange land,
And who the friends who saved a wretched wight,
To wanderings born, to hardships, and to tears?"

Kindly the venerable man replied:
"Quiet, O stranger! every doubt and fear,
The Winds have cast thee in the house of friends.
I snatched thee from the flood, I brought thee hither,
And joy to see thee live and speak again.
Receive then, youth, whate'er my cell bestows;
Mine and my daughter's hands shall give thee food
And drink, and watch thy couch till strength returns.
Rest, stranger, rest in peace till time restore

Joy to thy heart, and vigour to thy limbs.”

The old man’s prayer was heard; his guest’s pale cheek
Was visited again by dews of health.
A few succeeding days nerved his bold arm
Again with all its wonted strength. He lived
To thank his kind preserver for his care,
To lavish blessings on his silver head.
By more acquaintance more his heart was linked
To his protecting friends; knit were their souls
In bonds of union undissolvable.

Communing oft, the stranger asked the seer
For tidings of the land before him spread,
To him unknown, and now his place of rest.
What race, he asked, sojourn in these long vales,
Or harbour in the hills I see remote?
And who their judges, kings, and incensed gods?

To whom the sage, in accents mild, replied:
This realm, O stranger, fame reports afar;
Its kindly soil rewards the ploughman’s toil,
And gives rich harvests to industrious hands:
Green vallies meet the gladdened view; and streams
Profusely flow through fields, and fill the air
With coolness, and with murmurs musical.

In shadowy lawns the shepherd’s pipe is heard
To call the swains and rustic maids to sport,
While blows the gale embathed in wholesome dews,
And sweetly wanders o’er their heads the moon,
And throws her silver lustre in their paths.
Oft from the thicket, at the still of night,
Or mountain’s side, the wildered peasant hears
A voice of melody, more soft and shrill
Than shepherd’s reed, to which the fairy tribes
Lead on the dance, and hold their mystic rites.

Montalvia’s children are a race devout,
And sacred domes they rear to many a God,
In Ombecilla, their imperial seat.
Their God of Gods is great Oasis. He
Lives in bright palaces above the skies;
His eye looks farther than his sun’s beam goes;
His voice is thunder; and his nod shakes worlds.
The morning is his smile, the storm his wrath;
He knows the ways of men; approves the good,
But looks indignant on the bad; and when
The good man dies, he wafts him to his halls,
Where shines a blissful day that never sets:
But when he sweeps the bad man from the earth,
He thrusts the struggling ghost, through gaping rift,
Far into earth’s vast womb, where darkness dwells,
With other guilty souls, an endless doom.

Oasis and his vassal Gods befriend

The good: but there are Gods malign, his foes,
And foes of all good men, and foes of joy.
Evil is their good, and groans their music sweet;
Death is their sport, and blood their banquet best;
They blow man's frantic passions into rage,
And goad his footsteps on to midnight deeds;
They loose the hell-hounds of unending strife,
And rain on earth diseases, plagues, and death.

Frequent on altars are the victims laid,
As offerings to the Gods. Those who are kind,
Benevolent, and just, and friends of men,
Are honoured with the sacrifice of lambs.
From these their votaries seek the smile of peace,
The fruitful field, the sky without a storm,
The richest blessings of indulgent heaven.
To stern malignant deities are slain
The beasts congenial to their savage mind:
The hull, the tyger, wild boar of the wood;
And oft the warrior youth, the blooming maid,
Are offered to appease their deadly rage.

O'er wide Montalvia Oriander reigns,
Raised by the people's voice to kingly state.
Of stature huge he is, of temper fierce,
But brave, and skilled to rule o'er restless men.
His hue is swarthy; his deep-seated eyes
Throw glances on his foes that check their steps,
And shoot a dizzy terror through their brain.
Alike terrific are his step and mien:
He moves as he well knew his high desert,
As one born to subdue. When wronged, his wrath
Is like the ocean, when in rage he heaves
Most high his billows of destruction; yet
Not tearless nor unmoved by woe is he,
And generous deeds are not unknown to him.
He loves his race; and threescore years have rolled
Since he has ruled them wisely in his love,
Fought all their battles, and engrossed their dangers!

Oft, in their songs, the poets of the land
Teach youthful ears and credulous, that their king
Has sprung from Gods, and is to Gods allied
In wisdom and in strength, and ne'er to die.
The king assents, and his best gifts enrich
The tuneful authors of his deity...[77]

BOOK II.

THE jocund morning rose: from his high hill
The sun looked down, and gladdened all the plain;
Nature awakened from her still repose,
And, starting, shook the dew-drops from her robe.

[77] *Valerian* (1805) pp. 1-13.

The happy inmates of Alcestes' cot
From slumbers broke, and hailed the blush of day:
Assembling round the social board, they joined
In conversation sweet and unrestrained.
Anxious for him whose life he had preserved,
Alcestes asked his guest whence he had come;
To what far region he designed his course,
When he was cast upon these eastern shores.
To whom the youth in accents mild replied:

Kind reverend father, nought shall I withhold
From one to whom protection, life are due.
My tale will not detain your patience long;
And nought it has to please or interest,
Unless it meet an interest in your love.
Valerian I am called; I came from Rome;
I left a father in those splendid walls;
I fled from persecution, pain, and death:
For I, of christian faith, was hunted down
By tyrants, thirsting for the blood of those
Who would not own the idol gods they serve,
And on their altars burn their sacrifice... [78]

Laid in the earth, the tomb did not long hold
Him whose dominion over death extends.
Christ broke asunder all the bonds of death;
He triumphed o'er the grave; he lived again on earth;
He called around him his dejected friends;
He blessed them and rekindled all their zeal,
And darting upwards on the wings of wind,
He sought again his own eternal throne,
And left them gazing on the passing clouds.

Commissioned by the heavenly will of him
Who bled and died that rebel man might live,
His bold disciples traversed sea and land,
Preaching the truths which they had heard of him,
And publishing his overtures of peace.
No dangers could intimidate these men;
They braved the frowns, the pleasures of the world:
Love for their God, love for their fellow-men
Impelled them on, and thunder-clothed their tongues.
Some hardy champions of the cross arrived
At Rome; proclaimed aloud the Christian faith,
And planted there an early church of Christ.
This little band, though peaceable and mild,
The foes of strife, and like their master meek,
Were not permitted to remain in peace.
Loud roared the blasts of persecuting zeal;
The heathen raised his unrelenting sword;
The Roman tyrant issued his decree,
And Christian blood in torrents flowed: but still I
In Rome religion flourished and increased;
The cause of Christ defied the threat of power,

[78] *Ibid*. pp. 31-32.

The arm of malice, and consuming flames...[79]

O pardon, sir, these tears, which still will flow:
I am a soldier, nor disdain to weep;
That holy matron who was thus destroyed
Was my fond mother. Yes, I saw her die;
I tried to save her, but I strove in vain.
I, a late convert to the Christian faith,
Escaped the dangers of that hateful night,
But was reserved for further scenes of woe.
My father still inflexibly remained
Attached to heathen principles and rites.
Whate'er his will might be, he had no power
To shield his wife or son from frantic foes.
Finding no safety in his house I fled;
I refuge sought in unfrequented ways,
In narrow lanes: and at the dead of night
Stole like a felon from my lurking-place,
In search of friends, who roved unhoused like me.[80]

[*Valerian relates the various trials, violence and abuses he and his fellow Christians suffered at the hands of the Nero's soldiers.*]

…Escaped from prison, I and my new friend
Resolved to fly for ever from those shores
Where liberty of conscience was denied,
Where God was worshipped midst the fears of death.
Disguised, by night to Ostia's port we came,
And meeting there with several Christian friends,
Who there had gathered with the same design,
A vessel we obtained, in which we all
Embarked, and left the walls of haughty Rome,
Our fields, our country, and our friends behind,
And guided by Caelestian on our way,
We turned our sails toward these far-eastern climes,
The most remote from Roman rage and power.

Through different countries, many woes we passed,
In quest of these-auspicious scenes of rest:
Through Scylla and Charybdis safe we came,
Through the rough Hellespont we ploughed our way,
O'er the dark Euxine then with prosperous winds,
With hearts made lighter with success, we flew.
At length we reached the Caspian ocean's mouth,
And hailed with joy its ever-rolling wave.
But ah! this transport was too soon o'ercast;
A storm arose, the billows beat the skies,
The vessel reeled beneath the sweeping blast,
The helm refused the guidance of the hand,
The sails were split in pieces, and we drove,
Left to the fury of the winds and waves.

Long we sustained this elemental war,

[79] *Ibid*. pp. 38-39.
[80] *Ibid*. pp. 42-43.

Till on a rock the unrelenting winds
The gallant vessel dashed: ah! then arose
Loud shrieks which mingled with the thundering storm;
The shivered timbers floated on the sea,
And o'er the sinking hulk the waters rolled.
My noble friends and all the crew were lost;
They perished struggling with the flood; me, me
Alone the raging billows safely bore,
And cast me on these friendly shores of peace.
You found me, father, you have brought me here,
And, thanks to you and to this generous maid,
I live. I feel again the glow of health;
I live to bend in gratitude and praise
To that high Power who guides the course of worlds,
And who in love the sparrow's life sustains.[81]

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One of the famous Stuart portraits of Sarah, circa 1802.

FORGOTTEN POEMS AND POETS, Part III

"LET not the CRITIC, with disdainful eye,
In the weak verse condemn the novel plan;
But own, that VIRTUE beams in ev'ry sky,
Tho wayward frailty is the lot of man."
~ a closing stanza to "Ouâbi; Or the Virtues of Nature: An Indian Tale in Four Cantos" (1790)

Born in the same year (but two weeks before, i.e., 29 Aug.) as the fall of Quebec to the British in 1759 and surviving in 1846 to still be around at the beginnings of the United States war with Mexico, Sarah Wentworth Morton's long life spanned the most famous eras of early American history. And even had she not become a beloved and much respected female poet of generation, the drama of her life in several respects would seem to have contained the elements and makings of a sweeping epic novel. Only it is to be regretted that there is so much more to know that we don't, and the gaps in our record of her are too great to adequately tell her full life story as much as one would otherwise have liked. The only extensive biography of any substantial length on her is the 122 page *Philenia; the life and works of Sarah Wentworth Morton, 1759-1846* (1931) by Emily Pendleton and Milton Ellis;[82] which, very helpful and highly commendable as it doubtless is, leaves one wishing for more.

[81] *Ibid*. pp. 56-58.
[82] Available as a .pdf at: https://archive.org/details/PhileniaSarahWentworthMorton1931 and also:
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Sarah Wentworth Morton's father, James Apthorp (1731-1799), a loyalist sympathizer, was one of Boston's most affluent merchants; while her mother, Sarah Wentworth (1735-1820), was the granddaughter of one of the last Royal Governors of New Hampshire. Sarah, our poet, was in her late teens and early twenties during the Revolutionary war, dwelling in Boston and its environs; her family, despite their political leanings, being good friends of the Adamses, Hancocks and the Quincys. Shortly before the end of the conflict, 24 Feb. 1781, she married Perez Morton (1751-1837), zealous and vocal rebel patriot, orator, attorney and free mason, and along with her husband became a prominent socialite promoting the newly established local theater. The two also were members of an elite Boston circle that formed the *Sans Souci* club (started in the winter of 1784-85) that held dances and card playing. Although the limit on gambling was 25 cents a wager, the club was derided by some of the local press and ridiculed in theatrical farces for being a snobbish association that, by its indulging in such luxury, manifested a callousness and indifference to many at that time, not least of which the nation itself, suffering economically hard times.

However, the real scandal to hit the Mortons occurred in 1787 and 1788. Frances (also "Fanny") Apthorp, Sarah's younger sister, while staying with the couple had (unknown then to Sarah) a clandestine love affair with Perez; when sometime near the end of 1787, she secretly bore him a female child, and which was removed to a spot some 15 miles outside Boston to be raised. Before long, word did get out to Sarah and Frances' father, who not so surprisingly was quite incensed over the revelation.[83] Instead of being patient and allowing the Mortons and Frances to come up with an arrangement and settlement of the matter on their own, he attempted to force an open confrontation with Perez and Sarah in order to clearly establish responsibility for what happened; with Perez, most ungallantly, having insinuated the blame was Frances'. Things finally came to a head when on 28 August 1788 Frances, in ingesting poison, committed suicide. Her brother, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, subsequently challenged Perez to a duel. This the latter attempted to avoid, and the trial by pistols was at last prevented by the intervention of the Sheriff of Suffolk county. Despite his less than honorable handling of all that had taken place, Perez was informally defended by John Adams and former Mass. Governor James Bowdoin, acting as mediators, and by them was acquitted of any wrong doing with respect to Frances Apthorp's death. Though pardoning and much pitying of her sister, Sarah also forgave her husband, and evidently took his part in the face of acrimony leveled at him in the light of the tragedy. This last emerged from the same local newspapers and satirical playwrights who had ridiculed the couple earlier, and who at the same time were the ones making public what had occurred in the Morton home.[84]

However the story attained even more widespread notoriety when a fictional account, based in part on the tragedy, was anonymously published, *The Power of Sympathy* (1789). Credited as the first American novel, it is generally now believed now to have been written by William Hill Brown, an indirect acquaintance of the Mortons; though for many years, and quite erroneously, thought to have been a work of Sarah's. In effort to quash any further publicity, the couple, with indifferent success, endeavored to buy up all copies of the book and had them destroyed; so that to this day only a small handful of original editions survive.

Despite these shocking events, Perez Morton, as went on to continue his auspicious career as a jurist and government official, up until his death in 1837.[85] Sarah, for her part, remained steadfast and loyal to him, and after the initial agitation and turmoil aroused, the scandal seems to have gradually died out and faded from public awareness. Though her husband was a Democratic-Republican in largely Federalist Massachusetts, Sarah interestingly and for her part sided with the latter party. It was on some official visits in 1802 and 1803 with him to Philadelphia and Washington, D.C. that, in the first of these cities, Gilbert Stuart painted three portraits of her and that stand out as some of his most celebrated canvasses. Like noted

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https://www.scribd.com/document/366000140/Philenia-the-life-and-works-of-Sarah-Wentworth-Morton-1759-1846

[83] Though Apthorp, as a loyalist, incurred property seizures by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, he remained in the state and was repatriated after the war.

[84] Where Frances was buried and quite what happened to her and Perez's daughter, insofar as I have been able to determine, is unknown.

[85] Henry Lee IV, who also suffered scandal as the result of an affair with his sister in law. And though not tainted with an out of wedlock child or someone's suicide, the affair even so wrought havoc to his public career and reputation. Perez Morton, by contrast, was much better politically entrenched before any storm could hit.

Philadelphia hostess and society superstar of the Washington and Adams administrations Ann Willing Bingham, Sarah in her prime was both a recognized beauty and one of the most prominent female socio-cultural trendsetters of the new Republic. We might also note in casual passing that Sarah, an Episcopalian in Calvinist dominated New England, advocated evergreens as decorations at Christmas time; in an era when New Englanders did not generally observe that holiday as a festive occasion. In addition, she had a serious penchant and flair for architecture and aided cousin Charles Bulfinch in the unique and usual plan of her Dorchester residence; a design later emulated by others.

These both necessary and notable odd points and incidents mentioned, it is not the aim of this article to attempt to present anything like a full outline of her life and career. Rather our greater purpose is to rather to look at Sarah the poet, and even in that regard the intent is not so much to survey the wider corpus of her work but selections of some of her more successful and more interesting efforts in verse. By not having included her in our survey of Clifton and Linn, we would not want to seem to imply that Morton as a "Forgotten Poet" could not vie with them as one of the better ones of that period of American history. She of course could; and yet as a *female* poet she was understood to be *formally* an amateur; since by the mores of that day a woman's duty was first and foremost as a mother, wife, and homemaker. A distinction of priority Sarah herself proudly held to. So that for most of her career, she signed herself as "Constantia" (briefly, very early on) and "Philenia," and only titled her literary work with her real name in 1823; all of which discouraged her being taken as the *fully* participating professional in the company of her male peers. Yet compared to Annis Boudinot Stockton, Mercy Otis Warren, Philis Wheatley Peters, Ann Eliza Bleeker, or even Susanna Rowson (whose true notoriety as a writer came as a novelist), Sarah Morton was, for a spell and reportedly, widely known and popular, at least by her last pen name. Her poems frequently appeared not only in many New England papers and periodicals, but in those of New York and Philadelphia as well; with the *Massachusetts Magazine* in 1791 proclaiming Philenia "the Sappho of America."

As mentioned and as has been the general custom in our articles, in the ensuing selections of Morton's (mostly) poems we wanted to present our subject at (what seems to us at any rate) some of her best, or in other instances at least her most historically attention grabbing, as an author. There are other writings of hers which, while of career importance, we can easily afford to overlook for the sake of sparing readers what is frankly sometimes dull and academic reading.

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"To the Breath of Kindness" is one of Morton's earliest known pieces, and was composed when she was sixteen years of age. It, and many of the other poems that follow, can be found in My Mind and Its Thoughts, in Sketches, Fragments, and Essays *(pp. 32-33), a compendium of her work that was printed in 1823. Prior to that most of her poems appeared in periodicals; with the 1823 volume being an occasion to update and materially revise many of the same.*

TO THE BREATH OF KINDNESS.

The following lines being, as their style imports, a production of early youth,
are here inserted, not surely for poetic merit, but rather for the grateful sentiment
at that period felt, uttered, and inscribed

TO THE KINDEST OF THE KIND.[86]

Sweet is the garden's breeze that flows,
With health and sweetness from the rose;
Charm'd was the strain *Cecilia* knew,
And with enrapturing finger drew;
So sweet the breath which kindness moves,
So charms the voice attention loves:
She, with the organ's lifted peal,

[86] Truly these childish Lines were not then seen by the individual to whom they were inscribed in very early youth.
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Could make a listening Angel feel,
With floating wing from heaven descend,
And o'er her fine attractions bend,
To thee a finer strain is given,
A strain that wins the heart to heaven.

What time the breath of kindness steals
O'er every pang that sorrow feels;
With all affection's hoarded stores,
How rich the balmy whisper pours,
Rich as the spring's first blossom blow.
Warm as the lip of summer glows;
Sweet as the morning's clovered vale,
And healthful as its zephyr'd gale,
More prized than wealth; than worlds more dear;
Still may that whisper loiter near;
Still to this trusting heart reveal,
What only thou—loved friend! can'st feel.

~~**~~

Pendleton: "Not long after the suicide of her unfortunate sister, Mrs. Morton suffered another saddening loss in the death of an infant son, born in April, 1789…This bereavement the unhappy mother lamented in one of her best early poems…"

MEMENTO,
FOR MY INFANT, WHO LIVED BUT EIGHTEEN HOURS.[87]

As the pure snow-drop, child of April tears,
Shook by the rough wind's desolating breath—
Scarce o'er the chilly sod its low head rears,
And trembling dies upon the parent heath.

So my lost boy, arrayed in fancy's charms,
Just born to mourn—with premature decay
To the cold tyrant stretched his feeble arms,
And struggling sighed his little life away.

As not in vain the early snow-drop rose,
Though short its date, and hard the withering gale;
Since its pale bloom ethereal balm bestows,
And cheers with vernal hope the wasted vale.

My perished child, dear pledge of many a pain!
Torn from this ruffian world, in yon bright sphere,
Joins with awakened voice the cherub train,
And pours his sweet breath on a mother's ear.

Kind dreams of morn his fairy phantom bring,
And floating tones of extasy impart,
Soft as when Seraphs strike the heavenly string
To charm the settled sorrow of the heart.

~~**~~

[87] *My Mind and Its Thoughts, in Sketches, Fragments, and Essays* (1823) pp. 255-256.

From 21st to the 31st of October 1789, President Washington visited Boston with Morton subsequently penning these lines in his honor. We give here both the original version as it appeared in Elihu Hubbard Smith's 1793 national anthology American Poems, Selected and Original *(p. 180), and the quite different one that is contained in* My Mind and Its Thoughts, etc. *(1823) Of further note, in addition to Washington, Morton dedicated poetic tributes to: Henry Lee, John Jay, John Adams, Fisher Ames, John Trumbull (the painter), Benjamin Lincoln, Aaron Burr, Mrs. Richard Montgomery, General Arthur St. Clair (on his Nov. 1791 disastrous defeat on the Wabash at the hands of the Miami confederacy), Henry Knox, Gilbert Stuart, John Rodgers, Oliver Hazard Perry, James Lawrence, Jacob Brown, and Marie Antoinette.*

ODE TO THE PRESIDENT,
On his visiting the Northern States.

THE Season sheds its mildest ray,
O'er the blue waves the sun-beams play,
The bending harvest gilds the plain,
The tow'ring vessels press the main,
The ruddy ploughman quits his toil,
The pallid miser leaves his spoil,
And grateful paeans hail the festive year,
Which bids *Columbia's* guardian God appear.

Hence! DISAPPOINTMENT's anxious eye,
And pale AFFLICTION's ling'ring sigh;
Let sorrow from the brow be torn,
And ev'ry heart forget to mourn;
Let smiles of peace their charms display
To grace this joy-devoted day,
And, where *that* arm preserv'd the peopled plain,
Shall mild Contentment hold her placid reign.

Let "*white rob'd choirs*" in beauty gay
With lucid flowrets strew the way,
Let Lilachs scent the purpled lawn,
And roses emulate the dawn,
Let domes their circling honors spread,
And wreaths entwine that glorious head;
To thee, GREAT WASHINGTON, each lyre be strung,
Thy matchless deeds by ev'ry bard be sung!

When FREEDOM rais'd her drooping head,
Thy arm her willing heros led,
When all her hopes, to thee resign'd,
Were resting on thy god-like mind,
How did that soul, to fear unknown,
And feeling for *her* fate alone,
O'er Danger's threat'ning form the faulchion wield,
And tread with dauntless step the crimson field!

Not DECIUS—patriot dear to fame!
Not CINCINNATUS—deathless name!
Not HE,[88] who led the Athenian band,

[88] Themistocles.

The saviour of a bleeding land,
Could such exalted worth display,
Nor shine with such unclouded ray.
Of *Age* the HOPE, of *Youth* the LEADING STAR,
The *Soul* of PEACE, the CONQUERING ARM OF WAR.

~*~

ODE FOR MUSIC.[89]
INSCRIBED TO GEORGE WASHINGTON, UPON HIS PUBLIC ENTRANCE IN THE TOWN OF BOSTON, DURING HIS PRESIDENCY.

The season sheds its mildest ray,
O'er the blue waves the sunbeams play;
The bending harvest clothes the plain,
The bannered vessels cheer the main;
The ruddy ploughboy quits his toil,
The pallid miser leaves his spoil.
And grateful p[a]eans hail the festive year,
Which bids Columbia's guiding chief appear.
Hence disappointment's anxious eye,
And pining envy's lingering sigh,
Let sorrow from the brow be borne,
And every heart forget to mourn,
While smiles of peace their charms display,
To grace this joy-devoted day;
For the great Washington each lyre be strung,
Thy matchless deeds by every bard be sung.

When FREEDOM raised her drooping head,
And many a suffering hero led;
When every hope to thee resigned,
Were resting on thy glorious mind;
How did that breast, to fear unknown,
And feeling for her fate alone—
O'er peril's threatening form the falchion wield,
And tread with dauntless step the endangered field.

Not *Decius*—patriot dear to fame,
Not *Cincinnatus'* deathless name,—
Not he, who led the Spartan band,
The saviour of a bleeding land—
Could more triumphant worth display,
Nor shine with such unclouded ray,
Of age the hope—of youth the leading star—
The eye of peace—the conquering arm of war.

~~**~~

Along with the much shorter "The African Chief" (1792), Morton is most oft remembered as a poet for her "Ouâbi, or the Virtues of Nature, an Indian Tale in four cantos" (1790), based on a real life narrative about Europeans personally interacting with native Americans she had read in Mathew Carey's American Museum. *While the dramatic idealization of American Indians went as far back as Restoration stage productions, such as those of John Dryden and Aphra Behn, Morton created a hit of her own with an*

[89] *Ibid*. pp. 137-138.

interracial romance and tragedy of torrid passion and startling flamboyance. "Ouâbi" was so well received that one British playwright wrote a theater script directly based on it. Moreover, portions of the poem give one the very strong impression of having given Longfellow ideas for "Hiawatha." Although panned by one erudite critic friend of hers for its metrical looseness, in retrospect such defect would actually seem, though unintentionally, to have worked to the poem's advantage; applying similar reasoning as Thomas Warton did in his censure of Alexander Pope's classical adaptation of Chaucer's "House of Fame": "An attempt to unite order and exactness of imagery with a subject formed on principles so professedly romantic and anomalous, is like giving Corinthian pillars to a Gothic place."[90]

An outstanding study and review of "Ouâbi" well worth recommending for the poem's further exploration is: "AZAKIA, Ouâbi, and Sarah Wentworth Apthorp Morton: A Romance of the Early American Republic"by Gordon Sayre, Princeton University Library Chronicle*, volume LXIV, no. 2, Winter 2003, p. 313.*[91]

Here we reproduce the title character's death song. Having survived torture at the hands of his Huron enemies and having willingly relinquished his wife to a white suitor, but who is also his bosom friend and fellow warrior, the Illinois chief descants this exiting dirge.

DEATH SONG.[92]

REAR'D *midst the war-empurpled plain,*
What Illinois *submits to* PAIN!
How can the glory-darting fire
The coward chill of death inspire!

The *sun* a blazing *heat bestows,*
The moon midst pensive ev'ning glows,
The stars in sparkling beauty shine,
And own their FLAMING SOURCE *divine.*

Then let me hail th' IMMORTAL FIRE,
And in the sacred flames *expire;*
Nor yet those Huron *hands restrain;*
This bosom scorns the throbs of pain.

No griefs this warrior-soul can bow,
No pangs contract this even brow;
Not all your threats excite a fear,
Not all your force can start a tear.

Think not with me my tribe decays,
More glorious chiefs the hatchet raise;
Not unreveng'd their sachem dies,
Not unattended greets the skies.

Celario listens with the ear of care,
His sinking limbs their wonted aid refuse,
He calls his warriors with distracted air,
Whose ready hands the suff'ring victim loose.

Around his feet the young deliv'rer clings;
It is *Ouâbi!* greatest! first of men!
The song of death the dauntless sachem sings,

---

[90] *History of English Poetry*, vol. II, sec. XIV.
[91] See: https://tinyurl.com/yambvekr
While for an online text of the poem itself, see: http://www.auburn.edu/~downejm/Morton-Ouabi.html or https://quod.lib.umich.edu/e/evans/N17528.0001.001?view=toc
[92] 1790 text pp. 37-39.

Yet clasps his lov'd *Celario* once agen [sic].

Thro' the deep wood they seek the healing balm,
Weep on his hand, or at his feet deplore;
Ah! how unlike *Ouâbi's* glorious form!
Now gash'd with wounds, and bath'd in streams of gore!

Snatch'd from the wish'd oblivion of the field,
Subjected to the victor's hard decree,
Struck by his form, their iron bosoms yield,
They grant a life depriv'd of liberty.

Th' indignant chief the proffer'd boon disdains,
Defies their rage, and scorns their threat'ning ire,
Demands the tortures, and their rending pains,
The ling'ring anguish of the tardy fire.

The Death Song echo'd thro' the hollow wood,
Just when *Celario* led his warrior-train,
Th' affrighted foe discard the work of blood,
And fly impetuous o'er the arid plain.

Thus when a carcase clogs the op'ning vale,
And birds of prey in prowling circles throng,
If some fierce hound approach the tainted gale,
He drives the wild relentless brood along.

Pale horror stalks, and swift destruction reigns,
Carnage and death pollute the ruin'd glade,
'Till nature's weari'd arm a respite gains,
When night pacific spreads her sable shade.

~~**~~

An occasional piece found in Hubbard Smith.

INVOCATION TO HOPE.[93]

SOOTHER of Life! by whose delusive charm
This feeling heart resists the pointed woe,
Whose magic power, with fancied joys can warm,
And wipe the tear which Anguish taught to flow;

If, thro' the varied griefs my Youth has known,
No charm but these could raise my votive eye;
O leave me not, now every blessing's flown,
Whilst my sad bosom heaves the lengthen'd sigh.

The grated prison, and the lov'd-form'd bower,
The wretch, whom Disappointment wastes away,
The frugal hut, the gilded dome of power,
Joy in thy smiles and court thy equal sway.

By thee, the friendless sufferer learns to bear;
By thee, the patient heart forgets its woe;

[93] Elihu Hubbard Smith's *American Poems, Selected and Original* (1793) p. 182.

Thou mak'st Misfortune's iron aspect fair,
   And e'en the frozen cheek of Misery glow.

Leave me no more, as on that fated morn
   When my rash soul the impious deed design'd,
And when, unconscious of thy blest return,
   The foe Despair usurp'd my tortur'd mind.

But yet, bright Goddess! with deceptive smile,
   Come, and a host of Fictions in thy train,
With dreams of peace my wearied heart beguile,
   And sink in fancied bliss the real pain.

~~**~~

Another from the same anthology.

PRAYER TO PATIENCE.[94]

GODDESS of the steady eye!
   All thy Apathy impart,
From a world of woe I fly,
   Take, oh take me to thy heart!

Lend me all thy healing power,
   Teach me to suppress the groan,
Let me while affliction's lower,
   Turn like NIOBE *to stone*.

Let me to the *sneer* of scorn,
   Still return the placid *smile*,
Calm,—when angry passions frown,
   Silent,—when the rude revile.

Check the Tyrant of the mind,
   Source of *sorrow*, *Foe* to *thee*;
Who can peace, or solace find,
   Rack'd by *Sensibility*!

Snatch me from her wasting sway,
   Shield me with thy firmer aid,
Let me still thy voice obey,
   Gentle, peace-preserving maid!

If greater pangs this bosom rend,
   Than ever bosom felt before;
Further may thy sway extend,
   Greater, deeper be thy power.

Be every *wrong* disarm'd by thee,
   Rob stern *Oppression* of his pride,
Bid *Malice* at thy presence flee,
   Turn *Envy's* venom'd dart aside.

[94] Elihu Hubbard Smith's *American Poems, Selected and Original* (1793) pp. 183-184.

Let hard *Reproach* soft kindness feel,
To cold *Disdain* be pity lent,
From *Anger* wrest his lifted steel,
From black *Revenge* his discontent.

Goddess of the tearless eye!
Yet give me thy pacific charms;
To thy calm bosom let me fly,
And find a refuge in thy arms!

~~**~~

One of Philenia's most popular appearances were her exchanges with "Alfred," that is poet Robert Treat Paine, Jr., and which were frequently reprinted in periodicals in the 1790s. Paine, as well as Joseph Dennie, was an ardent admirer of Mrs. Morton; though in Paine's case, and based on these writings, his fondness may have taken on a more personal cast. We give a sample of one such tandem foray, and as it is printed in Hubbard Smith.[95]

ALFRED TO PHILENIA.[96]

MY morn of life was bright and fair,
The distant mists of gloomy *Care*,
By *Joy's* light breeze, which daily blew,
Were scatter'd far beyond the view.
Then blessings crown'd the happy hours—
Then *Pleasure* strew'd my path with flowers;
Then *Virtue* oped an easy way,
And led my footsteps up to day.
If e'er the *Child of Sorrow* mourn'd
My sympathetic bosom burn'd;
The highest bliss my soul could know,
Was, to relieve the pang of woe.

Such scenes my fondest feelings warm'd—
Such scenes my earliest habits form'd;
This dangerous race thro' youth I ran,
And, ruin'd, reach'd the verge of man.

Alas! sad wretch!—I've wept, and run
At *Pity's* call—to be undone;
Beneath the flowers which strew'd my way.
The thorn of keenest anguish lay;
Even in the boss of *Virtue's* shield,
The sting of torture lay conceal'd.

Ah, fatal *Love!*—
Now *Hope* has clos'd her sun-bright eye,
And midnight glooms my midday sky;
Despair now heaves his horrid form,
And frowns terrific in the storm;
No ray of bliss now meets my sight,
And my whole soul is wrap'd in night.

Ah, sweetest *Poetess*! thy lay

[95] *Ibid*. pp. 186-193.
[96] This, and the three next succeeding Poems, are extracted from the Columbian Centinel [sic] of 1791.

Can charm the weightiest woes away;
The soft compassion of thy feeling breast,
Can shed a drop of balm, and lull my soul to rest.

PHILENIA TO ALFRED.

ALFRED! the heaven lent muse is thine,
Then bid impetuous sorrow cease;
And at the bright *Apollo's* shrine,
Recal[l] thy exil'd heart to peace.

Vain is the tear in anguish shed,
And vain the pang by passion fed,
Then to the muse thy moments give,
And for her deathless laurel *live*.

Ne'er hope in careless crouds [sic] to find
A refuge for thy *lonely* mind,
Think not the sympathetick sigh,
The language of the moving eye,
Will o'er thy with'ring sorrows flow;
Envy will sneer, and *rancour* frown,
Or *ignorant malice* drag thee down,
And scorn to solace what it cannot know.

Yet there are *some* to mercy true;
And such *my griefs* have found,
Who o'er each life-destroying wound,
Shed pity's healing dew.

Such be thy favour'd lot, for they
Will live beyond the summer day,
Will mid'st the weeping autumn smile,
And e'en the wintry waste beguile;
Will thy sad breast from anguish free,
The friends of gentleness and thee.

But, if the slave of love thou art
Still languish and *endure*,
For when that strikes *the feeling heart*,
Like death, it has no cure.

ALFRED TO PHILENIA.

AND does the heart, by love distress'd,
"Like death, admit no cure?"
Must *Alfred's* deeply-tortur'd breast,
"Still languish, and endure?"

Ah! for a moment stay thy doom,
Nor drive him frantic to the tomb.
Thy sweet, thy all-subduing lay,
The tempests of the soul obey—
At thy command its ragings cease—

Thou speak'st and ev'ry heart is peace;
While thron'd sublime above the storm,
Thou wear'st a radiant Seraph's form,
And, smiling o'er the solemn scene,
Thy aspect speaks a mind serene.

Know then—o'er *Alfred's* sinking soul,
The waves of ceaseless anguish roll—
Love has assail'd his yielding heart,
And pierc'd it with his sharpest dart;
Time's lenient hand its healing aid denies?
And every hour a heavier pang supplies.

When life's quick eddies warm'd his youthful heart,
He fell a prey to soft deceptive art—
To DELIA every real charm was given,
And ALFRED lov'd her next to Truth and Heaven.
Unus'd to guile, in love with truth,
And glowing with the fire of youth,
His mind the future prospect view'd,
Where fancy every blessing shew'd—
The path of bliss expanded lay,
And flowers EDENIAN strew'd the way,
While all around the alluring scene,
Transported Friendship smil'd serene,
And Nature with endearing smile,
Spread out each gay enchanting wile,
And from the landscape scene refin'd,
Brought sweetest rapture to the mind.

But when this gay delusion slew,
A dreary desart oped to view;
Where nought but thorns the cheerless heath supplied,
Where Hope swift fled, and Expectation died.

But ALFRED lives amid a world of night,
Each hour beguiles him of a fresh delight;
"Chill Penury's" fiends, with angry aspect lour
Round his sad path, and wither every flower,
No gleams of joy pierce thro' the encreasing gloom,
And Peace eludes his grasp, and flies beyond the tomb.

Must ALFRED then "the slave of Love,"
"Still languish and endure?"
Can nought the torturing pangs remove
Is death the only cure?

The world has "friends to mercy true"—
"Such ALFRED'S griefs have found,"
Who in his breast "shed pity's healing dew"—
But Friendship's pity cannot heal the wound.

PHILENIA TO ALFRED.

"PENURY," no ALFRED! 'tis not thine,
In thy rich Soul's exhaustless Mine
Abounds more Wealth, than GANGES golden Shores
E'er on the tawny Chiefs bestow'd,
When parting from the sacred Flood,
The falsly, glitt'ring, yellow Sand,
Spreads Treasure thro' the torrid Land,
Or tho' from out the burning Soil,
Drawn by the harden'd Hand of Toil,
The precious sparkling Drops are plac'd
Round the slim Zone of Beauty's Waist,
And add new Splendour to some Monarch's Stores.
Does not the vernal Morning rise
With Radiance to thy grateful Eyes?
Does not the breezy Flow of Eve
A Transport to thy Bosom give?
And ev'ry life-dissolving Sigh,
Fill thy rapt Soul with Extacy,
When thy lost Charmer on thy Vision beams,
And feeds wild Fancy with delusive Dreams?

Ah! ALFRED, I of Griefs could speak,
'Till at soft Pity's call
The iron Tears would fall
In burning Streams down hard Oppression's Cheek.
But no! I quit the heartless Lay,
And cast the unavailing Theme away.

When wand'ring o'er the fragrant Vale,
Soft Warblings wafting thro' the Gale,
Does not thy Soul a Pardon find
For Words unjust, and Deeds unkind?
Do not the cruel Herd inspire
Compassion or Disdain?
Can Scorn's cold Eye thy bosom fire.
To yield one Wrong again?
No! ALFRED, no! the MUSE is thine!
And where her Bounties flow,
All the bright beaming Virtues shine,
The warm Affections glow.
Then can that Dust poor Misers hoard,
Enrich thy wealthy Soul?
Can sordid Ore one Bliss afford?
One tyrant Pang controul?

The friendless Flatt'rer's smile to prove,
To purchase venal Beauty's Eye,
To swell mad Envy's frantic Sigh,
And lose each Sympathy of Love;
Such are the Joys which Gold can give,
And such e'en Misers may receive,
But such can ne'er be thine.—
The MUSE extends her open Arms,
She courts thee with unbounded Charms,

Her Pencil paints each glowing Scene,
Her Musick floats along the Green,
By her the laurel'd Virtues live,
She bids degraded Vice, the Blush of Conscience give.
Science is her's, and ev'ry Art divine.
Then like PHILENIA quit the Herd,
Where Mercy is unknown:
And be thy votive Prayer preferr'd,
At great APOLLO's Throne.

Sweet Solitude, kind Nurse of Song,
Allures me from the joyless Throng,
Spreads her reposing Breast to me,
And bids my tuneless Harp waft long
Adieus to cities and to thee.

~~**~~

Morton's most often seen and anthologized piece, and which in tribute Bryant reuses the title for in one of his own poems; while Whittier for his part quotes Morton's lines in what is arguably his own best poetical work, "Snow Bound."[97]

THE AFRICAN CHIEF (1792)

See how the black ship cleaves the main,
High bounding o'er the dark blue wave,
Remurmuring with the groans of pain,
Deep freighted with the princely slave!

Did all the gods of Afric sleep,
Forgetful of their guardian love,
When the white tyrants of the deep,
Betrayed him in the palmy grove.

A chief of *Gambia's* golden shore,
Whose arm the band of warriors led,
Or more—the lord of generous power,
By whom the foodless poor were fed.

Does not the voice of reason cry,
Claim the first right that nature gave,
From the red scourge of bondage fly,
Nor deign to live a burden'd slave.

Has not his suffering offspring clung,
Desponding round his fetter'd knee;
On his worn shoulder, weeping hung,
And urged one effort to be free?

His wife by nameless wrongs subdued,
His bosom's friend to death resign'd;
The flinty path-way drench'd in blood;
He saw with cold and frenzied mind.

[97] *My Mind and Its Thoughts, in Sketches, Fragments, and Essays* (1823) pp. 201-203.

Strong in despair, then sought the plain,
To heaven was raised his steadfast eye,
Resolved to burst the crushing chain,
Or 'mid the battle's blast to die.

First of his race, he led the band,
Guardless of danger, hurling round,
Till by his red avenging hand,
Full many a despot stain'd the ground.

When erst *Messenia's*[98] sons oppress'd,
Flew desperate to the sanguine field,
With iron clothed each injured breast,
And saw the cruel Spartan yield,

Did not the soul to heaven allied,
With the proud heart as greatly swell,
As when the *Roman Decius* died,
Or when the *Grecian* victim fell?[99]

Do later deeds quick rapture raise,
The boon *Batavia's William* won,
Paoli's time-enduring praise,
Or the yet greater *Washington!*

If these exalt thy sacred zeal,
To hate oppression's mad control,
For bleeding *Afric* learn to feel,
Whose chieftain claim'd a kindred soul.

Ah, mourn the last disastrous hour,
Lift the full eye of bootless grief,
While victory treads the sultry shore,
And tears from hope the captive chief;

While the hard race of pallid hue,
Unpractised in the power to feel,
Resign him to the murderous crew,
The horrors of the quivering wheel.

Let sorrow bathe each blushing cheek,
Bend piteous o'er the tortured slave,
Whose wrongs compassion cannot speak,
Whose only refuge was the grave.

~~**~~

STANZAS.[100]

I like—it is my choice to live unseen—

[98] *"When erst Messenia's sons oppressed."*
The Messenians being conquered by the Spartans, and agreeably to the custom of the age, the miserable remnant led into slavery, under these circumstances were so inhumanly oppressed, that rising, and united in arms, they seized upon a Spartan fortress, and after innumerable injuries, inflicted and reciprocated, finally obtained their freedom.
[99] Leonidas.
[100] *Ibid*. pp. 198-199.

Unsought—by all whom busy eyes admire,
To watch the brightening germ, the deepening green,
And from the glare of vertic wealth retire.

I like the gracious spring—the summer gay—
The autumn, in his every bounty kind,
I the social winter's unpretending day,
The kindly converse, and the modest mind.

What is to me the city's revel throng,
I love the sighing of the solemn grove,
The soft half warble of the twilight song,
The fragrant eve's reflective calm, I love.

If friends have passed, and sorrows found their place,
And the hurt mind laments its lone career,
If lost of life the sunshine and the grace,
Yet may one tender gleam of hope appear.

Where the crushed thought can find a voice, and where
Some healthful pleasure on the sick heart rise
Some living loveliness—some buried care,
Warm the cold cheek, and light the languid eyes!

~~**~~

MAUDLA.

THE CARELESS SINNER TURNED PERSECUTING SAINT, PARTLY IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.[101]

When *Maud* was young, her deeds were bad,
Of aged *Maud* the ways are sad;
That sin which charmed her earlier eyes,
Now from her hideous figure flies,
And since that Satan tempts no more,
She to her God unlocks the door;
As if what tophet loathes and leaves,
Heaven and its angel host receives,
And ugliest sin were welcome there,
Where all is good, and all is fair;
Thus to the rancorous heart is given
The hope of blessedness and heaven,
Even as the cankering reptiles come,
To where the peach unfolds its bloom:
And from the veriest trash may rise,
The bright carnation's fragrant dyes.[102]

~~**~~

Pendleton: "Perhaps the crowning bereavement of her lifetime was the death of her only son, Charles, on 28 February, 1809. His whole existence had been one of suffering, but his affectionate, noble,

[101] *Ibid.* p. 61.

[102] The character from the French prose, and that which precedes it, were a task imposed on the author at the city of Washington, unappropriate, and certainly without the least intended personality.

and sincere nature and his unblemished character had endeared him to many beside his mother…For a time she was inconsolable and unable to believe his loss real…"[103]

LAMENTATIONS
OF AN UNFORTUNATE MOTHER,
OVER THE TOMB OF HER ONLY SON.[104]

"Oh lost!" *forever lost*—thy mother's eyes,
No more shall see thy morn of hope arise,
No more for her its day resplendent shine,
But grief eternal rule like wrath divine,
Blotting from earth's drear scene each mental ray
That chased the phantom of despair away.

When fortune saw me all her gifts resign,
No murmur wakened, for thy love was mine;
Though hard her frown, and many a blow severe
Called to thy brilliant eye the clouding tear;
Yet poor the boon that waits on fortunes store,
Since the full pampered heart still pines for more.

Distress on thee, my son, her mildews shed,
To blight the laurel blooming round thy head;
Chilled by her grasp, but not to wrongs resigned,
For warm as summer glowed thine active mind;
No syren pleasure, potent to betray,
Ere lured thy lone and studious hours away.

But science on thy young attractions smiled,
For genius gave thee birth, and called thee child.
The painter's touch, the minstrel's art divine,
With many a charm of polished life were thine,
And thine the soul sublime, too ardent wrought,
The impetuous feeling, and the burst of thought;
Strong and resistless—to the *few* alone,
Was all the treasure of thy being known.
Cold was its fate—yet o'er thy wrongs supreme
Young Genius rose—with rich and radiant beam,
While the fine eye, to that and nature true,
Spoke all that mind inspired, or sorrow knew.

Poor Boy! I thought thou o'er my urn would'st weep!
And grieving yield me to the tomb's last sleep;
Nor, in thy dawn of years, when hope was gay,
Like heaven's bright arch of promise, melt away—
Lost, like a sun-beam in the spring's chill hours,
And transient as the garden's earliest flowers:

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[103] Poem text *Ibid*. pp. 260-261.
[104] *Charles Ward Apthorp Morton* expired of a Dropsy of the Brain, a disease always accompanied by premature but extraordinary capacity. Its fatal termination was accelerated by sedentary habits and intense study. In his very early childhood he appeared a prodigy of genius;—and entered the University at thirteen—where he gave the fairest promise of excellence in Science and the Fine Arts ; for although endowed by nature with a taste for the Sister Powers of Music, Painting and Poetry ; from his devotion to the more honourable pursuits of Science, he relinquished these but a short time previous to his last illness. His heart was noble and sincere; abounding with passions, and affections. His integrity unblemished and his death productive of self-despair to his unfortunate Mother. At his early age having already made Improvements in Medical Electricity; for which he received a Certificate from the President and Professors of Harvard University. But his whole existence was that of suffering, owing to the original feebleness of his constitution and the energetic sensibility of his mind.

But dearer thou than rays that morn illume,
And lovelier far than nature's vernal bloom;
These, when the storm has past, again return,
But what shall wake thy deep death-slumbering urn?
What but the voice of heaven, that strain divine,
Which bids the trembling earth its trust resign.
Then the bold genius, and the feelings wild,
No more to wrongs and woes shall bear my child;
But that warm heart to generous pity known,
Which all the grieved affections made their own,
With the pure essence of that brain of fire,
Shall to a Seraph's fervid flame aspire;
And angels with arch-angels, pleased to find,

The blest expression of thy kindred mind;
Charming from memory's thought its earthly pain,
Will give thee to thy mother's soul again.

As painted by Massachusetts artist Sarah Goodridge, sometime in the 1830s.

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FORGOTTEN POEMS AND POETS, Part IV

"And I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight..."

While all the "forgotten" poets considered thus far are, at bare minimum, catalogued by historians of early American letters, the author of what is probably America's best known poem -- ever -- has not been accorded even this humble distinction. Indeed, not only has *his* singularly beloved poem been for more than a century and half mistakenly attributed to another, he is not even mentioned or noted (let alone given an entry or section) in either Kettell, the Ducykincks, or Grisworld -- not to mention all subsequent anthologies or studies of that kind. That is until *very* recently.

Part of the reason for this is that Henry Livingston, Jr. (1748-1828), of Poughkeepsie, New York, who wrote "A Visit from St. Nicholas" (c. 1823), or as it is more familiarly known "A Night Before Christmas," never published poetry under his own name, and instead penned verses and rhymes solely for familial (not infrequently for children), and or parochial consumption. While his poetry was sometimes published in local newspapers from the 1790s into the 1820s, it was done so anonymously, being usually signed with an "R.;" that being the sole indication, if any, of his identity.
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Thanks however to the persevering efforts of 5th generation descendant Mary Van Deusen, and in the company of other Livingston family members and the assistance of several professional scholars, it is now possible both to become properly acquainted with the person and writings of Henry Livingston, Jr., and to formally declare, with a more than reasonable amount of certain conviction, that it is he, rather than Clement Clarke Moore (1779-1863), that is the author of the much treasured "Visit from St. Nicholas."[105]

We have stated previously that the American version of Santa Claus or St. Nicholas got its popular start with Washington Irving's *History of New York* (1809).[106] But to be more accurate, our country's take on St. Nick originated, strictly speaking, in historical Dutch New Amsterdam, the setting of Irving's satire.[107] What's more, and while the British occupied New York city, St. Nicholas was yet around even at the time of the American Revolution -- exactly whose side he took in the conflict, needless to add, we don't know. Nevertheless and of course, it was Livingston's poem that above all made Santa Claus most famous, indeed a holiday institution, in the United States.

Although the great Livingston clan originally hailed from Scotland, Henry Livingston, Jr., a great grandson of Robert Livingston the Elder (1654-1728), was appropriately three quarters Dutch. He also, as it happens, was a Major in the 3rd New York Regiment in 1775, and, under Col. (later Brig. Gen.) James Clinton, briefly accompanied Montgomery's invasion of Canada, his military career for health and political reasons (as Van Deusen's explains) was short lived, and most of the war he spent seeing to or otherwise administering sequestered loyalists estates and property, from a state appointed post he held while living in Poughkeepsie. It is not a little remarkable then that "The Night Before Christmas" was, insofar as we can adequately determine, composed by a Revolutionary War veteran.

As to why then Clement Clarke Moore claimed authorship still remains a mystery, and there are a number of possibilities that might be conjectured.[108] But off hand, one plausible explanation seems to be that his children at first, and mistakenly, stated to newspapers that he wrote it. He then, and to spare them and himself embarrassment, went along with what, though not intentionally at first, turned out to be a *public* deception.

Van Deusen suggests that "A Visit from St. Nicholas" was probably written between 1805 and 1810. If prior to 1809, this would seem to imply that Irving did not influence Livingston, as we have before positively asserted. While I don't think this likely, still it is not entirely impossible that the poem somehow saw print or was otherwise circulated before Irving's *History of New York* appeared, and that it was the latter who obtained St. Nicholas ideas from Livingston (rather than the other way around.)

And yet even if such was not the case, it does seem very possible that Livingston may nonetheless have significantly impacted Irving's writing, and for that matter those of James Kirke Paulding as well. For in addition to verse, Livingston's did occasionally publish prose writings, and these sometimes of a satirical kind. Here is a sample of some of the same; from a piece entitled "The Antiquity and Universality of the English Language," and that appeared in *The New-York Magazine* in (note the date) September 1791:

"THE people of the United States are almost generally descended from Englishmen: he that proves therefore that the language of Englishmen (like the old fashioned Hebrew) was once that used by all the world, will add a considerable bolster to occidental vanity.

"The venerable empire of China got its name from the following circumstance, if the memoirs of Fo-hung-fo are to be credited. Some thousand moons ago, one of its monarchs happened to be as great an epicure as any modern monarch need to be: he used to summon up his cook every morning after sipping his gin-feng beverage, and demand the bill of fare of the day. Among other viands, the cook once mentioned a

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[105] See Van Deusen's website at http://www.henrylivingston.com/ and, as well, her *Henry Livingston, Jr.: The Christmas Poet You Always Loved* (2016); both of which this introductory article is heavily indebted to.
[106] See *Continental Army Series*, vol. 1, p. 568.
[107] For more on the New Amsterdam history of St. Nicholas, see *Olde Ulster*, vol. IX, Jan. 1913, no. 1, pp. 17-20 (and which quotes a *New York Times* article of December 26th, 1912); available at: https://tinyurl.com/y85apojc
[108] Even and including, in my humble opinion and somewhere along the chronological line, manipulation by criminal spirit people over so sacred an object – *perhaps*.

chine of pork -- it happened not to be the king's favourite morsel, and in a voice of thunder he reiterated Chine-ha! – China-ha was echoed from every nook of the palace – from palace to the city – from the city to the provinces -- and, finally ended in giving name to the greatest empire the sun ever illumined.

"In the capital of this very country, a bevy of young girls took it in their heads to wear their conical bonnets uncommonly peaking – the reader at a blush sees whence came the name of Peking. Some authors, however, and they too of tolerable reputation, say, that one of the emperors of the dynasty of Chung-tchi, was so immoderately fond of pease, that he got the name of Pea-king, and gave it to the royal residence.

"The city of Nan-kin, it is well known, took its name from one Nancy Keene, a trollop, who kept a gin-shop in Liverpool. Her business there growing dull, she tramped over to China, and set up the trade of brewing tea-toddy, in the town which now bears her name without having suffered the least corruption. – How fickle is fortune! This vagabond slut has stamped her name upon one of the first cities of the world; while the great Columbia, with much ado, communicated his to the paltry mud heap of St. Kitts!

"Two thousand three hundred and seventy years ago, there lived upon the east bank of the Irtish, a chubbed, fiery, high-mettled khan, of the name of Harry. His red-pepper temper procured him the nick-name of Tart-Harry. The appellation spread to his neighborhood – to his dominions – and, finally to one half of all Asia.

"King James the first in a fit of titl[t]eing conferred the honour of knighthood upon a loin of beef; and succeeding monarchs have frequently dignified in a similar manner, masses of animated humanity not more respectable/ One of the ancient monarchs on the Malabar coast, in a frolic knighted an overgrown rat that rioted in his rice plantations: the whiskered gentleman got the name of Sir-rat! and the city of Surat perpetuates the ludicrous transaction.

"One of the queens of Tunis was a mighty mincing, fastidious, prinky body, and thereby disgusted all her courtiers; who could not refrain frequently exclaiming that she was too-nice! – and in that epithet gave name to a sover[e]ign state…

"It is well known that the Indians called the island of New-York Manhatten [sic] – now, this is a palpable corruption of Man-hating; a nick-name given to a sterile old damsel, that scolded out her existence in a cabin which stood on the very ground now occupied by the City-hall."

Shades of *Salmagundi* and Dietrich Knickerbocker! And although this should not be assumed as incontrovertible proof, still the likelihood of Irving and Paulding imbibing the spirit of and taking cues from Livingston at least stands as a palpable and tantalizing possibility.

What might be further surprising to discover is that Livingston was, oddly enough, part sarcastic *philosophe* and part inspired religious divine, and something of an 18th century "Renaissance" man, not unlike Benjamin Franklin or Francis Hopkinson; in his case being an astute farmer, surveyor, justice of the peace, state commissioner in different posts, party activist in politics, painter and sketch artist, flute player, and very much the family man, marrying twice and having several children. One relation and contemporary who knew him described Livingston as possessing a veritable encyclopedic intelligence. Yet while his poetry and prose often display the gentle elegance and spoofing quality of Hopkinson, paradoxically there is a frank earthiness here reminiscent of Franklin, and Brackenridge as well; though the quality of his humor is generally of a lesser caliber than these two. Like William Clifton and as we tend to find with most American poets of that day, he was pronouncedly anti-Gallican and pro-Britain in the latter's wars with Napoleon Yet despite this he was also characteristically no less patriotic in celebrating American victories in the War of 1812.

And though, as mentioned, he was out of the loop when it came time to first writing about the first poets of the United States, it might in part and with some justice at any rate be said of Livingston what Thomas Warton did regarding the troubadours, namely: "The minstrels of these times, who were totally

uneducated, and poured forth spontaneous rhymes in obedience to the workings of nature, often exhibited more genuine strokes of passion and imagination, than the professed poets."[109]

The what seem to me some of the better or more choice selections of his poetry reproduced below come from Van Deusen's website and books on Livingston, and where, for that matter, all of his known poems can be found.

~~~***~~~

This fragment of a poem, addressed to his infant daughter, was written when Livingston was with the army en route to Montreal in 1775.[110]

Sweet Innocent lye still & sleep,
While chearfull seraphs vigils keep,
To ward off ev'ry shaft of death
That may be wing'd to seize thy breath.
Dear Infant how serene you lay,
Nor heed the bustle of the day!
Thy little bosom knows no care,
For guilt ne[']er lay & wrankled there;
In thee all troubles die & cease,
And all is quiet all is peace.
How much unlike thy Father's life
Amid the Din of Arms & strife!
The tumult and the noise of war
Forever thundring in his ear.
Thy mother too has shed her tears
Has heav'd her sigh & known her fears
.
Her lips hath not forgot to press
The bitter cup of keen distress.
And Thou sweet Babe will soon perceive
That to be mortal is to grieve;
That as the spark will upward fly,
So man still lives to mourn & dye.

~~**~~

"Translation of a letter from a tenant of mrs. Van Kleeck to that lady dated January 9, 1781."[111]

TO MISS.

SWEET as op'ning roses are
As th' expanded lilly fair
Blithsome as the breathing day
Smiling as the smiling May
Heav'n itself her feeling mind
Loveliest of the lovely kind
Is my Daphne - sweetest maid
That e'er sported in the glade

When beneath the nodding grove
She inclines to muse or rove

[109] *History of English Poetry,* vol. III, sec. XIX.
[110] To Sarah Welles Livingston, 7 Sept. 1775, Illinois State Archives, Sidney Breese Papers.
[111] Also *New-York Magazine and Literary Repository*, Sept 1791.
~~~

Airs of Eden float around
Flow'rs spontaneous deck the ground
Cupids clap their wings about her
Life itself's not life without her.
[1789]

~~**~~

**To the memory of Sarah Livingston
who was born on the 7th of Novr. 1752
& died Sepr. 1st, 1783.**

BEYOND where billows roll or tempests vex
Is gone the gentlest of the gentle sex!
---Her brittle bark on life's wild ocean tost
Unequal to the conflict soon was lost.
Severe her sufferings! much, alas, she bore,
Then sunk beneath the storm & rose no more.

But when th' Archangel's awful trump shall sound
And vibrate life thro all the deep profound
Her renovated vessel will be seen,
Transcendant floating on the silver stream!
All beauteous to behold! serene she glides
Borne on by mildest & propitious tides;
While fanning zephyrs fill her snow white sails
And aid her passage with the friendliest gales
Till safe within the destin'd port of bliss
She furls her sails and moors in endless peace.

~~**~~

EASTER, April 11, 1784.

I
WHEN JESUS bow'd his awful head
And dy'd [t'] avert our fatal doom,
His friends the sacred corpse convey'd,
To the dark region of the tomb.

II
The Angelic host, with wonder saw,
Their sov'reign leave his bright abode,
To vindicate the righteous law,
Promulged by th Eternal GOD.

III
They view'd him in the sinner's stead
Obey the precepts man forsook;
While woes unnumbered oer his head,
Like an unbounded ocean broke.

IV
But when they saw the fatal tree,
And there, the son of GOD expire!
(Unknown the ineffable decree,)

Amazement fill'd the heav'nly choir.

V
And the dejected friendless train,
Who fondly dream't of empire here;
Now mourn'd each expectation vain,
And every hope dissolv'd in air.

VI
Their foes exult. And scoffing cry,
"And is your boasted leader gone?"
"His pow'r! The power but to die?"
"His kingdom! but a narrow tomb?"

VII
Let earth rejoice, let heav'n resound!
Behold the conquering MONARCH rise!
From the dark mansion under ground,
To the bright empire of the skies!

VIII
Resplendant [sic], now each promise shines;
Divinely bright each varying scene.
The great TRANSACTION how sublime!
And LOVE how infinite! to men.

IX
The Angels bow before their KING;
But never hail'd a SAVIOR'S name;
Tis Man, can a REDEEMER sing;
And dying love exalts his theme.

~~**~~

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MONTGOMERY TAPPEN[112]
who dies at Poughkeepsie on the 20th of Nov. 1784
in the ninth year of his age.

The sweetest, gentlest, of the youthful train,
Here lies his clay cold upon the sable bier!
He scarce had started on life's varied plain,
For dreary death, arrested his career.

His cheek might vie with the expanded rose,
And Genius sparkled in his azure eyes!
A victim so unblemish'd Heaven chose;
And bore the beauteous lambkin to the skies.

Adieu thou loveliest child! adieu adieu!
Our wishes fain would follow thee on high.
What more can friendship - what more fondness do,
But drop 'th unbidden tear & heave the sigh?

[112] Livingston's first cousin.

Ye youths, whose ardent bosoms virtue fires:
Who eager wish applause & pant for fame;
Press round MONTGOMERY'S hearse
- the NAME inspires.
And lights in kindred souls its native flame.

COLUMBIA grateful hails the tender sound
And when MONTGOMERY'S nam'd still drops a tear.
From shore to shore to earth's remotest bound,
Where LIBERTY is known that NAME is dear.

~~**~~

ECCLESIASTES XII.[113]

WHILE strength and blooming youth are thine,
Think on thy Maker, GOD;
To his behest thy soul incline,
And press for his abode.
Before the evil days draw nigh,
When age with all its cares,
Will wring the long distressful sigh,
And steep your eye in tears.
When suns will shine but shine in vain,
And moons gleam not for thee;
And the bright stars, refulgent train!
Then fruitless wish to see.
Thy flagging arms with age unstrung –
Bouy'd with infirmities –
Unchew'd the morsel on thy tongue:
And dark the acheing eyes.
When pleasure bootless courts thy gate,
And music, heav'nly born,
When ev'ry solace comes too late,
And thou art all forlorn!
Or e'er the silver cord be loos'd,
Or broke, the golden bowl;
Or the rich flood of vital juice
Congeal'd, forget to roll.
And dust to mix with dust shall hie,
Earth tending to its earth;
And the immortal spirit fly,
To him who gave it birth.

~~**~~

On my sister Joanna's
entrance into her 33d year
[16 May 1787]

On this thy natal day permit a friend -
A brother - with thy joys his own to blend:
In all thy gladness he would wish to share

[113] *Poughkeepsie Journal*, 23 Mar. 1786.

As willing in thy griefs a part to bear.

Meekly attend the ways of higher heav'n!
Is much deny'd? Yet much my dear is giv'n.
Thy health, thy reason unimpaired remain
And while as new fal'n snows thy spotless fame.
The partner of thy life, attentive - kind -
And blending e'en the interests of the mind.

What bliss is thine when fore thy glistn'ing eye
Thy lovely infant train pass jocund by!
The ruddy cheek, the smiling morning face
Denote a healthy undegenerate race:
In them renew'd, you'll live & live again,
And children's children's children lisp thy name.

Bright be the skies where'er my sister goes
Nor scowling tempests injure her repose -
The field of life with roses thick be strow'd
Nor one sharp thorn lie lurking in the road.
Thy ev'ry path be still a path of peace
And each revolving year thy joys increase;
Till hours & years & time itself be o'er
And one eternal day around thee pour.

~~**~~

THE CARELESS PHILOSOPHER'S SOLILOQUY.[114]

I rise when I please, when I please I lie down
Nor seek, what I care not a rush for, renown:
The rattle call'd wealth I have learnt to despise
Nor aim to be either important or wise.

Let women & children & children-like men
Pursue the false trollop the world has called fame.
Who just as enjoyed, is instantly flown
And leaves disappointment the hag in her room.

If the world is content not to stand in my way
The world may jog on both by night & by day
Unimpeded by me - not a straw will I put
Where a dear fellow-creature uplifteth its foot.

While my conscience upbraids not, I'll rise
and lye down
Nor envy a monarch his cares and his crown.

~~**~~

GOD IS LOVE.
St. John. [115]

[114] *Poughkeepsie Advertiser*, 5 Sept. 1787.
[115] *Poughkeepsie Advertiser*, 5 Sept. 1787.

I LOVE my feeble voice to raise
In humble pray'r and ardent praise
Till my rapt soul attains that height
When all is glory and delight.

I LOVE to read the book of Heav'n
Which Grace to fall'n man has giv'n;
Where evr'y page and evr'y line
Proclaims its origin divine.

I LOVE that consecrated Fane
Where GOD has stamp'd his holy name:
United with my brethren there
We hear the word and join in pray'r.

I LOVE to join the pious few
And there the covenant renew,
Recount our joys, relate our grief
And jointly ask from GOD relief.

I LOVE on Pity's wing to fly
To sooth the deep expiring sigh,
To wipe the tear from wan distress
And light a smile on Sorrow's face.

I LOVE to view domestic bliss
Bound with the ligature of peace,
Where Parents - Children - All agree
To tune the lute of harmony.

I LOVE the morning's roseate ray,
I bless the glorious march of day,
And when the lulling ev'ning comes
I love the night amidst its glooms.

I LOVE to anticipate the day
When the freed spirit wings its way
To the Jerusalem above

~~**~~

To my little niece ANNE DUYCKINCK,
aged 9 years.

To his charming black-ey'd niece
Uncle Harry wishest peace!
Wishes roses ever strow'd
O'er her sublunary road!

No rude winds around her howl
O'er her head no tempests scowl;
No red lightnings flash around
No loud thunders rock the ground!

Bright has been her morning sun
Brighter still be that to come!

All a blue serene above,
Within, all innocence & love.

[c. 1787]

~~**~~

AN INVITATION TO THE COUNTRY.[116]

The winter all surly is flown,
The frost, and the ice, and the snow:
The violets already have blown,
Already the daffodils glow.
The forests and copses around,
Their foliage begin to display;
The copses and forests resound
With the music and disport of May.

E'er Phoebus has gladded the plains,
E'er? the mountains are tip'd with his gold.
The sky larks shrill matin proclaims,
A songster, harmonius as bold.

The Linnet, and Thrush, thro the day,
Join notes with the soft cooing dove;
Not a bush, but can witness a lay;
Or the softer endearments of Love.

At eve, when the shadows prevail;
And night throws her mantle around;
The nightingale warbles her tale
And harmony dwells in the sound.
The grasshopper chirps at our feet,
The butterfly wings it along,
The season of love will compleat
What they want in the raptures of song.

Not an insect that flits o'er the lawn
But gambols in pleasure and play,
Rejoicing the winter is gone,
And hailing the pleasanter May.

Let us join in their revels my dear!
To innocent joy give a loose!
No surfeits or harm can we fear
The pleasures we cannot abuse.

What is all the gay town can bestow?
That all its inhabitants share?
But trifles and glitter and show,
That cloy and displease as they glare.

These snares may entangle the weak;
But never the rational soul;

[116] *Poughkeepsie Journal*, 19 Jan. 1788.

The flimsy enchantments will break
Where reason can never control.

By the side of a murmuring stream,
Where willows the margin imbrown;
We'll wander, unheeded, unseen,
Nor envy the taste of the town.

In scenes, where confusion and noise
And riots loud voice is unknown;
We'll humbly participate joys,
That ever from greatness have flown.

Let avarice smile o'er its gain,
Ambition exult at its height,
Dissipation unloose every rein,
In pursuit of forbidden delight.

We'll cling to our cottage, my love,
There a meeting with bliss we ensure.
The Seraphs who carol above
Must smile on enjoyments so pure.

~~**~~

The writing of Hezekiah king of Judah when he had been sick. [117]

WHEN blooming health and chearful days
Far from my tents had flown,
When nature sunk by quick decays
And ev'ry hope was gone.
When yawning dreadful in my sight
Lay the dark dismal tomb,
To tear me from the chearful light
And plunge me in its gloom:
My God and why withhold thy race?
I cry'd in pangs of woe!
No more thy Heav'n - diffusing face
Shall I behold below.
As Cranes that chant in clouds above,
At times I loud complain;
And then like the lone mourning dove
In secret sigh my pain.
Like the Arabians shifted tent,
Departed is mine age;
And as the weavers shuttle spent,
I drop from off the stage
But what am I, poor breathing clay,
That dare to murmur still?
Asham'd, resigned, I obey
Nor more dispute his will.
By grief and pain, distress and death,
The soul is hush'd to peace:
That when is past th' expiring breath

[117] *Poughkeepsie Journal*, 15 Apr. 1788.

It may respire in bliss.

~~**~~

ON THE NEW-YEAR.[118]

LO! from the east the sun appears
And all the bright creation cheers!
The dew-wash'd grass erect their spires
And hail the genial orient fires.
While flow'rs expand their ev'ry sweet
And revel in the vital heat.

The lofty oak, the towering pine
To catch his beams sublimely climb!
Their waving tops reflect the blaze
And shed abroad his crimson rays.

Chill'd with the night, the flocks around
In the warm influence blithly bound
And usher in the gladsom day
With all the jollity of play.

The choristers in every grove
Begin the tuneful din of love:
Each bush resounds with sweetest notes!
Wild music on each zephyr floats.

But Man! a nobler theme inspires
And Heav'n th' immortal spirit fires!
At nature's rich & ample feast,
He sits a not unthankful guest,
Remembering all these goods below
From higher sources still do flow.

Led by Ambition all divine
He sighs for pleasures more sublime!
Nor ought his soul can satisfy
Short of the raptures in the skies.

~~**~~

THE EPITHALAMIUM, A Marriage Poem.[119]

'Twas summer when softly the breezes were blowing
And Hudson majestic so sweetly was flowing
The groves rang with music & accents of pleasure
And nature in rapture beat time to the measure

When Helen and Jonas so true and so loving
Along the green lawn were seen arm in arm moving
Sweet daffodils, violets and roses spontaneous
Wherever they wandered sprang up instantaneous.

[118] *New-York Weekly Museum*, June 1790.
[119] *New-York Magazine or Literary Repository*, Feb. 1791.

The ascent the lovers at length were seen climbing
Whose summit is grac'd by the temple of Hymen:
The genius presiding no sooner perceived them
But spreading his pinions he flew to receive them:
With kindest of greetings pronounced them welcome [sic]
While hollidays [sic] clangor rang loud to the welkin.

~~**~~

Poughkeepsie Journal **CARRIER'S ADDRESS, 1823.**

Oft before you have I stood
An ancient sage was once requir'd
To name the object most desired;
Reply'd in brief, nor less sublime,
Twas sum'd in one short word, 'twas TIME.
With Time the fair creation rose
And steady Time still onward goes
With ceaseless pace, 'till that great day
When in portentous dread array '
'Th Angelic herald's trump shall pour
These awful words "TIME IS NO MORE."
But still that solemn hour shall come,
The tide of Time goes rolling on,
And each expiring billow view
'Th expansive heaving of the new.
The varying scenes which mark'd the year,
Which now has finish'd its career,
With hasty pencil I will trace
And at your feet the sketching place.
...
Bending low in gratitude:
Pardon this my last endeavor,
To obtain your smiles and favor.
I could mention winter's terrors
Speak of summer's torrid fervors,
Greet you with a thousand storms,
Dangers in a thousand forms,
Ever frowning in the way
On the news deliver day.
But 'tis neither fair or witty
Thus to urge my PATRONS' pity;
Pity! no, I here disclaim it,
You yourselves wont let me name it.
On her MERIT rests thy Muse,
Grace her kindly if you choose.
As you have smiled on me may heaven smile upon you,
The sky o'er your heads be enchantingly blue,
The streamlets and rivers which flow at your feet
Be smooth as the mirror, as the eglantine sweet,
No thorn in the roses that lie in your road,
And the angel of PEACE hov'ring o'er your abode.

~~**~~

From Daughter Jane's Manuscript Book*, 1827.*

LO FROM THE EAST.

LO! from the east the sun appears
And all the bright creation cheers!
The dew-wash'd grass erect their spires
And hail the genial orient fires.
While flow'rs expand their ev'ry sweet
And revel in the vital heat.

The lofty oak, the towering pine
To catch his beams sublimely climb!
Their waving tops reflect the blaze
And shed abroad his crimson rays.

Chill'd with the night, the flocks around
In the warm influence blithly bound
And usher in the gladsom day
With all the jollity of play.

The choristers in every grove
Begin the tuneful din of love:
Each bush resounds with sweetest notes!
Wild music on each zephyr floats.

But Man! a nobler theme inspires
And Heav'n 'th immortal spirit fires!
At nature's rich & ample feast,
He sits a not unthankful guest,
Remembering all these goods below
From higher sources still do flow.

Led by Ambition all divine
He sighs for pleasures more sublime!
Nor ought his soul can satisfy
Short of the raptures in the skies.

~~**~~

From the same.

Without distinction, fame, or note
Upon the tide of life I float,
A bubble almost lost to sight
As cobweb frail, as vapor light;
And yet within that bubble lies
A spark of life which never dies.

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THREE BRIEF REVIEWS

Don't get me wrong. As history, and as is so typical of historical costume dramas of the 50s and early 60s, "Tripoli" (1950), starring John Payne, Maureen O'Hara, and Howard Da Silva, is *mostly* terrible. For one thing, *General* William Eaton (and, yes, Congress did indeed confirm him as brigadier general many years later) is portrayed as merely a diplomat and political broker, rather than real mastermind and military leader of the land expedition against Tripoli. For another, it is made to seem that Hamet Carmelli, the deposed Basha whom Eaton sought to restore to the throne of Tripoli, wanted to betray the United States when in fact it was actually we who let him down; that is, when Tobias Lear, American negotiator on behalf of President Jefferson, settled the war by agreeing to pay ransom for the sailors taken in the captured frigate *Philadelphia*; thus, to the outrage of many then and since, negating and summarily cutting short Eaton's gallant and incredible attempt, as America's version of "Lawrence of Arabia," to take Tripoli by storm. And then the romance part of the movie is simply and completely ridiculous. Nevertheless, the film is colorful, has some often clever humorous dialogue, and *some* scenes do play out historically well and with nice authentic touches. You might think that the Marines seizing the guns of the fort at Derna, turning them on the Tripolitans, and then raising the U.S. flag over the town is just Hollywood. But in point of fact, something like this actually did happen; only, and of course, the historical version is more interesting than the heavily fictionalized daring-do depicted here. In all and for history buffs, if you have a free afternoon or evening to spend, and if you are willing to ingest more than a few grains of salt, you could do a whole lot worse than "Tripoli" (1950). And let's face it, the rarity of the subject being covered in a film of itself makes it interesting just as a curiosity.[120]

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1XZZnWMP4CU
["Tripoli Action 1950 John Payne, Maureen O'Hara, Howard Da Silva"]

One of my top (say) 20 sound (as opposed to silent) films of all time, the 1971 adaptation of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Kidnapped" with Michael Caine is, I humbly submit, a "must see" for anyone interested in an movie set in the 18th century that is *done right*, that is to say authentically and believably. Most historical films rarely make you, as the viewer, really feel much as if you *are there*, but every now and then one has appeared that more or less does so, and this is definitely of that kind. The film is, for the larger part, beautifully and well done in other respects, including acting, directing, music, cinematography, and script; of which latter it might even be said that it improves on Stevenson with its tragic-heroic ending.

Oddly enough, nevertheless, "Kidnapped" (1971), which I first saw on the wide screen at a movie theater in the mid 70's, is NOT currently available on DVD in the U.S. (PAL format only.) You can, even so, catch it on amazon.com video (where last night I saw and enjoyed it again) at:
https://www.amazon.com/Kidnapped-Michael-Caine/dp/B002BRT592/ref=sr_1_1?s=movies-tv&ie=UTF8&qid=1520567543&sr=1-1&keywords=kidnapped+caine

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While I've had the generally well done PBS series "The Adams Chronicles" from 1976 on DVD for some time now, I only recently learned of it having come to YouTube. Like all film dramatizations of this kind, "The Adams Chronicles" presents history in a sketchy way, with a broad brush and often loose interpretation. But as long as you understand this, and the production is of decent or better quality (as it certainly is in this case), such dramatizations are, as well as entertaining, helpful as introductions or else refreshers on the topic they address.
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=40W8B-jyI-Y
["The Adams Chronicles Episode 1 Part 1"]

[120] For a far more correct history of the Derna expedition under Eaton, Presley O'Bannon, and Hamet Caramelli, see the 1960 *American Heritage Magazine* article "'General' Eaton And His Improbable Legion," (Feb. 1960, vol. II, iss. 2), by William Harlan Hale, at: http://www.americanheritage.com/content/%E2%80%9Cgeneral%E2%80%9D-eaton-and-his-improbable-legion?page=6

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DEEPEST ROOTS OF THE CONFLICT

Despite the innumerable volumes that have been written on the first causes of and sources that brought about the American Revolution, there nevertheless remains much fog, misunderstanding, and frankly blindness. So much of the time for example focus is placed on the conflict solely as seen between British empire versus colonial settlement/neo-American viewpoints; yet often overlooked is that the first flaming sparks that ensued in actual violence were ignited by Americans who claimed they were not being properly treated as Englishman, or else any better than second and third class citizens. And not without some reasons, because general prejudice about the inferiority of Americans lasted well into the late nineteenth century, and indeed perhaps only got some reprieve in consequence of the works of a handful of successful American authors, artists and inventors, combined with the good showing of the United States in World Wars I and II. In this sense the struggle to secure respectability by no means ended with the Revolutionary War. Indeed, even after the siege at Yorktown, French and British officers present there tended to socially gather together apart from American commanders.

With all this in mind, I was considerably edified of late to read Thomas Babington Macaulay's essay on British essayist Joseph Addison; the latter one of the true great-grandfathers of American literature, if we include his influence on the literary efforts of Benjamin Franklin, Philip Freneau (as essayist), Hugh Henry Brackenridge, Joseph Dennie, Washington Irving, and some others; who in literature were simultaneously attempting to conduct their own *American Revolution*, and win cultural respectability for the new nation.

Well anyway, in this phenomenally brilliant and hugely informative essay, Macauley implies that the American Revolution, at least in part, arose in consequence of Queen Anne and the high Church party (Tories) in 1710 taking the opportunity of seizing power after such as Godolphin and Marlborough and the whigs had been glutted with success in the War of Spanish Succession; which for convenience you might say was a case of "they had their turn, all right, it now is time for ours." Macauley then asserts:

"When, at this distance of time, we calmly review the conduct of the discarded [whig] ministers, we cannot but feel a movement of indignation at the injustice with which they were treated. No body of men had ever administered the government with more energy, ability, and moderation; and their success had been proportioned to their wisdom. They had saved Holland and Germany. They had humbled France. They had, as it seemed, all but torn Spain from the house of Bourbon. They had made England the first power in Europe. At home they had united England and Scotland. They had respected the rights of conscience and the liberty of the subjects. They retired, leaving their country at the height of prosperity and glory. And yet they were pursued to their retreat by such a roar of obloquy as was never raised against the government which threw away thirteen colonies, or against the government which sent a gallant army to perish in the ditches of Walcheren [in the Napoleonic Wars.]"

If what he says is correct, then we might go on further go to infer, ironically, that the House of Hanover were perhaps in their royal hearts and at heart Stuarts; but which in turn may be explained by saying that, in those times, some form of absolutism, and closely tied to the high church, was assumed by many to be a necessary adjunct and unavoidable trait of monarchy in Britain; an attitude that beginning in the 19th century was gradually on its way to be being phased out.

For the full text of this (on several levels) most well written, richly instructive and informative essay, (in .pdf), see: https://archive.org/details/macaulaysessayonmaca

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SANS OLD GLORY?

In *The Stars and Stripes, the Story of our Flag* (1969), historian Irving Werstein writes:

"General George Washington repeatedly asked that the troops be allowed to carry the national colors, but for some reason Congress refused to grant permission until March of 1783, more than a year after the last land battle of the Revolutionary War. Even then, the use of the Stars and Stripes was limited to display at forts, camps, and to the military instillations. It was only after 1834, when Congress at last gave its approval, that [military] units could legally carry the flag in parades or battle." (p. 31)

Is this quite or always true, and or was this reluctance to have the flag present in battle possibly a consequence of a pre-U.S. Constitution anti-Federalist sentiment? If anyone knows further on this topic of whether the formal stars and stripes were ever actually seen on the Revolutionary War battlefield, we'd love to hear from you.

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THE FIRST REVOLUTIONARIES

It is a most interesting and curious fact that, generally, the most volatile and active revolutionaries of the American colonies hailed from either New England or Virginia, and yet the earliest settlers of these two regions originally and in larger part descended from diametrically opposed sides of the political spectrum. While it is well known that New England was founded by Puritans (from whom came the Parliamentarians in the English Civil War), we tend to forget that some of the landed gentry that led Virginia predominantly stemmed from cavalier or Royalist stock, including such families as the Washingtons and Lees.

The story of England's post-Reformation evolution went from an absolutist monarchy, to a Puritan commonwealth, to a restored monarchy led by a closet Catholic but that supported Protestantism (in the form of the Anglican church). This same subsequent period also saw the birth and rise of the Whig party formed by (among others) Lord Shaftesbury, patron of John Locke. The succeeding king then sought to re-legitimate and have Catholicism allowed; only, in the Glorious Revolution of 1688, to be overthrown by a coup, headed by William of Orange, from Holland and James II's daughter Mary (and sister of the later Queen Anne.)

Sound complicated? Actually it is. But it is one of the several conspicuous merits of the BBC television series "The First Churchills," from 1969, that it makes more comprehensible and easier to understand these extraordinary changes in and transformation of the English political system, and which in part made possible and helped set the stage for the American Revolution. If you haven't seen it before, watch it. Believe me you won't in the least regret doing so. The series provides a most salutary education, as well as being *most wonderfully* scripted, acted, and costumed entertainment otherwise. True, like "The Adams Chronicles," which we made mention of here not long ago, history and its personages are necessarily painted with a broad brush, and the production indulges in some very debatable interpretations. Though he plays the part well, I for one have a hard time seeing John Neville as the historical Marlborough. Was James II really the hands-on sadistic brute he is portrayed here as being? Yet such shortcomings, whether or not rightly seen as such, are pardonable, in what is after all only a stage drama and tv show. And when you consider the highly complex and daunting character of the subjects covered, "First Churchills" is indeed a masterpiece of its kind.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fc6YDxCoxfM&feature=share
["The First Churchills: Episode 1. The Chaste Nymph~ 1671"]

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AGAIN

As suggested by me a number of times earlier, a proper understanding of the root causes that brought about the American Revolution, not to mention and including an understanding of the settlement of what became the Thirteen colonies, necessarily requires a grasp of English history, particularly the period from 1600-1730. The more time I spend educating myself on this subject the more one comes to think that what we think of as the American Revolution, in most all its various political and ideological facets, is to a large extent a by product and continuation of the English Civil War and what preceded and came after it. For that matter, the English Civil War (and the Protectorate) was arguably the forefather to the French Revolution - and Napoleon as well. And yet the subject of the "English Revolution" is markedly complex and developed out of diverse political, economic and religious factors. Take for instance economics, it was a rising middle class that wanted more say in government that contributed to the 17th century insurgency against monarchy and aristocracy, as well as those of the American and French Revolutions.

But let me stop there and instead now direct you to the YouTube Yale course, taught by Keith Wrightson on "Early Modern England," and as it is a very long series of lectures, I recommend (for our purposes) your starting at installment #19:

See: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5X02qTmUrKI&list=PL18B9F132DFD967A3&index=19

["19. Crown and Political Nation, 1604-1640"]

One can hardly praise and commend Prof. Wrightson enough for his cogent and lucid handling of what is after all an extremely complex and involved topic and making it much more easy for the rest of us to comprehend. And anyone who claims to thoroughly know the American Revolution without being reasonably familiar with what he discusses is selling themselves far short of the true story.

The head of Oliver Cromwell (arguably England's Napoleon), and (let's face it not then so strangely or surprisingly) the same treatment intended for the American rebels.

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SOME BOOK NOTES

"It was not long after the arrival of commodore Porter at Valparaiso, when commodore Hillyar appeared there in the Phoebe frigate, accompanied by the Cherub sloop of war. These vessels had been equipped for the purpose of meeting the Essex; and carried flags bearing the motto,
'God and our country, British sailors' best rights: traitors offend them.'
This was in allusion to Porter's celebrated motto,'Free trade and sailors' rights.'
He [Porter] now hoisted at his mizzen, 'God, our country, and liberty: tyrants offend them.'"
~ Brackenridge, *History of the Late War* (1816), ch, XVI, p. 215

Two volumes I finished this past summer I got such edifying enjoyment out of that I thought I would pass them along to some as a note.

The first of these is *History of the Late War* (1816), i.e., the War of 1812, by Henry Marie Brackenridge (1786–1871), son of Hugh Henry Brackenridge, author of *Modern Chivalry*; both of whom were lawyers and jurists as well as authors. Although you will need to get your maps to accompany and
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make comprehensible the text from elsewhere, the work is valuable as a overtly patriotic and yet attempted fair-minded summary of the war, but with an obvious bias in favor of the United States. And while you might fairly take issue with individual facts at given times or the rationale Brackenridge uses in some argument he makes, his comments and observations are, in a lawyerly way, intelligent and reasonably credible. And in this age when we have been constantly told the history of our country is all myth, it is refreshing and enjoyable to read a thoughtful and erudite apologist of the young United States and one contemporary with it.

For a .pdf copy of the 1846 edition, see: https://archive.org/details/historyoflatewar00brac

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The second is *The Thirteen Colonies* (1964) by Louis B, Wright, originally one of those American Heritage coffee-table sized books, and which was titled *The American Heritage The History of The Thirteen Colonies, Making of The Nation*. This is a most excellently well done and highly readable survey of the history of the thirteen colonies, from the discovery of America up until the American Revolution, and which one can learn a great deal from reading. In presenting a general overview of America, circa 1492-1776, Wright manages to fill in many of the nooks and crannies in our knowledge and understanding of that period that we may have missed; as well as providing timely refreshers in historical persons and subjects we are already familiar with.

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William Gilmore Simms.

HOW TO FREE A NATION

James Fenimore Cooper was a most vocal and inveterate opponent of all abusers of governmental or societal power, regardless of whether the tyrant was a despot, bullying aristocrats, manipulative newspaper magnates, or a democratic mob. He was Democrat, yes, but believed the Constitution was intended to protect the rights of all the country's citizens, and not merely serve the interest of those with the most power, be they oligarchs or the people at large themselves. This strident high mindedness caused him in the latter half of his life to fall into disfavor with many, and to a significant degree ended up impairing sales of his books. Despite this, he remained defiant in his views to the end.

Notwithstanding the political and social controversies and numerous lawsuits he became enmeshed, and certain foibles and peccadilloes as an author he was routinely cited for,[121] it is reassuring to know that shortly after his death in 1851 many of America's greatest writers and thinkers gathered, whether

[121] Twain being quite the latecomer in this.
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in person and or in print, to honor his memory and contributions. The result of this for us today is the "Memorial of James Fenimore Cooper" (1852), available as a .pdf at:

https://archive.org/details/memorialjamesfe00putngoog/page/n14

Among those who paid tribute were Daniel Webster, Washington Irving, James Kirke Paulding, William Cullen Bryant, George Bancroft, Herman Melville, William H. Prescott, R. H. Dana, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Longfellow, Francis Parkman, John Pendleton Kennedy, Samuel F. B. Morse, and William Gilmore Simms.

William Cullen Bryant, for instance, stated in his eulogy:

"Cooper loved his country and was proud of her history and her institutions, but it puzzles many that he should have appeared, at different times, as her eulogist and her censor. My friends, she is worthy both of praise and of blame, and Cooper was not the man to shrink from bestowing either, at what seemed to him the proper time. He defended her from detractors abroad; he sought to save her from flatterers at home. I will not say that he was in as good humour with his country when he wrote Home as Found, as when he wrote his Notions of the Americans, but this I will say, that whether he commended or censured, he did it in the sincerity of his heart, as a true American, and in the belief that it would do good. His Notions of the Americans were more likely to lessen than to increase his popularity in Europe, inasmuch as they were put forth without the slightest regard to European prejudices...

"Let me pause here to say that Cooper, though not a manufacturer of verse, was in the highest sense of the word poet, his imagination wrought nobly and grandly, and imposed its creations on the mind of the reader for realities. With him there was no withering, or decline, or disuse of the poetic faculty; as he stepped downward from the zenith of life, no shadow or chill came over it; it was like the year of some genial climates, a perpetual season of verdure, bloom, and fruitfulness. As these works came out, I was rejoiced to see that he was unspoiled by the controversies in which he had allowed himself to become engaged, that they had not given, to these better expressions of his genius, any tinge of misanthropy, or appearance of contracting and closing sympathies, any trace of an interest in his fellow-beings less large and free than in his earlier works...."

I was slightly disappointed that William Gilmore Simms' contribution to the Memorial was rather brief; that is until I just the other day learned of an 1845 work of his *Views and Reviews in American Literature, in History and Fiction*, where he not only discussed Cooper at length, but gives Cooper's work probably the most vigorous and insightful appraisal and assessment I have ever read; hitting dead on the mark, whether in praise or blame; that I would be somewhat rather at a loss to put my own finger on such points as he raises if I had to do it myself. If Simms is to be believed, Cooper was to our culture not so unlike George Washington was to our armies in the Revolution. At the same time, Simms makes some other thoughtful marks that are worth reproducing, and which I without further ado will presently do:

[In reviewing Alexander B. Meek's "Americanisms in Literature: An Oration before the Phi Kappa and Demosthenean Societies of the University of Georgia" (1844), Simms observes:]

"Mr. Meek justly draws our attention to the fact, that, of all the ancient tyrannies, but very few of them have contributed to the advancement of letters. He exhibits the baldness in literature of Chaldea, Babylon, Assyria and Phoenicia,[122] and hurriedly compares their performances with the more glorious showings of the free states of the past. And he argues justly that this result is in the very nature of things;– that, as liberty of opinion is favourable to thought and provocative of discussion, so also must it favour the general development of intellect in all departments. The deduction is absolutely inevitable. Tyranny, on the other hand, always trembling for its sceptre, and jealous of every antagonist influence, watches with sleepless solicitude to impose every fetter upon the free speech of orator and poet."

[122] To which we might add Byzantium – WTS.

While in his essay on Cooper, he writes:

"This consciousness, in the case of America, was wanting. Our colonial relation to Great Britain had filled us with a feeling of intellectual dependance [sic], of which our success in shaking off her political dominion had in no respect relieved us. We had no then, and, indeed, have not entirely to this day, arrived at any just idea of the inevitable connexion between an ability to maintain ourselves in arts as well as in arms — the ability in both cases arising only from our intellectual resources, and a manly reliance upon the just origin of national strength, Self-dependence To Mr. Cooper the merit is due, of having first awakened us to this self-reference, — to this consciousness of mental resources, of which our provincialism dealt, not only in constant doubts, but in constant denials. The first step is half the march, as in ordinary cases, the first blow is half the battle. With what rapidity after that did the American press operate. How many new writers rose up suddenly, the moment that their neighbours had made the discovery that there were such writers—that such writers should be. Every form of fiction, the legend, tale, novel and romance — the poem, narrative and dramatic — were poured out with a prolific abundance, which proved the possession, not only of large resources of thought, but of fancy, and of an imagination equal to every department of creative fiction. It will not matter to show that a great deal of this was crude, faulty, undigested—contracted and narrow in design, and spasmodic in execution. The demand of the country called for no more. The wonder was that, so suddenly, and at such short notice, such resources could be found as had not before been imagined."

For the complete text of *Views and Reviews*, and in which there is much, much more, see: https://archive.org/details/viewsreviewsinam00simmrich/page/n7

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SALMAGUNDI DECODED

One of the advantages - or disadvantages depending on your perspective - of "continuing education" is to learn and discover (and mayhap learn and discover rather later than you would have wished) - and perhaps moreover even to your mortification - how MUCH you DON'T or DIDN'T know.

Take for example that classic lampoon of early American literature *Salmagundi*, a largely ad hoc series of tenuously connected satirical articles by Washington Irving, his brother William, and James Kirke Paulding, circa 1807-1808. Now I will venture to go so far as to make the astonishing claim that if you have ever read *Salmagundi* - no matter how many times - then *you have never read it*.

You have never read it, that is unless you also have been through as well "Cocklofts and Slang-whangers: The Historical Sources of Washington Irving's 'Salmagundi'" by Mary Weatherspoon Bowden; an article that appeared in *New York History* (magazine), vol. 61, no. 2 (April 1980), pp. 133-160, and available at Jstor at: https://www.jstor.org/stable/23169463?

Using an extensive catalog of contemporary New York area periodicals, and in addition no little drawing on a most interesting 1814 illustrated edition of *Salmagundi*, Bowden, somewhat akin to Champollion with Egyptian hieroglyphs, has managed to decode most of the who's who of the Irvings' and Paulding's literary romp. Bowden's article can far better speak for itself than I can in a summary convey of it in a post like this, but the following is a list of what seem for the most part almost certain identifications with contemporary New York luminaries and personages alluded to in the work.

Although Launcelot Langstaff has ordinarily been assumed to be Washington Irving; Will Wizard to be William Irving, and Anthony Evergreen to be Paulding; in some instances these characters might double for others. With this in mind, here is the result of Bowden's scholarly detective work and deciphering.
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* The Cocklofts generally refers to the Livingston family

* Jeremy Cockloft, Jr. = Samuel Latham Mitchill

* Christopher Cockloft = Robert R. Livingston

* Launcelot Langstaff = Morgan Lewis

* Uncle John (Langstaff) = John Jay

* Will Wizard = Robert Fulton

* The Man in Black = Aaron Burr

* Linkum Fidelius = (probably) De Witt Clinton

For a second Jstor archive item, and which provides a good history of *Salmagundi* otherwise, and how it came to be published and written, see: "Salmagundi: Problems in Editing the So-called First Edition (1807-08)" by Martha Hartzog Stocker, *The Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America*, vol. 67, no. 2 (Second Quarter, 1973), pp. 141-158; available at: https://www.jstor.org/stable/24301750

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WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

In a booklet accompanying an exhibition of prints and related artifacts at the Walpole Library at Yale in 2017-2018, entitled "Global Encounters and the Archives: Britain's Empire in the Age of Horace Walpole (1717-1797)," we are informed that there were essentially two rival visions of how Britain's global commercial empire should be run. The first, and which prevailed, was that the various colonies and trading ports of call were to increase British exports and devour raw materials from around the world primarily for domestic manufacture and consumption. This ended up being the economic philosophy of the British government in the 18th century. Its alternative, the one that lost out politically, is described by the booklet this way:

"This hierarchical imperial vision did not go uncontested. Throughout the British Empire English politicians like Henry Seymour Conway, merchants trading to North America and India, Irish men and women, slaves, indigenous people, and the increasingly significant workers in English manufactures resisted this understanding. They argued, instead, that if the British Empire was to live up to the emancipatory principles of the Revolution of 1688, the British government should seek to improve the lot of everyone. In their view what distinguished the British Empire from its classical predecessors and its imperial rivals was that it was a commercial empire. The British Empire's prosperity depended, in the view of the Patriot proponents of this vision of empire, on the dynamic interplay between producers and consumers."

So that in retrospect and arguably, had the views of Conway (depicted in the attached portrait btw) and his associates been the ruling school of thought adopted, it is possible the American Revolution, as we know it anyway, might have been prevented. Such is a "what if" it won't hurt now to consider and give some thought to.
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For a .pdf copy of the booklet, and with more and related on this, in retrospect, portentous subject and question, see: https://walpole.library.yale.edu/sites/default/files/files/GE_booklet_v5.pdf

For the Lewis Walpole Library website itself, see: https://walpole.library.yale.edu/

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Getting near the *big day*[123] as we are I thought some might enjoy "The Little Man in Black" sketch from *Salmagundi*, which latter I made mention of here a couple weeks ago. Although it is usually far from clear what pieces in *Salmagundi* were specifically written by whom, "The Little Man in Black" evinces distinct indications of being from the joint quill pens of Washington Irving and Paulding; For example, the melancholy tone is reminiscent of the former in "Rip Van Winkle," while the satire is typical Paulding (Irving's hand being somewhat present in that regard as well.) As far as the suggestion that the Little Man in Black may relate to quondam Vice-President Aaron Burr, one takes it that this is a reference to Burr's being scorned and made an outcast following the slaying of Hamilton and the charges of treason brought against him by Jefferson -- the brothers Irving having earlier been stalwart political allies and associates of Jonathan Edwards' ultimately beleaguered and ill fated grandson.

THE LITTLE MAN IN BLACK.

No. XVIII-Tuesday, Nov. 24, 1807

By Launcelot Langstaff, Esq.

The following story has been handed down by family tradition for more than a century. It is one on which my cousin Christopher dwells with more than usual prolixity; and, being in some measure connected with a personage often quoted in our work, I have thought it worthy of being laid before my readers.

Soon after my grandfather, Mr. Lemuel Cockloft, had quietly settled himself at the hall, and just about the time that the gossips of the neighbourhood, tired of prying into his affairs, were anxious for some new tea-table topic, the busy community of our little village was thrown into a grand turmoil of curiosity and conjecture— a situation very common to little gossiping villages— by the sudden and unaccountable appearance of a mysterious individual.

The object of this solicitude was a little black-looking man, of a foreign aspect, who took possession of an old building, which having long had the reputation of being haunted, was in a state of ruinous desolation, and an object of fear to all true believers in ghosts. He usually wore a high sugarloaf hat with a narrow brim; and a little black cloak, which, short as he was, scarcely reached below his knees. He sought no intimacy or acquaintance with any one; appeared to take no interest in the pleasures or the little broils of the village; nor ever talked; except sometimes to himself, in an outlandish tongue. He commonly carried a large book, covered with sheepskin, under, his arm; appeared always to be lost in meditation; and was often met by the peasantry, sometimes watching the dawning of day, sometimes at noon seated under a tree poring over his volume; and sometimes at evening gazing with a look of sober tranquillity at the sun as it gradually sunk below the horizon.

[123] i.e., Oct. 31st.
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The good people of the vicinity beheld something prodigiously singular in all this;— a profound mystery seemed to hang about the stranger, which, with all their sagacity, they could not penetrate; and in the excess of worldly charity they pronounced it a sure sign “that he was no better than he should be;” — a phrase innocent enough in itself: but which, as applied in common, signifies nearly every thing that is bad. The young people thought him a gloomy misanthrope, because he never joined in their sports;— the old men thought still more hardly of him because he followed no trade, nor ever seemed ambitious of earning a farthing; — and as to the old gossips, baffled by the inflexible taciturnity of the stranger, they unanimously agreed that a man who could not or would not talk was no better than a dumb beast. The little man in black, careless of their opinions, seemed resolved to maintain the liberty of keeping his own secret; and the consequence was, that, in a little while, the whole village was in an uproar; — for in little communities of this description, the members have always the privilege of being thoroughly versed, and even of meddling in all the affairs of each other.

A confidential conference was held one Sunday morning after sermon, at the door of the village church, and the character of the unknown fully investigated. The schoolmaster gave as his opinion, that he was the wandering Jew; — the sexton was certain that he must be a free-mason from his silence; — a third maintained, with great obstinacy, that he was a high German doctor; and that the book which he carried about with him, contained the secrets of the black art; but the most prevailing opinion seemed to be that he was a witch; — a race of beings at that time abounding in those parts; and a sagacious old matron, from Connecticut, proposed to ascertain the fact by sousing him into a kettle of hot water.

Suspicion, when once afloat, goes with wind and tide, and soon becomes certainty. Many a stormy night was the little man in black, seen by the flashes of lightning, frisking and curveting in the air upon a broomstick; and it was always observed, that at those times the storm did more mischief than at any other. The old lady in particular, who suggested the humane ordeal of the boiling kettle, lost on one of these occasions a fine brindle cow; which accident was entirely ascribed to the vengeance of the little man in black. If ever a mischievous hireling rode his master’s favourite horse to a distant frolic, and the animal was observed to be lame and jaded in the morning,— the little man in black was sure to be at the bottom of the affair; nor could a high wind howl through the village at night but the old women shrugged up their shoulders, and observed, “the little man in black was in his tantrums.” In short, he became the bugbear of every house; and was as effectual in frightening little children into obedience and hysterics, as the redoubtable Raw-head-and-bloody-bones himself: nor could a housewife of the village sleep in peace, except under the guardianship of a horse-shoe nailed to the door.

The object of these direful suspicions remained for some time totally ignorant of the wonderful quandary he had occasioned; but he was soon doomed to feel its effects. An individual who is once so unfortunate as to incur the odium of a village, is in a great measure outlawed and proscribed; and becomes a mark for injury and insult; particularly if he has not the power or the disposition to recriminate. The little venomous passions, which in the great world are dissipated and weakened by being widely diffused, act in the narrow limits of a country town with collected vigour, and become rancorous in proportion as they are confined in their sphere of action. The little man in black experienced the truth of this; every mischievous urchin returning from school, had full liberty to break his windows; and this was considered as a most daring exploit; for in such awe did they stand of him, that the most adventurous school boy was never seen to approach his threshold, and at night would prefer going round by the cross-roads, where a traveller had been murdered by the Indians, rather than pass by the door of his forlorn habitation.

The only living creature that seemed to have any care or affection for this deserted being was an old turnspit,— the companion of his lonely mansion and his solitary wanderings; —the sharer of his scanty meals, and, sorry am I to say it, the sharer of his persecutions. The turnspit, like his master, was peaceable and inoffensive; never known to bark at a horse, to growl at a traveller, or to quarrel with the dogs of the neighbourhood. He followed close at his master’s heels when he went out, and when he returned stretched himself in the sun-beams at the door; demeaning himself in all things like a civil and well-disposed turnspit. But notwithstanding his exemplary deportment, he fell likewise under the ill report of the village; as being the familiar of the little man in black, and the evil spirit that presided at his incantations. The old hovel was considered as the scene of their unhallowed rites, and its harmless tenants regarded with a

detestation which their inoffensive conduct never merited. — Though pelted and jeered at by the brats of the village, and frequently abused by their parents, the little man in black never turned to rebuke them; and his faithful dog, when wantonly assaulted, looked up wistfully in his master's face, and there learned a lesson of patience and forbearance.

The movements of this inscrutable being had long been the subject of speculation at Cockloft-hall, for its inmates were full as much given to wondering as their descendants. The patience with which he bore his persecutions particularly surprised them; for patience is a virtue but little known in the Cockloft family. My grandmother, who it appears was rather superstitious, saw in this humility nothing but the gloomy sullenness of a wizard, who restrained himself for the present, in hopes of midnight vengeance;— the parson of the village, who was a man of some reading, pronounced it the stubborn insensibility of a stoic philosopher;— my grandfather, who, worthy soul, seldom wandered abroad in search of conclusions, took a data from his own excellent heart, and regarded it as the humble forgiveness of a Christian. But however different were their opinions as to the character of the stranger, they agreed in one particular, namely, in never intruding upon his solitude; and my grandmother, who was at that time nursing my mother, never left the room without wisely putting the large family Bible in the cradle; a sure talisman, in her opinion, against witchcraft and necromancy.

One stormy winter night, when a bleak north-east wind moaned about the cottages, and howled around the village steeple, my grandfather was returning from club, preceded by a servant with a lantern. Just as he arrived opposite the desolate abode of the little man in black, he was arrested by the piteous howling of a dog, which, heard in the pauses of the storm, was exquisitely mournful; and he fancied now and then, that he caught the low and broken groans of some one in distress.— He stopped for some minutes, hesitating between the benevolence of his heart and a sensation of genuine delicacy, which, in spite of his eccentricity, he fully possessed, — and which forbade him to pry into the concerns of his neighbours. Perhaps, too, this hesitation might have been strengthened by a little taint of superstition; for surely, if the unknown had been addicted to witchcraft, this was a most propitious night for his vagaries. At length the old gentleman's philanthropy predominated; he approached the hovel, and pushing open the door, — for poverty has no occasion for locks and keys,— beheld, by the light of the lantern, a scene that smote his generous heart to the core.

On a miserable bed, with pallid and emaciated visage, and hollow eyes; — in a room destitute of every convenience; — without fire to warm, or friend to console him, lay this helpless mortal, who had been so long the terror and wonder of the village. His dog was crouching on the sooty coverlet, and shivering with cold. My grandfather stepped softly and hesitatingly to the bed-side, and accosted the forlorn sufferer in his usual accents of kindness. The little man in black seemed recalled by the tones of compassion from the lethargy into which he had fallen; for, though his heart was almost frozen, there was yet one chord that answered to the call of the good old man who bent over him; the tones of sympathy, so novel to his ear, called back his wandering senses, and acted like a restorative to his solitary feelings.

He raised his eyes, but they were vacant and haggard;— he put forth his hand, but it was cold; he essayed to speak, but the sound died away in his throat ;— he pointed to his mouth with an expression of dreadful meaning, and, sad to relate! My grandfather understood that the harmless stranger, deserted by society, was perishing with hunger!— with the quick impulse of humanity he despatched the servant to the hall for refreshment. A little warm nourishment renovated him for a short time, but not long:— it was evident his pilgrimage was drawing to a close, and he was about entering that peaceful asylum where "the wicked cease from troubling."

His tale of misery was short, and quickly told: infirmities had stolen upon him, heightened by the rigours of the season: he had taken to his bed without strength to rise and ask for assistance;— "and if I had," said he in a tone of bitter despondency, "to whom should I have applied? I have no friend that I know of in the world!— the villagers avoid me as something loathsome and dangerous; and here, in the midst of Christians, should I have perished, without a fellow-being to soothe the last moments of existence, and close my dying eyes, had not the howlings of my faithful dog excited your attention."

He seemed deeply sensible of the kindness of my grandfather; and at one time as he looked up into his old benefactor's face, a solitary tear was observed to steal adown the parched furrows of his cheek— poor outcast!— it was the last tear he shed — but I warrant it was not the first by millions! My grandfather watched by him all night. Towards morning he gradually declined; and as the rising sun gleamed through the window, he begged to be raised in his bed that he might look at it for the last time. He contemplated it for a moment with a kind of religious enthusiasm, and his lips moved as if engaged in prayer. The strange conjectures concerning him rushed on my grandfather's mind: "he is an idolater!" thought he, "and is worshipping the sun!" — He listened a moment and blushed at his own uncharitable suspicion; he was only engaged in the pious devotions of a Christian. His simple orison being finished, the little man in black withdrew his eyes from the east, and taking my grandfather's hand in one of his, and making a motion with the other towards the sun; — "I love to contemplate it," said he, "'tis an emblem of the universal benevolence of a true Christian; — and it is the most glorious work of him who is philanthropy itself!" My grandfather blushed still deeper at his ungenerous surmises; he had pitied the stranger at first, but now he revered him:— he turned once more to regard him, but his countenance had undergone a change;— the holy enthusiasm that had lighted up each feature, had given place to an expression of mysterious import—a gleam of grandeur seemed to steal across his Gothic visage, and he appeared full of some mighty secret which he hesitated to impart. He raised the tattered nightcap that had sunk almost over his eyes, and waving his withered hand with a slow and feeble expression of dignity,— "In me," said he, with laconic solemnity, — "in me you behold the last descendant of the renowned Linkum Fidelius!" My grandfather gazed at him with reverence; for though he had never heard of the illustrious personage, thus pompously announced, yet there was a certain black-letter dignity in the name that peculiarly struck his fancy and commanded his respect.

"You have been kind to me," continued the little man in black, after a momentary pause, "and richly will I requite your kindness by making you heir to my treasures! In yonder large deal box are the volumes of my illustrious ancestor, of which I alone am the fortunate possessor. Inherit them — ponder over them, and be wise!" He grew faint with the exertion he had made, and sunk back almost breathless on his pillow. His hand, which, inspired with the importance of his subject, he had raised to my grandfather's arm, slipped from its hold and fell over the side of the bed, and his faithful dog licked it; as if anxious to soothe the last moments of his master, and testify his gratitude to the hand that had so often cherished him. The untaught caresses of the faithful animal were not lost upon his dying master; — he raised his languid eyes,— turned them on the dog, then on my grandfather; and having given this silent recommendation, — closed them for ever.

The remains of the little man in black, notwithstanding the objections of many pious people, were decently interred in the church-yard of the village; and his spirit, harmless as the body it once animated, has never been known to molest a living being. My grandfather complied, as far as possible, with his last request; he conveyed the volumes of Linkum Fidelius to his library;— he pondered over them frequently;— but whether he grew wiser, the tradition doth not mention. This much is certain, that his kindness to the poor descendant of Fidelius was amply rewarded by the approbation of his own heart and the devoted attachment of the old turnspit, who, transferring his affection from his deceased master to his benefactor, became his constant attendant, and was father to a long line of runty curs that still flourish in the family. And thus was the Cockloft library first enriched by the invaluable folios of the sage Linkum Fidelius.

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"BERNARDO DE GALVEZ, WE ARE HERE!"

It is and has not often been the case that we make mention of Spain's contribution to the outcome of the American Revolutionary War. Yet the part Spain played in American victory was arguably as great as that of France; some contend that it was even greater. If so, then it could be in turn reasonably asserted that the reason the British lost the Revolutionary War was owing to their insistence on retaining Gibraltar (which they had first captured in the War of Spanish Succession, 1701–1714); since it was in no small part a desire to take back Gibraltar that brought Spain into the fray, alongside France, in 1779. Or to put this another way, and strange as this sounds, Britain lost America because it insisted on keeping Gibraltar.
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Be this as it, I came across not one, but two surpassing informative, lucid and succinct lectures on YouTube on this topic. Initially I had wanted to post only one, but both were so excellent, and complement each other so well that one really should watch both together. The first is by historian and diplomat Gonzalo Quintero Saravi, and the second is a talk by Kathleen DuVall, associate professor of history at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. I can fairly guarantee any of you, unless you have seen them before (or are yourself on expert already on this), you will learn things here you hadn't known or heard of before, both historians doing a most impressive job in covering and making comprehensible their subject.

The first, by Quintero, can be found at:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eW323uVyxbk
["Bernardo de Gálvez: Spain and & American Revolutionary War"]

While the DuVall lecture is at:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z-M0jTVawGY
["Kathleen DuVal - Spanish Ambitions in the American Revolution"]

Last of note, although most Americans, then and since, neglected or forgot the debt the United States owed Spain, it is nevertheless worth remarking that Washington Irving, (whom as you may know we discussed of late), and as well as being a one time minister plenipotentiary to the court of Madrid (circa 1842-1846), wrote several volumes that focused in some large measure on that nation and its history, including: *A History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus*" (1828), *Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada* (1829), *Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus* (1831), and of course the much beloved *Tales of the Alhambra*" (1832).

Other early American writers that distinguished themselves by writing successful books on or related to Spain were Massachusetts historian William H. Prescott, and Alexander Slidell MacKenzie, better known for his role in the *Somers* mutiny affair.

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"MARGERY TWO-SHOES" TEASER

In preparation for the upcoming Thanksgiving and Christmas, et al., holidays, I am working on a special .pdf transcription of the 1766 edition of *Goody Two-Shoes.* Although not wholly conclusive, scholarly consensus attributes authorship of this 18th century children's best seller, popular in America as well as Britain, to Oliver Goldsmith.

For those who just can't wait, here's a little teaser in the way of an excerpt.[124]

CHAP. VI.

How the whole Parish was frighted.

WHO does not know Lady *Ducklington*, or who does not know that she was buried at this Parish Church?

[124] For the full transcription, see: https://www.amazon.com/dp/B08X1J5F5L
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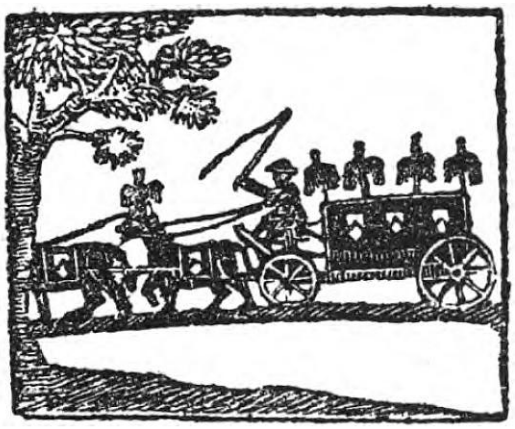
Well, I never saw so grand a Funeral in all my Life; but the Money they squandered away, would have been better laid out in little Books for Children, or in Meat, Drink, and Cloaths for the Poor.

This is a fine Hearse indeed, and the nodding Plumes on the Horses



look very grand; but what End does that answer, otherwise than to display the Pride of the Living, or the Vanity of the Dead. Fie upon such Folly, say I, and Heaven grant that those who want more Sense may have it.

But all the Country round came to see the Burying, and it was late before the Corpse was interred. After which, in the Night, or rather about Four o' CIock in the Morning, the Bells were heard to jingle in the Steeple, which frightened the People prodigiously, who all thought it was *Lady Ducklingto*n's Ghost dancing among the Bell-ropes. The People flocked to *Will Dobbin*s the Clerk, and wanted him to go and see what it was; but *William* said, he was sure it was a Ghost, and that he would not offer to open the Door. At length Mr. Long the Rector, hearing such an Uproar in the Village, went to the Clerk, to know why he did not go into the Church, and see who was there. I go. Sir, says *William*, why the Ghost would frighten me out of my Wits — Mrs. *Dobbins* too cried, and laying hold of her Husband said, he should not be eat up by the Ghost. A Ghost, you Blockheads, says Mr. *Long* in a Pet, did either of you ever see a Ghost, or know any Body that did? Yes, says the Clerk, my Father did once in the Shape of a Windmill, and it walked all round the Church in a white Sheet, with Jack Boots on, and had a Gun by its Side instead of a Sword. A fine Picture of a Ghost truly, says Mr. *Long*, give me the Key of the Church, you Monkey; for I tell you there is no such Thing now, whatever may have been formerly. — Then taking the Key, he went to the Church, all the people following him. As soon as he had opened the Door, what Sort of a Ghost do ye think appeared? Why Little *Two-Shoes*, who being weary, had fallen asleep in one of the Pews during the Funeral Service, and was shut in all Night. She immediately asked Mr. *Long's* Pardon for the

Trouble she had given him, told him, she had been locked into the Church, and said, she would not have rung the Bells, but that she was very cold, and hearing Farmer *Boult's* Man go whistling by with his Horses, she was in Hopes he would have went to the Clerk for the Key to let her out.

CHAP. VII.

Containing an Account of all the Spirits, or Ghosts, she saw in the Church.

THE People were ashamed to ask Little *Madge* any Questions before Mr. *Long*, but as soon as he was gone, they all got round her to satisfy their Curiosity, and desired she would give them a particular Account of all that she had heard and seen.

Her T A L E.

I went to the Church, said she, as most of you did last Night, to see the Burying, and being very weary, I sate me down in Mr. *Jones's* Pew, and fell fast asleep. At Eleven of the Clock I awoke; which I believe was in some measure occasioned by the Clock's striking, for I heard it. I started up, and could not at first tell where I was; but after some Time I recollected the Funeral, and soon sound that I was shut in the Church. It was dismal dark, and I could see nothing; but while I was standing in the Pew, something jumped up upon me behind, and laid, as I thought, its Hands over my Shoulders. I own, I was a little afraid at first; however, I considered that I had always been constant at Prayers and at Church, and that I had done nobody any Harm, but had endeavoured to do what Good I could; and then, thought I, what have I to fear? Yet I kneeled down to say my Prayers. As soon as I was on my Knees something very cold, as cold as Marble, ay, as cold as Ice, touched my Neck, which made me start; however, I continued my Prayers, and having begged Protection from Almighty God, I found my Spirits come, and I was sensible that I had nothing to sear; for God Almighty protects not only all those who are good, but also all those who endeavour to be good. —— Nothing can withstand the Power, and exceed the Goodness of God Almighty. Armed with the Confidence of his Protection, I walked down the Church Isle [sic], when I heard something, pit pat, pit pat, pit pat, come after me, and something touched my Hand, which seemed as cold as a Marble Monument. I could not think what this was, yet I knew it could not hurt me, and therefore I made my self easy, but being very cold, and the Church being paved with Stone, which was very damp, I felt my Way as well as I could to the Pulpit, in doing which something brushed by me, and almost threw me down. However I was not frightened, for I knew, that God Almighty would suffer nothing to hurt me.

At last, I found out the Pulpit, and having shut too the Door, I laid me down on the Mat and Cushion to sleep; when something thrust and pulled the Door, as I thought for Admittance, which prevented my going to sleep. At last it cries, *Bow, wow, wow*; and I concluded it must be Mr. *Saunderson's* Dog, which had followed me from their House to Church, so I opened the Door, and called *Snip, Snip*, and the Dog jumped up upon me immediately. After this *Snip* and I lay down together, and had a most comfortable Nap; for when I awoke again it was almost light. I then walked up and down, all the Isles [sic] of the Church to keep myself warm; and though I went into the Vault, and trod on Lady *Ducklington's* Coffin, I saw no Ghost, and I believe it was owing to the Reason Mr. *Long* has given you, namely, that

there is no such Thing to be seen. As to my Part, I would as soon lie all Night in the Church as in any other Place; and I am sure that any little Boy or Girl, who is food, and loves God Almighty, and keeps his Commandments, may as safely lie in the Church, or the Church-yard, as any where else, if they take Care not to get Cold; for I am sure there are no Ghosts, either to hurt, or to frighten them; though any one possessed of Fear might have taken Neighbour *Saunderson's* Dog with his cold Nose for a Ghost; and if they had not been undeceived, as I was, would never have thought otherwise. All the Company acknowledged the Justness of the Observation, and thanked Little *Two-Sho*es for her Advice.

Reflection.

After this, my dear Children, I hope you will not believe any foolish Stories that ignorant, weak, or designing People may tell you about *Ghosts*; for the Tales of *Ghosts*, *Witches*, and *Fairies*, are the Frolicks of a distempered Brain. No wise Man ever saw either of them. Little *Margery* you see was not afraid; no, she had *good Sense*, and a *good Conscience*, which is a Cure for all these imaginary Evils.

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"A Shepherdess Spied upon in a Landscape" (1760)
by Scotch painter Sir George Chalmers.

The Story of "Fannie Feckless,"
as related by Sir Walter Scott
in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* (1818)

Though admittedly even more off the beaten track than usual with respect to what we usually cover, I came across this most touching little tale of "Fannie Feckless" while reading Sir Walter Scott's *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* (1818); which latter, if you haven't already, and allowing perhaps for a little browse-skimming of incidental portions of the somewhat lengthy work, is required reading for anyone who enjoys novels that near qualify as perfect. The Fannie Feckless story is entered as an extended footnote-like supplement to the main text.

Scott's impact on both European and American authors was of course more than tremendous; really there is hardly a prose fiction author after he came into international vogue that he did not influence. And not just with respect to historical romance, but in humor as well. As many already will know, read Scott and you will immediately recognize echoes and hints of the effect he had on Dickens, Dumas, Hugo, Tolstoy, Irving, Cooper - *ad infinitum.*

In taking leave of the poor maniac [Madge Wildfire, a central character in Scott's novel], the author may here observe, that the first conception of the character, though afterwards greatly altered, was taken from that of a person calling herself, and called by others, Feckless Fannie, (weak or feeble Fannie,)
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who always travelled with a small flock of sheep. The following account, furnished by the persevering kindness of Mr. Train, contains probably all that can now be known of her history, though many, among whom is the author, may remember having heard of Feckless Fannie, in the days of their youth.

"My leisure hours," says Mr. Train, "for some time past have been mostly spent in searching for particulars relating to the maniac called Feckless Fannie, who travelled over all Scotland and England, between the years 1767 and 1776, and whose history is altogether so like a romance, that I have been at all possible pains to collect every particular that can be found relative to her in Galloway or in Ayrshire.

"When Feckless Fannie appeared in Ayrshire, for the first time, in the summer of 1769, she attracted much notice, from being attended by twelve or thirteen sheep, who seemed all endued with faculties so much superior to the ordinary race of animals of the same species, as to excite universal astonishment. She had for each a different name, to which it answered when called by its mistress, and would likewise obey in the most surprising manner any command she thought proper to give. When travelling, she always walked in front of her flock, and they followed her closely behind. When she lay down at night in the fields, for she would never enter into a house, they always disputed who should lie next to her, by which means she was kept warm, while she lay in the midst of them; when she attempted to rise from the ground, an old ram, whose name was Charlie, always claimed the sole right of assisting her; pushing any that stood in his way aside, until he arrived right before his mistress; he then bowed his head nearly to the ground that she might lay her hands on his horns, which were very large; he then lifted her gently from the ground by raising his head. If she chanced to leave her flock feeding, as soon as they discovered she was gone, they all began to bleat most piteously, and would continue to do so till she returned; they would then testify their joy by rubbing their sides against her petticoat, and frisking about.

"Feckless Fannie was not, like most other demented creatures, fond of fine dress; on her head she wore an old slouched hat, over her shoulders an old plaid, and carried always in her hand a shepherd's crook; with any of these articles, she invariably declared she would not part for any consideration whatever. When she was interrogated why she set so much value on things seemingly so insignificant, she would sometimes relate the history of her misfortune, which was briefly as follows:

"'I am the only daughter of a wealthy squire in the north of England, but I loved my father's shepherd, and that has been my ruin j for my father, fearing his family would be disgraced by such an alliance, in a passion mortally wounded my lover with a shot from a pistol, I arrived just in time to receive the last blessing of the dying man, and to close his eyes in death. He bequeathed me his little all, but I only accepted these sheep, to be my sole companions through life, and this hat, this plaid, and this crook, all of which I will carry until I descend into the grave.'

"This is the substance of a ballad, eighty-four lines of which I copied down lately from the recitation of an old woman in this place, who says she has seen it in print, with a plate on the title-page, representing Fannie with her sheep behind her. As this ballad is said to have been written by Lowe, the author of Mary's Dream, I am surprised that it has not been noticed by Cromek, in his Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song; but he perhaps thought it unworthy of a place in his collection, as there is very little merit in the composition; which want of room prevents me from transcribing at present. But if I thought you had never seen it, I would take an early opportunity of doing so.

"After having made the tour of Galloway in 1769, as Fannie was wandering in the neighbourhood of Moffat, on her way to Edinburgh, where, I am informed, she was likewise well known, Old Charlie, her favourite ram, chanced to break into a kale-yard, which the proprietor observing, let loose a mastiff, that hunted the poor sheep to death. This was a sad misfortune; it seemed to renew all the pangs which she formerly felt on the death of her lover. She would not part from the side of her old friend for several days, and it was with much difficulty she consented to allow him to be buried; but, still wishing to pay a tribute to his memory, she covered his grave with moss, and fenced it round with osiers, and annually returned to the same spot, and pulled the weeds from the grave and repaired the fence. This is altogether like a romance; but I believe it is really true that she did so. The grave of Charlie is still held sacred even by the school-boys of the present day in that quarter. It is now, perhaps, the only instance of the law of Kenneth

being attended to, which says, 'The grave where anie that is slaine lieth buried, leave unfilled for seven years. Repute every grave holie so as thou be well advised, that in no wise with thy feet thou tread upon it.'

"Through the storms of winter, as well as in the milder seasons of the year, she continued her wandering course, nor could she be prevented from doing so, either by entreaty or promise of reward. The late Dr. Fnllarton of Rosemount, in the neighbourhood of Ayr, being well acquainted with her father when in England, endeavoured in a severe season, by every means in his power, to detain her at Rosemount for a few days until the weather should become more mild; but when she found herself rested a little, and saw her sheep fed, she raised her crook, which was the signal she always gave for the sheep to follow her, and off they all marched together.

"But the hour of poor Fannie's dissolution was now at hand, and she seemed anxious to arrive at the spot where she was to terminate her mortal career. She proceeded to Glasgow, and while passing through that city, a crowd of idle boys, attracted by her singular appearance, together with the novelty of seeing so many sheep obeying her command, began to torment her with their pranks, till she became so irritated that she pelted them with bricks and stones, which they returned in such a manner, that she was actually stoned to death between Glasgow and Anderston.

"To the real history of this singular individual, credulity has attached several superstitious appendages. It is said, that the farmer who was the cause of Charlie's death, shortly afterwards drowned himself in a peat-hag; and that the hand, with which a butcher in Kilmarnock struck one of the other sheep, became powerless, and withered to the very bone. In the summer of 1769, when she was passing by New Cumnock, a young man, whose name was William Forsyth, son of a farmer in the same parish, plagued her so much that she wished he might never see the morn; upon which he went home and hanged himself in his father's barn. And I doubt not that many such stories may yet be remembered in other parts where she had been."

So far Mr. Train. The author can only add to this narrative, that Feckless Fannie and her little flock were well known in the pastoral districts.

In attempting to introduce such a character into fiction, the author felt the risk of encountering a comparison with the Maria of [Laurence] Sterne; and, besides, the mechanism of the story would have been as much retarded by Feckless Fannie's flock, as the night march of Don Quixote was delayed by Sancho's tale of the sheep that were ferried over the river.

The author has only to add, that notwithstanding the preciseness of his friend Mr. Train's statement, there may be some hopes that the outrage on Feckless Fannie and her little flock was not carried to extremity. There is no mention of any trial on account of it, which, had it occurred in the manner stated, would have certainly taken place; and the author has understood that it was on the Border she was last seen, about the skirts of the Cheviot hills, but without her little flock.

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ONGOING DEBATE

The following talk of interest is heard on YouTube at:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EXZedDl9HuY
["Sean Gabb | The Case Against the American War of Independence (PFS 2011)"]

It is well worth the hearing, and to it I posted online this response:

"First, thanks for permitting comments on this talk; since the other two YT uploads of this same presentation do not allow them. Some very good and pertinent points are made here; however there were other factors that prompted the war which at the very least and in retrospect are understandable and should be spoken to. For one, American merchants wanted to trade without being tied into the British mercantile
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system; independence allowed them to be freed from the same. Secondly, and as the derisive title 'Yankee Doodle' reminds us, there was a kind of condescending attitude by both British and Europeans towards Americans by which the latter were seen and treated as second-class people; indeed this was much the case even up and until the early twentieth century and later World War II; when the Americans had the occasions to prove themselves otherwise. The Revolution consequently gave the Americans the opportunity to attempt to stand up to Europe as equals. A third point worth noting is that with the influx of other Europeans (Dutch, German, Irish, Scotch, Scotch-Irish, French), America was already becoming a melting pot and to that extent something more than merely British. This new development naturally only served to separate America from Britain in identity. Fourth, many Americans resented British rule because the British government was formally tied in with the Anglican church and which had privileged superiority over other churches; witness for example instruments like the Test Act, and other churches did not come into their own in Britain until the early 19th century. It is interesting to note also in this regard that in America itself it was Anglican ministers that were among the most eloquent and influential of Tories.

"As far as the suggestion that the British were usually humane and lenient toward rebels or 'terrorists,' and leaving aside Scotland in '45 and Ireland in '98, the mortality rate of American prisoners of war kept abroad prison ships exceeded the number of American battlefield casualties by thousands."

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ATTEMPTING TO UNRAVEL BROCKDEN BROWN'S *WIELAND* (1798)

Without a doubt Charles Brockden Brown's *Wieland* (1798) is at once one of the strangest, baffling and gripping mystery novels you could come across. It allows for so many possible suspects and explanations for the bizarre and disturbing events that it recounts that a single reading will induce the more thoughtful to have at it again to see if they can't perhaps figure out the various puzzles and conundrums. The story is primarily based on the real life murders by James Yates of his family that occurred in upstate New York in December 1781. In re-reading *Wieland* as I am at present, I was reminded of material I gathered online a few years ago on that real life tragic event; some of which upon searching I could no longer find available. Whatever the reason for this, I made an upload of those earlier collected articles, etc. and which you can obtain at:
https://drive.google.com/open?id=1KsXnS3EZUD0UNd6jxAzMXN8cXZxuC6z3

One of the items included is the original newspaper account Brockden Brown drew upon, and that is believed to have been written by Yates neighbor and New York author Ann Eliza Bleecker (1752-1783), and later submitted in 1796 for publication ostensibly by her daughter. It reads as follows:

To the EDITOR of the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.
SIR,

The enclosed Account I transmit to you for publication, at the particular request of a friend, who is well acquainted with the circumstances that gave rise to it. It is drawn up by a female hand, and she here relates respecting Mr. Y— what she knew of him herself, and what she had heard of him in her father's family, where he had been an occasional visitant; as I have no reason to believe that this transaction has ever appeared in print, you will be pleased to give it a place among your original compositions.

ANNA.

NEW-YORK, May 17, 1796.
AN ACCOUNT OF A MURDER
COMMITTED BY MR. J— Y—,
UPON HIS FAMILY,
IN DECEMBER, A. D. 1781.

The unfortunate subject of my present essay, belonged to one of the most respectable families in this state; he resided a few miles from Tomhanick, and though he was not in the most affluent circumstances, he maintained his family (which consisted of a wife and four children,) very comfortably. From the natural gentleness of his disposition, his industry, sobriety, probity and kindness, his neighbours
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universally esteemed him, and until the fatal night when he perpetrated the cruel act, none saw cause of blame in him.

In the afternoon preceding that night, as it was Sunday and there was no church near, several of his neighbours with their wives came to his house for the purpose of reading the scripture and singing psalms; he received them cordially, and when they were going to return home in the evening, he pressed his sister and her husband, who came with the others, to stay longer; at his very earnest solicitation they remained until near nine o'clock, during which time his conversation was grave as usual, but interesting and affectionate: to his wife, of whom he was very fond, he made use of more than commonly endearing expressions, and caressed his little ones alternately: he spoke much of his domestic felicity, and informed his sister, that to render his wife more happy, he intended to take her to New-Hampshire the next day; "I have just been refitting my sleigh," said he, "and we will set off by day-break." After singing another hymn, Mr. and Mrs. J–s–n departed.

"They had no sooner left us (said he upon his examination) than taking my wife upon my lap, I opened the Bible to read to her – my two boys were in bed – one five years old, the other seven; my daughter Rebecca, about eleven, was sitting by the fire, and my infant aged about six months, was slumbering at her mother's bosom. Instantly a new light shone into the room, and upon looking up I beheld two Spirits, one at my right hand and the other at my left; he at the left bade me destroy all my idols, and begin by casting the Bible into the fire; the other Spirit dissuaded me, but I obeyed the first, and threw the book into the flames. My wife immediately snatched it out, and was going to expostulate, when I threw it in again and held her fast until it was entirely consumed: then filled with the determination to persevere, I flew out of the house, and seizing an axe which lay by the door, with a few strokes demolished my sleigh, and running to the stable killed one of my horses – the other I struck, but with one spring he got clear of the stable. My spirits now were high, and I hasted to the house to inform my wife of what I had done. She appeared terrified, and begged me to sit down; but the good angel whom I had obeyed stood by me and bade me go on, "You have more idols, (said he) look at your wife and children." I hesitated not a moment, but rushed to the bed where my boys lay, and catching the eldest in my arms, I threw him with such violence against the wall, that he expired without a groan! – his brother was still asleep – I took him by the feet, and dashed his skull in pieces against the fire-place! Then looking round, and perceiving that my wife and daughters were fled, I left the dead where they lay, and went in pursuit of the living, taking up the axe again. A slight snow had fallen that evening, and by its light I descried my wife running towards her father's (who lived about half a mile off) encumbered with her babe; I ran after her, calling upon her to return, but she shrieked and fled faster, I therefore doubled my pace, and when I was within thirty yards of her, threw the axe at her, which hit her upon the hip! – the moment that she felt the blow she dropped the child, which I directly caught up, and threw against the log-fence – I did not hear it cry – I only heard the lamentations of my wife, of whom I had now lost sight; but the blood gushed so copiously from her wound that it formed a distinct path along the snow. We were now within sight of her father's house, but from what cause I cannot tell, she took an opposite course, and after running across an open field several times, she again stopped at her own door; I now came up with her – my heart bled to see her distress, and all my natural feelings began to revive; I forgot my duty, so powerfully did her moanings and pleadings affect me, "Come then, my love (said I) we have one child left, let us be thankful for that – what is done is right – we must not repine, come let me embrace you – let me know that you do indeed love me." She encircled me in her trembling arms, and pressed her quivering lips to my cheek. A voice behind me, said, "This is also an idol!" I broke from her instantly, and wrenching a stake from the garden fence, with one stroke levelled her to the earth! and lest she should only be stunned, and might, perhaps, recover again, I repeated my blows, till I could not distinguish one feature of her face!!! I now went to look after my last sublunary treasure, but after calling several times without receiving any answer, I returned to the house again; and in the way back picked up the babe and laid it on my wife's bosom. I then stood musing a minute – during which interval I thought I heard the suppressed sobbings of some one near the barn, I approached it in silence, and beheld my daughter Rebecca endeavouring to conceal herself among the hay-stacks.

At the noise of my feet upon the dry corn stalks – she turned hastily round and seeing me exclaimed, "O father, my dear father, spare me, let me live – let me live, I will be a comfort to you and my mother – spare me to take care of my little sister Diana – do – do let me live." She was my darling child, and her fearful cries pierced me to the soul – the tears of natural pity fell as plentifully down my cheeks, as

those of terror did down her's, and methought that to destroy all my idols, was a hard task – I again relapsed at the voice of complaining; and taking her by the hand, led her to where her mother lay; then thinking that if I intended to retain her, I must make some other severe sacrifice, I bade her sing and dance. She complied, terribly situated as she was, but I was not asking in the line of my duty – I was convinced of my error, and catching up a hatchet that stuck in a log, with one well aimed stroke cleft her forehead in twain – she fell – and no sign of retaining life appeared. I then sat down on the threshold, to consider what I had best do – "I shall be called a murderer (said I) I shall be seized – imprisoned – executed, and for what? – for destroying my idols – for obeying the mandate of my father – no, I will put all the dead in the house together, and after setting fire to it, run to my sister's and say the Indians have done it – "I was preparing to drag my wife in, when the idea struck me that I was going to tell a horrible lie;" and how will that accord with my profession? (asked I.) No, let me speak the truth, and declare the good motive for my actions, be the consequences what they may."

His sister, who was the principal evidence against him, stated – that she had scarce got home, when a message came to Mr. J—n, her husband, informing him that his mother was ill and wished to see him; he accordingly set off immediately, and she not expecting him home again till the next day, went to bed – there being no other person in the house. About four in the morning she heard her brother Y— call her, she started up and bade him come in. "I will not (returned he) for I have committed the unpardonable sin – I have burnt the Bible." She knew not what to think, but rising hastily opened the door which was only latched, and caught hold of his hand: let me go, Nelly (said he) my hands are wet with blood – the blood of my Elizabeth and her children. She saw the blood dripping from his fingers, and her's chilled in the veins, yet with a fortitude unparalleled she begged him to enter, which – as he did, he attempted to seize a case knife, that by the light of a bright pine-knot fire, he perceived lying on the dresser – she prevented him, however, and tearing a trammel from the chimney, bound him with it to the bed post – fastening his hands behind him – She then quitted the house in order to go to his, which as she approached she heard the voice of loud lamentation, the hope that it was some one of the family who had escaped the effects of her brother's frenzy, subdued the fears natural to such a situation and time, she quickened her steps, and when she came to the place where Mrs. Y— lay, she perceived that the moans came from Mrs. Y—'s aged father, who expecting that his daughter would set out upon her journey by day break, had come at that early hour to bid her farewell.

They alarmed their nearest neighbours immediately, who proceeded to Mrs. J—n's, and there found Mr. Y— in the situation she had left him; they took him from hence to Tomhanick, where he remained near two days – during which time Mr. W–tz–l (a pious old Lutheran, who occasionally acted as preacher) attended upon him, exhorting him to pray and repent; but he received the admonitions with contempt, and several times with ridicule, refusing to confess his error or join in prayer – I say join in prayer, for he would not kneel when the rest did, but when they arose he would prostrate himself and address his "father," frequently saying "my father, thou knowest that it was in obedience to thy commands, and for thy glory that I have done this deed." Mrs. Bl—r, at whose house he then was, bade some one ask him who his father was? – he made no reply – but pushing away the person who stood between her and himself, darted at her a look of such indignation as thrilled horror to her heart – his speech was connected, and he told his tale without variation; he expressed much sorrow for the loss of his dear family, but consoled himself with the idea of having performed his duty – he was taken to ALBANY and there confined as a lunatic in the goal, from which he escaped twice, once by the assistance of Aqua Fortis, with which he opened the front door.

I went in 1782 with a little girl, by whom Mr. Bl—r had sent him some fruit; he was then confined in dungeon, and had several chains on – he appeared to be much affected at her remembrance of him, and put up a pious ejaculation for her and her family – since then I have received no accounts respecting him.

The cause for his wonderfully cruel proceedings is beyond the conception of human beings – the deed so unpremeditated, so unprovoked, that we do not hesitate to pronounce it the effect of insanity – yet upon the other hand, when we reflect on the equanimity of his temper, and the comfortable situation in which he was, and no visible circumstance operating to render him frantic, we are apt to conclude, that he was under a strong delusion of Satan. But what avail our conjectures, perhaps it is best that some things are

concealed from us, and the only use we can now make of our knowledge of this affair, is to be humble under a scene of human frailty to renew our petition, "Lead us not into temptation."

May, 27, 1796.

[*New-York Weekly Magazine*; *or Miscellaneous Repository*, July 20 and 27, 1796. Reprinted in Philadelphia *Minerva*, Aug. 20 and 27, 1796.]

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A (CONTEMPORARY)
BOY'S EYE VIEW
OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

The Reuben Smith house, 74 North St., in Litchfield, Conn., boyhood home of Elihu Hubbard Smith; and on occasion still up for sale as a private residence.[125]

I myself only first learned of Elihu Hubbard Smith (4 Sept. 1771-19 Sept. 1798) while reading about Charles Brockden Brown,[126] Joseph Dennie, and later on as well William Dunlap; all of whom were part of Smith's circle; with Smith acting as a friend, confidante, and endorser of the latter's literary and artistic efforts. Although these three subsequently gained the (albeit rather tenuous) public notoriety and limelight, that effectively eluded him, Smith was a distinctly remarkable, if unfinished (as in "work in progress") genius in his own right. In fact, it is only now, over 130 to 200 years later, that scholars have begun, and are beginning, to realize and understand this, while unearthing and re-discovering much of his previously lost output as an author.

Son of an apothecary and originally from Litchfield, Connecticut and who was one of the youngest admittees and graduates Yale ever had, Smith is a most unusual figure in the history of American Letters in that he attempted to practice medicine while endeavoring to pursue a career as a poet, essayist, and social and cultural visionary. After Yale, he studied under Timothy Dwight at the latter's Greenfield Hill school, and later went to Philadelphia to take some pre-med courses under Benjamin Rush. States James E. Cronin, editor of Smiths *Diary* "Strictly speaking he [Smith] was never a doctor," and this because he did not formally pursue getting the necessary degrees. In one diary entry, Smith in part explains by chiding himself for "indolence and gossiping;" that is, perhaps spending too much time corresponding with literary and medical friends and having long sessions and extended conversations and get-togethers with fellow Friendly club members in New York (city); where he'd made his home.

Despite his not sticking with the formal training, Smith continued to be intrigued and preoccupied with medical matters; while regularly prescribing and caring for patients as a learned student and zealous amateur. While it was common then for many a jaded law student to strike it out in literature, for a prospective physician to do so was more of a rarity; though we might think of Benjamin Rush to an extent as an somewhat exception also. Simultaneously Smith was an Enlightenment Age progressive who, and

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[125] See, as of 24 June 2019:
https://www.realtor.com/realestateandhomes-detail/74-North-St_Litchfield_CT_06759_M34587-70906 and
http://www.klemmrealestate.com/cmsAdmin/uploads/b0010591.pdf

[126] Smith read and was acquainted with Brown's earliest work, including *Sky-Walk* (1797, now lost), *Wieland*, *Memoirs of Carwin*, and *Steven Calvert.*
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allowing for some understandable reservations, believed in the ultimate perfectibility of man, and which included Smith's being a meticulous medical observer and, at the same time, an active proponent of polite literature. Although his adamant Deism tended to dismay colleagues, being like Brown an enthusiast of Godwin, he was an active advocate for abolition ("manumission," however, being the term then most used) and little short of tireless in his altruism; giving of his time, and eventually even his very life, in the service of others.

Indeed his early death in 1798 came about as a result of his charitably taking a Yellow Fever victim into his cramped home and himself contracting the disease in the process. In a letter to his [Brown's] brother, Brockden Brown, who resided with Smith and later saw to his funeral, wrote the day after his passing:

"Thursday morning. The die is cast. E. H. S. is dead. O the folly of prediction and the vanity of systems."[127]

As Smith saw it, polite literature was itself a kind of medicine; that is, a salve and restorative for the soul and for moral character. While *most* noted as the compiler and editor of the first anthology of American Poetry (1793), Smith did publish an (albeit not terribly interesting) opera "Edwin and Angelina" and helped to establish, along with physicians Samuel L. Mitchell and Edwin Miller, the somewhat successful periodical *Medical Repository*. As well he wrote several poems of his own, including sonnets, and for which Smith's productions were something of an American first. A few pieces of his verse do in fact show promise and merit, as in this fragment reproduced for publication by Marcia Edgerton Bailey in the late 1920s:

"High up the heavens the Sun in radiance moves,
Gilding thy varied beauties, happy *Place*,
Whose charms by birth and time endeared, my spirit loves,
And mourning leaves, a distant way to trace.
Now let me check the rising sigh,
To mark, with melancholy eye,
Thy scenes which lingering, from my view retire;
Thy domes, slow-moving from the sight,
Thy *Lake*, which gleams a fainting light;
Thy dim discovered spire,
Dear scenes of youthful joy - farewell!"[128]

Unfortunately a large quantity of his writings, and which reportedly (by those who knew it) included some of his best work, were destroyed in a fire after his early death; so that his known literary achievements, and outside his anthology, opera, and prefatory poem to Erasmus Darwin's *Botanic Garden* (American edition), have been generally view as fairly negligible, at least to non-specialists and in comparison to some of his more well known literary associates and contemporaries, and who themselves became obscured and overshadowed by later authors like Irving, Cooper, Bryant, et al.

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127 Quoted in *The Life of Charles Brockden Brown*, vol 2, p. 10, by William Dunlap.

Dunlap: "Brown had been himself attacked by the first symptoms of the fatal disease, and was removed to the house of the same friend who now received the unfortunate Smith. Brown's symptoms yielded to medicine, not so his friend's; he lingered a few days in a state allied to stupor; the efforts of his medical friends Miller and Mitchill were utterly unavailing; he saw the last symptom of the disease, black vomit, pronounced the word 'decomposition' and died.

"Thus perished, on Wednesday the twenty-first of September, 1798, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, Elihu Hubbard Smith; a man whose whole ambition was to increase his intellectual powers, with a view of devoting them to his fellow men…" *Ibid*. pp 8-9.

Smith was interred at the First Presbyterian Churchyard in lower Manhattan. The church was, by 1844, later relocated, razed, and put up for sale. What became of the graves and burial vaults after demolition is unknown; except that it is fully possible Smith's remains today lie under a NYC parking lot.

128 From "Ode Written on Leaving the Place of my Nativity;" and taken here from "A Lesser Hartford Wit, Dr. Elihu Hubbard Smith" by Marcia Edgerton Bailey, (Orono, Maine, 1928), n. 26 Issue 11 of *Univ. of Maine Studies*, 2d Series, p. 44.

A bombshell in Smith scholarship and appreciation came about however in 1973 with the publishing of his *Diary*, along with other and accompanying extant pieces, by editor James E. Cronin. This volume turns out to be a most surprising and extraordinary treasure, and that frequently shows Smith in a light hitherto never even hinted at. For example, there has been and still is this tendency to depict him as a composer of dull and predictable 18th century poetry; a dry clinical observer and theorist, or, recently as per Catherine O'Donnell Kaplan in her otherwise illuminating and worthwhile *Men of Letters in the Early Republic: Cultivating Forms of Citizenship* (2008), a rather flighty, albeit sincere and well meaning, utopian visionary. Yet the more I myself delved into Cronin's edition of the *Diary* (and there is so much to this large yet fascinating and attention engrossing volume that I am *far* from being done with it), he evinces a very warm, personally reflective, and sometimes humorous side. As a portrait of Smith and his circle in and around Yellow Fever plagued New York City circa 1795-1798 (the diary's last entry is dated just a few days before his death), the book is both a priceless record of those times and at the same time often unusually entertaining reading.

"Notes from Recollections of My Life," and which Cronin has prefacing the main diary text, is an extremely touching autobiography of Smith's childhood, touching that is particularly given his early death. In some ways "Notes" is reminiscent of Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*; as a narrative of his earliest development while containing colorful memories, sketches, and fond and not so fond remembrances of people and occurrences he knew in his youth. For instance also, Smith is a man after my own heart where at one point he effusively and elsewhere uncharacteristically describes his continued relish for certain children's books; such as *Entertaining Stories*, published by Newberry and with its tales like Jack Hick-a-Thrift (a Jack the Giant Killer legend) or Valentine and Orson (a medieval romance), and *The Fool of Quality* (1767) by Henry Brooke. And there is much more and else to the "Notes;" not least of which his recollections of the Revolutionary War as it unfolded around him as toddler and elementary school student, and which we here present for some who will no doubt find this amusing and of interest.

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July 4th, 1776, the Congress made the Declaration of Independence. The spirit of opposition was now at its height & military ardor persuaded all ranks, ages, & sexes…One fine afternoon, the Scholars resolved to erect a Liberty-Pole. A long, dry maple stick the size of a man's arm was selected for the purpose; and we designed to support [it] by a number of stones at the lower end. They were insufficient., It was agreed, however, that if the end were first sharpened, it might be thrust some way into the earth, & then the stones would answer. The whole school, boys & girls, were assembled. One ran for an axe; & the important business of sharpening the pole was entrusted to my execution. I seized the ax, with equal patriotism and eagerness; placed my left foot on the stick, to keep it from rolling; and began to cut. The wood was hard, & had made but small progress in the business, when the axe glanced, & nearly deprived me of the great toe of my left foot. It was near my father's; & the affectionate Olive & one of her sisters supported me & bore me in their arms to his house; the whole train following. The cut bled much; but on examination, the joint proved to be uninjured; my father divided the skin which held the seperated [sic] piece; the foot as bound up; and al laws right again. The boys proceeded to erect the liberty-pole; and Liberty was triumphant…

Septr. 1776…
The military spirit was now fast increasing. In every town the boys formed themselves into companies, were provided with light wooden guns, & all the apparatus of war. I remember our dress, arms, exercises, the officers, the evolutions, & all the people. We had four companies, which when collected, amounted to more than a hundred. Two drums, five fifes, & four standards, gave life and splendour to our exhibitions. The regular soldiery of the country often took pleasure in instructing us; & we were trained, by frequent mock engagements. These were the schools for the Army; & many of the children then directing these little maneuvers, afterwards engaged 'in ruder conflicts & more glorious fields.'

Septr. 1777: *Six* [years of age]. I was now old enough to understand something of the nature of the contest my country was engaged in, & made three attempts to escape from home, & accompany the soldiers to the field. My last was this Autumn, with a party who were marching northward to join Genl. Gates. This party was from Middletown. Fourteen of them stayed at my father's. I recollect the faces, names, & even the arms of several of them: so powerfully was my mind interested by every thing which related to war. When

they left Lichfield, I set forward with them, & actually kept pace for near a mile; when I was overtaken & much against my will dropped home. Burgoyne surrendered…

Septr. 1778: - *Seven*. At Mr. N. Baldwin's School I improved rapidly in reading, writing, & speaking. We had a quarter-day, which far exceeded any that had gone before. It may be necessary, for the information of that friend who may chance to peruse these notes, to be informed that the quarter-day was, as the name imports, a day set apart every three months, for the examination of the pupils in the presence of their parents and friends, in the acting of short dialogues, in which sometimes a few, & sometimes many persons were engaged. On the present occasion, I delivered the Soliloquy of Cato [from Joseph Addison's play], with a broken sword, mended by splints of pine, secured with pack-thread. In the spring, a party of troops had passed thro' town to join the Army; for Lichfield was on the great road to Camp, had in it a garrison, a despot for military stores & was the seat of the Commissariate, for furnishing the soldiers with food, clothing, ammunition &c. The men were always freely recd. Into the houses of the inhabitants; & of the party now mentioned several lodged at my father's - & among the rest a Lieutenant – who having broken his small sword by accident gave it to me: & and with this very sword, mended as I have described, did I *enact* Cato, with much applause.

My sister Mary now declaimed for the first time; & tho' I have never seen the lines since, they are correctly imprest on my memory. They were a Toast, from some News-Paper, on the Capture of Burgoyne, are as follow[s].

> Success to the States,
> And the brave General Gates
> Who fought with courage so fine,
> In the year seventy seven,
> By the blessing of Heaven,
> He conquered the haughty Burgoyne.

Septr. 1780.-*Nine*. It was this autumn, I suspect, that I first saw the illustrious Washington. Then too, and then only, I saw La Fayette, who was with him. Of the first, I have a perfect recollection, as he then appeared. I remember the air with which he mounted his horse-a fine bay- the furniture without lace or other ornament; & the saddle covered by a black bearskin. Characteristic simplicity! I did not see the countenance of Fayette, distinctly enough, to call it to mind. But his person, his horse, & the rich trappings with which he was decorated, still possess a place in my memory. The spring following, Washington again passed thro' Lichfield [sic]. I remembered to have carried to him a small basket of excellent apples: a rare present for the season; for it was in May [editor Cronin, in a footnote p. 28, determines the date to have been 9 May 1781]. He lodged at a house opposite my father's. When I went over he had walked up the street; but Genl. Knox, the french [sic] Genl. Duportail (I believe) and there aides de camp were there. They learnt my errand, and endeavored to prevail on me to distribute my fruit before the return of the Commander in Chief. I was not to be prevailed upon. While I awaited the return of the Genl. & examined some large salmon in the back room, one of Genl. W.'s aides – and from my recollection of his size and appearance, I suspect Col. Hamilton, - entered. This was fated to be a day of mortification to me, as well as of triumph, I had objected to performing my errand in the clothes I had on; for it was Saturday, & I was dirty. But my parents would not indulge my pride. It was soon to receive a severer shock. The officer who now entered, knew my errand, & began to converse with me. He asked of my studies. I was vain of the smattering I had of *latin*, & my vanity led me to return too indefinite answers to his inquiries; so that he was induced to believe my proficiency greater than it really was. He began to examine me; but, unfortunately, my question respected a part of Corderius which I had not then read. I stammered, blushed, blundered-& finally was forced to acknowledge my ignorance. He recommended it to me to be more thorough and careful in future. A useful lesson; for which I thank him; and which, from the attendant circumstance, was too profoundly engraven on my memory soon to be forgotten. At length, the Commander in Chief came. I made known my business, & presented my fruit. With what a look did he accept my proffered present! It penetrated to my soul! It was full of kindness, full of complacency. Exalted Man! wast thou not born to sway the minds of men with glowing, yet serene admiration? I was led by the Genl. into the room where his officers were assembled; & the fruit was shared with them. The caresses bestowed on me were too flattering not to be lastingly remembered. I forgot, for a few moments, my

shabby appearance & my examination. They were about to depart; their horses ready, & they mounted. There was something characteristic in the manner of their taking their leave. Washington smiled upon me: Know said 'farewell to my little prince': The French General bowed: two of the aids stroked my head: & my Examiner shook my hand. I remember every circumstance with luminous exactitude. I went home with mingled emotions of mortification & transport…

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THE NELSON-LOVING AMERICANS, circa 1798-1806.

In his day, Napoleon was generally viewed as a tyrant, yes, but according to some a tyrant or strong man was just what was needed to save the Revolution. While others took not so gladly to this idea, yet they would at least put up with him temporarily. After all, European people could be reasonably skeptical at the idea of a mere mortal being the dictator of Europe for all that very long, and if, as it turned out, longer than one could have expected, perhaps then he earned and deserved the right to be "Emperor." In any case, whether you liked or disliked him, Napoleon and his reign was quite the show, and let's face it, something of a most unusual and exciting both amusement and contest of a kind.

For such reasons, and though indeed opposed to him also, many did not thing it necessary to hurry Napoleon's downfall; except that is until the British gave special impetus to and insisted on it. Otherwise, for many Europeans, as a present practical matter it was all one whether Napoleon ruled or a traditional monarch of the old school.

Similarly in America for there were mixed feelings. Some, particularly many pious and traditional New Englanders, viewed him as the anti-Christ. And yet others, even though they might agree he was some kind of despot, were allured by the mystique and high drama of Napoleon, not unlike how many were allured by the dramatic persona of a Lord Byron. Despot in the one case, moral profligate in the other, yet wasn't that, either way, a small price to pay for high romance? Further, the Britain versus Napoleon dispute, again as with many Europeans themselves, was viewed not unlike any political contest of right versus left, conservative versus liberal, old school monarchists versus a new order abruptly taking things in hand. So and therefore gentlemen, place your bets.

In a footnote to his unfinished novel *Stephen Calvert* (1799), American author Charles Brockden Brown wrote: "Before the revolution, Europe, and especially Britain, was universally called, by the American colonists, home." And even after the Revolution, in some places in the United States, particularly but not exclusively New England and Federalist factions in of Philadelphia, Britain tended to be favored over Revolutionary France. And prior to the British blockade of Napoleon (1805), and the latter's Continental system (starting with the Berlin decree of 1806) banning British goods, and then in counter-turn the British Orders in Council (of 1807), American attitudes toward Britain in some quarters could be quite friendly and mild, indeed affectionate and politically supportive; until, that is, the orders in Council meant the British blockade of key American ports, seizure of neutral American shipping, impressment of American sailors, and related occurrences like the Leander incident of 1806 and the Leopard-Chesapeake affair of 1807.

In addition there were nuanced variations and combinations of these kinds of views by Americans of Britain, in no small measure based on and resulting from the political challenges and peculiar exigencies of the day. Indeed, and strange as this may seem, even after the War of 1812, some Americans thought it possible to champion Britain against Napoleon, yet still stand true and against that nation in the second War of Independence. But then we must also remember in the days before the soccer cup or world series, military battles and leaders took on the role of sports heroes and favorite teams, and one rooted for the home team. As captain Stephen Decatur, in toasted "Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but right or wrong, our country!"
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One interesting and not uncommon American take or perspective on Europe during the latter age of Napoleon was that expressed by the same Charles Brocken Brown, and which William Dunlap in his 1815 biography of the same outlined as follows:

"His [Brown's] second pamphlet is entitled, 'The British Treaty,' and is dedicated to those members of Congress who have the sense to perceive and spirit to pursue the true interests of their country.

"In a preface of fifteen pages the author laments the tendency of the majority of the American people to place a blind confidence in the president (then Mr. Jefferson) and to impute improper views to the statesmen, however tried and enlightened, who oppose his measures, or criticise his conduct. He then touches on a recent event, as ground for a war with Great Britain, the outrage committed upon the United States frigate Chesapeake. 'Things,' says he, 'may be brought to the alternative of submitting to insult or going to war. In that case, not pretending to conceal the misfortunes which must attend hostility, we think every thing is to be done and suffered to vindicate the national honour. These are the constant sentiments of our hearts, unmoved by irritations of the moment. These also are the deliberate conclusions of our judgement. If any gentleman suppose the war will be feeble and harmless, they are deceived. It must be severe and bloody. But it must be sustained manfully'….

"Mr. Brown notwithstanding the denunciations which party writers have thundered against individuals who refuse to enlist under party banners, and who determine to think, speak and act according to the dictates of their own judgments, has boldly asserted that he belongs to *no party*. He professes to believe 'that the merits of Great Britain and France, in relation to us, are *exactly equal*, and that the conduct of *both* is dictated by no other principle but ambition, and measured by no rule, but power.' That the maritime claims of Great Britain and America 'are merely grounded in the interest, exclusive and incompatible of each, and which each is bound, by the principles of human nature, to regard as sacred, and diligently to promote, without regard to the clashing interests, or even to the actual detriment of the other.' He therefore expects to be renounced by both parties, and grounds his claim to attention on the truths and just reasonings which he shall lay before the public." (pp., 69, 74.)

Even so and as we said, *before* 1807, it is important to remember that there was considerably more and freer room to wax pro-British in America. A wonderful example of this is found in the enthusiasm expressed for Lord Nelson. Of which we will like to give here some examples.

` The first is a "Song" by Philadelphia poet William Clifton (1772-1799), and that celebrates Nelson's victory at the Nile.

From Britain's proud Island, the Queen of the Main,
Hear the heart-cheering music of conquest again;
As Vincent and Duncan their triumphs unfurl'd,
So *Nelson*, brave *Nelson* amazes the world.

Hearts of oak are her ships, hearts of oak are her men,
They always are ready,
Steady boys, steady,
To fight and to conquer, again and again.

Like cliff-guarded Islands his squadron was moor'd
His guns with the bolts of destruction were stor'd,
As the Angel of vengeance, he ordered the fight,
And flash'd its red flame on the visage of night.
Hearts of oak, &c.

How dread was the scene, on the gloom-shrouded flood,
When Nile's oozy waters were mingled with blood,
While darkness and horror encompass'd the foe,
And death in all shapes laid the infidel's low.
Hearts of oak, &c.

With a burst as from AEtna, their Chief blown in air,
And their bare flagless hulks wrap'd in silent despair;
The conflict subsided, and *Nelson* sublime,
In triumph sent home a whole fleet at a time.
Hearts of oak, &c.

Exult little Island! fair Queen of the Main,
We'll echo thy songs of rejoicing again,
And soon shall our Eagle, combin'd in the cause,
Display *his* sea laurel and gain thy applause.
Hearts of oak, &c. [129]

But such emotions most truly and effusively poured forth after Trafalgar and Nelson's heroic fall there; of which following then are some selections, and that appeared in Joseph Dennie's Philadelphia magazine ***The Port Folio.***

§ from No. 5, February 8, 1806, vol. I., pp. 75-76.

...The titles of the late lord Nelson were Viscount Nelson and Duke of Bronti. The United Parliament voted him a pension of 3000*l*. per ann. For his own life, and that of his two next heirs. The East India Company presented him with 10,000l. The Grand Signior gave him, as a mark of obligation and esteem, a diamond aigrette and a pelisse, value 4000l. From the emperor of Russia he received a diamond box worth 2500*l*. From the king of Naples he received presents to the value of 5000*l*. with the dukedom of Bronti, and an estate of the value of 3000*l*. per annum. In a word, almost every sovereign of Europe, city of note, or commercial company of credit, requested him to accept something as a mark of their esteem. The victories which lord Nelson achieved were considered as benefits, not conferred upon his own country solely, but upon the whole society of Europe.

Lord Nelson was engaged in upwards of one hundred and twenty-four actions with the enemy. He lost one eye at Calvi, and one arm at Teneriffe, and on all occasions proved that he thought his body as well as his mind, were the property of his country. His humanity was always as conspicuous as his courage and judgment.

The fall of this intrepid Sailor will draw forth many literary tributes to his memory. The earliest we have met with is contained in the *Carriers' Verses* of Mr. Relf's *Philadelphia Gazette*, which for that reason we take the more pleasure in preserving:

…And shall the world again return to peace?
Must the fierce fight for Europe's freedom last,
And ev'ry wind convey the trumpet's blast?
Columbia's rights, must they the war demand,
And the sword wake t' avenge th' insulted land?
Must other warriors, at their country's call,
Like [William] *Eaton* conquer, or like Nelson fall?

Nelson! shall Nelson fall unhonor'd here?
Shall we unmov'd behold the brave man's bier?
Shall we esteem unworthy our applause
The foreign hero of a foreign cause?
O Valor! dear, to ev'ry bosom dear,
Departed valor! take the "*human* tear!"
"Call no man" (thus the sage his counsel gives)
"Call no man fortunate while yet he lives!"
How happy, Nelson, fled thy gen'rous breath,

[129] *Poems, chiefly occasional, by the late Mr. Clifton* (1800).

victor living,—victor still in death!…

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§ from No. 7, February 22, 1806, vol. I., pp. 110-111.

Ode on the Victory of Trafalgar and Dealt of the lamented Hero, Lord Nelson.

Hark! heard ye not a shriek, that rent
The trembling air, with loud lament!
Mark'd ye the Maid
As toward the glade
She bent her hasty steps?
Britannia 'twas — I saw her spear
In cypress and in laurel dressed.
From her wild eyes I marked the scalding tear
Stream down her cheek, and wet her heaving breast.
With me (she cried) my Britons share,
Share a Parent's anxious care!
My Hero, lo!
Now dares the foe,
And hurls his vengeful fires.
He views the fleet in crescent power,
As the grim lion views the mad'ning bull.
Hark to his thunder! Hark his cannons' roar!
Hark, to the cheering shouts, that spread from hull to hull!

CHORUS.
Tremble, now, deluded race!
Tremble ye with dire alarms;
Vengeance now, with hasty pace,
O'ertakes and overwhelms your arms;
Tremble ye, who, aw'd by Gaul,
Dastards, 'fore her Tyrant fall.
Our country's Champion, 'flam'd with ire,
Hurls on your giant ships his fatal fire:
Explosions vast ensue, annihilation dire.

But, lo! the gloom of darksome clouds,
The sanguine glow of aether shrouds:
What direful form,
Within the storm,
Girt with horror, sits enthroned!
'Tis death—I saw his pond'rous lance
Uplifted 'gainst our Hen's breast—
He falls—and, smiling, sinks in iron trance:
I heard Britannia shriek, and rend her plumy crest.
Mournful Britain, weep no more;
Immortal shall your Hero soar,
And mem'ry rest
In ev'ry breast
Of these and future years!
The tar, in raptures, at the Name,
Shall kindle into martial wrath;
And, with a bosom warmed with Nelson's flame,
Shall tread with eager joy the same heroic path.

CHORUS.

He, our tutelary god,
Ever shall propitious smile,
And destroy the *Despot's* rod,
Pointed at this matchless Isle.

GRAND CHORUS.

He, in the battle's raging day,
Success lo British arms shall sway,
And, wrapt in lightning, while his bolts he waves
O'er myriads of degraded Gallic slaves,
Britons, in freedom's cause, shall drag them to their graves.

CECINI.

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§ from No. 10, March 15, 1806, vol. I, pp., 156-157.

OPERA-HOUSE.

A New Melodramatic Ballet, entitled, *Naval Victory and Triumph of Lord Nelson*, composed by Sig. Rossi, was produced, for the first time, on Saturday night. The next scene is a distant view of Cape Trafalgar and the Victory, with Lord Nelson on the quarter-deck, attempting to break the enemy's line. The next scene presents a view between decks of the *Victory*, and the death of Lord Nelson- in his cabin. The subsequent scenes are in London, and consist ma view of the Admiralty, the entrance of *Britannia* in her chariot, drawn by lions, followed by *Mars* and *Minerva*. The temple of immortality, which descends in clouds, and exhibits a likeness Lord Nelson, concludes the piece. Horace wisely observes,

" ————*Non tamen intus*
Digna geri promes in scenam, multaque toles
Ex oculis, que mox narret facundia presans."

A deviation from this rule proved fatal to the piece. The feelings of the audience were hurt at the exhibition of the dying agonies of their beloved hero, in his last solemn moments; hisses issued from every part of the house, which Mr. Braham's eloquence, who several times addressed the audience, in vain attempted to restrain. When the curtain dropped, Mr. Braham came forward, and stated that the piece was withdrawn.

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§ from No. 26, July 5, 1806. vol. I, p. 413.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

BY THE HON. C. J. FOX.

In Death's terrific icy arms
The brave illustrious Nelson lies;
He's free from care and war's alarms,
Sees not our tears, nor hears our sighs.
Cold is the heart where valour reign'd,
Mute is the tongue that joy inspir'd,
Still is the arm that conquest gain'd,
And dim the eye that glory fir'd.
Too mean for him a world like this!
He's landed on that happy shore,

Where all the brave partake of bliss,
And heroes meet, to part no more.

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Smith in 1797by James Sharples.

THE DEVIL AND MARY MATHEWS.

It is easy to see that if Cotton Mather had been there to witness and diagnose the medical case of Mary Mathews, the good Puritan father would most probably have interpreted it as a indisputable instance of witchcraft related machinations and or demonic possession.

Not so Elihu Hubbard Smith (1771-1798), fellow New Englander, physician and sometimes poet, who was the one on hand to actually view and record it.[130] Although raised in Connecticut as a devout Congregationalist and later a Yale graduated who had transplanted to New York in the 1790s, Smith had become an adamant Deist; who in the intellectual ferment and fervor of late 18th century enlightenment and progressive ideas had rejected and laid aside Christianity aside as outdated and unreasonable. He wished it instead to be replaced with various measures to improve education and general quality of life; while hoping to instill in individuals and society at large an aspiration towards higher goals and ideals based on science and scientific development, accompanied by a cultivation of polite literature; it being among his several accomplishments to have published the very first anthology of American poetry. Before dying, indeed *martyred* by the Yellow Fever in 1798 (he in effect lost his life, aged 27, trying to save a fellow doctor), he along with two other physicians published *The Medical Repository* (1797-1824), a for it's time first and very influential medical journal, from which (vol. 1, 1797) here the Mary Mathews story is taken.

In the end we might ask: would Mather's view have been the correct one? Smith's? Someone else's? Certainly Smith would have dismissed Mather's take on the subject without hesitation as preposterous. Yet we ourselves can at least in the meantime, and if we so desire, suspend judgment on the question and conclude rather as Smith himself does: "The reader must determine which, or whether any of these conjectures deserve consideration."

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[130] Of course, we previously covered Elihu Hubbard Smith in close profile in "A (CONTEMPORARY) BOY'S EYE VIEW OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION," However, in this present article he is being re-introduced on what turned out to be a separate and subsequent occasion of its first appearance online in Oct. 2021.

ARTICLE VI.

CASE OF MANIA SUCCESSFULLY TREATED BY MERCURY.

By E. H. Smith, Physician.

MARY MATHEWS was admitted into the New-York Hospital, August 16, 1796. She was a native of Ireland, whence she had lately come, and had been in America but a few weeks. Here person was thin, small, and delicate. She was seventeen years old. The accounts given by her brothers, mother, and herself (since the restoration of her reason), though quite incomplete, agree in representing her as having always been a feeble girl; and, as far as I can comprehend them, subject to something like hysteria—though never with that disease in the form of fit or convulsion. She describes it as a wind rising up from her stomach, a struggling for breath, a sensation like swelling of her tongue, heat in all her body, and an universal uneasiness. No more distinct information can be obtained from her relations. She was in good health from the time of her arrival till her present illness.

About a week previous to her being brought into the hospital, as she was walking in a field in the country, some miles from town, she was suddenly taken insane. She was carried home that day, or the next, and her symptoms continued to increase in violence till after her admission.

Her friends who conducted her here, assured me that she had eaten nothing, nor taken any kind of nourishment for a week. Notwithstanding, her efforts were so violent, that it was necessary to cause her to be confined in a cell, and to be strait-waistcoated. In all this week nothing had passed her bowels; but she voided urine as in health. Repeated and careful attempts were made, and for near an hour in my presence, to administer food, with no effect. It was forced into her mouth, but instantly rejected. The same was the case with the purgative powders which were directed: and no exertion, proper to be made, was equal to the injection of a clyster.

Between the mornings of the 16th and 18th, the patient completely tore off and rent apart three strait-waistcoats; neither of which, probably, could have been rent by the utmost combined efforts of two strong men. In one instance, after freeing her arm, she forced off the grating of her cell, leapt into and run across the yard, jumped into the washing-room, and drank some dirty suds. This was the first thing she had been known to swallow since her disease commenced. Five, or six persons were, with difficulty, able to force her back to her cell.

As it was impossible to keep her covered, she went naked. Of the indecency of her nakedness she appeared to have no idea, for she took no pains to conceal it. She disposed herself in various and scarcely conceivable attitudes; and continued, for hours, in postures which well persons could not have assumed, much less have rested in. Meanwhile she noticed no person, not even her mother or brothers; but divided her time in singing methodistic hymns, and putting up short prayers: yet her insanity did not appear to have any connection with religious ideas, further than the repetition of these verses and prayers—to which she had probably been accustomed from her infancy, and now repeated like any thing else strongly fixed on the memory. That her disease did not proceed from any insane religious impression is evident from her never having expressed any anxiety before, during or after her illness: nor did she seem to suffer from apprehension of any kind. Her only uniform exertion, beside that which has been noticed, was to escape, when the door of the cell was opened: but she shewed no uneasiness to effect this when it was shut; nor did she, at such times, nor at any time, endeavour to hurt her attendants and visitants. No artifice of theirs could engage her attention.

August 18th. She had now been eight or nine days without food, and without a motion of the bowels; during which time she has taken no sleep nor repose, and the violence of her efforts, in singing, &c. was not sensibly diminished. As the vital energy seemed principally determined to the external muscles, leaving the stomach and intestinal canal, in particular, in a state of apparent torpidity, it occurred to me that, notwithstanding her long inanition and violent exertions, any thing which would considerably diminish the muscular force would tend to equalize the distribution of that energy, and would promote a cure. I was, therefore, desirous of bleeding her. But it was impossible to use the lancet. She bent her arm;

and no force could open, and preserve it steadily un-bent. We had recourse to the cupping-glasses, which were applied to the occiput, temples, and forehead; and about six ounces of *black blood* taken away. After this she was more calm, for some hours, and willingly took about a gill of broth or gruel, that was offered her. From an expectation that she would continue in her present state, and an apprehension that the sudden use of much food would injure her, the nurse gave her no more at that time, and even neglected to administer the purging powders that had been directed. The patient soon relapsed into all her violence, and opposition to food; and would take only some cold water, which she craved, and which caused her to vomit. She threw up only the water.

On the 20th, the cupping was ordered to be repeated; but, from various delays, was not performed till the 22d; when a small quantity of blood was taken away, with no other effect than to make the patient faint.

23d. No material alteration. She had taken no food; has not slept; and, though her efforts are as constant as ever, her strength is very much diminished. I resolved to try the effect of salivation; hoping that if I could succeed in exciting a powerful action in the absorbent system, it would divert a part of the vital energy from the muscles, and awaken the torpid power of the brain, stomach and bowels. Three drachms of strong mercurial ointment were accordingly rubbed in by the morning of the

24th. And her gums were now slightly affected. As this soreness of the mouth came on and increased, she grew calm and rational: took food, purging powders of jalap and calomel, and an injection. She also had her clothes put on, and was removed to a-clean bed, in the nurse's room. The mercurial friction was discontinued.

This interval of reason was only for a few hours. She became as violent as ever; broke every frangible article in the nurse's apartment; and again tore off her clothes. She was re-conducted to the cell. The same evening her cathartic operated freely, and brought off large masses of dark and hardened excrement.

25th. The mercurial frictions were renewed. They excited a gentle salivation, and brought back her reason.

26th. This day she was removed into the principal ward for women, and proper medicines and regimen were directed for the restoration of her strength, which was very much impaired. For several days she continued to be exercised with occasional turns of anxiety and distress, such as accompanied: the recurrence of her original complaint, after the first interval. These were particularly troublesome about two o'clock in the afternoon, when there was increase of heat, and in the frequency of the pulse. But she mended gradually till the 7th of September, when she was well enough to return to her family. Several months after she applied to the hospital for some trifling complaint, for which the physician in attendance did not think proper to admit her; but she had not then suffered any relapse into insanity.

After the recovery of this patient, she said that she was sensible of her nakedness at the time, of the cupping, and some other circumstances. She attributed her conduct to witchcraft, or something of the kind, which made the wind in her stomach, that she used to complain of, ascend into her head; and she said the heat of her body was so intolerable that she could not endure the least covering. But her extreme ignorance embarrassed her account so much, that it was difficult to determine precisely what she meant, and how much she might be depended on. Her skin was never remarkably hot during her insanity; but after the return of her reason, her feet were affected with such a burning heat, that they could only be relieved by placing them in cold water; and she was troubled with irregular flushes over her whole body for several days.

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I feel a greater interest in making the foregoing case public, as, since it came under my care, I have learnt that an insane person, who refused food, starved to death. The facts here related may, at least, suggest a probable resource against an event so melancholy to the friends of the sufferer.
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With respect to the disease of Mary Mathews, which I have called mania, it may perhaps be questionable whether it has been denominated so with propriety.—It deserves to be remembered, that the whole duration of her illness, as near as we can determine, was fourteen or fifteen days. Is it possible that this was its period, that it then ceased, from having completed its course, or that it was more easily inclined to stop at that time than another? Is it possible that this is a variety of hysteria?—of intermitting fever, which sometimes assumes the shape of mania, and to which the quotidian exacerbations, after the insanity was removed, may be supposed to correspond? Or, is it possible that the cause of Yellow Fever, whatever it may be, which, in different persons, affects different parts of the system, and appears under almost every form of disease, to whose operation foreigners seem peculiarly liable, and were so this year, could have excited the mania of this girl, whose period is that of many fevers, and whose cure, supposing it to have been effected by the salivation, is not hostile to the supposition? The reader must determine which, or whether any of these conjectures deserve consideration.

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Pine Street entrance of Our Lady of Victory [Catholic] Church on Manhattan, and which is kitty corner from 45 Pine Street where Smith, William Johnson, Charles Brockden Brown lived in Sept. 1798; when they took in the mortally ill Dr. Joseph Scandella.[131]

THE LAST DAYS OF SMITH.

"…our own house is a theatre of death…"

The story of how and under what unusual circumstances physician, scientist, and poet Elihu Hubbard Smith came to die is another one of those stories not often told, but is also well worth the hearing. The best and most full version is to be had in William Dunlap's *The Life of Charles Brockden Brown*

131 The home of Horace Johnson (brother of William), where Smith was later taken and finally died, was located at 111 Liberty Street; some two blocks north of 45 Pine St.
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(1815), Dunlap, the playwright, stage manager, and painter, being a close friend and sometimes collaborator with both Smith and Charles Brockden Brown. Indeed, there is very little for me or anyone else at present to add to or embellish; so that without further ado, here is that same account.

For such who might want to delve further, see:
* *The Diary of Elihu Hubbard Smith* (1973) edited by Jameds E. Cronin
* *Collected Writings of Charles Brockden Brown: Letters and Early Epistolary Writings vol. 1* (2013) by Barnard, Hewitt, and Kamrath, editors.

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In a letter to his [i.e., Charles Brockden Brown's] brother James, dated the twenty-fifth of August, 1798, after mentioning his literary plans, for he was then preparing to publish "Wieland," and the project of a Magazine for his profit had been suggested; he concludes thus: "heavy rains, uncleansed sinks, and a continuance of unexampled heat, has within these ten days, given birth to the yellow fever among us, in its epidemical form. Death and alarms have rapidly multiplied, but it is hoped that now, as formerly, its influence will be limited to one place.

"You may be under no concern on my account, since my abode is far enough from the seat of the disease, and my mode of living, from which animal food and spirituous liquors are wholly excluded, gives the utmost security."

This plan was in accordance to the theory of his friend Smith, who rigidly practised it himself at all times. Brown had much reason to rely upon the judgment of Smith, but if he did not feel that perfect security which his letter avows, he assumed the tone for the purpose of quieting the apprehensions of his friends.

On the fourth of September he writes thus to his brother James, justifying his continuance in New York.

"When did you learn to rely upon rumour and news-paper information? As to the state of this city, you might naturally suspect that it would be misrepresented and exaggerated. There is abundance of alarm, and the streets most busy and frequented will speedily be evacuated.

"As to the malignity of this disease, perhaps its attack is more violent than ordinary, but E. H. S. to whom I read your letter, answers for me that not more than one out of nine, when properly nursed, die; and that its fatality therefore is much less than the same disease in Philadelphia.

"In the present healthful state of this neighbourhood it would be absurd to allow fear to drive me away. When there is actual and indisputable danger it would be no less absurd to remain, since even if the disease terminate favourably, or even were certain so to terminate, we are sure of being infinitely troublesome to others arid of undergoing much pain.

"E. H. S. has extensive arid successful practice in this disease. Through fatigue and exposure to midnight airs, he is at present somewhat indisposed, but will shortly do well.

"If when this fever attacks our neighbourhood I run away, I am not sure that I shall do right. E. H. S. at least, probably Johnson, will remain, at all events; and if I run the risk of requiring to be nursed, I must not forget that others may require to be nursed by me, in a disease where personal attentions are *all in all*."

I trust that I need not remark upon the truth of the above sentiment, or call the reader's attention to the high point of view in which it places Mr. Brown's character. The letters which at this time he wrote to his brother James were in answer to earnest entreaties of his family that he would fly from New York as they had done from Philadelphia, where the pestilence raged with equal malignity.
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A few days after he writes thus: “this pestilential air seems to be extending itself to all quarters. Things here wear a very gloomy aspect. Pearl and Water Streets are wholly desolate, and all business at a stand. The lowest computation supposes one half of the inhabitants to have fled. Notwithstanding this depopulation, especially in the most infected spots, I am sorry to add that the malignity increases and the number of deaths.

“The atmosphere is perceptibly different from former years, and leaves nobody in perfect health, but the quarter where I reside is still free from sickness. All the physicians who have at all attended patients in this fever have been indisposed. Our friend E. H. S.’s indisposition has nearly gone, but he ascribes his preservation from death entirely to his vegetable diet and his refusing his attendance at the beginning of his complaint, to the summons of the sick. He is now nearly able to resume the medical functions. Five physicians much conversant with the sick have died within a very short space.”

On Tuesday the twelfth of September while the ravages and malignity of the pest was hourly increasing, and Dr. Smith had just regained strength to again lend his aid to the accumulating sufferers, an interesting stranger arrived from the equally pestilential city of Philadelphia, whose fate and its consequences, brought the desolation in its most fearful form home to the domestic establishment of the three friends Johnson, Smith and Brown.

Joseph B. Scandella was a native of the Venetian state. Of an opulent and distinguished family, he had been educated as a physician but, had devoted his faculties to general improvement in science. He left home early in life for this purpose, and visited England as secretary to the Venetian embassy. From thence his attention was called to our growing empire in the West; and to a liberal curiosity and ardent mind, no country on earth could be so attractive as that where the great experiment of an almost boundless federative republic had already made such progress as seemed to defy every effort of ignorance and malice to frustrate it. .

He first visited the English provinces. When in the United States he made various journies in every direction, particularly bending his attention to the southern and western districts, where agriculture, the foundation of national wealth, is extending with such rapid strides, the happiness of an independent yeomanry, and erecting an empire which must necessarily correct, by its influence upon their interests, the tendency to corruption and European political bias in the maritime states.

After a residence of two years in the United States, Dr. Scandella prepared to return, and in the month of June embarked at the port of Philadelphia. The vessel proved unfit for a sea voyage and returned to port. He then came to New York and took passage in a packet from this port to Falmouth. Here he renewed an acquaintance began in Philadelphia with Dr. E. H. Smith. The detention of his baggage by some accident occasioned him to lose this opportunity of embarkation, and while awaiting another the yellow fever broke out in both cities. Notwithstanding its more early progress and greater malignity in Philadelphia, his concern for the welfare of an amiable family of helpless females, a widowed mother and her daughters, induced him to return to that city. He witnessed the death of every individual of the family.

After enduring the continual loss of rest, and exposing himself to the influence of an infected atmosphere for ten days, he set out on his return to New York, and in crossing the causey between Newark and this place first felt the deadly disease upon him.

He arrived in the evening at the Tontine Coffee House, and knowing the necessity of a lodging as much as possible removed from the heartlessness of a hotel, he exerted himself to procure admittance at the various boarding houses, but terror steeled every heart, and shut every door against the sick stranger.

The benevolent Smith heard of his arrival, sought him instantly, and found him, under the influence of the pestilence, in bed at the Coffee House. He removed him to his room, resigned to him his bed, and became his physician and nurse.

On Sunday morning the seventeenth of September, Brown writes thus to his brother.

"When calamity is at a distance it affects us but little, and no sympathy for others can realize that distress which does not immediately affect us.

"You have discovered by the public papers the deplorable condition of our city, which in fact exceeds that of Philadelphia, inasmuch as the mortality bears a greater proportion to the population with us.

"Another circumstance greatly enhances our calamity, for the victims to this disease have been in innumerable cases, selected from the highest and most respectable class of inhabitants.

"Till lately, horrible as this evil is, and much conversant with it through the medium of physicians as I had been, I was not much affected by it until during the last week, this fatal pest has encompassed us and entered our own doors.

"On Tuesday last, an Italian gentleman of great merit and a particular friend of E. H. S. arrived in this city from Philadelphia. The disease had already been contracted, and admission into the boarding houses was denied him. Hearing of his situation our friend hastened to his succour and resigned to him his own bed. A nurse was impossible to be procured, and this duty therefore devolved upon us. Many moral incidents concurred to render this a most melancholy case. The disease was virulent beyond example, but his agonies have been protracted to this day. He now lies in one apartment of our house, a spectacle that sickens the heart to behold, and not far from his last breath, while, in the next, our friend E. H. S. is in a condition but little better.

"Extreme fatigues and anxieties could not fail of producing a return of this disease in Elihu. How it will end Heaven knows.

"Sunday evening. Our Italian friend is dead, and Elihu is preparing to be transported to ——s, whose house is spacious, healthfully situated, and plentifully accommodated. Our own house is a theatre of death and grief, where his longer continuance would infallibly destroy him and us.

"Before his last attack E. H. S. became sensible of the disproportionate hazard which he incurred, and had determined as soon as his friend Scandella had recovered or perished, and his present patients had been gotten rid of, to withdraw from town."

Brown had been himself attacked by the first symptoms of the fatal disease, and was removed to the house of the same friend who now received the unfortunate Smith. Brown's symptoms yielded to medicine, not so his friend's; he lingered a few days in a state allied to stupor; the efforts of his medical friends Miller and Mitchill were utterly unavailing; he saw the last symptom of the disease, black vomit, pronounced the word "decomposition" and died.

Thus perished, on Wednesday the twenty-first of September, 1798, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, Elihu Hubbard Smith; a man whose whole ambition was to increase his intellectual powers, with a view of devoting them to his fellow men.

In the Medical Repository, a work of which he was one of the most zealous founders and which was conducted after his death by his friends Miller and Mitchill, appeared a few lines devoted to his memory, from which I will indulge myself by repeating to the public the testimony of the enlightened writer.

"There were few who perished during that calamitous season, whose fate excited more universal regret, and whose memory will be more fondly and permanently cherished than Elihu H. Smith. In his domestic relations, the knowledge of his excellence, was necessarily confined to few; but by those few, his conduct as a son and a brother, will ever be regarded as a model of unblemished rectitude. Indefatigable in the promotion of the true interest of those allied to him, a casual observer would be disposed to imagine his whole attention to be absorbed by this object, and that he whose affections were so ardent, and his mind so active for their good, had no leisure for the offices of friendship, and for the pursuit of general happiness. To these valuable purposes, however, no one attended with more zeal and assiduity. To those who were

blessed with his friendship, and the number was by no means small, his attachment was unwavering and his efforts for their benefit without intermission. To the cause of general happiness, he devoted his abilities with no less zeal."

"His talents could not otherwise than slowly surmount the obstacles which were thrown in the way of his professional success by his youth, and by the want of patronage and support. His leisure he however devoted to the best purposes. Besides his medical pursuits, he cultivated with zeal and success, almost every branch of literature. As a physician his loss is irreparable. He had explored, at his early age, an extent of medical learning for which the longest lives are seldom found sufficient. His diligence and activity, his ardour and perseverance, knew no common bounds. The love of science and the impulse of philanthropy, directed his whole professional career, and left little room for the calculations of emolument. He had formed vast designs of medical improvement, which embraced the whole family of mankind, and were animated by the soul of benevolence."

Upon the removal of Dr. Smith from his own dwelling to the house of a friend, Mr. Brown resigned to him the chamber he had occupied in that friend's house, and by invitation removed to Dr. Miller's. Of his feelings at this time we must judge by his letters. The day before the death of his friend, he thus addresses his brother.

"What shall I write? I know that you ought to have frequent information of what is passing here, but I cannot trust myself with the narrative. My labour is to forget and exclude surrounding scenes and recent incidents.

"Smith is not dead, but unless miracles be wrought for him, another day will number him with the victims of this most dreadful and relentless of pestilences.

"My excellent friend Dr. Miller dissuades me from going to you. The journey is too long, and the consequence of falling sick upon the road may be easily conceived. Here then. I must remain.

"The number of physicians is rapidly declining, while that of the sick is as rapidly increasing. Dr. Miller, whose practice, as his skill, exceeds that of any other physician, is almost weary of a scene of such complicated horrors. My heart sickens at the perpetual recital to which I am compelled to be an auditor, and I long to plunge myself into woods and deserts where the faintest blast of rumour may not reach me.

"Thursday morning. The die is cast. E. H. S. is dead. O the folly of prediction and the vanity of systems.

"In the opinion of Miller the disease, in no case, was ever more dreadfully and infernally malignant. He is dead. Yesterday at noon.

"I am well as circumstances will permit, and shall, as soon as possible, leave the city with William Johnson for Amboy or Connecticut."

In another letter he says "the weather has lately changed for the better, and hopes are generally entertained that the pestilence, for so it may truly be called, will decline. As to myself, I certainly improve, though slowly, and now entertain very slight apprehensions of danger to myself. Still I am anxious to leave the city. To go to Amboy and remain there for some time, will be most eligible. This calamity has endeared the survivors of the sacred fellowship, W. D., W. J. and myself to each other in a very high degree; and I confess my wounded spirit, and shattered frame, will be most likely to be healed and benefitted by their society. Permit me therefore, to decline going with you to Burlington. For a little while at least."

The next day, September twenty-fifth, Charles addressed his brother from Perth Amboy.

"It is with great pleasure, that I now inform you of my safe arrival at this place. Yesterday I wrote to you informing you of my intention to come hither on the morrow. After depositing my letter, Wm. Johnson and myself, concluded that if a water passage could readily be found to Staten Island, it would be

advisable to depart immediately. This being forthwith sought for, was found. We left the city at two in the afternoon, and after a most auspicious passage arrived at Amboy at sunset. I already feel the sensations of a new being, and am restored as it were by magic, to a tolerable degree of health and cheerfulness.

"Here I wish to stay, at least for some weeks, in the enjoyment of the purest air, and wholesome exercise. The change from a pestilential, desolate, and sultry city, to the odours and sprightly atmosphere of this village, is inexpressibly grateful and beneficial; and I believe you may dismiss all uneasiness, henceforth, on account of my safety.

"I seize this early opportunity, to inform you of my removal, because it was due to your generous concern for me."

After passing some weeks at Perth Amboy, Mr. Brown visited his family, and on the return of winter, took up his abode again in New York.

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