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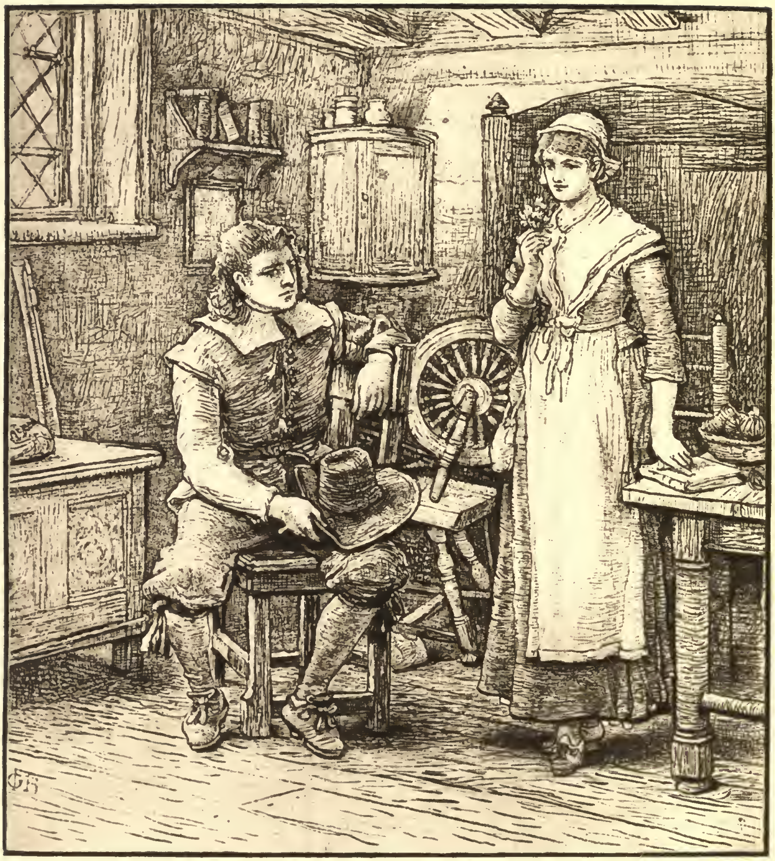

THE PIONEER MOTHERS OF AMERICA

A Record
of the
More Notable Women
of the Early Days
of the Country
and Particularly of the
Colonial
and
Revolutionary Periods

By

Harry Clinton Green
and
Mary Wolcott Green, A.B.

In three Volumes

Illustrated

Third Volume

G.P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK • L

John Alden and Priscilla

From a picture by G. H. Boughton in Longfellow's *Courtship of Myles Standish*

(Courtesy of Messrs. Houghton Mifflin & Co.)

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G·P·PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK · LONDON

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(Courtesy of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

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From a Woodcut in *Harper's Weekly* for June, 1887. Reproduced by Permission of the Publishers.

THE SIGNER

FOR in that hour of Destiny,
Which tried the men of bravest stock,[1]
He knew the end alone must be
A free land or a traitor's block.

. . . .

Not for their hearths and homes alone,
But for the world their work was done;
On all the winds their thought has flown
Through all the circuit of the sun.

Whittier.

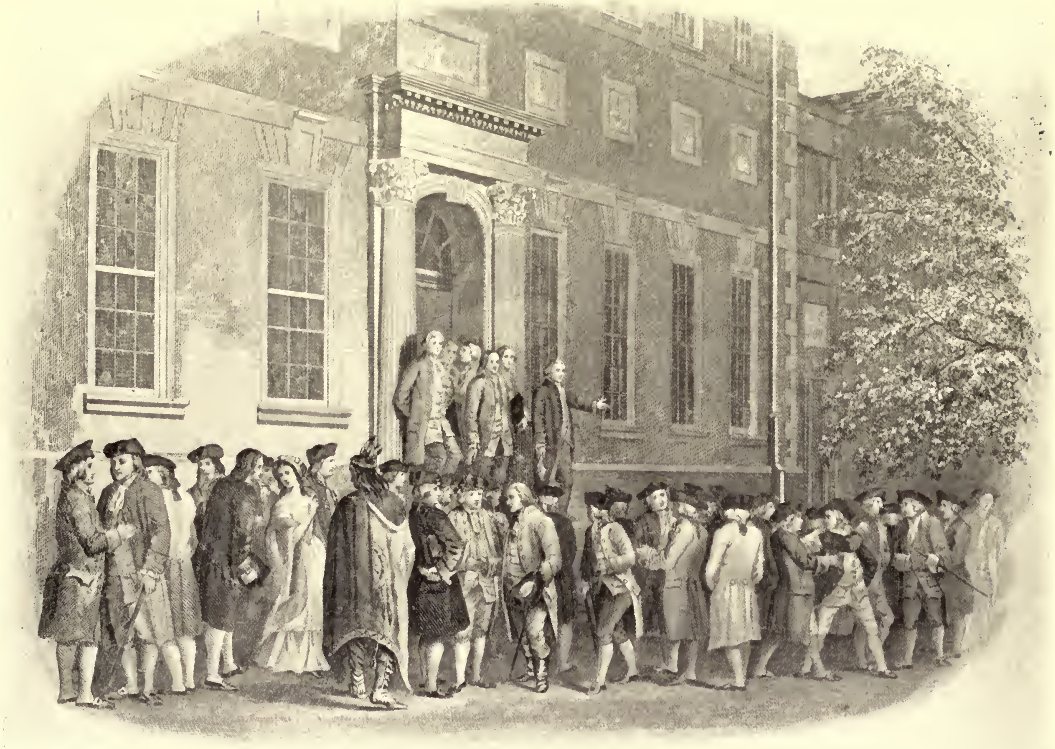
Chapter I

Wives of the Signers

A devoted band of patriotic women who shared the outlawry their husbands had brought upon themselves by declaring their independence of British rule—Many of them suffered bitter persecution from British and Tories—Mary Bartlett forced to fly with her family from her burning home—Elizabeth Adams compelled to resort to needle-work to support her family—Elizabeth Lewis, imprisoned for months, suffered privations and hardships that led to her death—Mary Morris (N. Y.) driven from a beautiful home, wantonly devastated—Annis Stockton, a homeless refugee after the British looted and burned her home—Deborah Hart, driven from her home, saw her husband hunted for months as a criminal and came to her own death from exposure and anxiety.

HISTORY has been generous in its recognition of the patriotism of the men who, on that hot July day in Philadelphia in 1776, pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour to uphold and support the Declaration of Independence of all foreign rule. Through that act, these men "put their necks in the halter as traitors" to the British Government, and from John Hancock to George Walton had no other prospect but ignominious death should the struggle for independence prove unsuccessful.

From the day that Declaration was published, these men were proscribed outlaws. Their names were read in every British camp and every British soldier and Tory adherent were taught that they were beyond the pale of consideration as mere military enemies and that they and their families were to be persecuted as dangerous criminals. As opportunity gave, this policy of persecution was duly carried out, and any signer who fell into the hands of the enemy was treated with marked cruelty. A price was set on the heads of John Hancock and Samuel Adams. Dr. Josiah Bartlett was burned out of house and home and his family forced to seek safety by flight. Francis Lewis of New York was reduced to absolute want, his wife imprisoned for months "without a bed or even a change of clothing," eventually dying from the exposure and other hardships she had suffered. Richard Stockton, one of the wealthiest men in New Jersey, died from the treatment he received in prison and his family, which had been harassed and annoyed for years, was left broken and impoverished. "Honest John" Hart, of the same



The Announcement of the Declaration of Independence at the State House, Philadelphia.

From the engraving by J. McGaffin.

State, was hunted like a criminal for months during which time he rarely slept the second night under the same roof and his wife died from the exposure and anxiety. George Clymer of Pennsylvania was almost as obnoxious to the British as Hancock or Adams. He was driven with his family from Philadelphia to Chester County, where the British plundered his house, destroyed his property and forced his family to fly by night for safety. Thomas Nelson of Virginia wrecked health and fortune for the cause, and his family suffered accordingly. Frequent attempts were made to capture Thomas Jefferson, and the untimely death of his wife was hastened, if not caused, by the shock and anxiety she underwent. Thomas Heyward of South Carolina was wounded in battle and saw his property confiscated or destroyed and his family driven from home. These are a few of many instances which are a part of history.

It cost something to be a signer and we do well to honour the men who accepted the responsibility of being in the vanguard of the struggle. It is well to bear in mind, however, that the sacrifices, the dangers, and the hardships endured by the signers fell with almost equal weight on their wives and families. Not all of them, of course, were called upon to face personal danger or suffer actual physical hardships or exposure. Many of the members of the Continental Congress who signed the Declaration were so situated that their families were removed beyond the reach of the enemy's armies. But always there was the Tory neighbour, sneaking, spying, informing, plotting mischief, and often more to be dreaded than the uniformed enemy in the open. Always there was the anxiety over the absent ones; always that lurking distrust and fear of their great and powerful but pitiless foe.

All these signers suffered pecuniary losses because of their connection with the cause, some of them being brought to the brink of financial ruin. Such troubles must have fallen heavily upon the women of the household, yet rarely a complaint do we find in their correspondence. On the other hand, the letters and other recorded utterances of the wives of the signers breathe the utmost devotion not only to their husbands but to the great cause for which their husbands had thrown life and fortune in the balance. In writing of these women individually, considerable difficulty has been encountered because of a lack of authentic data. No publication exists giving even cursory records of them, and in the published lives of the signers but few allusions are made to their wives and families. Consequently the sketches of some of these women of whom we would know more, must necessarily seem unduly brief and meagre in fact and detail. This must be attributed in part to the long lapse of years in which we, as a people, were strangely indifferent to the importance of preserving family records and traditions, and in part to the idea, seemingly so prevalent in the eighteenth century, that the man was not only the head of the family but that he was the family. An instance of this is found in the family Bible of Robert Morris, where it is set down in the handwriting of the great financier himself: "March 2, 1769, Robert Morris married Mary." Fortunately for the historian and genealogist, the White family, of which she was so distinguished a member, had a family Bible of its own.

In considering the wives of the signers, we shall take them according to the roll call of the

States in the Continental Congress, which, beginning with New Hampshire, the northernmost State, gave to Dr. Josiah Bartlett the first vote.

Mary Bartlett

"The wife of Governor Bartlett, the signer, was Mary Bartlett (a cousin), of Newton, N. H., a lady of excellent character and an ornament to society. She died in 1789," wrote Levi Bartlett, a descendant of the signer, nearly a century after her death.

Not much more of her youth than this can be told. Her father, Joseph Bartlett, was a soldier at Haverhill, in 1707, where he was made captive by the French and Indians, carried to Canada and held four years.[2] Mary Bartlett was one of ten children born to Joseph Bartlett, and she was married to her cousin, Josiah Bartlett, in January, 1754. He was a rising young physician at the time, in the town of Kingston, N. H., and had already attracted favourable attention by reason of his success in the treatment of a throat distemper, known as the "black canker," which had broken out with uncommon virulence. Mary Bartlett was then twenty-four years old, an amiable girl, well grown and, for the times, well educated. For the next ten years, her life was that of the wife of a popular and prosperous young country doctor. His skill as a practitioner was accepted. He was democratic, kindly, and fast growing in the esteem of his fellow citizens. Always a man of strict integrity, sound judgment, and marked public spirit, he early began to take an active part in public affairs. He was made a civil magistrate and soon after given command of a regiment of militia. In 1765, he was chosen representative to the Provincial Legislature from Kingston. Though Governor Wentworth had appointed him to several positions of honour and profit, Dr. Bartlett felt called upon, almost from the first, to oppose vigorously some of the Governor's measures in the Legislature especially those pertaining to the land grants, a vast system of official peculation that was one of the great evils of the administrations of both the Wentworths. By 1774, the aggressions of the Governor, and the policy of the British Ministry which he was trying to carry out, had grown so burdensome to the people that Dr. Bartlett and a few other leaders found themselves in almost open opposition. He was still a member of the Legislature and in that year we find him at the head of a "Committee of Correspondence," which was in constant communication with Samuel Adams and other patriots of Massachusetts and Connecticut. Then Dr. Bartlett was elected delegate to "a general congress to be held in Philadelphia." This brought down upon him the wrath of Governor Wentworth and his Tory adherents. His appointment as Justice of the Peace was revoked and his commission as Colonel of militia was taken from him. Soon afterward his house was set on fire and burned to the ground, after he had received warning to cease his "pernicious activity."

During all this period, Mary Bartlett had been the closest friend and counsellor of her husband. Just as he had consulted her over his troubles as a young physician, helping to bear the home burdens of his patients and personal friends in their little community, so now he consulted her about the greater troubles and dangers that menaced the country. And always she was the true helpmeet, always the ready and sympathetic friend and judicious adviser. Her patriotism was as ardent as his and burned with as steady a flame, and when their home lay in ruins and the family were driven to seek shelter and safety elsewhere, she took their numerous brood and retired to their little farm, which she managed thereafter, leaving him free to devote himself almost entirely to the public business. Between these public duties Dr. Bartlett found time to rebuild, on the site of his ruined home, a fine old-style New England mansion, that still stands. In all her letters to her husband and her children, there is not one word of regret at his course or pity for herself, left alone to bear the double duties incumbent upon her; no complaints, only a spirit of loving, helpful sympathy in all his acts.

Mrs. Bartlett died in their new house in Kingston, in July, 1789, and her death was a great blow to her husband, who was at the time Chief Justice. The following year he was chosen President of New Hampshire, which office he held until 1793, when he was elected Governor, the first the Commonwealth ever had as an independent State. He declined re-election and died shortly afterward in the sixty-sixth year of his age, broken down, according to his own declaration, by grief and the double duties and responsibilities imposed upon him since her death.

Twelve children were born to Dr. and Mrs. Bartlett, of whom eight came to maturity. Three sons, Levi, Joseph, and Ezra, followed in their father's footsteps and became eminent physicians, and all three of them took considerable interest in public affairs, holding not a few positions of honour and responsibility. Of the daughters, Mary, who married Jonathan Greeley, Miriam, who married Joseph Calef, Rhoda, who married Reuben True, and Sarah, who married Dr. Amos Gale, were the only ones to leave descendants.

Katharine Moffat Whipple

Captain William Whipple, the second of the New Hampshire delegation to the Continental Congress of 1776, like his confrère, Dr. Josiah Bartlett, married his own cousin. The family records are barren in detail of this union between Katharine Moffat, daughter of Hon. John and Katharine Cutt Moffat, and William Whipple, son of Captain William and Mary Cutt Whipple, but as their mutual ancestors, the Cutts, were among the wealthiest and most prominent people of the Province, and her father had held high position in the Provincial government, she was of good birth and breeding and must have been of high social standing.

William Whipple, born in 1730, had followed the sea from the time he shipped as a cabin boy in his fourteenth year until he retired, in 1759, in order to enter the mercantile business in Portsmouth with his brother. William Whipple had come to command his own ship, while following the sea, and had amassed a considerable fortune in the West India trade. The mercantile venture at Portsmouth was also prosperous and Captain Whipple continued it until 1775, when he closed out all his business interests in order to devote himself entirely to public affairs.

Mrs. Whipple and her husband lived in Portsmouth between the years of their marriage and the Revolution, but we know little of their private life. Her portrait was painted by Copley during this period and is now in possession of Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody of Cambridge. One child was born to Captain and Mrs. Whipple, a daughter who died in infancy. After the death of this daughter, in the early sixties, Mrs. Whipple adopted a niece, Mary Tufton Moffat, who lived with her uncle and aunt until she grew up and married Nathaniel Appleton Haven.

Captain Whipple was elected to the Continental Congress of 1775, and again in 1776; was made Brigadier General of New Hampshire troops at Saratoga; co-operated with General Sullivan at the siege of Newport in 1778; returned to Congress again in 1778 and 1779; was financial receiver of New Hampshire in 1782 and 1783, and Judge of the Superior Court in 1784, and until his death in 1785. Mrs. Whipple survived him many years.

Hannah Jack Thornton

Hannah Jack, who married Dr. Matthew Thornton, in 1760, was of Scotch-Irish descent, as was her husband. She was eighteen years old at the time of her marriage to Dr. Thornton, who was himself a man of middle age, having been brought to this country at the age of three years, in 1717, by his father, James Thornton, who settled in Wiscasset, Me. After completing his medical studies, young Thornton removed to Londonderry, N. H., to practice.

Mrs. Thornton was a daughter of Andrew

Jack, who settled near Chester, N. H., prior to 1747, at which time his name appears on the Presbyterian records as warden. He had emigrated to New Hampshire from Londonderry, Ireland, but his family was originally Scotch, as was that of his wife, Mary Morrison.

Dr. Thornton, like Dr. Bartlett, had held appointment as an officer in the State militia and a commission as Justice of the Peace, under Governor Wentworth, and, upon the abdication of that Executive in 1776, he was appointed a member of the provisional government. In September of the same year, he was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress and was permitted to add his signature to the Declaration although that measure had been adopted four months previously. He was again a member of Congress in 1777 and afterwards was a judge of the Superior Court. He died in 1803, having outlived his wife about seventeen years. Both were buried at Thornton's Ferry, N. H.

Five children were born to Dr. and Mrs. Thornton, four of whom grew to maturity. James, born in 1763, was married to Mary Parker, and one of his sons, James Shepard Thornton, had a distinguished career in the U. S.

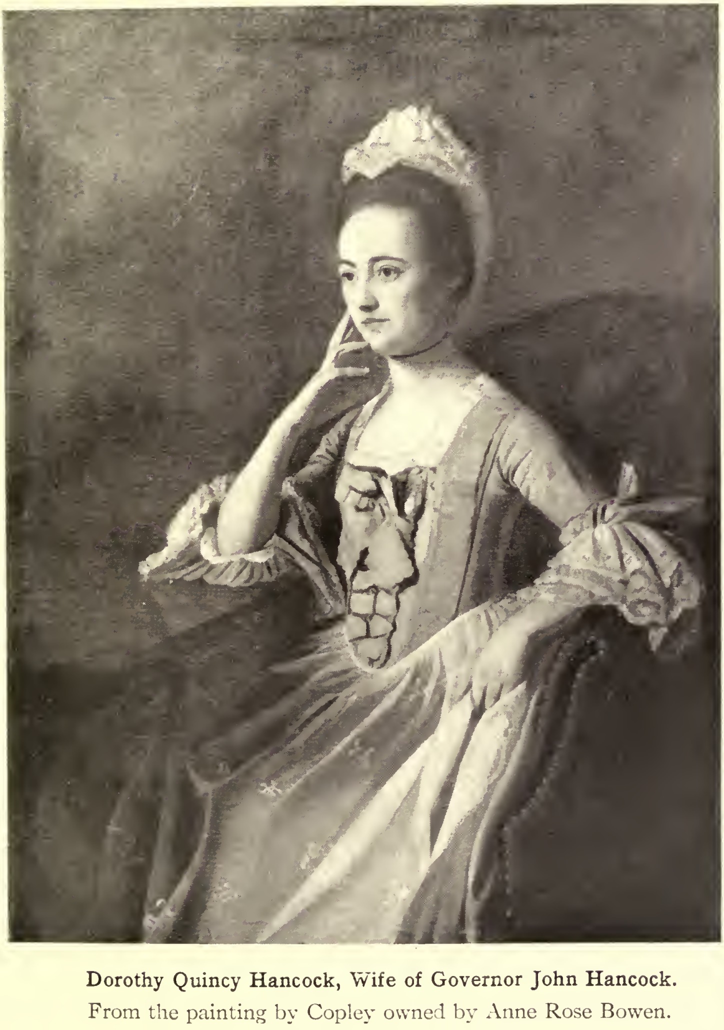
Navy. The torpedo boat *Thornton* was named in his honour. Matthew Thornton, the youngest son married Fanny Curtis of Amherst. He became a prominent lawyer of his native State. Mary Thornton married Hon. Silas Betton of Salem, N.H., and Hannah married John McGaw, of Bedford, N. H.[3]

Dorothy Quincy Hancock

By the accident of being the presiding officer of the Continental Congress of 1776, John Hancock was the first man to affix his signature to the Declaration of Independence and thereby conferred upon his beautiful Boston bride, Dorothy Quincy, the honour of being the wife of the first "signer."

Dorothy Quincy was the youngest of the ten children of Judge Edmund Quincy. She was born May 10, 1747, and grew up in the sheltered environment of a wealthy and well regulated New England home.

"Carefully reared under a gentle mother's watchfulness through the early part of her life, when old enough she was launched in the social world under more favourable auspices than usually fall to the lot of a young girl. Cultured



Dorothy Quincy Hancock, Wife of Governor John Hancock.
From the painting by Copley owned by Anne Rose Bowen.

and agreeable, she drew friends and attracted admirers; she won all hearts and a place in society from which nothing could dethrone her. Admired and sought after, Dorothy Quincy steered through the dangerous shoals of high-seasoned compliments to remain a bright, unspoiled beauty, that no flattery could harm."

If this seems a rather perfervid tribute, it must be attributed to the possibly biassed view-point of an admiring descendant. Dorothy's mother was Elizabeth Wendell, daughter of Abraham and Katharine DeKay Wendell of New York, an educated and accomplished woman of high character, with a taste for social life and a liking for the society of young people. So it came that the Quincy household, with its bevy of handsome girls, had many visitors. John Adams, a rising young lawyer of Boston at the time, was a frequent caller, and in his diary we find that several times he "had gone over to the house of Justice Quincy and had a talk with him." Adams occasionally mentions Esther Quincy, an elder sister of Dorothy, and also a cousin, Hannah Quincy. Both are described as being "handsome and brilliant girls," given to lively repartee, and the young lawyer with his badinage met in them his match. In 1759 is found this entry: "I talked with Esther about the folly of love, about despising it, about being above it—pretended to be insensible of tender passions, which made them laugh." Esther at the time had a devoted admirer, Jonathan Sewall, whom she married in 1763. Another sister, Elizabeth, had long been married to Jonathan Sewall's brother, Samuel. Sarah Quincy, fifteen years older than Dorothy, was married to General William Greenleaf. Another sister, Katharine, died unmarried.

John Hancock, the handsome young merchant who had just succeeded to the great wealth and business of his uncle, Thomas Hancock, was, of course, a welcome visitor at the Quincy home. The son of a highly respected minister and the grandson of another, young Hancock had graduated from Harvard College at the age of seventeen. He had immediately gone into the counting room of his uncle and had greatly pleased the old gentleman by his intelligence and attention to his duties. In 1760, the young man was sent to England to take charge of the London end of the business. Here he had a chance to supplement his education with travel and acquaintance with men of affairs. He had listened to the debates of Parliament, witnessed the funeral of George II and the coronation of George III, and in many ways come to have a good general knowledge of the English people and their way of thinking. Then he was recalled to America by the death of his uncle, who had left him the bulk of his great estate.

Thus John Hancock at the age of twenty-seven found himself one of the wealthiest men of Massachusetts. From that time he began closing out his commercial interests and devoting himself more and more to public affairs. His first public office was that of selectman of the town of Boston, in which position he served for years. In 1766, he was elected from Boston to the General Assembly, having as colleagues Samuel Adams, James Otis, and Thomas Cushing, able men and patriotic, whose influence was important in Hancock's after life. Hancock was public-spirited, generous, and always ready to go to the assistance of a friend. At one time during the Revolution, it was said that not less than one hundred families were subsisting on his benevolence. His popularity grew with every one except the Governor and his official clique, who held Hancock and Adams responsible for the constantly growing spirit of opposition to the acts of King and Parliament. Consequently when Hancock was elected Speaker of the Assembly of 1767, the Governor vetoed the selection. Shortly before this, Governor Barnard had offered Hancock a commission as Lieutenant in the militia. Hancock, knowing that it was a covert attempt at bribing him, tore up the commission in the presence of many prominent citizens. At the opening of the next session of the Assembly, Hancock was again elected Speaker, and again it was vetoed. Then he was elected a member of the Executive Council, and that was vetoed by the Governor. All this but endeared Hancock to the people. During the few years immediately preceding the Battle of Lexington, the British Government was constantly and apprehensively watching Hancock and Adams. They were regarded as dangerous men. They could not be frightened, bribed, nor cajoled. In 1774, the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts unanimously elected John Hancock as its President. "This is the foulest, subtlest, and most venomous serpent ever issued from the egg of sedition. It is the source of rebellion," writes one loyalist pamphleteer of the period.

All this time, John Hancock was courting the handsome daughter of Judge Quincy. Her father was an earnest patriot and their home, from which the mother had departed in 1769, was the gathering place for such men as Samuel and John Adams, Dr. Joseph Warren, James Otis, and others of their rebellious group. John Hancock probably seemed very much of a hero in the eyes of the young woman. Anyway, we are told that she was as enthusiastic a patriot as her lover and entered keenly into their plans and consultations.

John Hancock at this time was living with his aunt, Lydia Hancock, and for safety had removed from Boston to the old Hancock homestead in Lexington, a relative, the Rev. James Clark, living in the same house. Early in 1775, Judge Quincy was called away from home on business and Mistress Dorothy, being left alone in their Boston home, accepted an invitation from Lydia Hancock to pay her a visit, and that is how Dorothy Quincy came to be present at the Battle of Lexington.

The Boston authorities, acting on advice from Great Britain, decided to take Hancock and Adams into custody, and it was arranged to arrest them at the home of Hancock, in Lexington, where they had been staying for several nights. They had been chosen as delegates to the Continental Congress and expected arrest at any time if their whereabouts were known. Through their spies the authorities had learned where Hancock and Adams were staying. They had also learned that a considerable quantity of ammunition and other stores had been gathered at Lexington. Elbridge Gerry had already warned Hancock and Adams to remain constantly on their guard. On April 18th, General Gage ordered the march to Concord. It was then that Dr. Joseph Warren hastily despatched Paul Revere on the ride that has made his name immortal. About midnight, Revere galloped up to the Rev. Mr. Clark's house, which he found guarded by eight men under a sergeant who halted him with the order not "to make so much noise."

"Noise!" exclaimed the excited Revere. "You 'll have noise enough before long. The regulars are coming out!"

A window on the second floor was raised and a voice came down: "What is it, courier Revere? We are not afraid of you." It was John Hancock himself and Revere delivered his message.

"Ring the bell!" ordered Hancock, and the bell soon began pealing and continued all night. By daybreak, one hundred and fifty men had mustered for the defence. John Hancock, with gun and sword, prepared to go out and fight with the minute-men, but Adams checked him:

"That is not our business; we belong to the cabinet." Hancock was loath to accept this, but finally saw the wisdom of Adams's decision and went with him, back through the rear of the house and garden to a thickly wooded hill where they could watch the progress of events.

Dorothy Quincy and Aunt Lydia remained in the house, as no danger was apprehended there, and so by chance were eye witnesses of the first battle of the Revolution. Dorothy watched the fray from her bedroom window and in her narration of it notes: "Two men are being brought into the house. One, whose head has been grazed by a ball, insisted that he was dead, but the other, who was shot through the arm, behaved better."

Hancock and Adams retired from their resting place in the woods to the home of Rev. Mr. Merritt in what is now Burlington, and later removed to Bellerica where they lodged in the house of Amos Wyman until they were ready to proceed to Philadelphia.

It is said that John Hancock and the fair Dorothy had a little disagreement following the Battle of Lexington, just before he started for the Pennsylvania capital. The lady, somewhat unstrung by the events of the day, announced her intention of returning to her father's home in Boston. Hancock, who realised the disordered and unsafe condition of the city, refused to allow this. "No, madam," he said, "you shall not return as long as a British bayonet remains in Boston."

"Recollect, Mr. Hancock," she replied with vehemence, "I am not under your authority yet. I shall go to my father's to-morrow."

Next day, however, Aunt Lydia smoothed down the ruffled plumage of the little lady and it was many months before she again saw Boston, and when she went back it was as John Hancock's wife.

A few days after the Battle of Lexington, Dorothy and Aunt Lydia Hancock left the residence of Rev. James Clark and went to Fairfield, Conn., where they were to remain for an indefinite period as the guests of Rev. Thaddeus Burr, a leading citizen. There John Hancock and Dorothy Quincy were married on August 23, 1775, by the Rev. Andrew Elliott. They left at once for Philadelphia, by way of New York, arriving September 5th.

John Adams, in writing of the marriage, says: "His choice was very natural, a granddaughter of the great patron and most revered friend of his father. Beauty, politeness, and every domestic virtue justified his predilection."

Hancock was very much in love with his wife. Notwithstanding his many duties as President of the Continental Congress and other public positions, he wrote to her with great frequency when they chanced to be separated, and always with affection and respect, before and after marriage, and in nearly all of his letters he complains because she does not write to him.

The winter Martha Washington spent in Cambridge, she and Mrs. Hancock became warm friends, exchanging frequent visits. It was on the occasion of these informal calls that the wife of the soldier is credited with the somewhat feline remark: "There is a great difference in our situations. Your husband is in the cabinet, but mine is on the battlefield."

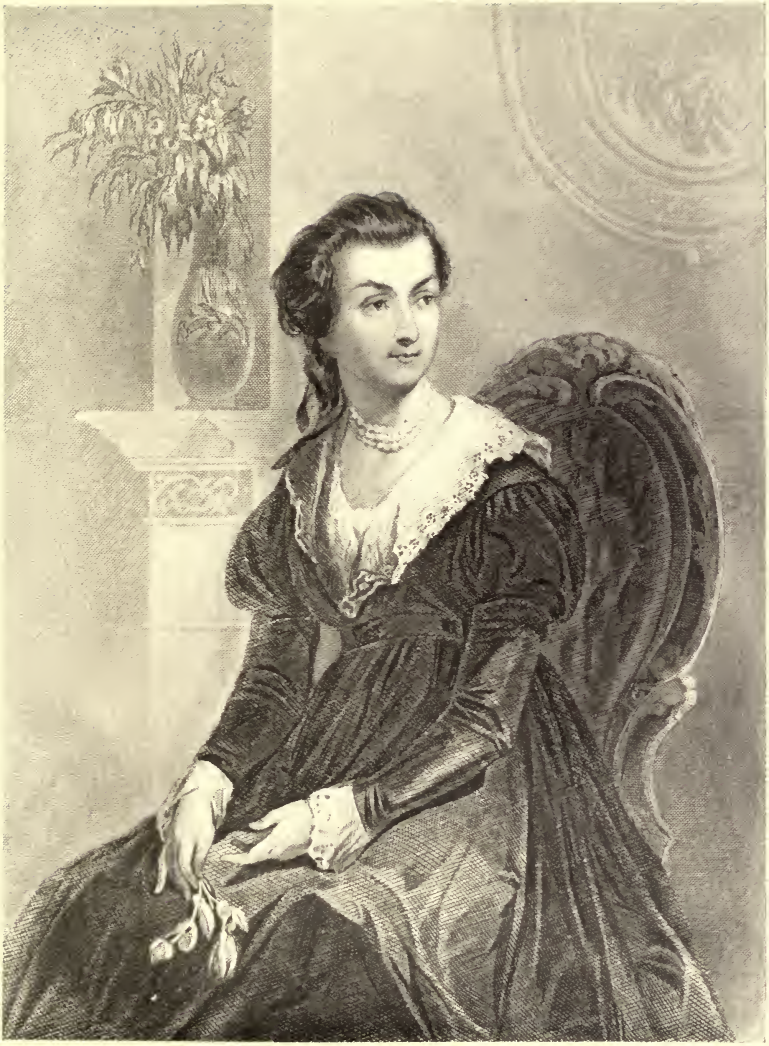
John Hancock's position during the Revolution as President of Congress and later as Governor, brought many calls upon both his hospitality and his benevolence. The generosity that marked him as a young man characterised all his career, and his wife entered as heartily into his benefactions as she did his hospitality. After the Revolution, they entertained many people of prominence, as La Fayette, Count D'Estaing, the French Admiral, Prince Edward of England, and many others. One of Mrs. Hancock's grandnieces tells an anecdote of the time when Admiral D'Estaing visited Boston harbour with his fleet. Governor Hancock invited him to dine on a certain date, with thirty of his officers. What was the dismay of the Governor and Mrs. Hancock when the Admiral accepted the invitation, and accompanied his acceptance with the request to be allowed to bring all his officers, including the midshipmen, which would bring the number of guests to above a hundred. There was nothing to do but for the Governor to overlook the Frenchman's bad manners and accede to the request. It was upon Mrs. Hancock's resourcefulness, however, that the duty fell hardest, of providing for so many guests in the short time available. The problem was speedily solved with the exception of the item of milk. The Governor's private dairy could not possibly furnish all that was needed, and there was not a place in Boston where such a supply could be obtained. Mrs. Hancock summoned the life guards and bade them milk the cows pasturing on Boston Common, and if any persons complained, to send them to her. This was done and no one objected. Plenty of milk was obtained and the dinner to the Admiral and his officers was a great success.

Count D'Estaing returned the courtesy by a dinner on board his flagship, at which Mrs. Hancock was the guest of honour. By the side of her plate was a large rosette of ribbon which greatly excited her curiosity. As the toasts were about to be drunk, the Admiral's aide, who sat next to Mrs. Hancock, requested her to pull the ribbon on the rosette, which ran down under the table. She did so and was greatly surprised to find that by so doing she had fired a gun, which was responded to by every vessel in the fleet.

Two children were born to Governor and Mrs. Hancock, a daughter who died in infancy, and a son who died in the ninth year of his age. John Hancock died in 1793, and several years later Mrs. Hancock was married to Captain Scott, who had been a friend of her husband. Captain Scott died in 1809, after which his widow lived a retired life in Boston, until her death several years later.

Abigail Smith Adams

A woman, who exercised great and far-reaching influence in her day and generation and that influence always for the greatest good, was Abigail Adams, wife of John Adams of Massachusetts. Always distrusting her own abilities and education, and never realising that she had talent other than that of being a good wife to John Adams and a mother to his children, her letters pulse with life and feeling, while the pedantic, though patriotic, poems, plays, essays, and histories of her friend, Mercy



Mrs. John Adams.

(Abigail Smith.)

From a picture by C. Schessele.

Warren, are relegated to the dusty shelves of the reference libraries.

Abigail's years were not filled with great events, though she lived in a history-making epoch and her life lines were closely interwoven with those who were among the makers of history. It was never given to her to perform deeds of heroism for country or for cause, but her life was always so lived that we feel that she would have gone to the scaffold if necessary with the same quiet, gracious dignity which always characterised her, from the little farm-house at Braintree to the gilded drawing-rooms of the French and English Courts, or to the unfinished parlours of the White House.

The wife of John Adams was born his social superior, according to the conventions of a community founded almost exclusively on motives of religious zeal, and where "the ordinary distinctions of society were in a great degree subverted, and the leaders of the church, though without worldly possessions to boast of, were held highest in honour." She was the daughter of the Rev. William Smith, a Congregationalist minister of Weymouth. Her grandfather was also a minister, and through her veins, on her mother's side, flowed the blood of the Quincys, as blue as any in New England. To this mating John Adams brought nothing but the vigour and strength of mind and body that had come to the son of a farmer of limited means but of correct life and high ideals. He had his profession but little practice, and the profession itself was not held in the highest regard by many of the good people of the day. Still there was no decided opposition,[4] and John and Abigail were married October 26, 1764, when she was twenty years old. They went to Braintree to live on his little farm, for although he was a lawyer of promise and acknowledged capabilities, his income from his profession must be helped out by his farm in order that they might live.

Mrs. Adams had but a limited education. Educational opportunities, especially for women, were restricted in the early days, and the delicate condition of her health had always precluded her being sent from home to acquire even the common-school training of the day. As she herself wrote in later years: "My early education did not partake of the abundant opportunities which the present day affords and which even our common schools now afford. I was never sent to any school; I was always sick." Massachusetts, even at that day, ranked high in point of its educational facilities, but not for its women. "While the sons of the family received every possible advantage, compatible with the means of the father, the daughters' interests, so far as mental development was concerned, were ignored. To aid the mother in manual household labour and by self-denial and increased industry to forward the welfare of the brothers, was the most exalted responsibility to which any woman aspired. To women, there was then no career open, no life work to perform outside the narrow walls of home. Every idea of self-culture was swallowed up in the routine of so-called practical life, and what knowledge they obtained was from the society of the learned and the eagerness with which they treasured up and considered the conversation of others."

The girl was, however, a great reader and a voluminous letter-writer. "The women of the last century," her biographer continues, "were more remarkable for their letter-writing propensities than the novel-reading and more pretentious daughters of this era; their field was larger and the stirring events of the times made it an object of more interest. Even though self-taught, the young ladies of Massachusetts were certainly readers and their taste was not for the feeble and nerveless sentiments, but was derived from the deepest wells of English literature. Almost every house in the Colony possessed some heirlooms in the shape of standard books, even if the number was limited to the Bible and Dictionary. Many, especially ministers, could display relics of their English ancestors' intelligence in the libraries handed down to them, and the study of their contents was evident in many of the grave correspondences of that early time."

For ten years after they were married, the current of life moved very smoothly for the Adams family. Mistress Adams spun and wove, knitted stockings for her family, looked after the little farm, and wrote frequent letters to her girlhood friend, Mrs. Mercy Warren, the gifted sister of James Otis. Within this time, Abigail had become the mother of a daughter and three sons. In 1774, Mr. Adams was one of the delegates chosen from Massachusetts to confer with delegates from other Colonies upon matters of common interest; and in August he accompanied Samuel Adams, Robert Treat Paine, and Thomas Cushing to Philadelphia, where the meeting was held. In two months he was again at home, but in May, 1775, the Congress again met and he returned to Philadelphia, making the long journey on horseback. At Hartford, only five days after he had left home, he received the news of the happenings at Lexington.

That was an eventful year for Mrs. Adams. Bancroft writes of her: "In November, 1775, Abigail Smith, wife of John Adams, was at her home near the foot of Penn Hill charged with the sole care of her little brood of children; managing their farm; keeping house with frugality, though opening her doors to the houseless and giving with good will a part of her scant portion to the poor; seeking work for her own hands and ever busily occupied, now at the spinning-wheel, now making amends for never having been sent to school by learning French, though with the aid of books alone. Since the departure of her husband for Congress, the arrow of death had sped near her by day and the pestilence that walks in darkness had entered her humble mansion. She herself was still very weak after a violent illness; her house was a hospital in every part; and such was the distress of the neighbourhood she could hardly find a well person to look after the sick. Her youngest son had been rescued from the grave by her nursing. Her mother had been taken away and, after the austere manner of her forefathers, buried without prayer. Winter was hurrying on; during the days family affairs took all her attention, but her long evenings, broken by the sound of the storm on the ocean, or the enemy's artillery on Boston, were lonesome and melancholy. Ever in the silent night ruminating on the love and tenderness of her departed parent, she needed the consolation of her husband's presence; but when she read the King's proclamation she willingly gave up her nearest friend exclusively to his perilous duties and sent him her cheering message: 'This intelligence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one. I could not join to-day in the petition of our worthy pastor for a reconciliation between our no longer parent state but tyrant state and these Colonies. Let us separate; they are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us renounce them; and instead of supplications, as formerly, for their prosperity, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels and bring to naught all their devices.' "

In December, Mr. Adams was home again, but only for a few weeks, and in March he was on his way back to Philadelphia. One of her letters to him at this time speaks of the anticipated attack on Boston, and says: "It has been said to-morrow and to-morrow, but when the dreadful to-morrow will be I know not."

"Yet even as she wrote," says her biographer,[5] "the first peal of the American guns rang out their dissonance on the chilling night winds, and the house shook from cellar to garret." It was no time for calm thoughts now, and she left her letter unfinished to go out and watch the lurid lights that flashed and disappeared in the distance. Next morning she walked to Penn Hill where she sat listening to the amazing roar and watching the British shells as they fell around about the camp of her friends. Her home at the foot of the hill was all of her earthly wealth, and the careful husbanding of each year's crop her only income; yet while she ever and anon cast her eye upon it, the thoughts that welled into words were not of selfish repinings, but of proud expressions of high-souled patriotism. "The cannonade is from our army," she continues, "and the sight is one of the grandest in nature, and is of the true species of the sublime. 'Tis now an incessant roar. To-night we shall realise more terrible scenes still; I wish myself with you out of hearing, as I cannot assist them, but I hope to give you joy of Boston, even if it is in ruins before I send this away."

Mr. Adams returned early in the fall, but it was but a short respite for her loneliness as he came to announce that he had been chosen to go to France. At first it was thought that he could take his wife and little ones with him, but the manifold dangers of the voyage deterred him. A small and not very fast vessel had been secured, and this the British fleet was bent on capturing, as John Adams was a man with a price on his head. On every account it was decided that it would be best for Mr. Adams to go alone, but he compromised by taking his son, John Quincy Adams, then eleven years old, and they sailed in February. Again was Mrs. Adams left alone to care for her little farm and her young children, with but little to break the lonesome monotony but her letters. After an absence of eighteen months Mr. Adams came home, but it was only for a breathing spell, as almost immediately he was sent to Great Britain to negotiate a peace.

To the wife at least the parting seemed the hardest they had yet endured and her heart found relief in the following words: "My habitation, how desolate it looks! my table, I sit down to it, but cannot swallow my food. Oh! why was I born with so much of sensibility, and why possessing it have I so often been called on to struggle with it? Were I sure you would not be gone, I could not withstand the temptation of coming to you, though my heart would suffer over again the cruel torture of separation." In the spring of 1781, Mrs. Adams could stand the separation no longer; some six months before she had written: "I feel unable to sustain even the idea that it will be half that period ere we meet again. Could we live to the age of antediluvians, we might better support this separation, but with threescore years circumscribing the life of man, how painful is the idea that of that short space only a few years of social happiness are our allotted portion!" A few months after that, she laid her aged father away in the Boston churchyard beside her mother, and there was nothing left to hold her away from her husband except the hardships and perils of a sea voyage. It was early in 1784 that Mrs. Adams, accompanied by her daughter, sailed in the *Active* for England. It was Mrs. Adams's first sea voyage and she suffered so much from sea-sickness that she wrote nothing for the first sixteen days of her voyage—a long time for Abigail Adams to keep her pen from paper. From that time her journal is a narrative of rare interest. Mrs. Adams reached London July 23d, where she was met by her husband and by her son, John Quincy Adams, whom she had not seen for six years. The united family accompanied the father to Paris, where they took up their residence at Auteuil, not far from the residence of Dr. Franklin, and where they resided for a year. Then they removed to London, Mr. Adams having been appointed Minister to that country.

"Mrs. Adams, at the age of forty," writes her biographer, "found herself suddenly transplanted into a scene wholly new. From a life of the utmost retirement in a small and quiet country town in New England, she was at once thrown into the busy and bustling scenes of the populous and wealthy cities of Europe. Not only was her position novel to herself, but there had been nothing like it among her countrywomen. She was the first representative of her sex from the United States at the Court of Great Britain. The impressions made upon her mind were, therefore, uncommonly open and free from the restraints which an established routine of precedents is apt to create. Her residence in France during the first of her European experience appears to have been much enjoyed, notwithstanding the embarrassment felt by her from not speaking the language. That in England, which lasted three years, was somewhat affected by the temper of the sovereign. George and his Queen could not get over the mortification attending the loss of the American Colonies, nor at all times suppress the manifestation of it, when the presence of their Minister forced the subject on their recollection."

In one of the many letters which she was constantly writing to her sister or her daughter, Mrs. Adams refers to this in a way, though it is rare that the good woman allows herself to show that much ill feeling. It was at the time when, in consequence of the French Revolution, the throne of England was thought to be in danger, she wrote "with regret for the country but without sympathy for the Queen. Humiliation for Charlotte is no sorrow for me; she richly deserves her full portion for the contempt and scorn which she took pains to discover."

Mr. Adams returned to America with his family in the summer of 1788. The government was organised under its present Constitution in April of the following year, and he was elected Vice-President and established his home in New York. In a letter to her sister, Mrs. Adams writes that she "would return to Braintree during the recess of Congress, but the season of the year renders the attempt impracticable." In her letter she speaks of Mrs. Washington's "drawing-rooms" and tells of the many invitations to entertainments she receives, but that her own delicate health and the illness of her son prevent her going much into society. After a year's residence in New York, the Adamses removed, with the seat of government, to Philadelphia. She still called the little farmhouse at Braintree, home, and visited there a portion of every year. It was from Braintree that she wrote in February, 1797, to President Adams, as he succeeded Washington:

> "The sun is dressed in brightest beams
> To give thy honours to the day.

And may it prove an auspicious prelude to each ensuing season. You have this day to declare yourself head of a nation. 'And now, O Lord my God, thou hast made thy servant ruler over the people; give him an understanding heart, that he may know how to go out and come in before this great people; that he may discern between good and bad. For who is able to judge this thy so great people'; were words of a royal sovereign and not less applicable to him who is invested with the Chief Magistracy of a nation, though he wear not a crown nor the robes of royalty. My thoughts and my meditations are with you, though personally absent; and my petitions to Heaven are that 'the things that make for peace may not be hidden from your eye.' My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation upon this occasion. They are solemnised by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts, and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honour to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people shall be the daily prayer of your——"

In June, 1800, the Federal Government was removed to Washington where in January, 1801, Mrs. Adams presided at the first New Year's reception ever given at the White House, keeping up the formal etiquette established by Mrs. Washington in New York and Philadelphia. In that year, Mrs. Adams's health began to fail and the necessity of the bracing climate of her old home as well as a desire to look after Mr. Adams's little property led her to spend much of her time in Massachusetts. One of her biographers has said of her career in Washington: "She lived in Washington only four months—and yet she is inseparably connected with it. She was mistress of the White House less than half a year, but she stamped it with her individuality and none have lived there since who have not looked upon her as the model and guide. It is not asserting too much to say that the first occupant of that historic house stands without a rival, and receives a meed of praise awarded to no other American woman."

A few days after Mrs. Adams became mistress of the White House, she wrote the following letter to her daughter, Mrs. Smith:

"Washington, November 21, 1800.

"My Dear Child:

"I arrived here on Sunday last, and without meeting with any accident worth noticing, except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles on the Frederick road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight through woods, where we wandered two hours without finding a guide or the path. Fortunately, a straggling black came up with us, and we engaged him as a guide to extricate us out of our difficulty. But woods are all you see from Baltimore until you reach the city,—which is only so in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed amongst the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. In the city there are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it: but as they are, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort for them. The river, which runs up to Alexandria, is in full view of my window, and I see the vessels as they pass and repass. The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables: an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary. The light in the apartments from the kitchen to parlours and chambers, is a tax indeed; daily agues, is another very cheering comfort. To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience, that I know not what to do, or how to do. The ladies from Georgetown and in the city have many of them visited me. Yesterday I returned fifteen visits,—but such a place as Georgetown appears,—why our Milton is beautiful. But no comparisons;—if they will put me up some bells, and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased. I could content myself almost anywhere three months; but surrounded with forest, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people cannot be found to cut and cart it? Briesler entered into a contract with a man to supply him with wood; a small part, a few cords only, has he been able to get. Most of that was expended to dry the walls of the house before we came in, and yesterday the man told him it was impossible for him to procure it to be cut and carted. He has had recourse to coals; but we cannot get grates made and set. We have indeed come into a new country.

"You must keep all this to yourself, and when asked how I like it, say that I write you the situation is beautiful, which is true. The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished, and all withinside, except the plastering, has been done since Briesler came. We have not the least fence-yard, or other convenience, without, and the great unfinished audience room I make a drying-room of, to hang up the clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and will not be this winter. Six chambers are made comfortable; two are occupied by the President and Mr. Shaw; two lower rooms, one for a common parlour and one for a levee room. Upstairs there is the oval room, which is designed for the drawing-room, and has the crimson furniture in it. It is a very handsome room now, but when completed will be beautiful. If the twelve years, in which this place has been considered as the future seat of government, had been improved, as they would have been if in New England, very many of the present inconveniences would have been removed. It is a beautiful spot, capable of every improvement, and the more I view it, the more I am delighted with it. Since I sat down to write, I have been called down to a servant from Mount Vernon, with a billet from Major Custis, and a haunch of venison, and a kind, congratulatory letter from Mrs. Lewis, upon my arrival in the city, with Mrs. Washington's love, inviting me to Mount Vernon, where, health permitting, I will go, before I leave this place. . . . Two articles are much distressed for: the one is bells, but the more important one is wood. Yet you cannot see wood for the trees. No arrangement has been made, but by promises never performed, to supply the newcomers with fuel. Of the promises, Briesler had received his full share. He had procured nine cords of wood: between six and seven of that was kindly burnt up to dry the walls of the house, which ought to have been done by the commissioners, but which, if left to them, would have remained undone to this day. Congress poured in, but shiver, shiver. No wood-cutters nor carters to be had at any rate. We are now indebted to a Pennsylvania waggon to bring us, through the first clerk in the Treasury Office, one cord and a half of wood, which is all we have for this house, where twelve fires are constantly required and where, we are told, the roads will soon be so bad that it cannot be drawn. Briesler procured two hundred bushels of coal, or we must have suffered. This is the situation of almost every other person. The public officers have sent to Philadelphia for wood cutters and waggons.

"The vessel which has my clothes and other matters is not arrived. The ladies are impatient for a drawing-room: I have no looking-glasses, but dwarfs, for this house; not a twentieth part lamps enough to light it. Many things were stolen, many are broken by the removal; amongst the number, my tea-china is more than half missing. Georgetown affords nothing. My rooms are very pleasant and warm, whilst the doors of the hall are closed.

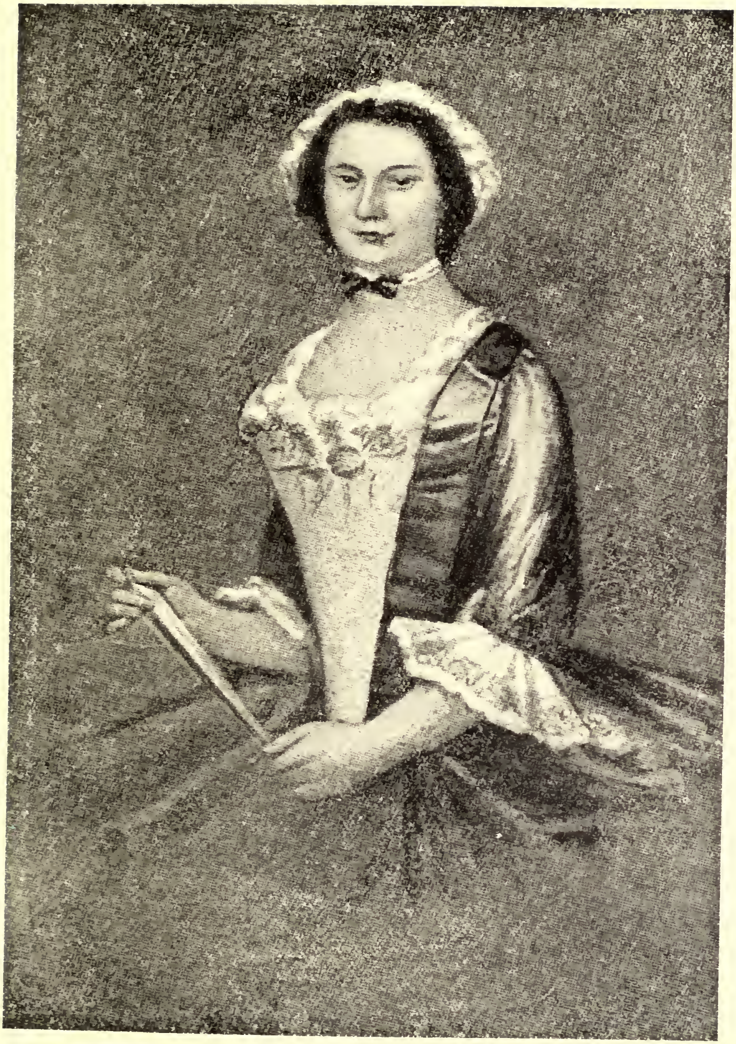
"You can scarce believe that here, in this wilderness-city, I should find myself so occupied as it is. My visitors—some of them come three or four miles. The return of one of them is the work of one day. Most of the ladies reside in Georgetown, or in scattered parts of the city, at two and three miles' distance. We have all been very well as yet; if we can by any means get wood, we shall not let our fires go out, but it is at a price indeed; from four dollars it has risen to nine. Some say it will fall, but there must be more industry than is to be found here to bring half enough to the market for the consumption of the inhabitants."

The remainder of her life, 1801 to 1818, Mrs. Adams lived almost uninterruptedly at Quincy and her declining years were marked with that cheerfulness and dignity that were ever her dominant characteristics. She retained her faculties to the last and as one who knew her well, said: "Her sunny spirit enlivened the small social circle around her, brightened the solitary hours of her husband, and spread the influence of her example over the town where she lived." To her granddaughter she wrote October 26, 1814: "Yesterday completes half a century since I entered the marriage state, then just your age. I have great cause of thankfulness that I have lived so long and enjoyed so large a portion of happiness as has been my lot. The greatest source of unhappiness I have known in that period has arisen from the long and cruel separations which I was called, in a time of war, and with a young family around me, to submit to."

Mrs. Adams died of an attack of fever, October 26, 1818, in the seventy-fifth year of her age, and was laid at rest in the Congregational church of Quincy, where eight years later her eminent husband was laid beside her. Over their last resting place has been placed a marble slab with an inscription prepared by their eldest son, John Quincy Adams.

Thus passed away one of the most remarkable and interesting women of the Revolutionary period. "To learning, in the ordinary acceptance of that term," writes her grandson, "Mrs. Adams could make no claim. Her reading had been extensive in the lighter departments of literature and she was well acquainted with the poets of her own language, but it went no further. It is the soul shining through the words that gives them their greatest attraction; the spirit ever equal to the occasion, whether a great or a small one; a spirit inquisitive and earnest in the little details of life, as when in France or England; playful when she describes daily duties, but rising to the call when the roar of the cannon is in her ears—or when she is reproving her husband for not knowing her better than to think her a coward and to fear telling her bad news."

In Randall's *Life of Thomas Jefferson*, the author has given a rarely interesting estimate of the character of Mrs. Adams. Speaking of her in connection with certain letters which she wrote to Mr. Jefferson, the writer says: "We must not judge too harshly of Mrs. Adams, or pronounce her destitute of womanly amiability. Her lofty lineaments carried a trace of the Puritan severity. They were those of the helmed Minerva, and not of the cestus-girdled Venus. Her correspondence uniformly exhibits a didactic personage—a little inclined to assume a sermonising attitude, as befitted the well-trained and self-reliant daughter of a New England country clergyman—and a little inclined, after the custom of her people, to return thanks



Mrs. Robert R. Livingston.

that she had no lot or part in anything that was not of Massachusetts. Perhaps the masculineness of her understanding extended somewhat to the firmness of her temper. But towering above and obscuring these minor angularities, she possessed a strength of intellectual and moral character which commands unqualified admiration. Her decision would have manifested itself for her friend or her cause, when softer spirits would have shrunk away, or been paralysed with terror. When her New England frigidness gave way and kindled to enthusiasm, it was not the burning straw but the red-hot steel. On the stranding deck, at the gibbet's foot, in any other deadly pass where undaunted moral courage can light up the coming gloom of 'the valley of the shadow of death,' Mrs. Adams would have stood by the side of those she loved, uttering words of encouragement; and in that more desperate pass where death or overthrow are balanced against dishonour, she would have firmly bade the most loved friends on earth embrace the former like a bride."

Elizabeth Checkley Adams

Elizabeth Checkley, the first wife of Samuel Adams, "Father of the Revolution," was the daughter of Rev. Samuel Checkley, pastor of the New South Church in Boston. The elder Checkley and the father of Samuel Adams were life-long friends, and it is said that it was the influence of the elder Adams that secured the appointment of his friend to the pastorate. Consequently it brought satisfaction to both families when it was found that the young people had plighted their troth. They were married in October, 1749. She was twenty-four years old at the time and, as her daughter has written, "was a rare example of virtue and piety blended with a retiring and modest demeanour and the charms of elegant womanhood."

The families of Adams and Checkley had been connected by marriage in the previous century, Captain John Adams having married Hannah, daughter of Anthony Checkley, first Attorney-General of the Province under the New Charter, and an ancestor of Rev. Samuel Checkley; Elizabeth Checkley's mother, was a Rolfe, daughter of Rev. Benjamin Rolfe, minister at Haverhill, at the time of the "Sack of Haverhill" by the Indians in 1708. In this fighting the minister was killed, together with about one hundred other persons, and many more were carried away. According to Drake's *History of Boston*, a maid-servant in the employ of Rev. Mr. Rolfe saved the two little daughters of the minister by her bravery and presence of mind. She overheard the Indians breaking into the house and, springing from her bed, took the two little girls, Elizabeth and Mary, aged respectively nine and eleven years, and hurried them into the cellar where she secreted them under two large tubs. They were not found, though the savages ransacked the whole house. It was one of these little girls, Elizabeth, who afterward became the wife of Rev. Samuel Checkley, and mother of Elizabeth Checkley who married Samuel Adams.

Five children were born to Samuel and Elizabeth Adams, only two of whom came to maturity, Samuel, Jr., and Hannah. Mrs. Adams died July 25, 1757. After this date in the family Bible there is written, in the hand of Samuel Adams: "To her husband she was as sincere a friend as she was a faithful wife. Her exact economy in all her relative capacities, her kindred on his side as well as her own admire. She ran her Christian race with remarkable steadiness and finished in triumph! She left two small children. God grant they may inherit her graces!"

Elizabeth Wells Adams

Far removed from the brilliant social circle of which Dorothy Hancock was the bright particular star, and inferior intellectually to Abigail Adams, Elizabeth Wells, second wife of Samuel Adams, was yet a woman of most excellent qualities and well worthy of being the helpmeet of that patriot and statesman during the most trying period of his life.

Samuel Adams's characterisation of Benjamin Franklin as being "a great philosopher but a poor politician" might be paraphrased as applied to himself as being "a great politician but a very improvident family man." His whole life was practically given up to public affairs, while private interests, business, and family matters were neglected in a way that would have driven a woman less loyal and even-tempered than Elizabeth Adams to bitter complaint, if not open rebellion. Yet always we find her cheerful and sympathetic; always a faithful and loving wife to Samuel Adams and a tender mother to his motherless children. His business might be going to ruin through neglect while he talked politics with his neighbours on the street corners, his leaky roof go unshingled while he made patriots of the workmen of the sail-lofts and shipyards of Boston, but not one word of complaint or fault-finding do we hear from his family.

Politics came as natural to Samuel Adams as the air he breathed—not the petty politics that plots and plans for place or patronage, but the great politics that is the practical side of statesmanship; the politics that began by teaching a crude and simple-minded people their inherent rights as freeborn men and women, and building up a spirit of opposition to any encroachments upon those rights, whether foreign or domestic; the politics that finally wrenched a handful of straggling Colonies from a great and powerful monarchy and welded them together into a compact and harmonious republic. Such was the politics of Samuel Adams, and the very thesis that won for him from Harvard College, in 1743, his Master of Arts degree, "Whether it be lawful to resist the Supreme Magistrate, if the Commonwealth cannot be otherwise preserved," shows, not only the bent of his mind, but also, that however much other leaders of revolutionary sentiment may have looked forward to reconciliation with the mother country, on a basis of justice to the Colonies, Samuel Adams, almost from the first, saw nothing ahead but independence.

Samuel Adams was forty-two years old when he married Elizabeth Wells, fifth daughter of his intimate friend, Francis Wells, an English merchant who came to Boston with his family in 1723. She was twenty-nine years old at the time of the marriage. He was not a successful man according to the standard of most of his thrifty neighbours, though looked upon as one of strict integrity and blameless morality. He could not make money and, what was more to his discredit in their eyes, he seemed to have no desire to accumulate property. His father had left him a fairly profitable malting business, a comfortable house on Purchase Street, and one thousand pounds in money. Half the money he had loaned to a friend who never repaid him. The malt business was neglected and mismanaged so that it did not pay expenses. But always and ever, "Sam" Adams, as he was generally known, was talking politics, writing for the newspapers, debating some measure before the town meeting, or framing up some act for the Assembly calculated to strengthen the rights of the people or to awaken opposition to British encroachment.

Boston at that time was a city of about 18,000 inhabitants and noted already as a "reading town." Education was general. Nearly every person read some one of the five newspapers that were published there and they carried columns of announcements from the booksellers. Of news and impersonal articles, such as go to make up the newspapers of our day, there was little. But letters from the people championing various lines of thought, letters that argued, letters that pleaded, letters of vehement invective and insinuating sophistry, letters signed by the writers and letters signed by *nom-de-plume*, filled the columns of the papers and exercised a vast influence on public opinion. Samuel Adams was an indefatigable writer for the newspapers, appearing under many pen names, but always in advocacy of some measure that he was preparing to have the town meeting endorse or the Assembly put through. A Tory writer of the day is quoted as saying: "The town meeting of Boston is the hotbed of sedition. It is there that all their dangerous insurrections are engendered; it is there that the flame of discord and rebellion is lighted up and disseminated over the Province."

"In the year 1764," says Hosmer, his biographer,[6] "Samuel Adams had reached the age of forty-two. Even now his hair was becoming grey, and a peculiar tremulousness of the head and hands made it seem as if he were already on the threshold of old age. His constitution, nevertheless, was remarkably sound. His frame of about medium stature was muscular and well knit. His eyes were a clear steel grey, his nose prominent, the lower part of his face capable of great sternness, but in ordinary intercourse wearing a genial expression. Life had brought him much of hardship. In 1757 his wife had died. . . . Misfortune had followed him in business. The malt house had been an utter failure; his patrimony had vanished little by little, so that beyond the mansion on Purchase Street, with its pleasant harbour view, little else remained. His house was becoming rusty through want of means to keep it in repair. On the sixth of December of this year he married for his second wife Elizabeth Wells, a woman of efficiency and cheerful fortitude, who, through the forty years of hard and hazardous life that remained to him, walked sturdily at his side. It required indeed no common virtue to do this, for while Samuel Adams superintended the birth of the child Independence, he was quite careless how the table at home was spread, and as to the condition of his own children's clothes and shoes. More than once the family would have become objects of charity if the hands of his wife had not been ready and skilful."

In the present day Samuel Adams would have been called a political "boss." Boston was as absolutely ruled by its "town meeting" as any city of to-day is governed by its mayor and council, and "Town-meeting Sam" Adams was absolute in his direction and control of the town meeting. It was he who outlined policies, made up slates, and saw that they were put through. Always he held some minor office, generally one without a salary attached and entirely out of keeping with his services and the power he exercised. For "Sam" Adams as a boss had his limitations which would have been laughed at by the political bosses of later days.

He remained as poor as ever. No shadow of corruption ever fell across his path. No political job ever left the taint of graft on his hands. He was a collector of taxes for years. Times were hard, money woefully scarce, and the collections became sadly in arrears. Adams's enemies raised the cry of defalcation. Then it came out that Sam Adams had refused to sell out the last cow or pig or the last sack of potatoes or corn meal or the scant furniture of a poor man to secure his taxes. He had told his superiors in authority that the town did not need the taxes as badly as most of these poor people needed their little belongings and that he would rather lose his office than force such collections. It was, of course, a poor showing for an official, but it put Sam Adams and the plain people of Boston so closely together that they were ready, ever after, to elect him to any office that he would accept.

Writing of Adams in 1769, Hosmer says: "For years now, Samuel Adams had laid aside all pretence of private business and was devoted simply and solely to public affairs. The house on Purchase Street still afforded the family a home. His sole source of income was the small salary (one hundred pounds) he received as clerk of the Assembly. His wife, like himself, was contented with poverty; through good management, in spite of their narrow means, a comfortable home life was maintained in which the children grew up happy and in every way well trained and cared for. John Adams tells of a drive taken by these two kinsmen on a beautiful June day, not far from this time, in the neighbourhood of Boston. Then as from the first and ever after there was an affectionate intimacy between them. They often called one another brother, though the relationship was only that of second cousin. 'My brother, Samuel Adams, says he never looked forward in his life; never planned, laid a scheme or formed a design of laying up anything for himself or others after him.' The case of Samuel Adams is almost without a parallel as an instance of enthusiastic, unswerving devotion to public service throughout a long life."

It is not our purpose in these pages to give, even in outline, a history of the great work that Samuel Adams did for the cause of American independence. But in order to gain insight into the character of Elizabeth Adams and show what the wife had to contend with, the utter devotion of her husband to the public business and his singular unselfishness, so far as that business was concerned, must be dwelt upon. It is easy enough at this time to see the great stakes for which Samuel Adams was playing; to understand his carefully laid plans and to sympathise with his disinterested patriotism. But we must remember that Elizabeth Adams, doing needlework and kitchen gardening to eke out the scant allowance she had to furnish a livelihood for herself and family, was looking at the fabric from the wrong side. What is to us a strong, harmonious, and beautiful pattern, must have been to her a motley collection of ragged ends, thrown together without rhyme or reason—something dull, distorted, and indiscribably ugly. Yet we hear of no complainings—no chidings because of his thriftless waste of time and talent working for other people without compensation and neglecting his own affairs and family. Always she and his children seemed to think that whatever he thought or whatever he did must be right.

During the summer of 1774, Samuel Adams was a busy man. He was making preparations to attend the Congress that was to be held in Philadelphia, and was at the head of several committees devoted to the relief of Boston. Owing to the closing of the port, the city was in sadly straitened circumstances. Donations were coming from far and near and were distributed by one of the committees of which Adams was chairman. Another of his committees laid out public works, opening streets and wharves and furnishing work for many citizens. Hosmer, writing of Samuel Adams at this time, says:

"He still occupied the house in Purchase Street, the estate connected with which had, as time went forward, through the carelessness of its preoccupied owner, become narrowed to a scanty tract. . . . Shortly before this time he had been able, probably with the help of friends, to put his home in good order, and managed to be hospitable. For apparently, life went forward in his home, if frugally, not parsimoniously, his admirable wife making it possible for him, from his small income as clerk of the House, to maintain a decent housekeeping. His son, now twenty-two years old, a young man for whom much could be hoped, was studying medicine with Dr. Warren, after a course at Harvard. His daughter (Hannah Adams) was a promising girl of seventeen. With the young people and their intimates the father was cordial and genial. He had an ear for music and a pleasant voice in singing, a practice which he much enjoyed. The house was strictly religious; grace was said at each meal, and the Bible is still preserved from which some member read aloud each night. Old Surry, a slave woman given to Mrs. Adams in 1765, and who was freed upon coming into her possession, lived in the family nearly fifty years, showing devoted attachment. When slavery was abolished in Massachusetts, papers of manumission were made out for her in due form; but these she threw into the fire in anger, saying she had lived too long to be trifled with. The servant boy whom Samuel Adams carefully and kindly reared, became afterwards a mechanic of character and worked efficiently in his former master's behalf when at length, in his old age, Adams was proposed for Governor. Nor must Queue be forgotten, the big intelligent Newfoundland dog, who appreciated perfectly what was his due as the dog of Sam Adams. He had a vast antipathy to the British uniform. He was cut and shot in several places by soldiers, in retaliation for his own sharp attacks, for the patriotic Queue anticipated the 'embattled farmers' of Concord Bridge in inaugurating hostilities, and bore to his grave honourable scars from his fierce encounters."

"Until his fifty-third year, Samuel Adams had never left his native town except for places a few miles distant. The expenses of the journey and the sojourn in Philadelphia were arranged for by the legislative appropriation. But the critical society of a prosperous town and the picked men of the Thirteen Colonies were to be encountered. A certain sumptuousness in living and apparel would be not only fitting but necessary in the deputies, that the great Province which they represented might suffer no dishonour. Samuel Adams himself probably would have been quite satisfied to appear in the old red coat of 1770 in which he had been painted by Copley[7] and which his wife's careful darning doubtless still held together; but his townsmen arranged it differently."

How this arrangement was brought about is told in a private letter written August 11, 1774: "The ultimate wish and desire of the *high* government party is to get Sam Adams out of the way, when they think they may accomplish everyone of their plans; but however some may despise him, he has certainly very many friends. For, not long since, some persons (their names unknown) sent and asked his permission to build him a new barn, the old one being decayed, which was executed in a few days. A second sent to ask leave to repair his house, which was thoroughly effected soon. A third sent to beg the favour of him to call at a tailor's shop and be measured for a suit of clothes and chose his cloth, which was finished and sent home for his acceptance. A fourth presented him with a new wig, a fifth with a new hat, a sixth with six pairs of the best silk hose, a seventh with six pairs of fine thread ditto, an eighth with six pairs of shoes, and a ninth modestly inquired of him whether his finances were not rather low than otherwise. He replied it was true that was the case but he was very indifferent about these matters, so that his *poor* abilities were of any service to the public; upon which the gentleman obliged him to accept of a purse containing about fifteen or twenty Johannes."

The next glimpse we get of the family relations of Samuel and Elizabeth Adams was in a letter that has been preserved, which he wrote from Philadelphia, June 28, 1775, nearly a year after his friends had bought him new raiment and filled his purse in Boston to attend the first Continental Congress. Governor Gage had just made his proclamation offering pardon "to all persons who shall forthwith lay down their Arms and return to the Duties of peaceable Subjects, excepting only from the benefit of such pardon Samuel Adams and John Hancock, whose Offences were of too flagitious a Nature to admit of any other Consideration than that of condign Punishment." The Battle of Bunker Hill had been fought and Dr. Joseph Warren had been killed. The letter was as follows:

"My Dearest Betsy, yesterday I received Letters from some of our Friends at the Camp informing me of the Engagement between the American troops and the Rebel Army at Charlestown. I cannot but be greatly rejoiced at the tryed Valour of our Countrymen who by all Accounts behaved with an intrepidity becoming those who fought for their Liberties against the mercenary Soldiers of a Tyrant. It is painful to me to reflect on the Terror I suppose you were under, on hearing the Noise of War so near. Favour me, my dear, with an Account of your Apprehensions at that time, under your own hand. I pray God to cover the heads of our Countrymen in every day of Battle and ever to protect you from Injury in these distracted times. The Death of our truly amiable and worthy Friend Dr. Warren is greatly afflicting; the language of Friendship is, how shall we resign him; but it is our Duty to submit to the Dispensations of Heaven 'whose ways are ever gracious and just.' He fell in the glorious Struggle for publick Liberty. Mr. Pitts and Dr. Church inform me that my dear son has at length escaped from the Prison at Boston. . . . Remember me to my dear Hannah and sister Polly and to all Friends. Let me know where good old Surry is. Gage has made me respectable by naming me first among those who are to receive no favour from him. I thoroughly despise him and his proclamation. . . . The

Clock is now striking twelve. I therefore wish you good Night.

"Yours most affectionately,

"S. Adams."

Early in August, Samuel Adams and the other delegates from Massachusetts hurried home. Congress had adjourned from August 1st until September 5th, and when Adams arrived from Philadelphia, he found the "General Assembly of the Territory of Massachusetts Bay" in session and himself entitled to sit as one of the eighteen councillors. The delegation had in charge five hundred thousand dollars for the use of Washington's army. Samuel Adams was at once elected Secretary of State. Mrs. Adams, who had been forced to leave Boston, was living with her daughter at the home of her aged father in Cambridge, and Samuel Adams, Jr., held an appointment as surgeon in Washington's army. Friends were looking after all of them. Mr. Adams's visit with his family was a short one, and on September 12th, he started on his return to Philadelphia, travelling on horseback, on a horse loaned him by John Adams. An interesting letter is still preserved, written by

Mrs. Adams to her husband during this Congress. It is as follows:

Cambridge, Feb. 12, 1776.

My Dear—I received your affectionate Letter by Fesenton and I thank you for your kind Concern for my Health and Safty. I beg you Would not give yourself any pain on our being so Near the Camp; the place I am in is so Situated, that if the Regulars should ever take Prospect Hill, which God forbid, I should be able to make an Escape, as I am Within a few stones casts of a Back Road, Which Leads to the Most Retired part of Newtown. . . . I beg you to Excuse the very poor Writing as My paper is Bad and my pen made with Scissars. I should be glad (My dear), if you should n't come down soon, you would Write me Word Who to apply to for some Monney, for I am low in Cash and Every thing is very dear.

May I subscribe myself yours,

Eliza$^{\text{h}}$ Adams.

The closing years of Mrs. Adams's life brought more of peace and comfort than had been her portion during the Revolution or the years leading up to it from her marriage in 1764.

After the British evacuated Boston she and her family returned to the city to live. Sometimes they were "low in cash," as she naively put it, but with her fine sewing and Hannah's "exquisite embroidery," they managed to live in comfort. Samuel Adams retired from Congress in 1781, but was constantly in office in Massachusetts, the salary of which, while he did not much consider it, must have been of great help to her. During Hancock's incumbency of the gubernatorial chair Adams was Lieutenant-Governor, and upon the death of Hancock in 1793, Adams succeeded him as the chief executive of the State and was re-elected Governor in 1795 and '96, declining re-election because of failing health. The death of Dr. Samuel Adams in 1788, was a great blow to the father, which was somewhat ameliorated by his satisfaction at the happy marriage of his daughter Hannah, who had become the wife of Captain Thomas Wells, a younger brother of Mrs. Adams, her stepmother. They lived in a comfortable home on Winter Street. The last days of the aged pair were made comfortable by his son who, dying, left claims against the government which yielded about six thousand dollars. This sum fortunately invested sufficed for the simple wants of the old patriot and his wife. Samuel Adams died in 1803 and his wife followed him five years later.

Sarah Cobb Paine.

Sally Cobb Paine, wife of Robert Treat Paine, one of the signers, was born and reared in Taunton, Mass., where her father, Captain Thomas Cobb, was a prominent citizen, magistrate, and member of the legislature, who in 1754 had commanded a Taunton company in the French and Indian War. Her mother was Lydia Leonard, whose father and grandfather, both, of whom were called Captain James Leonard, had been prominent in the early history of Bristol County. Her brother, Gen. David Cobb, served all through the Revolution, three years of that time being an aide on the staff of Washington.

Her early life and education did not differ from that of other daughters of well-to-do and church-going citizens of the commonwealth. Robert Treat Paine, on his maternal side, a grandson of Governor Robert Treat of Connecticut, was born in Boston. After graduating from Harvard College, he studied for the ministry but afterward changed his mind and read law in the office of Benjamin Pratt, later Chief Justice of the Colony of New York. After being admitted to the bar, Paine removed to Taunton where he practised his profession for many years. He was married to Sally Cobb about 1770. They had eight children, four sons and four daughters. The oldest sons, Robert Treat, Thomas, and Charles were educated for the law and Henry the youngest for commercial business. Robert Treat Paine, Jr., died of yellow fever in 1798, unmarried, and Thomas the second son, by an act of the legislature, had his name changed to Robert Treat Paine, Jr.

This young man brought great disappointment and unhappiness into the lives of his parents. Though educated for the law, he neglected it and turned to writing in a desultory way. He had marked ability but a temperament that revolted from the strait-laced and somewhat narrow life of a New England practitioner. In February, 1795, he married Eliza Baker, daughter of an English actor and his wife, who were touring the country. She seems to have been a most worthy young woman, educated, refined, and good principled, but at that time prejudice against theatrical persons was very strong, especially among New England people, and the elder Paine, on the day of his son's marriage, drove him from his house. A friend of the family, Major Wallach, gave shelter to the young man and his wife and they remained inmates of his family for fifteen months. It is said that Mr. Paine offered "liberal remuneration" but that his host would "only accept one hundred dollars, and that reluctantly." Robert Treat Paine, Jr., once remarked: "When I lost a father I gained a wife and found a friend."[8] The brilliant but erratic young man grew dissipated, lost, by some unfortunate theatrical ventures, what money he had, and finally, when broken in health and fortune and dying of consumption, became reconciled to his family and breathed his last in his father's home, cared for by his mother and sister. It is needless to say that while he had been driven from his father's house he had never gone out of his mother's heart. After the death of his son, which was a greater blow to the father than most people realised, he brought the young widow and the three children of Robert Treat Paine, Jr., into his own home, where they afterward lived.

Robert Treat Paine, Jr., wrote the famous political song *Adams and Liberty*, in 1798, when relations between the United States and both England and France were strained to the point of breaking and war, especially with France, seemed inevitable. The opening stanza of the song was as follows:

"Ye sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For those rights which unstained from your sires have descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valour has bought
And your sons reap the soil which their fathers defended.
'Mid the reign of mild peace,
May your nation increase,
With the glory of Rome and the wisdom of Greece;
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls its waves."

Ann Thompson Gerry

Ann Thompson was a New York woman whom Elbridge Gerry, the young statesman from Massachusetts met and married during the time he was a member of the Continental Congress. She was the daughter of James Thompson and came from an old and highly honoured family. She was born in 1763 and educated in Dublin, Ireland, her two brothers being at the same time students of Edinburgh University, in Scotland.

They afterward entered the English army but never saw service in America.

Elbridge Gerry was in Congress almost continuously from 1776 until 1785, when he returned to private life, in Cambridge, Mass., introducing his young wife who became almost at once a social favourite. She was not long to enjoy the companionship of her husband, however, as, in 1797, Mr. Gerry was sent to France by President Adams and after his return from that mission was almost constantly in office, either in the service of the state or nation. Whatever his position was, however, whether member of Congress, Governor of his native State, or Vice-President of the United States, Mrs. Gerry proved herself a fitting helpmeet of her husband and cheerfully and gracefully met the demands of official and social life which devolved upon her. Her husband's biographer says of her, "She possessed considerable force of character and a dignified and gentle manner and, although an invalid, she personally superintended the education and religious training of her children and inspired them with a strong affection and reverence for herself which was evidenced by their devotion to her in her later years in New Haven."

In a letter to James Monroe on affairs of state, written by Mr. Gerry, in 1787, there appears this paragraph: "Your sentiments are perfectly correspondent with my own respecting domestic Happiness; it is the only Happiness in this life which in my opinion is worth pursuit. Our little pet is named Catharine after its Grand Mama, and is our Mutual delight."

Mr. Gerry died suddenly, in 1814, in the midst of his term of office as Vice-President. His biographer relates that shortly before he breathed his last "he drew from his bosom a miniature which he always wore when the original was absent. He spoke of it with an interest to show that although the surpassing beauty delineated in the picture might have first charmed the imagination, more enduring qualities had left the impress of affection on his heart."

Three sons and six daughters survived Mr. Gerry, as follows: Catharine, married to Hon. James T. Austin; Eliza, married to Major David Townsend; Ann, Elbridge, Thomas Russell, Helen Maria, Captain James Thompson, Eleanor Stanford, and Emily Louise, who died in New Haven, December 28, 1894, and was the last surviving daughter of a signer of the Declaration of Independence.[9]

Elbridge Gerry inherited a large fortune from his father. After his death it was found that the fortune had been to a great extent sacrificed in the cause of his country, and Mrs. Gerry disposed of the beautiful home in Cambridge and eventually settled in New Haven where she died in 1849 and was buried in the Old Cemetery, where sleep many of her children. The inscription on her monument reads:

"Born Aug. 12, 1763; died March 17, 1849, Ann, the widow of Elbridge Gerry, Vice-President of the U. S. His name is immortalised on the Declaration of his country's Independence, hers in the transcendent virtues of domestic life. Both are embalmed in the veneration of their children."

Sarah Scott Hopkins

Stephen Hopkins, alternately Governor and Chief Justice of the Province of Rhode Island for many years before his palsied hand wrote its tremulous signature to the Declaration of Independence, married Sarah Scott, daughter of Silvanus and Joanna Jenckes Scott, as his first wife, in 1726. Both were of Quaker stock and both of them were barely turned twenty years of age. Sarah Scott was a great-granddaughter of Richard Scott, said to be the first Rhode Island man to embrace the Quaker faith. Richard Scott's wife, Sarah Scott's great-grandmother, was Catharine Marbury, sister of Ann Hutchinson, who was driven from Boston during the outbreak of religious intolerance that characterised some of the earlier years of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, and Catharine Marbury, herself, was whipped in Boston gaol for her religious contumacy. We know but little of Sarah Scott Hopkins except that it is recorded that she was "a kindly, industrious, and frugal woman, a good mother and an affectionate wife."

She was the mother of seven children, only five of whom arrived at maturity. These were as follows: Rufus, who married Abigail Angell of Providence; John, who married Mary Gibbs of Boston; Lydia, who became the second wife of Col. Daniel Tillinghast of Newport; Silvanus, who died unmarried, and George, who married Ruth Smith, daughter of his father's second wife.

John Hopkins, the second son, died of smallpox in 1753, off the coast of Spain. He was master of the ship *Two Brothers* which at once put into port, but the dead man, having been a Protestant, was denied Christian burial. He was twenty-four years old at the time of his death.

Silvanus sailed the same year, 1753, for Cape Breton, as mate of a small schooner, and on his return was wrecked off the coast of Nova Scotia. In attempting to return to Louisburg in an open boat he was surprised by Indians on the shore of St. Peter's Island and his body left on the beach. Sarah Scott Hopkins died the same year as her two sons, in the twenty-eighth year of her married life.

Anne Smith Hopkins

Mrs. Anne Smith, the second wife of Stephen Hopkins, was the daughter of Benjamin Smith, of Providence, the same name as that borne by her first husband though there was no relationship. She was a descendant, in the fourth generation, from John Smith, one of the four associates of Roger Williams, on his journey from Massachusetts, in 1636.

Her marriage to Mr. Hopkins took place in 1755, in the Friends' Meeting-House in Smithfield, and the certificate, bearing the signatures of the bride, bridegroom, and witnesses, is still preserved in the collections of the Rhode Island Historical Society. She was thirty-eight years old at the time of her marriage, and brought with her three living children, Benjamin, Ruth, and Amery. It is said that Mr. Hopkins became very fond of his stepchildren as they did of him. Ruth Smith afterward married George Hopkins, the son of her stepfather, and Benjamin married Mary Tillinghast, a stepdaughter of Mr. Hopkins's daughter Lydia.

A few months after their marriage Mr. Hopkins was elected Governor of the Province and he continued in one office or another almost continuously until his death in 1785. His wife died two years before him.

Ann Remington Ellery

Ann Remington, daughter of Hon. Jonathan Remington of Cambridge, Mass., became in October, 1750, the first wife of William Ellery. She was a highly educated and accomplished young woman and a descendant from Governors

Dudley and Bradstreet, of the old Bay Colony. William Ellery, son of well-to-do and well-educated parents of Newport, R. I., was graduated from Harvard College in 1747, at the age of twenty, and had just completed his legal studies and begun the practice of law when he returned to Cambridge for his bride. She was three years his junior and their new home in Newport was a centre of refined and cultured society. She died in 1764, after bearing him seven children, four daughters and three sons.

Their oldest daughter, Elizabeth, born in 1751, became the wife of Hon. Francis Dana, LL.D., member of Congress, Minister to Russia, and Chief Justice of Massachusetts. Their son was Richard H. Dana, the poet. A grandson of the same name became a noted lawyer. Lucy Ellery, the second daughter married William Channing of Newport, Attorney-General of Rhode Island, and their son was the eminent divine William Ellery Channing. Almy, the third daughter, became the wife of Hon. William Stedman, who was a member of Congress from 1803 to 1810. William Ellery, Jr., the eldest son, married Abigail, daughter of Captain William Shaw and a noted beauty of her day. Edmund

Trowbridge Ellery, the younger son, was married to Catharine, daughter of Benjamin Almy.

Abigail Carey Ellery

William Ellery married Abigail, daughter of Nathaniel and Elizabeth Wanton Carey (or Cary), in 1767, three years after the death of his first wife. She was his second cousin and twenty-five years old at the time of their marriage. Mr. Ellery had prospered greatly in the practice of his profession and was accounted wealthy. He also stood high in the estimation of his townsmen and was keenly alive to their interests. From the beginning of the agitation against the encroachments of the British ministry, he had been outspoken in favour of the rights of the people. He was made to suffer greatly for this. His house was burned and his property greatly damaged at an early stage of the struggle but he did not give up his seat in Congress and return home as he would have been justified in doing; he left his own business affairs to get along as best they might while he continued service as one of the most indefatigable workers in Congress.

After the war, his own State made him Chief

Justice, and after the adoption of the Constitution and the election of Washington to the Presidency he was made collector of customs at Newport; the competence he derived from these offices proved sufficient to make his declining years easy and comfortable.

Eight children were born to William Ellery and his second wife, but only two of them lived to grow to maturity. One of these was George Wanton Ellery, born in 1789, and for many years collector of the port of Newport. He married Mary, daughter of Thomas Goddard, and they lived in the old home of the signer. The other child was a daughter, Mehitable Redwood, who was born in 1784 and who married William Anthony.

Abigail Ellery died in 1793 and was survived by her husband many years, he dying in 1820 in the ninety-third year of his age.

Elizabeth Hartwell Sherman

Elizabeth Hartwell, daughter of Deacon Joseph Hartwell, of Stoughton, Mass., was married to Roger Sherman, in 1749 and went to live with him in New Milford, Conn., where he held the office of County Surveyor for New

Haven County. Roger Sherman was twenty-eight years old at the time. Six years before he had removed from Stoughton to New Milford with his widowed mother and her little family, and worked at his calling as shoemaker. The young man was limited as to education, but he had ambition, a decided bent for mathematics, and great powers of application. In 1745, he began land surveying, and three years before his marriage we find him making the yearly calculations of an almanac that was published in New York. We know little about Elizabeth Hartwell Sherman beyond the fact that she became the mother of seven children and that she died in 1760, highly respected by all who knew her for her gentle nature and Christian character. At the time of her death, her husband was serving his fifth year as a member of Assembly, and was studying law. Their children were John, William, Isaac, Chloe, Oliver, Chloe, and Elizabeth. Chloe (the first), and Oliver died in infancy.

Rebecca Prescott Sherman

Rebecca Prescott Sherman, the gifted woman who became the second wife of Roger Sherman, the patriot and signer of the Declaration of Independence, was born in Salem, the first child of Benjamin Prescott and Rebecca Minot Prescott. Of her early life there is little to tell. She came of a long line of distinguished men and women and was a highly cultured and beautiful girl of great spirit.

Her story is best told in the words of a gifted descendant, Katharine Prescott Bennett, who in a recent number of the *Journal of American History*, quoting a niece of Rebecca Prescott Sherman, writes: "She was born in Salem, and nothing in particular happened to her until she was about seventeen, when something *very particular indeed* happened. You know that her aunt had married Rev. Josiah Sherman of Woburn, Massachusetts, and one bright morning, Aunt Rebecca started on horseback to visit her, little dreaming toward what she was riding so serenely. Roger Sherman, meanwhile, had just finished a visit to his brother Josiah, who determined to ride a short distance toward New Haven with him. They were about to say good-bye when Aunt Rebecca's horse, with its fair rider, came galloping down the road. Aunt Rebecca was a great beauty and a fine horsewoman, and she must have ridden straight into Roger Sherman's heart, for concluding to prolong his visit, he turned his horse and rode back with her. His courtship prospered, as we know, and they were married, May 12, 1763, when she was twenty and he was forty-two—twenty-two years her senior. She was his second wife and entered the life of this wonderfully gifted but plain man just at the time when her beauty, grace, and wit were of the greatest help in his career.

"We always have been a patriotic race, and this marriage brought Aunt Rebecca into still more active touch with all matters pertaining to the interests of the Colonies at this stirring period; and when at last the Declaration of Independence was promulgated, you can fancy the excitement and enthusiasm of the wife of Roger Sherman, the man who had so much to do with the momentous document. When, a little later, George Washington designed and ordered the new flag to be made by Betsy Ross, nothing would satisfy Aunt Rebecca but to go and see it in the works, and there she had the privilege of sewing some of the stars on the very first flag of a Young Nation. Perhaps because of this experience, she was chosen and requested to make the first flag ever made in the State of Connecticut—which she did, assisted by Mrs. Wooster. This fact is officially recorded."

The grey-haired and stately old lady, niece of Rebecca Prescott Sherman, being importuned for further reminiscences, continued: "A short story came to Uncle Roger's ears, which it amused him to tell, to Aunt Rebecca's consternation. When independence was declared, she was only thirty-four years old, and the lovely girl had developed into what George Washington considered the most beautiful of what we now call the Cabinet ladies. At a dinner given by General Washington to the political leaders and their wives, he took Aunt Rebecca out, thus making her the guest of honour. Madam Hancock was much piqued and afterward said to some one, that she was entitled to that distinction. A rumour of her displeasure came to the ear of George Washington, and to have his actions criticised was not at all to his liking. He drew himself up to his full height and sternly said: 'Whatever may be Mrs. Hancock's sentiments in the matter, I had the honour of escorting to dinner the handsomest lady in the room.' If Mrs. Hancock heard of this I do not think it would have tended to restore her tranquillity. I remember Aunt Rebecca coming into the room just as Uncle Roger was finishing this story and exclaiming half laughing, half vexed: 'Oh! Roger, why will you tell the child such nonsense?' Then turning to me, she said: 'Always remember, that handsome is as handsome does.' 'Well!' Uncle Roger retorted gallantly, 'you looked handsome and acted handsome too, Rebecca, so I am making an example of you. Surely you cannot find fault with that.' "

It was a saying of Roger Sherman that he never liked to decide a perplexing question without submitting it for the opinion of some intelligent woman, and as a usual thing, Mrs. Sherman was the woman whose opinion he desired. It is said that he consulted her not only in regard to his business affairs, which were of intimate concern to both of them, but in regard to public matters as well, and he placed great reliance on her judgment. For years Roger Sherman's connection with public affairs took him from home a great deal of his time, and to her fell the care of the family, not only her own eight children but of his children by his first wife. That she met these responsibilities with ability and good judgment was attested by the high position which the children held. It is also evident that although Rebecca Sherman bore no part in the Revolution, she was a worthy companion to the only man who signed all four of the great state papers: The Address to the King, the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution.

Rebecca Prescott Sherman became the mother of eight children, all but one of whom arrived at the age of maturity. Their names were as follows: Rebecca, Elizabeth, Roger, Mehitable, Oliver, Martha, and Sarah. Of these seven children, one daughter became the mother of United States Senator Hoar; another the mother of Roger Sherman Baldwin, Governor of Connecticut and United States Senator; still another the mother of the Honorable William M. Evarts. These are but a few of the many eminent descendants of this illustrious woman.[10]

Martha Devotion Huntington

Martha Devotion, eldest daughter of Rev. Ebenezer Devotion and Martha Lathrop, was married, in 1761, to Samuel Huntington of Connecticut, who became signer of the Declaration of Independence, Governor of Connecticut, and in 1779, President of the Continental Congress. She was twenty-two years old at the time of her marriage, and her husband thirty, and but recently established in the practice of law. They lived in Norwich where Mr. Huntington built up an extended practice and began at an early day to take an active part in political affairs of the Province. Politics was no novelty to his wife, for the Rev. Ebenezer Devotion, her father, was ardently interested in the politics of Connecticut and represented Windham in the General Assembly, from 1760 until 1771, the year of his death.

No children were born to Martha Huntington and her husband but they adopted two children of his brother, Rev. Joseph Huntington, who were carefully reared and educated. One of these children, Samuel Huntington, became Governor of Ohio, in 1810 and 1811. The other child, Frances, became the wife of Rev. Edward Door Griffin, at one time President of Williams College.

Martha Huntington died in 1794, in her

fifty-sixth year and her distinguished husband, two years later, aged sixty-five. Their remains rest side by side in the old burying ground at Norwich.

Mary Trumbull Williams

Mary Trumbull, second daughter of "Brother Jonathan" Trumbull, War Governor of Connecticut, was married, in 1771, to William Williams, one of the most prominent citizens of Lebanon, which town he had represented for many years in the General Assembly. She was twenty-five years old at the time of her marriage and was a handsome, educated, and accomplished young woman of excellent family.

It seems to have been a most advantageous mating. Mr. Williams was a successful and prosperous business man and also held the office of Town Clerk as well as Member of Assembly. He took his bride to a handsome home, not far from the big house of his father-in-law, which was to be known during the Revolution as the "War Office." Jonathan Trumbull was the only Colonial governor to remain true to the cause of the Colonies, and patriots from all parts of New

England came to consult with him and lay plans for future action.

To few women of the Revolutionary period was it given to stand in such close relation with the great men who were supporting the cause. Her public-spirited husband, who had for years watched the gradual encroachment on the rights of the Colonies by the British ministry and who, through his association with British officers during the time he served in the French and Indian War, had come to know the contempt in which they held the Colonies and their rights. Moreover, he was the trusted son-in-law of Governor Trumbull who was in constant correspondence with Samuel Adams and the other patriots of Massachusetts, and the confidant and adviser of General Washington. More than most women of her time, Mary Trumbull understood the condition of affairs during the years leading up to the Declaration of Independence, and we may be sure that it was a proud day for her when her husband was elected a delegate to Congress in 1775.

He was then colonel of the Twelfth Regiment of militia. He promptly resigned as he could not possibly attend to the duties of both positions. He seems also to have realised that it was no holiday occasion that he was entering upon; he closed out all his business leaving himself entirely foot free to attend to public affairs. And in all these actions we are told, he was loyally upheld and supported by his wife whose patriotism and public spirit were equal to his own. Throughout the entire war their home was thrown open to soldiers, and during the winter of 1781 they gave up their own house to the officers of a detachment of soldiers stationed near them, and took other quarters for themselves.

The following anecdote is related: At a meeting of the Council of Safety in Lebanon, near the close of 1776, when the prospects of our success looked dark, two members of the Council were invited to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Benjamin Huntington and William Hillhouse. The conversation turned upon the gloomy outlook. Mr. Hillhouse expressed hope and confidence. "If we fail," said Mr. Williams, "I know what my fate will be. I have done much to prosecute the war; and one thing I have done which the British will never pardon—I have signed the Declaration of Independence; I shall be hanged."

"Well," said Mr. Huntington, "if we fail I shall be exempt from the gallows, for my name is not attached to the Declaration, nor have I ever written anything against the British Government."

"Then, sir," said Colonel Williams turning upon him, "you deserve to be hanged for not doing your duty."

Three children were born to Mary Williams and her husband: Solomon, who was born January 6, 1772, and who died in 1810, in New York; Faith, born September 29, 1774, who married John McClellan of Woodstock; and William T., born March 2, 1779, and who married his cousin, Sarah Trumbull.

The death of Solomon Williams was a great blow to his father who died within a year, his last words being the name of his son. Mrs. Williams survived her husband nearly twenty years, dying at Lebanon in 1831.

Laura Collins Wolcott

Laura Collins, who was married to Oliver Wolcott, in January, 1759, was the daughter of Captain Daniel and Lois Cornwall Collins of Guilford, Connecticut. She was a fine type of New England girl, descended from the first settlers, and brought up in the manner of Connecticut girls of well-to-do families of that day. The *National Cyclopædia of American Biography* says of her: "She was a woman of almost masculine strength of mind, energetic and thrifty; and while Governor Wolcott was away from home, attended to the management of their farm, educated their younger children, and made it possible for her husband to devote his energies to his country."

Her husband was the youngest son of Roger Wolcott, a former governor of the State and was thirty-three years old at the time of their marriage, ten years the senior of the bride he brought to his home in the old town of Litchfield. He had graduated from Yale College, and had served as captain of a company of his own raising in the wars along the northern frontiers, under a commission from Governor George Clinton of New York. He studied medicine under Dr. Alexander Wolcott of Windsor. He had never practised, however, as the General Assembly created the new county of Litchfield in 1771, and appointed him sheriff. This office he still held at the time of his marriage. It was fortunate for the material interests of Oliver Wolcott that his young wife was "of almost masculine strength of mind, energetic and thrifty," as he had so many public matters to look after that his own affairs must have suffered. He continued in the militia, rising rank by rank until he was major-general. In 1774 he was elected to the council and continued a member until his election as Lieutenant-Governor in 1786. A large part of the time that he was a member of the Continental Congress he was also in the field with the army or engaged in recruiting and organising troops for the army. In 1796, he was elected Governor and continued in that office until his death. During many of these years, almost the entire burden of directing his domestic affairs rested on the shoulders of his wife. Extracts from the letters, which he wrote to her during his absence, throw an interesting light upon the characters of both Laura Wolcott and her husband—rather upon hers by inference, as her letters to him are not preserved while the letters he wrote to her are most of them in possession of the descendants. From Philadelphia in 1776, he wrote:

"My Dear—I feel much concerned for the Burden which necessarily devolves upon you. I hope you will make it as light as possible. . . . You may easily believe that the situation of publick Affairs is such that the critical Moment is near which will perhaps decide the Fate of the Country; and that the business of Congress is very interesting. Yet if any excuse can reasonably be allowed for my returning, I shall think myself justified in doing so. The circumstances of my affairs demand it."

In a letter written from Philadelphia, January 21, 1777, he says: ". . . I am not able to give you the least Advice in the Conduct of my Business. Your own Prudence in the direction of it I have no doubt of. I only wish that the Cares which oppress you were less. . . . I fear that by Reason of the scarcity of many articles in Connecticut, you find a Difficulty in supplying the Family with some Things that may be wanted. But I trust the Essentials of Life you are provided with and I wish that you may not want any of its conveniences. . . ."

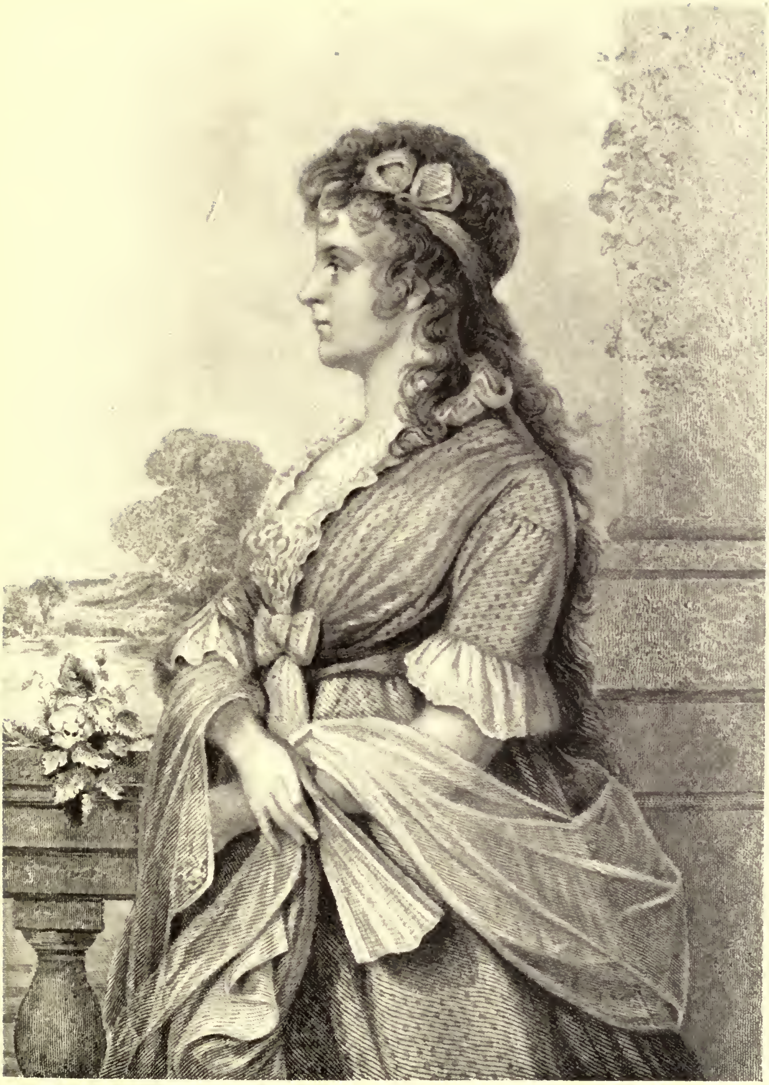
Mr. Wolcott wrote in March, 1777: "I have this instant rec'd a Letter from Dr. Smith, of the

12th, wherein he tells me that you and the children have been inoculated for the Small Pox and that he apprehended you were so far thro' it as to be out of Danger, Casualities excepted. . . . I perceive that Mariana has had it bad—he wrote, very hard. I am heartily sorry for what the little Child has suffered, and very much want to see her. If she has by this lost some of her Beauty, which I hope she has not, yet I well know she might spare much of it and still retain as much as most of her sex possesses."

The patriotism of Laura Wolcott was in keeping with that of her husband. Her home was thrown open at all times to those who were in any way aiding the cause. And while Oliver Wolcott gave freely of his money for patriotic purposes, she furnished blankets, stockings, and supplies from their farm for the army, almost continuously. Laura Wolcott did not live to see her husband in the governor's chair, passing away in April, 1794, in the fifty-eighth year of her age. Governor Wolcott died in 1797, aged seventy-one years.

Five children were born to Laura Wolcott and her husband, three sons and two daughters; one son died in infancy; the other children were as follows: Oliver, born 1760, married Elizabeth Stoughton; Laura, born 1761, married William Moseley; Mary Ann (or Mariana), born 1765, married Chauncey Goodrich, and Frederick, born 1767, married Betsey Huntington first and, afterward, Sally Worthington Cooke.[11]

"Among the families, not native or to the manner born, that shed lustre on the social life of New York while the Republican court was held there none were more illustrous, by hereditary worth and personal excellence, than those of the Wolcotts of Connecticut," says a well-known writer of the early years of the last century. "The name of Wolcott had been identified, for more than a century and a half, with the management of Colonial affairs in New England. Oliver Wolcott had been Governor of Connecticut and was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. His son and namesake, when about thirty years of age, was appointed auditor of the treasury, and his memoirs are overflowing with interesting acts and discussions, political and social, at a time when republicanism was crystallising from mere enthusiasm and theory into a national habit and life. Young Oliver Wolcott had grad-



Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich.

(Mary Ann Wolcott.)

From an engraving by J. Rogers.

uated at Yale College with Joel Barlow, Zephaniah Swift, and Noah Webster, and after his admission to the Hartford bar, he had been of the famous company of 'Connecticut wits,' including Trumbull, the author of *MacFingal*, Dr. Lemuel Hopkins author of *The Hypocrite's Hope*, Richard Alsop, one of the authors of the *Echo* and the *Political Greenhouse*, Joel Barlow, known for his *Vision of Columbus*, Noah Webster, Theodore Dwight, and others.

"When Oliver Wolcott came to New York to live, he speedily became noted for his wit and conversational brilliancy and was eagerly sought for as a guest. Perhaps no more interesting and valuable guide to the inner life of the time could be found than the memoirs he left behind him. When several years later, Alexander Hamilton resigned the Treasury Department young Oliver Wolcott was selected as his successor. Wolcott was no less known for the transparent simplicity and integrity of his character than for his intellectual powers and unremitting devotion to the public duty. His wife, though not one of the recognised beauties of the time, had a countenance of much loveliness and a very graceful manner. It was said that there were few ladies of the time who could compare with her in refined cultivation and intelligence.

"Mary Ann, daughter of the signer, who spent much of her time in New York with her brother's family and afterward in Philadelphia, was one of the most beautiful women of her age. Wherever she moved in society, she was the centre of an admiring crowd, and she heightened and confirmed, by the vivacity of her wit, which she shared in common with her family, the impression made by her personal charms. This lady, after breaking many of the bachelor hearts of New York and Philadelphia, was married to Chauncey Goodrich whose abilities and character were worthy of the choice she made."

Hannah Jones Floyd

Hannah Jones,[12] daughter of William Jones of Southampton, L. I., was married to William Floyd of Setauket, L. I., in 1760 (or '61). He was a wealthy young farmer who had received a liberal education but chose to superintend the estate left him by his father, rather than enter upon a professional or business career. But little is known of the young woman beyond the fact that she was a capable, well-brought-up girl, who, from the time her husband began to take part in public life, which was as delegate to the first Continental Congress which convened in Philadelphia in 1774, was left with the practical management of his affairs. William Floyd was already in command of the militia of Suffolk County and active in county and local matters. He was re-elected to the Congress of 1775 and 1776, and was one of the first of the signers to suffer personally for the stand which he had taken.

General Floyd's estate included a fine plantation, highly productive and well stocked, and with an abundance of fruit and ornamental trees, many acres of fine timber and firewood, and a handsome mansion. Lying contiguous to New York with its ready market, it was highly valuable. As soon as the American troops were withdrawn from Long Island, the British took possession of the farm. Mrs. Floyd and her little family were forced to fly across into Connecticut for safety and for seven years the family derived no benefit from their property. Every bit of the live stock and the crops that had been planted were taken by the British, the barns, and even the house, were used for the stabling of the horses of the British troops, the fruit and ornamental trees were wantonly cut down, and acres of the timber destroyed and such serious inroads made upon his patrimony that after the establishment of peace, General Floyd declined further re-election to Congress or to the State Senate where he had done eminent service, and retired to begin life anew at the age of sixty-nine years, to an unbroken tract of land which he had purchased on the Mohawk River.

His wife did not live to take part in this migration; the anxieties and hardships to which she had been subjected had undermined her health and she passed away, May 16, 1781, in the forty-first year of her age. She was a public-spirited and patriotic woman and upheld uncomplainingly the course her husband pursued, and all his public actions.

Hannah Floyd was the mother of three children, one son and two daughters. Nicoll Floyd, the oldest of the children, married Phebe Gelston, daughter of David Gelston of New York. Mary Floyd, the eldest daughter, married Col. Benjamin Tallmadge of Litchfield, Conn., and Catharine, the second, married Dr. Samuel Clarkson of Philadelphia.

In 1783, General Floyd married as his second wife Joanna Strong of Setauket, L. I., by whom he had two children, Ann, who married, first George W. Clinton, son of the Vice-President, and second, Abraham Varick of New York. Eliza, the youngest married James Platt of Utica.

Christina Ten Broeck Livingston

Christina Ten Broeck, the wife of Philip Livingston, fourth son of the second Lord of the Livingston Manor, and distinguished as "Philip the Signer," came of that sturdy, thrifty Dutch stock that for the first century, after the founding of New Amsterdam, dominated the sparse Colony that was being built up along the Hudson River. Her great grandfather, Dirck Wesselse Ten Broeck, was an Indian trader, and the first record we have of him is when, in 1663, he bought from her heirs, the house and lot in Beverwyck, formerly owned and occupied by Annetje Jans Bogardus, paying for the property 1000 guilders in beaver skins. When the "ancient town of Beverwyck or Albany" received its charter in 1686, Dirck Wesselse Ten Broeck was named first in the list of alderman. Afterward, he was

Recorder and then Mayor. His son was also Alderman and Recorder and his grandson Richard (or Dirck) who married Margarita Cuyler, was also a man of affairs, Alderman, Recorder, and Mayor. Christina was their third child.

Philip and Christina Livingston were married about 1740. He was a prosperous young business man in New York and soon began to take an interest in public affairs, being elected Alderman from the East Ward in 1754 and re-elected for nine years in succession. He was a member of the Provincial Assembly together with George Clinton, Pierre Van Cortlandt, General Philip Schuyler, Abraham Ten Broeck, and Charles DeWitt. He was chosen a member of the first Congress that met in Philadelphia in 1774, during which session John Adams wrote of him in his diary: "Philip Livingston is a great, rough, rapid mortal. There is no holding any conversation with him. He blusters away—says if England should turn us adrift, we should instantly go to civil wars among ourselves, to determine which Colony should govern all the rest." Either Philip Livingston changed his mind or else had intentionally misled the young Bostonian, for in the next Congress his name was placed on the Declaration of Independence.

At this time, Mrs. Livingston and her younger children were living on Brooklyn Heights and it was in his house that the council of war was held at which the American generals decided upon the retreat from Long Island. Philip Livingston, himself, was at the time in Philadelphia in attendance upon Congress. Soon afterward the family removed to Esopus (Kingston, N. Y.).

In 1778, at the most gloomy period of the Revolution, Mr. Livingston, broken in health, tried to rest from his public duties and visit his family but at the urgent request of the state government returned to Congress. He felt that he would never come back home, and bid his friends in Kingston and Albany good-bye. This was in March and in June following he died, with no member of his family with him except his son Henry who was serving as aide on General Washington's staff. Henry learned of his father's condition and hurried to his side and remained until the old patriot breathed his last on June 12th.

Nine children were born to Christina and Philip Livingston, as follows: Philip Philip, born in Albany in 1741, settled in Jamaica, W. I., where he married Sarah Johnson of the Parish of St. Andrews, in June, 1768. He left a number of children, most of whom returned to the United States and became citizens. He is said to have been the only one of the signer's children to leave children. The second son, Richard, died unmarried. Catharine, the third child, married, first, Stephen Van Rensselaer and second Rev. Eilardus Westerlo of Albany. Margaret, the fourth child, married Dr. Thomas Jones of New York. The fifth child, Peter Van Brugh, died, unmarried, of yellow fever in Jamaica, W. I. Sarah, the sixth, was married to her cousin, Dr. John H. Livingston, who became President of Queen's College (now Rutger's), New Brunswick, N. J. The seventh child was Henry Philip, who became an officer in Washington's Life Guard. Abraham, the eighth child, was Commissary of Provisions to the Continental Army in 1776. While in the service in the south he was captured by the British and sent to prison in Charleston. He seems to have died there unmarried, prior to 1782. Alida, the ninth child, died unmarried.

Edward Livingston, son of Philip Philip, was born in Jamaica and brought to this country in

1784 at the age of four or five years. In 1830 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of New York. He married a daughter of Chancellor Livingston and lived at Clermont on the Hudson.

Elizabeth Annesley Lewis

Elizabeth Annesley Lewis, wife of Francis Lewis, was, like Hannah Floyd, driven to an untimely death by the hardships and persecutions she was forced to undergo from the British, because her husband was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Not much of definite information has come down to us of her girlhood or antecedents but what we have is evidence of her high character and undaunted spirit.

The story of the early life of Francis Lewis reads like a romance. The orphaned son of a Welsh clergyman of the Church of England, he received a classical education, supplemented by two years' training in the counting-room of a great mercantile house in London. Then, upon attaining his majority he found himself possessed of a considerable sum of money, which he invested in a stock of merchandise that he brought to New York. As the city was comparatively small, his consignment of goods was in danger of overstocking the market. In consequence, he formed a partnership with Edward Annesley, a prominent young merchant, and leaving a portion of the cargo with him to dispose of, he carried the remainder to Philadelphia, and made a large profit. He returned to New York to take up a permanent residence, and married his partner's younger sister, Elizabeth. He entered extensively into foreign commerce. In the prosecution of his business, he travelled widely in Europe. Twice he visited Russia, pushing his trade into all the sea-ports from St. Petersburg to Archangel. He visited the islands of Northern Scotland and suffered shipwreck on the coast of Ireland. He took an active part in the French War and was with his friend Col. Mersey (or Mercer) in the fort of Oswego, as a purchaser of supplies for the British troops, when Montcalm reduced the fort and captured the garrison. Col. Mersey was killed and Lewis, who was acting as his aide, was made prisoner, and taken to Canada and afterward sent to France where he was exchanged. At the close of the war, the British Government gave him for his services 5000 acres of land.

About 1765, Lewis moved his family to White-stone, L. I., where he acquired a handsome estate. He retired from business but returned to New York in 1771 for the purpose of establishing his son, Francis Lewis, Jr., in business. He removed his family back to Long Island again in 1775 and there Mrs. Lewis resided permanently, though her husband and sons were away a large portion of the time. Francis Lewis devoted his attention entirely to public affairs after his election to the first Continental Congress.

Like Floyd, Livingston, and Robert Morris, the other New York signers, Francis Lewis was proscribed by the British authorities and a price set upon his head. The enemy did not stop there. Very soon after they were in possession of Long Island, Captain Birtch was sent with a troop of light horse "to seize the lady and destroy the property." As the soldiers advanced on one side, a ship of war from the other fired upon the house. There was nothing to be done. Mrs. Lewis looked calmly on. A shot from the vessel struck the board on which she stood. One of her servants cried: "Run, Mistress, run." She replied: "Another shot is not likely to strike the same spot," and did not change her place. The soldiers entered the house and began their work of plunder and devastation. One of them threw himself at her feet and tore the buckles from her shoes. The buckles looked like gold but were nothing but pinchbeck. "All is not gold that glitters," she remarked to the discomfited young man. The soldiers destroyed books, papers, and pictures, ruthlessly broke up furniture, and then, after pillaging the house, departed taking Mrs. Lewis with them. She was carried to New York and thrown into prison. She was not allowed a bed or a change of clothing and only the coarse and scanty food that was doled out each day to the other prisoners. For three weeks this continued during which time she was not permitted to communicate with any one outside. Then a negro man, an old family servant, who had followed her to the city, managed to find out where she was and to smuggle some small articles of clothing and some food in to her, and also to carry letters which he contrived to send through the lines to her friends. The matter was taken up by Congress and referred to the Board of War and demands made upon the British for her better treatment. The British were bent on making an example of her because of her wealth and prominence, and the poor woman found little relief. Finally, after nearly three months, the matter was brought to the attention of General Washington, who ordered the arrest of Mrs. Barren, wife of the British Paymaster-General and Mrs. Kempe, wife of the Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, at their homes in Philadelphia. They were confined to their own homes, under guards, and the intimation carried to the British authorities that unless an exchange was arranged immediately they would be subjected to the same treatment as was being received by Mrs. Lewis. The exchange was made, but Mrs. Lewis was not permitted to leave New York City.

Hardly had she a roof over her head than she was called upon to face a new trouble. The aged coloured man-servant who had followed and served her and remained in the city, doing what little he could toward ameliorating her condition, was sick—almost at death's door. He was a Roman Catholic in religion and would not die without the last rites of his church. There was not a priest in New York and it seemed impossible to get one as the city was under martial law. Mrs. Lewis, weak and suffering from her long imprisonment and scarcely possessing the necessaries of life, yet contrived to send a messenger to Philadelphia, who found a priest there and helped smuggle him through the British lines into New York, in time to administer to the dying man who passed away in peace.

Mrs. Lewis never recovered from the inhuman treatment she had received at the hands of the British. After some months she was allowed to join her husband in Philadelphia. It was plain to be seen, however, that she was broken in health and constitution and was slowly sinking into the grave. Early in 1779, Francis Lewis, now elected for the fourth time a member of the Continental Congress, asked leave of absence in order to devote his whole time to his wife. About the same time, her second son, Col. Morgan Lewis, married Gertrude, daughter of Robert Livingston of Clermont and took his bride to Philadelphia to introduce her to his mother. A few days later, she sank to her rest.

Three children were born to Elizabeth Lewis and her husband: Francis, the eldest son, was married to the daughter of a Tory named Ludlow, whose family strenuously objected to the young man, "because his father would certainly be hung." Col. Morgan Lewis, the second son, married Gertrude, the daughter of Robert Livingston and Margaret Beekman, his wife. She was a sister of Chancellor Livingston and of Edward, "The Jurist." Ann Lewis, the only daughter of Elizabeth and Francis Lewis, fell in love with a post-captain in the British navy, named Robertson. Her father refused to consent to their marriage and a clandestine wedding ensued. Had she remained in America, it is probable that a reconciliation would have been effected, but as Captain Robertson and his bride soon after sailed for England all intercourse ceased. Robertson was a brave, reckless sort of man, it is said, not given to taking much thought of the morrow. When in years afterward Mrs. Robertson was left a widow in straitened circumstances a small sum of money was sent her every year anonymously and it was not until the death of Queen Charlotte, wife of George III, that the identity of the donor was made known. The Queen was reported to have said that the wife of a gallant sailor like Captain Robertson ought not to suffer penury. One of Mrs. Robertson's daughters married Sumner, Archbishop of Canterbury, another married Wilson, Archbishop of

Calcutta, and a third became the wife of Sir James Moncrief, Lord Advocate of Scotland.

"In the war of the Revolution," writes Julia Delafield, a granddaughter of the signer, in her biography of Francis Lewis, "Mrs. Lewis had more than one opportunity of showing the steady purpose, the firmness of nerve that would have distinguished her had she been a man. . . . To Francis Lewis she was Heaven's best gift. When his adventurous spirit led him to embark on long and perilous voyages, he knew that he left his children to the care of an able as well as a tender mother, who could train their characters as well as protect their interests. The conduct and careers of her children is the best eulogy of Mrs. Francis Lewis."

Mary Walton Morris

Mary Walton, who became the wife of Lewis Morris in 1749, came of a notable family of New York merchants. Her father was Jacob Walton who had married Maria, daughter of Dr. Gerardus Beekman, and with his brother William carried on the great business founded by their father.

"But the most historic family of merchants was that of Walton, whose wealth was cited in parliament to show the wealth of the Province," says James Grant Wilson's *History of New York City*. "The founder of the family was William Walton, a patronymic which was also carried through the full century. Early in the eighteenth century he purchased ground on the East River water front, and there established extensive shipyards. . . . He sailed his own vessels to the West Indies and the Spanish Main. The origin of the great fortune of this enterprising family was an extensive preference granted to Captain Walton (or Boss Walton, as he was familiarly called on account of his superintending work in the shipyard) by the Spaniards of St. Augustine, Fla., and the West India Islands. He had the contract to supply the garrison and had a permanent factor at the Florida post. His son was William Walton who sailed his father's ships." After the death of the founder, the business was carried on under the firm name of Jacob and William Walton and after the death of Jacob, by William Walton and Jacob Walton's children.

Mary Walton was an eminently capable woman and notwithstanding her wealth and social position was a well-trained and thrifty housewife and entered actively into the rural life that her husband had chosen for himself when he graduated from Yale College in 1746 and as the elder son, succeeded to the proprietorship of the manorial estate of Morrisania intending to devote himself to agricultural pursuits.

Ten children were born to them as follows: Lewis, Jacob, William, James Staats, Richard V., Catharine, Mary, Sarah, and Helena. The three oldest sons all entered the army and acquitted themselves with great credit.

Notwithstanding his large property lying close to New York City and almost certain to suffer, Lewis Morris was in advance of most public men of New York in counselling resistance to British encroachment upon the rights of the people and naturally was a marked man when he signed the Declaration. His family were forced to fly for safety and his magnificent estate was almost entirely despoiled. His house was ruined and his farm wasted. His cattle were driven off and appropriated to the subsistence of the invader. His beautiful forest of more than a thousand acres was given up to havoc and spoil. As illustrative of the disorganised condition of affairs in the Morris household at this time and also as showing how much Mr. Morris was obliged to rely on his wife and how capable she was to act, is shown in the following letters written to him by his son Lewis, who was stationed in New York:

New York, Sept. 6th, 1776.

Dr. Sir,—

When I received your letter I was at the Bridge looking for a Sloop to carry some Furniture to the Fish Kill, which I shall send off next day after to Morrow. From your Letter I believe you were acquainted with Mama's moving up to Harrison's Purchase with her Family where she carried a great deal of Furniture and all her Linnen and wearing apparel, therefore your Proposition of moving her to Philadelphia will be attended by many obstacles, for she can neither bring Cloathes sufficient for the Family nor Utensils to keep house; as most of the Carts and Waggons are pressed in the service. . . . I assure you, Sir, your affairs at Morrisania however secure you may think they may be are in a very critical situation, in all probability they may be in the Possession of the Enemy in a little Time. . . . I wish you was at home to assist me, you have a good deal at stake. . . . Mrs. Wilkins has very industriously propagated that you had fled to France. Such Brimstones will certainly meet with their desert.

Give my love to all, and believe me to be,

Your dutiful son,

L. MORRIS.

On September 14th, a week after the letter above was written, the young man writes again to his father:

"Dr. PAPA, . . . I have compleated a Task the most difficult that ever poor Lad undertook; but I am sure you will think it very imperfectly compleated. The danger of our Situation required Dispatch—Dispatch created confusion which caused a Deficiency in Many Parts of my system. However I so far settled the plan of my Mother's Removel, that I believe she left her dreary habitation last Thursday attended by a very large Retinue—The Chariot before the chair, and three horses in the centre and the Waggon brought up the rear. I hope they may arrive safe. . . . The Enemy has possession of Montroseur's Island for these three or four days and yesterday they brought several Field Pieces upon the North West Point and fired several times at your house. I suppose they will shoot it like a sieve and destroy what little I left on the place. . . ."

Mr. Morris left Congress in 1777, being succeeded by his brother, Gouverneur. He continued his service, however, part of the time as a member of the state legislature and a part of the time in the field with the state militia. At the close of the war after the evacuation of New York by the British he returned to Morrisania with his family and cheerfully began the work of bringing back the nearly ruined estate to the semblance of a home. The remains of Mary Walton Morris and her distinguished husband rest in the family vault at St. Ann's Church (Episcopal), St. Ann's Avenue and 40th Street, Bronx, New York.

Jacob Morris, the second son of the signer, who entered the Revolution at the age of nineteen became a general and at the close of the war retired to the "Morris Patent," a three-thousand acre tract of wild land granted to his uncle, Col. Richard Morris, and his father, in Montgomery

County. He married Mary Cox, an amiable, high-spirited girl who bravely took up the pioneer life with him and went into the wilderness to break ground and build up a home. Her mother-in-law, Mary Walton, must have appreciated her endeavours and the contrasts of her life, for though perhaps as was the custom of the day she indulged little in correspondence she summed up her courage and indicted an epistle to her son Jacob, saying, "I am glad Polly is learning how to spin and that she is taking an interest in the chickens."

Annis Boudinot Stockton

Annis Boudinot, who became the wife of Richard Stockton, one of the most prominent young lawyers of New Jersey in 1762, was a woman of far more than ordinary intellectual ability and of a high character and patriotic spirit that made her a fitting companion for the man whose devotion to the cause of independence brought him to his death before his time.

She was of French Huguenot descent, her family having come to America soon after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1686. Her father, Elias Boudinot, was for a time a silver-smith in Princeton and her brother, who bore the same name as their father, studied law in the office of Richard Stockton and married his sister, Hannah Stockton.

Richard Stockton was highly successful in the practice of his profession and had added materially to the large estate he inherited from his father, when he married Annis Boudinot and took her to "Morven," his handsome Colonial home, near Princeton. "Morven" was known for its hospitality and as a gathering place for some of the brightest minds of the day. They were living here, when Mr. Stockton was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress, and it was here that she performed a service which was made historic. When the British under Cornwallis came to Princeton in 1776, Mrs. Stockton secured and secreted a number of important state papers as well as the rolls and records of the American Whig Society of Princeton College, an act for which her name was added as an honorary member of the Society. Congress was then sitting in Baltimore and Mr. Stockton hastened home to conduct his family to a place of safety. He hurried them out of Princeton to Monmouth County, about thirty miles away, and then returning, went to spend the night with a friend, a patriot named Cowenhoven. That night a party of Tories came and arrested the two men. They were dragged from their bed at a late hour and half clad carried away .and thrown into prison. Mr. Stockton was first taken to Amboy where he was confined in the common gaol, suffering greatly from the cold. From there he was carried to the prison in New York, where he was most inhumanly treated. All the comforts and many of the necessities of life were withheld from him, notwithstanding the delicate condition of his health, and his high and honourable standing as a man. At one time he was left for twenty-four hours without food and then supplied only with the coarsest and not enough of that. Through the efforts of Mrs. Stockton, Congress was informed of these facts, and General Howe was given to understand that unless Mr. Stockton received better treatment in the future, retaliation would be taken on British prisoners. His condition was somewhat improved after that, but it was too late. The seeds had been sown of the disease that was eventually to carry him to his grave. The British plundered his beautiful home, burned his splendid library and papers, and drove off his stock, much of which was blooded and highly valuable. The devastation of his estate, especially all that portion that could in any way be productive, taken together with the depreciation in value of the Continental currency, so embarrassed Mr. Stockton financially that he was obliged to apply to friends for temporary assistance in order to supply his family with the necessaries of life. This caused a depression of spirits from which he never rallied and hastened the ravages of the disease that brought him to an untimely death in 1781, in the fifty-first year of his age.

Mrs. Stockton, who was three years younger than her husband, continued to live at "Morven" until her son Richard was married, when she relinquished her home to him and took up her residence in a house at the corner of Washington and Nassau streets, Princeton. Her youngest daughter, Abigail, lived with her until her own marriage to Robert Field of Whitehill, Burlington County, a brother of the wife of her brother Richard.

Richard Stockton left two sons and four daughters. Richard, the eldest son, born April 17, 1764, became one of the most eminent lawyers of the day. He left a number of children of whom the late Robert F. Stockton was one. The other son was Lucius Horatio, who also became a prominent lawyer and was appointed Secretary of War in 1801, by President Adams.

Richard Stockton's eldest daughter, Julia, married Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia, also a signer of the Declaration of Independence. Susan Stockton, the second daughter married Alexander Cutbert of Canada. Mary married Rev. Andrew Hunter, D.D., who was a chaplain in the Continental Army and a professor in Princeton.

Annis Boudinot was well known throughout the Revolution for her patriotic verse. One of her poems drew a courtly acknowledgment from General Washington to whom it was addressed. Another, *Welcome, Mighty Chief, Once More!* was sung by the young women of Trenton while Washington was passing through Princeton on his way to his first inauguration.

Mrs. Stockton wrote the following upon the announcement of peace in 1783:

"With all thy country's blessings on thy head,
And all the glory that encircles man,
Thy deathless fame to distant nations spread,
And realms unblest by Freedom's genial plan;

Addressed by statesmen, legislators, kings,
Revered by thousands as you pass along,
While every muse with ardour spreads her wings
To our hero in immortal song;
Say, can a woman's voice an audience gain;
And stop a moment thy triumphal car?
And wilt thou listen to a peaceful strain,
Unskilled to paint the horrid wrack of war?
For what is glory—what are martial deeds—
Unpurified at Virtue's awful shrine?
Full oft remorse a glorious day succeeds,
The motive only stamps the deed divine.
But thy last legacy, renowned chief,
Hath decked thy brow with honours more sublime,
Twined in thy wreath the Christian's firm belief,
And nobly owned thy faith to future time."

Washington sent an answer to this ode and the letter which she wrote enclosing it. Her letter is lost, but we have the ode given above and his reply which is as follows:

ROCKY HILL, Sept. 24th, 1783.

You apply to me, my dear madam, for absolution, as though you had committed a crime, great in itself yet of the venial class. You have reasoned good, for I find myself strongly disposed to be a very indulgent ghostly adviser on this occasion, and notwithstanding you are the most offending soul alive (that is if it is a crime to write elegant poetry), yet if you will come and dine with me on Thursday, and go through the proper course of penitence which shall be prescribed, I will strive hard to assist you in expiating these poetical trespasses on this side of purgatory. Nay, more, if it rests with me to direct your future lucubrations, I shall certainly urge you to a repetition of the same conduct—on purpose to show what an admirable knack you have at confession and reformation; and so without more hesitation I shall venture to recommend the muse not to be restrained by ill-grounded timidity, but to go on and prosper. You see, madam, when once the woman has tempted us and we have tasted the forbidden fruit, there is no such thing as checking our appetite, whatever the consequences may be. You will, I dare say, recognise our being genuine descendants of those who are reputed to be our progenitors. Before I come to a more serious conclusion of my letter I must beg leave to say a word or two about these fine things you have been telling in such harmonious and beautiful numbers. Fiction is to be sure the very life and soul of poetry. All poets and poetesses have been indulged in the free and indisputable use of it—time out of mind, and to oblige you to make such an excellent poem on such a subject without any materials but those of simple reality would be as cruel as the edicts of Pharaoh, which compelled the Children of Israel to manufacture bricks without the necessary ingredients. Thus are you sheltered under the authority of prescription, and I will not dare to charge you with an intentional breach of the rules of the decalogue in giving so bright a colouring to the service I have been enabled to render my country, though I am not conscious of deserving more at your hands than what the poorest and most disinterested friendship has a right to claim: actuated by which you will permit me to thank you in a most affectionate manner for the kind wishes you have so happily expressed for me and the partner of all my domestic enjoyments. Be assured we can never forget our friend at Morven and that I am, my dear madam, your most obedient and obliged servant,

Go. WASHINGTON.

Elizabeth Montgomery Witherspoon

Rev. John Witherspoon, D.D.,[13] who became President of Princeton College and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was married to Elizabeth Montgomery in Scotland, shortly after completing his education in Edinburgh University, in 1743. His biographers say of her: "She was a Scotch woman of little education, but whose piety, benevolence, and graciousness made her beloved by all who knew her. Dr. Witherspoon (sometimes spelled Wotherspoon) was the son of a minister descended from John Knox, the great Covenanter, and as a young man, had established a wide reputation for learning and other sterling qualities. He was offered the presidency of Princeton in 1766 but declined because of financial embarrassments and the opposition of his wife who did not wish to leave her family and friends and journey into a strange land. In 1768, Richard Stockton, then travelling in Scotland, visited Dr. Witherspoon and, acting for the trustees, again urged his acceptance. His arguments prevailed and Dr. Witherspoon and his family arrived in Princeton, in August, 1768.

The Witherspoons had ten children, five of whom died before they left Scotland; three sons and two daughters accompanied their parents to America. James, the eldest, a young man of great promise graduated from Princeton in 1770, and joined the American army as an aide to

General Nash, with the rank of major. He was killed at the battle of Germantown, Oct. 4, 1777. John, the second son, graduated from Princeton in 1774, practised medicine in South Carolina, and was lost at sea in 1795. David, the youngest son, graduated the same year as his brother, married the widow of General Nash, and practised law in New Berne, N. C.

Anna, the eldest daughter, married Rev. Samuel Smith, D.D., who succeeded Dr. Witherspoon as President of Princeton. Frances, the youngest daughter, married Dr. David Ramsey, the historian of South Carolina.

Elizabeth Montgomery Witherspoon died in 1789. Eighteen months later, Dr. Witherspoon married the young widow of Dr. Dill of Philadelphia, aged twenty-three. Their daughter married Rev. James S. Woods of Pennsylvania.

Ann Borden Hopkinson

In the Pennsylvania *Chronicle and Universal Advertiser*, of Monday, September 5, 1768, appeared the following wedding announcement:

"BORDENTOWN, Sept. 3.

"On Thursday last FRANCIS HOPKINSON, ESQ., of Philadelphia, was joined in the Velvet Bonds of Hymen, to Miss NANCY BORDEN, of this place, a lady amiable both for her internal as well as her external Accomplishments and in the Words of a celebrated Poet:

> 'Without all shining, and within all white,
> Pure to the sense, and pleasing to the sight.'"

Ann Borden, who married Francis Hopkinson in Christ Church, Bordentown, Sept. 1, 1768, was the daughter of Judge Joseph Borden, a prominent and wealthy citizen of New Jersey. He was proprietor of a boat and stage line running from Philadelphia to New York, and during the Revolutionary period an active patriot, member of the first Revolutionary Convention which met in New Brunswick in 1774, and of various committees afterward. His son, Captain Joseph Borden, brother to Mrs. Hopkinson, raised and commanded the Burlington County troop of light horse.

Nancy Borden, as she was usually called, was a handsome, vivacious girl, well educated for the times and highly accomplished. She and her sister Maria, who married Thomas McKean, also a signer and afterward Governor of Pennsylvania, were said to have been the most beautiful women of New Jersey. She seems to have been admirably fitted to be the life companion of the brilliant young lawyer who was both poet and musician as well as man of affairs. After his marriage, Hopkinson took up his residence in Bordentown and began the practice of law. He was a member of the Provincial Convention at New Brunswick in 1774, and of the first Continental Congress as a delegate from New Jersey, and afterward, Chief Justice of the State. He maintained his home in Philadelphia, and a handsome country place at Bordentown where he and his family lived until 1779, when he returned to Philadelphia to take up his duties as Judge of the Court of Admiralty. He was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1787 and by appointment of President Washington, Judge of the United States District Court for Pennsylvania, in 1789. He died in 1791, in the fifty-third year of his age. His wife survived him thirty-six years, dying in 1827.

The children of Ann and Francis Hopkinson were as follows: James, Joseph, Elizabeth, Maria, Thomas, Ann, a second Thomas, Francis, and Sarah Johnson. Of these James and both Thomases died in infancy. The others all married. Joseph, the oldest son was born in 1770. He was a man of great ability and won distinction in the law, being United States Court Judge, under appointment by President Adams, at the time of his death. He will be longest remembered, however, as the author of *Hail Columbia*, which he wrote in 1798. Elizabeth Hopkinson married Jonathan Williams Condy, a prominent Philadelphia lawyer and member of Congress. Mary Hopkinson married Isaac Smith[14] of Accomac County, Virginia; her sister Ann, the "signer's" sixth child married Ebenezer Stout of Trenton, N. J. The youngest of Francis Hopkinson's sons, Francis, Jr., married Mary Hewitt, *née* Morton.

Deborah Scudder Hart

Deborah Scudder Hart, wife of John Hart, was the youngest daughter of Richard B. Scudder and his wife, Hannah Reeder Scudder, who had come to New Jersey about 1717, and settled on the Delaware River near the Falls. She married John Hart, a farmer of Hunterdon County, in 1740, and thirteen children were born to them, nearly all of whom lived to become men and women.

John Hart was generally known as "Honest John," and he was a grey-haired old man when he was sent as a delegate to the first Continental Congress, where he was an active and outspoken advocate of political liberty. Soon after the Declaration of Independence, New Jersey became the theatre of war. The progress of the British troops and their Tory allies was marked by rapine and wanton destruction of property. Mr. Hart was away from home in attendance upon Congress and the two oldest sons were in the Continental army. Mrs. Hart was suffering from a disease that would not allow of her being removed to any great distance. Her children carried her to a place of safety and left their home to be pillaged and destroyed by the Hessians and Tories. Mr. Hart hurried home from Congress to his dying wife—for anxiety and exposure had been too much for her wasted strength and she was dying. It was but a short time that he was given to sit by her bedside, before he was forced to fly. He was a marked man and for weeks he was hunted by the Tories like a criminal. Those were dark days for Deborah Hart. While Washington's fast dwindling army was lying inactive, her home in ruins, and her husband a fugitive, she lay on her deathbed cheerful and trusting in the God of her fathers that the right would yet prevail. And so she died, October 28, 1776, while John Hart, that staunch old patriot, was carrying his grey hairs and the physical infirmities of sixty-eight years from one hiding-place to another; for weeks scarcely ever sleeping the second night under the same roof because of the danger it brought the owner of that roof to harbour him. There came a night of snow and rain when he had not the place to lay his head. He knocked at a cabin door and was refused admission and he was too tired to go farther. The storm was increasing, and he was glad to crawl into an empty stable, used as a dog kennel and rest until morning.

Then came the battle of Trenton and the capture of Rahl's Hessians. Again the skies of New Jersey began to clear and old John Hart and his scattered flock gathered around their ruined hearthstone and prepared to build up a new home. His personal losses had been heavy, and his health badly broken by his hardships, but he ever remained the same ardent and earnest champion of independence until his death which occurred in 1780.

The children born to Deborah and John Hart were: Sarah, Jesse, Martha, Nathaniel, John, Susannah, Mary, Abigail, Edward, Scudder, Daniel, and Deborah. One child died in infancy, unnamed. It is said that the known descendants of John Hart may be found in every State in the Union.

Sarah Hatfield Clark

Sarah Hatfield, was the eldest daughter of Isaac Hatfield[15] of Elizabethtown, N. J., and was born in 1728. She was a sister of Elder Isaac Hatfield and a first cousin of Mrs. Robert Ogden, mother of General Mathias Ogden and Governor Aaron Ogden. Further than this but little has come down to us of her or her family except that the Hatfields were well-to-do and respectable people of Essex County.

She was twenty-one years old when she was married to Abraham Clark, a young farmer who had studied surveying which he practised along with looking after his farm. He had also made some study of law though never admitted to the bar and was known as "the poor man's lawyer," because of his ready advice to his neighbours who were not able to carry their troubles to higher priced counsellors. Under the Colonial government Clark held the offices of Sheriff of Essex County and Clerk of the Assembly, and from his prominence in the northern part of the Colony as well as his known sympathy with the movement was sent as a delegate to the Continental Congress that enacted the Declaration of Independence, and continued a member of that body for many years.

Sarah Clark was not called upon to bear some of the burdens that fell to the lot of Annis Stockton or Deborah Hart, as her home was not in the path of the invading army, but two of her sons who were officers in the Continental army were captured by the British and imprisoned in New York. Because of the activity of the father, the sons were most inhumanly treated. Thomas Clark, the eldest son, a captain of artillery was at one time immured in a dungeon without food for days, except what his fellow prisoners were able to pass in to him through a keyhole. The second son, Isaac, suffered terribly from the rigours of his confinement. It was not until this was reported in Congress and measures taken to retaliate upon two British captains, held by the Americans, that the treatment of the

Clarks was mitigated and their exchange brought about.

Abraham Clark died of sunstroke at Rahway in 1794, and his wife survived him about ten years. Both are buried at Rahway.

NOTES TO CHAPTER I

[1] Written to celebrate the unveiling of a monument to Dr. Josiah Bartlett, erected in Amesbury, Mass., where he was born.

[2] "In 1707, Joseph Bartlett was drafted and sent with others to Haverhill to defend the town against an expected attack of French and Indians from Canada. August 29, 1708, about 160 French and 50 Indians attacked the town and set fire to several buildings. Mr. Bartlett and others were in a chamber of Captain Wainright's house from the windows of which they fired upon the enemy. They were informed that their only safety was in surrender. Mr. Bartlett secreted his gun in the chimney above the fireplace, went down, asked for quarter, was bound, and carried to Canada where he remained a prisoner until he was redeemed. After a captivity of four years he returned. He afterward visited Haverhill and found his gun where he had secreted it. It finally came to his grand nephew, Richard Bartlett of Amesbury, Mass., who carried it while a soldier in the Revolutionary War. Richard brought the gun back with him from the Revolution and it was afterward blown to pieces by some boy celebrating Fourth of July. Levi Bartlett (author of this sketch) collected the fragments in 1879, and riveted, and wired the gun together and deposited it in the rooms of the New Hampshire Historical Society where it may still be seen."

[3] Mrs. Clyde, a niece of Matthew Thornton (signer) fled from Indians into the woods with her eight children, one a babe in arms. She hid for twenty-four hours behind logs, near where Indians were passing. Exhibiting wonderful strength and endurance she finally reached the fort in safety.—*American Monthly Magazine.*

[4] Abigail and Blanche were daughters of Rev. William Smith. They had as suitors, the Rev. Zedadiah Chapman and John Adams. The young, handsome, and accomplished clergyman was acceptable to the father; his horse had the best of care and every attention was

paid to him. The horse of the young lawyer who came to see Abigail did not fare so well but stood the whole evening, shivering unprotected. When Blanche went to ask her father's consent to her marriage to the Rev. Mr. Chapman, his reply was: "You have my cordial approval, my child. Mr. Chapman will have a warm welcome in our home circle. Now choose a text, child, and I will preach you a sermon. "Father," said Blanche, "this is my text, 'For Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her.'" Young Abigail approached more timidly, when the time came for her to ask for his approval of her marriage to her lively young suitor. When his reluctant consent was given, he could do no less than preach her a sermon also. "Father," said Abigail, "I know that you will preach a sermon for me." The father said he would if she would select the text. "This is my text," she said, "And John came neither eating nor drinking and ye say he hath a devil."—From anecdotes of Rev. Mr. Chapman.

[5] Charles Francis Adams, grandson of Abigail Adams.

[6] *American Statesman* series.

[7] John Hancock had Copley, the artist, paint Samuel Adams's picture for him as he appeared before Governor Hutchinson after the Boston Massacre. The picture hung for many years in the Hancock mansion in Beacon Street, Boston, and is now in the Art Museum alongside that of John Hancock, painted by the same artist.

[8] From sketch accompanying *Works of Robert Treat Paine, Jr., Esq.*, by Charles Prentiss, of Boston, printed and published by J. Belcher in 1812.

[9] Hon. Elbridge Gerry of New York, for many years president of the Society for the Prevention of Vice, is a grandson of the signer.

[10] James Schoolcraft Sherman, Vice-President of the United States, is a lineal descendant of Roger Sherman.

[11] In a memorandum, purporting to be in the handwriting of Governor Wolcott, now in possession of the Connecticut Historical Society, there is given a list of those who helped to melt up and make bullets of the leaden statue of George III, taken from Bowling Green, in 1776. The list which includes some of his own children is as follows: "Mrs. Marvin, 6,058; Ruth Marvin 11,592; Laura 8,378; Mary Ann 10,790; Frederick 936; Mrs. Beach 1,802; made by sundry persons 2,182; gave Litchfield militia on alarm 50; let the regiment of Col. Wigglesworth have 300."

[12] The name has been given in some histories as "Isabella" but the marriage license, secured by William Floyd, Aug. 20, 1760 (or '61, the date has been blurred) gives the name as "Hannah," and that is the name given in family traditions.

[13] Brigadier-General W. W. Wotherspoon, President of the Government's War College, and one of the greatest military authorities in the country, and who is a direct descendant of the "signer," spells his name "Wotherspoon," but the sturdy old President of Princeton College, who signed the Declaration, wrote it with an "i."

[14] A noted living descendant of Francis Hopkinson, the "signer," is Francis Hopkinson Smith, author and artist, who comes from this branch of the family.

[15] Samuel G. Arnold, in his *Biographies of Distinguished Jerseymen,* spells the name "Hetfield," and it is given in other publications as "Huffield," but Rev. Edwin E. Hatfield, in his *History of Elizabeth, N. J.*, spells the name as given above, and he is a direct descendant of Isaac Hatfield.

"HEROES, who render up their lives
On the country's fiery altar stone,
They do not offer themselves alone;
What shall become of the soldier's wives?
They stay behind in their humble cots,
Weeding the humble garden spots,
Some to speed the needle and thread,
For the soldier's children must be fed;
All to sigh through the toilsome day,
And at night teach lisping lips to pray,
For the father marching far away."
E. C. Stedman.

Chapter II

Wives of the Signers *(Continued)*

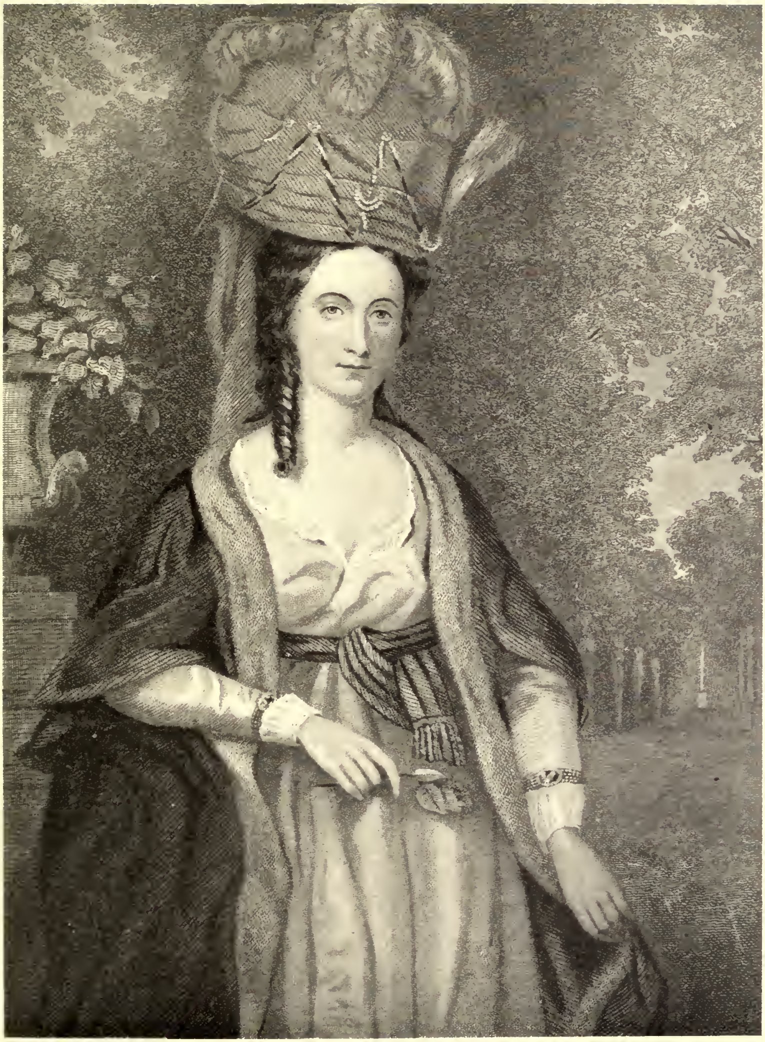
Winning personality and devoted patriotism of some of the notable women of the Central and Southern Colonies—Mary White Morris—Julia Stockton Rush—Deborah Read Franklin and her daughter Sarah Bache—Anne Justis Morton—Elizabeth Meredith Clymer—Eleanor Armor Smith—Ann Savage Taylor—Rachael Bird Wilson—Ann Lawlor Ross—Gertrude Ross Read—Mary Borden McKean—Ann Baldwin Chase—Margaret Brown Stone—Mary Darnell Carroll—Anne Lewis Wythe—Anne Aylett Lee—Martha Wayles Jefferson—Elizabeth Bassett Harrison—Lucy Grymes Nelson—Rebecca Tayloe Lee—Elizabeth Corbin Braxton—Ann Clark Hooper—Susan Lyme Penn—Harriet Middleton Rutledge—Elizabeth Mathews Heyward—Elizabeth Shubreck Lynch—Mary Izard Middleton—Mrs. Gwinnet—Abigail Burr Hall—Dorothy Camber Walton.

MARY White, who afterward became the wife of Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolutionary War, was born April 13, 1749, the youngest child of Thomas and Esther White of Philadelphia. That she was well educated and carefully trained in the accomplishments of her day, is evidenced by the social position she so gracefully filled in after life and by the literary style of such of her letters as remain to us. She was prominent in Philadelphia society before her marriage and is referred to in the opening stanza of Col. Sheppen's *Lines Written in an Assembly Room* designed to commemorate the beauty and charms of Philadelphia's belles:

> "In lovely White's most pleasing form,
> What various graces meet;
> How blest with every striking charm,
> How languishingly sweet!"

She was married to Robert Morris, March 2, 1769, by the Rev. Richard Peters. Her husband was at the time thirty-five years old, and one of the most prominent merchants of the day. Maternal cares came early to Mary Morris, her son Robert being born in December of the same year as her marriage. The second child, Thomas, was born February 26, 1771; then came William White, born August 9, 1772, and their oldest daughter, Hettie, was born July 30, 1774.

Toward the close of 1776, when the British were approaching Philadelphia, Congress moved to Baltimore. Mr. Morris remained in Philadelphia but sent Mrs. Morris to follow Congress and visit her step-sister, Mrs. Hall, with whom



Mrs. Robert Morris.

(Mary White.)

From an engraving of the painting by C. W. Peale.

her father and mother were then staying. Here she remained for several months and her letters to her husband are of interest, giving as they do glimpses of her real character. On December 20th, she wrote:

". . . I long to give you an account of the many difficulties and uneasiness we have experienced in this journey. Indeed my spirits were very unable to the task after that greatest conflict, flying from home; the sufferings of our dear little Tom distressed us all, and without the affectionate assistance of Mr. Hall and the skilfulness of Dr. Cole, whose services I shall never forget, I don't know what might have been the consequence, as it was a boil of an uncommon nature and required the surgeon's hand. We had reason to apprehend, too, we should lose our goods. The many circumstances of this affair I must leave till I see you, as neither my patience nor my paper will hold out. . . . But after all the dangers, I 've the pleasure to inform you we are safely housed in this hospitable mansion. . . . I thought I was prepared for every misfortune; for, as you observe, of late we have little else. Yet, when Lee is taken prisoner (Gen. Charles Lee at Basking Ridge), who is proof against those feelings his loss must occasion?"

On December 30th, on receipt of the news of the victory of Trenton, she wrote to her husband: ". . . We had been for many days impatiently wishing for a letter from you, as the news we hear from any other quarter is not to be depended upon; but when the welcome one arrived, which brought those glad tidings, it more than compensated for what our unfortunate circumstances prepared our minds to expect. . . . but I hope, indeed, the tide is turned, and that our great Washington will have the success his virtues deserve, and rout the impious army who, from no other principle but that of enslaving this once happy country, have prosecuted this Cruell war, . . ."

After hearing of the Battle of Princeton, she wrote on January 15, 1777: ". . . I tryed to be cheerful; how could I be really so when hourly in expectation of hearing the determination of so important a Battle, and when the express arrived and pronounced Washington victorious, would you believe it, your Molly could not join in the general rejoicing? No! nor never can at a victory so dearly bought. . . ."

In March, 1777, Mrs. Morris returned to Philadelphia. Evidently the separation from her husband and the worries and anxieties she had experienced had impaired her health, for in a letter written to her "Mama" on March 15th and addressed to "Mrs. White, at Aqula Hall's, Esqr., near Bush Town, Maryland," she writes: "I suppose Jemmy Hall has told you how everybody exclaims at my thinness; several of my acquaintances did not know me till they had time to recollect and then declared there was very little traces of my former self. . . ."

In a postscript to this same letter, she adds: "Billy has been told that Congress appointed him their Chaplain when in Baltimore, but has not yet heard it from them, and begs it may not be mentioned." "Billy" was her brother, the future eminent prelate and father of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country, Bishop William White.

Mrs. Morris had not been at her home a month before fears of Howe's approach made it necessary to move again. On April 14, 1777, she wrote her mother: ". . . We are preparing for another flight in packing up our furniture, and removing them to a new purchase, Mr. Morris has made ten miles from Lancaster. . . ."

A fortnight later, she writes: "I am yet on dear Philadelphia ground, but expect soon to inhabit the Hills, where we shall remain, if possible, in the enjoyment of all that is beautiful to the eye and grateful to the taste, . . . We intend sending off our best furniture in Lancaster with all the linen we can spare, and stores of all kinds, that our flight may be attended with as few incumbrances as possible."

In September, 1777, the near approach of the British Army obliged Congress to remove from Philadelphia, first to Lancaster and afterward to York, and at this time Mr. and Mrs. Morris removed to their country place, the Hills, where they remained until after the evacuation of the city by Sir Henry Clinton early in the summer of 1778. On July 2 of that year, Congress reassembled in Philadelphia. At this period, Benedict Arnold had command in the city, and Mrs. Morris, writing to her mother in November, said: "I know of no news, unless to tell you we are very gay, is such. . . . Tell Mr. Hall, even our military gentlemen here are too liberal to make any distinctions between Whig and Tory ladyes—if they make any, it is in the favour of the latter. Such, strange as it may seem, is the way those things are conducted at present in this city. It originates at Headquarters and that I may make some apology for such strange conduct, I must tell you that cupid had given our little general a more mortal wound than all the host of Britons could, unless his present conduct can expiate for his past—Miss Peggy Shippen is the fair one."

In September, 1779, Mrs. Morris was called upon to mourn the loss of her father, Col. Thomas White, who died on the 29th. inst.

Early in the year 1781, Robert Morris was made Superintendent of Finance. He was supreme in his position, appointing and removing subordinates, etc., at his own discretion. This power, combined with his wealth and social position, gave him considerable prominence, which was shared by his wife. Their home was visited by all the distinguished men of the time, including a number of illustrious foreigners, Prince de Broglie, Luzerne, the French Minister, the Marquis de Chastellux, and others. Luzerne was on terms of the utmost intimacy with the Morris family and there is extant an invitation to Mr. and Mrs. Morris and Catharine Livingston, daughter of Governor Livingston of New Jersey, "together with the young family of Mrs. Morris," to dine at Shoemaker's Place on the following Saturday afternoon. It was from this French nobleman that Robert Morris borrowed, on his personal credit, twenty thousand pounds in specie, which he sent to Washington, and it was this money which enabled the great Commander to compel the capitulation of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

It was to Mr. Morris and his wife, that the honour fell of entertaining Washington in the latter end of the summer of 1781, when the General, accompanied by Count de Rochambeau and other foreign and American officers passed through Philadelphia on their way to join La Fayette near Yorktown, where they hoped, with the aid of De Grasse, who was hourly expected with his fleet, to capture Cornwallis and his army.

It was in the fall of 1781 that Mrs. Morris's two eldest sons, Robert, aged 12, and Thomas, aged 10, were sent to Europe to be educated, the Revolution having made such matters difficult in this country. In the latter part of May, 1887, when the convention met to frame a constitution for the United States, Mrs. Morris again had the honour of entertaining General Washington. Mr. Morris, who eleven years before had signed the Declaration of Independence, was a member of this convention, and it was upon his motion that Washington was selected to preside over the proceedings. Washington made his home with the Morrises during the entire time he was attending this convention. When Washington was inaugurated the first time, Mrs. Washington did not accompany him to New York, but on Tuesday, May 19th, accompanied by her grandchildren, Eleanor and George Washington Parke Custis, set out in her private carriage for the seat of government. She received ovations all along her route, and on Thursday when she reached Gray's Ferry, just outside of the city, she was met by Mrs. Morris, whose guest she was to be, and accompanied by her entered the city escorted by a large concourse of military and citizens amid great demonstration.

Mrs. Washington remained with Mrs. Morris until the following Monday, when she departed for New York, taking Mrs. Morris and her daughter Maria in her carriage as her guests. They were met on Wednesday at Elizabethtown by the President and Mr. Morris, and crossed over to New York on the President's barge. On Friday, May 29th, Mrs. Washington gave her first levee, at which Mrs. Morris was present, occupying the first place on her right, and in all her subsequent levees in New York and afterward in Philadelphia, when present, Mrs. Morris occupied this place of honour.

Mrs. Morris remained in New York with her husband until July 5th, when she returned to Philadelphia, Mr. Morris being detained in New York by his senatorial duties. It was mainly through his efforts that the seat of government was moved the following year to Philadelphia. As soon as it was definitely settled, Mr. Morris offered his handsome residence, the finest in the city, for the presidential mansion. The relations between the Washingtons and the Morrises were of the warmest. When Washington was elected President, he offered the Treasury[1] portfolio to Morris who declined it, but recommended Alexander Hamilton, who was appointed.

The history of the unfortunate wild land speculation of Morris, which wrecked his fortune and afforded the most unhappy chapter in the life of Mary Morris, is too well known to need retelling here. On February 15, 1798, he was arrested and next day taken to the debtors' department of the old Prune Street Prison, where he remained three years and a half, until liberated, in 1801, by the General Bankrupt law. It was in October of this year that William Morris, third son of Mary and Robert Morris, died of the malignant fever, in his twenty-seventh year.

During the confinement of Mr. Morris, his devoted wife and daughter Maria were his almost constant companions. Day after day Mrs. Morris visited the prison and dined at the cell table of her unfortunate husband, and while the malignant fever raged terribly in Prune Street, and infested the city, she never left him but continued her daily visits, though she had to walk through two rows of coffins piled from floor to ceiling of the room which adjoined his.

It was through the instrumentality of Gouverneur Morris, who though not a relative was one of the most intimate friends of Robert

Morris, that Mrs. Morris was kept from absolute want during the incarceration of her husband. The title to the four tracts of land, containing three million three hundred thousand acres, which had been conveyed to the Holland Land Co. by Mr. Morris in 1792 and 1793, proved defective and required confirming, for which Gouverneur Morris compelled the company to pay Mrs. Morris an annuity of $1500 during her lifetime, and this was all that she then had to live upon.

Robert Morris came out of prison a broken-down old man and lived about five years, dying in 1806. After his death, Mrs. Morris removed to Chestnut Street above Tenth, on the south side, where she passed the remainder of her life. She was residing here when La Fayette made his famous tour through the country, in 1824. He arrived in Philadelphia on Tuesday morning, September 29th, and was tendered the greatest ovation of his visit. On the evening of his arrival he called upon Mrs. Morris, the first private visit that he made in the city. He had not seen her before that day in thirty-seven years, but in driving past her house that afternoon noticed her at the window and recognised her. At the personal request of General La Fayette, Mrs. Morris attended the grand Civic Ball, given in his honour at the new Chestnut Street Theatre on the night of Monday, October 5th. Mrs. Morris, who was sixty-seven years old at the time, was described as "tall, graceful, and commanding, with a stately dignity of manner."

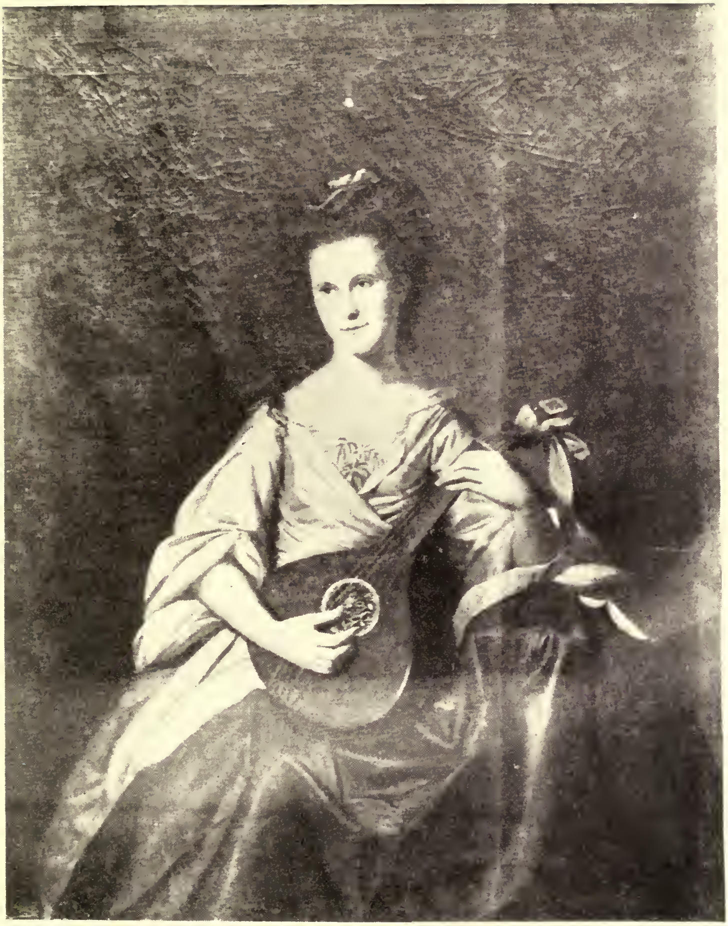
Julia Stockton Rush

Julia Stockton was the eldest daughter of Richard Stockton, an eminent New Jersey patriot and signer of the Declaration of Independence, and his wife, the gifted Annis Boudinot Stockton. She was born March 2, 1759, at "Morven," the estate of Richard Stockton, near Princeton, N. J., and received as liberal an education as was open to women of her day, supplemented by association with the cultivated people whom her father and mother were wont to gather in their hospitable home.

She was married January 11, 1776, to Dr. Benjamin Rush of Philadelphia, already one of the prominent medical practitioners of his day, a writer of acknowledged ability on medical subjects, and a public-spirited citizen, held in high esteem by his fellow townsmen.

Dr. Rush in his memoirs pays this tribute to his wife: "Let me here bear testimony to the worth of this excellent woman. She fulfilled every duty as a wife, mother, and mistress with fidelity and integrity. To me she was always a sincere and honest friend; had I yielded to her advice upon many occasions, I should have known less distress from various causes in my journey through life. . . . May God reward and bless her with an easy and peaceful old age if she should survive me, and after death confer upon her immediate and eternal happiness!"

It was not alone in his published writings that Dr. Rush pays tribute to his wife. A great-grandson of Benjamin Rush,[2] writing to the authors, says: "I am afraid our forebears did not keep with accuracy the deeds of noble women in the days that truly tried the souls of both men and women. I spent last evening going over a mass of data, including a copy of the Commonplace Book or diary of my great-grandfather Benjamin Rush. She is spoken of everywhere as a devoted wife and mother and of her urging her husband to take more care of



Julia Stockton Rush.
From an oil painting.

himself during the terrible yellow-fever scourge of 1793, in Philadelphia, when, much against her wishes, she remained out of town with her children, yet by daily letters encouraged Dr. Rush in his great work for humanity."

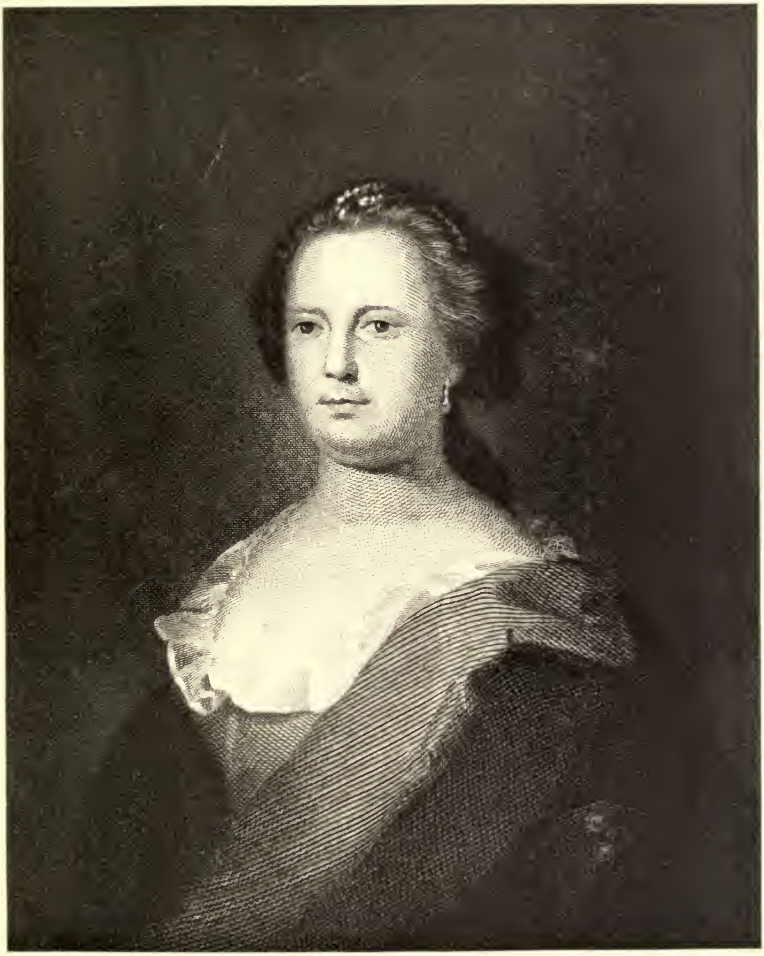
Thirteen children were born to Dr. Rush and his wife, as follows: John, Anne, Emily, Richard, Susannah, Elizabeth, Mary, James, William, Benjamin, a second Benjamin, Julia, Samuel, and a second William. Four died in infancy, Susannah, Elizabeth, the first Benjamin, and the first William. John Rush, who was a lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, died unmarried. Emily, the eldest daughter, married Ross Cuthbert, a young Canadian who had been graduated from Princeton and who afterward won distinction in Provincial affairs. Richard Rush, the third child, was Attorney-General of Pennsylvania, Attorney-General of the United States, Minister to Great Britain, Secretary of the Treasury, Minister to France, and unsuccessful candidate for the vice-presidency. He was married to Catharine Eliza Murray of Maryland, who bore him ten children. Julia Stockton Rush, a grandchild, married John Calvert, a lawyer of Maryland and a descendant of George

Calvert, first Lord Baltimore. James Rush, the third son of the "signer," became a noted medical authority and a writer, succeeded his father as Treasurer of the U. S. Mint, and endowed the "Ridgway" branch of the Philadelphia library. He was the husband of Phebe Ridgway Rush, for many years a leader of Philadelphia society and one of the most famous women in America. They died childless. Benjamin Rush, the sixth son of the "signer," died unmarried, and Julia the next child, who married Henry Jonathan Williams, a prominent member of the bar, died childless; Samuel Rush, the twelfth child, became a prominent attorney and married Anne Wilmer. The thirteenth child, William Rush, was a physician and married Elizabeth Fox Roberts.

Mrs. Rush died at their country seat, "Sydenham" (now Fifteenth Street and Columbus Ave., Philadelphia), July 7, 1848, and was buried in the grave of her husband in Christ Church burying ground, south-east corner Fifth and Arch streets, Philadelphia.

Deborah Read Franklin

Deborah Read, who became the wife of Benjamin Franklin, September 1, 1730, was a



Deborah Read (Mrs. Benjamin Franklin).
From an engraving of the painting owned by Prof. Hodge.

native of Philadelphia, though her people do not seem to have been of enough prominence to have left any particular record in its annals. She was about twenty-five years old at the time of the marriage—a few months older than her husband.

Franklin, in his *Autobiography*, has told the story of their first meeting, that memorable Sunday morning, in October, 1723, when Franklin, then a lad of seventeen, with a loaf of bread under each arm and munching a third, walked "up Market Street as far as Fourth, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me and thought I made, as I most certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance."

A few months afterward, when Franklin had established himself as a printer, he became acquainted with Miss Read, and when he went to England on Governor Sir William Keith's wild-goose chase he was engaged to her. He seems to have half forgotten her, however, as he wrote to her but once. Miss Deborah herself was easily comforted, as soon after Franklin's departure she married one "Rogers, a potter." Rogers seems to have been a poor stick for he deserted his young wife in a short time and departed leaving only his debts behind. The news of his death must have been welcome to his wife as there were stories afloat that he had another wife living.

Deborah Read seems to have made Franklin a most excellent wife and they lived happily together for forty years. "None of the inconveniences happened that we had apprehended," he wrote; "she proved a good and faithful helpmeet; assisted me much by attending the shop; we throve together and have mutually endeavoured to make each other happy."

"Mrs. Franklin was a handsome woman of comely figure," writes Franklin's biographer, "yet nevertheless an industrious and frugal one; later on in life he boasted that he had been clothed from head to foot in linen of his wife's manufacture. An early contribution of his own to the domestic menage was his illegitimate son, William, born, soon after his wedding, of a mother of whom no record or tradition remains. It was an unconventional wedding gift to bring home to a bride; but Mrs. Franklin, with a breadth and liberality of mind akin to her husband's, readily took the babe, not only to her home but really to her heart, and reared him as if he had been her own offspring."

Two children were born to Deborah Read Franklin, a son who died in infancy and a daughter who grew to womanhood. Mrs. Franklin died of paralysis in December, 1774, while her husband was still in England as agent of the Province of Pennsylvania. Because of the fact that Sarah Franklin, the daughter, was called upon to take her mother's place as homemaker before the Revolution, as well as for her own patriotism and public spirit, it may not be out of place to consider her in this chapter.

Sarah Franklin Bache

One of the most popular women of her day in her native city was Sarah Franklin. She was born in 1744 and carefully educated by her father—probably as broadly educated as any woman in the Colony. As a girl, she is said to have been plain, almost to ugliness, but with a sense of humour and a play of wit which together with her good nature and kindliness made her generally popular.

Of her girlhood there is but little to tell, so smooth was the flow of the current of her life, until she reached her twentieth year, at which time her father was sent to England in a representative capacity. The incident leading up to this was about the first introduction of the young woman in politics, a subject which ever after held for her the keenest interest.

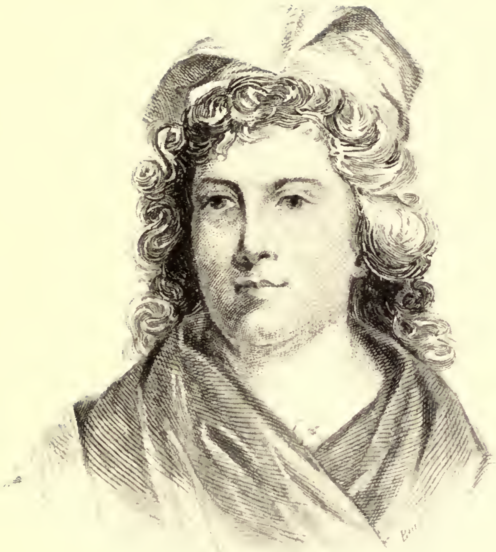
William Penn's sons had drawn away from the Quakers, of whom their father had been a leader, and joined the Church of England, a large majority of whose members were of the Proprietary Party. Most of the Quakers were in opposition to this party and with this opposition Dr. Franklin had acted. After fourteen years' service as member of the Lower House of the State Legislature, he was defeated by a few votes in 1764. His friends, who were in the majority in the Upper House, immediately elected him as agent for the Province in England. To this appointment, the Proprietary Party took great exceptions. Church and State were much more closely knit together in those days than now, and the fight was carried right into Christ Church, where Franklin was a pewholder and Mrs. Franklin and her daughter were communicants. Consequently, when the young woman found a remonstrance against the appointment of her father laid on the communion table of her church for signatures, she was indignant and made no attempt to hide her feelings at this "outrage against decency and the feelings of her family," and threatened to leave the church and congregation. It was upon this occasion that her father wrote to her from Reedy Island, in November, as he was on his way to Europe: "Go constantly to the church, whoever preaches. The act of devotion in the common prayer book is your principal business there; and if properly attended to will do more toward amending the heart than sermons can do; for they were composed by men of much greater piety and wisdom than our common composers of sermons can pretend to be; and therefore I prefer you would never miss the prayer days. Yet I do not mean that you should despise sermons, even of preachers you dislike, for the discourse is often much sweeter than the man, as sweet and clear waters come through very dirty earth. I am more particular on this head, as you seemed to express, a little before I left, some inclination to leave our church, which I would not have you do."

Some of Miss Franklin's letters to her father during his absence in England have been preserved and are most interesting, as showing not only an insight into the strong feeling that agitated the American people of the day, but the delightful yet respectful affection and intimacy between father and daughter that existed. In her first letter she says:

". . . The subject is the Stamp Act and nothing else is talked of. The Dutch talk of 'tamp tack' and the negroes of the 'tamp,' in short everybody has something to say." The letter closes with: "There is not a young lady of my acquaintance but what desires to be remembered to you. I am, my dear, your very dutiful daughter, Sally Franklin."

In the following year, March, 1765, she writes: "We have heard in a roundabout way that the Stamp Act is repealed. The people are determined to believe it, though it came from Ireland to Maryland. The bells rung, we had bonfires and one house was illuminated. I never heard so much noise in my life; the children seem distracted. I hope and pray the report may be true."

Sarah Franklin was married in October, 1767,



Sarah Franklin Bache.
From the engraving by Burt.

to Richard Bache, a merchant of Philadelphia, who had come to the Colony several years before from Yorkshire, England, and who seems to have been a substantial sort of citizen in many ways and a good American when the time came. For several years Mr. and Mrs. Bache lived with Mrs. Franklin until her death.

When the British were approaching Philadelphia, in 1776, through New Jersey, Mr. Bache removed his family to Goshen township, Chester County. Dr. Franklin was at that time Minister to France, having been sent by the Continental Congress in the previous October. With him had also gone his eldest grandson, Temple Bache, to begin his education. Mrs. Bache's letter to her father has been preserved. She wrote to him from their home in Goshen, February 23, 1777, as follows:

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

A short time after, Mrs. Bache and her family returned to Philadelphia, but in September, a few days after the birth of her eldest daughter, she again left town, staying for a time with friends in Bucks County and then taking up her residence in Lancaster County where she remained until the British left Philadelphia. On July 14, 1778, she wrote to Dr. Franklin:

"Once more I have the happiness of addressing you from this dearly beloved city, after having been kept out of it more than nine months. . . . I found your house and furniture in much better order than I had reason to expect from such a rapacious crew; they stole and carried off with them some of your musical instruments, viz: a Welsh harp, ball harp, the set of tuned bells which were in a box, viol-de-gamba, all the spare armonica glasses, one or two spare cases. Your armonica is safe. They took likewise a few books that were left behind, the chief of which were Temple's school books and the *History of the Arts and Sciences* in French, which is a great loss to the public; some of your electric apparatus is missing also—

a Captain André took with him the picture of you that hung in the dining-room. The rest of the pictures are safe and met with no accident except the frame of Alfred, which is broken to pieces."

The André mentioned was Major André who was quartered in Dr. Franklin's house during the British occupation of the city. In a letter written in October, when Mrs. Bache and her family had returned to the city, after passing the summer at Manheim, in Lancaster County, she says: "This is the first opportunity I have had since my return home of writing to you. We found our furniture in much better order than we could expect, which was owing to the care that Miss Clifton took of all we left behind; my being removed four days after my little girl was born, made it impossible for me to remove half the things we did in our former flight."

After describing her little girl, Mrs. Bache continues: "I would give a good deal if you could see her; you can't think how fond of kissing she is, and she gives such old-fashioned smacks, General Arnold says that he would give a good deal to have her for a school mistress to teach the young ladies how to kiss. . . .

There is hardly such a thing as living in town, everything is so high. If I were to mention the prices of the common necessaries of life it would astonish you. I can scarcely believe that I am in Philadelphia. . . . They really asked six dollars for a pair of gloves, and I have been obliged to pay fifteen pounds for a common calimanco petticoat without quilting, that I once could have got for fifteen shillings." This depreciation in Continental currency continued until Mrs. Bache, writing in a spirit of amused levity, says that she has to send her servant to market "with two baskets, one to hold her purchases and the other to carry the money with which to pay for them."

In a letter written in January, 1779, Mrs. Bache, after further comments on the continued high prices, goes on: "There never was so much dressing and pleasure going on; old friends meeting again, the Whigs in high spirits and strangers of distinction among us." She speaks of having met General and Mrs. Washington several times and adds: "He always inquires after you in the most affectionate manner and speaks of you highly. We danced at Mrs. Powell's on your birthday, or night I should say, in company together, and he told me it was the anniversary of his marriage,—it was just twenty years that night."

In the movement of the patriotic ladies of Philadelphia in 1780 to furnish food and clothing for destitute soldiers, Mrs. Bache was one of the leading spirits, and after the death of Mrs. Esther Reed the duty of collecting the contributions and distributing the funds was largely carried on by her and four other members of the Executive Committee. When it was proposed to present the money raised, "a hard dollar to each man," General Washington advised against it and pointed out that, most of all, the soldiers needed clothing, "especially shirts." So the fund was devoted to the buying of linen out of which the women themselves cut and made twenty-two hundred shirts. These shirts were cut out at Mrs. Bache's house.

A letter from M. de Marbois to Dr. Franklin, the succeeding year, speaks of Mrs. Bache: "If there are in Europe any women who need a model of attachment to domestic duties and love for their country, Mrs. Bache may be pointed out to them as such. She passed a part of last year in exertions to rouse the zeal of the Pennsylvania ladies, and she made on the occasion such a happy use of the eloquence which, you know, she possesses, that a large part of the American army was provided with shirts bought with their money or made by their hands. In her application for this purpose, she showed the most indefatigable zeal, the most unwearied perseverance, and a courage in asking, which surpassed even the obstinate reluctance of the Quakers in refusing."

The closing years of Mrs. Bache's life were peaceful and pleasant in the main. Dr. Franklin returned from the Court of France in September, 1785, after an absence of seven years, loaded with honours at home and abroad, to spend the remaining years of his life in the family of his daughter and among the descendants of the friends of his early days. In 1792, Mr. and Mrs. Bache visited England, spending nearly a year. Two years later, Mr. Bache retired from business and removed his family to his farm on the Delaware River about sixteen miles from Philadelphia. Here they spent thirteen years, noted for their hospitality. In 1807, Mr. Bache removed to Philadelphia for the sake of securing better medical attendance for his wife, who had recently developed cancer. The disease, however, proved incurable and she passed away in October, 1808, aged sixty-four years. She was the mother of eight children, of whom one, a daughter, died in childhood. Her eldest son died in 1798 of yellow fever.[3]

Anne Justis Morton

When Anne Justis married John Morton in 1745, or 1746, she probably had little idea of the honours the future held in store for her youthful husband, even though he was already looked upon in their little community as a young man with a promising future.

They were of neighbouring farmer folk in Chester County, now Delaware County, Pennsylvania. Both were of Swedish extraction, their forebears having been of that tide of immigration which poured into the "lower counties" about the opening of the eighteenth century. John Morton cultivated his own patrimonial acres, but was able to alternate his farm labours with surveying new lands, having been taught that branch of mathematics along with "accompting" by his step-father, John Sketchley, an English gentleman who married the Widow Morton while John was yet an infant in arms. We find nothing more of Anne Justis for many years. Her husband, grown wealthy, seems to have won the respect and confidence of his neighbours, for he was commissioned as Justice of the Peace in 1764, and within a few months elected to the Provincial Legislature, of which body he was Speaker for a number of years. Later he was High Sheriff of the county for three years, afterward presiding judge of the Provincial Court, and then one of the judges of the Supreme Court.

During all these years Anne Justis was looking after their estate and rearing their family of children, of whom there were eight, three sons and five daughters. In 1774, Mr. Morton was sent as delegate to the Congress of Colonies in Philadelphia, and was re-elected in 1775 and again in 1776. It was the vote of John Morton, when the delegates of Pennsylvania were equally divided, that broke the tie and threw the voice of the delegation for independence. The labours and responsibilities of his career through this trying period broke down his health, and in April, 1777, he died in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

The surviving children of John Morton were as follows: Aaron, the eldest, married Frances, daughter of Richard and Elizabeth Paschall Armitt. They lived in Delaware County for several years and afterward emigrated to Ohio. Sketchley, the second child, became a major in the Pennsylvania line of the Continental Army; he married Rebecca, daughter of John and Mary Neidermar Taylor and died in 1795. Dr. John became a surgeon in the Continental Army and died while a prisoner of war on the British prison ship *Falmouth* in New York harbour. The late John S. Morton of Springfield had in his possession a letter written by Dr. Morton to his father while he was a prisoner, in which he said they were "almost starved and could eat brickbats if they could get them." He died unmarried. Concerning Sarah and Lydia, nothing definite can be learned. Elizabeth died of consumption, unmarried. Mary married Charles Justis of Kingsessing, and Ann, the youngest, married, in 1784, Captain John Davis of Chester County, who had fought through the Revolutionary War as an officer of the Pennsylvania line.

When the British Army passed through the neighbourhood of his late residence, after the Battle of Brandywine, they despoiled his widow and children of property to the value of over one thousand dollars. Mr. and Mrs. Morton were members of St. James Church in the town of Chester, and their remains are said to be interred in the old churchyard.

Elizabeth Meredith Clymer

Elizabeth Meredith was the daughter of Reese Meredith, a prominent and wealthy merchant of Philadelphia for more than half a century prior to the Revolutionary period. She was a handsome accomplished girl of most exemplary character, and her marriage in March, 1765, was considered a highly advantageous union on both sides.[4]

George Clymer was twenty-seven years old at the time of his marriage, and his bride, several years his junior. Left an orphan at the age of seven, he had been brought up in the family of his mother's brother, William Coleman, who not only gave him a liberal education, including two years' training in his own counting room, but dying, left to him most of his considerable fortune. After completing his education, young Clymer went into the mercantile business and afterward formed a partnership with Reese Meredith and his son. It was soon after this that Mr. Clymer was married to Elizabeth Meredith. He was very public spirited and, during the Stamp Act agitation, began taking an active part in public affairs. He was at the head of a vigilance committee and afterward was a member of the Committee of Safety. In 1776 he was one of the delegates elected to the Continental Congress because of his pro-independence views and from that time practically gave up his private business to devote himself to public affairs. In Congress he was an indefatigable worker, whose cool judgment and unswerving patriotism were recognised on every side. Mr. Clymer seems to have been especially obnoxious to the British. At the time of General Washington's defeat at Brandywine, when the British army was marching towards Philadelphia, Mr. Clymer's family retired for safety to their country home in Chester County. Tories led the enemy to their retreat. The house was sacked and the furniture destroyed; the wine cellars were raided and everything portable on the place was carried away. Upon this occasion Mrs. Clymer and her children saved themselves by a hasty flight back into the interior.

The married life of the Clymers was very harmonious and happy and only marred by the enforced separations and the hardships caused by the Revolution. Like most of the signers, he suffered large losses of property from British depredations. Eight children were born to Elizabeth and George Clymer, three of whom died in childhood. The others were: Henry, born in 1769, married Mary Willing; Meredith, who died unmarried; Margaret, who married George McCall; Nancy, who married Charles Lewis, and George who married Maria O'Brien; their son was Dr. Meredith Clymer a noted physician of Philadelphia and New York.

Eleanor Armor Smith

Eleanor Armor, of Newcastle, Delaware, "a young woman of many accomplishments and good family connection," became in 1745 or 1746, the wife of James Smith, of York County, Pennsylvania. Mr. Smith was a land surveyor and lawyer, who had a few months before removed from Shippensburg. He was the first attorney to begin practice in York and remained at the head of the bar of that county until after the Revolution.

James Smith was born in Ireland and was brought into Pennsylvania when a child, by his father who settled on the Susquehanna. He was educated in Philadelphia under Dr. Allison, provost of the college, who taught him Greek, Latin, and mathematics, including land surveying. He studied law with an elder brother who was established in practice at Lancaster, after which he started in business for himself at Shippensburg, then a thriving town on the frontier. He prospered greatly, but after a few years decided to remove to York, where his family might have the advantages of a larger and more thickly settled community. He was a rather eccentric character in some ways, one of his eccentricities being, never to tell his age. His biographers have been almost as reticent concerning his family, as the dates of his marriage and of the births of his children are all uncertain. Smith was endowed with a vein of wit and humour, given to story telling and jovial companionship.

Five children were born to James and Eleanor

Smith, three sons and two daughters. Only one of the sons and two of the daughters survived him. The son, James Smith, jr., died a few months after his father, and the daughter, became the wife of James Johnson, a prominent citizen of York.[5]

Long before the Revolution, Mr. Smith was pronounced in his views on the encroachment of the British ministry on the rights of the Colonies. He was a member of the Provincial Committee of Safety and upon the news from Lexington, organised a battalion around his own home, which elected him colonel, a position that, because of age, he was forced to decline. He was in the Continental Congress, in 1775, 1776, 1777, and 1778, after which he retired to continue the practice of his profession. Some of the letters which Colonel Smith wrote to his wife while in Congress have been preserved. Through them all runs a vein of drollery, a confidence in her ability to take care of their home affairs, and an air of affectionate comradeship that afford almost as much of an insight into her character as it does into his.

In a letter, written from Philadelphia, in October, 1776, he says: ". . . If Mr. Wilson should come through York, give him a flogging, he should have been here a week ago. I expect, however, to be home before election, my three months are nearly up. . . . This morning I put on the red jacket under my shirt. Yesterday I dined at Mr. Morris's and got wet going home, and my shoulder got troublesome, but by running a hot smoothing iron over it three times it got better—this is a new and cheap cure. My respects to all my friends and neighbours, my love to the children. I am your loving husband, James Smith."

The "Mr. Wilson" referred to above was his brother congressman, James Wilson, who had been attending court duties in Carlisle. In another letter dated "Congress Chamber," September 4, 1778, Mr. Smith writes:

". . . This morning I sent a bundle of Newspapers and a half finished letter by Mr. Hahn. Yesterday I dined with the President at his own home, he lives elegantly and keeps house himself, we had an elegant dinner and very good claret and madeira. . . . I am tired of the city heartily. It is very expensive living and not very agreeable; since I left the Indian Queen, I have paid for my room and bed, and breakfast and supper, six pounds a week, and four pounds a week more for my dinner at another house, without any drink.

"Yesterday, congress agreed to meet twice a day, so that we break up at one and meet at three o'clock. I told Mr. Shee my lodging was too dear and I did not like to lodge at one house and dine at another, half a mile off. He agreed to board me at twenty dollars a week including dinner, which is fifty shillings less than I had paid. I breakfasted with Mr. Wilson and Ross at Mrs. House's, she said her price was twenty dollars a week which I will accept of. . . . I am laying my account upon returning about the tenth of next month, to be able to attend Carlisle and York courts.

"Beef and mutton are half a crown, veal three shillings, and all kind of goods as dear as ever. . . . I put fifteen hundred pounds in the loan office, and have got about ninety pounds fees, and a promise of a hundred pounds fee more, these are the first fees I ever got in Philadelphia; my fees here must clear my teeth, and my pay in Congress go to you, dear, and the children. I believe that if you would consent to come here to live I could get into pretty good business in the law way, but it is a hazard and two thousand a year would, as times go, be not more than enough to live in any tolerable style here. York and Carlisle are sure for business though fees are not as high as here. . . . Poor Mrs. Shugart with Mr. Armor called upon me to assist in getting a pass from Congress for leave for her to go to New York to try and get her husband home. I much doubt her success, but got her the pass. Our prisoners there, whose friends cannot send them hard money, suffer greatly. I tried to get Tommy Armor a good post in the army but missed it; had he written me in time, I believe I might have had it for him.

"You, my dear, have been fatigued to death with the plantation affairs; I can only pity but not help you. . . . I have not time to finish, but you will have had nonsense enough, Your loving husband, whilest. James Smith."

Congressman Smith died in 1806 and his monument says that he was ninety-three years old. He was buried in York and his wife sleeps beside him.

Nancy Savage Taylor

One of the Revolutionary women, to whom history has done scant justice, was Mrs. Nancy

Savage who, in 1739, became the wife of George Taylor and was the mother of his two children.

The story of George Taylor is an interesting one. He was born in Ireland, in 1716; the son of a clergyman who gave him a good education and who wanted him to study medicine. This was distasteful to the lad and he ran away and shipped for America as a "redemptioner." That is, the shipmaster was given the right to sell the lad's services on this side to pay for his passage. At Philadelphia, Mr. Savage, lessee of the Durham iron works, a short distance below Easton, paid young Taylor's redemption money, and the boy bound himself to work a certain number of years to repay the debt. He was large for his age, strong and sturdy, and was set to work as "filler," shovelling coal into the furnace when in blast. Mr. Savage soon discovered that the lad was not bred to manual labour and also that he was educated far above his other workmen and was trustworthy and industrious, and transferred him to his business office. Taylor mastered the business in all its details and, after completing his indenture, remained with Mr. Savage until the latter's death in 1738. Mrs. Savage, who was considerably younger than her husband and had no children, knew little of the business which Taylor continued to manage, and about a year later he married the widow and became, at the age of twenty-three, sole lessee of the iron works where, a few years before, he had come as a "redemptioner." He continued at Durham, until 1764, accumulating a handsome property. Then he removed to Northumberland County where he purchased an estate on the Lehigh River, built a large stone house, and started another iron works.

Ten years later, Mr. Taylor returned to Durham and in partnership with a man named Galloway leased the furnace once more, and began turning out stoves of his own designing, and after 1775, vast amounts of shot and other munitions of war. In 1764, he was elected to the Provincial Assembly and thereafter was active in public affairs until his death in 1781, at his home in Easton where he and his wife were buried.

Two children were born to the redemptioner and his wife, one son and one daughter. The son, James Taylor, who became a lawyer, married Elizabeth, daughter of Lewis Gordon, the first attorney of Northumberland county and died in 1772, leaving five children.[6] George Taylor's daughter died unmarried.

Rachael Bird Wilson

Rachael Bird, the youngest daughter of William Bird of Bucks County, Pennsylvania, proprietor of the fine country seat and iron works on the Schuylkill River, known as Birdsborough, became, in 1771 or 1772, the first wife of James Wilson. He was a young lawyer at the time, having been but recently admitted to the practice of law after completing his studies in the office of John Dickinson, one of the most celebrated barristers of his day. Wilson was a highly educated young Englishman who had come to this country in 1766, with letters of introduction to some of the most prominent men of New York and Philadelphia. After being admitted to the bar he practised for two or three years in Reading and Carlisle and in Annapolis, after which he took up his permanent residence in Philadelphia. Very early in his legal career, he became a strong adherent of the American cause, and during the remainder of his life much of his time and great abilities were devoted to public affairs, either in the State of his adoption or under the new national government. He died suddenly in 1798, in North Carolina, at Edenton, where he was presiding at a session of the federal court to which he had been appointed by President Washington. His wife, Rachael Bird, had died twelve years before, in 1786, leaving five children: Mary, who married Paschal Hollingsworth, of Philadelphia; William, who died at Kaskaskia in 1817; Bird, who held a judicial position in Pennsylvania and afterward became a clergyman in New York; James, who was a lieutenant in the army, resigned his commission and became a merchant and died at St. Domingo in 1808; Charles was first a midshipman in the navy and afterward in a mercantile business and died in Havana in 1800. The children whose decease is noted, died unmarried.

Judge Wilson married for his second wife, Hannah Gray, "an amiable young lady of Boston," second daughter of Ellis Gray, a merchant of that city. One child was born of this marriage, Henry, who died in infancy. Mrs. Wilson survived her husband and later married Dr. Thomas Bartlett of Boston and died in London in 1807.

Ann Lawler Ross

Ann Lawler, described in Harris's *History of Lancaster*, as "a lady of respectable family," was the only child of Mary Lawler, a widow of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, possessed of considerable property and who died in 1778. She was a handsome accomplished young woman, and her marriage to George Ross, August 14, 1751, was considered a highly advantageous union for both.[7] George Ross was born in Newcastle, Delaware, where his father who was twice married and had eleven children, all of whom became prominent members of society, was clergyman of the Episcopal Church. Catharine, eldest sister of George Ross, was the wife of Captain William Thompson, afterward a general of the Continental army; Gertrude, another sister, married Hon. George Read of Delaware, who afterward became one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. A third sister, Mary, married Col. Mark Bird, of Birdsborough, a prominent Pennsylvanian and an active patriot. Still another became the wife of Col. Edward Biddle of Reading, speaker of the Pennsylvania Legislature and member of the first and second Continental Congresses. Two sisters, Margaret and Susannah, married prominent clergymen, and three brothers were each members of the learned professions.

George Ross was well educated by his father and afterward studied law with his brother, John Ross, one of the foremost practitioners of his day and a warm personal friend of Benjamin Franklin. Later he took up his residence in Lancaster. In 1768, he was elected a member of the Provincial Legislature and from that time, he was almost continuously in the public service until his death, July 14, 1779. His wife's death took place several years before this.

Three children were born to George and Ann Ross, George, James, and Mary. George Ross, Jr., the eldest, was a staunch patriot during the Revolution and was for some time Vice-President of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania. In 1791 he was commissioned by the Governor, Register and Recorder, which office he held for eighteen years.

James Ross, his brother, raised in 1775, the first company in Lancaster County, in Colonel Thompson's regiment of which he was made captain, and marched to Cambridge. He rose to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment with which he fought at Long Island, Trenton, Germantown, Brandywine, and in other important engagements. Mary Ross married Joshua Scott, a noted civil engineer, and died in 1839.

Egle's *Notes and Queries* says of the Ross family: "Ann (Lawler) Ross was greatly celebrated for her beauty and her children were so remarkable in this respect as to attract general notice."

Gertrude Ross Read

Gertrude Ross Till, the young widow of Thomas Till, who in 1763 put aside her weeds to become the wife of George Read,[8] a prominent young lawyer of Newcastle, Delaware, was the daughter of Reverend George Ross, who was for more than half a century a clergyman of that town. Also, she was the sister of George Ross, afterward, like her husband, a signer of the Declaration of Independence and a half-sister of John Ross, an eminent legal practitioner at the Philadelphia bar.

She seems to have been admirably fitted to be the life companion of the public-spirited and patriotic young man she married. Read, who after having received an excellent classical education was admitted to the bar at the age of nineteen, was a man of the highest principles. As the eldest of his father's six children, he was entitled, under existing Delaware laws, to two fifths of his father's estate. As soon as he came of age, he made over all his rights in the estate to the younger children on the plea that the amount spent upon his education was all that he could ask from the estate by right. When the contest between Great Britain and her Colonies began in 1765, he held office under the Crown, Attorney-General for the "lower counties" in Delaware, but that did not prevent him from entering actively into every measure to protect the rights of the people. From that time until his death in 1798 he was always in the public service, member of Congress, Judge of the Court of Appeals, United States Senator, and Chief Justice of Delaware.

Gertrude had been highly educated by her father. Her understanding, naturally strong, was carefully cultivated by him, beyond the common lot of most girls of her days even in educated families. Moreover, it is said, "her person was beautiful, her manners elegant, and her piety exemplary."

"During the Revolution," says Sanderson, "she was almost constantly separated from her husband owing to his unremitting service to his country. She herself suffered considerable hardship, being often compelled to fly from her home at a moment's notice and this encumbered with an infant family. But she was never dejected or complaining; on the contrary, encouraged her husband in every possible way, not only by word but by the cheerful manner in which she bore the hardships and burdens which fell to her lot."

Mrs. Read's life during the Revolution was a troubled one. The enemy was almost constantly on the maritime border of Delaware and kept the little Province in a continuous state of alarm by predatory incursions. The British army at different periods occupied parts of its territory or went across it making frequent changes of habitation necessary.

While in Congress, Mr. Read wrote as freely to his wife about public affairs as about their domestic concerns, and always in the same spirit of delightful comradeship. In 1774, two days before the adjournment of Congress he wrote:

"My Dear G——, I am still uncertain as to the time of my return home. As I expected it, the New England men declined doing any business on Sunday and though we sat until four o'clock this afternoon, I am well persuaded that our business can by no means be left until Wednesday evening and even then very doubtful, so that I have no prospect in being with you till Thursday evening. Five of the Virginia men are gone. The two remaining ones have power to act in their stead. The two objects before us, and what we are to go through to-morrow, are an address to the king and one to the people of Canada. This last was recommitted this evening in order to be remodelled. Your brother George (the Signer) came to Congress this afternoon. All your friends are well. No news but the burning of the vessel and tea at Annapolis (the *Peggy Stewart*) which I take for granted you will have heard before this comes to hand. We are all well at my lodgings, and send their love to you."

Another letter, written in 1776, is as follows:

"My Dear G——, I have this morning wrote to Katy Thompson (his sister wife of General Thompson) proposing to her to send her oldest son George, to Philadelphia, to the college, where Ned Biddle (another brother-in-law) will provide him with board and lodging, and that she should send her second son to Wilmington, where you will do the like for him. I presume that you will approve of this last.

"The Province ship left the town yesterday, being hurried off in consequence of intelligence that the *Roebuck*, man-of-war, was ashore near the cape. A ship fitted out by Congress and called the *Reprisal*, is ordered down also with several of the gondolas, but a report prevailed last evening that the *Roebuck* had got off. Little else has been talked of since the Sunday noon that the news came. I flatter myself that I shall see you on Saturday next. Last Saturday the Congress sat, and I could not be absent. I saw Mr. Bedford last evening: he had a little gout in both feet, attended with a fever: of this last he most complained, but it is gone off. This day is their election for additional members of Assembly. Great strife is expected. Their fixed candidates are not known. One side talk of Thomas Willing, Andrew Allen, Alexander Wilcox, and Samuel Howell, against independence: the other, Daniel Robertdeau, George Clymer, Mark Kuhl, and the fourth I do not recollect: but it is thought that other persons will be put up. My love to our little ones, and compliments to all acquaintances."

Mrs. Read was noted for her fondness and taste for horticulture and was very fond of the profusion of flowers, especially tulips, which grew in the extensive garden of the old-fashioned mansion, in Newcastle. There she spent most of her life except for the short periods, during the Revolution, when she was forced, for safety, to take her family to Wilmington or Philadelphia.

There were five children born to Gertrude and George Read, four sons and one daughter. John Read, the first born, died in infancy; George Read, Jr., the next son, born in 1765, was U. S. District Attorney for Delaware for thirty years, receiving his first appointment from Washington. He married his cousin, Mary Thompson. William, born 1767, married Anne McCall. He was Consul-General for Naples at Philadelphia for many years; John, born 1769, married Martha, eldest daughter of Samuel Meredith, brother-in-law of George Clymer, the signer. He was a prominent member of the Philadelphia bar and Judge of the Superior Court of Pennsylvania. His son, Gen. John M. Read was U. S. Consul-General at Paris. Mary Howell, the signer's only daughter, married Matthew Pearce of Maryland.

Mary Borden McKean

Mary Borden, who in 1763,[9] became the first wife of Thomas McKean, was the eldest daughter of Thomas Borden of Bordentown, New Jersey, a wealthy and public-spirited citizen, who was later to become an active patriot during the war of the Revolution. Mary Borden and her younger sister, Ann, were said to be the handsomest girls in New Jersey. Ann afterward married Francis Hopkinson, who like his brother-in-law, Thomas McKean, became a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Thomas McKean was the son of well-to-do

Irish-American parents who had settled in Chester County. He was educated in the celebrated school of Rev. Francis Allison of Philadelphia, after which he studied law in the office of David Finney, a prominent attorney of Newcastle, Delaware, where before he was twenty years old he was appointed deputy prothonotary and register of the probate court of Newcastle County. The highly active public life of Mr. McKean, from his admission to the bar in the early fifties, almost to the day of his death, in 1817, was not exceeded in usefulness by any other public man of his day. During that period he held at one time or another most of the high official positions in Pennsylvania and Delaware, sometimes filling several offices at the same time.[10] In 1777, for instance, he represented Delaware in the Continental Congress, was chief justice of Pennsylvania, and president of Congress. The chief justiceship he held for twenty-two years, after which he was governor of Pennsylvania for nine years.

Mary Borden lived only ten years after her marriage, not long enough to enjoy much of the success that came to her husband later in life, but long enough to bear him six children, who were as follows:

Joseph Borden, born 1764; Robert, born 1765; Elizabeth, born 1767, married Andrew Pettit; Letitia, born 1769, married George Buchanan; Mary, born 1771, died in childhood; Anne, born in 1773, married Andrew Buchanan.

Sarah Armitage of Newcastle became the second wife of Thomas McKean, September 2, 1774. Their first child, a son, died in infancy; Sarah, the second, born July 8, 1777, became the Marchioness de Casa Yrujo; Sophia Dorothea, born 1783,[11] and Maria Louisa, born 1785, died unmarried.

Anne Baldwin Chase

Anne Baldwin of Annapolis, Md., was the first wife of Samuel Chase to whom she was married in 1762. He was twenty-one years old at the time, and had just completed his legal studies, which had been prosecuted under the direction of John Hammond and John Hall, two prominent attorneys of Annapolis. He established a lucrative practice in that city and early began taking the intelligent and active interest in public affairs that was later to make him so uncompromising a patriot and so valuable a member of the Continental Congress. William Paca was a fellow student with Samuel Chase in the office of Hammond & Hall and there began a friendship which was never broken. The two young men became members of the Provincial Legislature the same year and together were sent to the Continental Congress.

The young wife was not permitted to enjoy the honours that were to come to her husband, for she died during the early days of the Revolution, leaving six children, two sons and four daughters.[12]

In March, 1783, Mr. Chase went to England on legal business and there met and married Miss Hannah Kilty Giles, of London, who bore him two daughters. The eldest, Eliza, married Dr. Skipwith Coale, of London and the second daughter, Hannah, married William Barney, Esq., son of Commodore Barney of the Revolutionary navy.

In 1786, Judge Chase removed to Baltimore, where his warm personal friend, Col. John E. Howard, son-in-law of Benjamin Chew, and afterward U. S. Senator, presented him with a square in a newly laid out part of the city of

Baltimore, on condition that he would take up his residence there. Judge Chase was not a man of means, but the rapid rise in value of the property which comprised many city lots, aside from what the Judge reserved for his own spacious mansion, afforded him a competence. Here he died in 1811.

Mary Chew Paca

Mary Chew, who married William Paca in 1761, was the daughter of Samuel Chew and Henrietta Lloyd, and a direct descendant of John Chew, who arrived at Jamestown in 1622, with three servants, on the ship *Charitie*. Of the young woman we have but little record except that she was the favourite granddaughter of Samuel Chew, head of one of the oldest and most prominent Colonial families. In his *Historic Families of America*, Spooner says of the Chews: "They belong to that remarkable group of families which, founded in the Southern Colonies by ancestors of excellent birth and breeding, assumed at once a position of social and public consequence, and subsequent generations, by the merits and character of their members, as well as by influential alliances, steadily maintained and strengthened their original prestige."

William Paca, at the time of his marriage, was a young lawyer who had just reached his majority and had been elected a member of the Provincial Assembly. His young wife did not long survive to enjoy the successes and triumphs that came to her husband during his honoured public career, in which he was member of Congress, Justice of the Supreme Court of his native State, and finally its Governor. She died in the opening year of the Revolution. She was the mother of five children, only one of whom survived, according to Sanderson.[13] This was a son, John P. Paca, who afterward married Juliana, daughter of Richard and Mary Tighlman.

In 1777, Mr. Paca married a second wife, Miss Anne Harrison, a highly respected young woman of Philadelphia, who died three years later, leaving one child, which did not long survive her. Governor Paca died in 1799 at his ancestral home, Wye Hall, Harford County.

Margaret Brown Stone

Margaret Brown, who in 1746 married Thomas Stone, afterward delegate to the Continental

Congress from Maryland and signer of the Declaration of Independence, was the youngest daughter of Dr. Gustavus Brown of Port Tobacco, Charles County, Maryland. Of her family we have the following from Hayden's *Virginia Genealogies:*

"Gustavus Brown, M.D., of 'Rich Hill,' Charles County, Md., and Laird of Mainside and House Byers, Roxburgh, Scotland, born Dalkeith, Scotland, Apr. 10, 1689; died of apoplexy, 'Rich Hill,' Apr., 1762; married, 1st, 1710, Frances Fowke, daughter of Col. Gerard and Sarah (Burdette) Fowke, of Charles County; he married, 2d, Margaret (Black) Boyd, widow of an Irish gentleman and merchant of Port Tobacco.

"When a youth of 19 he became a surgeon's mate, or surgeon, on one of the royal or King's ships that came to the Colony in the Chesapeake Bay. In 1708, while his ship lay at anchor he went ashore, but before he could return a severe storm arose, which made it necessary for the ship to weigh anchor and put to sea. The young man was left with nothing but the clothes on his back. He quickly made himself known, and informed the planters of his willingness to serve them if he could be provided with instruments and medicines, leaving them to judge if he were worthy of their confidence. He began the practice of medicine at Nansemond, Md. He soon gained respect and succeeded beyond expectations. He married into a wealthy family, made a large fortune, and wishing to lay his bones in his own loved Scotland, returned there with his family, and became possessed, by purchase it is believed, possibly by inheritance, of the lands he disposed of by will. His wife became dissatisfied with Scotland and he returned in 1734 to Maryland, where he had years before purchased the seat of Col. Lomax, called 'Rich Hill,' four miles from Port Tobacco, Charles Co."—(TONER)

In the family Bible of Dr. Brown, which is still in possession of his descendants, is the following: "This Bible originally belonged to Jane Mitchelson, my mother, who was daughter to George Mitchelson, grandson of the house of Middleton, near Dalkeith, and Isabel Elfston, daughter of Solomon, seven miles to the west of Edinburgh. I came into Maryland in May, anno 1708, and anno 1710, married Frances Fowke the daughter of Mr. Gerard Fowke in Nanjemy—of which marriage the following children were born, viz.: Gustavus Brown (or Broun as called in Scotland) was born December 7, 1711. My daughter Frances Brown was born July 29, 1713. My daughter Sarah Brown was born August 29, 1715. My daugh'r Mary Brown was born Dec. 8, 1717. My daugh'r Christina was born Aug. 29, 1720. My second son Gustavus was born September the 5th, in 1722, and died the 8th day of his age, as did my eldest son in the 9th month. My daughter Elizabeth Brown was born in Oct. 5th, 1723. My son Rich'd Brown was born Dec. 2d, 1725. My fourth son Gustavus was born May 30, 1727, and died the 9th June following. Jane was born June 1st, 1728."

Then was added in a different hand, as follows: "The following memorandum made by Gustavus Rich'd Brown, last son of the above named Gustavus Brown: a daughter Ann was born by the first marriage, not mentioned by my father. After the death of his first wife my father married Margaret Boid from whom I descended. I was born on the 17th of Oct., 1747. A sister, Margaret, was born about two years after and married Thomas Stone, Esquire."

Miss Margaret is described, at the time of her marriage in 1762, as being "adorned with elevated talents and blest with piety, and every female virtue." When they were wed, Thomas Stone received with his bride £1000 sterling and with this money he purchased the plantation, "Havre de Venture," situated about two miles from Port Tobacco, and there he resided during the Revolution. Mrs. Stone died in 1787 under the following circumstances as told by R. M. Conway in *Virginia Genealogies:* "In 1785, when Congress adjourned, he (Thomas Stone) retired from public life, having served his State in the Legislature as well as Congress, and engaged in the duties of his profession, being often employed in cases of great importance. In 1787 his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, was innoculated with small pox (the only method then known to modify the disease and escape its worst ills), and was unskilfully treated. After suffering untold misery, through which Mr. Stone watched with the utmost devotion and solicitude for weeks, death ensued. This occurrence, under such terrible circumstances, threw a deep melancholy over the spirits of Mr. Stone, and his health steadily declined. He died October 5, 1787, aged forty-five years. He was a lineal descendant of William Stone, Governor of Maryland during the time of Oliver Cromwell. His brother, John Hoskins Stone, was Governor of the State, 1794–97."

Three children were born to Mary Brown and Thomas Stone: Frederick, who died while pursuing his law studies in Philadelphia, during the yellow-fever epidemic of 1793; Mildred, born in 1771, who married Travers Daniels of "Cleremont," Stafford County, Va.; and Margaret Eleanor who became the second wife of John Moncure Daniel of the "Crows Nest," Stafford County, Va.

Mary Darnell Carroll

Mary Darnell, daughter of Col. Henry Darnell and Rachel Brooke, of Prince George County, Maryland, was married to her distant cousin, the knightly Charles Carroll of Carrollton, in June, 1768, and the *Maryland Gazette* of that date makes this announcement:

"On Sunday evening at his Father's house in this city (Annapolis), Charles Carroll, jr., Esq., was married to Miss Mary Darnell, an agreeable young Lady endowed with every accomplishment necessary to render the connubial state happy."

Charles Carroll's own estimate of the young lady at the time may be learned from a letter that he wrote to a personal friend, August 13, 1767, which has been preserved:

"DEAR JENNINGS: Perhaps before you receive this I shall be married. I have been so successful as to gain the affections of a young lady endowed with every quality to make me happy in the married state, virtue, good sense, good temper. These too receive no small lustre from her person which the partiality of a lover does not represent to me more agreeable than what it really is. She really is a sweet-tempered, charming girl—a little too young for me, I confess, especially as I am of weak and puny constitution. . . ."

In the following January, Carroll wrote to another friend, as follows:

"MY DEAR GRAVES:

I hope you received my last letter of the 7th of November. By that you will learn that my marriage with Miss Darnell was put off till the next spring, in order to obtain an Act of Assembly. . . . Thus you see if the settlement cannot be securely made without an act to give it legal force, I may wait two years longer, that is, till the young lady comes of age. She will be nineteen years old the 19th of next March. . . . The young lady to whom I am to give my hand and who already has my heart, altho' blessed in every good quality, has not been favoured by fortune in respect to money. . . ."

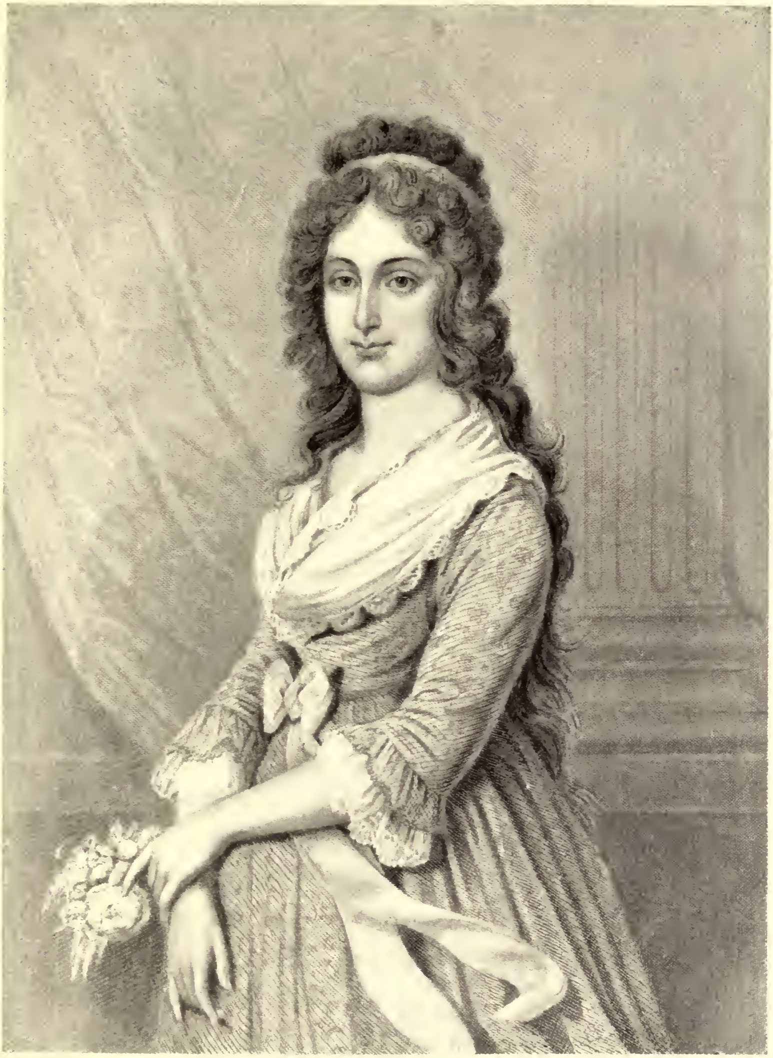
The matter seems to have been settled satisfactorily, however, for on Saturday, June 4th, 1768, the marriage contract was drawn and styled "an Indenture between Charles Carroll of Carrollton, of the first part, Henry Darnell, jr., of the second part, Rachel Darnell, wife of said Henry, of the third part, Mary Darnell, daughter of said Henry and Rachel, of the fourth part, and Robert Darnell, uncle of said Mary, of the fifth part." Their marriage took place the following day.

Six daughters and one son were born to the Carrolls, but four of the daughters died in infancy or early childhood. The other children were as follows: Mary, born in 1770, married Richard Caton, son of Joseph Caton of Liverpool, England; Charles, afterward known as Charles Carrollton of Homewood, born in 1775, married Harriet Chew, daughter of Benjamin Chew of Philadelphia; and Catharine, born in 1778, married Robert Goodloe Harper.

Mrs. Carroll died in 1782 in the thirty-fifth year of her age. The writer of the Carroll sketches in *Appleton's Journal* of September, 1874, tells the story of her death as follows: "The death of Mrs. Carroll was very sad. She was devotedly attached to her grandfather [father-in-law]. One day he was standing on the large porch of his house in Annapolis, watching a ship come into the harbour. He stepped back too far and was picked up dead. Mrs. Carroll, his child by marriage and his constant companion, never recovered from the shock, nor left her room afterward until death."

A New York writer of half a century ago paid this tribute to Carroll of Carrollton, and his family:

"The Senator from Maryland, Charles Carroll, was in many respects one of the most remarkable men in a remarkable body. His family had been settled in Maryland since the days of James II and became gradually possessors of enormous estates. Educated abroad with the utmost care, Mr. Carroll's long foreign



Mrs. Charles Carroll (Harriet Chew).
From a picture by John Trumbull.

residence, at a time when his mind was most open to receive permanent impressions, had not operated to alienate his love of country, and he returned to it more devoted than before. No one had more to lose in the desperate venture of rebellion and revolution than himself, yet none was more unflinching in his action.

"Thus it happened that no man was more respected and beloved and though his fortune had given him immense possessions, to no one were they less grudged by the envious and jealous vulgar. Lord Brougham in commenting on this remarkable character in the *Edinburgh Review* essays, speaks of him as a scholar of extraordinary accomplishments, whom few if any of the speakers of the new world approached in his nearness to the model of the refined oratory practised in the parent state. During the second session of Congress in New York, he was accompanied by several members of his family, who were destined to become connected with the most dignified representatives of the English nobility. His daughter, Polly Carroll, had, a few years before in Baltimore, become the wife of Mr. Richard Caton, an English gentleman. As early as 1809, two of the Miss Catons had become reigning belles; one of them, Mrs. Robert Patterson, while in Europe attracted the admiration of Sir Arthur Wellesley, the future hero of Waterloo, to such an extent that he followed her all over Europe, thereby causing much scandal. Mrs. Patterson afterward became a widow, and captivated Sir Arthur's elder brother, the Marquis of Wellesley, who offered her the coronet of a Marchioness. Another sister was the Duchess of Leeds, and a second married Baron Stafford.

"Mrs. Charles Carroll, jr., was one of the few ladies of official rank in the times of Washington. Her father, Benjamin Chew, was Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, and his great wealth, princely style of living, and superior abilities gave him an exalted standing alike in public and social affairs. Both Mrs. Carroll (Mrs. Charles, jr.) and her sister Mrs. Henry Phillips were great favourites with Gen. Washington and much in his society as young ladies; a third sister became the wife of Col. John Eager Howard, who was ultimately one of the Senators from Maryland."

Charles Carroll never married again, but lived until 1832, when he died in Baltimore at the honoured age of ninety-five years, the last of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.[14]

Anne Lewis Wythe

Anne Lewis, who in 1756 became the wife of George Wythe, was the eldest of ten children born to Zachary and Mary Waller Lewis of Spottsylvania County, Virginia. She was born August 30. 1726, the same year as the young law student who led her to the altar thirty years later.

Her father was an eminent Colonial lawyer who had built up a fortune from his practice and owned a large landed estate. There is a road in Spottsylvania County which to this day bears the name "The Lawyers' Road," because of the fact that it was travelled so frequently by Mr. Lewis and his son, John Lewis, going to and from the court house in the adjoining county of Orange.

Of George Wythe, Hayden's *Virginia Genealogies* says: "Chancellor Wythe was the son of Mr. Wythe, who owned a good estate on Black River, and died leaving a widow and three children. His mother was one of five daughters of Mr. Keith, a Quaker and author of a work on mathematics, who came from England to Hampden in 1690." Mr. Wythe was educated by his mother, and studied law with his uncle-in-law, Mr. Dewey of Prince George County. His mother died in 1746. Then came a lapse in the life of the young man; left an orphan before he was twenty-one, with an ample fortune, he gave way to what an apologetic biographer has called "the seductions of pleasure," laid study aside, and devoted several years to amusement and dissipation. In the course of a few years, however, he seems to have come to sober reflection, for at the age of about thirty, he withdrew himself from his gay associates, relinquished his levities, and returned to his studies with a zeal and application which prepared him for the distinguished honour and usefulness to which he afterward attained.

It was Miss Anne Lewis who seems to have brought Mr. Wythe to "sober reflection." He was married in 1756 and soon afterward was admitted to practice at Williamsburg. In 1758 he was elected a member of the House of Burgesses. That was the beginning of the splendid career of George Wythe, who became a patriot of the Revolution with such confrères as the

Lees, Harrison, Peyton Randolph, Col. Bland, and Patrick Henry, a professor of law in the College of William and Mary, during which he had the honour of having been law instructor to two young men who afterward became Presidents of the United States and one destined for the highest place on the Supreme Bench. From the chair of law in William and Mary, Judge Wythe became Chancellor of Virginia.

Mrs. Wythe died some time in the later sixties, leaving no children. A few years afterward, Mr. Wythe was married to Elizabeth Talliaferro, of "Powhatan," near Williamsburg, but no children were born of the union. Chancellor Wythe died in 1806 and it was generally believed that he was poisoned. George Wythe Sweeney, a grandson of his sister, was tried for the murder but was acquitted. Before his death, Mr. Wythe gave freedom to all his slaves and made provision for their support until they should be able to care for themselves.

Anne Aylett Lee

Anne Aylett, the first wife of Richard Henry Lee, one of Virginia's most eminent and patriotic sons, came of a family as wealthy and prominent as the Lees. In the *Historic Families of Virginia* there is this note: "It is claimed that the Ayletts are descended from a companion of the Conqueror whose sons received grants in Cornwall. In 1657, Captain John Aylett came to Virginia and had a son William whose daughters intermarried with prominent families."

It would be interesting to know more of the inner life and personality of Anne Aylett, and the other notable women who shine in the reflected light of husbands and fathers, to whom it was given to fashion state policies and fight battles. But such information has come down to us only in isolated and fragmentary instances. Old Virginia differed materially from other provinces and indeed from all other countries. Probably in no other country were the women, generally, so protected and sheltered as in the Old Dominion. There were no large cities, and comparatively little town life. Hospitality, not only as a virtue but as a fine art, was exercised to an extent equalled in no other Colony and rarely if ever in any other country. The old families, with their large estates, numerous house and field servants, their wealth and culture, visited and intermarried among themselves until the entire commonwealth was like one big family. The estates scattered over vast stretches of country, sometimes miles apart, were not open to the depredations of the enemy as were those of the more thickly populated coast countries of Maryland and the Carolinas or the northern Colonies, and when the men were called from home to the council chamber or camp and field, the women were not left unprotected as were those of South Carolina, New Jersey, Long Island, or Connecticut, where for months at a time the country was overrun with British troops, Hessians, and Tories. Consequently, if we find but little to tell, in many instances, but family genealogy, it is not because these women were less patriotic or loyal to the cause of independence than their sisters of less favoured localities. The steadfast patriotism of the husbands and fathers was a splendid tribute to the loyal support and self-sacrifice of the women.

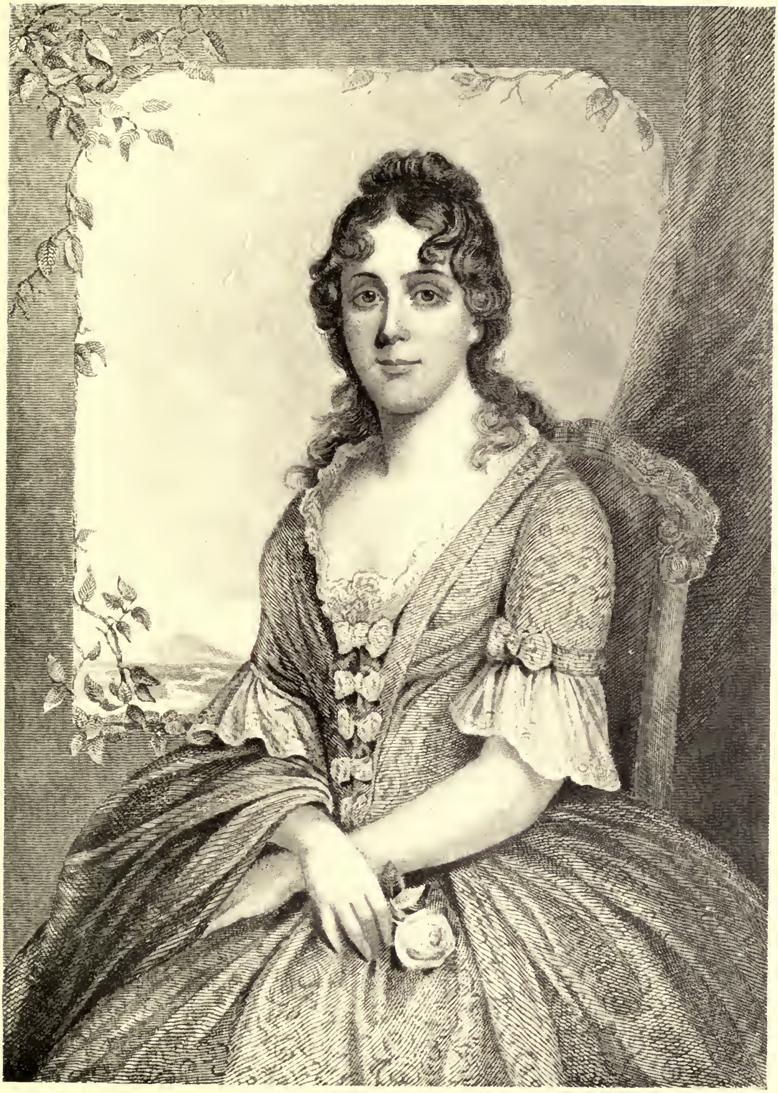
It was about a century after the coming of John Aylett to the Province of Virginia, that Anne Aylett was married to Richard Henry, the fifth son of Thomas and Hannah Ludwell Lee of Stratford House, Westmoreland County.[15] She was a cousin of Col. William Aylett, of "Fairfield," King William County, and one of the leading citizens of Virginia of his day. Anne Aylett's sister Mary married Richard Henry Lee's brother, Thomas Ludwell Lee. A writer in the *William and Mary Quarterly* says of the Aylett family: "Col. Aylett was born about 1743. He married, 1776, Mary Macon the daughter of Col. Augustine Macon of 'Chelsea'. . . . Col. Aylett was on intimate terms with General Washington. When he visited headquarters, he is said by Charles Campbell, the Virginia historian, to have invariably slept in the General's tent. He and Washington had been members of the House of Burgesses at the same time. Col. Aylett's mother and Mrs. Washington were first cousins. Col. Aylett's brother, John, married a sister of Mrs. Washington's. Elizabeth Macon, sister of Mrs. Aylett, was married to Mrs. Washington's brother Bartholomew Dandridge. Mrs. Washington's great-grandfather, Gideon Macon, was Mrs. Aylett's grandfather. 'Fairfield,' Col. Aylett's home, being on the direct road between Mt. Vernon, 'The White House' (Mrs. Washington's home when she married the second time) and Williamsburg, the Washingtons generally spent several days with their Aylett relations, both going from and returning home. This was also the custom of Thomas Ludwell Lee and Richard Henry Lee, who married respectively Mary Aylett and Anne Alyett, first cousins of William Aylett. Augustine Washington, General Washington's brother, married Anne Aylett, another first cousin of Col. Aylett."

Children were born to Anne Aylett Lee as follows: Thomas, born October 20, 1758, lived at "Park Gate," Prince William County, won fame as a lawyer, married, first, Mildred, daughter of Augustine and Hannah Bushrod Washington, second, married Eliza Ashton Brent. Ludwell Lee, born 1760, served on the staff of General La Fayette, married his cousin Flora, daughter of Philip Ludwell and Elizabeth Steptoe Lee. Mary Lee, born 1764, married Colonel William Augustine Washington, son of Augustine and Anne Aylett Washington and nephew to the General. Hannah Lee, born about 1766, married Corbin Washington, son of John Augustine and Hannah Bushrod Washington (brother of the wife of her brother, Thomas Lee).

Anne Aylett Lee died in 1767, her thirty-fifth year, and two years later Mr. Lee married as his second wife Mrs. Anne Gaskins Pincard, daughter of Thomas Gaskins of Westmoreland County, and a sister of Colonel Thomas Gaskins, Jr., a distinguished officer of the Revolution. The children born of this union were: Anne Lee, born 1770, married her cousin, Charles Lee; Henrietta, born 1773, married Richard Lee Turberville; Sarah, born 1775, married her cousin, Edmund Jennings Lee, of Alexandria; and two sons, Cassius who died in boyhood and Francis Lightfoot. Mrs. Lee survived her husband, who died in 1794, but the date of her death is not given.

Martha Wayles Jefferson

Martha Skelton, daughter of John Wayles of "The Forest," in Charles City County, Virginia, was a young and beautiful widow when she was married to Thomas Jefferson, January 1, 1772. Her first husband, Bathurst Skelton, had died four years before, her only child had died in infancy, and she was living with her father at "The Forest." A pen picture of her at the time of her second marriage is given by Randall, in his *Life of Jefferson.* "Mrs. Skelton," he says, "was remarkable for her beauty, her accomplishments, and her solid merit. In person she was a little above medium height, slightly but



Martha Jefferson.

From the picture by T. Sully.

exquisitely formed. Her complexion was brilliant—her large expressive eyes of the richest tinge of auburn. She walked, rode, and danced with admirable grace and spirits; sang and played the harpsichord and spinet with uncommon skill. The more solid parts of her education had not been overlooked."

Happily the biographer of Thomas Jefferson, unlike most of those who have lent their pens to perpetuate the memories of the Fathers of the Republic, has not confined his observations entirely to the political side of his life, but has given us delightful glimpses into the domestic. "She was," he continues, "well read and intelligent, conversed agreeably, possessed excellent sense, and a lively play of fancy, and had a frank, warm-hearted, and somewhat impulsive disposition."

Mrs. Jefferson was twenty-three years old at the time of her second marriage, and her husband was three years her senior. After graduating at William and Mary College, he had studied law under George Wythe and was enjoying a prosperous practice. After the wedding festivities at "The Forest," Mrs. Jefferson and her husband set out for his home, Monticello, meeting some unlooked-for adventures on the way. A manuscript of Mrs. Randolph, their eldest daughter, and furnished to the biographer by her granddaughter, says: "They left 'The Forest' after a fall of snow, light then, but increasing in depth as they advanced up the country. They were finally obliged to quit the carriage and proceed on horseback. Having stopped for a short time at Blenheim (the residence of Col. Carter) where an overseer only resided, they left it at sunset to pursue their way through a mountain track, rather than a road, in which the snow lay from eighteen inches to two feet deep, having eight miles to go before reaching Monticello. They arrived late at night, the fires all out and the servants retired to their own houses for the night. The horrible dreariness of such a house at the end of such a journey, I have often heard both of them relate. Part of a bottle of wine found on a shelf behind some books had to serve them for both fire and supper."

There followed nine years of domestic happiness, mingled with the anxiety occasioned by the times, for both Mrs. Jefferson and her husband—nine years in which five little ones came to gladden their home and in which the husband had served his country and his State in ways that have left his name imperishable. Then came a time when Mrs. Jefferson began to show unmistakable signs of the decline that was to bring her to an untimely grave. Mr. Jefferson refused an important mission to Europe in order not to be separated from her, but was almost immediately called to the Executive chair of his native State. Several attempts had been made by the British to make him a prisoner. In November, 1779, Mrs. Jefferson's fifth child was born, and two months later she fled with it in her arms as Arnold approached Richmond. "The British General Tarleton sent troops to capture Governor Jefferson, who was occupied in securing his most important papers. While thus engaged, his wife and children were sent in a carriage to Colonel Coles, fourteen miles distant. Monticello was captured and the house searched, though not sacked, by the enemy. Many of the negroes were taken and but five ever returned. The farm was stripped of valuable horses and many thousand dollars' worth of tobacco and grain."

In April the loss of her infant, together with constant anxiety for the safety of her husband, shattered the remaining strength of Mrs.

Jefferson. Her last child was born in May, 1782, and she never rallied, but died early in September. Her eldest daughter, Mrs. Randolph, many years afterward, recorded her recollection of the sad event: "He [her father] nursed my poor mother in turn with Aunt Carr and her own sister, sitting up with her and administering medicines and drink to the last. For four months that she lingered, he was never out of calling; when not at her bedside, he was writing in a small room which opened immediately at the head of her bed. A moment before the closing scene, he was led from the room almost in a state of insensibility by his sister, Mrs. Carr, who with great difficulty got him into his library, where he fainted and remained so long insensible that we thought he would never revive. The scene that followed I did not witness, but the violence of his emotion, when almost by stealth I entered his room at night, to this day I dare not trust myself to describe. He kept his room three weeks and I was never a moment from his side. He walked almost incessantly, night and day, only lying down occasionally, when nature was completely exhausted, on a pallet that had been brought in during his long fainting fits. My aunts remained almost constantly with him for some weeks. I do not know how many. When at last he left his room, he rode out and from that time he was incessantly on horseback rambling about the mountain in the least frequented roads and just as often through the woods. In those melancholy rambles, I was his companion, a solitary witness to many a violent outburst of grief, the remembrance of which has consecrated particular stones of that lost home beyond the power of time to obliterate."

Mrs. Jefferson was survived by three daughters: Martha, who married Thomas Mann Randolph, Jr., who had been a ward of her father; Mary, born in 1778, who married John Wayles Eppes; and Lucy Elizabeth, who died in childhood.[16]

Elizabeth Bassett Harrison

Elizabeth Bassett, who became the wife of Benjamin Harrison, afterward signer of the Declaration of Independence, was the daughter of Colonel William Bassett, and was born about 1741 or 1742 on his estate "Eltham," in Kent County. Not much has come down to us of her girlhood or her personality, even the exact date of her birth or her marriage being unknown.

She was famed for her beauty and her accomplishments as a girl, as she was in later life for her exemplary piety and benevolence, but that is about all Mr. Harrison's biographers have seen fit to tell. But as she was related to many of the most noted families of Virginia and her father a man of wealth and social prominence, we may presume that she was a most gracious hostess, and from the high character of her sons and daughters, we know that she was a mother of the true Old Dominion type.

Benjamin Harrison, father of the signer, was one of the largest landholders and one of the most prominent men of Virginia, and his wife was Anne Carter, daughter of Robert Carter, "King Carter of Corotoman," Lancaster County, Speaker of the House of Burgesses and Rector of William and Mary College. Benjamin Harrison, the elder, was killed by a stroke of lightning at Berkeley, and his son Benjamin, the eldest of six brothers, who had not yet attained his majority, became the head of the house and owner of the estate, and it was to Berkeley that he brought his bride, and there they lived during the remainder of their lives, she surviving him about a year. He died in 1791, after having filled with honours many important offices of trust, from Speaker of the House of Burgesses to the Executive chair of his native State and several terms in Congress, of which Peyton Randolph, who was married to one of his sisters, was the first President.

A number of children were born to Elizabeth Harrison and her husband, seven of whom survived infancy, three sons and four daughters. Of the sons, Benjamin, the eldest, was sent to Philadelphia and placed in the counting room of Robert Morris, after which he visited Europe, where he formed several important commercial connections. During the Revolution he was Paymaster General of the Southern Department. After peace was restored, he established himself as a merchant in Richmond, and there acquired a large fortune. A great deal of this he sacrificed to aid his early friend Robert Morris when the latter became involved. He was married twice, first to Anne Mercer, and second, to Susannah Randolph.

Carter Bassett, the second son, was graduated from William and Mary College, became a lawyer and served in the State Legislature and was a member of Congress in 1793. He married Mary Howell Allen.

The third son, William Henry Harrison, was educated at Hampden Sidney College in Virginia, went into the army, and in 1841 became President of the United States. He married Anne Symmes and they were the great-grandparents of the late President Benjamin Harrison.

Of the daughters of Elizabeth Bassett Harrison, Lucy the eldest married her cousin, Peyton Randolph, nephew of Peyton Randolph, the first President of Congress. Anne, the second daughter, married David O. Copeland, and Sarah married John Wing of Weynoke.[17]

Lucy Grymes Nelson

Lucy Grymes, daughter of Philip Grymes, Esq., of Middlesex County, Va., and his wife Mary, daughter of Sir John Randolph of Williamsburg, was a beautiful girl of refined manners and retiring nature when she was married, Aug. 29, 1762, to Thomas Nelson, Jr., of York. It was a union notable for its fitness. The young woman was slightly the junior of her husband. She was the daughter of a wealthy planter, prominent in the business and political life of the Province and noted for his public spirit and hospitality, and through her mother she was related to many of the notable families of Virginia.

Young Nelson was a descendant of Thomas Nelson, who had come to Virginia about the beginning of the century, founded the town of York, according to Bishop Meade's *Recollections*, established a mercantile business and grown wealthy. His family had married into other families of York County and established strong connections. The young man had been educated abroad at Trinity College, returning a year before his marriage. He settled in York and is said to have "lived in much style and hospitality." Soon after his marriage he was elected to the House of Burgesses, and from that time until his untimely death at the age of fifty years he was almost continuously in the public service. He was first a colonel of militia, then brigadier-general of the State troops, member of Congress, and finally Governor. He was an ardent and active patriot, sacrificing most of his fortune in aid of the cause. Virginia achieved a glorious record for her sons in that struggle and not the least of them was Governor Thomas Nelson. And always, we are told, he was loyally supported by his wife, who had her own burdens to bear by reason of the prominent part he played.

Eleven children were born to them, as follows: William, the eldest son, born 1763, married Sally Burwell, eldest daughter of Governor John Page. Thomas Nelson, Jr., born 1764, married Frances, a daughter of Governor John Page. Philip Nelson, the third son, born 1766, married Sarah N. Burwell of Clarke County. Francis Nelson, born 1767, married Lucy, youngest daughter of Hon. John Page of Gloucester (now Matthews) County. Hon. Hugh Nelson, born 1768, married Eliza, daughter of Francis Kinlock of South Carolina. Elizabeth Nelson, born 1770, married Mann Page, eldest son of Governor John Page. Mary Nelson, born 1774, married Robert Carter of Shirley. Lucy Nelson, born 1777, married Carter Page, of Cumberland County, and was his second wife. Robert Nelson, born 1778, married Judith Carter, youngest daughter of Governor John Page. He was called "Chancellor Nelson" from having been Chancellor of William and Mary College, where he was for many years Professor of Law. Susannah Nelson, born 1780, married Francis Page of Hanover County, son of Governor John Page. Judith Nelson, born 1783, married Captain Thomas Nelson of Hanover County. Thus it will be seen that five of the children of Elizabeth and Thomas Nelson married five of the children of Governor John Page, and two of them were married to children of Hon. John Page of Gloucester County.[18]

Mistress Nelson survived her husband many years, living to be eighty years old and died, "leaving" as Bishop Meade has said, "twenty dollars to her minister and freedom to her servant, the only one she had."

When Thomas Nelson died January 4, 1789, just after completing his fiftieth year, writes his biographer, "he descended into the grave honoured and beloved, and alas! of his once vast estates, that honour and love was almost all that he left behind him. He had spent a princely fortune in his Country's service; his horses had been taken from the plough and sent to drag the munitions of war; his granaries had been thrown open to a starving soldiery and his ample purse had been drained to its last dollar, when the credit of Virginia could not bring a sixpence into her treasury. Yet it was the widow of this man who, beyond eighty years of age, blind, infirm, and poor, had yet to learn whether republics can be grateful."

Rebecca Tayloe Lee

Rebecca Tayloe, who at the age of nineteen years became the wife of Francis Lightfoot Lee in May, 1769, was the second of the eleven children born to Colonel John and Rebecca Plater Tayloe, of "Mt. Airy," Richmond County, one of the most noted houses of Virginia. She was a highly accomplished and popular young woman and an estimable wife to Mr. Lee, who was the fourth son of Thomas Lee and younger brother to Richard Henry Lee. His father died and left him a fortune while he was still but little more than a boy. Like all the Lees, he was public-spirited and patriotic and thoroughly loyal to his brilliant brother, Richard Henry, whom he supported in every measure which that able and far-seeing statesman held for the good of either his native Province or the Colonies at large.

The family of Rebecca Tayloe Lee dated back to Hon. William Taylor, of London, who came to Virginia in the seventeenth century and accumulated a fortune. In 1650, we find him buying large holdings of land in Lancaster and Richmond counties. It is not known when or by whom the change was made in the spelling of the name, from Taylor to Tayloe. He married Ann Corbin, daughter of Hon. Henry and Alice Eltonhead Corbin of "Buckingham House," Middlesex County, and had four children, one of which died in childhood. Two of the children were twins, John and Elizabeth. Elizabeth married Colonel Richard Corbin of King and Queen County, and John, the founder of "Mt. Airy," married Rebecca Plater of St. Mary's County, Maryland. "Mt. Airy" was built, in 1758, of red sandstone and white marble, and consisted of "a vast central building of fine proportions, with right and left wings joined by semicircular corridors. The portraits of Mt. Airy are considered one of the finest collections in America." John Taylor (or Tayloe) was an influential member of the King's Council under Lord Dunmore. He was the father of eleven children, nearly all of whom grew up and married into other of the old families of Virginia.

Francis Lightfoot Lee and his wife lived on his estate "Manokin," Richmond County, from their marriage in 1769 until their deaths in 1797, she dying in January and he following her in February. They had no children.

Judith Robinson Braxton

Judith Robinson, the first wife of Carter Braxton of King William County came from a family highly prominent in the Old Dominion, from the time of its founding by Col. Christopher Robinson, who came to Virginia in 1666. He was a brother of the Rt. Rev. John Robinson, D.D., Lord Bishop of London during the reign of Queen Anne. Col. Robinson settled in Middlesex County, calling his estate "Hewick," and was one of the original trustees of William and Mary College, a member of the House of Burgesses, and a member of the King's Council. John Robinson, father of Judith, was a grandson of the original Christopher of Hewick, and his wife was the daughter of Hon. John Wormley.

Judith Robinson was married to Carter Braxton in 1755, and went to live on his estate "Elsing Green," King William County. We know but little of the personality of the first Mrs. Braxton or her successor, save from the brief information gleaned from the family genealogies and Bishop Meade's *Old Families of Virginia.* These show that to Carter Braxton and his wife Judith Robinson there were born children as follows: Mary Braxton, who married Robert Page of "Broadnech House," Hanover County, in 1779; and Judith Braxton, who married the same year John White of King William County, a son of Rev. Alexander White, rector of St. David's Parish. The girl mother died shortly after the birth of her second daughter in 1757, in the twenty-first year of her age—the same age as the young husband who survived her.

Elizabeth Corbin Braxton

Four years after the death of his first wife, Mr. Braxton married Elizabeth Corbin of "Laneville," King and Queen County, daughter of Colonel Richard and Elizabeth Tayloe Corbin, a family dating back to 1650 when Hon. Henry Corbin came from England and established "Buckingham House," in Middlesex County. Colonel Richard, grandson of "Henry, of Buckingham House," received his education in England and was a devoted churchman (Episcopal). Bishop Meade tells of his furnishing gratuitously the bread and wine for the communion and boarding the unmarried ministers who served the parish, without charge. He was President of the King's Council and Receiver General of the Colony. By his second wife Carter Braxton had sixteen children, several of whom died in infancy or early childhood. Elizabeth, the eldest child of Elizabeth Corbin Braxton, married Colonel Samuel Griffin, who served in the Revolution and afterward was a member of Congress; Carter, of King William County, who married a "Miss Sayre, granddaughter of Hon. Philip Ludwell"; and Colonel George Braxton, of "Chericoke," who married Mary, daughter of Hon. Charles and Mary Carter Carter of "Shirley," Charles City County. Mr. Braxton was a member of the House of Burgesses as early as 1765, and began taking an active part in Colonial matters, and, being a man of considerable force of character and personal influence, acquired such prominence that upon the death of Peyton Randolph, in 1775, he was elected as his successor in the Continental Congress.

Anne Clark Hooper

Anne Clark, daughter of Thomas Clark, Esq., and sister of Thomas Clark, Jr., afterward General of the U. S. Army, was married in 1767 to William Hooper, a brilliant young lawyer from Boston, who, after graduating from Harvard, studying law with James Otis, and visiting the South for some months, had decided to locate in Wilmington, N. C., and establish a practice. Of his bride it was written: "His choice was most fortunate, considered in reference to the qualifications of the lady to adorn and sweeten social and domestic life. It was most fortunate, too, considered in reference to that firmness of mind which enabled her to sustain without repining the grievous privations and distresses to which she became peculiarly exposed in consequence of the prominent station which Mr. Hooper held in the War of the Revolution."

But there were other dangers that the young lawyer had to face before he had become obnoxious to the British authorities. A paper written for Wheeler's *History of North Carolina*, by a Mr. Heart of Hillsborough, in the early part of the last century, throws a side-light on some of these dangers as well as giving an interesting picture of the times:

"His life was very strenuous at this time, the distance between the courts being great and the roads being poor; also the hospitality of his friends was trying to his health. Times were prosperous, and the dissipation which arose out of an excess of hospitality exhibited an even more animated picture in the surrounding country. Whole families and sometimes several families together were in the practice of making visits, and, like the tents of the Arabs, seemed continually on the move. The number of visitants, the noise and bustle of arriving and greeting, the cries of the poultry yard, and the bleatings from the pasture would require some sounding polysyllables to convey an idea of the joyous uproar. . . . Every visit was a sort of jubilee. Festive entertainment, balls, every species of amusement which song and dance could afford, were resorted to. The sports of the turf and the pleasure of the chase were alternately the objects of eager pursuit. Everywhere on the eastern and western branches of the Cape Fear River were men of fortune, related to one another by blood or marriage, whose settlements extended almost as far as the lowlands of Crossneck."

It was among these hospitable, happy-go-lucky, fox-chasing, horse-racing planters that young Hooper travelled from court to court, spending a week or so in a place, working assiduously for his clients by day and being "entertained" much of his time out of court. It was a lucrative practice and he accumulated money, but it was trying upon his frail constitution.

It was natural that he should almost at once be drawn into politics. In 1773, he was elected to the Legislature, and, the year following, was sent as a delegate to the Congress of 1774 and continued in '75, '76, and '77, but was granted leave of absence early in '77 to return to North Carolina and look after his family.

Mr. Hooper had left his wife and children in Wilmington when he first went to Congress, but, because of his activities and especially after he signed the Declaration, the British became very offensive. His property was destroyed on frequent occasions; a British captain went out of his way to sail up the Cape Fear River about three miles from Wilmington and shell a house belonging to Mr. Hooper. The brutal David Fanning who raided Hillsborough treated Mrs. Hooper and her family with rudeness amounting to downright cruelty. Mrs. Hooper had moved her family from Wilmington back to their plantation, about eight miles, but even there they were constantly harassed, and finally Mr. Hooper brought them back to Wilmington, and after the evacuation of that city took up his permanent residence at Hillsborough.

His health was badly broken, however, and he was compelled to give up most of his practice and other duties in 1778, while his wife looked after their plantation very successfully. Mr. Hooper died in 1790, leaving the widow to care for their three children, two sons and one daughter. The daughter, Elizabeth, married a business man of Hillsborough, named Watters. William Hooper, the eldest son, married and had several children who became prominent, especially one of them, Rev. William Hooper, Professor of Languages in the North Carolina University and a writer of some note.[19]

Susan Lyme Penn

Susan Lyme, one of the least known of the wives of the signers, was born in Kent County, Va., in 1741 or '42, and married to John Penn in 1763. Her husband was a young lawyer who had had to rely largely upon his own exertions to prepare for the honoured career he had before him.

Mr. Penn was a son of Moses and Catherine Taylor Penn, farming people of Caroline County. The elder Penn was prosperous but very neglectful of the young man's educational advantages, and when Moses Penn died in 1759 his son found himself sole heir to a fair property but had never had more than two or three terms of schooling. He was a cousin of Edmund Pendleton, a man of wealth and education, who opened his home and library to his young kinsman, who made so good use of his opportunities that at the age of twenty-one he was admitted to the bar with considerable reputation for vigorous eloquence. He removed to North Carolina in 1774, and soon established a practice. Almost from the first he became a leader, being sent to Congress in 1775 and kept there for several years, as well as receiving other high honours.

Three children were born to Susan and John Penn, only one of whom came to maturity. That was their only daughter, Lucy, who married Hon. John Taylor of Caroline County, Va., a planter who is said to have done much to advance the science of agriculture in his native State. He was colonel of cavalry in the Virginia line during the Revolution and elected to succeed Richard

Henry Lee in the U. S. Senate in 1792, but resigned in 1794. He was again sent to the Senate in 1803 to fill a vacancy. Taylor County, Virginia, was named in his honour, and General Zachary Taylor came of the same family. John Penn died in 1788, in his forty-seventh year. His wife survived him many years.

Henrietta Middleton Rutledge

Henrietta Middleton, who married Edward Rutledge, afterward member of the Continental Congress and Governor of South Carolina, was a noted woman of a notable family. She was a daughter of Henry Middleton, President of the Provincial Council and afterward of the Continental Congress. He was probably the largest landowner in South Carolina, having over 50,000 acres, twenty plantations, and 800 slaves. She was born in Charleston in 1750 and married at the age of twenty-four to the brilliant young lawyer, Edward Rutledge, still fresh from completing his legal education in England.

Mrs. Rutledge's mother was Mary Williams. On the tomb at Middleton Place on the Ashley river, near Charleston, is this inscription: "Underneath this stone is deposited Mary

Middleton, a sincere Christian. She was the only child of John Williams and the beloved wife of Henry Middleton with whom she lived near twenty years in unreserved confidence. Two sons and five daughters lived to lament her. She departed this life Jan. 9th, 1761, in the forty-sixth year of her age.—Much beloved and much lamented."

Mrs. Rutledge fell into ill health soon after her marriage, lived quietly, and took no part in social or political life. Possessed of great wealth in her own right, the wife of the most successful lawyer in the State and well fitted by birth and education to grace any society, she had not the physical strength and died in 1792, leaving two children, a son, Henry Middleton Rutledge, afterward a prominent citizen of Tennessee, and a daughter, Sarah, who never married.

Some time after the death of his first wife, Col. Rutledge was married to his first love, Mary Shubrick, widow of Col. Nicholas Eveleigh, formerly Comptroller of the U. S. Treasury by appointment of President Washington. Thomas Shubrick had opposed the suit of Edward Rutledge when the young man first desired to pay court to his daughter, and old Andrew Rutledge, his father, refused to allow his son to pay his addresses to Miss Shubrick. The young people obediently married to please their parents, as was largely the custom in those days, but remained friends. When Providence removed the wife of one and the husband of the other in the same year, it was not long until they came together and were married, and, it is said, lived most happily. No children were born of this second marriage, but the second Mrs. Rutledge is said to have been a devoted step-mother and friend to Sarah Rutledge, and the two lived together after Governor Rutledge's death, devoting much of their time to caring for the poor and friendless and other charitable work. To this work Sarah Rutledge practically gave up her life, caring especially for orphan and homeless girls, and looking after their maintenance and education.

Elizabeth Mathews Heyward

Elizabeth Mathews, a sister of Governor John Mathews of South Carolina, was the first wife of Col. Thomas Heyward. The date of their marriage is not definitely known, but it was about 1767 or '68—just after he returned from a several years' stay in Europe, where his father, Col. Daniel Heyward, a wealthy planter, had sent him to complete his education, by study and travel. The young man came back an enthusiastic American and an ardent patriot, and became an active participant in both the Continental Congress to which he was elected in 1775, and in the field. He was shot through the leg and taken prisoner during the siege of Charleston, and carried to the British prison at St. Augustine, where he was kept nearly a year. During this time a detachment was sent to plunder his plantation. His family were forced to fly for their lives, their home was looted, and nearly two hundred slaves carried away and sent to Jamaica and sold. His loss from the slaves alone was estimated at upwards of $50,000. The shock of this experience was one from which Mrs. Heyward never recovered and she died in 1781, about the time that he was released by exchange. She was the mother of five children, all of whom died in infancy except her son Daniel.

Col. Heyward married, as his second wife, Miss Elizabeth Savage, by whom he had three children. He died in the sixty-third year of his age, in 1809, and was survived by his widow and four children, as follows: Daniel, the son of the first wife, was married to Anne Sarah Trezevant, and their daughter Elizabeth married Captain James Hamilton, U. S. Army, who afterward became a member of Congress and, in 1830, Governor of South Carolina. He was brigadier-general of militia and in command during the Nullification excitement in 1832 and '33. He afterward removed to Texas and represented that young republic at the Court of St. James's in 1841. He was drowned at the time of the collision of the *Opelousa* and *Galveston* off the coast of Texas, after giving up his life preserver to a lady.

The three children born to Col. Heyward by his second wife were: Thomas, who married Ann Elisa Cutbert; James Hamilton, who married Decima Shubrick, sister of Rear Admiral William Branford Shubrick, U. S. N.; and Elizabeth Savage, who married Henry Middleton Parker.

Elizabeth Shubrick Lynch

Elizabeth Shubrick, the beautiful girl who in 1773 married the sweetheart of her girlhood days, was destined to add another chapter to the tragic story of the Carolina signers and their families.

Thomas Lynch, Jr., son of a wealthy planter of St. George Parish, after eight years in England in which he had prepared at Eton, taken his degree at Cambridge, and read law at The Temple, returned home in 1772 determined to devote his life to advancing the best interests of his country, a resolution directly in line with the wishes of his father. He married Elizabeth Shubrick, daughter of an old and prominent family, and they took up their residence on a plantation which the elder Lynch had given them. In 1774 he became a captain of militia and a year later was elected member of Congress to fill a vacancy caused by the breaking down of the health of his father. His own health had been seriously impaired by a fever he had acquired by a term of recruiting service which he had undertaken. However, he attended Congress, signed the Declaration, which he and his father both heartily favoured, and then, his health still failing, decided to act on the advice of his physicians and friends and take a voyage to the south of Europe. He and his young wife sailed to the West Indies in 1779, to secure passage on some neutral vessel, and were never heard from again. It is supposed the ship went down and that Thomas Lynch and his wife perished with all on board.

Mary Izard Middleton

Mary Izard, daughter of Col. Walter Izard of Cedar Grove, an officer of the Provincial militia, and Elizabeth Gibbs, his wife, was said to have been one of the most beautiful and accomplished young women of her day in South Carolina. She was married in 1764 to Hon. Arthur Middleton, brother of Mrs. Edward Rutledge and son of Hon. Henry Middleton of The Oaks and Middleton Place. She died in 1814, half a century after her marriage with the young patriot and statesman and twenty-seven years after her husband, who died on his plantation near Charleston in 1787. A portrait of Mrs. Middleton and her husband and eldest son was painted by Benjamin West in London, during the year or two Mrs. Middleton and her husband spent in travelling before the Revolution. This picture now hangs at Alverthorpe, near Philadelphia, the country home of her great-grandson, Dr. Henry Middleton Fisher. One of her great-great-grand daughters is in possession of a miniature of Mrs. Middleton set in rubies and diamonds. Both pictures show an aristocratic, high-bred face with arched eyebrows, dark hair, white skin, and slender throat. The *Courier* of Charleston, July, 1814, has this notice: "Died at her residence in Mazyckborough, Mrs. Mary Middleton, relict of that distinguished patriot, the late Hon. Arthur Middleton, Esq. This excellent woman has descended to the tomb endeared to society by her Virtues and her good works."

The Middletons suffered severely from the war. His biographer tells of some instances which show not only the patriotism of Mrs. Middleton but of her husband's serene philosophy: "During the Revolution when Governor Rutledge needed help in 1779, when Provost was trying to reduce Charleston, many of the patriots whose family seats lay in the route of the British, hastened home to save their property, Mr. Middleton merely sent word to his wife to remove to the house of a friend a day's journey north of Charleston. The buildings at Middleton Place were spared but house and barns rifled.

Everything that could not be converted into lucrative purpose was demolished. Pictures were slashed and frames broken.

"During the war, 200 slaves were carried away and he had become deeply in debt, but with his uncomplaining wife he passed several years in unceasing struggles, yet with generous hospitality.

"The house he occupied on the Ashley, while large and commodious, did not altogether correspond with the appearance of two more modern wings. Mr. Middleton sometimes talked of taking it down and building on another plan, but friends dissuaded him because it was too large a superstructure to sacrifice to any plan of improvement. When one day he was out walking, Mrs. Middleton sent a servant to tell him the house was on fire. Looking around and seeing that the atmosphere was calm and that the two wings were not in danger, he sent back, saying, 'Let it burn.' Mrs. Middleton did not view the matter so coolly and soon had the fire extinguished."

Mrs. Middleton was the mother of nine children, three sons and six daughters. Her eldest son, Henry Middleton, was successively a member of both branches of the Legislature and Governor of his own State, member of Congress and Minister to the Court of St. Petersburg. He married Mary Helen Hering, daughter of Julius Hering of Heybridge Hall, Captain in H. M. 34th Regiment. John Izard Middleton, the second son, of Cedar Grove, received his mother's large fortune. He spent most of his life in France and Italy and was devoted to art. He was an amateur painter of talent and author of the book *Grecian Remains in Italy.* He married Elisa Augusta, daughter of Theodore de Palazieu Falconet. John the third son died in infancy, in 1787. Maria Henrietta, the oldest daughter, born 1772, married Joseph Manigault; Elisa Carolina, the second, born in 1774, died unmarried; Emma Philadelphia, born in 1776, married Henry Izard, eldest son of Hon. Ralph Izard, U. S. Senator; Anne Louise born 1778, married Daniel Blake; Isabella Johannes, born 1780, married Hon. Daniel Elliott Huger, U. S. Senator for South Carolina; Septima Sexta, born 1783, married Henry Middleton Rutledge.

Mrs. Button Gwinnett

But little has come down to us of Mrs. Button Gwinnett,[20] wife of that unfortunate Englishman who, coming to Georgia in 1773, was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress in 1775, '76, and '77, and then President of the Council, the highest office of the Province. We know that she was a wife and mother when they came from Bristol, England, to South Carolina in 1770. We know that the Gwinnetts spent two years in the mercantile business in Charleston and that then Mr. Gwinnett paid £5250 for a tract of land in Georgia on St. Catharine Island, "including a stock of horses, cattle, and hogs, some lumber and a plantation boat." We know that she went to live on this island with her children, and that is about all that has been told.

Until 1777, Gwinnett's rise had been phenomenal. Converted from his natural Tory principles by Dr. Lyman Hall, he entered with all the ardour of his positive, determined nature into the struggle for independence—going farther, even, than a majority of the native Georgia leaders. But the tide of his popularity turned. He made enemies and excited jealousies. He was defeated in the selection of a brigadier-general for a brigade of troops which Georgia was required to raise for the Continental Army, and afterward for Governor. Growing out of these defeats came the quarrel with Col. Lachlan McIntosh, and the duel which resulted fatally for Gwinnett. All we know of Mrs. Gwinnett at that time is that she nursed him during the twelve days he lay groaning with his shattered hip, and then she and her children drop out of all knowledge, and the chroniclers of the day who mention her simply say that "Mrs. Gwinnett and her children soon followed him."

Abigail Burr Hall

Abigail Burr, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Thaddeus Burr, Esq., of Wallingford, Conn., became the wife of Dr. Lyman Hall in May, 1752, and was borne to an untimely grave in July of the following year.

In 1757 or thereabouts, Dr. Hall, having been married the second time to Mary Osborne, removed to Dorchester, South Carolina,[21] and a few months later to Georgia, where he made his home and established a practice in the town of Sunbury, St. John's Parish. He also purchased and cultivated a rice plantation a few miles from Midway, on the Savannah road. He became one of the leading physicians of the Province and highly prosperous. Naturally he came to have a great deal of influence in his section of the country and was the leader of the patriotic faction that finally forced Georgia to join her sister Colonies in enacting the Declaration of Independence, and was one of the five representatives sent by the Provincial Assembly to represent Georgia in the Continental Congress. One of these representatives was opposed to the Declaration and did not attend, and another, Archibald Bulloch, though a decided patriot, was unable to leave Georgia at the time, thus leaving only Gwinnett, Hall, and Walton to sign the Declaration. When the British took possession of Georgia, Mr. Hall, took his family north for safety and left his residence unprotected. His property was confiscated. He was Governor of Georgia in 1782, after which he retired to a home in Burke County, where he died in 1790 in his sixtieth year. His only son had died a few years before, but Mrs. Hall survived him several years.

A monument has been erected to the memory of Lyman Hall in his native town of Wallingford, Conn. Upon a mound of earth, handsomely turfed, is a large flat freestone, nearly nine feet long by six feet wide. Upon this rests a block of freestone, nearly three feet high, with rounded corners and handsome mouldings; on the fourth side of which is this inscription: "The State of Georgia having removed to Augusta, the remains of Lyman Hall, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and there erected a monument to his memory, the original tablet covering his grave was, in 1857, presented by William D'Antignac to this State, by whose order it is deposited in his native town."

Inscribed upon the tablet, which is of white marble about three inches thick, is the following:

> "Beneath this stone rest the remains of the Hon. Lyman Hall, Formerly Governor of this State, who departed this life the 19th of Oct., 1790, in the 67th year of his age.
>
> "In the cause of America he was uniformly a patriot. In the incumbent duties of a husband and a father he acquitted himself with affection and tenderness. But, reader, above all, know from this inscription that he left the probationary scene as a true Christian and an honest man.
>
> "To those so mourned in death, so loved in life,
> The childless parent, the widowed wife,
> With tears inscribes this monumental stone
> That holds his ashes and expects her own."

This poetical epitaph was written by Mrs. Hall, who died childless, their son, who died a few years before his father, being their only child.

Dorothy Camber Walton

Dorothy Camber, who became the wife of George Walton, the young patriot and signer of the Declaration of Independence, was the daughter of an English gentleman residing in Chatham County, Ga. Like the wives of the other signers from Georgia we have little record of the young woman's personality. A year after their marriage we find Col. Walton leading his regiment in defence of Savannah, where he was desperately wounded and taken prisoner. Gen. Robert Howe, under whose command he was fighting, wrote him a letter of sympathy and commending his bravery. He was sent to Sunbury and held as prisoner. Because of his being a member of Congress and a signer, the British refused to exchange him for any one of less rank than a brigadier-general. It was from this prison, when it was thought that his wound would prove fatal, that he wrote to his wife:

"Remember that you are the beloved wife of one who has made honour and reputation the ruling motive in every action of his life."

Mr. Walton who began life as a carpenter's apprentice in his native city of Fredericksburg, Va., had by sheer force of character and native ability, been elected to Congress six times; was twice Governor of his adopted State, once a Senator of the United States, and for fifteen years a judge of the Superior Courts. He never accumulated property, but he and his wife lived contentedly on their little farm near Augusta. They had but one son, who bore his father's name and served as Secretary of State during the time Andrew Jackson was Governor of West Florida. George Walton died in 1804 and was buried in Augusta. His wife survived him several years.

NOTES TO CHAPTER II

[1] Most of the facts given in this connection are from an address by Charles Henry Hart, Esq., on the life of Mrs. Morris, made in June, 1877, and an article in the Pennsylvania *Historical Magazine*, on the unpublished manuscripts of Robert Morris, by Henry Holmes, LL.D.

[2] Mr. John Calvert, Philadelphia.

[3] Few American families have more prominent men and women among their descendants than that of Richard Bache and Sarah Franklin. Three of the present generation are Miss Alice Irwin, LL.D., head of Radcliffe College, Cambridge, Mass.; Richard Wainwright, U. S. N., executive officer of the battleship *Maine*, at the time she was blown up in Havana harbour, and in command of the

Gloucester in the battle off Santiago in 1898; and Rene Bache, a well-known journalist of Washington, D.C.

[4] Reese Meredith and George Washington were personal friends long before the Revolution. Their acquaintance is said to have come about in this way: Mr. Meredith was lunching at an inn in Philadelphia, and fell into conversation with a tall young Virginian, over some venison that had been served. They became mutually interested and, before separating, Mr. Meredith had invited the young man to his home, to discuss a haunch of venison which had been sent to him. Washington accepted and the friendship then formed was never broken.

[5] Charles W. Stewart, a graduate of Annapolis (Class of '81), who is in charge of the naval war records at the Navy Department, and regarded as one of the greatest students in the government service, is a direct descendant of James Smith, the Signer. The Class of '81 was prevented from entering upon the work for which they had been trained, by a special act of Congress, because of an over-abundance of naval officers.

[6] George Taylor's will, which was proved March 10, 1781, refers to five grandchildren, George, Thomas, James, Ann, and Mary. He is also known to have had a child by his housekeeper, Naomi Smith.

[7] Portraits of both George Ross and Ann Lawlor Ross were painted by Benjamin West, some time between 1755 and 1760 and are in possession of a lineal descendant, Mr. George Eshelman of Lancaster, Pa.

[8] Cæsar Rodney, the first of Delaware's signers of the Declaration of Independence, was never married. The late Thomas F. Bayard, in an oration pronounced at the unveiling of a monument to Cæsar Rodney erected at Dover in 1889, said: "Cæsar Rodney never married, and the happiness of conjugal life, which he was so fitted by his amiable disposition to enjoy, was denied him. There are certain confidences so purely personal that the right to have them maintained survives. Mr. Rodney was too warm-hearted a man not to have cherished an attachment warmer and stronger than friendship. Among his papers proof of such dedication of his love and devotion have been found, but it was not his happy fate to form the union which his heart desired."

[9] This date is erroneously given as 1762, in Sanderson's *Lives of the Signers.*

[10] In a letter to John Adams, dated November 8, 1779, Mr.

McKean writes: "I have had my full share of the anxieties, cares, and troubles of the present war. For some time I was obliged to act as President of Delaware State, and as chief justice of this (Pennsylvania). General Howe had just landed (August, 1777) at the head of Elk River, when I undertook to discharge these two important trusts. The consequence was, to be hunted like a fox by the enemy, and envied by those who ought to have been my friends. I was compelled to remove my family five times in a few months, and at last fixed them in a little log house on the banks of the Susquehanna, more than a hundred miles from this place; but safety was not to be found there, for they were soon obliged to move again on account of the incursions of the Indians."

[11] Sarah McKean, eldest daughter of Governor McKean by his second wife, Sarah Armitage, and familiarly known as "Miss Sally McKean," was a famous belle in Philadelphia society, while that city was the seat of the national government. She was married in 1798 to Senor Don Carlos Martinez de Yrujo, Spanish Minister to the United States, 1796 to 1807; ennobled, 1803, and created Marquis de Casa Yrujo; became obnoxious to President and Cabinet by opposition to the Louisiana Purchase and his recall was requested. Later he was Minister to Brazil until 1813, when he became Minister of Spain at Paris; later was Secretary of Foreign Affairs until his death in Madrid in January, 1824. His widow, known after her marriage as Sarah Maria Theresa, Marchioness de Casa Yrujo, died in Madrid in January, 1841.

[12] Samuel Chase, Jr., second son of Judge Chase, the Signer, became a judge in the District of Columbia; William Pinckney, whom he took into his own home and educated, became Attorney-General, and held several other high positions.

[13] In the *National Cyclopedia of American Biography* it is stated that "One of Governor Paca's daughters was married to Consul Roubelle, a coadjutor of Napoleon. Their son bore such a striking likeness to the accepted ideals of our Saviour that he was often called upon to pose as a model." Other authorities agree that John P. Paca was the only surviving child.

In her *Colonial Families*, Mary Burke Emory makes the statement that "Mrs. William Paca's second husband was Daniel Dulaney. They had two sons, Floyd, who was pierced with a sword in a duel with Rev. Bennett Allen, and Walter Dulaney." All other authorities seem to agree that both of Governor Paca's wives died long before his decease.

[14] Hon. John Lee Carroll, the present representative of the family, was elected Governor of Maryland just a century after the Declaration of Independence and filled the Executive chair until 1880. He lives on the ancestral estate and bids fair to reach the age of "Carroll of Carrollton," who died at ninety-five.

[15] Thomas Lee, grandson of Richard Lee, the founder of the family in America, was for many years President of the Council of Virginia. He married Hannah Ludwell, sister of Col. Ludwell, a member of the Council. The offspring of this union are particularly celebrated in the annals of America. They were: (1) Philip Ludwell, a member of the Council of State, who died about the beginning of the Revolution; (2) Thomas Ludwell, a judge of the Supreme Court, and member of Assembly, died early in the Revolution; (3) Francis Lightfoot, member of the Continental Congress and signer of the Declaration; Richard Henry, orator and statesman, "was a member of the first American Congress in 1774, was the author of the masterly second address of Congress to the people of Great Britain, and in a great burst of eloquence proposed to Congress on June 7, 1776, the Declaration of Independence"; William, Minister at The Hague, Vienna, and Berlin; Arthur, diplomatist and statesman and author.

A son of a cousin of the six brothers was Henry Lee, "Light-horse Harry" as he came to be called during the Revolution, in which he was an able and dashing cavalry officer. He was elected a member of Congress in 1786, and pronounced the famous eulogy over Washington: "First in War, first in Peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." He married Lucy Grymes. General Robert E. Lee, Confederate General and afterward President of William and Mary College, was son of General Henry Lee. The late Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, of the Spanish-American War, was of the same descent.

[16] Lieutenant William Taylor Smith, U. S. N., is a descendant of Thomas Jefferson, on his mother's side. His father, Edward Jaqueline Smith of Edgeville, Va., traces his ancestry back to Sir Thomas Smith, a brother of Captain John Smith of Jamestown.

[17] Two descendants of Benjamin Harrison are members of the National House of Representatives, Hon. Francis Burton Harrison of New York and Hon. Byran Patton Harrison of Mississippi. The Carter Harrisons, father and son, several times mayors of Chicago, are descendants of Benjamin Harrison the Signer.

[18] Thomas Nelson Page, the well-known and popular writer, is a direct descendant of Governor Thomas Nelson, the Signer.

[19] Joseph Hewes died unmarried in 1779. He was affianced to Isabella Johnson, sister of Governor Johnson, and with her sister Mrs. Hannah Iredel a signer of the famous "Edenton Compact." She died early in 1779 and Mr. Hewes, who was deeply attached to her, survived only a few months.

[20] When Georgia's capital was captured by the British in 1778, all the public records and many private papers stored there for safe keeping were destroyed. In consequence of this much authentic data concerning the three Signers and their families has been lost.

[21] The South Carolina *Historical and Genealogical Magazine* (vol., iii.) reprints the following from the South Carolina *Gazette* of July 24, 1777. "The subscriber, practitioner in physic and surgery, having removed to Ponpon, would hereby acquaint his friends and others, that he will be ready at all hours to serve them in his profession and doubts not of giving satisfaction. He has also to sell, a good assortment of family MEDECINES, perfumery waters and other medecaments, and continues to make and sell a famous cosmetic water for the ladies, which may also be had at Mr. John Wilmer's, in Church Street, Charles-Town."

"LYMAN HALL."

. . . MEASURE not the work
Until the day 's out and the labour done;
Then bring your gauges. If the day's work is scant
Why call it scant; affect no compromise;
And, in that we have nobly striven at least,
Deal with us nobly, women though we be,
And honour us with truth if not with praise.
Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Chapter III

Wives of the War Governors

Eminent and patriotic women of Revolutionary days forced into prominence by reason of official positions held by their husbands, and the parts they played in that history-making epoch—Faith Robinson Trumbull of Connecticut—Hannah Sabin Cooke of Rhode Island—Cornelia Tappen Clinton of New York—Susannah French Livingston of New Jersey—Susannah Lloyd Wharton of Pennsylvania—Anne Jennings Johnson of Maryland—Sarah Shelton Henry of Virginia—Mary McIlweane Caswell of North Carolina—Elizabeth Grimke Rutledge of South Carolina—Mary Deveaux Bulloch of Georgia.

BY reason of the prominence of the positions held by their husbands during the Revolutionary War, the wives of the Chief Executives of the various States, like the wives of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, had sometimes heavy burdens to bear. Their husbands, like the members of the rebel Congress, were proscribed outlaws, and if within reach of the armed forces of the enemy were constantly harassed, their property destroyed, and their families put in jeopardy. These women knew that in all probability the neck of every one of the "war governors" would grace a halter and his property be confiscated should the struggle for independence prove a failure. Yet not one of them faltered or complained, and so far as history has made mention of any one of them it has been to tell of her staunch and unquestioning loyalty, her cheerful self-sacrifice, and the unswerving, helpful support she gave her husband.

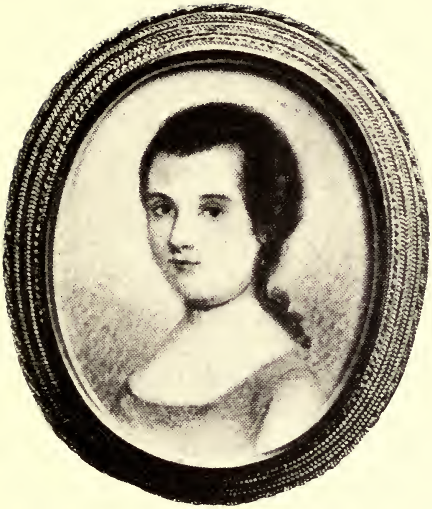
In all the Colonies, save Connecticut, the governors holding appointment under the Crown remained loyal to King and Parliament and were forced to resign soon after the outbreak of hostilities; and indeed, most of them had seen the gathering of the storm, and realising the fury with which it would rage when once it broke, hurried to England for shelter. Following close on the heels of the Declaration of Independence, most of the Colonies adopted temporary constitutions, placing the executive power in the hands of some sort of an executive council, and in due time elected a governor. Pending such elections, the executive councils took the place of the deposed Provincial governors. This was the case in New Hampshire, where John Wentworth, the last Provincial Governor in that State, had been forced to fly in 1775. A committee of safety carried the Colony through the war until under a new constitution adopted in 1788, Dr. Josiah Bartlett was elected the first Governor of the State. Meshech Weare was made "president" of New Hampshire, in 1784, an office approximating the governorship. Weare was a farmer-lawyer, born at Hampton Falls, Rockingham County, in 1713. He was first married to Esther Shaw, daughter of Deacon Samuel and Esther Shaw, who brought him considerable property. For his second wife, he married Mehitable Wainwright. There is a letter extant which Mr. Weare wrote to his second wife from Harvard College, where he and his colleague, Judge Atkinson, of Portsmouth, were guests of President Holyoke, on their way to a Colonial Congress at Albany, in which they were to represent New Hampshire. It is dated Cambridge, June 7, 1754, and is as follows:

"MY DEAR: I have only time to tell you we all got here well last night, and are setting out at four o'clock this afternoon on our journey. Hope you and the children are more comfortable than when I left you. You will hear from me at every opportunity. I should be more particular, but we are now just going. Hope to write more fully to you very soon. Desire you to take care for your own comfort as much as possible."

Ten children were born to Mr. Weare and his two wives, but the histories of early times in New Hampshire have failed to make record of them. President Weare died, January 15, 1786. Dr. Bartlett the first Governor of New Hampshire, was not elected until 1792. The story of Mary Bartlett, his wife, has already been given, as has that of Dorothy Hancock, wife of John Hancock, the first popular governor of Massachusetts, who held that office from 1780 to 1785.

Faith Robinson Trumbull

Faith Robinson was only seventeen years old when she became the wife of Jonathan Trumbull of Lebanon, Connecticut. He was a promising young lawyer, who had been educated for the ministry, but had taken to the law instead and had already, at the age of twenty-seven, risen to a prominent place in the Colony, being a



Faith Trumbull.

From a miniature.

member of the legislature and in receipt of an ample income.

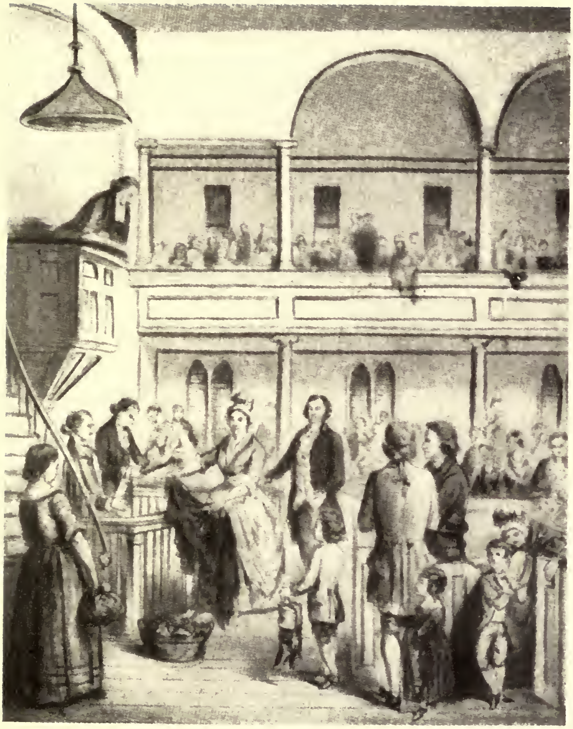
The young woman was the daughter of Rev. John Robinson of Duxbury and a great-great-granddaughter of John and Priscilla Alden, of Plymouth Colony. Her mother was Hannah Wiswell, daughter of Rev. Ichabod Wiswell. When Faith was five years old, her mother and an elder sister took passage from Duxbury on a coasting vessel for Boston, but were wrecked in a storm and both were drowned. The body of the mother was washed ashore, six weeks later, at Race Point, Cape Cod, and identified by a necklace she wore. This necklace, a treasured heirloom, is still in possession of her descendants. After the death of her mother, the care and education of the little girl fell to her father, and under wise and loving training, she developed into a gracious, high-minded young woman, more than ordinarily well educated.

Six children were born to Faith Trumbull and her husband, between the years 1737 and 1756, and in nothing more than in the character of the children she reared, is the nobility of the mother shown. Joseph, the eldest son, was the first Commissary-General of the Continental army. The second son, Jonathan Trumbull, Jr., became Paymaster-General of the Northern Department of the army under Washington, to whom he later became first aide and private secretary; after the close of the war, he held many public offices, being a member of Congress, United States Senator, Chief Judge of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, and for eleven years, Governor of the State. David, the third son, while he rendered less conspicuous service than his brothers during the Revolution, served more continuously, as he was his father's private secretary, a Member of the Council of Safety, acted as purchaser of supplies for the army, and at one time was Assistant Commissary-General, under his brother. John Trumbull, the fourth and youngest son, was a noted artist. His four great pictures devoted to national themes, the *Declaration of Independence*, the *Surrender of Cornwallis*, the *Surrender of Burgoyne*, and the *Resignation of Washington at Annapolis*, were purchased by Congress for thirty-two thousand dollars, and are now hanging in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington.

In early infancy John Trumbull was a victim of convulsions, and the physicians said that he would either die in infancy or become an idiot, but when the child was about nine months old, Dr. Terry, a prominent physician and friend of the family, discovered that the convulsions were caused by the improper joining of the bones of the skull. Under his direction, Mrs. Trumbull would separate the bones with her fingers and force them into their proper place. This treatment was repeated many times a day and proved successful and "Mrs. Trumbull, by thus anticipating modern surgical practice by more than half a century, saved the life of her son while the world gained a great painter."

Of the daughters of the family, Faith, the eldest, named after her mother, became the wife of Col. Jedediah Huntington, who later was made a general in the Continental Army. At the beginning of the Revolution, Colonel Huntington and John Trumbull, her favourite brother, were encamped with the army near Boston and she went on a visit to them, arriving just in time to witness the battle of Bunker Hill. The shock of that scene, the horror and anxiety were too much for her delicate constitution; her reason gave way and a few months later she died at her home in Lebanon. Mary Trumbull, the second daughter, married William Williams, who afterward became one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

"For forty-five years," writes her biographer, "Faith Trumbull was the Governor's constant companion, and as his loving and revered wife, the tender mother of his children, or as a tried councillor and friend, she never failed him. Her predominant characteristic was her benevolence; never was she known to turn a deaf ear to distress or a worthy cause and she contributed liberally to the many funds that were raised to procure food and clothing for the soldiers. As an instance of this a story is told: One Sabbath morning at the Meeting House at Lebanon which she attended a notice was given that a collection would be taken for the Continental Army. Madam Trumbull rose from her seat beside her husband and taking from her shoulders a magnificent scarlet cloak that had been given her by Count de Rochambeau, she advanced to the pulpit and laid the cloak on the altar as her contribution. This act so aroused the enthusiasm of the congregation that a large donation was made. The cloak was afterward cut into



Madame Faith Trumbull Contributing her Cloak for the Soldiers.

strips and used to trim the soldiers' uniforms.

"The Trumbull home in Lebanon became, during the Revolution, a very famous place. It was known as the 'Lebanon War Office,'[1] and was the headquarters of Governor Jonathan Trumbull and the Connecticut Council of Safety. There were more than eleven hundred meetings held in this building, and at one time or another, nearly all the distinguished generals of the Continental Army and their French Allies were there entertained. General Washington was a frequent visitor to consult with Governor Trumbull, whose advice he greatly valued." It is said that General Washington's frequent remark: "We shall have to ask Brother Jonathan about that," gradually spread through the camp and from there through the Colonies until in time, "Brother Jonathan" became a synonym for the typical American as "John Bull" was for the typical Englishman.

Faith Trumbull was not permitted to enjoy the triumph that came with the close of the struggle and for which she and her husband had striven so long and earnestly. She died in June, 1780, aged sixty-two years, and was buried in the family vault at Lebanon.[2]

Hannah Sabin Cooke

Hannah Sabin, daughter of Hezekiah Sabin, was the first settler of a section of North-east Connecticut, where for many years his "Red Tavern" was a favourite hostelry for travellers. He was of Huguenot extraction, and his family had come into Massachusetts before 1643. Hannah was born in 1722 and was married to Nicholas Cooke of Providence, Rhode Island, about 1744. They had one son, Jesse, who married first Rosanna Sheldon, daughter of Captain Christopher Sheldon, of Providence. His second wife was Hannah, daughter of Samuel and Elizabeth Warner. Nicholas Cooke was the first Governor of Rhode Island, elected after Joseph Wanton, the last of the royal governors, was driven out. He was elected in 1775.

Cornelia Tappen Clinton

Cornelia Tappen, the "buxom and beautiful daughter of Petrus Tappen," and his wife, Tjaatje Wynkoop, of Kingston, N. Y., who married Col. George Clinton, February 7, 1770, came of an old Dutch family of Albany, dating back to 1662, when Jurian Teunisse Tappen was married to a daughter of Wybrecht Jacobse. Their son, Tunis, settled in Kingston and was the ancestor of the numerous family of Tappens in Ulster County.

George Clinton was at this time, one of the most prominent members of the Colonial Assembly and so continued until the Revolution. He was elected a delegate to the Continental Congress in 1775 and voted for the Declaration of Independence in July, 1776, but having been appointed brigadier-general, he was obliged to retire from Congress immediately after his vote was given and before the document was transcribed for the signatures of members, for which reason his name does not appear among the signers. In 1777, he was elected Governor, which office he filled for eighteen years. In 1804, he was elected Vice-President and he continued in that office until his death in Washington, in 1812. During these years, Mrs. Clinton had resided in their home in New Windsor, and later at Poughkeepsie, New York.

Seven children were born to Cornelia and General Clinton, as follows: Catharine, born at New Windsor, November 5, 1770, married John Taylor of New York and after his death, a few months later, married General Pierre Van Cortlandt; Cornelia, born in New Windsor, in June, 1774, married Citizen Charles Genet, minister from the French Republic to the United States; George Washington, born in Poughkeepsie, October, 1778, married Anna Floyd, daughter of General William Floyd, signer of the Declaration of Independence; Elizabeth, born in Poughkeepsie, in July, 1780, married Matthias B. Tallmadge; Martha Washington, born Poughkeepsie, October, 1783, and died unmarried; Maria, born in New York, October, 1785, married Dr. Stephen D. Beekman.

The remains of Mrs. Clinton repose beside those of her illustrious husband in the graveyard of the First Dutch Reformed Church in Kingston, where many of her ancestors are buried, and where after resting ninety-six years in the Congressional Cemetery in Washington, D. C., his ashes were interred, May 27, 1908.

Susannah French Livingston

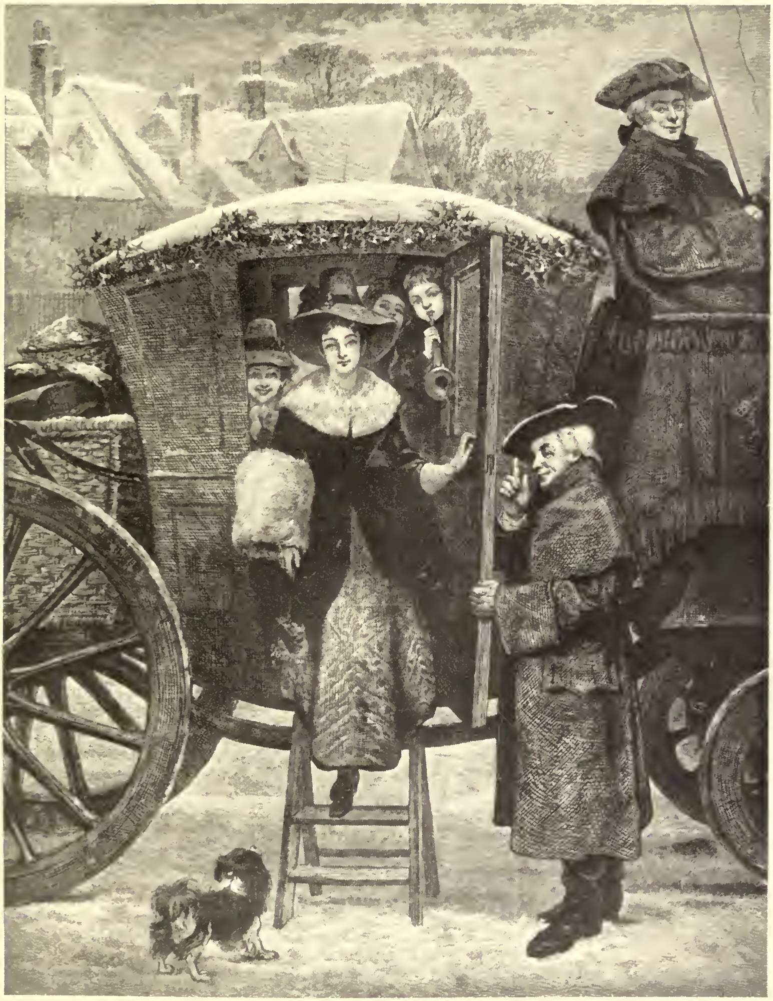
Few women experienced more of the annoyances of war without real suffering to themselves or immediate friends, than Susannah French Livingston, wife of William Livingston, first popular governor of New Jersey,[3] and her three eldest daughters, William Livingston was distinguished no less for his militant patriotism, which the British found so mischievous that they set a price on his head, than for his three daughters, known as the "Three Graces," for their wit and beauty. William Livingston was a brother of Philip Livingston, son of Philip Livingston, Second Lord of Livingston Manor and one of the great landed proprietors, who, like the Schuylers, the Van Rensselaers, and Van Cortlandts, threw the weight of their wealth and influence with the patriotic cause.

Susannah French Livingston was a granddaughter of Lieutenant Governor Anthony Brockholst, of Albany, and inherited much of the public spirit and shrewd sense of that doughty old patrician. She and her husband were very close together in thought and purpose, and it is known that he relied greatly upon her. He was wealthy, one of the foremost lawyers of New York, and a keen incisive writer. In 1772, he built a mansion near Elizabeth, N. J., which became known as "Liberty Hall," famous for its hospitality and gaiety, even in the darkest days of the Revolution. Many stories are told of the pranks of the Livingston girls and their wit and audacity.

"Remember, young ladies, not an ounce of George's taxed tea must come into my house," said the old governor, once upon a time.

"No father," demurely replied the Three Graces, though their afternoon tea drinkings had become features of life at Liberty Hall, that they were loath to give up. Shortly afterward the governor himself was invited in to drink tea with his daughters. He was served with "strawberry tea" made of strawberry leaves, as he supposed, but in reality real tea, coloured with strawberry leaves. Governor Livingston pronounced the tea as very good and congratulated his daughters on producing so palatable a dish out of home production. It was a good joke, but even the mischievous Three Graces dared not, for a long time, tell the old patriot about it.

In 1776, upon Sir William Howe's arrival on Staten Island, it was thought best by Governor Livingston to remove his family from Elizabeth, and they went to Basking Ridge in Somerset,



A Christmas Visit in the Olden Time.

From a picture by G. A. Storey, 1874.

N. J., where Lady Stirling, a sister of the Governor lived. In the spring, Mrs. Livingston and her three daughters were on their way back to take up their residence again at Elizabeth, when they were met by General Washington, who persuaded the mother to return to Basking Ridge, as it was extremely dangerous to go to their old home.

The first attempt made on Governor Livingston's life was in July, 1777. The family were then living at Percipany, N. J., and in the night a number of Tories and a small force of British troops came to the house and decided to wait until morning to capture him. All unconscious of the danger, the Governor arose, just before daybreak, as was his custom, saddled his horse, and when the cordon surrounded the house as the sun was coming up, was miles away.

In 1779, Governor Livingston and his family were again living in the home at Elizabeth, and in February a party, under command of Colonel Sterling, tried to capture Governor Livingston and to surprise Brigadier-General Maxwell. One detachment came to Liberty Hall and demanded "that d—d rebel, Livingston." They were told that he was absent. Then they forced their way into the house. Mrs. Livingston and the three daughters retired to an upstairs room. As the enemy approached, Susan Livingston, one of the daughters, stepped from the window out on the roof of the piazza to see who it was. A horseman rode up and lifting his hat, begged her to retire lest some of the soldiers, through mistake, might fire and hit her. She turned to step through the window but for some reason could not open it again. The young officer sprang from his horse, hurried upstairs and out upon the roof, and lifted her in.

"May I ask to whom I am indebted for this courtesy?" she asked, more to gain time than for any other reason.

"Lord Cathcart," was the reply with a low bow.

"I am ordered to secure your father and his papers," said the officer.

"Oh," she said with a blush, "I will show you into father's library. You can go through all his papers if you will see that no one disturbs my carriage bag. I have some personal correspondence in it, and I 'm sure that you are too much of a gentleman to want to read a lady's private correspondence."

The young woman blushed again and tried to look demure while the officer hastened to say: "I can assure you, madam, that your private property will be respected. I will place a guard over it at once, and believe me, dear lady, I deeply regret the necessity of war that compels me to take possession of the papers of your father."

The maid thanked him with downcast eyes and then taking a rose from her corsage, she gave it to him with a courtesy. The papers to which she led him were a mass of old legal documents of no great value to her father, while within the carriage bag, which was carefully guarded for her until the soldiers departed, was her father's correspondence with Congress, with state officials, and with General Washington. The household was spared further annoyance at the time.

A few days later, Rivington's *Gazette*, the vitriolic Tory newspaper of New York, published the following bit of news: "We are informed from undoubted authority, that on the return of the British allies detached on the expedition to Springfield in the Jerseys, last Friday, the 23rd inst., the Hon. Lieut. Col. Cosnio Gordon, commanding the First Battalion of British Guards, received at the head of the brigade, a ball in the upper part of the thigh from the field on the back part of the house of the rebel Livingston. Most probably his own servants or tenants, kept up the fire which struck the very person, who that morning made a civil visit with three or four officers of the corps and received from Miss Susan Livingston a rose as a pledge of protection and a memorandum of a request of a safeguard to save the house from a fate, the well-known sins of the father made it justly merit; though even at that period inhabited by two ladies so amiable in appearance, as to make it barely possible to suppose that they were the daughters of such an archfiend as the cruel and seditious proprietor of the mansion."

In June of that year, the British made an incursion into Elizabeth, burning the villages of Springfield and Connecticut Farms, only a few miles from Elizabeth and the Livingston home. At the mansion there were only Mrs. Livingston and her three daughters, Governor Livingston being away on business and the younger children at Basking Ridge. About midnight the ladies were aroused by a band of drunken soldiers who came swearing that they would burn the rebel house. The male servants had fled to the woods, the maid fastened herself in the kitchen, and the ladies locked themselves in their room. The ruffians stamped up and down the halls, calling upon them to come out. One of the daughters, said to have been Catharine, opened the door. One of the party seized her by the arm. Breaking away, she grasped the fellow by the collar; at the same moment, a flash of lightning illuminated the hall and the light fell on the white dress of the lady. "My God, it is Mrs. Caldwell that we killed to-day!" exclaimed the man staggering back and the whole party soon went away. It was this same "Kitty" Livingston, who once in a spirit of fun declared that she was going to ask General Washington for a lock of his hair. The Commander-in-Chief and the Governor were warm friends and some one told the General of the remark. He at once wrote a note to the young lady, inclosing a lock of his hair. The note which is still in possession of one of her descendants, is as follows:

"General Washington having been informed lately of the honour done him by Miss Kittie

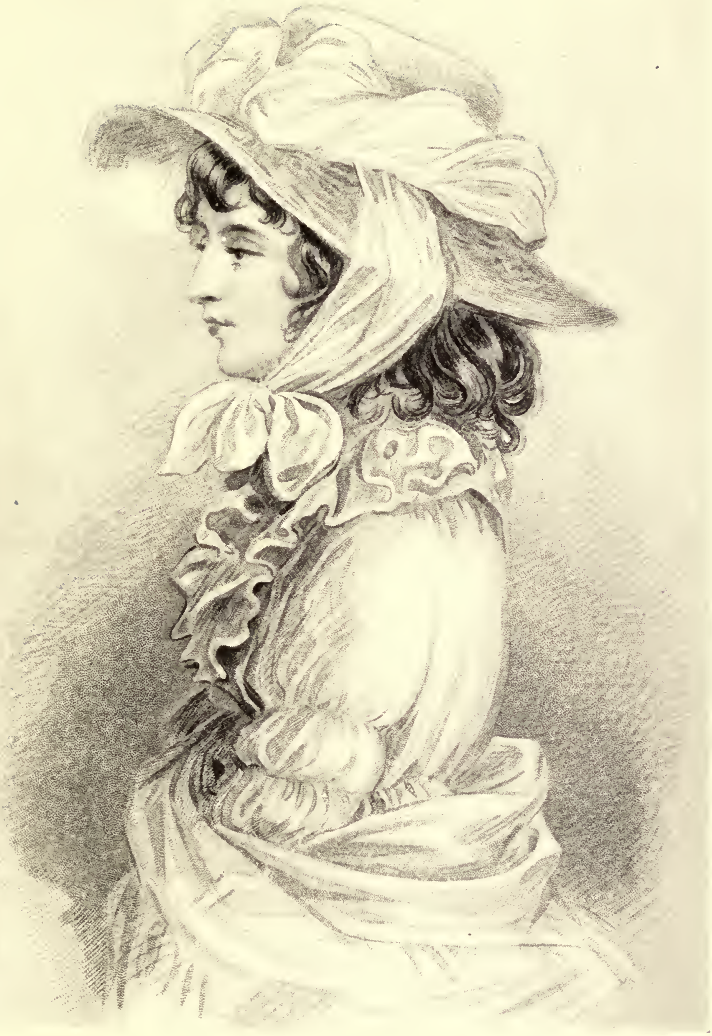
Livingston, in wishing for a lock of his hair, takes the liberty of inclosing one, accompanied by his most respectful compliments.

"CAMP VALLEY FORGE, March, 1778."

Catharine Livingston was married in 1787 to Matthew Ridley, an Englishman who had come to America in 1770 and established himself as a merchant in Baltimore. He became an enthusiastic patriot and was appointed in 1781 to secure a loan in Europe for the State of Maryland, an undertaking which he carried out successfully.

Sarah, eldest daughter of Governor and Susannah French Livingston, became the wife of John Jay, the distinguished young New York lawyer, who afterward became Minister to Spain, Chief Justice of New York, Ambassador at London, and Governor of New York. His bride accompanied him to the Court of Madrid as did her brother Brockholst Livingston, who became secretary to Minister Jay.

Susannah, the third of the "Three Graces," married John Cleves Symmes, who became Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey. It was their daughter Anna Symmes, who at



Mrs. John Jay.

the beginning of another century is said to have eloped from the same room, in which her mother had hoodwinked the British officer, with a young man of whom her parents did not approve, William Henry Harrison, afterward the ninth President of the United States.

Susannah Lloyd Wharton

John Penn, the last of the Proprietary governors of Pennsylvania shook the dust of the rebellious Province from his feet, in 1775, and went back to England. For some months, a Committee of Safety exercised the functions of government, with Benjamin Franklin as President, and then a Supreme Executive Council, with a president elected yearly, succeeded the Committee of Safety. Thomas Wharton, Jr., was elected first President and continued in office until his death in Lancaster, in May, 1778. He was born in Chester County, removed to Philadelphia while a young man, and was apprenticed to Reese Meredith, the father-in-law of George Clymer, the Signer. He was married to Susannah Lloyd, a descendant of Thomas Lloyd, President of the Provincial Council. They had five children, as follows:

Lloyd, married Mary Rogers; Kearney, married Maria Salter; William Moore, married Mary Waln, first, Deborah Shoemaker, second; Sarah Norris, married Dr. Benjamin Tallman, first, Samuel Courtaulet, second, and Susannah. Mrs. Wharton died in 1772 and President Wharton married a second wife, Elizabeth, daughter of William Fishbourne, by whom he had three children, Mary, died unmarried; Thomas, died unmarried, and Fishbourne, who married Susan Shoemaker as his first wife, and Mary Ann Shoemaker, as his second.

General John McKinley, of the Delaware Militia was chosen President of that Colony, in 1777, but shortly afterward, was taken prisoner by the British and not exchanged until about the time of the expiration of his term. He was married to Jane Richardson of Dover.

Anne Jennings Johnson

Anne Jennings, daughter of Thomas Jennings, a distinguished citizen of Annapolis, was married to Thomas Johnson, of Calvert County, Md., in 1766. In 1777, he was elected the first Governor of his native State. She died during the early years of the Revolution, leaving five children. One daughter, Anne, married Col. John Graham, and Mr. Johnson spent his declining years with her at her home "Rosehill," where he died in 1819. Thomas Johnson was a relative of Louisa Catharine Johnson, who became the wife of John Quincy Adams.

Sarah Shelton Henry

Sarah Shelton, daughter of John Shelton, of Hanover County, Va., was married to Patrick Henry in the fall of 1754. Of this marriage, Wirt says in his *Life of Patrick Henry*: ". . . in the fall of 1754, before he was nineteen years of age he was married to Sarah, daughter of John Shelton, who lived in a part of the country known as 'The Forks.' His wife was an estimable woman of most excellent parentage and brought him six negroes and a tract of poor land, containing three hundred acres, called 'Pine Slash' and adjoining her father's place."

George Morgan, in his book, *The True Patrick Henry*, makes a merited criticism on this rather inane record. He says: "He fell in love with Sarah Shelton, daughter of John Shelton, who lived on a farm, in a part of

Hanover, known as 'The Forks.' It is a pity that Wirt, who had opportunities to ascertain all needful data concerning the great orator's early life, did not strengthen his 'sketches' with certain essentials, reserving his rhetoric and romance for an account *con spirito* of Patrick's courtship of the maid whose father soon became the tavern keeper at Hanover Courthouse. We may be sure that Scott or Burns would have brought Patrick's first love in the true light, and that the odour of the magnolia blooms in the branches along the roadsides near 'The Forks,' would have been conveyed to the reader. . . . But to Wirt the affair lacked appeal. If Patrick had gone love-making among the Pamunkeys . . . last of the Pocahontas tribe—and had borne off their feathered belle, then, we may be sure that the Wirt imagination would have been challenged; and we should have had the story of the wooing, magnolias and all. . . . We do not know if she had grace in her heart and colour in her cheek or anything about her, except that 'she was an estimable woman, of most excellent parentage, and brought him [Patrick] six negroes and a tract of poor land, containing three hundred acres, called 'Pine Slash.'"

Sarah Shelton Henry died early in the year 1775, leaving six children all under twenty-one years old, Martha, Anne, Elizabeth, John, William, and Edward. Martha, who married before her mother's death, John Fontaine, cared for her younger brothers and sisters for several years, while her father was attending to his public duties.

Patrick Henry was married to his second wife, Dorothea Dandridge, in 1777. She was the daughter of Nathaniel West Dandridge[4] and Dorothea Spotswood and granddaughter of the old royal governor, Sir Alexander Spotswood. Through her father, she was descended from Captain John West, President of the Council in 1635, a brother of Lord Delaware and a cousin of the Earl of Essex. She was nearly twenty years younger than Mr. Henry, and survived him many years. She bore him eleven children, as follows: Dorothea, born 1778; Sarah Butler, born 1780; Martha Catharena, born 1781; Patrick, born 1783; Fayette, born 1785; Alexander Spotswood, born 1788; Nathaniel, born 1790; Richard, born 1792;

Edward Winston, born 1794; John, born 1796; Jane Robertson, born 1798.

It was Hugh Blair Grigsby, who said in his *History of the Virginia Federal Convention of 1798:* "In the case of Henry, the cradle began to rock in his eighteenth year, and was rocking at his death in his sixty-third."

Mary McIlweane Caswell

Mary McIlweane, of Lenoir County (afterward Dobbs) was married to Richard Caswell, about 1750. He had come into the Province from Cecil County, Md., while yet a boy and had studied law and established a fair practice. After his marriage he moved into Johnson County. He early became interested in Provincial politics and was president of the Provincial Congress which met in Halifax in 1776, and was one of the committee that formed the State constitution under which he was elected the first governor. While presiding in the Senate, he was stricken with paralysis, from which he died a few days later, November 10, 1789. He left one son and two daughters. His son William was married to Gartha McIlweane. Anne Caswell, his eldest daughter, was married twice; her first husband being named Fonville and the second being named William White, Secretary of State, 1778 to 1811. Mrs. White left three daughters, Ann, who married Governor David L. Swain, another married General Daniel L. Barringer, and the third became the wife of General Boone Felton. Governor Caswell's second daughter married a man named Catlin. Dr. John Catlin, who was a surgeon in the United States Army, and massacred at Dade's defeat by the Seminoles in Florida, was her son as was General Catlin.

Elizabeth Grimke Rutledge

John Rutledge married Elizabeth Grimke in 1763, just two years after he was admitted to the bar in Charleston. "It was a union," says his biographer, "from which he derived unalloyed happiness. He was passionately attached to his wife; and her death, which occurred in 1792, was the source of most poignant grief and . . . one of the concurring causes of the malady which clouded the evening of his life."

Mrs. Rutledge left eight children, two daughters and six sons. The eldest daughter became the wife of Francis Kinloch and the other was married to Henry Laurens.

The mother of Governor Rutledge seems to have been better known than his wife. She was a Miss Sarah Hert, or Hext (the *National Cyclopædia* gives it Hext but Sanderson spells it Hert), and was "married at fourteen, a mother at fifteen, and a widow with seven children at twenty-six." Her husband, Dr. John Rutledge, came to Charleston from England in 1735, and established a practice almost immediately. She was an heiress and an orphan when she was married. Her first born was John Rutledge, afterward Governor, and her youngest child was Col. Edward Rutledge, the statesman and signer of the Declaration. She was a woman of strong character, very patriotic, independent, and of more than ordinary intellect. The British when they occupied Charleston compelled her to remove from her country residence, and confined her within the city limits, on the ground that "from such a character much is to be apprehended."

Mary Deveaux Bulloch

Mary Deveaux, daughter of Colonel James Deveaux, a prominent planter of Georgia, became the wife of Colonel Archibald Bulloch, afterward President and Commander-in-Chief of Georgia, somewhere about 1760. Colonel Bulloch was one of the foremost patriots of the Province and was chosen by the legislature, together with Dr. Lyman Hall, Button Gwinnett, and George Walton, as delegates to the Continental Congress, and like George Clinton of New York, would have been a signer, but for the fact of having been called to a more urgent duty at the time the signatures of the members of that body were affixed to the immortal document, having been elected President. There is a letter preserved, written to Col. Bulloch by John Adams, three days before the signing of the Declaration, in which the Braintree statesman says: ". . . your countrymen have done themselves the justice to place you at the head of their affairs, a station in which you may perhaps render more essential service to them and to America than you could here. . . . Your colleagues, Hall and Gwinnett, are both in good health and spirits, and as firm as you yourself could wish them."

Colonel Bulloch, who had been born and educated in Charleston, S. C., had removed to Georgia, shortly after completing his legal studies in Charleston, and had taken up a plantation on the Savannah River, where he had married Miss Deveaux. Here he lived until the Revolution, when he removed his family into Savannah. He died in 1777, and his widow was left with four children. Col. James Bulloch, the eldest son, married Ann, daughter of Dr. John Irvine, who bore him two sons, John Irvine and James Stephens.[5] Col. Bulloch's second child was Jane Bulloch, and there were two younger sons, Archibald and William.

NOTES TO CHAPTER III

[1] The "War Office" was restored by the Sons of the American Revolution in 1901, and a bronze tablet of chaste design placed in the building, to commemorate the patriotism and virtues of Jonathan Trumbull and his family.

[2] Vermont was not one of the thirteen original Colonies, but became one shortly after the Declaration and elected Thomas Chittenden Governor in 1778. He was married to Elizabeth Meigs in 1750 and six children were born to them. One son, Martin, became a member of Congress and succeeded his father as Governor; another son, Truman, was a prominent lawyer, and Noel, a third son, was Judge of Probate Court.

[3] William Livingston succeeded William Franklin, the last Royalist Governor of New Jersey, who had served since 1762. He was the illegitimate son of Benjamin Franklin, but became estranged from his father in his later years and lived in England, from the outbreak of the Revolution. By the state constitution adopted by New Jersey in 1776, under which Livingston was elected governor, universal suffrage was allowed. Male and female, white or black, were permitted to vote, subject to a property qualification of £50. Women continued to vote until 1807.

[4] Colonel Nathaniel West Dandridge, the father of Dorothea

Henry, was a brother of John Dandridge, the father of Martha Washington. Kate Spotswood, sister of Dorothea Spotswood, was great-grandmother of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

[5] James Stephens married twice; the second wife was Martha Elliot *née* Stewart, daughter of General Daniel Stewart. They had three children, Anna, Martha, and Irvine. Martha Bulloch was married in 1853 to Theodore Roosevelt, Collector of the Port of New York, and father of Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States.

A large oil painting of Col. Bulloch, made before the Revolution, and showing Mrs. Bulloch and their three eldest children, James, Jane, and Archibald, has been in the family for generations. It is now the property of Dr. J. G. Bulloch, of Washington, D. C., and hangs in the library of the Georgia Historical Society, at Savannah.

THE PIONEER MOTHERS OF AMERICA

OH, they were queens in the stately hall,
With smiles and a step of the lightest fall,
And queens, by the cottage hearth;
And they fed the fires of Liberty,
Through the long black night, on mount and lea,
Till its glorious day had birth.

They sleep in many a guarded tomb,
Where love remembers and roses bloom,
And in many a nameless grave;
But for ever and ever the fires they fed,
Will burn to honour the deathless dead,
The fair, the true, the brave!

Edna Dean Proctor.

Chapter IV

"Patron Saints"

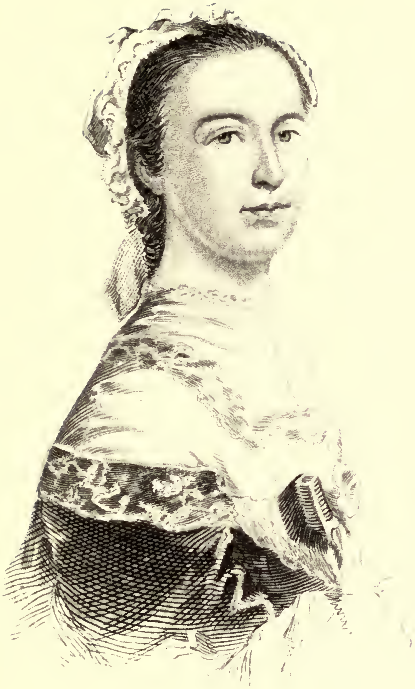
Notable women of Revolutionary and Colonial days who helped in the making of history—Their names kept in reverential remembrance by the Daughters of the American Revolution and kindred organizations of patriotic women—Mercy Warren, historian of the Revolution—Betsy Ross, who made the first American flag—Elizabeth Maxwell Steele—Hannah Arnett, "Hannah the Quakeress"—Anna Warner Bailey, "The Heroine of Groton"—Mary Fuller Percival—Alice Kollock Green—Ann Frisby Fitzhugh—Mary Aldis Draper—Abigail Eastman Webster—Nancy Hunter—Penelope Van Princes—Sarah McIntosh—Hannah Watts Weston—Sally Fowler Plumer—Jemima Suggett Johnson.

SCATTERED throughout the thirteen Colonies during the Revolutionary period and the troubled days preceding it, there were many women who gave material aid to the cause of independence—some by the steadfast and loyal support they gave the men of their families in camp, field, or council, and others by individual acts of heroism or self-sacrifice. In the long lapse of years, the memory—even the names—of many of these devoted women have been lost or are, at best, only a tradition kept alive in the families of their descendants.

It is one of the general customs of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution to perpetuate the memories of some more or less notable personages of the Revolutionary struggle, by giving their names to their local chapters.[1] In many of the States, notably Connecticut and Massachusetts, the names of women of more or less celebrity have been chosen as such "patron saints" and thereby a vast amount of interesting and valuable historical information not generally found in books has been rescued from oblivion. Many of these patron saints have already been mentioned in previous chapters of *The Pioneer Mothers*[2] and many others will be referred to in the following pages—not as amply perhaps as their merits warrant, but as fully as the scope of the work will permit.

Mercy Otis Warren

One of the really great leaders of thought at the outbreak of the Revolution, and indeed, for many years leading up to the crisis, was Mercy Otis Warren, a Massachusetts woman whose



Mercy Otis Warren.
From an engraving.

devotion to the cause of independence was to make her one of the most noted women of her day. So sheltered were the home lives of the women of that period that we know little of her girlhood except that she was the third child of Colonel James Otis of Barnstable and was born Sept. 25, 1728. An older brother was James Otis, the famous Boston lawyer and orator, who resigned his position as Advocate-General in the Court of Admiralty in order to appear for the people against the Crown in the Writs of Assistance case. The speech he made upon that occasion was so logical, so filled with the spirit of resistance to all oppression, that John Adams said of it: "American Independence was then and there born."

The girlhood of Mercy Otis was passed in the usual round of household duties that would fall naturally to the eldest daughter in a well-to-do and well-ordered New England household. She received little education in school but had a chance to pursue her studies under the direction of Rev. Jonathan Russell, from whose library she read widely and wisely, and as she was naturally of a studious habit her mind was well trained in the matter of general literature and the classics. Especially did the girl turn to history, and early in her reading she became an ardent advocate of the rights of the common people. In later years, her brother James, himself a man of rare scholarship, took great interest in her studies and writings. Reading, drawing, and needlework were said to have been the usual employment of the young woman and almost her sole recreation.

The closest friend of the girlhood days of Mercy Otis was Abigail Smith, daughter of Rev. William Smith, who was afterward to marry John Adams, a young lawyer of Boston, already beginning to take active part in Colonial politics. In 1754, Mercy Otis was married to James Warren, a prosperous merchant of Plymouth, who appears to have been a sensible, strong-minded man of great patriotism and in thorough sympathy with the literary tastes of his wife. Consequently the new cares and duties thrust upon her in no wise impaired that devotion to literature that characterised her whole life.

Mrs. Warren was a zealous patriot, as was to be expected from a sister of James Otis, who was for years the leader of the cause in New England, and the hospitable Warren home was always open to the friends of America. It was a day of letter writing. Daily newspapers were unknown and there were few weeklies. Consequently people wrote to one another upon any and all occasions. Mercy Warren and her friend Abigail Adams, after the marriage of the latter, which took her to Braintree to live, wrote back and forth continually, giving the news and opinions of the day, especially upon such political questions as affected the Colonies. From this, there sprang up a correspondence between Mrs. Warren and some of the most noted men of the day. Samuel Adams, John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Elbridge Gerry were among those taking part.

Mrs. Warren wrote several dramatic and satirical poems against the royalists, which, with two tragedies, were included in a volume of *Poems, Dramatic and Miscellaneous*, published in 1790. She carried on a long correspondence with John Adams, beginning before the Revolution and continuing during the period of his residence abroad, which the Massachusetts Historical Society had published in 1878. During the Revolutionary War, she kept a diary of all the principal events, and in 1805 published

A History of the Rise, Progress, and Termination of the American Revolution, Interspersed with Biographical, Political, and Moral Observations. At this distance, Mistress Warren's poems, and indeed all that she wrote, is rather tedious reading. She was scholarly, terribly in earnest, and intensely patriotic, but lacked perspective. In all her characterisations there was no gleam of humour, no softening of the possible motives of a royalist, or any question as to the limpid purity of a patriot character. Her history, while of great value to the historian, was written in a tone of too strong a partisanship and too soon after the end of the struggle to have given a fair record of either motives or events.

Her husband and John Adams looked upon Mrs. Warren as almost the Peter the Hermit of a new Crusade. They urged her to write, circulated her letters, suggested themes for pamphlets, satirical plays and poems and it is said the Committee of Correspondence was based upon the letters that passed between Mrs. Warren and Mrs. Adams. It must be remembered that the patriots of 1776 were in no mood for mincing matters. There were to them no lights and shades in the contest, and consequently the pamphlets and satires always presented the patriots white-winged and triumphant, and British or Tory black, beaten, and bloody.

Mrs. Warren died in 1814, in the eighty-seventh year of her age, in full possession of all her mental faculties, loved and reverenced by her relatives and friends to a degree that gave the highest evidence of the warmth and affection of her nature as well as her high Christian character, which mere written words might not have done. A lady who visited her in her eightieth year describes her at that time as "erect in person, vivacious and full of spirit, though dignified at all times. She was eloquent and highly intelligent in conversation and remarkably well informed upon all matters of the day. At the time she was dressed in a steel-coloured gown with short sleeves and a very long waist, the black silk skirt front being covered with a white lawn apron. She wore a lawn mob cap, and gloves covered her arms to the elbows, cut off at the fingers."

Colonial troubles formed the topic of an almost constant interchange of letters between Mrs. Warren and Mrs. John Adams. In a letter written in 1773, Mrs. Adams says: "You are so sincere a lover of your country and so hearty a mourner in all her misfortunes that it will greatly aggravate your anxiety to hear how much she is now oppressed and insulted. To you, who have so thoroughly looked through the deeds of men and developed the dark designs of a 'Rapatio' soul, no action however cruel or villainous will be a matter of any surprise. The tea, that baneful weed, is arrived; great and, I hope, effectual opposition has been made to the landing." The allusion to "Rapatio," made by Mrs. Adams, referred to a satirical drama in two acts which Mrs. Warren had written, entitled *The Group*, in which many prominent Tories were held up to ridicule. "Rapatio" was Governor Hutchinson, who was thus described:

"But mark the traitor—his high crimes glossed o'er
The social ties that bind the human heart;
He strikes a bargain with his country's foes,
And joins to wrap America in flames.
Yet with feigned pity, and with Satanic grin,
As if more deep to fix the keen insult,
Or make his life a farce still more complete,
He sends his groan across the broad Atlantic,
And with a phiz of crocodilian stamp,
Can weep and wreathe, still hoping to deceive;
He cries—the gathering clouds hang thick about her,
But laughs within; then sobs—
Alas, my country!"

Mrs. Warren's two tragedies, ***Ladies of Castile,*** and *The Sack of Rome,* were read and praised by some of the ablest men of the period. John Adams and Alexander Hamilton were among those who wrote personally to the author, congratulating her in terms of stilted compliment as was the fashion of the day.

Mrs. Warren's range of correspondents was a wide one. In her published correspondence, we find letters to and from many persons of prominence. Hannah Winthrop, wife of Dr. Winthrop of Cambridge, and a woman of more than ordinary intelligence, was a regular correspondent and her letters, like those of Mrs. Warren, breathe a patriotic fervour in almost every line. When Mrs. Washington visited Cambridge, at the time the Commander-in-Chief was stationed there, she was the guest of Mrs. Warren and after that they corresponded regularly. The letters that Mrs. Warren wrote to Mr. and Mrs. Adams are, however, the most interesting and valuable of all the mass of correspondence that has been published. In one of her earlier letters to the Adamses she says among other things: "The generals, Washington, Lee, and Gates, with several other distinguished officers from headquarters (Cambridge), dined with us three days since. The first of these I think, one of the most amiable and accomplished gentlemen, both in person, mind, and manners, that I have ever met with. The second, whom I never saw before, I think plain in his person to a degree of ugliness, careless even to unpoliteness—his garb ordinary, his voice rough, his manner rather morose; yet sensible, learned, judicious, and penetrating; a considerable traveller, agreeable in his narrations and a zealous, indefatigable friend of the American cause; but much more from a love of freedom and an impartial sense of the inherent rights of mankind, than from any attachment or disgust to particular persons or countries. The last is a brave soldier, a high republican, a sensible companion, an honest man of unaffected manners and easy deportment."

The Daughters of the American Revolution of Springfield, Mass., have named their organisation "The Mercy Warren, Chapter," conferring an honour no less upon themselves than upon their gifted "patron saint."

Betsy Ross

The story of Betsy Ross, the woman who made the first flag for the young American republic, has been written for this volume by her great-granddaughter, Mrs. Mary Claypoole Albright Robison, of Fort Madison, Ia., a member of the Jean Espy Chapter, D. A. R.

" . . . Within a few years, there have arisen cavillers, who would have it that Betsy Ross and her connection with Old Glory are a myth. Therefore what I am about to write I will preface by giving my direct line of descent, which comes from this same Betsy Ross. All living descendants of Betsy are from her third marriage; our forbears being the Betsy Ross of flag fame and John Claypoole: Mary C. Albright Robison, daughter of Rachel J. Wilson Albright, daughter of Clarissa S. Claypoole Wilson, daughter of Elizabeth Griscome Claypoole, who was the widow of John Ross, when she made the flag in 1777, always spoken of as 'the Betsy Ross flag.'

"My mother, Rachel J. W. Albright, was born in Betsy's home, brought up under her grandmother's care, and was twenty-four years old when she died. So from Betsy Ross's own lips she received the flag's history, and I from my mother and my grandmother, who spent her last years in our home.

"Betsy Griscome was the daughter of Samuel

Griscome of Philadelphia, a Quaker. She was born January 1, 1752, and died January 30, 1836. When quite young she married John Ross, nephew of Colonel George Ross of Revolutionary fame. John Ross lived but a few years, and died leaving no children. Betsy's father was much opposed to this marriage, for John Ross was not only not a Quaker, but was a strong advocate of 'Colonial Rights,' while Samuel Griscome, her father, was a Tory in sentiment. After her husband's death, which I have heard my mother say was caused from an injury received while guarding a Colonial store-house from British pillage, Betsy, rather than return to her father's house, a discordant element because of her strong Colonial sympathies, decided to continue her late husband's business, upholstering and ship-furnishing, and thus maintain her independence and her patriotic views and work. It was to her husband's uncle, Colonel George Ross, who greatly admired his nephew's plucky little widow, that Betsy owed the privilege of making the flag which on the 14th of June, 1777, was adopted as the flag of the army and navy of the thirteen Colonies.

"Colonel Ross was one of the signers of the

Declaration of Independence and at that time was on General Washington's staff and a personal friend of the Commander-in-Chief. When Washington laid a design he had drawn of the wished-for flag, before his staff, he expressed a wish that he could get some woman with ability enough as a seamstress to put it together for him. Colonel Ross immediately suggested his nephew's widow. So to her he went, accompanied by Colonel Ross and Robert Morris. After talking with Betsy upon the matter, she consented to attempt the work after suggesting some slight changes; one being a star five-pointed instead of six. None of Betsy's family ever thought of saying that she designed the flag. Washington did that himself. Mrs. Ross made it and it was accepted by the Committee and by the Continental Congress.

"Before leaving with the flag one of the members remarked: 'Should we get more Colonies or States we shall have to add more stripes.'

"'Pardon me,' said Betsy, 'more stripes will spoil the symmetry of your flag. Let the symbolic thirteen stripes remain, but for each additional State let a new star shine upon the blue—

there is room.' At first they held their own idea the better one and added stripes until nineteen, I believe, were added; then they began to realise that they were spoiling the flag and so went back to the original thirteen.

"Betsy also advised placing the stars in a circle, saying that it would give no Colony precedence over another. Of course this had to be changed as the number grew. Betsy Ross made many more flags for her country's use; my own grandmother, Betsy's oldest daughter by John Claypoole, continued the business for many years. She, like Betsy Ross, made flags for the navy yard at Philadelphia, but gave it up when war with Mexico was declared, for having become a member of the Quaker society she could not make flags for war vessels. However she continued flag-making for merchantmen and other vessels. When a schoolgirl in Philadelphia, many a set of colours I have seen her put up, and very beautiful they were."

"There is no doubt," says Mrs. Henry Chapman, author of the brochure, *Our Flag*, "but that Betsy Ross made the first flag and that she made the flags for the government for several years. There is an entry of a draft on the United States Treasury May, 1777; 'Pay Betsy Ross £14, 12s. 2d. for flags for fleet in Delaware River.'

"It is claimed that the first using of the stars and stripes in actual military service was at Fort Stanwix, renamed Fort Schuyler, now Rome, N. Y., in 1777. August 2, of that year, the fort was besieged by the English and Indians; the brave garrison was without a flag, but one was made within the fort. The red was strips of a petticoat furnished by a woman, the white from shirts torn up for the purpose, and the blue was a piece of Colonel Peter Gansevort's military cloak. The siege was raised August 22, 1777."

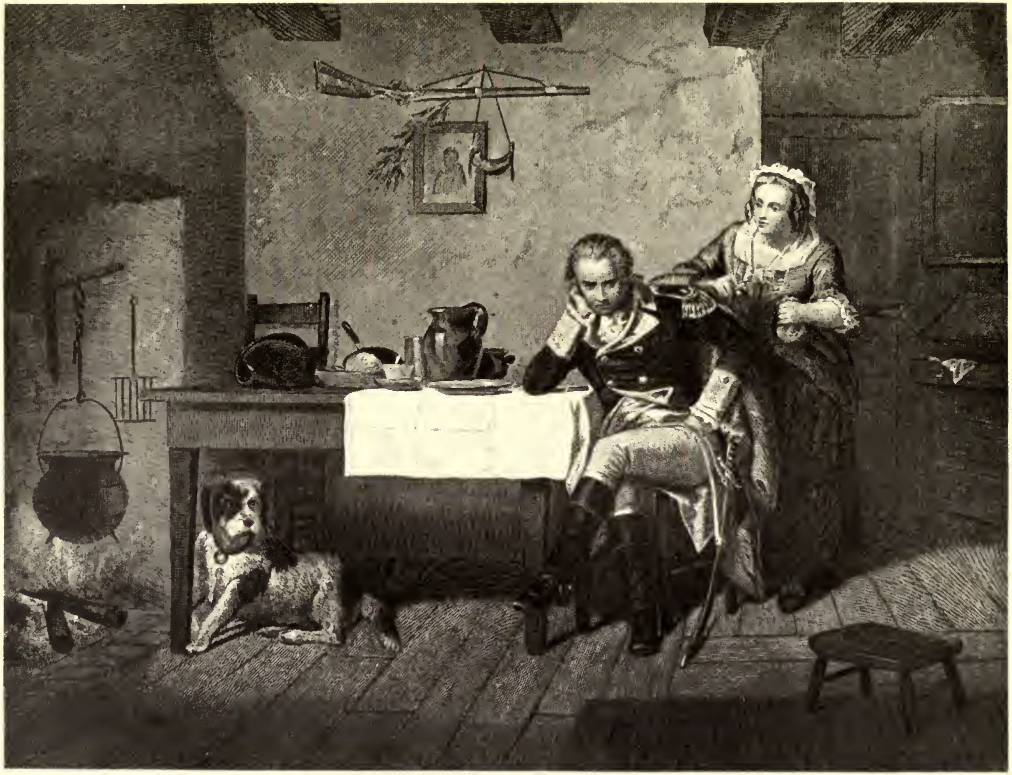
The quaint little old house on Arch Street, Philadelphia, in which Betsy Ross lived and made the flag is still standing, well preserved notwithstanding that it is over two hundred years old and said to have been the second house built after William Penn came to Philadelphia. It is maintained by the Betsy Ross Memorial Association and is visited by tourists and travellers from every State in the Union. Two chapters of the D. A. R. have made Betsy Ross their "patron saint," the Elizabeth Ross Chapter of

Lawrence, Mass., and the Betsy Ross Chapter of Ottawuma, Kan.

Elizabeth Maxwell Steele

Mrs. Elizabeth Maxwell Steele, widow of William Steele, of Salisbury, Rowan County, N. C., was a devoted patriot of the Revolutionary period and an eminent Christian woman noted for her public spirit and her benevolence. By her first husband, named Gillespie, she had one daughter who married Rev. Samuel McCorkle, and a son, Robert Gillespie, who was a captain during the Revolution. By her second husband she had one son, General John Steele.

"She was living in Salisbury, near the corner of Main and Council streets during 1781," says a sketch of her life read before the first annual conference of the State D. A. R. "She was at the time landlady of the principal hotel in the place. It was at her house on the evening of February 1, 1781, that the 'Fabius of America,' General Greene, after a hard day's ride in the rain, arrived, 'fatigued, hungry, alone, and penniless,' as he expressed himself to Dr. Read, who was in charge of the sick and wounded prisoners at that place. Mrs. Steele heard General Greene's



Mrs. Steele and General Greene.

From an engraving of the picture by Chappel.

remark, and stepping forward with alacrity, said: 'That I deny; that I most particularly deny. In me, General, you have a devoted friend. Money you shall have and this young gentleman, I am certain, will not leave you without a companion as soon as his own humane business is completed.'

"When she had prepared refreshments for the exhausted General, Mrs. Steele proceeded to fulfil her promise about the money. Taking him to an adjoining apartment, she laid before him her store of gold and silver pieces and generously filled his pockets, giving him at the same time many kind and encouraging words.

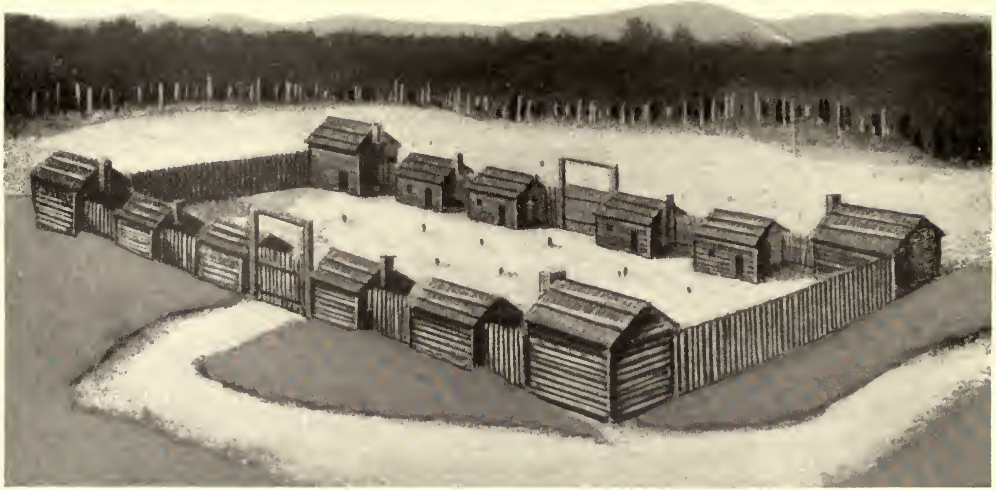
"General Greene's stay was short, but before leaving the house he took from the walls of one of the apartments a picture of George III, which had come from England as a present from some member of the Court to a member of an Embassy, a connection of Mrs. Steele, and with a piece of chalk wrote, 'Oh, George, hide thy face and mourne,' and replaced it with the face to the wall."

The picture with the writing, both uninjured, was still in the possession of descendants of Mrs. Steele and her daughter, Mrs. McCorkle, in

Charlotte, a few years ago. Mrs. Steele died in January, 1791, generally lamented.[3] The Salisbury Chapter D. A. R., which bears her name, has placed a bronze tablet on the building now standing on the site of her tavern.

Hannah White Arnett

Hannah White Arnett was the wife of Isaac Arnett, a wealthy and respected citizen of Elizabethtown, N. J. Both were Quakers, members of the Society of Friends that centred about that point. Most of the society sympathised with the patriots in the Revolutionary struggle, though opposed to armed resistance—all except Hannah Arnett. In the dark days of 1776, when defeat after defeat had greatly disheartened the Americans, Lord Cornwallis, after his victory at Fort Lee, marched his army to Elizabethtown in December and went into camp. On November 30th, Lord Howe issued his proclamation calling upon all people to present themselves within sixty days, declare themselves peaceful British subjects, bind themselves not to take up arms, etc. A meeting of prominent members of the Quaker society was held at the house of Isaac Arnett to discuss the advisability of accepting



The Fort, Boonesborough.

From the State Year Book, Kentucky, D.A.R., 1910.

this offer of protection. The debate was long and grave. Some were for accepting the offer at once; others held back a little, but at last all agreed that it was the best thing to do. Hope, faith, loyalty, courage, honour—all seemed swept away upon the flood of panic. Then it was that Hannah Arnett stepped into the room and by a few burning words turned the tide, and the secret pact made that day, that they would support the American cause loyally until independence was attained, was faithfully kept. Hannah White Arnett was born in Bridgehampton, N. J., in 1733, and died at Elizabethtown in 1824, leaving several descendants.

Anna Warner Bailey

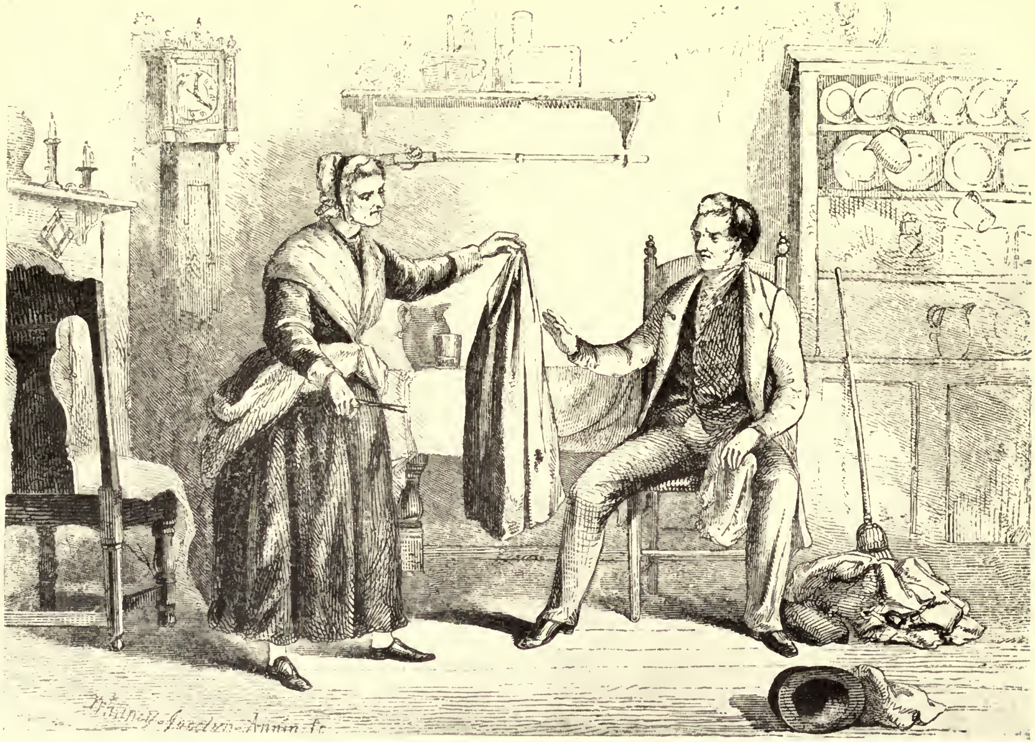
There was consternation in the little Connecticut village of New London in 1813 when the British fleet chased Decatur into its harbour. Fear was rife that bombardment would follow, and there were many alive who held vivid remembrance of the capture of Fort Griswold and the atrocities of Arnold and his British and Hessians. There came a hurrying to and fro to put the old fortifications in a state of defence. The little seaport, with its shipping rotting in its harbour because of the Embargo Act, was as unprepared for war as the young nation itself. At the last moment it was discovered that there was a lack of flannel for the making of cartridges. The shops and private houses of New London had been canvassed, but still there was not enough.

"Well, then," said Ephraim Latham, a prominent citizen and member of the Committee of Safety, "I 'll go across to Groton and see what my old friend Mistress Bailey can do for us."

Over the river Thames he went, to the house of Postmaster Elijah Bailey. He knew the sterling patriotism of the postmaster and his good wife. "Mrs. Bailey," he said, "the folks over at the fort are short of material for making cartridges. I gathered up all the old flannel I could find in New London, but it was n't enough. Can you help us any?"

"Well, I don't know as I have any," said the dame, "but I 'll try and find some if you 'll sit down and wait till I come back."

Mrs. Bailey went among her neighbours and collected all the children's flannel petticoats she could find. Returning to Mr. Latham with these she was informed that it was not enough.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Mrs. Anne Warner Bailey.

From an old wood engraving.

"You can have mine, then," she said, and with her scissors she snipped the "shirr string" that secured it, and continued: "It 's a new one and heavy, and I don't like to lose it, for I don't know when I 'll get another, but I won't care if it goes through an Englishman's insides."

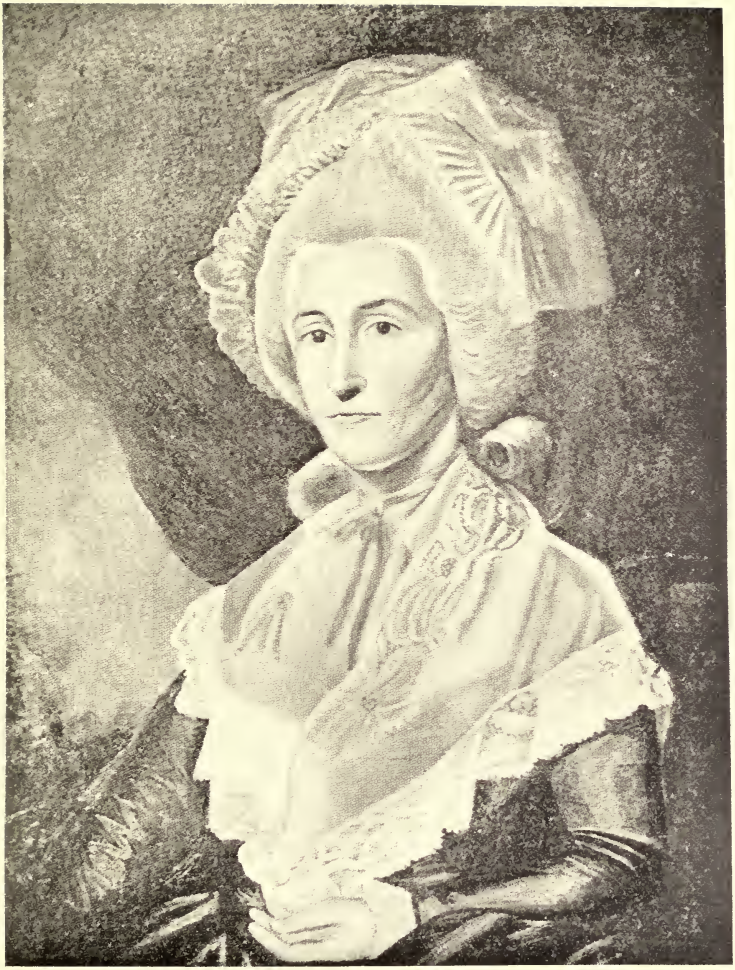
Of course Mr. Latham told of the incident and the good dame was ever after called "The Heroine of Groton."

But Mistress Bailey was a heroine, ready made, long before the soldiers and marines of old Fort Griswold wanted to raise her striped petticoat as a flag under which to fight the British.

On that grim September morning in 1781, when Benedict Arnold came back to the home of his boyhood with a force of British and Hessians to kill, burn, and plunder the defenceless villagers, Col. William Ledyard was in command of Forts Griswold and Trumbull, and there were barely enough soldiers in the two to man the walls of Fort Griswold, which was soon overwhelmed. The burning and sacking of New London was one of the foulest blots in the despised career of Arnold, and the butchering of Col. Ledyard with his own sword after he had surrendered it to the ruffian Bromfield was in thorough keeping with the act of his soldiery, who piled forty wounded men in a cart and then started it down the hill toward the river. The cart struck a tree and was overturned, throwing out the torn and mangled victims, who were cared for by a little band of women, headed by Fannie Ledyard, a niece of the murdered commandant.

One of the women who helped care for the wounded was Anna Warner, a pretty, flaxen-haired orphan girl who lived with her uncle, about three miles away, and thereby hangs the tale. Mistress Anna had a sweetheart in the garrison, Elijah Bailey, son of a neighbouring farmer. Young Bailey had been detailed with another soldier to man the advanced battery of one gun. They had fought their gun manfully until the near approach of the enemy was likely to cut them off from the fort, when they retired, but not until the lad had spiked his gun so that it might not be turned against his countrymen. That delay lost him his chance to gain the fort and he was captured by the British, carried to New York where for months he suffered the horrors of the prison ships.

Edward Mills, Anna's uncle, had hastened to



Mrs. James Duane.
From an old painting.

join the patriots at Groton Heights at the first alarm, early in the morning, leaving his wife and Anna at the farm. A few hours later Mrs. Mills gave birth to a son. At sunset her uncle had not returned and Anna, after attending to the household and farm duties and leaving her aunt in care of a neighbour woman, hurried to the battlefield. After some time she found her uncle, badly wounded and unconscious. Bringing water in an empty cartridge box she revived him and with the aid of a boy she carried him to shelter and told him of the birth of his son. "Oh, if I could only see Hannah and the baby I should die content!" he said to the girl. Making him as comfortable as possible, she hurried back to the little farm house, where she caught the old family horse and saddled it. Then helping the sick woman to mount, she carried the babe and walked beside the horse back to the fort, where she arrived in time for the dying man to give his last blessing to his wife and child.

After the close of the war, Anna was wedded to the young gunner, and they went to live in the town of Groton, where he had been born and reared. During the administration of President Jefferson, Capt. Bailey, as he was always called by his fellow townsmen, was appointed postmaster, which position he held until his death in 1848, a period of forty years.

The incident of the flannel petticoat in the War of 1812 brought the good old lady into much prominence. She was visited by La Fayette, President Monroe, Gen. Jackson, Martin Van Buren, Col. R. M. Johnson, and other distinguished guests. It is said that Gen. Jackson in a spirit of levity asked to see the famous scissors. The old lady showed them, and then asked permission to cut off a lock of his hair. Old Hickory was acquiescent, and the scissors and the lock of hair are treasured relics in the possession of descendants of the family to this day. Mrs. Bailey retained her cheerful, sunny nature, as well as all her faculties, to the last. She died in 1851, being accidentally burned to death. She sleeps beside her boyhood sweetheart and husband for nearly seventy years, in the old burying ground at Groton, and her loyalty and patriotism are kept in loving remembrance by the D. A. R. Chapter which bears her name in Groton and Stonington.

Mary Fuller Percival

Mary Fuller Percival, wife of Captain Timothy Percival, one of the pioneers of Boone County, Ky., is the "patron saint" of the Van Buren, Ark., Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. She was a Connecticut girl by birth, a direct descendant of Matthew Fuller of Barnstable, Mass., surgeon-general of the Colonial troops a century before she first saw the light in 1737. Her father and mother were Elkanah and Mary Andrews Fuller of East Haddam, where she was married in 1754 to Timothy Percival, when she was seventeen. She was at that time, writes a descendant, "a beautiful girl, with blue eyes and black hair; bright, witty, and full of fun. There is still preserved among her descendants various writings of hers of considerable merit. I have two poems in her own hand, written while her husband and son were in the British prison ship in 1777. There are letters in possession of her descendants, giving an account of a pilgrimage made by her from the village of Chatham, Conn., to Long Island in 1777, to see her husband and her son Elkanah who were imprisoned on the prison ship, *Dart-*

mouth. They had been there thirteen months and the British officials would not allow her to see them. Her son died of hunger and thirst. Her husband, Captain Percival, was exchanged, September 5, 1777, and served in the Continental Army until the close of the war. Jabez Percival, another son, only seventeen at the time of his enlistment, was in the 'Sugar House Prison' in New York, from August, 1781, until September, 1783."

Among the family records, we find a description of the hospital that Mrs. Percival made of her home. Indeed she spent most of her time administering to the sick and wounded soldiers. She was an expert knitter and she and her daughters knit socks by the score for sick soldiers and made bread dough to bind on their blistered feet.

At the close of the Revolutionary War, Captain Percival and his family moved to Ohio and eventually into Boone County, Ky., where they established a permanent residence. The history of that county makes mention of the hospitable home of Captain Timothy Percival and the many kind deeds done by his wife—a home where a soldier was always sure of a welcome. She was a devout member of the Congregational church, and lived to be eighty-two years old, dying in 1819, four years after her husband, and the two sleep side by side in the "Old Graveyard" in Boone County.

Alice Kollock Green

"Being well Opined of the Prudence and Economy of my well beloved wife Alice Green, I give and bequeath unto her all my estate, both real and personal, whatsoever and wheresoever the same may be found, to be held by her and her assignees during her natural life and to be made use of as she may think proper, without impeachment of waste and without Let or Molestation of any person or persons whatsoever."

This time-stained old document which was probated in Bucks County, Pa., in 1796, is a tribute not only of affection, but of the appreciation of her executive and business ability paid his wife by Captain John Green. Naming his son and three sons-in-law, all active in business and professional life as co-executors, he nevertheless made her control and use of his estate absolute. But as he drew his will old Captain Green undoubtedly recalled the troubled days of the

Revolution when during his enforced absences she had managed his affairs with great success and upon one occasion had made sacrifices for him that threatened herself and growing family with absolute want.

Alice Kollock was the daughter of Lieutenant Jacob Kollock and granddaughter of Colonel Jacob Kollock, who had served through the French and Indian War and was a member of the Provincial Assembly of Pennsylvania for more than forty years prior to his death in 1772. The Kollock family was one of the oldest in the lower counties of Pennsylvania (afterward Delaware), having settled there as early as 1686. Of her girlhood little is known except that she was educated according to the customs of the time, had her "seasons" in Philadelphia where her immediate family were members of Christ Church and intermarried with the Swift and White families and with the Livingston family of New York. She was married in Christ Church, in June, 1765, to Captain John Green, commander of a trading vessel owned by the great mercantile house of Willing, Morris & Co. Later, Captain Green was given an interest in the "ventures" he carried, and finally came to command his own ship. His absences from home were frequent and often protracted. Consequently the care of the little family and the management of their property were left almost entirely to the young wife. That her "prudence and economy" were equal to the task was shown in the steady advance in the family fortune, the education of the children, and the gradual increase of his interests in the ventures until he walked the deck of his own vessel.

Then came the Revolution, and one of the first to receive a commission in the Pennsylvania State Navy was Captain John Green, October 10, 1776. Naval records of the Revolution are very inadequate, partly because the Colonies acted independently in fitting out boats and records were scattered and lost, and partly because of the destruction of other records by the burning of the capital by the British in 1814. So of Captain Green's official life little is known during the first two years of the war. That he was transferred from the State to the Continental Navy in 1778, and was at Bordeaux, is shown by the John Paul Jones MS. letters in the Library of Congress; that he was again in the State service in 1779 is known by the Pennsylvania Archives;

and in command of the ship *Nesbitt*, which was captured by the British, and captain and crew taken to the infamous Mill prison at Plymouth, England. The treatment of American prisoners there was notoriously bad. They were half starved, deprived of medical attendance and medicines as well as every comfort, unless they had the ready money to buy what they wanted or to bribe their keepers. Word of this came to the ears of Alice Green and she was half wild with anxiety.

"What can be done to help him?" she asked of an old sailor friend of her husband.

"I do not know," he replied, "but I was never in any place that money would n't get me most anything I wanted."

Her response was prompt and to the point. Her patriotism was as unfaltering as his own, and her sympathies were aroused for all the Americans who were being starved in the British prison. All that she had saved was turned into gold. Into the fund went the possible future livelihood of herself and family. To this she added her jewelry, even her rings and other belongings, retaining only the bare furnishings of her home. How this money was got to Captain Green is not known, but with it he was able to alleviate the sufferings of his own crew and to aid many others, giving them gold in exchange for their Continental or Colonial scrip which was worthless to them.

How Captain Green escaped from the British prison is not known but it is quite possible that Mrs. Green's gold helped to turn the key of his prison. Anyway he was in France in the latter part of 1779, without a parole, as is shown by letters that passed between him and John Paul Jones in December of that year. Captain Green returned to America in command of the *Duc du Lausan*, a twenty-gun ship purchased by the Colonies from France. The ship brought gold to pay troops in America and was convoyed by the *Alliance*, Captain "Jack" Barry. It was on this trip, off the coast of Cuba, that the last naval engagement of the Revolution was fought. The *Alliance* captured the British ship *Sibyl*, only to be forced to release her as the British fleet closed in, the *Duc du Lausan* having made her escape in the meantime by Captain Barry's orders.

Not until his arrival home did Captain Green and his wife realise the real extent of the sacrifice they had made. The Continental currency had so deteriorated in value that a granddaughter of Mrs. Green, who lived with her in her declining years wrote: "Grandma has whole drawers full of paper money which she lets me have to play with."

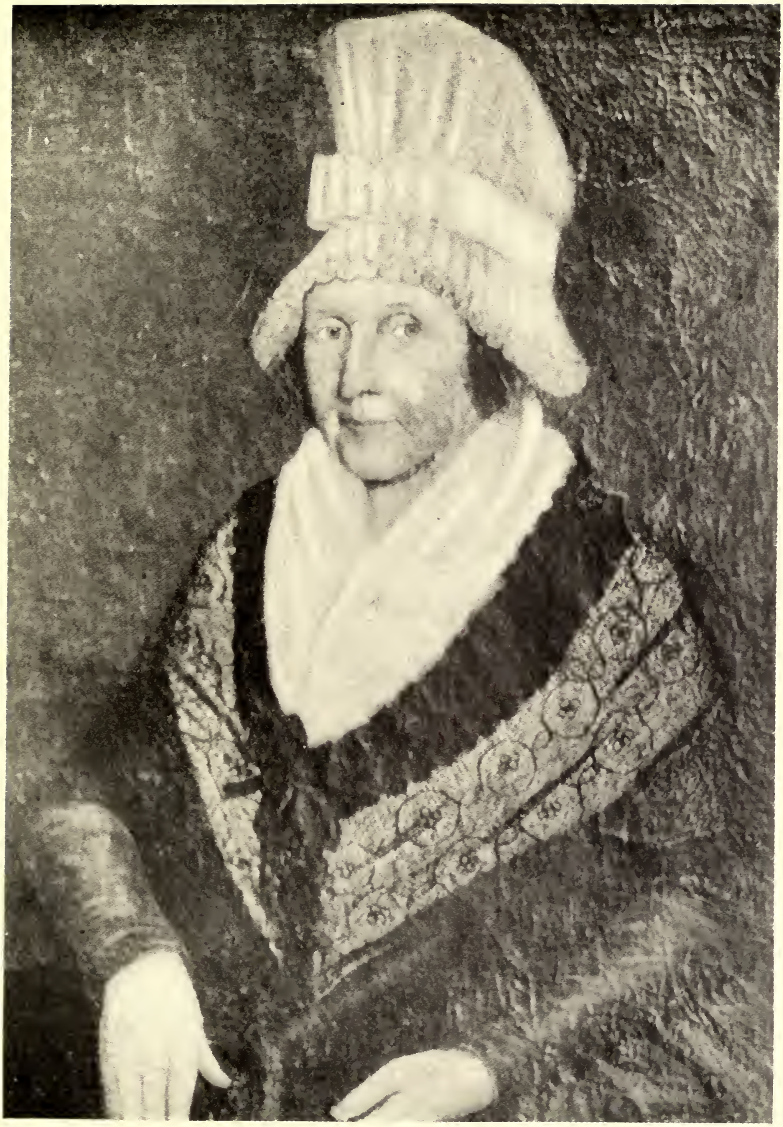
But with her "prudence and economy" the wife of Captain Green had pluck and there was no time wasted in repining. A few weeks spent in getting acquainted with his family and he was again pacing the deck. In 1783, Robert Morris of Philadelphia and certain New York men fitted out a vessel for a "Venture to China," and while the New York men chose the supercargo,[4] Mr. Morris offered command of the ship, the *Empress of China*, to Captain Green, who selected his brother-in-law, Captain Peter Hodgkinson, as executive officer, and, carrying a "leave of absence" from the naval service, issued through Morris, he sailed from New York, February 22, 1784. While in New York, before sailing, Captain Green became a charter member of the Society of the Cincinnati. On this voyage the *Empress of China* carried the American flag into Chinese waters for the first time, and the return voyage was memorable because of being made by way of the Straits of Sunda, with a direct course for home after rounding the Cape of Good Hope, thus shortening the usual trip by several months, and arriving in New York in May, 1785. A few years later Captain Green retired to his country place on the Neshominy Creek, near Bristol, Pa., leaving the command of his ship to his son-in-law, Captain Walter Sims, whose home, "China Retreat," was about two miles from his own. Both houses are still standing. Captain Green died in 1796, but his wife lived until 1832, surviving not only her husband but the sons and sons-in-law named with her as executors of his will. She was buried beside his remains in the St. James Churchyard in Bristol.

Mary Fish Silliman

Mary Silliman, wife of General Gold Selleck Silliman of Connecticut, and daughter of Rev. Joseph Fish, was a woman of quick wit and great determination. She was the widow of Rev. John Noyes of New Haven when Colonel Silliman married her in 1775. He was a prosperous lawyer and colonel of the local militia at the time, and had one son by a former wife, a young man of nineteen. In June, 1776, Colonel Silliman was made a brigadier-general of the Connecticut troops and placed in charge of the defence of the south-western frontier of the Province.

General Silliman's activity here brought him to the notice of the British and in May, 1779, Sir Henry Clinton sent a party from New York to capture him. He was at his home on Holland Hill and was taken entirely unawares at midnight, along with his son William, then a major in his father's command. It was three weeks before Mrs. Silliman knew where her husband had been taken. Then for the first time he was allowed to communicate with his wife and relieve her suspense. He was confined at Flatbush, L. I., and Major William Silliman was released on parole and at once returned to his home to make arrangements for his step-mother's safety against the rumoured invasion of Fairfield.

The invasion came, and from the roof of her home Mrs. Silliman saw the British landing troops. Preparations had been made and soon she with her little son Selleck were on their way to Trumbull, where a month later, August, 1779, another son was born to Mrs. Silliman, afterward Prof. Benjamin Silliman, the distinguished scientist of Yale College. As soon as possible after



Mary Silliman.

From a portrait by Moulthrop of New Haven.

the birth of her son, Mrs. Silliman began making plans for securing the exchange of her husband. From the first she was met with the argument that the Americans held no prisoner of sufficient rank, for whom an exchange could be made. She consulted with Governor Trumbull and other of her friends, and finally it was decided that a prisoner must be taken of sufficient rank and standing to force an exchange. Judge Thomas Jones of the Supreme Court of New York was the victim selected. He was a noted loyalist who lived in a castle-like mansion near Hempstead, L. I. By November 4th, all of Mrs. Silliman's plans were perfected. Captains Hawley, Lockwood, and Jones and Lieutenants Jackson and Bishop of General Silliman's command volunteered for the service, together with men enough to man a whale-boat. They landed a few miles from the home of Judge Jones and after concealing their boat proceeded to his residence, which they reached about 9 o'clock on the evening of November 6th. The time had been well chosen. Judge Jones was entertaining a party of friends and the sounds of their merry-making covered the approach of the invading party. From the sheltering shrubbery, Captain

Hawley located his intended prisoner, who was standing near a window close to an outside door. The party smashed in the door and seizing Judge Jones and a man named Hewlett, with whom he was talking, beat a hasty retreat. The kidnapping party travelled all night and then lay in hiding until they had eluded their pursuers and reached their boat on the night of November 8th. They had taken two other prisoners, besides Judge Jones, and Mr. Hewlett, and had lost six of their own men who were captured.

Upon the arrival of the captive Judge, Mrs. Silliman invited him to breakfast, which he was allowed to accept under guard. She tried to make his captivity as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, assuring him that he and his family had her sympathy, but she writes that he was "insensible and void of complaisance and a sullen discontent sat upon his brow," all of which would seem to show that the learned Judge was lacking in a sense of humour. Judge Jones was removed to Middletown for safe keeping, but it was not until the following spring that negotiations were completed for the exchange, which was made by boat, the two prisoners meeting and dining together, midway, and were then transferred to the boats that were to take them to their respective homes.

General Silliman died in 1790 and the declining years of his widow were made more unhappy by financial embarrassments that she was forced to face. His services in the army had cost heavily; his law practice had run down, and the expenses of his imprisonment and rescue were heavy. As he was not an officer of the Continental line, and was not in active service at the time of his capture, she received no recompense from the government, and for several years suffered great inconvenience, but extricated herself and educated her sons. She was married a third time, in 1804, to Dr. John Dickinson of Middletown, Ct. She died in 1818, aged 83 years. A Chapter of the D. A. R. at Bridgeport bears her name.

Anne Frisby Fitzhugh

Anne Frisby, daughter of Peregrine Frisby of Cecil County, Md., was born in 1727, and married to John Rousby who died in the early fifties. In 1759, she was married to Col. William Fitzhugh, an officer in the British army. At the beginning of the differences between the Colonies and the mother country he had been retired on half pay and was living on his large and highly improved estate at the mouth of the Patuxent River in Maryland. When Colonial discontent ripened into rebellion, Colonel Fitzhugh, though advanced in years, feeble in health, and nearly blind, openly espoused the cause of the Colonies. He was unable to bear arms but in other ways gave constant aid to the cause. Their two sons, Peregrine and William, entered the Continental Army and did excellent service. On account of his influence in the community, Colonel Fitzhugh had been offered full pay by the British if he would remain neutral but declined to do otherwise than declare himself openly. He took his seat in the Executive Council of Maryland, giving his vote and support to every measure calculated to advance the patriot policy, as well as travelling from town to town making stump speeches. This activity soon made him a marked man with the British and Tories and he received repeated warnings. One day while he was absent, Mrs. Fitzhugh received information that a party of British troops was approaching. She hastily collected her slaves, furnished them with such weapons as could be found, which included twenty stand of arms besides various fowling pieces and hunting rifles belonging to her absent sons, and taking a quantity of cartridges in her apron, she led the way to meet the visitors with a round of shot. The enemy, finding preparations made for resistance, retired hurriedly.

At another time, when news reached them of an intended raid, to capture Colonel Fitzhugh and to plunder the premises, the Colonel and his wife gathered up a few of their valuables and made their escape. When they returned the next day, they found the old mansion a smoking ruin. The family then removed fifty miles farther up the river to Upper Marlboro, where they lived until the end of the Revolution. In the fall, before the close of the war, a detachment of British soldiers landed on the shores of the Patuxent and marched to Colonel Fitzhugh's house, arriving there about midnight. Resistance was impossible and the blind old man replied, when they called for him to come down, that the door would be opened at once. Hastily lighting a candle and putting on her slippers, Mrs. Fitzhugh stole into another room, where her two sons, who were paying her their first visit for months, were sleeping, and told them how best to make their escape. The night was dark and the rain was falling, making it easy for them to get away, though only half clothed, through a back door as their mother unlocked the front. The troops rushed in and she calmly asked what they wanted. "We want Colonel Fitzhugh,"—then seeing the parts of their dress left behind by her sons—"What officers have you here?"

"No one but my own family," she answered.

"Well, we will have to take these," said the officer, pointing to the caps, holsters, and cloaks of the young men who had but just escaped. Nothing else was touched in the house, though the table was set with valuable plate.

Mrs. Fitzhugh, in obedience to orders from the officer, went to assist her husband in dressing and returned with him, unmindful that she had not dressed herself. When she learned that Colonel Fitzhugh was to be taken at once to New York, she turned and taking his arm, said decidedly: "Then I am going with you to take care of you." She insisted to the officer, who demurred at taking her, that because of his blindness she must go with her husband and would not be separated. She was not even given time to dress so great was the haste of the British to get away, but a cloak was thrown over her shoulders and the little party started toward the river where a boat was moored in readiness. Suddenly a gun shot was heard. The officer and men, believing that it meant a gathering of Americans, suddenly turned to Colonel Fitzhugh and told him that if he would give his parole, they would release him. He consented, and the British pushed off as rapidly as possible. On their return to their house, the Colonel and Mrs. Fitzhugh found that their negroes had all disappeared, with the exception of one little girl who had hidden herself in the attic. The slaves had evidently been taken away while their master was absent. Probably that was the reason of the raid.

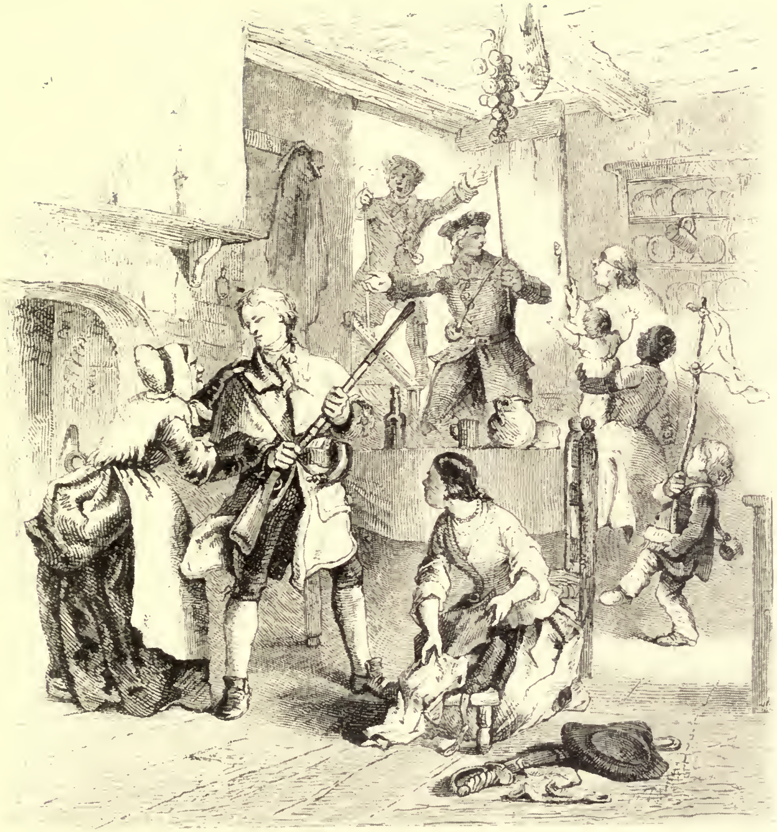
Of the two sons, Peregrine and William, both became officers and served with distinction. Captain Peregrine Fitzhugh was for some time an aide on Washington's staff. He married Miss Elizabeth Chew of Maryland and removed to Sodus Bay, on Lake Ontario. William Fitzhugh married Miss Anne Hughes of Maryland and went to live near Geneseo, N. Y. Anne Frisby Fitzhugh died in 1793, and was buried by the side of her first husband at "Rousby

Hall" in Maryland, but it has remained for the D. A. R. of Bay City, Mich., to pay the tribute to her memory of naming her as a patron saint of their Chapter.

Mary Aldis Draper

Mary Aldis, of Dedham, Mass., married for her second husband Moses Draper and lived her life out on a farm on the high-road leading from Dedham to Boston. Moses Draper died in January, 1775, three months before the battle of Lexington. At the time of that battle, Mrs. Draper was fifty-six years old and the mother of six children. Her eldest son, Moses, aged thirty-one and married, at once joined Captain Moses Whiting's first Roxbury company of minute-men and became lieutenant. Three of his four brothers took their places in the ranks, and the mother had a struggle to prevent her youngest boy, only thirteen years old, from joining his brothers. The days were busy with warlike preparations and Mrs. Draper was filled with patriotic zeal.

When the call came for the minute-men and volunteers to mass at Roxbury Neck, she realised that there would be hundreds of footsore and



Receiving the News from Lexington at Roxbury Neck.

From a drawing by White.

hungry patriots pass her door on their road to the front and this opened up a way for her to aid the cause. She would feed these hungry volunteers, or as many of them as she could. She had two large out-door ovens, each capable of supplying bread for a neighbourhood, and her granaries were well stocked. With the aid of her daughter and her youngest boy she set to work. Immense mixing boards were built, fires were lighted, dough was kneaded, and soon the ovens were turning out great batches of odorous brown bread. With the help of a disabled veteran of the French and Indian War, who had been long in the family, tables were built by the roadside and these piled high with bread and cheese, while the boy brought pails of cider from the cellar. All day long the hungry volunteers poured by on their way to the front and many were the blessings called down on the head of Mary Draper by the footsore and hungry Continentals as they paused to snatch a hasty lunch. When her own supplies began to run low, Mrs. Draper called upon her neighbours. These responded and the good work was carried on for several days, until the need for it was passed.

Soon after, came the battle of Bunker Hill and word came of the scarcity of ammunition, General Washington issued an appeal to the inhabitants of the country for powder, lead, or pewter, saying that any contributions, however small, would be gratefully received. Mrs. Draper had a good deal of pewter, which she valued highly, not only for its intrinsic worth, but because most of it came from her mother, but she never hesitated. Within a few hours, her pewter treasures were transformed into bullets for the muskets of the Continental soldiers.

Nor did the patriotic helpfulness of Mary Draper end with dispensing brown bread, cheese, and cider to the hungry soldiers and melting up her teapot and platters for bullets. As winter approached, it became evident that unless private contributions were forthcoming it would be impossible to supply the army with clothing. The domestic cloth, prepared for the family, as was the custom in those days, was cut up and fashioned into coats and small clothes for the soldiers, the family sheets and linen were made into shirts, and hundreds of pairs of stockings she and her daughter knit for the same purpose. Mary Draper died in 1810 and in the old Dedham church is the record: "Nov. 20, Widow Mary Draper, 92 years, of old age." She sleeps beside her husband in the burying ground in West Roxbury. The house in which she lived, built in 1653 or thereabouts, was burned down in 1870, but the Chapter of the D. A. R. at West Roxbury, Mass., which bears her name, has photographs of the old house and one of the doorsills.

Abigail Eastman Webster

"Daniel Webster's father—Ebenezer Webster, had two wives and ten children in all—four sons and six daughters. After the death of his first wife Mr. Webster attempted for some time to take care of his family and attend to his public duties but he was forced to give up and acknowledge that he was unable to do so. He went for council and consolation to his brother's wife, called Aunt Ruth, and after a little thought Aunt Ruth laid her hand on his arm and said: 'Eben, have you ever heard of Nabby Eastman? She is a cousin of Deacon Moses Sawyer's wife. She is a tailoress by trade and knows what life is in every respect. She is a most excellent person. She comes from down below (Salisbury, Mass.)

visiting her relations here. Now, Eben, it is my opinion that Nabby Eastman will make a good wife for you and a good mother for your children. Go home, put on your Sunday suit, and ride over and see Nabby.'

"Mr. Webster obeyed to the letter the directions given him and before many months the manly form of Captain Webster could have been seen on his horse with Miss Eastman seated on a pillion behind him on their way to the minister to be married. When they arrived at their home after the ceremony, they saw the children playing around the house and their father introduced the new mother in these words: 'There, Nabby, are my children.'

"Abigail Eastman was born at Salisbury, N. H., July, 1737, and died in 1816. She was married to Ebenezer Webster, in 1774. They had six children, one of whom was Daniel Webster, born in 1782.

"Abigail Webster was a woman of clear vigorous understanding, and of more than ordinary common sense, and she enjoyed nothing better than a debate on any subject. She was a woman of high spirit, proud of her children and ambitious for their future distinction. Mr. Webster built the first frame house in town, the most northern on the route to Canada. Mrs. Webster was left in this wilderness to care for her family while her husband was in the army—a task that required great courage and determination. A part of their original house is still standing. A 'Webster Birthplace Association' has been formed, which owns the farm, and when the necessary funds are at hand, will make repairs and improve the grounds. Daniel Webster's farm, to which he was so fond of coming, as long as he lived, is near Salisbury." The Abigail Webster Chapter, D. A. R. of Franklin, N. H., perpetuates the memory of Nabby Eastman Webster and their regent, Mrs. Nannie B. Burleigh, has written this sketch of their patron saint.

Nancy Hunter

Nancy Hunter was a dashing frontierswoman of beauty and daring, whose life story is largely mingled with the early history of the Middle West. She was the daughter of Joseph and Mary Hunter, Scotch-Irish immigrants, who had come into Pennsylvania early in the eighteenth century. Joseph Hunter established a large mercantile business at or near Carlisle, but losing considerable money during the early years of the Revolution joined General George Rogers Clark's expedition to the West. In his family, which accompanied the expedition, were his wife, his daughter Jane, wife of Captain Josiah Archer; Mary, wife of Major John Donne; Nancy and a younger daughter and three of his four sons, Joseph Hunter, Jr., David, and Abram. James, the oldest son, was in the Continental Army in the East, where he was killed. Of this family, the mother and her youngest daughter, and one son, Abram, were killed by the Indians.

Nancy Hunter is said to have been a handsome and rarely attractive girl. She certainly saw something of pioneer life and its hardships and dangers and has been called a heroine for the part she played when they were besieged at the time Mrs. Hunter, her youngest daughter, and her son Abram were killed. Not a man could be spared, but food and ammunition must be brought from a cache some distance away. Nancy Hunter, mounted on a fleet horse, dashed out of the fort and got safely off. When she returned she came from another direction and succeeded in gaining the shelter of the fort with no other damage than two or three holes through her clothing which had been pierced with arrows.

Nancy Hunter was married at Fort Jefferson, Ind., to Israel Dodge, the ceremony being performed by her father, who was a magistrate. Israel Dodge had been a soldier in the Continental Army, until badly wounded at Brandywine. Their first child, a son, was born at Fort Vincennes—the first American child, it is said, born in what is now the State of Indiana. Mrs. Dodge was, at the time, at the house of Moses Henry, a British trader, and when the babe was but a few days old a party of Piankeshaw Indians came to the house and seeing the infant and knowing that the mother was an American proposed to kill it, saying, "nits make lice." Henry had some difficulty in preventing them from despatching the baby and they went away so dissatisfied that he thought it best to hide the mother and her child for several days. In her gratitude, Mrs. Dodge named her son, Moses Henry Dodge. In later days the name Moses was disregarded. Mrs. Dodge had one more child, a daughter. Then her husband died and some years later she married Ashel Linn and bore him a son and a daughter. Nancy Hunter's two sons, Henry Dodge and his half-brother, Lewis Field Linn, became eminent in the upbuilding of the Middle West. General Dodge after service in the Indian wars, in both Wisconsin and Iowa, was twice Governor of Wisconsin and afterward United States Senator. His brother, Lewis Field Linn, was equally prominent in Missouri, where he held many positions of public trust. The sisters married prominent citizens of the new country, and their descendants are to be found in half a dozen States of the Middle West. The Daughters of the American Revolution of Cape Girardeau, Mo., have perpetuated the memory of Nancy Hunter by making her their patron saint.

Penelope Van Princes

A noted New Jersey family is that of the Stouts. From the counties of Somerset and Hunterdon alone, the Revolutionary rolls show one major, three captains, one ensign, and seventeen privates of the name. In addition there were a number of descendants of the Stouts bearing other family names. When, therefore, the descendants of the Stouts of Independence, Ia., decided to name their Chapter of the D. A. R., after a noted ancestor, they went back to the beginning of the family in America, in the seventeenth century and chose as their patron saint, Penelope Van Princes.

Richard Stout, probably the first of the name in America, was born in Nottinghamshire, England. He left home because of a disagreement with his father, shipped on board a man of war, serving about seven years, and received his discharge, or possibly deserted, at New Amsterdam about 1640 or thereabouts. Some years before that, a ship from Amsterdam in Holland was driven on shore, at what is now Middletown, Monmouth County, N. J. It was loaded with colonists, who with much difficulty got ashore. While they were still shivering on the sands, the Indians fell upon them, killing, as they believed, the entire party. After they had gone a woman who had lain unconscious came to her senses and though badly wounded managed to crawl to a hollow tree where she remained two or three days. An Indian, chancing to come that way with his dog, was attracted to the tree by the dog. There he found the woman in a most distressed condition. She had been bruised severely about the head and her bowels protruded from a wound across her abdomen. She had been in this awful condition for several days when the Indian found her. In his compassion he took her out of the tree and carried her to his wigwam where he and his squaw cared for her, and treated her kindly until her wounds were healed. The woman was Penelope Van Princes and her husband had been killed by the Indians when the vessel went ashore.

The Indian carried Penelope Van Princes to New Amsterdam in his canoe and sold her to the Dutch settlers. That is how the man and woman, from whom the whole race of Stouts in America is said to have descended, came to be in New Amsterdam. They met and became acquainted and were married. Then they crossed the bay and settled near where Penelope first landed and in 1648 the little settlement held six white families. Richard Stout and his brave wife prospered and grew rich in cleared land and stock as well as in sturdy sons and daughters, of whom they had ten: John, Richard, Jonathan, Peter, James, Benjamin, David, Deliverance, Sarah, and Penelope.

Colonel Joseph Stout, a grandson of Penelope Van Princes Stout, was lieutenant-governor of

West Jersey under George III., and the Stouts have been prominent in New Jersey affairs from Colonial times on. Penelope Van Princes Stout died in 1712, supposed to be about one hundred years old. Her husband died in 1705.

Sarah Swinton McIntosh

Sarah McIntosh, after whom the Daughters of the American Revolution of Atlanta, Ga., have named their Chapter, was a South Carolina maiden of great beauty and dauntless courage, who, in the early days of the Revolution, became the wife of Colonel John McIntosh of Georgia. Colonel McIntosh was a member of the famous and somewhat turbulent Clan McIntosh which gave five brothers to the American cause during the Revolution and one to the Tory—and all fighters—General Lachlan, Colonel John, William, George, and Roderick, all of whom signed the Georgia Declaration of Independence, and the swash-buckling Captain "Rory," of Mallow Hill, the Tory, who boasted that he feared "neither mon, de'il nor demon."

Mistress McIntosh after her marriage went to live on her husband's plantation in Georgia, "where she bravely endured the terrors and vicissitudes of the Revolution, harassed by Tory depredations and endangered by Indian assaults. Braving all, bearing all, she was worthy her soldier husband," writes Emily Hendree Park, in her eloquent and appreciative sketch of Sarah McIntosh in the *American Monthly Magazine*. After the close of the war, there were eight or ten years of peaceful and happy domestic life vouchsafed to her, and then Colonel McIntosh removed to Florida, settling on the St. John's River, about forty miles from St. Augustine. Suddenly and without warning Colonel McIntosh was arrested on charges preferred by the Spanish governor who claimed that he was plotting against the Spanish government. He was imprisoned in the old fortress at St. Augustine and soldiers sent to search his house. The charges against him were denied and no evidence against him of any kind was found. His wife was not permitted to see him, however, and a little later he was transferred to Moro Castle, Havana, where he was left to languish in a dungeon without even being informed of what he was charged. But a few months before this time Mrs. McIntosh had been stricken with blindness, and this the most skilled oculists in that section of the country had been unable to relieve. It was then that Colonel McIntosh came to see that he was mated with as good blood as his own. This blind woman, half distracted with anxiety over her husband, still sorrowing over the death of her only daughter, and left with the direction of a large plantation, wasted no time in useless repining or self-pity. She began at once to learn to "make her hands see." She mastered the details of the plantation work and directed it successfully. She cared for her six little boys, the oldest of whom was barely twelve years, and always and ever she laboured and planned to obtain her husband's release.

"The story of how she obtained permission through her eloquent letter to the Governor of Florida to write to her husband, how she made a trying journey in 'a weak and infirm situation' to St. Augustine to intercede with the Governor in person; how she wrote to the Captain-General of Cuba; how she enlisted the influence of Washington and other great men of Revolutionary times; how she wrote, her eloquence and power increasing with every letter—appealing to every influence, exhausting every resource—the story, we say, would move a heart of stone."

Rather because of a lack of evidence of any wrongdoing than from any humane motive Colonel McIntosh was finally released and returned to his home on the St. John's. He hastily prepared to leave Florida and return to his Georgia home. But it was not with an altogether chastened spirit that he said his good-byes to Florida and Spanish rule. On his way back to Georgia he destroyed the fort on the St. John's at Cow Ford (now Jacksonville), and burned a number of galleys.

"An invalid, alone—a stranger in a strange land—she was yet a valiant warrior, panoplied only in spiritual armor," writes Mrs. Park in conclusion. "Without a material weapon, she fought a good fight and is worthy to be a patron saint of the Daughters of the American Revolution."

Hannah Watts Weston

Hannah Watts, daughter of Captain David Watts of Haverhill, Mass., was a great-granddaughter of Hannah Dustin, that grim heroine who, after the "Sack of Haverhill," killed and scalped her captors, the murderers of her child. She was born in 1758 and in 1774 was married to Josiah Weston and settled down in Jonesboro, Me., where Captain Watts had removed his family some time before.

In June, 1775, word came to Jonesboro that a British ship was bearing down to attack the town of Machias, a few miles away, and all the able-bodied men in the settlement gathered at the house of Josiah Weston, armed and ready to go to Machias and help defend the town. There were some twenty-four or twenty-five of them, including Captain Watts, his two sons, and his son-in-law. Before they left, Mrs. Weston learned that they carried a very small supply of powder and bullets. After the little force had started this knowledge preyed on Mrs. Weston's mind and she went around the settlement from house to house and collected all the powder and bullets and pewter available for the making of bullets that she could find. She gathered between thirty and forty pounds of ammunition of this sort, which she packed for transportation to Machias.

"I know they will need this at Machias," she said to Rebecca Weston, her sister-in-law, who was staying with her. But how to get it there was the question. There was not a man left in Jonesboro, and it was sixteen miles through the unbroken forest to Machias. The two women resolved to carry it themselves. Preparing a quantity of bread and meat, sufficient for two days, they started, Miss Weston carrying the provision and a hatchet and Mrs. Weston a pillow-case full of ammunition. The marks on the trees, a bit of broken twig, a footprint in the moss or leaves made by the men who had gone before, were the only traces they had to direct their footsteps. Once they missed their way and were hopelessly lost until they came to the river which they followed, and finally tired and exhausted they came in sight of Machias, where they found a warm welcome, rest, and shelter. Their ammunition was most thankfully received and was used in the engagement which resulted in the capture of the British schooner *Margaretta*.

After a day's rest the two women returned to Jonesboro by water, with the men who had helped in the capture of the enemy's boat, and suffered little from their long jaunt through the forest with their back-breaking loads.

Mrs. Weston lived to be ninety-five years old, dying in 1855 and the D. A. R. of Machias have made her their patron saint.

Sally Fowler Plumer

There is a tradition among the descendants of Sally Plumer, wife of William Plumer, one of the early governors of New Hampshire and patron saint of the Epping, N. H., Chapter D. A. R., which has been told this way:

One bright day in the autumn of 1788, Sally Fowler was standing in the doorway of her father's home, lost in thought. She had just received her first offer of marriage and was so carefully weighing the matter in her own mind, that she did not notice the approach of an aged woman, poorly dressed, who looked at her intently a few moments and suddenly said: "Shall I help you decide it?"

"No," said the young woman, "you cannot help me."

"Well, then, let me tell your fortune."

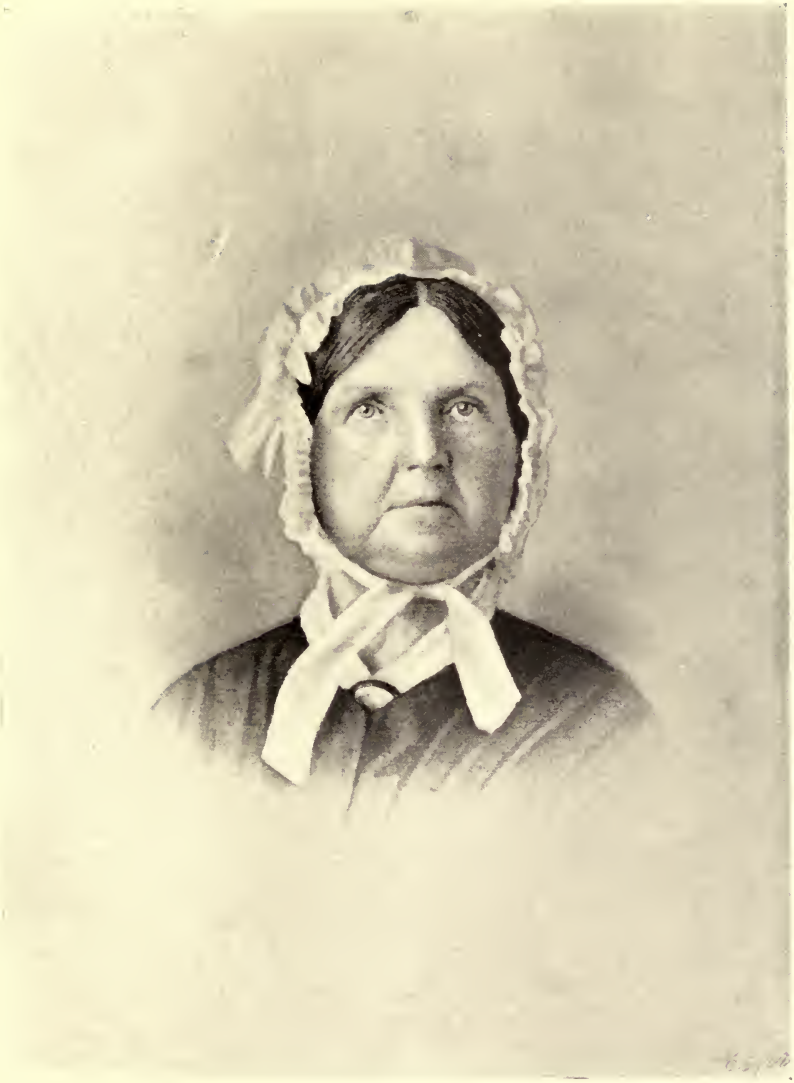
"No," again said the girl, "I do not care to know the future."

The old dame persisted and Sally finally yielded and held out her hand which the old woman examined long and earnestly, and then said: "A man, young and handsome, a widower is courting you, but you will never marry him. Here, girl, is your husband, this tall dark young man with black hair and eyes—he will carry you to a new house painted red—he will attain riches and honours and you will both live to a happy old age."

Sally laughed and said, "I don't believe a word of it." The old woman said, as she turned slowly away: "You may laugh but my words are words of truth."

That night the maid rejected the young widower, much to the disappointment of her mother, who had been planning the match.

A few weeks afterward, Miss Fowler, with some girl friends attended the county fair at Londonderry. Among the other features of the day was a mock trial, in which several young men took part; one of these, a tall, dark-haired black-eyed youth, whose oratorical powers eclipsed those of his fellows. After the trial Sally and her friends discussed the young men who took part, after the manner of girls the world over, and after several others had expressed their opinions, she said, "you are all wrong; if I were to choose, I should take that young Epping law-



Sally Fowler Plummer, Wife of Governor William Plummer of New Hampshire.
Photograph by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.

yer with his manly face and bright black eyes. He has good sense and right feeling—" Just here a clear voice chimed in, "The young Epping lawyer thanks Miss Fowler for the preference she has expressed," and the girls looked up to see young Plumer smiling and bowing before them. The attraction must have been mutual, as their engagement was announced soon after this introduction, and a year after their first meeting they were married and Sally went to live in the new red house which William Plumer had built.

Sally Plumer and her husband lived to be respectively ninety-one and ninety years old and reared a family of six children. The old fortune teller was never seen or heard from afterward. The regent of Sally Plumer Chapter has written: "I know of no instance of her doing anything that would bring her before the public and believe that Epping Chapter chose her as their patron saint because of her devotion to home and family and to all good works and for her standing in the community, as an example of noble American womanhood."

Jemima Suggett Johnson

Colonel Robert Johnson and his wife, Jemima Suggett, of Orange County, Va., with their three children emigrated into Kentucky in 1781 and settled in the Blue Grass region. Soon afterward, Colonel Johnson was forced to return to Virginia and left his wife and family in the fort at Bryant station. On the night of August 14, 1782, the fort was surrounded by six hundred Indians and a few Tories under the renegade Simon Girty. The enemy lay in ambush until next morning, and the first the garrison knew of their presence was when a part of their number made a noisy demonstration at one end of the fort. Old Indian fighters in the garrison at once surmised that this was a feint to distract their attention away from the main gate, at the other end of the fort and a few rods from the spring that supplied them with water, and that the main body of the Indians was in ambush waiting to attack that gate.

About this time it was discovered that there was no water left in the fort. This was most alarming, the water being needed not only for drinking, but to extinguish the fires set by the blazing arrows which it was expected the Indians would use. Not an Indian could be seen in the vicinity of the main gate, but every man and woman in the fort knew that the enemy lay in ambush there, waiting an opportunity to attack the gate as soon as it should be left unprotected. For any man to pass through the gate meant almost instant death. It was Jemima Johnson, who then proposed a plan that has marked her name as a heroine for all time. It had been the custom for the women in the fort to go to the spring every morning for the day's water supply. It was believed that the Indians, who had come in large force to capture the fort, thought that their ambush was still unsuspected and would, therefore, not fire on the women if they went for water as usual, because that would betray their presence. "My daughter Betsy and I will take the lead, if the others will follow," she said, and every woman in the fort was ready. From the oldest grandame to the young girls, bearing buckets and tubs, they streamed out of the big gate, simulating a nonchalance that none of them felt, while the men, with their long rifles at the loopholes, peered through, scarcely daring to breathe. Back came the women with their vessels filled, and while there may have been a little water spilled through nervousness and possibly some little crowding at the gate, they entered the fort again in good order. Then the gate shut behind them and the Indians, believing that the entire garrison was at the opposite end of the fort, began their attack. The fight lasted two days and a night, and then word came that help was coming and the Indians retreated, bearing with them many dead, picked off by the long Kentucky rifles.

When Mrs. Johnson headed the band of water-carriers she left behind in his cradle, her youngest son, Richard Mentor Johnson, who afterward became Vice-President of the United States. It is a matter of historical record that a blazing arrow, shot into the fort by the Indians, set fire to his cradle and that his sister Betsy put out the blaze as she was passing water to the men on the stockade.

This same Betsy afterward married General John Payne, whose fame is a part of the history of the battle of the Thames, fought on the Canadian border, in 1813. Jemima Johnson had four sons, a brother, and a son-in-law in that bloody engagement. Richard Mentor Johnson, the babe of Bryant Station, left his seat in Congress, recruited a regiment of cavalry in Kentucky, and led the "forlorn hope." After being wounded many times and with his right wrist broken, he killed the famous Indian leader Tecumseh, firing his revolver with his left hand, as he lay with his legs fastened beneath his dead horse. General William Johnson, Colonels James and John T. Johnson, and Captain Henry Johnson all won military distinction. Another son, Benjamin, was Territorial Judge of Arkansas. Colonel John T. Johnson resigned a seat in Congress to become an evangelist of the Campbellite faith.

Daughters of the American Revolution of Paris, Ky., chose Jemima Johnson as their patron saint and thus paid a graceful tribute to their first regent, her great-great-granddaughter.

NOTES TO CHAPTER IV

[1] The National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, was organised in 1890. In April of that year, the Sons of the American Revolution, assembled at Louisville, Ky., excluded women from membership. In July, Mrs. Mary Lockwood wrote a ringing letter to the Washington *Post*, in which she asked the question: "Were there no mothers in the Revolution?" It was like a war cry and brought response as ready as came to the call for the minute-men of '76. On August 9th, there was a meeting of women which included Miss Mary Desha, Miss Eugenia Washington, and Mrs. Walworth. They resolved that there should be a national society of daughters of the American Revolution. In October, a second meeting was held,

the society organised, and Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, wife of the President, was elected the first President-General.

[2] Following are the chapters named after eminent women, whose "patron saints" have already been noted in these pages: Pocahontas Chapter, San Angelo, Tex.; Martha Wayles Jefferson, Opelika, Ala.: Deborah Avery Putnam, Plainfield, Ct.; Faith Trumbull, Norwich, Ct.; Martha Pitkin, East Hartford, Ct.; Mary Clap Wooster, New Haven, Ct.; Mary Wooster, Danbury, Ct.; Ruth Wyllys, Hartford, Ct.; Captain Molly Pitcher, Washington, D. C.; Elizabeth Jackson, Washington, D. C.; Martha Washington, Washington, D. C.; Mary Bartlett, Washington, D. C.; Mary Washington, Washington, D. C.; Sara Franklin, Washington, D. C.; Priscilla Alden, Carroll, Ia.; Barbara Standish, Hoopeston, Ill.; Rose Standish, Rock Rapids, Ia.; Abigail Adams, Des Moines, Ia.; Hannah Caldwell, Davenport, Ia.; Martha Washington, Sioux City, Ia.; Mary Brewster, Humboldt, Ia.; Nancy Hart, Milledgeville, Ga.; Dorothy Quincy, Quincy, Ill.; Mildred Warner Washington, Monmouth, Ill.; Nellie Custis, Bunker Hill, Ill.; Dorothy Q., Crawfordsville, Ind.; Mary Penrose Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Abigail Adams, Boston, Mass.; Dorothy Quincy Hancock, Greenfield, Mass.; Lydia Darrah, Lowell, Mass.; Prudence Wright, Pepperell, Mass.; Sarah Bradlee Fulton, Medford, Mass.; Lucy Knox, Rockland, Me.; Elizabeth Schuyler Hamilton, Holland, Mich.; Rebecca Prescott Sherman, Minneapolis, Minn.; Polly Carroll, Palmyra, Mo.; Molly Stark, Manchester, N. H.; Annis Stockton, Palmyra, N. J.; Deborah Champion, Adams, N. Y.; Catharine Schuyler, Belmont, N. Y.; Martha Pitkin, Sandusky, O.; Mary Washington, Mansfield, O.; Phebe Bayard, Greensburg, Pa.; Rebecca Motte, Charleston, S. C.; Mary Slocumb, Moorsville, N. C.; Betty Martin, Temple, Tex.; Lady Washington, Houston, Tex.; Ann Story, Rutland, Vt.; Betty Washington Lewis, Fredericksburg, Va.; Dorothea Henry, Danville, Va.; Elizabeth Zane, Buckhannon, W. Va.; Lady Stirling, Seattle, Wash.; Esther Reed, Spokane, Wash.; Mary Ball, Tacoma, Wash.; Deborah Sampson, Brockton, Mass.

[3] Hon. John Steele Henderson of North Carolina is a lineal descendant of Elizabeth Steele.

[4] Samuel Shaw, of Boston, was made supercargo of the *Empress of China*. He and Captain Green each brought back a dinner service of hand-painted china, the first of its kind in the country A portion of the service brought by Mr. Shaw is now in possession of Mrs. George William Curtis, of Staten Island, N. Y., who comes of the same family, though not of direct descent.

"WHEN greater perils men environ,
Then woman shows a front of iron;
And, gentle in their manner, they
Do bold things in a quiet way."

Chapter V

"Patron Saints" (*Continued*)

Katherine Cole Gaylord, one of the heroines of the Wyoming massacre—Anne Kennedy, a militant maid of North Carolina—Eunice Forsythe Latham, the mother who forced Benedict Arnold to release her son after the capture of Fort Griswold—Mary Henry Honeyman, and the trials of the wife of a spy—Ruth Rutter Hayward, a New Hampshire Pioneer woman—Lucy Dougherty Tucker; a romance of old Fort Dayton—Charity Mersereau, of Staten Island, the Tory hotbed—Charlotte Reeves Robertson, a Pioneer of Tennessee, who saw a great State in the making.

IN the burying ground at Burlington, Conn., there stands a monument bearing the following inscription:

KATHERINE COLE GAYLORD
Wife of
LIEUTENANT AARON GAYLORD,
1745–1840

In memory of her sufferings and heroism at the massacre of Wyoming, 1778, this stone is erected by her descendants and the members of the Katherine Gaylord Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, July 3, 1895.

Katherine Cole Gaylord was the wife of

Lieutenant Aaron Gaylord of New Cambridge (now Bristol), Conn., who had fought at Bunker Hill, remained before Boston until the expiration of his term of enlistment, December, 1775, and then with his wife and three children joined a party of emigrants who were starting for the famous Wyoming Valley. They settled at Forty Fort, and for the next two years lived the usual frontier life. The story of Wyoming Valley,[1] with its long and bitter contentions between Yankee and Pennamite, and that of the subsequent massacre have been too well told to warrant retelling, except the part taken by the women—Katherine Gaylord and her sisters in sorrow. Their story really opens on the morning of July 3, 1778. Colonel William Butler, with four hundred British Provincial troops, between six and seven hundred Indians, and a number of Tories, came down the Susquehanna River and stopped at a point about twenty miles above the fort; from there a prisoner was sent to the fort with a demand for its surrender. A council of war was held. When Lieutenant Gaylord came to his wife, after the council, it was to tell her that the little garrison was going out to fight. Lieutenant Gaylord was opposed to leaving the fort, believing that with their inefficient force a more effectual resistance could be made inside the fort than out, but he gave way to the will of the majority, though with little hope of success. Before he started, he counselled long with his wife and formed careful plans for her escape if he should not come back. Even after mounting his horse, it is said that he rode back to the door and gave her his wallet containing all the money he had. Calling his son Lemuel, he told him to go to the pasture and get the horses and bring them to the fort, as they might need them.

That was the last that Katherine Gaylord ever saw of her husband. Following his direction she packed clothing and provisions ready to fasten on one horse, leaving the other for herself and the three children to ride alternately.

About nine o'clock that evening a friend, worn out, begrimed, and bleeding, came to her door carrying a hat with a bullet hole through it. She knew it was her husband's. He had been killed and scalped by the Indians. About midnight, Mrs. Gaylord and her little brood passed out of the fort into the wilderness. After the second day, one horse went lame, and fearing any delay he was abandoned and thenceforth all walked. For three nights they rested under the trees, the tired children sleeping with their heads on the mother's lap while she watched and listened for wolves, Indians, the hundred black perils of the night. On the fourth day, they arrived at a large stream where Mrs. Gaylord and the boy Lemuel, only thirteen, built a raft to get their possessions across. It was an unfortunate venture as they lost the raft and all it carried. They had now, one horse, one blanket, their flint and tinder, and one musket with a small quantity of ammunition.

For weeks, the brave woman struggled on, cheering her little ones, hiding her own fears as she repressed her grief. After the loss of their provisions, they subsisted on berries, birch bark, roots, and various edible plants. A fire they dared not build for fear of attracting the enemy, and the small stock of ammunition they carried must be husbanded for their protection; also the shot might draw upon them the dreaded savages.

A biographical sketch of Katherine Gaylord, most interestingly told, has been written by Mrs. Florence Muzzy[2] who had the benefit of the remembrances of the little girl Lorena, as told to her grandchildren. Once, she recalled, they went from Thursday until Sunday without food and then met a band of friendly Indians who fed them; afterward they met friendly Indians upon several occasions. As days grew into weeks and Wyoming was left farther and farther behind they built a fire whenever they camped for the night and the boy shot game. Occasionally they met travellers and were almost invariably treated with kindness. On one occasion, they lost the trail and at nightfall came upon a large building with lighted windows through which they could see a company of men eating supper. They were tired and hungry yet almost afraid to enter. Desperation finally drove them to enter a back room where the mother gathered her two little girls beside her while the boy walked into the room and asked for food for his mother and sisters. "In a moment more a light was brought and they were surrounded by astonished men who with curious and pitying faces gazed at the forlorn little group and listened to their pathetic story with manhood's unaccustomed tears. Nothing could exceed their kindness as they rivalled each other in giving comfort to the poor wanderers.

The unwonted luxuries of enough to eat, a bed in which to sleep, and strong ready protectors were theirs that night; while the sense of security must have given the poor mother such a rest as had not been hers for weeks. In the morning they were loaded with provisions and sent on their way with many kind and hearty words."

One time, they were followed all day by a panther that awaited darkness to make an attack. The mother and her two little daughters were riding the horse which the boy was leading. It was cold and raining and their single blanket was but slight protection. The mother was almost wild with terror as the gathering darkness hastened the catastrophe which she feared. Then as she strained her eyes peering into the darkness they came into a clearing in which stood a deserted cabin. The boy led the horse right into the open door, dropped the bar across it, and they were safe. That was not all. The place had evidently been abandoned in haste. There were firewood, potatoes, and corn-meal ready at hand, and with dried clothing, warmth, and a hot supper of roast potatoes and corn-meal cakes the children soon forgot their troubles. They remained in the deserted cabin two days and then again took up their journey. After many weeks they reached the home of James Cole, Mrs. Gaylord's father, all of them in good health notwithstanding their long hard journey. Mrs. Gaylord never married again but lived to the age of ninety-five years. The boy Lemuel enlisted at the age of 16, in 1780, and was at the surrender of Cornwallis. He afterward went back to Wyoming where he married a daughter of Noah Murray. Phebe, the eldest daughter, married Levi Frisbie and emigrated to Orwell, Pa. Lorena, the youngest, married Lynde Phelps of Burlington, Conn., and in her family Katherine Gaylord spent the last forty years of her life, loved and revered by all who knew her. She had lived to look upon the faces of twenty-two grandchildren. Her story differs only in details, more or less tragic, from that of hundreds of other brave and devoted women who fled from that awful scene of blood and pillage.[3]

Anne Kennedy

Anne Kennedy was a North Carolina maid of rare capabilities. She lived in the Pendleton district which was overrun with marauding

Tories during Revolutionary days, and as her father, William Kennedy, and her three brothers were all in the army, she was left to look after the plantation. William Kennedy was a staunch patriot, pugnacious and fearless and one of the most skilful riflemen in the Province. He was both hated and feared by the Tories who took advantage of his absence to harass his household.

Word came to Anne Kennedy in the early autumn of 1780, that the Tories were in the neighbourhood destroying crops, plundering houses, and driving away cattle. Anne was twenty years old at the time and had entire charge of the farm work. A field of oats just ripening was her especial pride. Labour was scarce, all the able-bodied men being in the army, but she finally secured the services of a man who cut the oats and she herself bound and shocked the grain, but before it could be housed the Tories came and she was forced to see the crop destroyed. The Tories then went through the house in search of Mr. Kennedy or his sons. Not finding them and coming out in the yard and seeing the two sons of a neighbour, named Watkins, they shot the lads down in cold blood and then mutilated their dead bodies.

Shortly after the battle of Blackstock's, in 1780, the Tories paid another visit to the house in the hopes of finding Kennedy or his sons. They plundered the house, pulling rings from the women's fingers, cutting a web of cloth from the loom, and tearing open feather beds and scattering the feathers to the wind. Anne's mother attempted to save a blanket by sitting on it. One of the Tories seeing this ran up and pulled it from under her with such force as to throw her to the floor. This was too much for Anne who grasped him by the collar and shoved him out of the door. He grabbed a gun and would have fired but for his captain. Still bent on revenge, the Tory attempted to burn the house by building a fire on a table in the hall. After the fire was well started he left it to get more fuel, and while he was gone Anne extinguished the blaze. Returning, the maddened Tory ran to the kitchen hearth and seizing a firebrand started to apply it to a pile of flax that lay in one corner of the room. Anne sprang between him and the flax and when he approached grappled with him and threw him headlong down a flight of steps into the door yard. In the struggle he had struck her with the brand, a blow which left a scar which she carried to her grave. The maddened Tory sprang up from where he had fallen and grabbing a gun swore that he would kill her but was prevented by his commander who said that the woman should be left alone.

A few months later, when the country was overrun with the enemy a messenger was needed to carry a highly important letter to General Morgan, then stationed at Spartanburg about sixty miles away. The only way to reach this point was through swamps and forests, thick with the enemy. Anne volunteered to carry the despatch and placing it in the sole of her stocking mounted her horse and rode night and day until she reached Morgan and placed the message in his hands.

After the close of the Revolution, Anne Kennedy became the wife of Thomas Hamilton, a soldier in the American army, and they lived about eight miles from the village of Pendleton where they reared eleven children. She died in 1836, in her seventy-sixth year, and sleeps beside her husband in the old churchyard at Carmel, N. C. Daughters of the American Revolution of Oxford, Mississippi, have named their Chapter after Anne Kennedy and thus preserved the memory of her patriotism and loyalty to future generations.

Eunice Forsythe Latham

Eunice Forsythe Latham was the wife of Captain William Latham, an officer stationed at Fort Griswold, under command of Col. William Ledyard. His house was near the fort and in quiet times he was allowed to sleep at home. It was about three o'clock in the morning of September 6, 1781, that Captain Latham was aroused by his orderly sergeant and informed that a fleet of thirty-two vessels was entering the harbour. Captain Latham aroused the house and ordered the slaves to take the women and children to the old Avery house, the home of a relative about two miles away. The captain's son, William, about ten years old, begged permission to remain with his father at the fort. There was a remarkably strong bond of affection between the father and son and the two were seldom separated, consequently the permission was granted and that is how the boy came to be in the battle of Groton.

Lambo, Captain Latham's old body-servant, had put his mistress and the other children in an ox cart and started them on the road to the Avery home and then taken his gun and turned toward the fort.

"Lambo," called his mistress, "your master told you to take care of us."

"Yes 'm," the old man answered, "but there are enough to care for you, an' I 've summered an' wintered Master Billy now for over thirty years an' I 'm not goin' to leave him to-day." With that he went back to the fort.

Captain Latham and Sergeant Rufus Avery were assigned by Colonel Ledyard to take charge of the two largest guns. The firing of these guns, one after the other, was a signal for the neighbouring troops to come to the fort. This plan was frustrated by Benedict Arnold who had charge of this expedition against his countrymen. Arnold had knowledge of this prearranged signal for help and caused a gun to be fired from one of the British vessels with just interval enough to indicate that there were three guns fired from the fort, instead of two. During that entire terrible morning little William Latham worked without stopping, carrying powder from the magazine to his father and Lambo. Toward noon the British carried the outer works and a hand-to-hand struggle ensued during which a British soldier tried to stab Captain Latham in the back with a bayonet. Lambo who had never left his master's side shoved the bayonet to one side and lost the fingers of one hand doing so. The next moment he interposed his body between that of his master and another bayonet and died almost instantly. In a few moments Captain Latham fell beside his old slave, badly wounded and unconscious. His little son crept to his father's side and placing his arms about him shielded the body as much as he was able until the father recovered consciousness. After the surrender of the fort the British found the Lathams and forced the wounded father to his feet to identify the dead. He had discarded his uniform and the British did not recognise him as an officer. He was placed in a cart with a pile of wounded and dying, and the cart was started down the hill toward the steep bank of the river. The cart struck a tree greatly adding to the bruises and suffering of the injured, some of whom it killed. Captain Latham had thrown himself from the cart and so escaped the shock. His son had been held a prisoner by Benedict Arnold.

Later in the day, the women came in search of their loved ones, Mother Anna Bailey Warner, Fannie Ledyard[4] and many others of whom were Mrs. Latham and her daughter Mary, who did not arrive until nearly nightfall. All night they searched in vain. In the morning Mrs. Latham learned that little William was a prisoner in Arnold's hands. She had met Arnold socially many times before his desertion to the British. She at once sought headquarters and walking boldly in, she saw her little son pale and trembling from the effects of the day before. In his hand he held a piece of bread which he did not offer to eat. Walking straight to Arnold, Mrs. Latham said: "I have come for my child, Benedict Arnold."

"Is this a request?" asked Arnold, lightly.

"It is not a request but a demand," said the woman.

"Well take him, but do not bring him up as a —rebel."

"I shall take him and teach him to despise the name of a traitor," was her response as she took her boy by the hand and hurried away. At the old Groton meeting-house the following communion Sunday it is recorded that there were ninety-three members of the congregation present, five men and eighty-seven widows. Captain Latham soon recovered from his wounds, but the boy was never the same light-hearted lad as before, but always he remained the close companion and friend of his father, who died in 1792.[5]

Mary Henry Honeyman

Mary Henry was an Irish lass of quick wit and ready tongue who married John Honeyman shortly after the French and Indian War during which he had served in the British army, a part of the time under Washington for whom he formed a great attachment. At the breaking out of the Revolution he left his wife and several small children at their home in Griggstown, N. J., near Philadelphia and entered the British army, greatly to the astonishment of his neighbours who knew that both he and his wife had been patriots. Only General Washington and Mrs. Honeyman knew that he was a secret spy of Washington.

Most of the wives and mothers of the Revolution, while they suffered from the separation and the anxiety over the fate of their loved ones, had the consolation of neighbourly sympathy and understanding—a friendly word from other women whose men folk were fighting for their country. All this was denied to the wife of the supposed deserter.

John Honeyman was in the employ of the British as a butcher. When he had any information which he wished to convey to Washington, it was his custom to leave the British camp in search of cattle and then manage to have himself captured by the Americans. Washington in such cases always managed in some way to have him escape.

It was John Honeyman who gave Washington the information that led him to the capture of Trenton. In this case as was his custom, after securing all the information that he could, regarding the number and disposition of troops and such other matters as might be of value he went out in search of cattle and was captured, after a great show of resistance. He was taken to Washington who, after interviewing him privately, ordered him locked up in an old cabin and safely guarded. That night a small fire broke out and while his guards were extinguishing the fire, the prisoner escaped. This caused a commotion in camp and Washington appeared very angry; three days later, however, occurred the memorable crossing of the Delaware and the Christmas attack upon Trenton. The news of John Honeyman's capture and subsequent escape reached his home at Griggstown and indignation against him ran high. Already he was known as "Tory Honeyman" and now harsher terms were heard of which "spy" and "traitor" were the most complimentary.

Finally, the feeling against Honeyman grew so strong that a band of patriots surrounded his house at midnight. Mrs. Honeyman appeared at a window and asked what was wanted. The leader told her that her husband was a British spy and a traitor, that they thought that he was concealed in the house and that unless she surrendered him they would burn the house over her head. Mrs. Honeyman appeared greatly grieved at her husband's misconduct but said that she knew nothing of his whereabouts. This only increased the violence of the mob and at last she opened the door and waving her hand for silence asked the name of their leader. "Abraham Baird," was the reply She knew him well as a neighbour and an honourable man. Calling him inside she handed him a paper and asked him to read it to his followers, which he did, as follows:

"NEW JERSEY, NOV., A.D., 1776.

"To the good people of New Jersey and all others whom it may concern. It is hereby ordered that the wife and children of John Honeyman of Griggstown the notorious Tory, now within the British lines and probably acting the part of a spy, shall be and hereby are protected from all harm and annoyance from every quarter, until further orders. But this furnishes no protection to Honeyman himself.

"GEO. WASHINGTON, *Com. in Chief.*"

After reading this the mob dispersed, but while Mrs. Honeyman suffered no more active harassment she had to continually hear and bear the abuse that was heaped on her husband's name. It was a happy day for Mary Honeyman, when after the close of the war General Washington himself raised the veil and thoroughly established the standing of John Honeyman as a patriot who had never wavered in his loyalty to the American cause and had done valuable service for that cause. Then and ever after, John Honeyman was a hero in Griggstown and all the surrounding country. He died in Somerset County in 1812 and was buried with his wife at Lanington, N. J.

Ruth Rutter Hayward

Ruth Rutter Hayward was the first white woman in the "Westmoreland Leg" of the New Hampshire Grants. She and her husband Peter Hayward founded the town of Surry in 1752, or thereabouts, journeying there through the unbroken forests from Mendon or Braintree, Mass., whence came all the Haywards and Howards in America (genealogists say that both are of the same stock).[6] They travelled into the woods, Mistress Hayward, then a buxom matron of twenty-five years, and her three children riding their one horse. Her babe she carried in her arms and the other two rode in baskets lashed to the sides of the horse. Peter, already far famed as a hunter and Indian fighter, led the horse, with a gun over his shoulder and an eye open for danger or game. It was no light undertaking, this journey of hundreds of miles into the woods, sleeping at night under the trees, or perhaps a hastily erected tent of sail-cloth by the side of a roaring camp-fire which had to be kept up all night not so much because of the warmth but as a protection from animals, and living largely upon the game that Peter's gun provided. But they were young and hardy, used to out-door life and the privations of pioneers, and probably thoroughly enjoyed the adventure. Anyway they reached the site that suited them, built their cabin, and fashioned such furniture as they needed, cleared a patch of ground, and began raising their crops.

The Haywards could not have been entirely alone in the wilderness for many months, as three years later, in 1755, we find Peter Hayward hurrying his family into the fort at Keene, N. H., for protection from the Indians and then heading a party which pursued the band which had just killed a woman at the very gate of the fort. The Indians were from Canada, and when they went back, carried with them one of this same pursuing party whom they had captured. Little of detail is known of the daily life of Ruth Hayward except in so far as it was a part of the life of her husband. They were harassed by the Indians, and Peter, already noted as a hunter and a deadly shot with a rifle, became a terror to the savages. Years later, an old and friendly Indian told of lying at one time concealed in a clump of bushes waiting to kill Peter Hayward, who he knew must pass that way. But when the hunter came he was accompanied by his bull-dog, an animal which the Indians had already come to fear as much almost as they feared its master. "I aimed at first at Hayward," he said, "and then at the dog but did not dare to shoot for I knew that whichever I killed the other would kill me."

"It is related of this same Peter Hayward," writes the author of the *History of Gilsum*, "that one Friday noon, Mrs. Hayward informed him that their meat and meal were all used up and they had n't bread enough to last till Monday nor any money with which to buy. About four o'clock, leaving his boys to go on with their work, he took his gun (a very long one, now owned by N. O. Hayward), and went over west on the hills, about a mile. As he looked about he saw a fine buck rubbing his horns against a tree; the distance was thirty or forty rods but he feared to get nearer, and putting an extra bullet in his gun, and in the extremity of his need lifting a prayer for success he fired and killed him. He hung up three of the quarters where the meat would be safe, and carried the other quarter and the skin back home. It was after dark when he took his horse and started for Northfield, Mass., a distance of thirty miles, where he sold the buckskin (then in great demand for military uniforms), bought three bushels of corn, and after getting it ground, started for home, where he arrived on Saturday night."

It is a family tradition that this same Peter Hayward went to the battle of Bunker Hill, wearing his leather apron and accompanied by his bull-dog. He was at work in his blacksmith shop when word came of the engagement of Concord and Lexington and he had at once started for Boston. When at the battle their ammunition was spent and the Americans were forced to resort to their bayonets, the story goes that Peter and the dog were in the front ranks. Later we find the names of "Peter Hayward (or Howard)" and his son "Silvanus Hayward (or Howard)" enrolled for the expedition to Ticonderoga. Before that the names of both father and son were attached to a "declaration of independence signed by every male inhabitant of Surry" with the exception of a Tory officer who was forced to leave the section. This declaration was issued some three months before the Declaration of Independence at Philadelphia. Ruth Rutter Hayward died in 1761, the mother of five children. Peter Hayward married twice afterward, as follows: Esther Holmes in 1762 by whom he had six children; Mrs. Fay in 1782, who died without issue. He died in 1791, and is buried in the old graveyard in Surry.

Lucy Dougherty Tucker

"Little Lucy" Dougherty she was called in old Fort Dayton, where Charles Dougherty, Assistant Commissary General of the Continental Army, took his little daughter for protection after the war, when the Indian uprising along the Mohawk River threatened every family in the valley with death. There were other children in the fort and merry times they had, notwithstanding the dangers lurking outside, and the privations which were felt by their elders only added to the zest of living for the little folks.

She was a lithe, lightfooted lass and could outrun all her companions, an accomplishment that was to stand her in good stead before many weeks. As the Indian depredations grew less frequent, the children were allowed to go outside of the fort, though not out of sight, as it was known that the savages were still in the vicinity. One day, however, tempted by the blackberries which hung ripening from the bushes, the children wandered far afield. Suddenly, several Indians who had been in hiding sprang out upon them. Almost paralysed with terror, the children were easily caught—all except Little Lucy, who ran as she had never run before and reached the fort in safety. It was more than a year before the other children were recovered by their parents and not all of them then.

In the fort at the same time as Little Lucy Dougherty, there was a bright-eyed and sunburned lad from New Hampshire, named Josiah Tucker, who had been so fired with patriotic enthusiasm when the shot at Lexington was heard echoing around the world that he begged to be allowed to go to war in the little company of which his schoolmaster was captain, and was nightly drilling on the village green of their home in Salisbury, N. H. His brother, Dr. John Tucker, was already enlisted as surgeon in the company. The stern Puritan father had said, "the battle-field is no place for a boy of eleven," but Josiah, though in the main an obedient son, felt the patriotic fervour burning in him until his filial obedience was forgotten, and one night he stole away and joined his brother and schoolmaster at the camp. Because of his unusual size and manly bearing, the boy was given a gun and knapsack and took part in many important battles of the Revolution. He always gloried in the fact that he was present and played his little part in the raising of the first American flag unfurled in battle, at old Fort Schuyler, August, 1777, when the battle of Oriskany was fought, the engagement believed by many authorities to have been the decisive battle of the Revolution.

After the war was over Josiah found refuge with other patriots in Fort Dayton (now Herkimer, N. Y.) and there met his future wife, whose father, after the war was over, had moved to German Flatts and started the first school for white children in the Mohawk Valley, until the depredations of the Indians had driven them into Fort Dayton. When conditions warranted, the people moved back to their cabin homes and the young Josiah married the Little Lucy, now grown to fifteen years of age, moved into the town of Frankfort, built a cabin, cleared a home in the forest, and became, in time, the father of eighteen children. Mrs. Lucy Tucker was possessed of unusual qualities as a nurse and in that sparsely settled country, where doctors were seldom available, the services of "Little Mother Tucker" were in great demand in cases of sickness and especially in cases of childbirth. And it is said, that she always found a way to leave her own numerous brood to meet emergencies in the families of her neighbours, near or far. It is told of her, also, that she was wont to ride from her home, on horseback through what is now the city of Utica to the older town of Whitesboro, with a bag of grain across the pommel of her saddle, carrying it to the mill to be ground. This she did for years and sometimes a week after the birth of a child. In spite of her strenuous life, Lucy Tucker lived to a good old age, always cheerful and happy. Though slight and small of person, she was very strong and used to walk four miles every Sunday to her favourite church, the Methodist, and seemed never to know what it was to be tired. The closing years of her life the old lady spent with her seventeenth child, Julia Tucker, in the city of Utica. This child, Julia Tucker, married Nicholas White, a prominent citizen of Utica, and her daughter became a Daughter of the American Revolution and in process of time was made State Regent of the organisation and lived in the Mohawk Valley and under the very shadow of old Fort Schuyler.

Charity Mersereau

Few women of the Revolution were called upon to suffer more from fear and anxiety or to endure more of the annoyances that come from living in a country overrun by a ruthless and domineering enemy, than the wife of Colonel Jacob Mersereau, of Staten Island. Colonel Mersereau was one of the five sons of Joshua and Maria Corsen Mersereau, a family of Huguenot descent which was highly prominent in the latter part of the eighteenth century, and especially during the Revolutionary War. Joshua Mersereau, Jr., the oldest son was a member of the Provincial Congress or Assembly, from Richmond County (Staten Island), almost continuously from 1777 until 1786 and the other brothers were all soldiers in the Revolutionary War.

Staten Island during that period has been described as "a nest of Tories," and it is known that General Washington so regarded it, but the statement is only a half truth. There were undoubtedly many loyalists on Staten Island as there were on Manhattan, but the people were in the main disposed to the patriotic cause. Soon after the British were driven from Boston they had massed upwards of thirty thousand troops on Staten Island, which they deemed admirably fitted for a basis of future operations. In order to conciliate the loyalists General Howe appointed De Lancey and Skinner of New York and New Jersey, brigadier-generals, and Christopher Billop of Staten Island, as a colonel of Tory troops to be raised. Proclamations were issued promising protection to the people so long as they remained peaceably at home and manifested no sympathy for the rebels or their cause. Misled by these specious promises, hundreds of the Whig inhabitants of Staten Island remained peaceably at home, only to have troops quartered upon them, their farms and barns looted repeatedly, their cattle and horses driven off, their churches burned, their wives and daughters insulted or outraged, and any remonstrance only met by insult or personal injury. The treatment of the British soon alienated whatever feeling of loyalty any of the inhabitants left on the island may have felt at the beginning of the struggle.

But the Mersereaus were not of this time-serving stock. Col. Jacob Mersereau lived in an old stone house (which is still standing) near the present village of Graniteville. Soon after the war broke out, he became a marked man and fled to New Jersey, where he made his quarters for several years; he occasionally made a stealthy visit to his family, and upon one of these occasions he had a narrow escape from capture. Clute, in his *Annals of Staten Island*, tells of the incident: "Having crossed the Sound and concealed his boat, Mersereau took his course for home across fields, avoiding the public roads as much as possible. It was while crossing a road from one field to another that he was met by a young man whom he knew well but as neither spoke he imagined that the young man did not know him; in this, however, he was mistaken for he was recognised at once. There was no British post just then nearer than Richmond and thither the young Tory hastened and informed the commanding officer, probably Colonel Simcoe, but it was near daylight in the morning before the party set out. They were in no haste, for they supposed Mersereau intended to remain concealed at home during the day. The family, as was their custom, had arisen early, but the soldiers were not discovered until within a few rods of the house. The alarm was immediately given, and the approaching party made a rush; as they reached the door, the Colonel sprang out of the upper, northwest window of his house upon a shed beneath it and to the ground. A few rods west of the house is a small elevation and it was thence while crossing this that he was discovered. On the other side of the hill was a hedgerow, terminating at a swamp, along which he ran on all fours to keep himself out of sight until he reached the swamp, in the middle of which he found a place of concealment. When he was discovered crossing the hill those who had begun a search within were called out and pursuit was made, but when the top of the hill was reached, the Colonel was nowhere to be seen. The swamp was discovered and it was at once concluded that he was there concealed, but as the pursuers were ignorant of its intricacies they could proceed no farther. Dogs were then put upon the track which they followed to the edge of the swamp. Here the pursuit terminated and the Colonel, after remaining concealed the whole day, escaped during the following night to New Jersey."

For more than a week after that, a constant watch was kept on the house and its inmates, day and night, during which time the members of the family hardly dared to be found even looking toward the swamp. It was nearly a week before they were assured of the Colonel's safety.

We do not know of the specific annoyances suffered by Mrs. Mersereau, during all that long period in which her husband could only visit his home surreptitiously, but can only conjecture. "If the history of the sufferings of the people of Staten Island during the war could be written," says Clute, "it would present a picture too dreadful to contemplate. Neither age, sex, nor condition was exempt from insults and outrages of the grossest character. No home was too sacred to protect its inmates from injury; the rights of property were not recognised, if the invader coveted it. If a British officer was in need of hay or oats, a file of soldiers was sent to any farmer who was known to have a supply, to seize and take it away. If the officer needed a horse, the same method was adopted to procure one. Money, provisions, and even bedding, and household furniture were taken by force: promises of payment were sometimes made but seldom fulfilled."

Colonel Mersereau died in 1804, only a few months after the death of his next older brother Joshua. In his will, proved September 18th of that year, he speaks of his wife Charity and his children John, and Mary, wife of Thomas Cubberly; Elizabeth, wife of Daniel De Hart; Sophia, wife of John Crocheron; Jacob, David, and Peter. The oldest son John was by a former wife. All the sons were prominent citizens of Staten Island for many years, and two of them served terms in the Assembly. Of Charity, their mother, all records seem to have been lost and only family traditions remain.[7]

Charlotte Reeves Robertson

One of the notable women in the early history of Tennessee, was Charlotte Reeves Robertson, wife of General James Robertson, sometimes called, "The Father of Tennessee."

She was born in Northampton County, N. C., in 1750, and was married on her eighteenth birthday to her boy lover, James Robertson, the son of a neighbouring planter. The youthful pair soon afterward journeyed across the mountains and settled near the confluence of Big Creek and the Wautaga River, where young Robertson built the largest and finest house in the section except that of Captain "Jack" Sevier. Here for about ten years, fortune smiled upon them and they prospered greatly. But by 1779, the little Wautaga settlement was too small for Captain Robertson, as he was called, and he and his wife decided to find a new field. It was not long before he had formed a party ready to seek the valley of the Cumberland River. Captain Robertson and most of the men of the party went on ahead driving their cattle before them. A few weeks later, Charlotte Robertson with her four little children, her brother and sister-in-law and their servants loaded their goods and chattels upon flatboats and joined other colonists in the journey down the Holston River and thus was begun one of the most thrilling voyages in the pioneer history of the Middle West.

The route as planned was to be down the Holston to the Tennessee, down the Tennessee to the Ohio, up the Ohio and Cumberland and to the point selected by Captain Robertson for his settlement—a journey of over two thousand miles. Colonel John Donelson, a wealthy old Virginia surveyor, was in charge of the party. He kept a journal of the trip, which is now in the archives of the Tennessee Historical Society. It is entitled "Journal of a Voyage Intended by God's Permission, in the Good Boat *Adventure*, from Fort Patrick Henry on Holston River, to the French Salt Springs on Cumberland River, Kept by John Donelson."

The journey was started in February while the snow yet lay deep in the forest and there was still much ice in the rivers and the party suffered greatly from the cold. The river was entirely unknown to any of the men and numberless accidents ensued. At "The Whirl" in the Tennessee, one of the most wildly picturesque spots in America, the beauty of which is only equalled by its danger in high water, a large canoe containing all the household goods of one of the families, the members of which were travelling in one of the larger boats, was overturned. "The company," says Colonel Donelson in his journal, "pitying their distress concluded to halt and assist in recovering the property. We landed on the northern shore at a level spot and were going back to the place when Indians, to our astonishment, appeared immediately over us on the opposite cliffs and commenced firing down upon us which occasioned a precipitate retreat to our boats. We immediately moved off."

Colonel Donelson's bright-eyed, black-haired and pretty little twelve-year-old daughter Rachel,[8] was one of the little band of immigrants who shared the dangers and hardships of the voyage, little dreaming of the future which should see her the wife of General Andrew Jackson, the seventh President of the United States. Another girl member of the band was brave little Nancy Gower. During one of the numerous encounters with the Indians the men on her father's flatboat had run for shelter from the flying bullets, and the boat began to drift dangerously near the shore where the Indians were concealed in the woods. Nancy, seeing the danger, took her place at the steering oar and guided the boat to safety, and although a bullet pierced her hip she made no outcry but kept the boat steadily on its course until the danger was passed when her mother noticed her pale face and blood-stained dress. There were other women on that fleet of flatboats who were to show courage and resourcefulness. On one of the smaller boats were Mr. Jennings, his wife and son, and a Mrs. Peyton. One cold March day, while the little fleet was working its way down through a "narrows," a canoe was upset and its cargo carried away. The other boats came up to give aid and were immediately fired upon by Indians and four persons wounded. All the boats got safely away, however, except that of Mr. Jennings which was stuck on a sunken rock. His situation was desperate. The Indians kept up an incessant fire. Jennings, who was an expert with the rifle and an old soldier, ordered the craft lightened by throwing overboard everything not fastened; in the meantime, he kept the Indians at bay with his rifle. Mrs. Jennings began throwing articles overboard, their son sprang ashore with his rifle and was instantly killed. Mrs. Peyton jumped overboard into the icy water and began tugging to get the stranded boat off. Mrs. Jennings joined her and relieved of the weight of these three, the boat was pushed off by the two women and floated free. The Jennings boat did not reach the others, until next morning.

Through all these exciting adventures, Charlotte Robertson played her part. At one time it is recorded that when attacked from both sides of the river by Indians, she coolly built a barricade to protect her children and then loaded the rifles for the men, apparently indifferent to danger. At another time the boat in which she had taken the place of a wounded boatman at the oars was attacked by a canoe full of Indians. Seizing an oar she upset their craft and as the Indians rose to the surface and attempted to climb aboard the flatboat, she rained blows on their heads until they sank or were driven off.

When the voyagers reached the Ohio, they were beset by further difficulties. The river was filled with floating ice and heavy drift. A number of the families became discouraged and turning their boats down-stream continued down the Ohio and the Mississippi and finally found homes near Natchez. The remainder of the party slowly worked their boats up from the mouth of the Tennessee to the mouth of the Cumberland and then up that river for two hundred miles. It was a long and laborious journey, and only a few miles' progress could be made in a day. Charlotte's sister-in-law, Mrs. Johnson, acted as pilot of their boat, and Charlotte and her maid Hagar worked together with the men at the oars. The weather turned bitterly cold with frequent storms of rain and sleet. Their provisions ran low and the Indians on both sides of the river prevented their going on shore after game. At times they had to content themselves with scant rations of parched corn. At length, more than four months after leaving Fort Patrick Henry, they reached the appointed spot and landed their boats, at what is to-day the foot of Market Street, Nashville. There they were met by Captain Robertson and his men who had arrived some weeks before. They had built several log cabins with a blockhouse and stockade around them. This new home was considerably different from the house left by Mistress Robertson on the Wautaga. The windows were of greased paper, and a blanket hung up at night served as a door. It was this arrangement that caused the lady one of her most thrilling experiences. One night when Captain Robertson was away hunting, she and her little family retired early. Wakened by a slight noise, sometime later, she saw by the dying firelight a large panther enter through the door, walk slowly around the room, and then spring softly on her bed. Badly frightened, she retained presence of mind enough to remain perfectly quiet and feign sleep. Pretty soon the animal climbed off her bed, went across to where the children were sleeping, examined them curiously and then walked out. Captain Robertson returning some time later was surprised to find his wife up and dressed, and sitting with rifle in hand guarding the house.

At one time when the men were all away from the fort working in the field, a party of Indians suddenly appeared. The women of the fort, under direction of Mrs. Robertson, rushed to the guns and repulsed the first attack. A party of about twenty-five braves had, however, found lodgment under the overhanging walls of the block-house and were trying to set it on fire. Their position was such that they could not be reached by the rifles and in a few minutes more would have had the building in flames. It was Mrs. Johnson's quick wit that saved the situation. It was wash day at the fort and calling the others they seized buckets of boiling water which they carried up a ladder, placed against the stockade, and she poured a scalding flood down on to the backs of the savages. Three times she was wounded but held her post while the boiling water was passed up to her, until the Indians retreated. The little party suffered greatly from the Indians for a year or two, and a number were killed including two little sons of Mrs. Robertson, Peyton and Randolph, who were killed within a stone's throw of the fort.

On another occasion when the men were all away, with the exception of Mrs. Robertson's son, Jonathan, who was hunting wild turkeys not far from the stockade, the Indians suddenly appeared. Mrs. Robertson saw them dancing around a prostrate form which she divined to be that of her son. She knew that something must be done if the settlement was to be saved. She called her servant, Cæsar, to bring two horses and a gun, and taking her little boy Felix in front of her she rode to alarm the men. Hearing her shouts of alarm they cut their horses loose from the ploughs and in a few moments nineteen farmers with rifles in hand were following Charlotte in a wild dash to the fort. As they came up the Indians fell back and the men followed, only to find that the retreat of the Indians was a ruse and that they had been drawn into ambush, the Indians closing in behind them, cutting them off from the fort and driving them toward the river. It was nineteen against hundreds and Mrs. Robertson, rifle in hand, watching the battle from the fort recognised the desperate situation. Calling to Cæsar, she bade him release a pack of bloodhounds which were kept in the fort. Attacked in the rear by this new enemy and distracted by its suddenness and the deep baying of the hounds, the Indians were soon in a panic and were quickly routed. A rescue party at once went to where the mother had last seen her son and there he was found unconscious. He recovered, though badly wounded. That battle marked the turning point in Tennessee. Many new settlers came soon and the little colony thrived as did the fortunes of the Robertsons. Captain Robertson was made a General and elected to the senate and died in 1814, honoured and respected by an entire State. Charlotte Robertson survived her husband about thirty years, dying in 1843, in the ninety-third year of her life and was buried by his side in the Old City Cemetery at Nashville.

NOTES TO CHAPTER V

[1] Wyoming, a fertile valley in Luzerne County, Pa., on the north branch of the Susquehanna River, was settled in 1762 by people from Connecticut, which colony claimed the region from its ancient charter. Pennsylvanians protested, claiming the territory as a part of William Penn's grant. For years there was trouble between the settlers from Connecticut and the Pennsylvanians, called Pennamites. In 1775 a number of Tories settled in Wyoming Valley, which from its isolation could not be well protected by the American forces. The able-bodied men of Wyoming were away in the Continental Army, when on June 30, 1778, the valley was invaded by a body of seven hundred Seneca Indians, four hundred British troops, and a number of Tories. The battle of Wyoming was fought July 3d, between this force and about three hundred boys, old men, and sick or wounded soldiers, home on leave of absence, who were driven into the fort after about two-thirds of their number had been killed by the Indians or Tories, not even the prisoners being spared. The Tories plundered the settlement and the settlers fled. The suffering of the women and children upon this occasion was awful and was responsible for the punitive expedition of General Sullivan and the terrible retribution that he brought to the Six Nations.

[2] Published in the *American Monthly Magazine* and *Patron Saints*, of Connecticut.

[3] Hannah Park Gore and her husband, Obadiah Gore, and a part of their family, including the wife of their son, Lieutenant Obadiah Gore, Jr., of the Continental Army, Ann Avery Gore, were among the survivors. Lieutenant Gore and three of his brothers were absent in the army. Three other brothers, sons of Hannah Park Gore, were killed, as well as two brothers-in-law, in the battle. The survivors wandered on foot through the forests many miles and

suffered great hardships before being eventually saved. The Gores were Connecticut people and had emigrated to the Wyoming Valley in 1768.

[4] Fannie Ledyard was a niece of Colonel Ledyard, who was murdered by the British officer, Bromfield, with his own sword which he had just surrendered. She lived in Southold, L. I., and was visiting the family of her uncle. She was one of the first women to reach the scene after the battle, and ministered to the wounded, giving them water and hot chocolate, and in other ways doing what she could to mitigate their sufferings. She afterward became the wife of Richard Peters of Southold. She died in 1816, aged 62 years, and the Daughters of the American Revolution of Mystic, Conn., named their Chapter in her honour and in 1895 placed a bronze memorial tablet over her grave.

[5] On September 6, 1911, there was dedicated at Fort Griswold, Connecticut, a memorial gate bearing tablets of bronze on which are inscribed the names of the one hundred and sixty-five patriots who defended Fort Griswold, September 6, 1781, against an assault of eight hundred British troops. The gateway stands at the entrance of Fort Griswold Park, the gift of the State of Connecticut to the public. The presentation of the keys of the gateway to the Governor of the State was made by Mrs. Sara T. Kinney, President of the Fort Griswold Tract Commission and former State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

[6] According to *American Genealogy*, vol. ix., Peter Hayward of Surry was the great-great-grandson of William Hayward, the first of the name in America. Mabel Thatcher Washburn, Genealogical Editor of the *American Historical Magazine*, and author of *The Ancestry of William Howard Taft*, traces his ancestry on his mother's side back to the same source. "Curiously enough," she writes, "President Taft has four Howard or Hayward lines. One is that of his grandmother Sylvia Howard, and two others are brought through his mother's ancestry. The last two are as follows: Louisa Maria Torrey, the mother of the President was a daughter of Samuel Davenport Torrey, who was the son of William Torrey and Anna Davenport. Anna Davenport was the daughter of Seth Davenport (son of Samuel), and Chloe Daniels. Chloe Daniels was the daughter of David Daniels and Huldah Taft. The latter was the daughter of Israel Taft (son of Robert of the First Generation) and Mercy Aldrich. Mercy was the daughter of Jacob Aldrich, Jr., and Margery Hayward, the daughter of Samuel Hayward and Mehitable Tomkins. Samuel Hayward was the son of William Hayward who

came over in 1635 on the *Ann and Elizabeth*, and settled in Braintree, where he died in 1659. Jacob Aldrich, Sr., father of Jacob Aldrich, Jr., married Huldah Thayer. She was the daughter of Ferdinand Thayer and Huldah Hayward the daughter of William who came over in 1635. The fourth Howard line of President Taft (through his grandmother Sylvia Howard) comes down also from William, the Immigrant of 1635 and his son Samuel, mentioned above. Samuel's son, Benjamin Hayward, born in 1689, married Anna or Hannah——and their son Benjamin, Jr., married Mary, daughter of Samuel and Mary (Rockwood) Wheaton. Levi Howard or Hayward was the son of Benjamin Hayward, Jr. He was born in 1752, married in 1776, Bethiah Chapin, and lived in Jamaica, Vermont. His daughter Sylvia Howard became the wife of Peter Rawson Taft, grandfather of the President. "The *Mayflower* ancestry" of President Taft came through the marriage of Edmund Rawson to Elizabeth Howard or Hayward. She was the daughter of John Hayward or Howard and Sarah Mitchell. Sarah Mitchell was the daughter of Experience Mitchell and Jane Cooke and Jane Cooke was the daughter of Francis Cooke of the *Mayflower*, and his wife Hester Mayhew, whom he married in Leyden.

[7] Neither J. J. Clute in his *Annals* nor Ira K. Morris, a much abler and more painstaking historian, in his *History of Staten Island*, seem to have known the maiden name of Charity Mersereau, which is not to be wondered at considering the disordered state of church and family records, especially in this family, occasioned by the British occupancy of the island. It is probable that the recently formed Chapter of the D. A. R., the charter members of which are all Mersereau descendants and which bears this honoured name, will be able to add more of detail to the family history.

[8] The daughters of the American Revolution of Springfield, Mo., have chosen Rachel Donelson as their patron saint, as a tribute to her memory.

FINIS

Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law.

Whittier.

Chapter VI

"Patron Saints" (*Concluded*)

Some of the almost forgotten heroines of the War for Independence, women who by their ready wit or strenuous effort did effective service for the American cause, or who as mothers and wives gave aid and encouragement to their husbands and brothers in camp and field—Mary Lindley Murray—Margaret Vliet Warne—Rhoda Smith Farrand—Mary Gill Mills—Anne Newton Williams—Sarah Matthews Benjamin—Hannah Winthrop—Marie Therese Cadillac—Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth—Katherine Montgomery—Frances Bland Randolph—Louisa St. Clair—Anne Adams—Jean Espy—Molly Reid—Lydia Cobb—Eunice Farnsworth—Molly Varnum—Jemima Alexander Sharpe—Mary Isham Keith—Hannah Clarke—Mary Mattoon—Frances Dighton Williams—Ruth Sayre—Hannah Goddard—Margaret Whetten—Abigail Phillips Quincy—Hannah Benedict Carter—Susannah Hart Shelby—Deborah Wheelock—Dolly Madison—Eunice Baldwin—Elizabeth Porter Putnam—Sarah Riggs Humphreys—Elizabeth Kenton—Louisa Adams—Margaret Holmes—Melicent Porter—Marcia Burns—Abigail Phelps—Sarah Bryan Chinn—Eunice Dennie Burr—Lucinda Hinsdale Stone—Sabra Trumbull—Freelove Baldwin Stow—Ann Whitehall—Esther Lowrey—Jane Douglas and others.

BESIDES the women whose lives are chronicled in preceding chapters, there were scores of other brave and devoted women whose names have been chosen for commemoration by the daughters of the

American Revolution, the Colonial Dames, or kindred patriotic organisations, or who are held in affectionate remembrance in the localities in which they lived or by descendants who have moved to new fields of endeavour. Some of these women were never conspicuous for any deed of patriotic daring or self-sacrifice but rather for the fulness of a life well spent, the details of which family tradition alone has preserved. Others are remembered only by some dramatic episode in which it was given them to figure and who rose to the occasion.

Such was Mary Lindley Murray, a patriotic Quakeress, living in what is now the upper part of New York. In the forced retreat of the American army from the disastrous battle of Long Island, General Putnam, commanding the rear guard, was led to take a road which would, she knew, lead him within reach of a superior force of the enemy. The British troops chanced to halt for a moment in front of her house on Murray Hill. She went out and invited General Tryon and his staff to come in and have some refreshment. He and his officers were beguiled into waiting until she had cooked an excellent breakfast. Through this delay, General Tryon missed a chance to capture Putnam's division of the American army.

Margaret Vliet Warne was a patriotic woman doctor and surgeon of New Jersey who rode through the country ministering to the sick and wounded soldiers and their families without price.

Rhoda Smith Farrand, wife of Bethnal Farrand of Monmouth, N. J., rode around the country in an ox cart, knitting socks and telling of the sufferings of the American soldiers at Morristown. In one week she carried in one hundred and thirty-three pairs of socks for the soldiers and was personally thanked by General Washington. Her husband served six years and her son Daniel enlisted in 1780, when he was but sixteen years old.

Mary Gill Mills headed a band of eleven women in South Carolina, who went from farm to farm where the head of the family was in the army and helped to gather the crops.

Anne Newton Williams, and her husband who was too old to go to the front, repaired guns, made clothing for the soldiers, and cooked provisions which he carried to Gates's army, during his southern campaign.

Sarah Matthews Benjamin of Orange County, N. Y., acted as nurse and served as sentinel with her husband's overcoat and gun, while he loaded ordnance, at the defence of the Hudson. She accompanied the army South and was at the siege of Yorktown nursing the wounded. She died in 1861, her age according to her pension papers, being one hundred and seventeen years.

Hannah Winthrop was the wife of John Winthrop, LL.D., Professor of Mathematics in Harvard College, and a great-great-grandson of John Winthrop. She was the daughter of Thomas and Hannah Fayweather and was married to Dr. Winthrop in 1756. Mrs. Winthrop shared her husband's intellectual interests and pursuits, and like him she was an earnest patriot, writing, talking for independence, and contributing of her means to aid the cause. She died at Cambridge in 1790 aged sixty-four years. She sleeps by the side of her husband, Dr. Winthrop in King's Chapel Burying Ground, Boston, "a noble, patriotic, and most womanly woman." A Chapter of the D. A. R., at Cambridge, Mass., bears her name.

Marie Therese Cadillac was the first white woman in the State of Michigan. She was

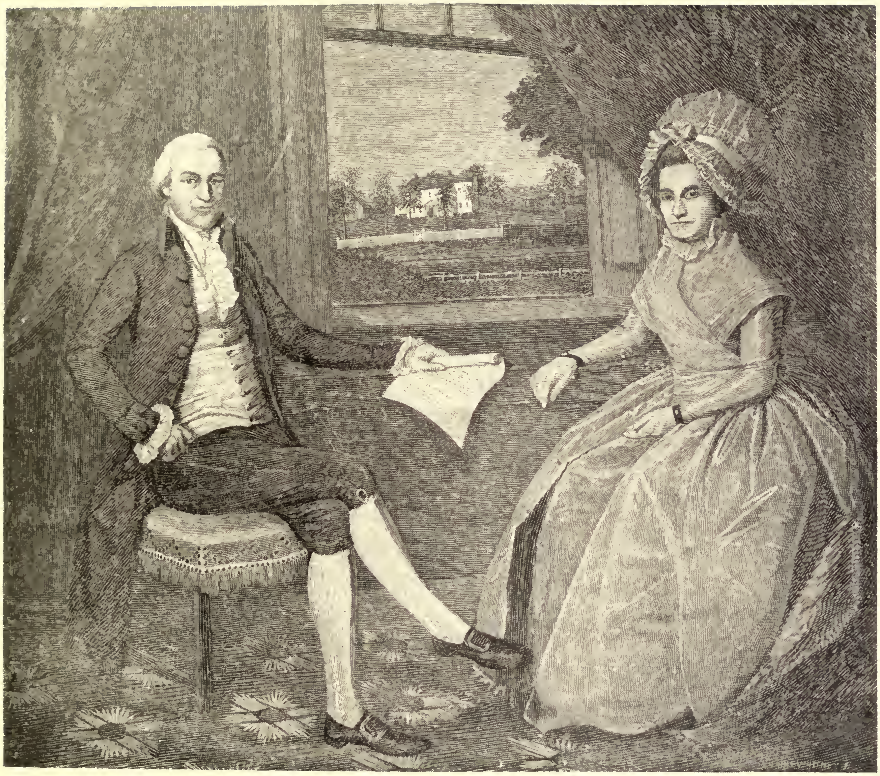
Marie Therese Guyon of Quebec and married Antoine de la Mothe Cadillac, in 1687. In 1701, he started a colony where the city of Detroit now stands and Madam Cadillac joined him the following year, travelling by the way of Niagara and accompanied by one of her sons and one woman companion. At the fort at Detroit they were greeted with a round of musketry. Years afterward M. Cadillac was Governor of New Orleans for several years. Madam Cadillac was the mother of thirteen children and a woman of resolute courage, great kindliness, and of exemplary life. She is the patron saint of a Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Detroit, Mich.

Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth was the wife of Oliver Ellsworth, an eminent lawyer and patriot of Connecticut, who became Chief Justice of the United States under Washington. She was the daughter of William Wolcott and Abigail Abbott and was married at the age of sixteen. She was a practical woman of great good nature and common sense, and their home in after years was noted for the gracious dignity of the hostess, and many of the most noted persons of the day were entertained there, including Washington, after he became President. It was upon this occasion that the President is said to have taken two of Mrs. Ellsworth's little children upon his lap and sang to them, "The Darby Ram," the first stanza of which is as follows:

"As I was going to Darby, upon a market day,
I spied the biggest ram, Sir, that ever was fed on hay."

Abigail Ellsworth was the mother of nine children, the two youngest of whom were twins. One of her sons was Governor of Connecticut and another U. S. Commissioner of Patents. Mrs. Ellsworth died in Hartford in 1818, and was buried in the ancient cemetery of Windsor by the side of her husband who died in 1807. The D. A. R., of Windsor, Conn., perpetuates her memory.

Katherine Montgomery, a Virginia girl, was the daughter of Robert and Margaret Montgomery and became the wife of Colonel Isaac Bledsoe, afterward a noted pioneer in the settling of Tennessee and Kentucky. Katherine as a girl was an expert horsewoman and upon one occasion carried despatches to Washington, riding miles through the wilds. The family have a letter from Washington thanking the



Chief-Justice Oliver Ellsworth and his Wife, Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth.

From a painting by R. Earl, 1792.

By courtesy of William Webster Ellsworth, Esq., of the Century Publishing Co.

maid for her services. She was great-grandmother of Mary Desha, one of the founders of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Katherine Montgomery Chapter, D. A. R., is located at Washington, D. C.

Frances Bland Randolph was the daughter of Colonel Theodoric Bland of "Cawsons," Va., a wealthy and aristocratic planter. She was carefully educated and grew up a more than ordinarily accomplished and attractive young woman. In 1768, at the age of sixteen, she was married to John Randolph of "Curls" and went to live with him at his home, "Matoax," near Petersburg. John Randolph died in 1775, leaving her a large fortune including his three estates, Matoax, Bizarre, and Roanoke, and three boys, the youngest of whom was afterward to be the famous "John Randolph of Roanoke." At the age of twenty-six she married Colonel St. George Tucker, who, after he had served through the Revolution, was Professor of Law in William and Mary College, Judge of several of the higher courts of Virginia, and a writer of note. By her second marriage she became the mother of St. George Tucker and Beverly Tucker, eminent lawyers and writers on legal subjects, and one daughter. The noble character of the mother was amply proven by the influence she retained over her children to the day of her death in 1788. Her remains lay beside those of John Randolph at Matoax. Her memory is kept green by a Chapter of the D. A. R., of Petersburg, Va.

Louisa St. Clair was a daughter of Gen. Arthur St. Clair and was born in 1773, at Fort Ligonier, Pa. She was educated in Philadelphia until her nineteenth year when she went to Camp Martin near the present site of Marietta, O., to take charge of her father's household. From there she accompanied her father on his campaign to preserve friendly relations with the Indians of the Northwest. It was at this time that Louisa St. Clair figured as the "Heroine of Fort Harmon." Alone, without a guard or guide, she rode out to the Indian camp bearing the treaty which she explained to the Indians whose confidence she had won. A few years later she returned to Fort Ligonier where she was married to Lieutenant Samuel Robb and bore him a large family of children. Louisa St. Clair Chapter, D. A. R., at Detroit, Mich., is proud to do honour to her memory.

Anne Adams Tufts.
From an oil painting.

Anne Adams was a daughter of Joseph Adams, one of the well-known Adams family of Quincy. In 1750, she was married to Peter Tufts and lived in Charlestown, where they raised a family of eleven children. On the nineteenth of April, 1775, the anniversary of their wedding, Anne Adams Tufts assisted her husband in making preparations to join the patriots at Lexington. Hardly had the father gone with his old wife's blessing when Peter, Jr., her youngest son, who had been left by his father to look after the home, came in with an old gun and she had to help him get ready to follow his father and the minute-men. Then came Bunker Hill and both father and son took part while she could only stay at home and wait apprehensively. She had not long to wait. Her home being near the scene of action was soon filled with wounded soldiers, and she worked untiringly for many hours caring for the wounded and suffering, and asked not whether they were Whig or Tory. Somerville, Mass., Daughters of the American Revolution have named their Chapter in her honour.

Jean Espy was the wife of George Espy, of Northumberland County, Pa., a pioneer farmer, lumberman, and merchant. He died before the Revolution and she was living with her son Josiah, near McClure's Fort which was commanded by Major Van Campen. When Indians grew troublesome, the settlers fled to this fort for safety. It was upon an occasion of this sort that old Jean Espy baked "corn dodgers" for the soldiers, moulded bullets, and attended the wounded while the younger women handled guns with the men. She had six sons who served through the Revolution as well as several grandsons, and one great-grandson was a barefooted boy of sixteen at Valley Forge. Her four daughters and several granddaughters were all married to Revolutionary soldiers. Mrs. Espy died in 1781, at the home of her son, Josiah, near Carlisle, Pa. Fort Madison, Ia., D. A. R., have made brave old Jean Espy their patron saint.

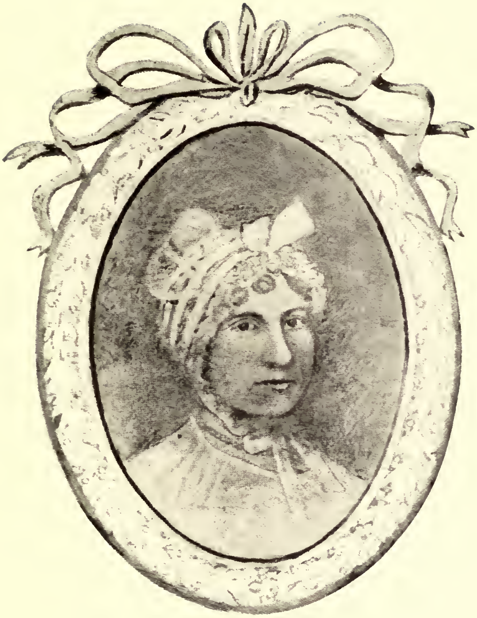
Molly Reid was the wife of Gen. George Reid, a distinguished patriot of Londonderry, N. H. She was a woman noted for her intelligence and patriotism. Gen. John Stark once said of her: "If there is a woman in New Hampshire, capable of being governor, it is Molly Reid." Chester, N. H., Daughters have named their Chapter in her honour.

Lydia Cobb was the daughter of Captain James Leonard who with his father saw much service in the Colonial wars. She was the wife of Captain Thomas Cobb who commanded a Taunton company in the French and Indian War. Her son, Gen. David Cobb, was an aide on Washington's staff and rendered conspicuous service. One of her daughters, Sally Cobb, was the wife of Robert Treat Paine, a distinguished patriot of Boston and signer of the Declaration of Independence. Members of the Taunton, Mass., Chapter, D. A. R., have paid fitting honour to her memory.

Eunice Farnsworth was the first white woman to settle on the Kennebec River above Fort Halifax. She was the daughter of Aaron and Hannah Farnsworth, born in Groton, Mass., 1735, and married to Joseph Weston in 1756. They removed to Maine in 1771. Her husband died leaving her to care for their nine children. In 1779, she was married to Maj. John Moor of New Hampshire. She was a courageous, patriotic, and Christian woman, admirably fitted for pioneer life. She died in 1822, leaving 222 descendants. A Chapter of the D. A. R. at Skowhegan, Me., bears her name.

Molly Varnum was the wife of Joseph Bradley Varnum of Dracut, whose after-life was an uninterrupted career of public service. He was a captain of militia during the Revolution, later, Major-General, member of Congress, speaker of the House of Representatives, and United States Senator from Massachusetts. Molly Varnum, like other patriotic women during the struggle for independence, was devoted to the cause for which her husband fought. Cloth of her own weaving and stockings of her own knitting went to equip the Dracut troops, and she toiled late and early and denied herself many comforts that she might give more freely to the defenders of her country. Molly Varnum Chapter, D. A. R., is fittingly located at Lowell, Mass.

Jemima Alexander, daughter of James and Margaret McKnith Alexander, of Cecil County, Md., was married to John Sharpe of Lancaster, Pa., in 1748. They emigrated to Mecklenburg, N. C., where her nearest neighbours were ten or twelve miles away. Her husband died in 1759 and she survived him for thirty-eight years. She was strongly religious, very patriotic, and charitable to a degree. North Carolina histories



Molly Varnum.

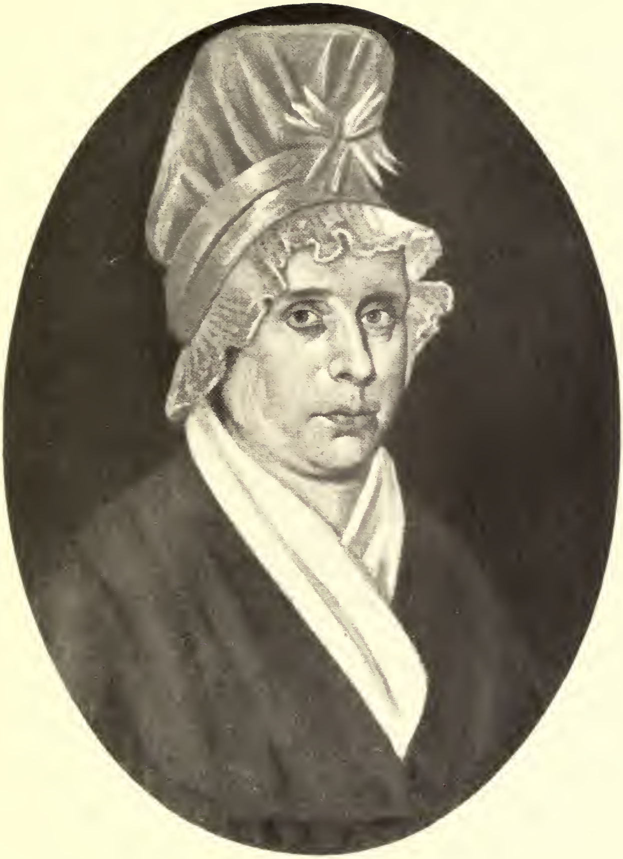
From a miniature.

tell of her going with Mrs. Polk and another woman, to visit the prisoners on the British prison ships at Charleston, carrying medicines, clothing, and delicacies. They walked fifteen miles each way to perform this act of charity and repeated the visit several times. She had six children, and her descendants became prominent in several States. Boonville, Mo., Chapter, D. A. R., bears her name as a patron saint.

Mary Isham Keith was the daughter of Parson James Keith and his wife, Mary Isham Randolph. She was born in Fauquier County, Va., in 1737, and in her seventeenth year was married to Thomas Marshall. She was the mother of fifteen children, all of whom made something of a mark in the world. John Marshall, her eldest son, became Chief Justice of the United States. Her husband, Col. Thomas Marshall, was a distinguished officer of the Revolutionary War, as was also her son, John Marshall. After the Revolution, Colonel Marshall with his wife and younger children moved to Kentucky where Mrs. Marshall died in Mason County, in 1809. Fort Worth, Texas, Daughters have named their Chapter after the mother of John Marshall.

Hannah Clarke was the wife of Gen. Elijah Clarke. She was of a prominent North Carolina family and was married to General Clarke in 1774 and moved into Wilkes County, Ga. Mrs. Clarke spent considerable of her time with her husband. At one time when he was guarding a fort on the frontier, her house was pillaged and burned by the British and Tories and she was turned out of doors to seek shelter for her little family and several children that had been left in her care. At one time, while she was accompanying her husband on one of his campaigns, she had her horse shot under her while two of her children were on the horse with her. Mrs. Clarke was noted for her benevolence and charity. She died in 1827 aged ninety years and was buried at Woodburn near where her husband had been interred twenty-eight years before. Quitman, Ga., has the honour of a Hannah Clarke Chapter, D. A. R.

Mary Mattoon *née* Dickinson, was born in Amherst in 1758, and was married at the age of twenty-one to Ebenezer Mattoon whose father like her own was a thrifty and prosperous farmer. The young man was a graduate of Dartmouth, "the College in the Woods," originally founded



Mary Mattoon

From a portrait in the possession of Mary Mattoon Wolcott Clapp.

for the instruction of Indian boys. In April, 1775, a year before his graduation, he hurried home and enlisted in Captain John Dickinson's company and spent several months at Cambridge, after which he returned to Dartmouth and graduated. He then went into the army again serving as an officer in various ranks either in the state militia or the Continental Army until his marriage in 1779, after which he carried on his business, holding many positions of trust and honour, among which was a major-generalship in the state militia, member of Congress, and for many years, High Sheriff of old Hampshire County. All this time Mary Mattoon looked after her family, and their home, always the same patient, kind, and loving mother, a benevolent neighbour and a gentle Christian woman, content to shine in the reflected glory of her husband. She died in 1835, aged seventy-seven years. General Mattoon lived to be eighty-eight dying in 1843. They are buried together in the old West cemetery, and the Amherst Chapter, D. A. R., has chosen her as patron saint.

Frances Dighton was the wife of Richard Williams, a relative of Roger Williams and a blood relation of Oliver Cromwell. He was a prominent citizen of Taunton, Mass., a large landholder, and man of affairs. In 1632, he married Frances Dighton, daughter of John Dighton and Jane Bassett, his wife, and a sister-in-law of Governor Dudley. They had a large family and from these descendants of the family are to be found in every State in the Union. In the Revolution the descendants of Frances Dighton Williams, from Captain James Williams, Jr., who, on the very night that the news was brought from Lexington, rallied his company and marching all night reached Duxbury next morning, to the numerous privates on the Taunton rolls and a number of Williamses from other places, did patriotic service. A Chapter bearing her name is located at Bangor, Me.

"Ruth Sayre," writes a descendant, "was not a historic personage whose name can be sung or told in story, only a dear little woman who was born in, and lived in a historic house in a historic period and did what she could in those days of great emergencies and doubtless performed her share of heroic acts, as the Sayre house was in a locality where much had to be endured from the enemy." The "Sayre house" alluded to was built in 1648 at Southampton, L. I., by Thomas Sayre, an Englishman. It was said to be the oldest frame building in New York when it was razed in January, 1912. Thomas Sayre came to America in 1638 and settled first at Lynn, Mass. A few years later he and his brother Job were members of a little colony that settled at Southampton. Their descendants are numerous and widely scattered. Manistee, Mich., D. A. R., have a Chapter bearing her name.

Hannah Goddard was the wife of John Goddard, a noted patriot and soldier in the Continental Army in the early days of the Revolution. At the defence of Boston, John Goddard showed such executive ability in the transporting of materials for the construction of the fortifications that the Commander-in-Chief appointed him Waggon Master General and entrusted him with many important duties. When the army was moved to New York, Washington urged him to continue with the army with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, but Mr. Goddard declined to leave his wife and little children. Hannah Goddard was the mother of fifteen children and lived to be eighty-six years of age. Her descendants are numerous throughout New England and many of the Western States. Her name is borne by a Chapter at Brookline, Mass.

Margaret Todd Whetten was the wife of a New York merchant who had emigrated to New York when a boy. In 1776, his health being poor, and hoping to get his family away from the annoyances of a town overrun with soldiery, he moved to New Rochelle. It was mistaken judgment on the part of Mr. Whetten, as New Rochelle lay in the debatable ground between the opposing forces and was alternately overrun with British troops and American, as well as by predatory bands of Tory marauders. At one time a Hessian camp was located near the house, and Margaret Whetten received visits from them along with the others. Mr. Whetten was a non-combatant, owing to his ill-health, although an American sympathiser, and Margaret Whetten pursued a just and even course that seemed to make her friends on both sides. It did not, however, protect her household from depredations. One night they were awakened by vigorous knocking at the door. Thinking it was some American friends, Mr. Whetten opened the door and in rushed a number of British troops. They went all over the house for spoils, even to the room where the mother was caring for her infant child, which, in their eagerness to reach something they wanted, they threw on the floor. Finally, the Whettens moved back to New York, where more than once they had British soldiers quartered upon them. Mr. Whetten died soon after their return and the care of the family rested entirely upon the mother. Nearly all their property had been turned into currency which depreciated. Urged to exchange her paper for hard money, Margaret Whetten refused saying, "I will never undervalue the currency established by Congress." This eventually, totally impoverished her, but she never regretted it. It was the daily custom of Margaret Whetten, after her return to New York, to send food to the Americans imprisoned there and with her daughters, was a regular visitor to the prison ships, carrying such articles of food as she was allowed and cheering the inmates as far as she was permitted. Her coming grew to be looked for by the prisoners, as much for her bright and cheering conversation, as for the material comforts she brought. At one time, Mrs. Whetten successfully concealed an American spy. Her house became known as "Rebel Headquarters," and it was to this home that the news of peace was first brought. At the close of the war General Washington wrote Margaret Whetten asking to breakfast with her, upon which occasion he expressed the thanks of his country for what she and her family had done. Mrs. Whetten died in 1809, and was buried in the churchyard of St. George's chapel, N. Y. She was survived by two daughters and one son. A Washington, D. C., Chapter, D. A. R., has been named after Margaret Whetten.

Abigail Phillips was eldest of the eight children born to William Phillips and his wife Abigail Bromfield and a direct descendant of Rev. John Wilson, the first minister of Boston. She was married to Josiah Quincy, Jr., the patriot, in 1769. Her husband was already an eminent lawyer and through his writings and speeches soon became prominently identified with the cause of independence, and his wife entered into his political course with ardour. In 1774, Josiah Quincy went to England where he was active in the interests of his country. He died the following year while on his return voyage.

She survived her husband twenty-five years, living at the old Quincy homestead where she reared her son, Josiah Quincy third, who grew up to become one of the most distinguished men of his day. Wollaston, Mass., Chapter, D. A. R., has been named in her honour.

Hannah Benedict was the daughter of Thomas Benedict, Jr., of Norwalk, Conn., of the fourth generation from Thomas Benedict, the founder of the family of Benedicts in America. She was born in 1733 in the old Benedict homestead in Norwalk and here she was married in 1753 to John Carter, a descendant of Samuel Carter, whose family was carried to Canada at the time of the sack of Deerfield. John Carter was an officer in the Revolutionary War and made a record for soldierly skill and daring that won him the friendship and trust of Governor Trumbull, General Wooster, and his other immediate superiors. Mrs. Carter was very patriotic and entered most heartily into all her husband's plans and purposes. One evening in February, 1780, a company of thirty mounted men came to their house to stay over night. The following morning, which chanced to be the anniversary of Captain Carter's birthday, after she had prepared breakfast for the soldiers, she stood on the front porch and watched them ride away. Turning into the house she was taken with a congestive chill and in a few hours breathed her last. She sleeps beside her husband in the Carter burial lot and over them is a boulder placed by the Chapter which bears her name in New Canaan, Conn.

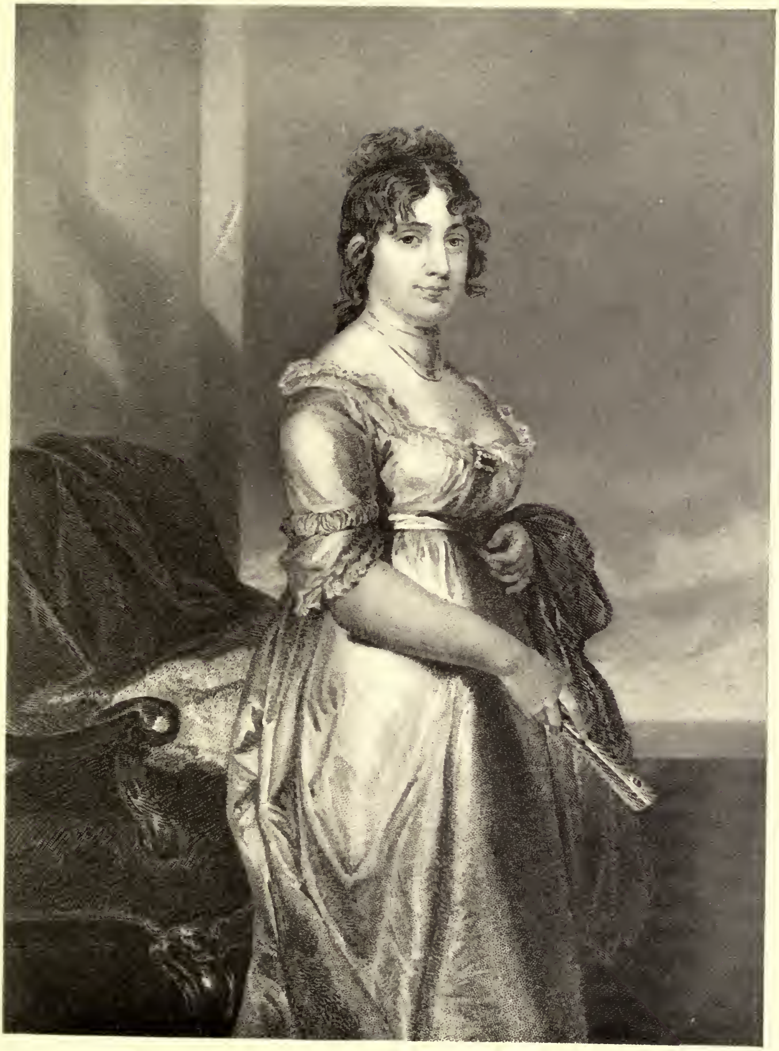
Susannah Hart was the daughter of Captain Nathaniel Hart and Sarah Simpson Hart of Caswell County, N.C., who removed to Kentucky in 1779. Captain Hart was a brother of Thomas Hart, whose daughter married Henry Clay, and of David Hart. The three Harts and two others, formed the "Henderson and Company," proprietors of the "Colony of Transylvania in America." This purchase from the Indians included almost the entire State of Kentucky. The Virginia Legislature rendered this purchase null and void, but assigned the proprietors 200,000 acres of land for which they paid £10,000 sterling for their service in opening the country. It was this company that first sent Daniel Boone into the wilds of Kentucky. Col. Isaac Shelby, after the capture of Cornwallis, went out to Kentucky in 1782 and in the fort at Boonesborough met

Susannah Hart, whose father had been killed by the Indians, and they were married in the fort, in 1784. Colonel Shelby finally fixed his home in Lincoln County, where in time he built the first stone house in the State. This home, known for its hospitality as "Traveller's Rest," still remains in the possession of the family. Susannah Hart Shelby was the mother of ten children, all of whom grew to maturity and several to distinction. She is patron saint of Frankfort, Ky., Chapter, D. A. R.

Deborah Wheelock, whose maiden name was Thayer, was probably born at Mendon, Mass., about 1742 or '43, and was married to Simeon Wheelock in 1763. Her husband was a Revolutionary soldier, serving first at Crown Point and losing his life in the service of the government, during Shays's Rebellion near Springfield in 1786. Eight children were born to Deborah Wheelock and her husband. She died in 1815 and was buried in the cemetery at Uxbridge whose Daughters have paid tribute to her memory.

Dorothy Payne became the wife of James Madison, afterward fourth President of the United States, in 1794. She was born in North Carolina, though her parents John and Mary Coles Payne, were Virginians by birth and descent. At the age of nineteen, she was married to John Todd, a young lawyer of Philadelphia and a Quaker, who dying within two years left her with an infant son. In 1794, she was married to James Madison, a distinguished statesman and member of Congress as well as a wealthy land owner in Virginia. As Mistress of the White House, during Mr. Madison's incumbency of the presidency, Mrs. Madison was noted as one of the most gracious and tactful hostesses that ever graced that position. When during the War of 1812 the British burned the capital, Mrs. Madison saved the great Stuart painting of General Washington by having it cut from the frame and carried to a place of safety. She also carried away valuable state papers by taking them into her carriage, to the exclusion of her own silver. President Madison died in 1836 and his widow survived him thirteen years, dying in 1849, aged eighty-two years. Her remains were deposited in the cemetery at Montpelier, Va., near the monument erected over her illustrious husband. A Washington, D. C., Chapter bears her name.

Eunice Jennison was the daughter of Robert



Mrs. Dolly Payne Madison.

From an engraving.

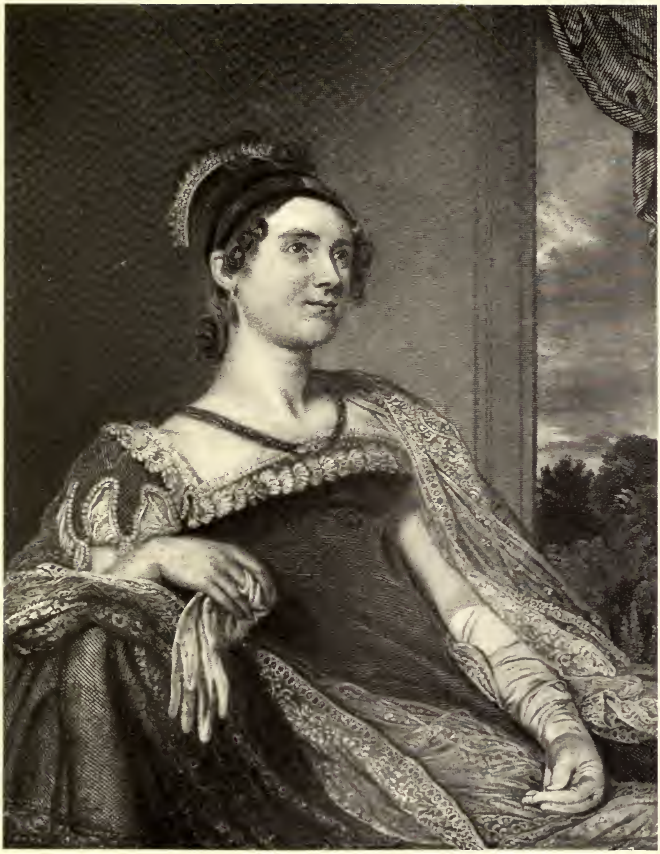
Jennison, descendant of a family that came to America in 1635 and settled in Massachusetts. She was married to Isaac Baldwin in 1761, who was killed at the battle of Bunker Hill. Eunice Baldwin was left with five children to care for and educate. That she did her part well was proved by the upright lives of the men and women who came after her and bore her name. Hillsborough, N. H., Daughters have chosen her their patron saint.

Elizabeth Porter was the daughter of Elizabeth Hathorne and Israel Porter. She was born in 1673, in Essex County, Mass. In her seventeenth year she was married to Joseph Putnam of Salem (now Danvers), son of Lieutenant Thomas Putnam and grandson of the first John Putnam. Joseph Putnam was conspicuous in the days of witchcraft on account of his opposition to the trials. Those were anxious days for the young wife, for history says that for six months, he kept his fleetest horse saddled in order to make his escape if his arrest was attempted. Joseph Putnam inherited the homestead and for the times the family was considered almost opulent. It was in this home that their large family grew up. There were thirteen children, the most noted of whom was General Israel Putnam. The descendants of Joseph and Elizabeth Porter Putnam number hundreds among whom may be mentioned the late Douglas Putnam of Marietta, O., the Hon. Frederick Putnam of Harvard University, and the late George Palmer Putnam, founder of the publishing house of G. P. Putnam's Sons. Elizabeth Porter Putnam, after the death of her husband, in 1724, married Captain Thomas Perley of Boxford, Mass. She died in 1746. A Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Putnam, Conn., bears her name.

Sarah Riggs was a descendant of Sergeant Edward Riggs, whose daring exploit in rescuing his commander and twelve of his comrades from ambuscade in the Pequot War is an interesting episode of early Connecticut history. Her father was John Riggs and she was born in 1711. She married first, John Bowers, who died in 1738, leaving her with two children who died the same year. In 1739 she married Rev. Daniel Humphreys. "During nearly half a century of married life," says her biographer "she was universally known as 'Lady Humphreys.' She was a woman of fine personal appearance, refined in mind and manner, and celebrated for her knowledge of Derby history." Rev. Daniel Humphreys and his wife both died in 1787 and only five weeks apart. Five children were born to Sarah Riggs Humphreys and her husband, four sons and a daughter. The sons were all devoted patriots during the Revolution, David, the youngest, entering the army as captain under General Putnam and in 1780 being made an aide to General Washington and serving as secretary as well. At the siege of Yorktown he had a separate command and had the honour of receiving the colours and was made the bearer of them from the Commander-in-Chief to Congress. Later he was the recipient of a gold-hilted sword which was presented to him by Congress. After the war, Colonel Humphreys was one of the commission appointed to negotiate treaties of commerce with foreign powers. Afterward he was U. S. Minister to Portugal and still later at the court of Madrid. At the beginning of the War of 1812 he was appointed brigadier-general of the state militia of Connecticut. He died in New Haven in 1818. He was a poet of no mean ability and a warm personal friend of Washington who showed him many marks of his distinguished consideration. Derby, Conn., D. A. R., Chapter has made her its patron saint.

Elizabeth Jarboe, who became the wife of Simon Kenton, the distinguished old pioneer and Indian fighter, was of French descent. Her father, Stephen Jarboe, came from the south of France to Baltimore in 1760 or thereabouts. He obtained work there and married Elizabeth Clelland who bore him a number of children, one of whom was Elizabeth, who has been described as a slender dark-haired, blue-eyed girl. When she was sixteen the wanderlust in Jarboe's blood became so strong that he took his family and travelled across the mountains and rivers into Ohio. Here Elizabeth became the homemaker and protector of the family. Her mother's health broke, but she was strong, courageous, and capable. More than once she was called upon to protect their home against the Indians. She became expert in spinning and weaving and all the other pioneer work that fell to women in the early days. During one of the Indian outbreaks, in which Elizabeth defended her home with marked courage and coolness, Simon Kenton led a rescuing party and was much attracted to the brave, handsome girl. Business called Stephen Jarboe back to Maryland and mother and daughter were left alone. They decided to join Elizabeth's brothers, who had gone farther West to found homes of their own. The father did not return for three years, and Elizabeth and her mother travelled alone through the woods, the girl acting as teamster, guide, hunter, and defender. The journey was finally finished and they built their cabin about four miles from the present site of Springfield. Here again came Simon Kenton and they were married. She made him a faithful and loving wife. Elizabeth Kenton passed her last years peacefully with her daughter, Mrs. Parkinson of Indiana. The D. A. R., of Covington, Ky., perpetuates the memory of her name.

Louisa Johnson Adams was the wife of John Quincy Adams, the sixth President of the United States. She was born in London, in February, 1775, where her father, Mr. Johnson, one of the Maryland Johnsons, was the foreign representative of large American interests. Shortly after her birth, he was forced to remove with his family to Nantes, France, where he was commissioned by the American Congress to examine the accounts of all public functionaries entrusted with the public money of the United States, in Europe. After peace had been declared Mr. Johnson returned to London where he acted as consular agent of the United States until his final return to America in 1797. Mr. Adams first met Louisa Johnson at her father's house in 1794 and in 1797 they were married. Shortly afterward Mr. Adams was transferred to the court of Berlin where they remained four years, returning to America in 1801. Soon after their return Mr. Adams was elected Senator and they took up their residence in Washington. A few years later Mr. Adams was made Minister to Russia, and for six years she made her residence at St. Petersburg. She underwent many trials during this period. Mr. Adams was a poor man and his salary from his official position was barely enough to live upon in one of the richest capitals of Europe. In the winter of 1814 and '15 she travelled from St. Petersburg to Paris, where Mr. Adams had preceded her from Ghent, and in May they reached London where for the first time in six years she met her children who had been left in America. In London, Mrs. Adams learned that her husband had been appointed Minister



Louisa Catherine Adams.

From an engraving of the painting by C. R. Leslie.

to the court of St. James and for four years more Louisa Adams was prevented from returning to the land which had never been a home for her though she called it home. Mr. Adams was appointed Secretary of State in 1817. For eight years he filled this office and then succeeded to the Presidency and after that he was for fifteen years in Congress during which time they lived modestly in their own house on I Street. On Monday, February 21, 1848, Mr. Adams had a stroke of paralysis while in his seat in Congress. He was carried to the Speaker's room by his fellow-members and lay there in a state of apparent unconsciousness through the 22d and 23d, Congress in the meantime meeting and adjourning from day to day. Mrs. Adams was with him until death came, in the evening of the 23d, a fact that seemed to give him the utmost satisfaction when at intervals he partially recovered consciousness. She survived her husband until May, 1852. Mrs. Adams was the mother of four children: George Washington Adams, born in Berlin, 1801; John Adams, born in Boston, 1803; Charles Francis Adams, born in Boston, 1807; Louisa Catharine Adams, born in St. Petersburg, 1811, and died there the following year. A Chapter of the D. A. R. of Washington, D. C., is named in her honour.

Margaret Holmes, a Scotch immigrant, married William Wyman, Sr., about 1760, and while her husband and two grown-up sons were serving in the Continental Army, she and her three young sons, the eldest of whom was but thirteen years old, remained on their little farm in the forests of Vermont, ploughing, sowing, and reaping during the entire war. Beyond the fact that she was a good wife and mother and a brave and patriotic woman but little of her life is known to the Chapter which bears her name in Seward, Neb.

Hannah Tracy was the daughter of Thomas and Lucy Sprague Tracy of Lenox, Mass. Her father was a soldier in the Continental Army and was in General Montgomery's expedition against Quebec,in 1775 and '76. He contracted small-pox in the service and came home to die. Hannah, the fourth daughter of Thomas and Lucy Sprague Tracy, was married to Dr. Isaac Grant of Litchfield, Conn., who had enlisted at the age of fifteen and served through six campaigns. He was captured at Fort Washington and held as prisoner in the old prison ship, *Jersey*. He was exchanged and shared the distress of the winter at Valley Forge. He was with Wayne at the storming of Stony Point and held the position of orderly sergeant, at the head of the column of his own company. He was slight and short of stature and the story is, that when the troops, coming up in absolute silence to the top of the hill, faced the abatis, made of trees, the branches of which had been cut off and sharpened, they were blocked. To push forward meant impalement on the sharpened branches. Mad Anthony stood not on ceremony. Seizing the little orderly sergeant by the collar of his coat and the seat of his trousers, he pitched him over the abatis. The boy once inside found it comparatively easy to catch hold of a small tree by the butt and pull it out of the way thus making an opening through which the entire force soon passed. After the war, Isaac Grant studied medicine in Lenox, married Hannah Tracy, and emigrated to Chenango County, N. Y. Nine children were born to Isaac and Hannah Tracy Grant, one of whom, the Rev. Loring Grant, removed to Albion, Michigan, where he was connected with Albion College and with this son the old father and mother spent their declining years. Albion, Mich., Daughters have made her their patron saint.

Melicent Porter was the daughter of Colonel Jonathan Baldwin and was born in Waterbury, in 1750. At the age of twenty, she was married to Isaac Booth Lewis and moved to New Jersey. Isaac was killed or died in 1777 and his widow remained at the home of her father-in-law. At the battle of Monmouth, Melicent Lewis spent the whole day cooking and feeding the soldiers. Soon after Monmouth, Colonel Baldwin went on to New Jersey and brought his widowed daughter and her two young children back to his own home, where in December, 1778, she was married to Captain Phineas Porter who served through the entire war, rising to the rank of Colonel. He died some years later and his widow married, as her third husband, Abel Camp with whom she lived until her death in 1824. A Chapter of the D. A. R., at Waterbury, Conn., bears her name.

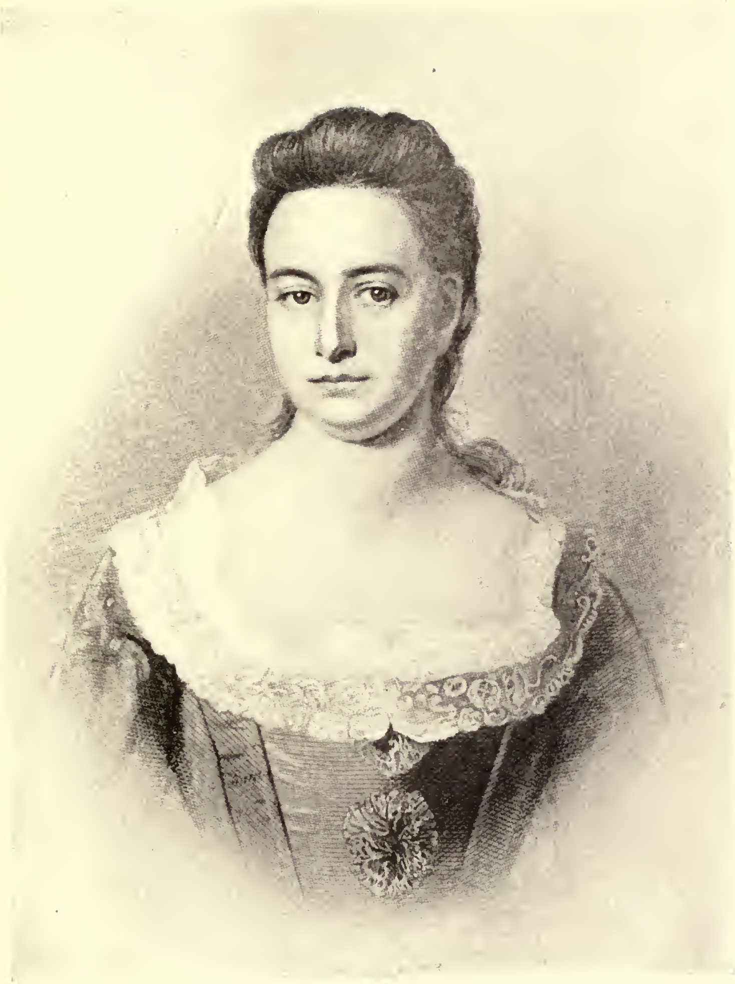
Marcia Burns was the daughter of David Burns, an eccentric old Scotchman, who owned a large tract of land where a part of the city of Washington now stands, and which included the site of the present White House. It contained six hundred acres and the sale of this land secured to Burns and his descendants an immense fortune. The deed provided that the streets of Washington should be so laid out as not to interfere with the little frame cottage which he had built for himself. His sudden accession to wealth did not turn old Davie Burns's head, and he went right along living in his cottage, where he entertained Washington, Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton, Aaron Burr, the poet Moore, and many of the other notable people who came to Washington in the early days. Marcia was his only child, and the entire estate came into her possession. She married Major John P. Van Ness, son of Peter Van Ness of New York. They lived in the old cottage, until the Van Ness mansion was completed. Mrs. Van Ness would never allow the old cottage to be removed. Mrs. Van Ness became noted for her charity. She founded the Washington Orphan Asylum, and gave the ground upon which St. John's Episcopal Church was built. It has been written of her that "she embodied charity in its highest ideal sense." There was no need but she sought to lessen the want, whether physical, mental, or spiritual. Her hand gave freely and her heart responded to all, joy, sorrow, or need. On the day of her funeral both houses of Congress adjourned; a mark of respect never shown to any other woman. Marcia Burns is the name of one of the Washington, D. C., Chapters of the D. A. R.

Abigail Phelps was the daughter of John and Mary Pettibone and was married to Lieutenant David Phelps, who had won his title in the French and Indian War. Three sons and six daughters were born to them. Captain David Phelps, their eldest son, enlisted in 1776 and was soon promoted to the rank of lieutenant in General Wadsworth's brigade. In 1779, he was commissioned captain in the Connecticut militia serving in the regiment commanded by his brother, Colonel Noah Phelps. Another brother, Captain Elisha Phelps served under Schuyler and Montgomery. He died in Albany in 1776. Colonel Noah Phelps became Brigadier-General in 1792 and Major-General in 1796. In civil life after peace was restored, the Phelpses were as prominent as they had been in the service, holding many offices and positions of trust. Simsbury, Conn., D. A. R., has paid tribute to the memory of Abigail Phelps.

Sarah Bryan Chinn was the daughter of

Captain William Bryan, and his wife Mary Boone, favourite sister of Daniel Boone. She was married about 1784 to Col. John Chinn, and their family is noted in the early annals of Kentucky. Sarah Bryan was the youngest of the girls to accompany their mothers and the other women in carrying water into the fort at Bryant's Station, when besieged by the Indians in 1782. A Chapter of the D. A. R., at Wentzville, Mo., has been named after Sarah Bryan Chinn.

Eunice Dennie was born in Fairfield in 1729 and married in her twentieth year to Thaddeus Burr, a wealthy and highly-respected citizen, a graduate of Yale College, and who had already held several public positions of trust and honour. In the early days of the Revolution, Mr. Burr was a member of the Committee of Safety and an active and zealous patriot. In 1779 when Tryon attacked Fairfield, pillaging and laying waste the town, most of the women fled, but a number who could not get away took refuge at the house of Mrs. Burr, who hoped that her former social acquaintance with General Tryon would protect her home from destruction. In a short time, however, a plundering party appeared bursting into the house where they tore the silver buckles off the ladies' shoes and stripped the rooms of everything that they wanted, smashing what they did not carry away. When General Tryon appeared Mrs. Burr recalled their previous meetings when he had been her guest, and asked protection. It was of no avail. Tryon demanded whatever documents there were in the house. She replied that there were only her husband's private papers relating to his estate. "The very papers we want," he replied, "we want them and the estate too and we will have both I trow." After Tryon's departure the house was pillaged by other bands of soldiery who grossly mistreated the inmates. General Tryon returned to the house later in the day and, acceding to Mrs. Burr's entreaty for protection, placed a sentry at the door. Again he came to tell her that he had included her house on the list that were to be spared from burning, and asking for a pen he wrote an order to that effect. The night that followed was one of terror. British and Hessian soldiers roamed the street leaving havoc in their wake. The town was in flames. Sparks from the burning buildings threatened the Burr mansion, but Mrs. Burr and her heroic companions carried water



Eunice Dennie Burr.

(From a painting by Copley.)

and saved the dwelling. At length after the retreat had been sounded and the guard withdrawn a number of stragglers spied the unprotected dwelling and in spite of Tryon's promises, applied the torch, after driving out the women and looting the place from cellar to garret. Eunice Dennie Burr died in 1805, surviving her husband about four years. Both were buried in the old Fairfield cemetery which is under the custodianship of the Eunice Dennie Burr Chapter, D. A. R.

Lucinda Hinsdale Stone was not a historical character having been born in Hinsdale, Vermont, in 1814, of Huguenot ancestry. She was highly educated and was a pioneer in the movement for the higher education of women. She is said to have done more to open the doors of Ann Arbor to women than any other person. She was married in 1840 to Dr. J. A. B. Stone, a Baptist minister, and shortly after that they began their life work. They were largely instrumental in the founding of Kalamazoo College, a co-educational institution. From this Dr. Stone was dismissed in 1863, because of his liberal teachings. He had even read Browning before his class—something that was considered heretical at the time. After that Mrs. Stone conducted a young ladies' school, and in 1867 she inaugurated the travelling school, by taking her first class of young ladies to Europe. Mrs. Stone was above all else a teacher and while she was in advance of her times the work she did for the advancement of the education of women has made for her a place in history. A Chapter of the D. A. R. bears her name at Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sabra Trumbull was a daughter of Sabra Gaylord and Captain Ammi Trumbull of Windsor and was born in 1742. Captain Trumbull was a distant cousin of Jonathan Trumbull, afterward Governor, both being grandsons of Joseph Trumbull, son of Deacon John Trumbull who came to America in 1637. In the spring of 1744, Captain Ammi with five hundred other Connecticut men had joined the forces that captured Louisburg. He went on the expedition to Deerfield in 1747 and saw service in other fields. Sabra married Hezekiah Bissell in 1760 and died 1768 leaving him one child, a little daughter who bore her mother's name of "Sabra." Captain Bissell served through the entire war of the Revolution with distinction.

A Sabra Trumbull Chapter, D. A. R., is located at Rockville, Conn.

Freelove Baldwin was married to Captain Stephen Stow. They had four sons who served in the Continental Army but it was for the father Stephen Stow to perform one of the bravest and most self-sacrificing actions of the entire war. One bitter cold night in December, 1776, about two hundred half-clothed, half-starved, sick and dying soldiers were left on the Sound shore at Milford. Under cover of the darkness the poor wretches had been landed from a British ship, to which they had been transferred from the prison ship *Jersey*. Near the landing place lived Captain Isaac Miles and Captain Stephen Stow. Into the kitchens of these two houses this mass of sick, ragged, hungry, and dirty humanity swarmed. They were cared for that night, as best the two families and their kind-hearted neighbours might, but in the light of next morning it could plainly be seen the British prison ships had done their work and that nearly every man was a victim of either smallpox or ship-fever. The town house was hastily turned into a hospital, but to obtain nurses seemed almost an impossibility. Captain Stow, ever a humane man, did not hesitate. He made his will, bid good-bye to wife and friends, and then turned into the house of death, for it was little else. Day and night he ministered to the poor unfortunates until he too succumbed to the dread disease and his wife was not allowed to even claim his body for burial. Forty-six of the sick men died and were buried at Milford along with their benefactor. A Chapter of the D. A. R. has been named after Mrs. Stow at Milford.

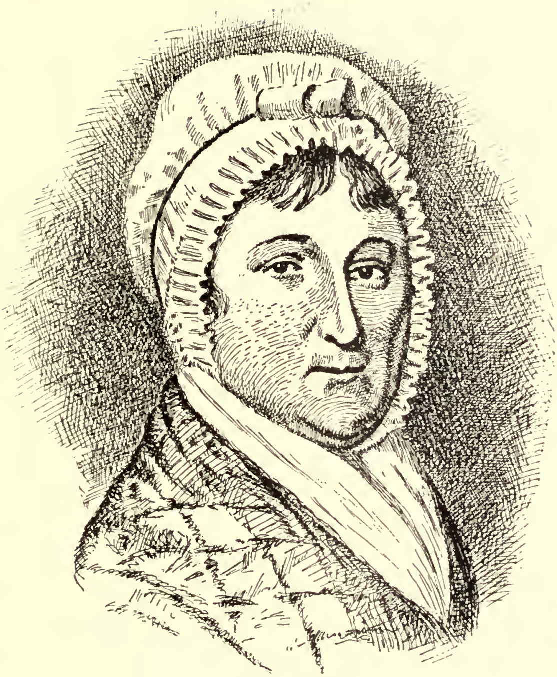
Ann Cooper became the wife of James Whitehall, a Quaker living at Red Bank, N. J. Fort Mercer, on the Delaware River, was on the edge of his farm and the battle of Red Bank was fought on his land. When the attack was made on the fort, Ann was urged to leave. She refused, saying "God's arm is strong and will protect me and I may do some good by staying." She was left alone in the house, and while cannon-balls were driving about her home she calmly plied her spinning-wheel in the second story. When a twelve-pound ball crashed through the wall and passed on through a partition near her, the old lady gathered up her implements of toil and retired to the cellar where she continued spinning until called to help care for the wounded and dying to whom she ministered unmindful of whether it be friend or foe. Count Dunnop, the Hessian commander, was one of the wounded turned over to Mrs. Whitehall's care, and she attended him until he died, three days later. The old lady lived until 1797 and is buried at Rosebank. Woodbury, N. J., Daughters have made a patron saint of the old heroine.

Esther Fleming, the second daughter of Samuel and Esther Mounier Fleming, was born in 1739. As a young woman she was refined and amiable to a degree that made her a general favourite. She was married to Colonel Thomas Lowrey while yet but little more than a girl. She was very patriotic and joined heartily with her husband in everything she could do to advance the cause. In 1780 when the American army was suffering from a lack of supplies Mrs. Lowrey was selected as one of a committee of ten women, representing the county of Huntingdon to co-operate with committees from other counties and solicit contributions for relief of the soldiers. In twelve days the women raised $15,408. In April, 1789, Mrs. Lowrey was one of the matrons in charge of the ceremonies at

Trenton on the occasion of General Washington's reception, and her daughter Mary was one of the thirteen little girls who strewed flowers in the path of the great commander. Mrs. Lowrey survived her husband by eight years, dying at Milford, N. J., in 1814, in her seventy-sixth year. The Daughters of the American Revolution of Flemington, N. J., have named their Chapter in honour of Colonel Lowrey, her husband, and a Chapter in Independence, Kansas, bears the name of Esther Lowrey.

Jane Douglas was a descendant of the ancient Scottish clan of Douglas and claimed descent from Lord James and Lady Catharine Douglas. She came to the Colonies in company with relatives, some years before the Revolution, being an orphan, and some time afterward married Colonel William Downs of South Carolina. Her sympathies were early enlisted in behalf of the Colonies and her fortune of sixty thousand dollars was sacrificed for the cause. She accompanied her husband during his entire period of service and that covered most of the Revolutionary War. In the Dallas, Tex., Chapter, Jane Douglas is revered as patron saint.

Elizabeth, or Betty, as she was best known, was



Esther Lowrey.

From an old pen-and-ink sketch

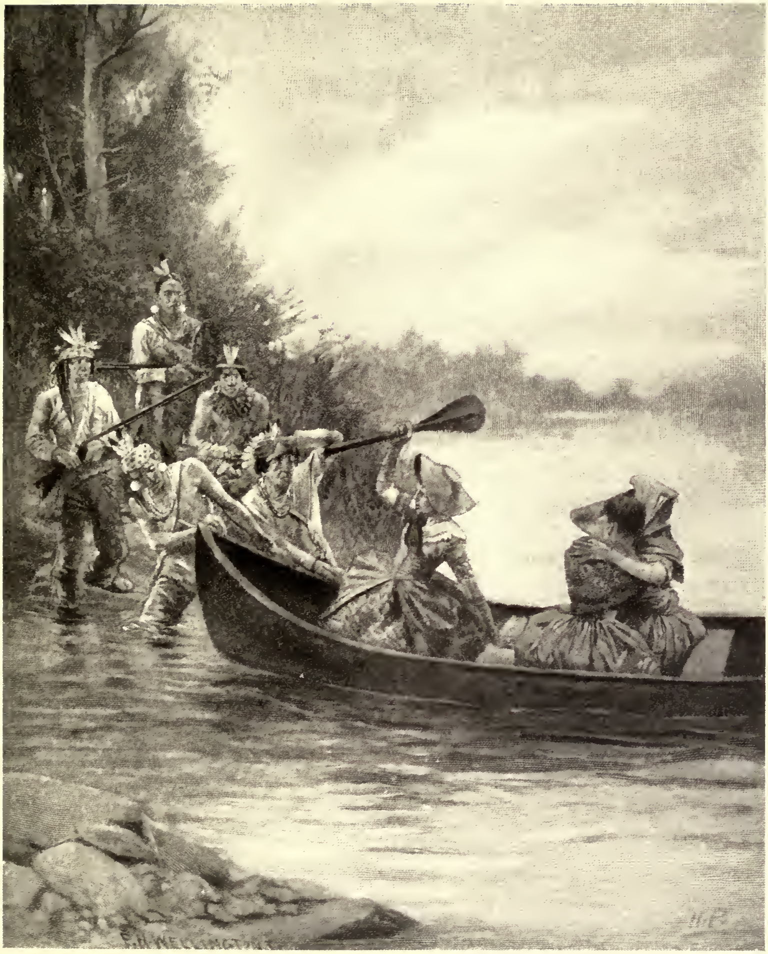
a daughter of Noah and Mindwell Edwards Parsons. She was born in Northampton in the year 1716 and in 1733 became the wife of Joseph Allen. Mrs. B. K. Emerson in writing of "Betty Allen and her Six Soldier Sons," says: "She bore and nursed and reared and trained and taught and washed and dressed and presumably spanked her eight boys and four girls, and, with God's help, made decent men and women of them, and lived to give back several of them, after honoured and useful lives, to the God who had confided them to her tutelage." Of Betty's six sons who fought in the Revolution, two were Chaplains, two were Majors, one a Lieutenant in the Continental Army and one, who volunteered and marched to the aid of Bennington. Of Betty herself, the church records show that she assisted at the birth of three thousand infants. Betty Allen's son Thomas served as a Chaplain at the battle of Bennington, and it was there that he acquired the title of the "fighting parson," being as zealous in fighting as he was in praying.

> " The parson op'ed the battle,
> First by prayer and then by ball."

Betty Allen died at an advanced age at the home of her daughter on King Street, Northampton, and next door to the house that for nearly sixty-six years had been her home, and Northampton D. A. R. Chapter bears her name.

Anne Wood was the oldest child of Thomas and Experience Wood; she was born in Norwich, in 1722. In 1741, she married Jedediah Elderkin and in 1745, they removed from Norwich and became residents of Windham. Jedediah Elderkin became a noted lawyer and a distinguished statesman. He served throughout the Revolution with considerable distinction and retired at the close of the war with the title of Brigadier-General in the Continental Army. Anne Wood Elderkin was a woman of sweet temper and an excellent housekeeper, and her home was a centre of culture and refinement. She was the mother of nine children and was much noted for her piety and charity. She survived her husband eleven years and died, June 14, 1804. Her name is borne by Willimantic, Conn., Chapter, D. A. R.

Elizabeth was a daughter of John Cook (or Coke) who played an important part in the history of the State of Delaware. During the Revolution, he held a number of high offices



The Capture of Elizabeth and Frances Callaway and Jemima Boone.

From a woodcut in *Harper's Weekly* for June, 1887. Reproduced by permission of the Publishers.

including Justice of the Supreme Court of the State, Purchaser for the Army, and Speaker of the Legislative Council. Elizabeth Cook became the wife of Ebenezer Cloke who died a martyr to the cause of Independence. He had equipped a privateer at his own expense, to cruise against the British; the vessel was captured and he was consigned to the hold of a British ship. Here he and the other prisoners were daily offered their freedom if they would espouse the British cause; this he continually refused and eventually died of ship-fever. Elizabeth herself was a zealous patriot and with her own hands moulded many of the bullets with which her patriotic relatives fought. In the Smyrna, Del., Chapter, D. A. R., she is honoured as their patron saint.

Sarah Dickinson was the daughter of John and Mary Barnes Dickinson, of Edgecombe County, N. C. Her grandfather, father, and her two brothers served in the Continental Army. Her mother had died when she was quite young, and during the absence of her father and brothers she, with one white woman as a companion, was left in charge of the plantation. It was during this period that she helped her brothers and her lover Robert Simms to capture five Tories. The Tories later retaliated by burning the plantation buildings and destroying all of the provisions. After the war Sarah married Robert Simms and removed to Georgia. She was the mother of nine children and raised several more which she adopted. She lived to the age of ninety-six, and it is said that she never suffered any illness and was active to the day of her death. Newman, Georgia, Daughters have adopted her name, as patron saint.

Ruth Cole was a daughter of Matthew and Mary Newell Cole. She was born October 29, 1742, and in 1763, became the wife of Selah Hart. Mrs. Hart was noted for her patriotism, her philanthropy, and the vigour and activity of her mind, and although she lived to the extreme age of one hundred and one years her mind was clear and vigorous to the last. Her husband entered the Continental Army at the beginning of the war and within a year was commissioned captain and colonel and later was made a brigadier-general. Upon the retreat of the American army from New York, Colonel Hart was captured and held prisoner by the British, being confined for several months on Long Island and during the major portion of this period he was mourned as dead by his wife. Colonel Hart was exchanged in 1777 and immediately rejoined the army. In May, 1779, he was appointed Brigadier-General of the Sixth Brigade of Connecticut Militia, succeeding Gen. Oliver Wolcott, and served with distinction through the remainder of the war and thereafter held various civil offices, and in 1788 was a delegate to the State Convention that voted on the adoption of the Constitution of the United States. General Hart died June 11, 1806. Ruth Cole survived her husband thirty-eight years and died January 15, 1844, aged one hundred and one years, two months, and sixteen days. Her name is borne by the D. A. R. Chapter at Meriden, Conn.

Margaret Gaston was an English woman by birth who came to Newbern, North Carolina, in pre-revolutionary days, on a visit to her brothers who had emigrated to the Carolinas. She became the wife of Dr. Alexander Gaston, who in 1775 was elected a member of the Committee of Safety for the district of Newbern, and who at various times served as surgeon and captain of the volunteer bands for the defence of Wilmington. In August, 1781, Newbern was attacked by a party of British soldiers and Tories under Major Craig. There was no opportunity for a defence, and Dr. Gaston endeavoured to save his wife and children by embarking in a canoe and crossing the river Trent. Dr. Gaston had just entered the canoe to steady it, while his wife and children got in it, when a party of Tories appeared at the wharf and forced him to push off, leaving his wife to plead for his life. He was standing erect in the canoe which had drifted thirty or forty yards from the shore. Mrs. Gaston's prayers were in vain, one of the Tories levelling a rifle over her shoulder shooting her husband as he stood. Mrs. Gaston survived her terrible experience and devoted the remainder of her life to the rearing of her children, one of whom became the Hon. William Gaston, distinguished as a jurist and statesman. A Chapter of the D. A. R., bearing her name, is located at Lebanon, Tenn.

Nabby Lee Ames Chapter, D. A. R., of Athens, O., is named for Nabby Lee Ames who was born near Charleston, S. C., in 1771, married in 1789, and removed to southeast Ohio. Here in a little log cabin in the wilderness she became a homemaker for her husband and children, bravely and cheerfully enduring the many privations and trying experiences of pioneer life. Her father was a chaplain in the Revolution as was her husband's father who died during the hard winter at Valley Forge.

Susannah Tufts was one of the eleven children of Major Eleazer Philomen Warner and Mary Prince Warner, and was born in Gloucester, Mass., March 20, 1745. She became the second wife of Dr. Cotton Tufts whose liberal contributions, coupled with his activity in the cause of the Colonies, brought him into prominence. It was Dr. Cotton Tufts who in 1765 wrote the instructions regarding the Stamp Act to the Weymouth representatives in the Provincial Legislature. Susannah Tufts died June, 1832, and in the naming of their chapter, the D. A. R., of Weymouth, Mass., have done her honour.

Hannah Taggart Jameson was the second wife of Thomas Jameson, who served in the Revolution from 1777 until the close of the war. His first wife had left him four children and to these Hannah proved a good and faithful mother. The oldest child, Daniel Jameson, served in the army. He returned home on a furlough and was taken sick with the small-pox. Hannah nursed him and six other children through this terrible ordeal. Most of Hannah Jameson's married life was spent in Henry and Albemarle Counties, Va., but later she removed to Jefferson County, Ind., where she died in 1830. Her grave is in the Hebron Cemetery, six miles north of Madison, Ind. A Chapter of the D. A. R., at Parsons, Kan., bears her name.

Susannah French Putney was the wife of Ebenezer Putney, of Goshen, Mass. During the Revolution, Mr. and Mrs. Putney opened their large new house for the use of small-pox patients, about one hundred and thirty being inoculated and sent to their home where they were nursed by Mrs. Putney and others until they recovered and were proof against the real disease. At another time their home was opened to a sick soldier. The sickness proved contagious, two of their own children dying in one day in consequence. Her memory is commemorated by the Daughters of El Dorado, Kan.

Lucretia Shaw was the wife of Nathaniel Shaw, Jr., an eminent merchant, of New London, Conn., and one of the most prominent representatives in the Continental Congress where he was an authority on naval affairs. Mr. Shaw's wealth and prominence made his home a centre of patriotic activity during the Revolution. As Mrs. Shaw lived in the midst of the great war movements she was brought into daily contact with many of the statesmen and military leaders of the time and was conversant with their hopes, plans, and ideals. She did heroic work in caring for the sick and wounded, especially those released from the British prisons, and it was in this that she met her death. She had brought to her home a number of released prisoners who were afflicted with gaol fever; this she contracted, and died after a short illness in 1781, aged forty-four years, and was survived by her husband but a few months. Lucretia Shaw Chapter, D. A. R., is in New London, Conn.

Hannah McIntosh Cady Chapter, Allegan, Mich., was named after the venerable daughter of Pasquale Paola McIntosh who served in the Revolution. She was born, April 29, 1809, and lived to the age of one hundred and two years, dying on the morning of April 29, 1911. She was married, October 18, 1832, to Peter Cady and was the mother of four children. Her two sons served in the Union army in the Civil War. Hannah McIntosh Cady was a "real daughter" of the American Revolution and her remarkable age made her a revered connecting link with the past.

Deborah Knapp was the wife of Capt. Amos Smith of Roxbury, Conn. Her share in the Revolution was the care of her husband's paroled prisoners, in which capacity she showed much courage and ability. Among the prisoners in Deborah's charge was a lieutenant of the Continental Army who had deserted to the British. He was captured by Captain Smith and held pending trial by court-martial. A mob of Whigs who had been much incensed at the lieutenant's desertion came to the house, secured the prisoner, and hanged him to a tree in the yard. Deborah, hearing what was being done, fearlessly confronted the mob and demanded that the prisoner be cut down and returned to her care. Her courage, firmness, and personal presence overawed the crowd, and the prisoner was cut down and returned to her. He recovered from his strenuous ordeal and was later court-martialed and hanged as a traitor. A Washington Chapter, D. A. R., bears her name.

Lucy Wolcott was a daughter of Samuel and Lucy Wright Wolcott. She was born in Goshen, Vt., in 1762, and was married to Stephen

Barnum at Lanesboro, Mass., in 1780. But little is known of her life save that she was a woman of exceptionally fine character and with an ancestry running back to Elder Brewster of the *Mayflower*. Her father, Samuel Wolcott, and her brother, Samuel, Jr., were of the nine men who entered Fort Ticonderoga with Ethan Allen. She had the distinction of having a father, a brother, and a husband in the Revolution. She died at Shoreham, Vt., June 24, 1799, five days after the birth of her son Stephen Barnum, Jr. Daughters of the American Revolution of Adrian, Mich., have named their Chapter after her.

Catharine Sherrill, "Bonny Kate," after whom the Daughters of the American Revolution of Knoxville, Tenn., have named their Chapter, was the second wife of General John Sevier, one of the most distinguished pioneer soldiers and statesmen of Tennessee. She was a handsome girl of twenty, the daughter of one of the settlers at Watauga, which had been built up around Fort Patrick Henry not far from the site of the present city of Knoxville, when she won her name and a husband. It was in 1780 when the fort was besieged by Cherokee Indians and for days the women and children had been kept inside the stockade for safety. One morning no Indians being in sight, Catharine and several other women ventured outside for exercise. She had strayed away from her companions when the yells of the Indians were heard. The other women gained the fort and the great gate swung shut just in time to keep the Indians out. Then it was discovered that Catharine Sherrill was not of their number. Sevier started to open the gate, but was stopped by Captain James Robertson who said that nothing could save the girl and that to open the gate meant death for the others. Just then Catharine could be seen running toward the fort pursued by half a dozen Indians. There was no time to do anything before the girl had vaulted the eight-foot stockade, landing plump into the arms of "Nolichucky Jack" Sevier who greeted her with "A brave girl for a foot-race, my Bonny Kate!" The Indians were repulsed with a loss of sixty killed. No one of the whites was injured. Not long afterward, Sevier, who was a widower at thirty, married "Bonny Kate," who proved a fitting mate for her heroic husband.

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