

# Washington's Vision

*"Washington's Vision Contains  
a highly important lesson to every  
true lover of his country*

*Edward Everett.*

The first **UNION STORY** EVER WRITTEN

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## WASHINGTON'S VISION.

BY WESLEY BRADSHAW. [Chas. W. Alexander.]

THE last time that I ever saw Anthony Sherman was on July 4th, 1859, in Independence Square. He was then ninety-nine, and becoming very feeble; but though so old, his dimming eyes rekindled as he looked at Independence Hall, which he said he had come to gaze upon once more before he was gathered home.

"What time is it?" said he, raising his trembling eyes to the clock in the steeple, and endeavoring to shade the former with a shaking hand; "what time is it? I can't see so well now as I used to."

"Half-past three."

"Come, then," he continued, "let us go into the Hall—I want to tell you an incident of Washington's life, one which no one alive knows of except myself; and if you live, you will before long see it verified. *Mark me, I am not superstitious; but you will see it verified.*"

Reaching the visitors' room, in which the sacred relics of our early days are preserved, we sat down upon one of the old-fashioned wooden benches, and my venerable companion related to me the following singular narrative, which, from the peculiarity of our national affairs at the present time, I have been induced to give to the world. I give it as nearly as possible in his own words.

"When the bold action of our Congress, in asserting the independence of the colonies, became known in the old world, we were laughed and scoffed at as silly, presumptuous rebels, whom British grenadiers would very soon tame into submission; but undauntedly we prepared to make good what we had said. The keen encounter came, and the world knows the result. It is easy and pleasant for those of the present generation to talk and write of the days of

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Seventy-Six, but they little know, neither can they imagine, the trials and sufferings of those fearful days. And there is one thing that I much fear, and that is, *that the American people do not properly appreciate the boon of freedom. Party spirit is yearly becoming stronger and stronger, and, without it is checked, will, at no distant day, undermine and tumble into ruins the noble structure of the Republic.* But let me hasten to my narrative.

"From the opening of the Revolution, we experienced all phases of fortune—now good, and now ill, one time victorious, and another conquered. The darkest period we had, however, was, I think, when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, where he resolved to pass the winter of '77. Ah! I have often seen the tears coursing down our dear old commander's care-worn cheeks, as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard the story of Washington going to the thicket to pray, well, it is not only true, but he used often to pray in secret, for aid and comfort from that God, the interposition of whose divine providence alone brought us safely through those dark days of tribulation.

"One day—I remember it well—the chilly wind whistled and howled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless, and the sun shining brightly, he remained in his quarters nearly the whole afternoon alone. When he came out, I noticed that his face was a shade paler than usual, and that there seemed to be something upon his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly to the quarters of the officer I mentioned, who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation, which lasted some half an hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity which he alone could command, said to the latter:

"I do not know whether it was owing to the anxiety of my mind, or what, but this afternoon, as I was sitting at this very table, engaged in preparing a dispatch, something in the apartment seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld, standing exactly opposite to me, a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I—for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed—that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence. A second, third, and even a fourth time did I repeat the question, but received no other answer from my mysterious visitor than a slight raising of her eyes. By this time I felt a strange sensation spreading throughout me. I would have risen, but the riveted gaze of the

being before me rendered volition impossible. I essayed once more to address her, but my tongue had become powerless. Even thought itself presently became paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistible, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze, gaze steadily, vacantly at my unknown visitant. Gradually the surrounding atmosphere seemed as though becoming filled with sensations, and grew luminous. Everything about me appeared to rarify—the mysterious visitor herself becoming more airy, and yet even more distinct to my sight than before. I now began to feel as one dying, or, rather, to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined accompany dissolution. I did not think, I did not reason, I did not move; all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing fixedly, vacantly, at my companion.

"Presently I heard a voice saying, "Son of the Republic, look and learn," while at the same time my visitor extended her arm and fore-finger eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy, white vapor at some distance, rising, fold upon fold. This gradually disappeared, and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay spread out in one vast plain, all the countries of the world, Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. I saw rolling and tossing between Europe and America, the billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia and America lay the Pacific.

"Son of the Republic," said the same mysterious voice, as before, "look and learn."

"At that moment I beheld a dark, shadowy being, like an angel, standing, or rather floating in mid-air between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, he sprinkled some upon America with his right hand, while he cast upon Europe some with his left. Immediately a dark cloud arose from each of these countries, and joined in mid-ocean. For a while it remained stationary, and then moved slowly westward, until it enveloped America in its murky folds. Sharp flashes of lightning now gleamed throughout it at intervals, and I heard the smothered groans and cries of the American people.

"A second time the angel dipped water from the ocean, and sprinkled it out as before. The dark cloud was then drawn back to the ocean, into whose heaving waves it sunk from view. A third time I heard the mysterious voice, saying:

"Son of the Republic, look and learn."

"I cast my eyes upon America, and beheld villages, towns, and cities springing up, one after another, until the whole land, from the

Atlantic to the Pacific, was dotted with them. Again I heard the mysterious voice say:

"Son of the Republic, the end of a century cometh; look and learn."

"At this, the dark, shadowy angel turned his face southward, and from Africa I saw an ill-omened spectre approaching our land. It flitted slowly and heavily over every village, town, and city of the latter; the inhabitants of which presently set themselves in battle array, one against the other. As I continued looking, I saw a bright angel, on whose brow rested a crown of light, on which was traced the word UNION, bearing the American flag, which he placed between the divided nation, and said:

"Remember, ye are brethren."

"Instantly the inhabitants, casting from them their weapons, became friends once more, and united around the national standard. And again I heard the mysterious voice, saying:

"Son of the Republic, the second peril is passed; look and learn."

"And I beheld the villages, towns, and cities of America increase in size and number, until at last they covered all the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and their inhabitants became as countless as the stars in heaven, or the sand on the sea-shore. And again I heard the mysterious voice, saying:

"Son of the Republic, the end of a century cometh; look and learn."

"At this, the dark, shadowy angel placed a trumpet to his mouth, and blew three distinct blasts; and taking water from the ocean, sprinkled it out upon Europe, Asia, and Africa.

"Then my eyes looked upon a fearful scene. From each of these countries arose thick, black clouds, that were soon joined into one. And throughout this mass gleamed a dark-red light, by which I saw hordes of armed men, who, moving with the cloud, marched by land, and sailed by sea, to America, which country was presently enveloped in the volume of the cloud. And I dimly saw these vast armies devastate the whole country, and pillage and burn the villages, towns, and cities that I had beheld springing up. As my ears listened to the thundering of cannon, clashing of swords, and shouts and cries of the millions in mortal combat, I again heard the mysterious voice, saying:

"Son of the Republic, look and learn."

"When the voice had ceased, the dark, shadowy angel placed

his trumpet once more to his mouth, and blew a long, fearful blast.

"Instantly a light, as of a thousand suns, shone down from above me, and pierced and broke into fragments the dark cloud which enveloped America. At the same moment, I saw the angel upon whose forehead still shone the word UNION, and who bore our national flag in one hand, and a sword in the other, descend from heaven, attended by legions of bright spirits. These immediately joined the inhabitants of America, who I perceived were well-nigh overcome, but who, immediately taking courage again, closed up their broken ranks, and renewed the battle. Again, amid the fearful noise of the conflict, I heard the mysterious voice, saying:

"Son of the Republic, look and learn."

"As the voice ceased, the shadowy angel for the last time dipped water from the ocean, and sprinkled it upon America. Instantly the dark cloud rolled back, together with the armies it had brought, leaving the inhabitants of the land victorious. Then once more I beheld villages, towns, and cities springing up where they had been before, while the bright angel, planting the azure standard he had brought, in the midst of them, cried in a loud voice to the inhabitants:

"While the stars remain, and the heavens send down dew upon the earth, so long shall the Republic last!"

"And taking from his brow the crown on which still blazed the word UNION, he placed it upon the standard, while the people, kneeling down, said, "Amen."

"The scene instantly began to fade and dissolve, and I at last saw nothing but the rising, curling, white vapor I had first beheld. This also disappearing, I found myself once more gazing upon my mysterious visitor, who, in that same mysterious voice I had heard before, said:

"Son of the Republic, what you have seen is thus interpreted. Three perils will come upon the Republic. The most fearful is the second, passing which, the whole world united shall never be able to prevail against her. Let every child of the Republic learn to live for his God, his land, and Union."

"With these words the figure vanished. I started from my seat, and felt that I had seen a vision, wherein had been shown to me the birth, progress, and destiny of the Republic of the United States.

"In UNION she will have strength, in DISUNION her destruction."

"Such, my friend," concluded the venerable narrator, "were the

words I heard from Washington's own lips, and America will do well to profit by them. *Let her forever remember, that in UNION she has her strength, in DISUNION her destruction.*"

## GOD HELP OUR NOBLE SHIP OF STATE!

BY WESLEY BRADSHAW.

God help our noble Ship of State! the storm is on her now;  
And madly Party's billows dash upon her shattered prow.  
Up! up! ye brave and hearty crew, stand firmly by the ropes,  
Else foundered is our noble bark—for ever lost our hopes!

What! lag ye now, ye sons of those whose peerless deeds of yore  
Bequeathed to us this honored ship, baptized in holy gore?  
And, pale ye now before the blast that sweeps us to our fate?  
Oh, rouse ye, patriots, arouse, ere it may be too late!

Hark! heard ye not that sullen roar far o'er the troubled surge?  
There's no deception in the sound—'t is Freedom's mournful dirge!  
Still, why this trembling, doubt, and fear? Why does our vessel reel?  
A voice comes through the tempest dark: *Disunion's at the wheel!*"

Then, by the days of Seventy-Six, and by the Stripes and Stars,  
Be whole-souled brothers once again;—unite, Columbia's tars!  
Down with the spectre helmsman, place patriots at the wheel,  
And soon again we'll ride the waves with free and bounding keel.

Hark! there, once more, that deadly peel booms deeper than before,  
From East, and West, and North, and South, is heard its throat'ning roar!  
Great God! our noble ship has sprung, and we are sinking fast!  
Her strained and quivering timbers part—alas, all hope is past!

"No! NO!" a million voices shout, "our good ship yet shall be  
The same staunch craft our fathers launched to bear the brave and free!  
And side by side, beneath our flag, we'll strive, with soul and might,  
To save our bark ere she is lost in Anarchy's black night!"

And noble hearts, with willing hands, from fore-castle to stern,  
Strive like a band of brothers true, the ship's dark fate to turn.  
Then, with the meteor Stars and Stripes nailed firmly to her mast,  
May our good ship the storm outride, and harbor safe at last.

## THE SOUTH CAROLINA SEVEN.

BY WESLEY BRADSHAW.

DURING the struggle for independence, the American patriots were as much harassed by the Tories, as by the hired mercenaries sent by despotic royalty to conquer and force them into submission to a power which they hated.

Soon after the Southern forces were placed under the command of General Greene, the latter sent out General Morgan, with one thousand men, to cut off those Tories infesting the western portion of South Carolina.

Scarcely had Morgan, with his brave band, taken up his march, ere Cornwallis, the British commander, became aware of the movement, and instantly dispatched the bloodthirsty Colonel Tarleton in pursuit. The indefatigable Morgan soon learned of this, and accordingly halted, and prepared for battle. The enemy presently appeared in such force, however, that Morgan retreated as far as Cowpens, a little town in the northern part of what was then Union county, where he determined to meet the foe at all hazards.

The sun of January 16th was going down as he entered the town, and, so close was the pursuit, that the dim shadows of evening had not yet deepened into the darker shades of night, before Tarleton came up. Of course it was now too late to commence the battle; but each commander spent most of the night in issuing orders to, and arranging his troops for the contest of the morrow. The greater portion of Morgan's band consisted of the militia, who, though brave, were comparatively undisciplined, and, of course, not likely to long withstand the shock of a charge of thoroughly trained troops.

To the disposition of this part of his command, therefore, General Morgan directed his particular attention, and endeavored, by appropriate addresses, to infuse within their breasts the same indomitable courage that possessed his own heart.

Among the militia were seven persons—a father and his six sons—whom General Morgan specially complimented. These seven patriot soldiers were nicknamed by their comrades, "THE LITTLE

REGIMENT," for a reason which the reader will easily comprehend from the following description:

John Hillier, Sr., then some fifty-five years of age, stood six feet five and a half inches, was of fine proportions, and weighed over three hundred pounds; while the youngest, John Hillier, Jr., aged twenty-two, measured six feet three inches, and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. The five other brothers varied in size and weight between these two. In addition to these gigantic proportions, the Hilliers were possessed of enormous physical strength, and the most dauntless courage. Though often before engaged in skirmishes, this was the first time that they were to take part in a regular, pitched battle, and, of course, the rest of the army were somewhat anxious to know how they would behave.

"John," said General Morgan to the elder Hillier, who, with his sons, was eating a hasty and frugal meal from off a hollow tree, "I suppose that you and your brave boys would rather fight together than be separated?"

"Yes, General," replied the patriot, touching his rough cap respectfully, and rising to his feet, "I think we would be of much more service to you and to our noble cause, when united than parted. You know, General, that's what Washington's all the time telling us Americans—to '*stick together, else we'll get beat.*' And I tell you what, General, *Washington knows what's what!*"

"Well, John," rejoined General Morgan, smiling at the hero's quaint expression of his opinion of Washington's judgment, "we'll have some warm work in the morning, and I am going to give you and your lads here the most dangerous position in the battle. Tomorrow you shall bear the first standard into the fight; and I know that the glorious banner of our country cannot be placed in better hands."

"Thank you, General, thank you, for the compliment; and I and my lads will promise you this, that while we can stand and fight, or kneel and fight, or lay down and fight, you'll see them stars and stripes floating."

"Then, as time is pressing, move up to the front," answered General Morgan, gathering up his reins, and riding slowly away, "and remember," he continued, as his steed pranced along, impatient of the curb, "I shall keep my eye upon '*THE LITTLE REGIMENT!*' Good night."

"Good night, General," was the reply, accompanied by the usual military salute; and thus they parted.



OUR FLAG! OUR FLAG FOR EVER!

The still hours of the night passed slowly, solemnly on, and each patriot soldier, as he watched the twinklings of the far-away stars, and listened to the frosty wind, as it moaned past, thought that perhaps those self-same shining worlds would, the next night, send down just such twinklings on his own bloody corpse or roughly-made grave. The stars, however, gradually paled away, and then faint, gray gleams in the eastern sky told that day was coming, to light the war-demon and death-angel to their work. Presently, as the sun came fully above the horizon, and streamed his glowing beams over the icy hillocks and along the snowy field, the bugle's shrill note sounded the enemy's advance, and the patriot band prepared for the onset.

In front of, and a little apart from, the van of Morgan's force, were John Hillier and his six giant sons, the father himself bearing aloft the flag, while the latter ranged themselves three on each side of him, as a guard.

"Well done, Little Regiment!" exclaimed the General, as he rode down the line, encouraging his men to stand firm before the foe, who were now approaching.

On came Tarleton and his merciless butchers, with that steady coolness and veteran determination, which always have such a fatal effect on militia. Anxiously Morgan glanced upon his undisciplined force, which he noticed was already beginning to sway from side to side, and back and forth. But even at this critical moment, he was unable to repress the thrill of joy which passed through him, as he beheld the Hilliers, at a word from their father, coolly and deliberately drawing their long, heavy swords.

"Would to God I had a hundred such 'Little Regiments,'" he said, between his closed teeth, "I would—"

The sentence was unfinished; for at this instant, at a given signal, Tarleton's troops, clapping spurs to their steeds, charged with fearful fury.

For a moment or so the militia tottered, and surged, and struggled, and then, breaking, fled in wild confusion, thus leaving the devoted Hilliers wholly unsupported. Morgan expected to see the latter swept to earth, and ridden down like reeds before the tempest; but even he did not know the 'The Little Regiment.' Quailing before the formidable giants, Tarleton's men swerved either to the right or left of them, and thus threw away their own advantage, which the Spartan Americans turned to their account.

In a voice that was clearly heard above the din of battle, the elder

Hillier, as he raised himself to his full height, shouted: "Close up, lads, close up! Our flag! our flag for ever!"

Instantly he was encircled by his sons, whose herculean exertions actually kept the whole force of the enemy at bay. Determined, however, to take the rebel standard, Tarleton's men raged wildly about their intended victims; but as uselessly as the storm-tossed ocean lashes the beetling cliff. Man and horse sunk to earth, until at last their bodies formed a rampart, within which "The Little Regiment," wounded and bleeding, fought like lions. Seeing at last that sabres were useless, a British dragoon now drew a pistol, and levelling it at young John Hillier, shot him through the heart.

"Close up, lads! close up! Our flag! our flag for ever!" again thundered the father; and the fearful circle was once more serried and unbroken.

By this time Morgan had succeeded in bringing up his regulars, and, heading them himself, he rushed to the rescue of the noble Hilliers. But, alas! too late. A second of the Little Regiment fell, then a third, and a fourth, and a fifth!

"Back to back, Ned! Our flag for ever!" hoarsely commanded the elder Hillier, as he saw his fifth son sink at his feet.

For awhile Morgan's fierce assault attracted the attention of Tarleton's men. Like tigers did the patriot commander and his handful of men strive to cut their way to the two envied heroes, and save them; but fate had ordered it otherwise, and the last son falling, the father was left alone in the midst of his relentless assailants.

Still, however, the flag floated proudly above the doomed hero, and still that gory sword swept below its folds in many a horrid circle; and still, as frenzy took the place of reason, Hillier shouted, in wild, hoarse tones:

"Close up, lads! close up! Our flag! our flag for ever!"

For a moment the giant patriot raised himself to his full height, whirled his sword aloft, and delivered his last, vengeful stroke among his enemies, one of whom he clove nearly to the saddle. Such was the force of the blow, that the blade snapped asunder, leaving only the hilt in the hero's hand, who, casting this from him, sprang up, seized the starry banner that he had so long and bravely defended, and, convulsively wrapping it about him, sunk beneath a shower of blows, exclaiming, with his dying voice:

"Close up, lads! close up! Our flag! our flag for ever!"

Unable to tear the flag from about the fallen man, the British now turned their full attention on General Morgan, who, after a desperate



resistance, was forced to fly. In the course of the pursuit, however, the enemy fell into irretrievable disorder; and, ever on the alert, Morgan, taking advantage of this, rallied his broken force, and charging the foe, totally routed them—thus re-winning the victory which he had so signally lost.

His first thoughts, after the defeat of the enemy, turned upon the brave but fated Hilliers, and, together with his aids, he rode back to the spot where the Spartan band had fought and fallen. Surrounded by their victims, lay the seven gigantic Hilliers, about the eldest of whom was still closely wrapped the colors which had been committed to his care in the morning, now riddled with bullets, torn, and soaked with the blood of its champions.

As Morgan gazed down upon the silent forms at his feet, tears gathered in his eyes; and with the words, "Bury them in one grave, and, above all, don't remove the flag from about old John—it is a hero's shroud, and a hero is in it"—he was about to turn away, when one of his aids exclaimed:

"He lives! he lives!"

A groan, and a slight movement of the body, proved this to be correct. A surgeon was quickly in attendance, who, after an examination, gave it as his opinion, that in less than twenty minutes, the life, which was still lingering in the old hero, would be gone.

The group, therefore, continued around the dying man, who, at the end of about ten minutes, revived so far as to raise himself on his elbow, and exclaim:

"Close up, lads! close up! Our flag! our flag for ever!"

This was his last effort, and spasmodically drawing his spangled and blood-stained shroud closely about him, he fell back to earth a corpse.

With the thoughts of such sires and such deeds as these living in our memories, is there to-day, within the boundaries of the land which our fathers have bequeathed to us—is there *one* American, who, *in his heart*, does not love and venerate the starry banner under which the heroes of '76 fought and died? Is there to-day, in the wide expanse of our Republic, one American who will not exclaim, with the dying hero of Cowpens:

"OUR FLAG! OUR FLAG FOR EVER!"

## STILL KNITTING STOCKINGS.

BY WESLEY BRADSHAW.

ON a recent tour, we happened to spend a day or two in Newark, New Jersey, with a friend, who will consider this our "warrant" of appreciation and thanks for the many kind favors received at his hands during our sojourn.

Driving one afternoon a few miles out of the city, we approached a little cottage, or, rather, log cabin, which was evidently a survivor of the revolutionary era, or perhaps of still greater age. It was not so much the venerable appearance of the humble cot that attracted our attention, as its peculiar location. Nestled down in a little dingle or valley, below the level of the road, it was partially hidden from the traveler by a clump of trees with which it was surrounded, and through whose waving foliage we caught occasional glimpses of its quaint, small-paned windows, and the smoke curling fantastically from out its roughly constructed chimney.

There was something so romantic, something so weird about the modest building, that we questioned our friend concerning its history, which we felt sure must be a strange one.

"That little cabin, as well as its owner," replied he, "is one of the relics of the olden time, a souvenir of Washington's day. I could tell you many things about it, but would rather let you hear all from the lips of Aunt Jane herself, the proprietress, who lives in it with a young girl whom she has lately adopted as her child and heir. We will step in on our return and have a talk with her, and I assure you you will be more than astonished."

About an hour later, we drove back to the log cabin, and my friend, fastening his horse, drew my arm through his, and together we descended a flight of broad oaken steps, or rather foot-boards, that brought us to the cool and shady garden before the cottage.

I was more surprised than ever. Before me stood the aged looking cabin, its quaintness displayed with full effect. The step in front of the door was a very broad flag-stone, flanked right and left by two wide oak benches, painted a deep stone color. The door itself was one of those black walnut curiosities, of which few remain to the present generation, manufactured in England, and imported to the colonies in days long since gone by.

Knocking loudly, my friend at the same time seized the huge iron "handle and latch," and waited for permission to enter. This was instantly given, and the following moment we ushered ourselves into a room of the Revolution. This is the only term that fitly describes



the apartment in which we stood. Its furniture was all of the high, straight, uncomfortable-looking style of that period. The long, dingy-faced clock was revolutionary, the window-sills were revolutionary, the mantel-piece and its rather clumsy ornaments were revolutionary, and the two inmates, in appearance, were very revolutionary.

The youngest one was a pale, sweet-looking girl of about fifteen, and was attired in the dress usually worn by the children of the time of Washington, which imparted to her a singularly strange look.

The eldest, who was dressed in the exact Martha Washington style, of brown or fawn colored, short-waisted gown, high, full-puffed cap, and neat white cambric kerchief pinned about the shoulders, seemed to be somewhere about fifty or fifty-five years of age—no more.

When we entered, she was knitting woollen stockings, of which a pile lay on either side of her. Seeing that we were visitors, she laid aside her work, and with much dignity rose and took a step forward to meet us.

"Good afternoon, Aunt Jane," said my companion, advancing and taking the hostess by the hand; "allow me to present to you Mr. Bradshaw, a friend of mine who was so much interested in your cottage that I resolved to bring him to you, that he might hear its history, and your own also, from your own lips."

"You are very welcome, gentlemen; you do me much honor. I pray you be seated," was the reply, in full, melodious tones, made by Mrs. Jane Seymour, as she motioned us to two chairs that the little girl had nimbly drawn forward.

After a preliminary conversation, in which I found Mrs. Seymour fully posted upon National affairs, she commenced the following narrative:

"Ninety-nine years ago, last Wednesday, I was born in New York city. Do not start, sir," she continued, as we involuntarily manifested some astonishment at this statement, made as it was by one whose nearly black hair, bright eyes, and full form indicated no more than fifty-five at farthest. "Ninety-nine years have passed over me and left me no friend nor relation, save my country, for a long, long time.

"When I was ten years of age, my father removed from New York and settled on this very spot. He did not, however, build this cabin, which had been put up many years before by two or three men who had been subsequently murdered by Indians. After their death, the house, which had the character of being haunted, was allowed to remain unoccupied, and was tumbling in ruins when father took possession of it and repaired it. We were never troubled by the spirits, and began to prosper very well just as the war broke out between Great Britain and the colonies.

"At this juncture our family consisted, beside father and mother, of two sons, Robert and James, and three girls, Elizabeth, Mary and myself; and, sir, it makes my heart, even to-day, tremble with joy when I say that all of us entered at once, and earnestly, into the sacred cause of our country. Father, and Robert, and James went

into the Provincial army, while mother and us girls remained to take care of the home and little clearing.

"I was too young to be of much use in this respect, and for awhile I did not know what to get at that, in my childish conception, I thought would serve the great cause. At last, one day as I was helping mother to comb some wool, an idea struck me—I could knit stockings to keep the soldiers' feet warm in winter time.

"The next morning I was up with the sun, and with a good large ball of yarn, and plenty of stout steel needles, I commenced my work, and for weeks together, from dawn to dark, I sat and knitted and sang. So enthusiastic, in fact, was I in my occupation, that I was soon nicknamed the 'Army Stocking Knitter.'

"Time wore on, and still I knitted, and when, in the winter of 1776, General Washington and his brave army were forced to retreat before the British to Newark, I was still as busily at work as ever.

"At this time I was thirteen, and I remember with vivid distinctness the sad and heart-rending scenes I then witnessed. The day the troops came into Newark, they marched down this very road, and oh, sir, it was a pitiable sight; the snow was deep, and the weather piercing cold, with a sleety rain falling.

"Many of the soldiers were half naked, and without shoes or stockings, while their hands were so frozen around the stocks and barrels of their muskets that they could not unclasp them. Yet all seemed to bear up heroically, though they were so wearied and cold that they staggered about like drunken men.

"General Washington suffered equally with the humblest soldier in the army, and endeavored to cheer the sinking heroes forward. As the troops marched past, he stood upon that large stone that you saw close to the top of the stairs leading down to our garden, and spoke kindly and encouragingly to them, while they, in return, brisked up, and cheered him as lustily as they were able.

"The sick and wounded he ordered to be carried down into our house until it was full. The rest were sent on with the army.

"After all had gone by, he came down himself, and remained nearly two hours, looking to the comfort of his disabled men, for whom we all did our best. My main anxiety was to present each of them with a pair of my nice, warm, woollen stockings, of which I had fifty pairs, and I was delighted beyond description at the gladness with which my gifts were received.

"Unconscious of, or rather not understanding the difference in rank of the Commander-in-chief, I picked out the largest pair of stockings I had, because of his great size, and going to him, timidly laid them on his lap as he sat talking with a wounded officer. In a moment my mother seized me, and with a sharp rebuke for my rudeness, was about to remove me, when she was restrained by General Washington, who, placing his arm around me, drew me to him and kissed me, saying:

"God bless you, my dear little daughter, are these for me?" picking up the stockings.

"I answered shyly that they were, and, pointing to the rest, told him he might have them also."

"I will take them," said he, "and give them to my sick soldiers. And now I will give you this for yourself."

"With these words he removed a little golden trinket from his watch guard and placed it in my hand. Then kneeling down, with me close beside him, he prayed long and earnestly. He had scarcely finished, when a horseman dashed up, and the following moment entered, and informed him that the British were in full pursuit. With a hasty farewell he went out, and mounting his horse galloped away after his little army."

"Soon after a detachment of the enemy's dragoons came along and took possession of our cabin, but suffered us and our wounded guests to remain unmolested."

"The next time I saw Washington was the day he entered Trenton in triumph, when, with many more young ladies, I strewed flowers in his path. After that, the Revolution went on with varying success, until the crowning victory at Yorktown secured to the Americans the fruit of their struggle. When the army was disbanded, father and Robert returned safe and sound, but James was killed in the battle at Germantown, and buried close by Chew's house."

"Years passed on, and one by one those engaged in the war of Independence dropped off. Washington and his estimable wife were gathered home; my mother, my father, my two sisters, and Robert were laid in the tomb, and, at sixty years of age, I found myself without a relation in the wide world. I, too, now wished to be gone, but waited patiently God's own time."

"In my sixty-ninth year I was decrepit, nearly blind, and my hair was as white as the snow. In my seventieth year, however, a great change came over me. I rapidly recovered my strength, my white hair turned dark as you now see it, and I put away my spectacles; my eyesight becoming so strong that I can now easily read the smallest print."

"For many, many years, it has been a source of wonderment to me why I have been so highly favored by Providence. But I see it now. I have been thus permitted to live that, as in my childhood I beheld the birth struggle of the American Republic, I may, before I am gathered home, witness the great question proved that she is capable of ruling, of conquering herself."

"And, sir, I bless my Maker that my eyes will be permitted to see the second grand struggle of America ended in a manner that will make her the first nation on the earth. When this comes to pass, I shall be ready to say: 'Now Lord, lettest thou thine hand-maid die, for my eyes have seen thy glory.'"

"I pray night and morning for our brave volunteers; and not only that, but as I knitted stockings in my first childhood for Washington's army, so in my second childhood, I employ my time in knitting stockings for THE ARMY OF THE UNION. And should Death overtake me ere peace spreads her bright wings over our land, he will find me knitting, still knitting stockings for the volunteers."