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Part 12, by J. Jay Smith**

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CURIOSITIES, PART 12 ***

**AMERICAN HISTORICAL
AND
LITERARY CURIOSITIES**

By John Jay Smith

Part 12.

Second Series

1860

AMERICAN
Historical and Literary Curiosities;

CONSISTING OF

Fac-Similes of some Plates, &c. Relating to

COLUMBUS,

AND

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS of the REVOLUTION,

&c. &c.

WITH A VARIETY OF RELIQUES, ANTIQUITIES, AND AUTOGRAPHS.

EDITED AND ARRANGED,

WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF SEVERAL AUTOGRAPH COLLECTORS,

BY

JOHN JAY SMITH,

MEMBER OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA, ETC.

SECOND SERIES—COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

NEW YORK:

CHARLES B. RICHARDSON.

1860.

P R E F A C E.

THE First Series of "American Historical and Literary Curiosities," by John F. Watson, Esq. and myself, was commenced privately as a means of preserving many documents in the possession of our friends and ourselves; but they soon increased to such importance by contributions, that it was determined to publish them. Five editions were demanded by the public at home and abroad, and the work is now scarce and high-priced. The plates being worn out, no other edition of it is likely soon, if ever, to be issued.

This Second Series, complete in itself, owes its origin to the Commercial Panic, when it was desirable to employ several artists in want of work. It has been carried through by the assistance and contributions of various friends. I am particularly indebted to Ferdinand J. Dreer, Esq., Peter Force, Esq., Lewis J. Cist, Esq., Frank M. Etting, Esq., J. Wingate Thornton, Esq., Hon. George Folsom, Herman and Caleb Cope, Esqs., J. Francis Fisher, Esq., John Macalester, Esq., Charles J. Wister, Esq., Winthrop Sargent, Esq., Bushrod W. Adams, Esq. and others, and to the Philadelphia Library for the rare Broad-sides of the Revolution, and the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, whose valuable collections have been opened to my use in the handsomest and most liberal manner.

It may be proper to copy here a portion of the Preface to the fifth edition of the First Series, explanatory of the object of the work:—

"The past has a charm for Americans, as well as for the inhabitants of countries whose history extends far into the shadowy and unknown. *Our* early and romantic past has the merit of being known and truly related. Every thing which adds to these truths is sought for with avidity by the curious and intelligent inquirer. We have now many autograph-collectors, who may be viewed in the light of preservers of documents which would otherwise perish or be dispersed. To few, comparatively, are their treasures revealed. It was suggested, therefore, that some of the most rare 'Historical and Literary Curiosities' in the possession of individuals, should be grouped for the amusement and instruction of the present and of future generations, who may well know from printed accounts *what* things were done, but who can also thus learn *how* they were done."

As in the First Series, nearly all the articles in the present collection have been taken by competent artists from the originals of which they purport to be fac-similes. Considerable labor and trouble have been expended in collecting together and adapting the varied materials here presented, but I have been rewarded by the pleasure of the pursuit.

JOHN JAY SMITH.

* * Fully to understand the work, it is necessary, in turning over the pages, to have constant reference to the Tables of Contents, where will be found many explanations for which there was not space on the plates.

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Association.

WHEREAS there has been a horrid and detestable

WHEREAS there has been a wicked and detestable
 Conspiracy formed and carried on by Papists and
 other wicked and traitorous persons for Assassinating
 His Majesties Royal Person, in order to encourage an
 Invasion from *France*, to subvert our Religion, Laws
 and Liberty. We whose Names are hereunto subscribed, Do heartily,
 sincerely and solemnly profess, testify and declare, That His present
 Majesty **KING WILLIAM** is rightful and lawful KING of
 the Realms of *England, Scotland and Ireland*: And we do mutually
 promise and engage to stand by and assist each other to the utmost
 of our power, in the support and defence of His Majesties most
 Sacred Person and Government, against the late King *James* and
 all his Adherents. And in case His Majesty come to any Violent
 or untimely Death (which GOD forbid) We do hereby further
 freely and unanimously oblige our selves, to unite associate and
 stand by each other in revenging the same upon His Enemies and
 their Adherents, and in supporting and defending the Succession
 of the Crown, according to an Act made in the first year of
 the Reign of King **WILLIAM** and Queen **MARY**, Intituled,
*An Act Declaring the Rights and Liberties of the Subject, and
 settling the Succession of the Crown.*

Joseph Smith

Josiah Drury

John Egbert

Thomas Kerley

Edward Peppers

Kath Knowlton

Phineas Upham

John White

John Hawon

Tho: Sawin

Samuel Robinson

William Willson

John White

Sam: Egg

And Belcher

Jos. Wolcott

Sam Proshley

General Brewster

William V. Dwy

Joseph Sherman

Edward Harvey

James Davis

David Haseltine

John Kimball

Abram. Beeble Jr

Edward Jones

James Wagon

Jo: Corsham

OATHS appointed to be taken instead of the Oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy. And Declaration.

I A. B. Do sincerely Promise and Swear, That I will be faithful and bear true Allegiance to His Majesty KING WILLIAM the Third. So help me GOD.

I A. B. Do Swear, That I do from my heart abhor, detest and abjure as impious and heretical, that damnable Doctrine and Position, that Princes Excommunicated, or deprived by the Pope or any Authority of the See of Rome, may be Deposed or Murdered by their Subjects, or any other whatsoever; And I do declare that no Foreign Prince, Person, Prelate, State or Potentate, hath or ought to have any Jurisdiction, Power, Superiority Preeminence or Authority, Ecclesiastical or Spiritual, within the Realm of England. So help me GOD.

I A. B. Do solemnly and sincerely in the presence of GOD, Profess, Testify and Declare, That I do believe that in the Sacrament of the Lords Supper, there is not any Transubstantiation of the Elements of Bread and Wine, into the Body and Blood of CHRIST, at or after the Consecration thereof by any Person whatsoever; And that the Invocation or Adoration of the Virgin Mary, or any other Saint, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are Superstitious and Idolatrous. And I do solemnly in the presence of GOD, Profess, Testify and Declare, That I do make this Declaration and every part thereof, in the plain and ordinary sense of the words read unto me, as they are commonly understood by English Protestants, without any evasion, equivocation or mental Reservation whatsoever, and without any Dispensation already granted me for this purpose by the Pope, or any Authority or Person whatsoever; or without any hope of any such Dispensation from any Authority or Person whatsoever, or without thinking that I am or can be acquitted before GOD or Man, or absolved of this Declaration or any part thereof, although the Pope or any other Person or Persons or Power whatsoever, should dispense with or annul the same, or declare that it was null and void from the beginning.

Thomas Perley William Gibson Jos. W. Wolcott Edward G. Cook
 William D. Boyl Nath. Knollton Jos. & Norman John White
 Phineas Upham James Davis Sam. Hogg John White
 John Hall David Habeltree Am. Hogg John White
 John Knapp Am. Belcher Aba. Preble
 Tho. Savin Edward Forbes Jos. Wolcott Jo. Gorham
 James Coffin James W. W. Sam. Preble Thomas Oakes
 John Bayl. or Josiah Dancy Ebenezer Brewster
 John O'Good Samuel Robinson

June 4th
 21st
 5th
 16th

Boston, May. 27. 1702. —

The Twenty nine persons within subscribed took the within written Oaths, Repeated and subscribed the Declaration and signed the Association on the other side. —

Before us. — Elisha Cook —
 Sam Sewall }
 J. H. Adlington } Council

To my Honoured & very dear friend
 Dr Cotton Mather of New-England

Rev'd Dear Sir

I may persuade my self of hearty acceptance
 in this little present I make you: They are &
 fruits of some easy hours this last year, wherein I
 have not sought Poetic Slowness, but simplicity of
 style & ease, for & use of vulgar Christians.

It is not a Translation of David & I pretend;
 but an imitation of him to nearly ~~lead~~ in Christian
 Plumes, & Jewish Palmist may plainly appear
 You leave Judaism behind. My Little Essay &
 attends this MS. will render some of my Reasons for
 this way of introducing & ancient Poems in & words
 of the N. T. The Notes I have fre-

quently inserted at & end are chiefly to render &
 would a reason for & particular Liberties I assumed
 in each Psalm. If I may be so happy as to
 have your free Confure & Judgment of em, it will
 help me in correcting others by them.

I entreat you, for that none of them may steal
 out into publick. If God allow me one year
 more even under all my present weakneses
 I hope he will enable me to finish my
 Design. To him be all & Glory. Amen.

Your most affectionate Lover
 & obliged Friend
 J. Watts.
 London March 1717/8

Psalm 112. Long Metre
 The Blessings of the Pious and charitable.

1.
 Blest is the man who fears the Lord,
 Loves his commands, and trusts his word:
 Honor and Peace his days attend,
 And Blessings to his seed descend.

2.
 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
 To works of mercy still inclin'd:
 He lends the Poor some present aid,
 Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3.
 When times grow dark and tidings spread
 That fill his neighbors round with dread,
 His heart is arm'd against the fear,
 For God with all his power is there.

4.
 His soul well fixt upon the Lord
 Brings heavenly Courage from his word
 Amidst the darkness Light shall rise
 To cheer his heart and bless his eyes.

5.
 He hath dispers'd his almes a broad,
 His works are still before his God;
 His name on earth shall long remain,
 While envious sinners fret in pain.

Note. I have transcrib'd & vers'd of this Psalm much, & abridg'd &
 Temporal Blessings of & Old Testament, more agreeable to &
 genius of the new.

Philadelphia July 16th 1776.

Gentlemen,

Since I had the Honour of
addressing on the fourth of June, at which
Time I transmitted sundry Resolves of
Congress requesting you to call forth your
Militia, our Affairs have assumed a much
more serious Complexion. If we turn our Atten=
=tion towards the Northern Department, we behold
an Army reduced by Sickness, and obliged
to flee before an Army of vastly superior
Force. If we cast our Eyes to Head-Quarters,
we see the British Army reinforced under
Lord Howe, and ready to strike a Blow, which
may be attended with the most fatal conse=
=quences, if not timely resisted. The Situation
of our Country at this Season, calls therefore
for all the Vigour and Wisdom among us;
and if we do not mean to desert her at this alarming
Crisis, it is high Time to ^{raise} every Spark of Virtue;
and forgetting all inferior Considerations, to exert our=
=selves in a Manner becoming Freemen.

The Intelligence
received this Day from General Washington, points out
the absolute, the indispensable Necessity of sending

forward all the Troops that can properly be collected, to strengthen both the Army in New York, and that on this Side of Canada. I do therefore, once more, in the Name, and by the Authority of Congress, beseech and request you, — as you regard the Liberties of your Country, and the Happiness of Posterity; and as you stand engaged by the most solemn Ties of Honour to support the Common Cause — to strain every Nerve to send forward your Militia, agreeably to the former Requisitions of Congress. This is a Step of such infinite Moment, that, in all Human Probability, it will be the Salvation of America — And, as it is the only effectual Step, that can possibly be taken at this Juncture, you will suffer me again most ardently to entreat your speedy Compliance with it.

In short, the critical Period is arrived, that will seal the Fate, not only of ourselves, but of Posterity. Whether they shall derive the generous Blessings of Freedom, or the dastardly Slaves of imperious Task-Masters, it is now in your Power to determine. And as Freemen, I am sure, you will not hesitate about the Choice.

Humble Convention
of New Jersey.

Gentlemen
your most obed^t &
very humble Serv^t

John Hancock President

Enlarge

AMUSING SCENES OF THE REVOLUTION.

JOURNAL OF A YOUNG LADY,

**Kept for the amusement of her Friend Deborah Norris,
afterwards the wife of Dr. George Logan, of Stenton, Pennsylvania.**

UNDER the impression that the British army would very soon take possession of Philadelphia, one of its highly respectable citizens removed his family to North Wales, in the county of Montgomery, Pennsylvania, and the following lively, amusing, and natural journal was written by his daughter, then in her fifteenth year. It was addressed to her friend and schoolmate, Deborah Norris, subsequently married to Doctor George Logan, the grandson of James Logan, and has been kindly loaned by the family of the writer.

To the youth of the writer must be ascribed any inaccuracies of expression which may be discovered. It has been carefully copied from the much-faded original, and the punctuation only corrected. The Journal gives a peep at the manners of the day, and introduces us to the American army in a most characteristic manner.

To DEBORAH NORRIS.

1776-7

Though I have not the least shadow of an opportunity to send a letter if I do write, I will keep a sort of journal of the time that may expire before I see thee: the perusal of it may some time hence give pleasure in a solitary hour to thee and our S. J.

Yesterday, which was the 24th of September, two Virginia officers called at our house, and informed us that the British army had crossed the Schuylkill. Presently after, another person stopped and confirmed what they had said, and that General Washington and army were near Pottsgrove. Well, thee may be sure we were sufficiently scared; however, the road was very still till evening. About seven o'clock we heard a great noise; to the door we all went; a large number of waggons, with about three hundred of the Philadelphia militia: they begged for drink, and several pushed into the house; one of those that entered was a little tipsy, and had a mind to be saucy. I then thought it time for me to retreat; so figure me (mightily scared as not having presence of mind enough to face so many of the military) running in at one door and out another, all in a shake with fear; but after a little, seeing the officers appear gentlemanly and the soldiers civil, I called reason to my aid; my fears were in some measure dispelled, tho' my teeth rattled, and my hand shook like an aspin leaf. They did not offer to take their quarters with us; so, with many blessings and as many adieus, they marched off. I have given the most material occurrences of yesterday faithfully.

Fourth day, Sept. 25th.—This day, till 12 o'clock, the road was mighty quiet, when Hobson Jones came riding along. About that time he made a stop at our door, and said the British were at Skippac road; that we should soon see their light horse, and a party of Hessians had actually turned into our lane. My Dadda and Mamma gave it the credit it deserved, for he does not keep strictly to the truth in all respects; but the delicate, chicken-hearted Liddy and me were wretchedly scared. We could say nothing but "Oh! what shall we do? What will become of us?" These questions only augmented the terror we were in. Well, the fright went off; we seen no light horse or Hessians. O. Foulke came here in the evening, and told us that General Washington had come down as far as the Trap, and that General McDougles brigade was stationed at Montgomery, consisting of about 16 hundred men. This he had from Dr. Edwards, Lord Stirling's aid-de-camp; so we expected to be in the midst of one army or t'other.

5th day, Sept. 26th.—We were unusually silent all the morning; no passengers came by the house, except to the Mill, and we don't place much dependance on Mill news. About 12 o'clock, cousin Jesse heard that General Howe's army had moved down towards Philadelphia. Then, my dear, our hopes and fears were engaged for you. However, my advice is, summon up all your resolution, call Fortitude to your aid, don't suffer your spirits, to sink, my dear; there's nothing like courage; 'tis what I stand in need of myself, but unfortunately have but little of it in my composition. I was standing in the kitchen about 12, when somebody came to me in a hurry, screaming, "Sally, Sally, here are the light horse." This was by far the greatest fright which I had endured; fear tack'd wings to my feet; I was at the house in a moment; at the porch I stopt, and it really was the light horse. I run immediately to the Western door, where the family were assembled anxiously waiting for the event. They rode up to the door and halted, and enquired if we had horses to sell; he was answer'd negatively. "Have not you, sir," to my father, "two black horses?" "Yes, but have no mind to dispose of them." My terror had by this time nearly subsided. The officer and men behaved perfectly civil; the first drank two glasses of wine, rode away, bidding his men follow, which, after adieus in number, they did. The officer was Lieutenant Lindsay, of Bland's regiment, Lee's troop. The men, to our great joy, were Americans, and but 4 in all! What made us imagine them British, they wore blue and red, which with us is not common.

It has rained all this afternoon, and, to present appearances, will all night. In all probability the English will take possession of the city to-morrow or next day. What a change will it be! May the Almighty take you under his protection, for without his Divine aid all human assistance is vain.

May Heaven's guardian arm protect my absent friends,

"From danger guard them,
and from want defend."

Forgive, my dear, the repetition of those lines, but they just darted into my mind.

Nothing worth relating has occurred this afternoon. Now for trifles. I have set a stocking on the needles, and intend to be mighty industrious! This evening some of our folks heard a very heavy cannon. We suppose it to be fired by the English. The report seem'd to come from Philadelphia. We hear the American army will be within five miles of us to-night. The uncertainty of our position engrosses me quite; perhaps to be in the midst of war and ruin and the clang of arms! But we must hope the best.

Here, my dear, passes an interval of several weeks, in which nothing happen'd worth the time and paper it would take to write it. The English, however, in the interim had taken possession of the city.

Oct the 19th, second day.—Now for new and uncommon scenes! As I was laying in bed and ruminating on past and present events, and thinking how happy I should be if I could see you, Liddy came running into the room, and said there was the greatest drumming, fifing, and rattling of waggons that ever she had heard. What to make of this we were at a loss. We dress'd, and down stairs in a hurry. Our wonder ceased: the British had left Germantown, and our army were marching to take possession. It was the general opinion they would evacuate the capital. Sister B. and myself and G. E. went about half a mile from home, where we could see the army pass. Thee will stare at my going, but no impropriety in my opine, or I should not have gone. We made no great stay, but return'd with excellent appetites for our breakfast. Several officers call'd to get some refreshments, but none of consequence till the afternoon. Cousin P. and myself were sitting at the door; I in a green skirt, dark short-gown, &c. Two genteel men of the military order rode up to the door: "Your servant, ladies," &c.; ask'd if they could have quarters for General Smallwood. Aunt F. thought she could accommodate them as well as most of her neighbors; said they could. One of the officers dismounted, and wrote "SMALLWOOD'S QUARTERS" over the door, which secured us from straggling soldiers. After this he mounted his steed and rode away. When we were alone, our dress and lips were put in order for conquest, and the hopes of adventures gave brightness to each before passive countenance. Thee must be told of a Dr. Gould, who, by accident, had made acquaintance with my father,—a sensible, conversible man, a Carolinian,—and had come to bid us adieu. Daddy had prevailed on him to stay a day or two with us. In the evening his Generalship came, with six attendants, which compos'd his family; a large guard of soldiers, a number of horses and baggage-waggons, the yard and house in confusion, and glitter'd with military equipments. Gould was intimate with Smallwood, and had gone into Jesse's to see him: while he was there, there was great running up and down stairs, so I had an opportunity of seeing and being seen: the former the most agreeable, to be sure. One person, in particular, attracted my notice: he appear'd cross and reserv'd; but thee shall see how agreeably disappointed I was. Dr. Gould usher'd the gentlemen into our parlour, and introduc'd them—"Gen. Smallwood, Capt. Furnival, Major Stodard, Mr. Prig, Capt. Finley, and Mr. Clagan, Col. Wood, and Col. Line." These last two did not come with the Gen'l; they are Virginians, and both indispos'd. The Gen'l and suite are Marylanders. Be assur'd I did not stay long with so many men, but secur'd a good retreat, heart-safe so far. Some sup'd with us, others at Jesse's; they retir'd about in in good order. How new is our situation! I feel in good spirits, though surrounded by an army, the house full of officers, the yard alive with soldiers,—very peaceable sort of people, tho'; they eat like other folks, talk like them, and behave themselves with elegance; so I will not be afraid of them, that I won't! Adieu. I am going to my chamber, to dream, I suppose, of bayonets and swords, sashes, guns, and epaulets.

3d day morn, Oct 20th.—I dare say thee is impatient to know my sentiments of the officers; so, while Somnus embraces them, and the house is still, take their characters according to their rank. The Gen'l is tall, portly, well made: a truly martial air, the behaviour and manners of a gentleman, a good understanding, and great humanity of disposition, constitute the character of Smallwood. Col. Wood, from what we hear of him, and what we see, is one of the most amiable of men; tall and genteel, an agreeable countenance and deportment. The following lines will more fully characterize him:—

"How skill'd he is in each obliging art,
The mildest manners and the bravest heart."

The cause he is fighting for alone tears him from the society of an amiable wife and engaging daughter; with tears in his eyes he often mentions the sweets of domestic life. Col. Line is not married; so let me not be too warm in his praise, least you suspect. He is monstrous tall and brown, but has a certain something in his face and conversation very agreeable; he entertains the highest notions of honour, is sensible and humane, and a brave officer; he is only seven and twenty years old, but, by a long indisposition and constant fatigue, looks vastly older, and almost worn to a skeleton, but very lively and talkative. Capt. Furnival—I need not say more of him, than that he has, excepting one or two, the handsomest face I ever seen, a very fine person, fine light

hair, and a great deal of it adds to the beauty of his face. Well, here comes the glory, the Major, so bashful, so famous, &c., he should come before the Captain, but never mind. I at first thought the Major cross and proud, but I was mistaken; he is about nineteen, nephew to the Gen'l, and acts as Major of brigade to him; he cannot be extoll'd for the graces of person, but for those of the mind he may justly be celebrated; he is large in his person, manly, and an engaging countenance and address. Finley is wretched ugly, but he went away last night, so I shall not particularize him. Nothing of any moment to-day; no acquaintance with the officers. Col's Wood and Line, and Gould, dined with us. I was dress'd in my chintz, and looked smarter than night before.

Fourth day, Oct. 21st.—I just now met the Major, very reserv'd: nothing but "Good morning," or "Your servant, Madam;" but Furnival is most agreeable; he chats every opportunity, but luckily has a wife! I have heard strange things of the Major. With a fortune of thirty thousand pounds, independent of any body; the Major moreover is vastly bashful; so much so he can hardly look at the ladies. (Excuse me, good sir;—I really thought you were not clever; if 'tis bashfulness only, will drive that away.)

Fifth day, sixth day, and seventh day pass'd. The Gen' still here; the Major still bashful.

First day evening.—Prepare to hear amazing things. The Gen'l was invited to dine, was engag'd; but Col. Wood, Major Stodard, and Dr. Edwards din'd with us. In the afternoon, Stodard addressing himself to mamma, "Pray, ma'am, do you know Miss Nancy Bond?" I told him of the amiable girl's death. This Major had been at Philada College. In the evening, I was diverting Johnny at the table, when he drew his chair to it, and began to play with the child. I ask'd him if he knew N. Bond. "No, ma'am, but I have seen her very often." One word brought on another one. We chatted a great part of the evening. He said he knew me directly as he seen me; told me exactly where we liv'd. It rains, so adieu.

Second day, 26th Oct.—A rainy morning—so like to prove: the officers in the house all day.

Second day afternoon.—The Gen'l and officers drank tea with us, and stay'd part of the evening. After supper, I went with aunt where sat the Gen'l, Col. Line, and Major Stodard; so Liddy and me seated ourselves at the table, in order to read a verse-book. The Major was holding a candle for the Gen'l, who was reading a newspaper; he look'd at us, turn'd away his eyes, look'd again, put the candlestick down, up he jumps, out of the door he went! "Well," said I to Liddy, "he will join us when he comes in." Presently he return'd, and seated himself on the table. "Pray, ladies, is there any songs in that book?" "Yes, many." "Can't you favor me with a sight of it?" "No, Major: 'tis a borrow'd book." "Miss Sally, can't you sing?" "No." Thee may be sure I told the truth there. Liddy, saucy girl, told him I could. He beg'd, and I deny'd; for my voice is not much better than the voice of a raven! We talk'd and laugh'd for an hour; he is clever, amiable, and polite; he has the softest voice—never pronounces the r at all.

I must tell thee, to-day arriv'd Col, Guest and Major Leatherberry, the former a smart widower, the latter a lawyer, a sensible young fellow, and will never swing for want of tongue! Dr. Diggs came second day, a mighty disagreeable man. We were oblig'd to ask him to tea. He must needs pop himself between the Major and me! for which I did not thank him. After I had drank tea, I jump'd from the table, and seated myself at the fire. The M follow'd my example, drew his chair close to mine, and entertain'd me very agreeably. Oh! Debby, I have a thousand things to tell thee! I shall give thee so droll an account of my adventures, that thee will smile. No occasion of that, Sally, methinks I hear thee, say, for thee tells me every trifle. But, child, thee is mistaken; for I have not told thee half the civil things that are said of us SWEET creatures at "General Smallwood's Quarters!" I think I might have sent the gentlemen to their chambers. I made my adieus, and home I went.

Third day morn.—A polite "Good morning" from the M; more sociable than ever. No wonder a stoic cou'd not resist such affable damsels as we are.

Third day eve, Oct. 27.—We had again the pleasure of the Gen'l and suite at afternoon tea. He (the Gen'l, I mean) is most agreeable; so lively, so free, and chats so gaily, that I had quite an esteem for him. I must steel my heart! Capt. Furnival is gone to Baltimore, the residence of his belov'd wife. The Major and I had a little chat to ourselves this eve. No harm, I assure thee: he and I are friends.

This eve came a parson belonging to the army. He is (how shall I describe him?) near seven foot high, thin and meagre, not a single personal charm, and very few mental ones. He fell violently in love with Liddy at first sight; the first discover'd conquest that has been made since the arrival of the Gen'l. Come, shall we chat about Col. Guest? He's very pretty; a charming person; his eyes are exceptionable; very stern; and he so rolls them about that mine always fall under them. He bears the character of a brave officer: another admirer of Liddy's, and she is of him. When will Sally's admirers appear? Ah! that indeed. Why, Sally has not charms sufficient to pierce the heart of a soldier! But still I won't despair. Who knows what mischief I yet may do?

Well, Debby, here's Doctor Edwards come again. Now we shall not want clack; for he has a perpetual motion in his head; and if he were not so clever as he is, we should get tired.

Fourth day, Oct. 28.—Nothing material engaged us to-day.

Fifth day, Oct. 29th.—I walked into aunt's this evening. I met the Major. Well, thee will think I am writing his history; but not so. Pleased with the rencounter. Betsy, Stodard, and myself,

seated by the fire, chatted away an hour in lively, agreeable conversation. I can't pretend to write all he said; but he shone in every subject that was talk'd of.

Nothing of consequence on the 30th.

Seventh day, Oct. 31st.—A most charming day. I walked to the door and received the salutation of the morn from Stodard and other officers. As often as I go to the door, so often have I seen the Major. We chat passingly, as, "A fine day, Miss Sally." "Yes, very fine, Major."

Seventh day night.—Another very charming conversation with the young Marylander. He seems possess'd of very amiable manners; sensible and agreeable. He has by his unexceptionable deportment engag'd my esteem.

First day morn.—Liddy, Betsy, and a T—y prisoner of state went to the Mill. We made very free with some Continental flour. We powder'd mighty white, to be sure. Home we came. Col. Wood was standing at a window with a young officer. He gave him a push forward, as much as to say, Observe what fine girls we have here! For all I do not mention Wood as often as he deserves, it is not because we are not sociable: we are very much so, and he is often at our house. Liddy and I had a kind of adventure with him this morn. We were in his chamber, chatting about our little affairs, and no idea of being interrupted; we were standing up, each an arm on a chest of drawers; the door bang'd open! Col. Wood was in the room; we started! the colour flew into our faces and crimson'd us over; the tears flew into my eyes. It was very silly; but his coming was so abrupt!! He was between us and the door. "Ladies, do not be scar'd; I only want something from my portmanteau; I beg you not to be disturb'd." We ran by him, like two partridges, into mamma's room, threw ourselves into chairs, and reproach'd each other for being so foolish as to blush and look so silly! I was very much vex'd at myself; so was Liddy. The Colonel laugh'd at us, and it blew over.

The army had orders to march to-day; the regulars accordingly did. Gen'l Smallwood had the command of militia at that time, and they, being in the rear, were not to leave their encampment until second day. Observe how militaryish I talk. No wonder, when I am surrounded by people of that order. The Gen'l, Colonels Wood, Guest, Crawford, and Line, Majors Stodard and Leatherberry, din'd with us to-day. After dinner, Liddy, Betsy, and thy smart journaliser put on their bonnets to take a walk. We left the house. I naturally look'd back, when, behold! the two Majors seem'd debating whether to follow us or not. Liddy said, "We shall have their attendance;" but I did not think so. They open'd the gate and came fast after us. They overtook us about ten pole from home, and beg'd leave to attend us. No fear of a refusal. They inquir'd when we were going to neighbour Roberts's. "We will introduce you to his daughters: you us to Gen'l Stevens." The affair was concluded, and we shorten'd the way with lively conversation. Our intention of going to Roberts's was frustrated; the rain that had fallen lately had raised Wissahickon too high to attempt crossing it on foot. We alter'd the plan of our ramble, left the road, and walk'd near two miles thro' the woods. Mr. Leatherberry, observing my locket, repeated the lines,

"On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
That Jews might kiss, and infidels adore."

I reply'd my trinket bore no resemblance to a cross. "Tis something better, madam." 'Tis nonsense to repeat all that was said; my memory is not so obliging; but it is sufficient that nothing happen'd during our little excursion but what was very agreeable and entirely consistent with the strictest rules of politeness and decorum. I was vex'd a little at tearing my muslin petticoat. I had on my white dress, quite as nice as a first-day in town. We return'd home safe. Smallwood, Wood, and Stodard drank tea with us, and spent the greater part of the evening. I declare this gentleman is very, very entertaining; so good natur'd, so good humor'd,—yes, so sensible; I wonder he is not married. Are there no ladies form'd to his taste? Some people, my dear, think that there's no difference between good nature and good humour; but, according to my opinion, they differ widely. Good nature consists in a naturally amiable and even disposition, free from all peevishness and fretting. It is accompanied by a natural gracefulness,—a manner of saying every thing agreeably: in short, it steals the senses, and captivates the heart. Good humour is a very agreeable companion for an afternoon; but give me good nature for life. Adieu.

Second day morn, Nov. 1st.—To-day the militia marches, and the Gen'l and officers leave us; heigh ho' I am very sorry; for when you have been with agreeable people, 'tis impossible not to feel regret when they bid you adieu, perhaps for ever. When they leave us we shall be immur'd in solitude. The Major looks dull.

Second day noon.—About two o'clock, the Gen'l and Major came to bid us adieu; with daddy and mammy they shook hands very friendly; to us they bow'd politely: our hearts were full. I thought the Major was affected; "Good-by, Miss Sa—ly," spoken very low. We stood at the door to take a last look, all of us very sober. The Major turn'd his horse's head, and rode back; dismounted; "I have forgot my pistols;" pass'd us, and run up stairs. He came swiftly back to us, as if wishing, through inclination, to stay,—by duty compell'd to go. He remounted his horse: "Farewell, ladies, till I see you again," and canter'd away! We look'd at him till the turn in the road hid him from our sight. "Amiable Major! clever fellow! good young man!" was echoed from one to the other. I wonder if we shall ever see him again! He has our wishes for his safety.

Well, here's uncle Miles; heartily glad of that am I. His family are well, and at Reading.

Second day even.—Jesse, who went with the Gen'l, return'd. We had a compliment from the

Gen'l and Major. They are very well disposed of at Evan Meredith's, six miles from here. I wrote to P. F. by uncle Miles, who waited on Gen'l Washington next morn.—[General Washington and army at Valley Forge.—Ed.]

Third day morn.—It seems strange not to see our house as it used to be. We are very still. No rattling of waggons, glittering of musquets! The beating of the distant drum is all we hear. Col's Wood, Line, Guest, and M. Leatherberry, are still here: the two last leave to-day. Wood and Line will soon bid us adieu. Amiable Wood! he is esteem'd by all that know him; everybody has a good word for him.

Here I skip a week or two, nothing of consequence occurring. (Wood and Line are gone.) Some time since arriv'd two officers, Lieutenants Lee and Warring, Virginians. I had only the salutations of the morn from them. Lee is not remarkable one way or the other; Warring, an insignificant piece enough. Lee sings prettyly, and talks a great deal; how good Turkey hash and fried hominy is, (a pretty discourse to entertain the ladies!)—extols Virginia, and execrates Maryland, which, by-the-by, I provok'd them to; for, though I admire both Virginia and Maryland, I laugh'd at the former and prais'd the latter; ridicul'd their manner of speaking. I took a great delight in teasing them. I believe I did it sometimes ill-natur'dly; but I don't care. They were not, I am certain almost, first-rate gentlemen; (how different from our other officers!) but they are gone to Virginia, where they may sing, dance, and eat fry'd hominy and Turkey hash all day long, if they choose. Nothing scarcely lowers a man in my opinion more than talking of eating, what they love and what they hate. Lee and Warring were proficients in this science. Enough of them.

December 5th, sixth day.—Oh, gracious! Debby, I am all alive with fear. The English have come out to attack (as we imagine) our army, three miles this side. What will become of us? Only six miles distant. We are in hourly expectation of an engagement! I fear we shall be in the midst of it. Heaven defend us from so dreadful a sight! The battle of Germantown and the horrors of that day are recent in my mind. It will be sufficiently dreadful, if we are only in hearing of the firing, to think how many of our fellow-creatures are plung'd into the boundless ocean of eternity, few of them prepar'd to meet their fate. But they are summon'd before an all-merciful judge, from whom they have a great deal to hope.

Seventh day, December 6th.—No firing this morn. I hope for one more quiet day.

Seventh day noon, 4 o'clock.—I was much alarm'd just now, sitting in the parlour, indulging melancholy reflections, when somebody burst open the door. "Sally, here's Major Stodard!" I jump'd. Our conjectures were various concerning his coming. The poor fellow, from great fatigue and want of rest, together with being expos'd to the night air,—had caught cold, which brought on a fever. He cou'd scarcely walk, and I went into aunt's to see him. I was surpris'd; instead of the lively, alert, blooming Stodard, who was on his feet the instant we enter'd, he look'd pale, thin, and dejected, too weak to rise, and "How are you, Miss Sally?" "How does thee do, Major?" I seated myself near him, inquir'd the cause of his indisposition, ask'd for the Gen'l, receiv'd his compliments; not willing to fatigue him with too much chat, I bid him adieu. To-night Aunt H——F——, sent, administer'd something. Jesse assisted him to his chamber. He had not lain down five minutes before he was fast asleep. Adieu. I hope we shall enjoy a good night's rest.

First day morn, December 7th.—I trip'd into aunt's. There sat the Major, rather more like himself. How natural it was to see him! "Good morning, Miss Sally." "Good morrow, Major; how does thee do to-day?" "I feel quite recover'd, Sally." "Well, I fancy this indisposition has sav'd thy head this time." Major: "No, ma'am; for, if I hear a firing, I shall soon be with them." That was heroic. About eleven, I dress'd myself; silk and cotton gown: it is made without an apron. I feel quite awkwardish, and prefer the girlish dress.

First day afternoon.—A Mr. Seaton and Stodard drank tea with us. He and me had a little private chat after tea. In the evn, Seaton went into aunt's; mamma went to see Prissa, who is poorly; papa withdrew to talk to some strangers. Liddy just then came in; so we engag'd in an agreeable conversation. I beg'd him to come and give us a circumstantial account of the battle, if there should be one. "I certainly will, ma'am, if I am favor'd with my life." Liddy, unluckily, took it into her head to blunder out something about a person being in the kitchen who had come from the army. Stodard, ever anxious to hear, jump'd up; "Good night to you, ladies," was the word, and he disappear'd, but not forever. "Liddy, thee hussy! what business had thee to mention a word of the army? Thee sees it sent him off! Thy evil genius prevail'd, and we all feel the effects of it." "Lord bless me!" said Liddy, "I had not a thought of his going, or for ten thousand worlds I would not have spoke." But we cannot recall the past! Well, we laugh'd and chatted at a noisy rate, till a summons for Liddy parted us. I sat negligently on my chair, and thought brought thought, and I got so low-spirited that I cou'd hardly speak. The dread of an engagement,—the dreadful situation (if a battle should ensue) we should be in, join'd to my anxiety for P. F. and family, who would be in the midst of the scene,—was the occasion; and yet I did not feel half so frighten'd as I expected to be. 'Tis amazing how we get reconciled to such things! Six months ago the bare idea of being within ten, aye! twenty miles of a battle wou'd almost have distracted me; and now, tho' two such large army's are within six miles of us, we can converse calmly of it. It verifies the old proverb, "Use is second nature."

I forgot one little piece of intelligence, in which the girls say I discover'd a particular partiality for our Marylander; but I disclaim any thing of the kind. These saucy creatures are forever finding out wonders, and forever metamorphosing molehills into mountains.

"Friendship I offer, pure and free;

And who, with such a friend as me,
Cou'd ask or wish for more?"

If they charg'd thee with vanity, Sally, it wou'd not be very unjust. Debby Norris! be quiet; no reflections, or I have done. But the piece of intelligence: Sally, is just coming, Debby.

In the afternoon we heard platoon-firing. Everybody was at the door; I in the horrors. The armies, as we judg'd, were engag'd. Very compos'dly says the Major to our servant, "Will you be kind enough to saddle my horse? I shall go!" Accordingly the horse was taken from the quiet, hospitable barn to plunge into the thickest ranks of war. Cruel change! Seaton insisted to the Major that the armies were still; nothing but skirmishing with the flanking parties; do not go. We happen'd (us girls, I mean) to be standing in the kitchen, the Major passing thro' in a hurry, and I, forsooth, discover'd a strong partiality by saying, "Oh! Major, thee is not going!" He turn'd round, "Yes I am, Miss Sally," bow'd, and went into the road; we all pitied him; the firing rather decreas'd; and, after persuasions innumerable from my father and Seaton, and the firing over, he reluctantly agreed to stay. Ill as he was, he would have gone. It show'd his bravery, of which we all believe him possess'd of a large share.

Second day, December 8th.—Rejoice with us, my dear. The British have return'd to the city. Charming, this. May we ever be thankful to the Almighty Disposer of events for his care and protection of us while surrounded with dangers. Major went to the army. Nothing for him to do; so return'd.

3d or 4th day, I forget which, he was very ill; kept his chamber most of the dav. In the evening I seen him. I pity him mightily, but pity is a poor remedy!

Fifth day, December 11th.—Our army mov'd, as we thought, to go into winter quarters; but we hear there is a party of the enemy gone over Schuylkill; so our army went to look at them! I observ'd to Stodard, "So you are going to leave us to the English!" "Yes! ha! ha! hah! leave you for the E——!" He has a certain indifference about him that, to strangers, is not very pleasing. He sometimes is silent for minutes. One of these silent fits was interrupted the other day by his clasping his hands, and exclaiming aloud, "Oh, my God, I wish this war was at an end!"

Noon.—The Major gone to camp. I don't think we shall see him again. Well, strange creature that I am! here have I been going on without giving thee an account of two officers,—one who will be a principal character; their names are Capt. Lipscomb and a Mr. Tilly; the former a tall, genteel man, very delicate from indisposition, and has a softness in his countenance that is very pleasing, and has the finest head of hair that I ever saw; 'tis a light shining auburn. The fashion of his hair was this,—negligently ty'd and waving down his back. Well may it be said,

"Loose flow'd the soft redundance of his hair."

He has not hitherto shown himself a lady's man, tho' he is perfectly polite.

Now let me attempt a character of Tilly. He seems a wild, noisy mortal, tho' I am not much acquainted with him. He appears bashful when with girls. We dissipated the Major's bashfulness; but I doubt we have not so good a subject now. He is above the common size, rather genteel, an extreme pretty, ruddy face, hair brown and a sufficiency of it, a very great laughter, and talks so excessively fast that he often begins a sentence without finishing the last, which confuses him very much, and then he blushes and laughs; and, in short, he keeps me in perpetual good humour; but the creature has not address'd one civil thing to me since he came! But I have not done with his accomplishments yet, for he is a musician,—that is, he plays on the German flute, and has it here.

Fifth day night.—The family retir'd; take the adventures of the afternoon as they occur'd. Seaton and Capt. Lipscomb drank tea with us. While we sat at tea the parlour door was open'd; in came Tilly; his appearance was elegant; he had been riding; the wind had given the most beautiful glow to his cheeks, and blow'd his hair carelessly round his cheeks. Oh, my heart, thought I, be secure! The caution was needless; I found it without a wish to stray.

When the tea equipage was remov'd, the conversation turn'd on politicks,—a subject I avoid. I gave Betsy a hint; I rose, she followed, and we went to seek Lyddy. We chatted a few moments at the door; the moon shone with uncommon splendour; our spirits were high. I proposed a walk; the girls agreed. When we reach'd the Poplar-tree we stopp'd. Our ears were assailed by a number of voices. "A party of light horse," said one; "the English, perhaps; let's run home." "No, no," said I; "be heroines." At last two or three men on horseback came in sight. We walked on. The well-known voice of the Major saluted our hearing with, "How do you do, ladies!" We turn'd ourselves about with one accord. He, not relishing the idea of sleeping on the banks of the Schuylkill, had return'd to the Mill. We chatted along the road till we reach'd our hospitable mansion. Stodard dismounted and went into Jesse's parlour. I sat there a half-hour. He is very amiable. Lipscomb, Seaton, Tilly, and my father, hearing of his return, and impatient for the news, came in at one door, while I made my exit at the other.

I am vex'd at Tilly, who has his flute, and does nothing but play the fool. He begins a tune, plays a note or so, then stops. Well, after a while he begins again; stops again: "Will that do, Seaton? Hah! hah! hah!" He has given us but two regular tunes since he arriv'd. I am passionately fond of music. How boyish he behaves!

Sixth day, December 12th, 1777.—I run into aunt's this morning to chat with the girls. Major

Stodard join'd us in a few minutes. I verily believe the man is fond of the ladies, and, what to me is astonishing, he has not display'd the smallest degree of pride. Whether he is artful enough to conceal it under the veil of humility, or whether he has none, is a question; but I am inclined to think it the latter. I really am of opinion that there is few of the young fellows of the modern age exempt from vanity, more especially those who are bless'd with exterior graces. If they have a fine pair of eyes, they are forever rolling them about; a fine set of teeth, mind, they are great laughers; a genteel person, forever changing their attitudes to show them to advantage. Oh, vanity! vanity! how boundless is thy sway!

But to resume. This interview with Major Stodard we were very witty and sprightly. I was darning an apron, upon which he was pleas'd to compliment me. "Well, Miss Sally, what would you do if the British were to come here?" "Do?" exclaim'd I: "be frighten'd just to death!" He laugh'd, and said he would escape their rage by getting behind the representation of a British grenadier that you have up stairs. "Of all things I should like to frighten Tilly with it. Pray, ladies, let's fix it in his chamber to-night." "If thee will take all the blame, we will assist thee." "That I will," he replied; and this was the plan: We had brought some weeks ago a British grenadier from uncle Miles's on purpose to divert us: it is remarkably well executed, six foot high, and makes a martial appearance. This we agreed to stand at the door that opens into the road, (the house has four rooms on a floor, with a wide entry running through,) with another figure that would add to the deceit. One of our servants was to stand behind them; others were to serve as occasion offer'd. After half an hour's converse, in which we rais'd our expectations to the highest pitch, we parted. If our scheme answers, I shall communicate it in the eve. Till then, adieu.

Sixth day night.—Never did I more sincerely wish to possess a descriptive genius than I do now. All that I can write will fall infinitely short of the truly diverting scene that I have been witness of to-night! But, as I mean to attempt an account, I had as well shorten the preface and begin the story.

In the beginning of the evening I went to Liddy and beg'd her to secure the swords and pistols which were in their parlour. The Marylander, hearing our voices, joined us. I told him of our proposal. Whether he thought it a good one or not I can't say, but he approv'd of it, and Liddy went in and brought her apron full of swords and pistols. When this was done, Stodard join'd the officers. We girls went and stood at the first landing of the stairs. The gentlemen were very merry, and chatting on public affairs, when Seaton's negro (observe that Seaton being indisposed was appriz'd of the scheme) open'd the door, a candle in his hand, and said, "There's somebody at the door that wishes to see you." "Who? All of us?" said Tilly. "Yes, sir," said the boy. They all rose, (the Major, as he said afterwards, almost dying with laughter,) and walked into the entry, Tilly first in full expectation of news. The first object that struck his view was a British soldier!





[Singularly enough, this identical effigy of a grenadier has been preserved by the owner of the manuscript, and, by permission, we are enabled to present a drawing of it, colour and all. It is admirably painted on half-inch board, carved out at the edges, and may have been from the brush of Major Andre.—ED.]

In a moment his ears were saluted with, a "Is there any rebel officers here?" in a thundering voice. Not waiting for a second word, he darted like lightning out of the front door, through the yard, bolted o'er the fence. Swamp, fences, thorn-hedges, and plough'd fields no way impeded his retreat! He was soon out of hearing. The woods echoed with, "Which way did he go? Stop him! Surround the house!" The amiable Lipscomb had his hand on the latch of the door, intending to make his escape; Stodard, considering his indisposition, acquainted him with the deceit. We

females ran down stairs to join the general laugh. I walked into Jesse's parlour. There sat poor Stodard, (whose sore lips must have receiv'd no advantage from this) almost convuls'd with laughing, rolling in an arm-chair. He said nothing; I believe he could not have spoke. "Major Stodard," said I, "go to call Tilly back. He will lose himself,—indeed he will;" every word interrupted with a "Ha! ha!" At last he rose, and went to the door; and what a loud voice could avail in bringing him back he tried. Figure to thyself this Tilly, of a snowy evening,—no hat,—shoes down at heel,—hair unty'd,—flying across meadows, creeks, and mud-holes. Flying from what? Why, a bit of painted wood! But he was ignorant of what it was. The idea of being made a prisoner wholly engross'd his mind, and his last resource was to run!

After a while, we being in more composure, and our bursts of laughter less frequent, yet by no means subsided,—in full assembly of girls and officers,—Tilly enter'd! The greatest part of my risibility turn'd to pity. Inexpressible confusion had taken entire possession of his countenance,—his fine hair hanging dishevell'd down his shoulders, all splashed with mud; yet his bright confusion and race had not divested him of his beauty. He smil'd as he trip'd up the steps; but 'twas vexation plac'd it on his features. Joy at that moment was banish'd from his heart! He briskly walk'd five or six steps, then stop'd, and took a general survey of us all. "Where have you been, Mr. Tilly?" ask'd one officer. (We girls were silent.) "I really imagin'd," said Major Stodard, "that you were gone for your pistols. I follow'd you to prevent danger!"—an excessive laugh at each question, which it was impossible to restrain. "Pray, where were your pistols, Tilly?" He broke his silence by the following expression: "You may all go to the D—!" I never heard him utter an indecent expression before.

At last his good nature gain'd a compleat ascendance over his anger, and, he join'd heartily in the laugh. I will do him the justice to say that he bore it charmingly. No cowardly threats, no vengeance denounced. Stodard caught hold of his coat,—"Come, look at what you ran away from,"—and drag'd him to the door. He gave it a look, said it was very natural, and, by the singularity of his expressions, gave fresh cause for diversion. We all retir'd to our different parlours, for the rest of our faces, if I may say so.

Well, certainly these military folks will laugh all night. Such screaming I never did hear!! Adieu to-night.

December 13th.—I am fearful they will yet carry the joke too far. Tilly certainly possesses an uncommon share of good nature, or he could not tolerate these frequent teazings. Ah! Deborah, the Major is going to leave us entirely,—just going. I will see him first.

Seventh day noon.—He has gone! I seen him pass the bridge. The woods which you enter immediately after crossing it hinder'd us from following him further. I seem to fancy he will return in the evening.

Seventh day night.—Stodard not come back! We shall not, I fancy, see him again for months, perhaps for years! unless he should visit Philadl. We shall miss his agreeable company. But what shall we make of Tilly? No civil things yet from him. Adieu to-night, my dear.

December 14th.—The officers yet here. No talk of their departure. They are very lively; Tilly's retreat the occasion,—the principal one at least.

First day night.—Capt. Lipscomb, Seaton, and Tilly, with cousin H. M., dined with us to-day. Such an everlasting bore as Tilly I never knew. He caused us a good deal of diversion while we sat at table. Has not said a syllable to one of us young ladies since sixth day eve. He tells Lipscomb that the Major had the assistance of the ladies in the execution of the scheme. He tells a truth!

About four o'clock, I was standing at the door, leaning my head on my hand, when a genteel officer rode up to the gate and dismounted; "Your servant, ma'am," and gave me the compliment of his hat; went into aunt's. I went into our parlour. Soon Seaton was call'd. Many minutes had not elapsed before he enter'd with the young fellow whom I had just seen. He introduced him by the name of Capt. Smallwood. We seated ourselves. I then had an opportunity of seeing him. He is a brother to Gen'l Smallwood,—a very genteel, pretty little fellow, very modest, and seems agreeable, but no personal resemblance between him and the Major. After tea, turning to Tilly, he said, "So, sir, I have heard you had like to have been taken prisoner last Friday night!" "Pray, sir, who inform'd you?" "Major Stodard was my author." "I fancy he made a fine tale of it. How far did he say I ran?" "Two miles, and that you fell into the mill-dam!" He rais'd his eyes and hands, and exclaimed, "What a confounded falsehood!" The whole affair was again reviv'd. Our Tillian here gave a mighty droll account of his "retreat," as they call it. He told us that, after he had got behind our kitchen, he stop'd for company, as he expected the others would immediately follow; "but I heard them scream, 'Which way did he go? Where is he?' Aye, said I to myself, he is gone where you shan't catch him, and off I set again." "Pray," ask'd mamma, "did thee keep that lane between the meadows?" "Oh, no, ma'am! That was a large road, and I might happen to meet some of them. When I got to your thorn-hedge, I again stop'd. As it was a cold night, I thought I would pull up my shoe-heels, and tie my handkerchief round my head. I began to have a suspicion of a trick, and, hearing the Major hollow, I came back."

I think I did not laugh more at the very time than to-night at the rehearsal of it. He is so good-natur'd, and takes all their jokes with so good a grace, that I am quite charm'd with him. He laughingly denounces vengeance against Stodard. He will be even with him. He is in the Major's debt, but he will pay him, &c.

December 15th.—Smallwood has taken up his quarters with us. Nothing worth relating occur'd to-day.

3d, 4th, and 5th day.—We chatted a little with the officers. Smallwood not so chatty as his brother or nephew. Lipscomb is very agreeable; a delightful musical voice.

Sixth day noon, Dec. 19th.—The officers, after the politest adieus, have left us. Smallwood and Tilly are going to Maryland, where they live; Seaton to Virginia, and Lipscomb to camp, to join his regiment. I feel sorry at this departure, yet 'tis a different kind from what I felt some time since! We had not contracted so great an intimacy with those last.

Seventh day, December 20th.—General Washington's army have gone into winter-quarters at the Valley Forge. We shall not see many of the military now. We shall be very intimate with solitude. I am afraid stupidity will be a frequent guest. After so much company, I can't relish the idea of sequestration!

First day night.—A dull round of the same thing over again! I shall hang up my pen until something offers worth relating.

February third and fourth.—I thought I never should have any thing to say again. Nothing happen'd all January that was uncommon. Capt. Lipscomb and Mas stay'd one night at Jesse's, and sup'd with us. How elegant the former was dres'd! And indeed I have forgot to keep an exact account of the day of the month in which I went down to G. E.'s, with P. F.; but it was the 23d or 24th of February. After enjoying a week of her agreeable company at the Mill, I return'd with her to Whitemarsh. We went on horseback,—the roads bad. We however surmounted this difficulty, and arrived there safe.

Second day eve.—G. E. brought us a charming collection of books,—Joe Andrews, Juliet Grenville, and some Lady's Magazines. P. T. sent us Caroline Melmoth.

4th day, 26th.—I thought our scheme of going to Fr'd F.'s was entirely frustrated, as S. E. was much indispos'd. About 12 she got better. We made some alteration in our dress, step'd into the carriage, and rode off. Spent a most delightful day. As we approach'd the house, on our return, we perceiv'd several strangers in the parlour. Polly's face and mine brighten'd up at the discovery. We alighted. Polly swung open the door, and introduc'd us to Major Jameson and Capt. Howard, both of the dragons,—the former from Virginia, the latter a Marylander. We all seem'd in penseroso style till after supper. We then began to be rather more sociable. About ten they bid us adieu. I dare say thee is impatient to know my sentiments of the swains! Howard has very few external charms; indeed, I cannot name one. As to his internal ones, I am not a judge. Jameson is tall and manly,—a comely face, dark eyes and hair,—seems to be much of a gentleman,—no ways deficient in point of sense, or, at least, in the course of the evening I discover'd none.

5th and 6th day, and 7th day, pass'd away very agreeably. No strangers.

First day eve.—This day my charming friend and self ascended the barren hills of Whitemarsh, from the tops of which we had an extensive prospect of the country round. The traces of the army which encamp'd on these hills are very visible. Rugged huts, imitations of chimneys, and many other ruinous objects which plainly show'd they had been there. D. J. S. dined with us.

Second day.—Very cold and windy. I wonder I am not sent for. Read and work'd by turns.

Third day.—A raw, snowy day. I am sent for, nevertheless. Adieu. North Wales,—at my old habitation at the Mill.

March 1st, 1778, Third day eve.—Such a ride as I have had, O dear Debby! About 2 o'clock the sleigh came for me. Snowing excessively fast, though not sufficiently deep to make it tolerable sleighing; but go I must. I bid adieu to my agreeable friends; and with a heavy heart and flowing eyes, I seated myself in the unsociable vehicle. There might as well have been no snow on the ground. I was jolted just to pieces; but, notwithstanding these vexations, I got safe to my home, when I had the great pleasure of finding my dear parents, sisters, and brothers well,—a blessing which I hope ever to remember with thankfulness.

Well, will our nunnery be more bearable now than before I left it? No beaus since I left here; so I have the advantage of the girls. They are wild to see Major Jameson.

May 11th, 1778.—The scarcity of paper, which is very great in this part of the country, and the three last months not producing any thing material, has prevented me from keeping a regular account of things; but to-day the scene begins to brighten, and I will continue my nonsense. In the afternoon, we were just seated at tea,—Dr. Moore with us. Nelly (our girl) brought us the wonderful intelligence that there were light horse in the road. The tea-table was almost deserted. About fifteen light horse were the vanguard of 16 hundred men under the command of Gen'l Maxwell. I imagin'd that they would pass immediately by, but was agreeably disappointed. My father came in with the Gen'l, Col. Brodhead, Major Ogden, and Capt. Jones.

The Gen'l is a Scotsman,—nothing prepossessing in his appearance; the Col. very martial and fierce; Ogden, a genteel young fellow, with an aquiline nose. Capt. Cadwallader Jones! If I was not invincible, I must have fallen a victim to this man's elegancies; (but, thank my good fortune, I am not made of susceptibilities!) tall, elegant, and handsome,—white fac'd with blue regimentals, and a mighty airish cap and white crest: his behaviour is refin'd,—a Virginian. They sat a few minutes after tea, then bid us adieu.

This brigade is encamp'd about three miles from us.

First day evening.—This afternoon has been productive of adventures in the true sense of the word. Jenny R., Betsy, Liddy, and I, very genteely dress'd, determin'd to take a stroll. Neighbour Morgan's was proposed. Away we rambled, heedless girls; pass'd two picket-guards. Meeting with no interruptions encourag'd us. After paying our visit, we walk'd towards home, when, to my utter astonishment, the sentry desir'd us to stop!—that he had orders not to suffer any persons to pass but those who had leave from the officer, who was at the guard-house surrounded by a number of men. To go to him would be inconsistent with propriety; to stay there, and night advancing, was not clever. I was much terrified. I tried to persuade the soldier to let us pass. "No; he dared not." Betsy attempted to go. He presented his gun with the bayonet fix'd. This was an additional fright. Back we turn'd; and, very fortunately, the officer, (Capt. Emeson,) seeing our distress, came to us. I ask'd him if he had any objection to our passing the sentry? "None at all, ma'am." He waited upon us, and reprimanded the man, and we, without any farther difficulty, came home.

Third day, June 2d, 1778.—I was standing at the back window; an officer and private of dragoons rode by; I tore to the door to have a better view of them; they stop'd; the officer rode up, and ask'd for Jesse, who was call'd.

Afternoon, 4 o'clock.—Oh, Deborah! what capital adventures! Jesse came. The idea of having Light horse quarter'd at the farm was disagreeable,—the meadows just fit to mow; and we had heard what destruction had awaited their footsteps. This was the dialogue between Jesse and the officer:—"Pray, sir, can I have quarters for a few horsemen?" "How many?" "Five and twenty, sir. I do not mean to turn them into your meadows. If you have any place you can spare, any thing will do." And he dismounted and walk'd into aunt's parlour. I—determin'd to find out his character—follow'd. "I have," reply'd Jesse, "a tolerable field that may perhaps suit." "That will do, sir; but if you have any objection to putting them in a field, my men shall cut the grass and bring it in the road. I am under the necessity of quartering them here, but I was order'd; I am only an inferior officer." Some elegant corporal, thought I, and went to the door. He soon join'd me: speaking to his man, "Ride off, and tell Mr. Watts we rendez-vous here."

He inquir'd the name of the farmer, and went into aunt's; I into the back room. The troop rode up. New scenes, said I, and mov'd up-stairs, where I saw them perform their different manoeuvres. This Mr. Watts is remarkably tall, and a good countenance. I adjourn'd to our parlor. The first officer march'd up and down the entry. Prissa came in. "Good, now, Prissa. What's the name of this man?" "Dyer, I believe." "Capt. Dyer. Oh, the name! What does he say?" "Why, that he will kiss me when he has din'd." "Singular," I observ'd, "on so short an acquaintance." "But," resum'd Prissa, "he came and fix'd his arm on the chair I sat in: I Pray, ma'am, is there not a family from town with you?" "Yes." "What's their name?" "Wister." "There's two fine girls there. I will go chat with them. Pray, did they leave their effects in Philadelphia?" "Yes, every thing, almost." "They shall have them again, that they shall." There ended the conversation. But this ugly name teaz'd me! "Oh, Sally, he is a Virginian that's in his favour greatly." "I'm not sure that's his name, but I understood so." Prissa left us. I step'd into aunt's for Johnny, and desir'd him to come home. Up started the Captain: "Pray, let me introduce you, ma'am." "I am perfectly acquainted with him," said I, and turn'd to the door. "Tell your sister I believe she is not fond of strangers!" I smil'd, and return'd to our parlour.

Third day night, nine o'clock, aye, ten, I fancy.—Take a circumstantial account of this afternoon, and the person of this extraordinary man. His exterior first. His name is not Dyer, but Alexander Spotswood Dandridge, which certainly gives a genteel idea of the man. I will be particular. His person is more elegantly form'd than any I ever seen; tall and commanding; his forehead is very white, though the lower part of his face is much sunburn'd; his features are extremely pleasing; an even, white set of teeth; dark hair and eyes. I can't better describe him than by saying he is the handsomest man I ever beheld! Betsy and Liddy coincide in this opinion.

After I had set a while at home, in came Dandridge. He enter'd into chat immediately. Ask'd if we knew Tacy Vanderen; said he courted her, and that they were to be married soon. Observ'd my sampler, which was in full view; wish'd I would teach the Virginians some of my needle wisdom; they were the laziest girls in the world; told his name; laugh'd and talk'd incessantly. At last, "May I (to mamma) "introduce my brother officer?" We assented; so he call'd him. "Mr. Watts, Mrs. Wister, young Miss Wister; Mr. Watts, ladies, is one of our Virginia children." He sat down. Tea was order'd. Dandridge never drank tea; Watts had done; so we set to the table alone. "Let's walk in the garden," said the Captain; so we call'd Liddy, and went, (not Watts.) We sat down in a sort of a summer-house. "Miss Sally, are you a Quaker?" "Yes." "Now, are you a Quaker?" "Yes, I am." "Then you are a Tory." "I am not, indeed." "Oh, dear!" replied he, "I am a poor creature! I can hardly live!" Then, flying away from that subject, "Will you marry me, Miss Sally?" "No, really! A gentleman, after he has said he has not sufficient to maintain himself, to ask me to marry him!" "Never mind what I say. I have enough to make the pot boil!"

Had we been acquainted seven years, we could not have been more sociable. The moon gave a sadly pleasing light. We sat at the door till nine. Dandridge is sensible, and (divested of some freedoms which might be call'd gallant in the fashionable world) he is polite and agreeable. His greatest fault is a propensity to swearing, which throws a shade over his accomplishments. I ask'd him why he did so. "It is a favorite vice, Miss Sally." At nine, he went to his chamber. Sets off at sunrise.

Fourth day morn, 12 o'clock.—I was awaken'd this morn with a great racket of the Captain's

servant calling him; but the lazy fellow never rose till about half an hour eight! This his daylight ride! I imagin'd they would be gone before now, so I dress'd in a green skirt and dark short-gown. Provoking! So down I came, this Captain (wild wretch!) standing at the back door. He bow'd and call'd me. I only look'd, and went to breakfast. About nine I took my work and seated myself in the parlour. Not long had I sat when in came Dandridge,—the handsomest man in existence, at least that I had ever seen. But stop here, while I just say, the night before, chatting upon dress, he said he had no patience with those officers who, every morn, before they went on detachments, would wait to be dress'd and powder'd. "I am," said I, "excessively fond of powder, and think it very becoming." "Are you?" he reply' d. "I am very careless, as often wearing my cap thus" (turning the back part before) "as any way." I left off at where he came in. He was powder'd very white, a (pretty coloured) brown coat, lapell'd with green, and white waistcoat, &c., and his

"sword beside him negligently hung."

He made a truly elegant figure. "Good morning, Miss Sally. You are very well, I hope." "Very well. Pray sit down;"—which he did, close by me. "Oh, dear!" said I, "I see thee is powder'd." "Yes, ma'am. I have dress'd myself off for you." Will I be excused, Debby, if I look upon his being powder'd in the light of a compliment to me? Yes, Sally, as thee is a country maid, and don't often meet with compliments. Saucy Debby Norris!

'Tis impossible to write a regular account of our conversation. Be it sufficient to say that we had a multiplicity of chat.

About an hour since, sister H. came to me and said Captain Dandridge was in the parlour and had ask'd for me. I went in. He met me, caught my hands: "Oh, Miss Sally, I have a beautiful sweetheart for you!" "Poh! ridiculous! Loose my hands." "Well, but don't be so cross!" "Who is he?" "Major Clough! I have seen him. Ain't he pretty, to be sure? I am going to head-quarters. Have you any commands there?" "None at all; but," (recollecting,) "yes, I have. Pray, who is your commanding officer?" "Col. Bland, ma'am." "Please give my compliments to him, and I shou'd be glad if he would send thee back with a little more manners!" He reply'd wickedly, and told me I had a little spiteful heart. But he was intolerably saucy; said he never met with such ladies. "Not to let me kiss you! You're very ill-natur'd, Sally!" and,—putting on the sauciest face,— "Sally, if Tacy V*nd*u*n won't have me, will you?" "No, really,—none of her discarded lovers!" "But, provided I prefer you to her, will you consent?" "No, I won't!" "Very well, madam!" And, after saying he would return to-morrow, among a hundred other things, he elegantly walk'd out of the room. Soon he came back, took up a volume of Homer's Illiad, and read to us. He reads very well, and with judgment. One remark he made, that I will relate, on these lines,

"While Greece a heavy, thick retreat maintains,
Wedg'd in one body, like a flight of cranes."

"G-d knows our army don't do so. I wish they did." He laugh'd, and went away.

Four o'clock, afternoon.—Major Clough, Captain Swan, and Mr. Moore, a Lieutenant of horse, din'd with Dandridge. The latter, after dinner, came in to bid us adieu. He sat down, and was rather saucy. I look'd very grave. "Miss Betsy, you have a very ill-natur'd sister. Observe how cross she looks!" He pray'd we might part friends, and offer'd his hand. I gave him mine, which he kiss'd in a very gallant manner; and so, with a truly affectionate leave, he walk'd to the parlour door; "God Almighty bless you, ladies;" bow'd, went into the road, mounted a very fine horse, and rode away: leaving Watts and the troop here, to take care of us, as he said. "Mr. Watts, Miss Sally, is a very worthy man; but, poor soul, he is so captivated with you,—the pain in his breast all owing to you,—he was caught by this beauty-spot,"—tapping my cheek. He could not have thought it was meant for an addition, as the size of it shew'd the contrary. But he is gone; and I think, as I have escap'd thus far safe, I am quite a heroine, and need not be fearful of any of the lords of the creation for the future.

Six o'clock, evening.—Watts drank tea with us. A conversible man. Says that the Dandridges are one of the genteelest families in Virginia,—relations of General Washington's wife. He appear'd very fond of the Captain, who has had a liberal education. Very sensible and brave. I sat in the entry all last evening, as did Betsy. But first let me say, fifth-day morn we chatted on a variety of subjects; and, amongst others, he mention'd the cruelty of the Britons, which, I agreed, were very great. He said he would retaliate whenever he had an opportunity. I strenuously opposed such a procedure, observing that it would be erring in the same way, and, tho' they might deserve it, yet it would be much nobler to treat them with lenity. Remember the lines of Pope,

"That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

"I perfectly remember them. Your sentiments are noble; but we must retaliate sometimes."

A horseman deliver'd this message:—"Let the troop lie on their arms, and be ready to march at a moment's warning." He immediately gave these orders to the sargeant. Every soldier was in motion. I was a good deal frighten'd, and ask'd Watts the reason. He fancy'd the British were in motion, tho' he had not receiv'd such intelligence. "What will thee do if they come here?" "Defend the house as long as I can, ma'am." I was shock'd. "Bless my heart! What will become of us?" "You may be very safe. The house is an excellent house to defend: only do you be still. If the British vanquish us, down on your knees, and cry, 'Bless the King!' If we conquer them, why, you

know you are safe." This added to my fright. I called my dear mamma, who was much indispos'd. Dadda was gone to Lancaster. Mamma ask'd him the same questions, and he gave her the same answers. I was in a fearful taking, and said if I thought such a thing would happen I would set off, though 9 o'clock, and walk to uncle Foulke's. "No! don't go to-night, Miss Sally! I will take you there to-morrow. Don't be uneasy. This is nothing. I often go to bed with my boots on upon some alarms." "But will thee take off thy boots to-night?" "Yes, I will, indeed." "Is thee really in earnest about defending the house?" "No, madam; for, believe me, if I hear the enemy is in motion, I will immediately depart, bag and baggage."

This dispell'd my fears, and, after wishing me a good night, he retir'd to his chamber. Imagine my consternation, when our girl came running in and said the lane was fill'd with light horse! I flew to the side-door. It was true! My joy was great when I heard Major Clough ask if this was Capt. Dandridge's quarters. I answer'd in the affirmative. He rode round to the other door. Watts, though gone to bed, was call'd. He chatted apart to the Major a while, then went off towards Skippac road, follow'd by a large party of horse and waggons. My fears were all renew'd; and, as if we were to be in perpetual alarms, by came another party, much larger, in dark clothes. These we all thought were British. They halted. All as still as death. The officer rode up to the door. "Does Mr. Foulke live here?" "Yes," said somebody. "Is there not a family from town here,—Mr. Wister's?" I recollected the voice, and said,

"Captain Stodard, I presume?" "Yes, madam. Are you Mr. Wister's wife?" "No: his daughter."

"Is your papa at home?" "No," I reply'd, but invited him in to see mamma. He agreed; dismounted, as did many other officers; but he alone came into our parlour. Watts follow'd to bid us adieu. They sat a few minutes; told us that two of their men had deserted, and when that was the case they generally moved their quarters. Watts told him how I was frighten'd. He said I paid but a poor compliment to their cavalry! I only smil'd. The alarm had partly deprived me of the power of speech!

They sat about fifteen minutes, then rose, and, after the politest adieus, departed. All the horse follow'd, about one hundred and fifty. I never seen more regularity observ'd, or so undisturb'd a silence kept up when so large a number of people were together. Not a voice was heard, except that of the officer who gave the word of command. The moon at intervals broke thro' the heavy black clouds. No noise was perceiv'd, save that which the horses made as they trotted o'er the wooden bridge across the race. Echo a while gave us back the sound. At last, nothing was left but the remembrance of them. The family all retir'd to their respective chambers and enjoy'd a calm repose.

This Captain Stodard is from New England, and belongs to Col. Sheldon's regiment of dragoons. He made an acquaintance with my father at Germantown, whilst our army was at that place, and had been here once before. He is clever and gentlemanly.

Fifth day, June 4th, 2 o'clock.—Oh, gracious! how warm is this day! But, warm as it is, I must make a small alteration in my dress. I do not make an elegant figure, tho': I do not expect to see the face of a stranger to-day.

Sixth day, June 5th, morn, 11 o'clock.—Last night we were a little alarm'd. I was awaken'd about 12 with somebody's opening the chamber door. I observ'd cousin Prissa talking to mamma. I ask'd what was the matter. "Only a party of light-horse." "Are they Americans?" I quickly said. She answer'd in the affirmative, (which dispell'd my fears,) and told me that Major Jameson commanded, and that Capts. Call and Nixon were with him. With that intelligence she left us. I resolv'd in my mind whether or not Jameson would renew his acquaintance; but Morpheus buried all my ideas, and this morn I rose by, or near, seven, dress'd in my light chintz, which is made gown-fashion, kenting handkerchief, and linen apron. Sufficiently smart for a country girl, Sally! Don't call me a country girl, Debby Norris! Please to observe that I pride myself on being a Philadelphian, and that a residence of 20 months has not at all diminished the love I have for that place; and as soon as one capital alteration takes place, (which is very much talk'd of at present,) I expect to return to it with a double pleasure.

Dress'd as above, down I came, and went down to our kitchen, which is a small distance from the house. As I came back, I seen Jameson at the window. He met me in the entry, bow'd:—"How do you do, Miss Sally?" After the compliments usual on such occasions had pass'd, I invited him into our parlour. He follow'd me in. We chatted very sociably. I inquir'd for P. F. He said he had seen her last first-day; that she was well. Her mamma had gone to Lancaster to visit her daughter Wharton, who, as I suppose, you have heard, has lost her husband.

I ask'd him whether Dandridge was on this side the Delaware. He said, "Yes." I wanted sadly to hear his opinion, but he said not a word. The conversation turn'd upon the British leaving Philadelphia. He firmly believ'd they were going. I sincerely wish'd it might be true, but was afraid to flatter myself. I had heard it so often that I was quite faithless, and express'd my approbation of Pope's 12th beatitude, "Blessed are they that expect nothing; for they shall not be disappointed." He smil'd, and assur'd me they were going away.

He was summon'd to breakfast. I ask'd him to stay with us. He declin'd the invitation with politeness, adding that he was in a hurry,—oblig'd to go to camp as soon as he could. He bow'd, "Your servant, ladies," and withdrew immediately. After breakfast they set off for Valley Forge, where Gen'l Washington's army still are.

I am more pleas'd with Major Jameson than I was at first. He is sensible and agreeable,—a

manly person, and a very good countenance. We girls differ about him. Prissa and I admire him, whilst Liddy and Betsy will not allow him a spark of beauty. Aunt's family are charm'd with his behaviour,—so polite, so unassuming. When he disturb'd them last night, he made a hundred apologies,—was so sorry to call them up,—'twas real necessity oblig'd him. I can't help remarking the contrast between him and Dandridge. The former appears to be rather grave than gay,—no vain, assuming airs. The latter calls for the genius of a Hogarth to characterize him. He is possess'd of a good understanding, a very liberal education, gay and volatile to excess: he is an Indian, a gentleman, grave and sad, in the same hour. But what signifies? I can't give thee a true idea of him; but he assumes at pleasure a behaviour the most courtly, the most elegant of any thing I ever seen. He is very entertaining company, and very vain of his personal beauties; yet nevertheless his character is exceptionable.

Sixth day, noon and evening.—Nothing material occur'd.

Seventh day night.—A dull morn. In the afternoon, Liddy, Betsy, R. H., and self went to one of our neighbours to eat strawberries. Got a few; return'd home; drank tea; no beaux. Adieu.

First day evening. Heigh-ho! Debby, there's a little meaning in that exclamation, ain't there? To me it conveys much. I have been looking what the Dictionary says. It denotes uneasiness of mind. I don't know that my mind is particularly uneasy just now.

The occurrences of the day come now. I left my chamber between eight and nine, breakfasted, went up to dress, put on a new purple and white striped Persian, white petticoat, muslin apron, gauze cap and handkerchief. Thus array'd, Miss Norris, I ask your opinion. Thy partiality for thy friend will bid thee say I made a tolerable appearance! Not so, my dear. I was this identical Sally Wister, with all her whims and follies; and they have gain'd so great an ascendancy over my prudence, that I fear it will be a hard matter to divest myself of them. But I will hope for a reformation.

Cousin H. M. came about nine, and spent the day with us. After we had din'd, two dragoons rode up to the door,—one a waiting-man of Dandridge's, the faithful Jonathan. They are quarter'd a few miles from us. The junior sisters, Liddy and Betsy, join'd by me, ventur'd to send our compliments to the Captain and Watts. Prissa insists that it is vastly indelicate, and that she has done with us. Hey-day! What prudish notions are those, Priscilla? I banish prudery. Suppose we had sent our love to him,—where had been the impropriety? for really he had a person that was love-inspiring,—tho' I escap'd, and may say, Io triumphe. I answer not for the other girls, but am apt to conclude that Cupid shot his arrows, and that may-be they had effect. A fine evening this. If wishes could avail, I would be in your garden with S. J., R. F., and thyself. Thee has no objection to some of our North Wales swains,—not the beau inhabitants, but some of the transitory ones. But, cruel reverse! instead of having my wishes accomplish'd, I must confine myself to the narrow limits of this farm.

Liddy calls: "Sally, will thee walk?" "Yes." Perhaps a walk will give a new turn to my ideas, and present something new to my vacant imagination.

Second day, third day, fourth day.—No new occurrences to relate. Almost adventureless, except Gen'l Lacy's riding by, and his fierce horse disdaining to go without showing his airs, in expectation of drawing the attention of the Mill girls, in order to glad his master's eyes. Ha! ha! ha! One would have imagin'd that vanity had been buried within the shades of N. Wales. Lacy is tolerable; but, as ill luck would order it, I had been busy, and my auburn ringlets were much dishevell'd: therefore I did not glad his eyes, and cannot set down on the list of honours receiv'd that of a bow from Brigadier-General Lacy!

Fifth day night, June 18th.—Rose at half-past four this morning. Iron'd industriously till one o'clock, din'd, went up-stairs, threw myself on the bed, and fell asleep. About four, sister H. wak'd me, and said uncle and J. F. were down-stairs; so I decorated myself, and went down. Felt quite lackadasical. However, I jump'd about a little, and the stupid fit went off. We have had strange reports about the British being about leaving Philadelphia. I can't believe it. Adieu.

Sixth day morn, June 19th.—We have heard an astonishing piece of news! The English have entirely left the city! It is almost impossible! Stay. I shall hear further.

Sixth day eve.—A light horseman has just confirm'd the above intelligence! This is charmante! They encamp'd yesterday. He (the horseman) was in Philadl. It is true! They have gone!! Past a doubt. I can't forbear exclaiming to the girls, "Now are you sure the news is true? Now are you sure they have gone?" "Yes, yes, yes!" they all cry; "and may they never, never return!"

Dr. Gould came here to-night. Our army are about six miles off, on their march to the jerseys.

Seventh day morn.—O. F. arriv'd just now, and related as followeth:—The army began their march at six this morning by their house. Our worthy Gen'l Smallwood breakfasted at uncle Caleb's. He ask'd how Mr. and Mrs. Wister and the young ladies were, and sent his respects to us. Our brave, our heroic GENERAL WASHINGTON was escorted by fifty of the Life-Guard, with drawn swords. Each day he acquires an addition to his goodness. We have been very anxious to know how the inhabitants have far'd. I understand that General Arnold, who bears a good character, has the command of the city, and that the soldiers conducted with great decorum.

[Since my writing the above, Gen'l Arnold has forfeited all right to a good character, by the shameful desertion of his country's cause, joining the British, accepting a

command, and plundering and distressing the Americans.]

Smallwood says they had the strictest orders to behave well; and I dare say they obey'd the order. I now think of nothing but returning to Philadelphia.

So I shall now conclude this journal, with humbly hoping that the Great Disposer of events, who has graciously vouchsaf'd to protect us to this day through many dangers, will still be pleas'd to continue his protection.

SALLY WISTER.

NORTH WALES, June 20th, 1778.

LETTER FROM MARTHA WASHINGTON TO MRS. GENERAL WARREN.

NEW YORK, December the 26th, 1789.

MY DEAR MADAM

Your very friendly letter of the 27th of last month has afforded me much more satisfaction than all the formal compliments and empty ceremonies of mere etiquette could possibly have done. I am not apt to forget the feelings that have been inspired by my former society with good acquaintances, nor to be insensible to their expressions of gratitude to the President of the United States; for you know me well enough to do me the justice to believe that I am only fond of what comes from the heart.

Under a conviction that the demonstrations of respect and affection which have been made to the President originate from that source, I cannot deny that I have taken some interest and pleasure in them. The difficulties which presented themselves to view on his first entering upon the Presidency seem thus to be in some measure surmounted. It is owing to this kindness of our numerous friends in all quarters, that my new and unwish'd-for situation is not indeed a burden to me. When I was much younger, I should, probably, have enjoyed the innocent gaities of life as much as most of my age; but I had long since placed all the prospects of my future worldly happiness in the still enjoyments of the fireside at Mount Vernon.

I little thought, when the war was finished, that any circumstances could possibly have happened which would call the General into public life again. I had anticipated that from this moment we should have been left to grow old in solitude and tranquility together. That was, my dear madam, the first and dearest wish of my heart; but in that I have been disappointed. I will not, however, contemplate with too much regret disappointments that were inevitable. Though the General's feelings and my own were perfectly in unison with respect to our predelection for private life, yet I cannot blame him for having acted according to his ideas of duty in obeying the voice of his country. The consciousness of having attempted to do all the good in his power, and the pleasure of finding his fellow-citizens so well satisfied with the disinterestedness of his conduct, will doubtless be some compensation for the great sacrifices which I know he has made. Indeed, in his journeys from Mount Vernon to this place,—in his late tour through the Eastern States,—by every public and every private information which has come to him,—I am persuaded that he has experienced nothing to make him repent his having acted from what he conceived to be alone a sense of indispensable duty. On the contrary, all his sensibility has been awakened in receiving such repeated and unequivocal proofs of sincere regard from all his countrymen.

With respect to myself, I sometimes think the arrangement is not quite as it ought to have been; that I, who had much rather be at home, should occupy a place with which a great many younger and gayer women would be prodigiously pleased.

As my grandchildren and my domestic connections made up a great portion of the felicity which I looked for in this world, I shall hardly be able to find any substitute that would indemnify me for the loss of a part of such endearing society. I do not say this because I feel dissatisfied with my present situation. No. God forbid! for every body and every thing conspire to make me as contented as possible in it. Yet I know too much of the vanity of human affairs to expect felicity from the splendid scenes of public life. I am still determined to be cheerful and to be happy, in whatever situation I may be; for I have also learned from experience that the greater part of our happiness or misery depends upon our dispositions, and not upon our circumstances. We carry the seeds of the one or the other about with us, in our minds, wherever we go.

I have two of my grandchildren with me, who enjoy advantages in point of education, and who, I trust, by the goodness of Providence, will continue to be a great blessing to me. My other two grandchildren are with their mother in Virginia.

The President's health is quite re-established by his little journey. Mine is much better than it used to be. I am sorry to hear that General Warren has been ill: hope, before this time, that he may be entirely recovered. We should rejoice to see you both. To both I wish the best of Heaven's blessings, and am,

My dear madam,

With esteem and regard,

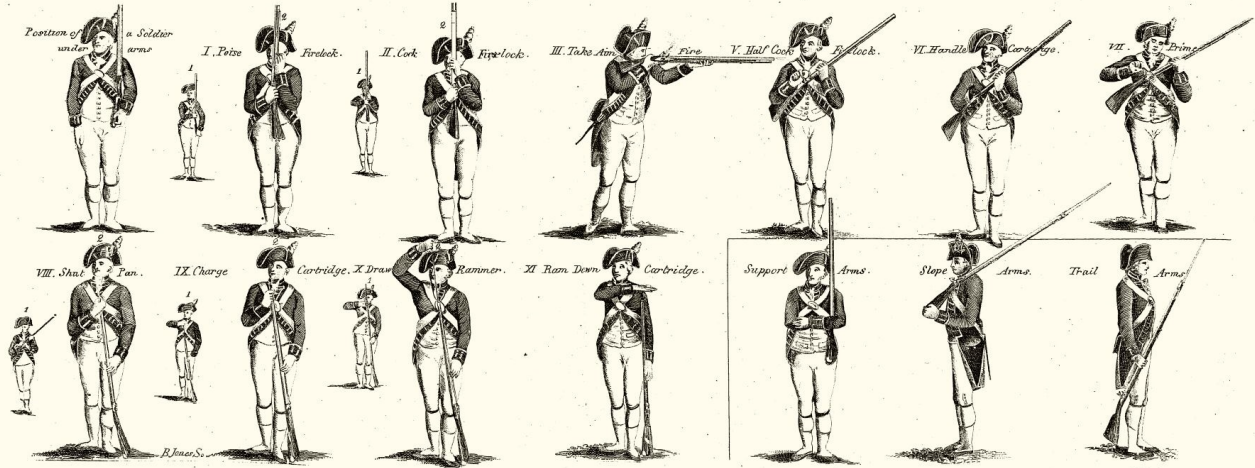
Your friend and hble sert,

M. WASHINGTON.

Mrs. WARREN.

TO ALL BRAVE, HEALTHY, ABLE BODIED, AND WELL
 DISPOSED YOUNG MEN,
 IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD, WHO HAVE ANY INCLINATION TO JOIN THE TROOPS,
 NOW RAISING UNDER
GENERAL WASHINGTON,
 FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE
LIBERTIES AND INDEPENDENCE
 OF THE UNITED STATES,
 Against the hostile designs of foreign enemies,

TAKE NOTICE,



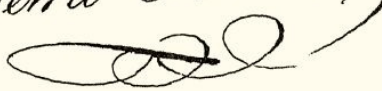
THAT *Tuesday, Wednesday Thursday Friday and Saturday* at *Spotswood* in *county,* attendance will be given by *with his music and recruiting party of* *company in* *Major Shute's*
Middlesex *Recruiting*
Battalion of the 11th regiment of infantry, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Aaron Ogden, for the purpose of receiving the enrollment of
 such youth of SPIRIT, as may be willing to enter into this HONOURABLE service.
 The ENCOURAGEMENT at this time, to enlist, is truly liberal and generous, namely, a bounty of TWELVE dollars, an annual and fully sufficient supply of good and handsome cloathing, a daily allowance of a large and ample ration of provisions, together with SIXTY dollars a year in GOLD and SILVER money on account of pay, the whole of which the foldier may lay up for himself and friends, as all articles proper for his subsistence and comfort are provided by law, without any expence to him.
 Those who may favour this recruiting party with their attendance as above, will have an opportunity of hearing and seeing in a more particular manner, the great advantages which these brave men will have, who shall embrace this opportunity of spending a few happy years in viewing the different parts of this beautiful continent, in the honourable and truly respectable character of a foldier, after which, he may, if he pleases return home to his friends, with his pockets FULL of money and his head COVERED with laurels.
 GOD SAVE THE UNITED STATES.

Enlarge

All Friends, to Liberty, and the Good, of their
Country.

1779
May
Are Desir'd to take Notice, that
there, is men in this City, that, in Order
to Ruin our Cause, and to Distress
us as much as possible, has lately
Consulted, together, and Did actually
raise the price, of the most, Necessary
Articles, of Life — on the News of
the Enemies appearing on our Coast
and if and, orderly, Militia will
bring them before the Civil
Magistrates, —
I will point out and
appear against them

N^o 13
Some Necessary Article
has raise double
the price, in three weeks
if these men pass with
impunity, where will it
Ends

Terra Firma


PHILADELPHIA, November 9.
The CONGRESS, Wednesday, November 8, 1775.
Resolved, That all letters to and from the Delegates of the
United Colonies during the sittings of Congress pass and be
carried free of postage, the members having engaged upon
their honour not to frank or enclose any letters but their own.

NOVEMBER 9.
By authentic intelligence from London by the last vessel, we
learn that on the 21st of August a copy of the petition to the
King, which was sent from the Congress by Mr. R. Penn, was
sent to the Secretary of State for America, and on the first of
September, the first moment that was permitted, the original
was presented to him, which his Lordship promised to deliver
to his Majesty.

His Lordship was pressed to obtain an answer, but those
who presented it were told "THAT AS HIS MAJESTY
DID NOT RECEIVE IT ON THE THRONE, NO
ANSWER WOULD BE GIVEN."

Ordered to be published.

Extract from the minutes,
CHARLES THOMSON, Secretary.

The Militia are determined, by solemn
Pledge of Honor to prosecute their Plan
with Decorum

The Battalions.

Long live the United States!

Enlarge

In Congress Dec. 26. 1775.

The report of the committee to whom was referred a para-
-graph of Lord Sterling's letter to the Congress complaining
that several of his recruits had been arrested & imprisoned
for trifling debts being taken into consideration was agreed
to as follows -

This committee have reason to believe, that divers persons
either from inattention to the public good or with a design
to retard the recruiting service have arrested and imprisoned
for very trifling debts many soldiers who had engaged to
risque their lives in defence of the rights and liberties of America
and as it has been always found necessary in time of war to
regulate & restrain a practice of such pernicious tendency
in such cases to abate the rigor of law -

Resolved therefore that it be recommended to the several
legislatures in these colonies, whether assemblies or conventions
to pass acts or ordinances prohibiting the arrest of continental
soldiers for small debts. And in order that the same rule may
prevail in all the colonies, that no such soldier be arrested,
at the suit of any of his creditors, unless the said creditor
making oath that the said soldier is justly indebted to
him in the sum of thirty five dollars over and above all dis-
-counts & that the estate of no such soldier be liable to attach-
-ment at the suit or for the benefit of all his creditors unless
their debts in the whole on being ascertained by their oaths
shall amount to more than one hundred & fifty dollars

Extract from the minutes
Cha. Thoms on jury

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