

of rare accomplishments, was an inmate of the family. The charms of this lady made a deep impression upon the heart of Washington, he went to Boston, returned and was again included in the hospitality of Mr. Robinson. He lingered there until duty called him away, but he was careful to intrust his secret to a confidential friend, whose letters kept him informed of every important event; in a month intelligence came that a rival was in the field, and that the consequences could not be answered for if he delayed his return! Whether time, or the bustle of a camp, or the scenes of war (he was then colonel in the French and Indian war) had moderated his admiration, or whether he despaired of success, is not known. He never saw Miss Phillipse again until she was married to that same rival, Captain Morris, his former associate in arms, and one of General Braddock's aide-de-camps." Morris is a name known in the Robinsons of New Brunswick, and doubtless it has come down from that source.

It was within the genial old dining-hall with its bare unpolished beams which you can almost touch with your hand, so low is the ceiling, and its floor descending in a moderately inclined plane toward the antique fire-place on the western side, that Washington communicated the tidings of the defection of his hitherto valued officer to Lafayette, remarking to him bitterly, "Whom can we trust now?"

Beverley House has been the scene of a score of interesting events; it was first selected as a military hospital after Mr. Robinson had vacated it. In a military journal of the period a dinner party is described as consisting of "Forty-one respectable officers," invited and entertained by Brigadier-General Muhlenberg, who occupied the southeast chamber for some months. He was the clerical Virginia soldier, who entered his pulpit on Sundays with his sword and cockade. The banquet was served in the historical dining-room and, "the table was furnished with fourteen different dishes, arranged in fashionable style." In July, 1788, mention is also made of a notable dinner given at Beverley House by the officers to Colonel Malcom and his much admired wife; the guests were more numerous than at any other entertainment that season, one-third being ladies. The quaint chronicler remarks, "The cheering glass was not removed until evening, when we accompanied those from West Point to the river side, and finished two bottles of port on board their barge."

No other house in the country was so frequently the resort of Washington during the eight years which "tried men's souls," as Beverley. Under no other roof were so many foreigners of distinction sheltered from time to time, and all of the illustrious generals of the army, as well as the great majority of the statesmen, who were tinkering at the foundation of the new republic, broke bread in this long-to-be-remembered dining-room. Bever-