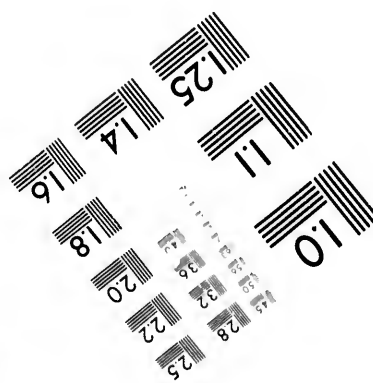
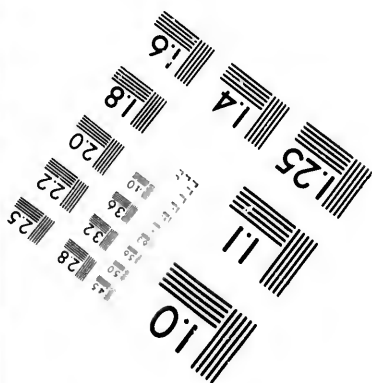
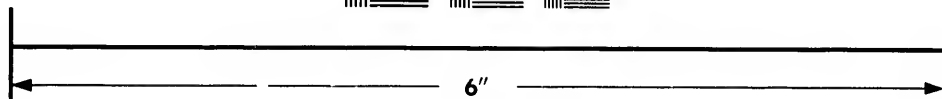
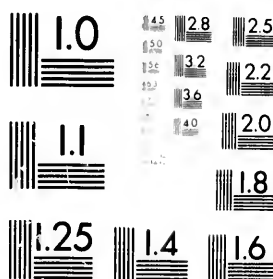


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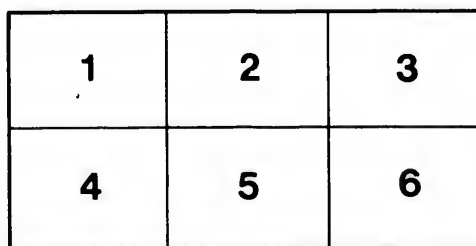
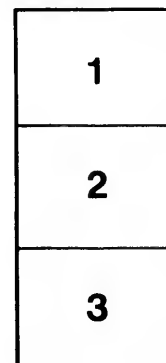
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ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

OF

NEW BRUNSWICK,

IN THE

CITY OF ST. JOHN, DOMINION OF CANADA,

4th July, 1883,

BY

GEN. JOHN WATTS DE PEYSTER, LL.D., A.M.

BREV. MAJ.-GEN., S. N. Y.

HONORARY MEMBER N. B. (S. J.) H. S.

New York :

CHARLES H. LUDWIG, PRINTER, 10 & 12 READE STREET.

1883.

List of Publications.

JOHN WATTS DE PEYSTER, LL.D., A.M.

BRV. MAJOR-GENERAL, S. N. Y., &c., &c., &c.

AUTHOR OF

- REPORTS—1st. On the Organizations of the National Guards and Municipal Military Institutions of Europe, and the Artillery and Arms best adapted to the State Service, 1852. (Reprinted by order of the N. Y. State Legislature, Senate Documents, No. 74, March 26, 1853.) 2d. Organizations of the English and Swiss Militia, the French, Swiss, and Prussian Fire Departments. Suggestions for the Organization of the N. Y. Militia, &c. 1853.
- Life of (the Swedish Field Marshal) Leonard Torstenson (rewarded with three splendid Silver Medals, &c., by H. R. M. Oscar I., King of Sweden). 1855.—Eulogy of Torstenson, 1872.
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- Appendix to the Dutch at the North Pole, &c. 1858.
- Ho, for the North Pole! 1860.—The Dutch Battle of the Baltic. 1858.
- The Invincible Armada. (Series.) 1860.—Examples of Intrepidity, as illustrated by the Exploits and Deaths of the Dutch Admirals. (Series.) 1860-1. Military Gazette
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- The Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Netherlanders. 1859.
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- Incidents connected with the War in Italy. (Series.) 1859.
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- Oriskany, 1878—Monmouth, 1878—Rhode Island, 1878.
- Facts or Ideas Indispensable to the Comprehension of War; Notions on Strategy and Tactics. 1861-2.
- Eclaircissement, Military Journal. (Edited.) 1854-8.—In Memoriam. (Edited.) 1st, 1857; 2d, 1862.
- The Bible in Prison. 1853.—A Discourse on the Tendency of High Church Doctrines. 1855.
- A Night with Charles XII. of Sweden. A Nice Young Man. Parlor Dramas. 1860-1.
- Aculco, Oriskany, and Miscellaneous Poems. 1860.
- Genealogical References of Old Colonial Families, &c. 1851.
- Biographical Notices of the de Peyster Family, in connection with the Colonial History of New York. 1861.—Biographies of the Watts, de Peyster, Reade, and Leake Families, in connection with Trinity Churchyard. 1862.—Local Memorials relating to the de Peyster and Watts, and affiliated families. 1881.
- ARTICLES—published in *United Service Magazine* (equal in matter to 12mo. volumes): Torstenson and the Battle of Janikau, July, 1879; Joshua and the Battle of Beth-horon—Did the Sun and Moon stand still? February, 1880; Hannibal, July, 1880; Gustavus Adolphus, Sept., 1880; Cavalry, I., Sept., 1880; Cavalry, II., Nov., 1880; Cavalry, III. Dec., 1880; Army Catastrophes—Destruction of Pharaoh and his host: how accomplished, &c., &c. February, 1881.—Hannibal's Army of

(Continued on third page of cover.)

ADDRESS.

MR. PRESIDENT, MEMBERS OF THE NEW BRUNSWICK HISTORICAL SOCIETY IN THE CITY OF ST. JOHN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN :

To a man brought up as it were at the feet of the Gamaliel of loyalty, and taught to believe that the American Revolution was an unnecessary evil, and that Independence was "log-rolled" into an accomplished fact, and converted by interested parties from a menace into a machine—to such an one it is very pleasant to meet with descendants of honored men who thought, and wrought, and fought, shoulder to shoulder in the desperate defense of a government under which they had thriven and were happy—a government which certainly had rewarded my and many of our people for services rendered to it, by them, previous to the Revolution.*

The success of the American Revolution, which added so many illustrious men to Canada, could not have been brought about if similar causes had not operated to the same result but from opposite directions. The selfish interests of a portion of

* The worthy President of the New Brunswick Historical Society, Mr. J. W. Lawrence, was right in his sturdy opposition to the Confederation of the Provinces, just as those were who, true to the interests of the author's native State, New York, opposed the Confederation of the Thirteen Colonies, which was carried with even less unanimity or fairness, as regarded the "Empire State," than the Declaration of Independence.

the colonists* on the one side could not have accomplished the end so dire to us, had they not been helped by the like incentives of professionals on the other. To the latter was added an indolence, or inertia, which seems incomprehensible. Blows were not struck when the first blow was half the battle; leaders were oblivious of the spirit of one of their famous national songs, "Britons, Strike Home!" victories were not improved, as admitted by the best authorities, the colonial leaders themselves; and the loyal military element was neither comprehended nor fostered, utilized nor supported. It is a sad truth, but a palpable truth, that the strength and ardor of a loyalty and a devotion never exceeded, was frittered away; sacrificed in the field, sacrificed in the cabinet, and finally abandoned to the tender mercies of a selfishness and greed, for a generation at least, that knew not the meaning of the term. It may be very impolitic to speak thus; but when a man first contemplates a community, still, as it were, autonomous, and then looks upon another in which his birthright has been almost swallowed up by the immigration of inferior races, lifted up by the force of unprincipled politicians and for party purposes to a plane for which they are unfit—under such circumstances impolicy must be disregarded in the feeling of the independence described by the poet:

"Blest is the man, who, self-content and brave,
Carves with HIS OWN hand his pathway to the grave;
And recking not what others do or say,
Finds in HIS OWN heart his comfort by the way."

* The revelations of private memoranda and correspondence known to exist, would develop extraordinary evidence as to the motives and action of the patriots—so styled. Many eminent families of loyalist origin possess such papers, but are afraid to make them public, for fear of incurring the odium of toryism or social ostracism. The author of this address offered a large sum of money for a letter—one among many inherited—which would have shown that one of the "patriot sires" exhibited characteristics the reverse of the Christian purity which, in erroneous public estimation, invests his name with a halo of semi-sanctity.

The loyalists of America simply lived up to the spirit of E. W. Hazewell's stirring verse:

"Here's to the flag we follow,
Here's to the land we serve,
And here's to holy honor,
That doth the two preserve."

and also to the words of inspiration of Lowell:

"ONCE to ev'ry man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood for the good or evil side;
THEN it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit till his Lord is crucified."

and again, singing of "Loyalty," hear the same true poet:

"Life may be given in many ways
And *loyalty to truth* be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So generous is Fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms, and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stands, self-poised, on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs."

Very few people have any idea of the exertions made by the loyalists in support of the crown. Sabine devoted a great deal of time and labor to the investigation of this subject, and he demonstrates that there were more regiments of volunteers, Americans, in the British service, equal in efficiency to regulars, than there were British regulars in the field actively engaged. Do not misunderstand this assertion. There were more regulars in the field *and* in garrison; but examine statistics and see whether the figures will not bear out the admission of Sabine, if it be correct—that if, as he concedes, there were 25,000 loyal Americans wearing the

British uniform and standing in line of battle beside the professional soldiers, then, indeed, have loyalists and their descendants reason to be proud of the manly assertion and military service of their ancestors. "The total exceeded in number the troops enlisted [by Congress] to oppose them." The most trustworthy Provincial regiments came from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania. New England furnished comparatively few. The Southern colonies put a number of excellent battalions in the field. Colonel John Hamilton, of North Carolina—"such is the testimony of his foes"—"was the very crest of tory organization at the South," and "he was engaged in nearly every action in the three Southern colonies. Glory to him and his troops!" Strange to say, Sabine mentions that the whig, Alexander "Hamilton's own sympathies were at first on the royal side, as he himself admits in his reply to Wilkins; and his biographer relates that a visit to Boston [that pestilent hot-bed of disaffection] changed the current of his thoughts"—I may add, the whole course of his life." Ferguson—certainly unsurpassed in his judgment of soldiership—chose New Yorkers and New Jerseymen to compose his famous flying-column, which was nearly annihilated at King's Mountain. There is scarcely a battlefield of note during the last four years of active hostilities on which loyal American blood was not poured out like water. In many instances the loyalists fought with halters around their necks. In the Carolinas they were seldom admitted to quarter until the cruel instincts of fratricidal conflict, and a savage thirst for vengeance, had been slaked in blood. If an individual holding a commission from Congress actually gloried in having washed his hands in British blood at Saratoga, how much more bitter was the feeling displayed toward Provincials everywhere, but especially at the South.

Pierce, however, as was the code applied to the loyalists, still

fiercer was the code applied to the poor wretch drafted, crimped, or inveigled into the Continental army. The terrible Frederician system was, under relative circumstances, not more severe. The lash was applied unsparingly, and Lee, a truly gallant man—who lost his life through the blind fury of a mob—to put a stop to desertion, resorted to ultra-heroic treatment * He cut off the head of a deserter and sent the gory testimony of his disciplinary remedy to Washington, who deprecated the course pursued, not, perhaps, so much on the score of pity or policy, but because, doubtless, it might scare off volunteers or arouse the prejudices of the enthusiasts or humanitarians to whom, everywhere, rebellion had to look for support.

These remarks are not made to keep alive a desire for retaliation, but to show how the loyalists suffered. Stadman, the his-

* "Without regard to the question of the soldier's right to quit a service where he is defrauded of his pay and detained beyond the term of his enlistment, it may simply be remarked that at no time were the lash and the cord more active than in 1779 and in 1780. The many thonged and knotted cat which cut to the blood at every stroke, and the gauntlet, where a double file of soldiers anointed the culprit's naked body with blows from one end of their lane to the other, were in constant requisition. Flogging went beyond a hundred lashes; and sometimes the criminal was again and again remanded, that his torn and inflamed back might be more bitterly rent. As for the death penalty, it was necessary, in 1779, when our Continental army was in danger of dissolution by desertion, to authorize its immediate infliction upon any one caught in the act. Harry Lee not only hanged the first man that he detected in this offence, but sent his lopped and bloody head to Washington. The spectacle had a happy effect on the men; but our officers dreaded the result of its being made known to the public. Its repetition was forbidden, and Washington ordered a party at once to bury the mutilated corpse ere it should fall into the hands of the enemy." [Thatcher, 223; Lee on Jefferson (ed. 1839), MS. Am. O. B. Sargent's Life of Andre, pp. 252-3.]

This book is full of revelations, developed with an unsparing pen and from an honest heart. It is to be regretted that this work is out of print and so little known to the general public. It would dissipate many of the myths which, like aureolas, invest the credited stories of the American Revolution.

torian, who was on the staff of Cornwallis, and an executive of the commissary or supply department, has left a vivid and painful record of the iniquitous manner in which the loyal militia of the Carolinas were treated by the officers of the crown. Professional soldiers have always exhibited that superciliousness, injustice and want of wisdom in associating with volunteers, often of far better stuff and fitter experience than themselves.

What the Tlascalans were to Cortez, the loyalist or colonial militia were to the English, equally serviceable, equally ill-treated, equally sacrificed; so often in the northern colonies, almost invariably.

Even so was the loyalist strength wasted throughout the Revolution, whereas a contrary course would have shown them to be the best and boldest of supporters of the imperial rule. Read the annals of Canada and the same picture presents itself on every page. The Canadians were as cruelly and unjustly treated by the officers of the French crown as were the Provincials by the officers of George III. The interest of both were ignored, their advice scouted, their services paralyzed or worse. The same Canadian Indian expert who so effectually disposed of Braddock at Fort Duquesne, would have done as much by Wolfe on the Montmorency if his counsels had been heeded. Yet had attention been paid to the French loyalist, de Langlade, the conquest of Canada would have cost England and the English colonies many an additional campaign or war before the cross of Albion supplanted the Bourbon lilies. Except that loyalty is a duty, a religion as much as religion proper, itself, it has rarely received any more recompense in this world than rewards a conscientiously religious life—the simple self-consciousness of doing right, of acting out the impulses of manhood and truth. It has to be a religion to and for itself. Nowhere in history has loyalty been adequately rewarded any more than it was in the

case of Bothwell, third husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, who, ever true to the motto of his princely house, "Kiip Trest," ever faithful to the Queen Dowager and Queen herself, perished a victim to this virtue, and has lived in history steeped in obloquy, while his successful enemies have been chronicled as patriots and lights of grace, where they deserved to be branded as self-seeking, as greedy hypocrites, as ungrateful traitors and as cowardly murderers.

Here, in New Brunswick, the centre of loyal blood, tried in every fire of temptation and suffering, let their descendants remain satisfied and secure. They are a people, a peculiar people, self governed under a paternal supreme authority for good and not for evil. They exist an autonomy of honorable association and exercise a glorious influence.

The United States, particularly the State of New York, have become the cesspool of the world. If the native stream has still power and volume to carry off the impurity cast into it unceasingly, and continue to cleanse and clarify itself, ultimately remains to be seen. It may, alas! become like one or more of the Maine rivers, so choked with saw-dust and "stubb shorts" that the noble river has shrivelled into a stream so narrow and shallow that its once capacious channel will no longer float, at any but high tide, the largest vessels which once found everywhere ample depth and expanse to navigate freely and safely. What the end will be when the pinch comes, remains to be seen. It was a touch and go in 1877, when there was little occasion for an uprising. What will result when scanty harvests and severe seasons bring the wolf to the door of the vast majority? The reflecting and forecasting shudder at the grave gloom of the prospect. Be content! New Brunswick has prospered in itself; may its future be as happy as its increment has been sure.

Nor did loyalists suffer alone in the heat of the struggle. Their property was confiscated relentlessly. If they were not welcomed home after the war "with bloody hands to hospitable graves," the halter was hung out as a warning instead of the latch-string as an invitation, in case they entertained the slightest hope of being able to get back to seek their own. Exile was the fate of the majority. Their bones are scattered all over the possessions of Great Britain.* The speaker can say that there was scarcely one of his name and blood, immediate or collateral, that did not hold a royal commission, from brigadier down to cornet or ensign, and, as a rule, but few sleep their last sleep in their native land. A near relative, considered one of the "worthies of Canada," commanded

* "Hailsham [Sussex county, England] is a quiet town, with an old and pleasant church in it. * * * On the north wall I was struck with a tablet to the memory of Col. Philip Van Cortlandt, a retired royalist officer of the American War, died at Hailsham, May, 1814, aged 74. The Van Cortlandts are still a large and wide-spread family in the United States, but, doubtless, this old royalist officer found the repose of Hailsham more to be preferred, after the stormy period of the Revolution, than the homestead of his kinsfolk across the seas."—L. J. JESSING, p. 58., "Field-paths and Green Lanes."

"There will scarcely be a village in England without some American dust in it, I believe, by the time we [exiled and proscribed loyalists] are all at rest."—Life of Van Schaack." N. Y., 1842.

"A tablet on the wall opposite to my seat forcibly attracted my attention, and did not bespeak a very liberal spirit in the citizens of Inverness [Scotland] towards the Americans. It was erected in memory of a Mr. Inglis, formerly a merchant at Savannah, Georgia. The inscription states, that he was '*murdered by a band of ruffians, hired by the execrable Congress*,' on account of his fidelity to his king and country, while he was living with a friend near Charleston, South Carolina. I do not recollect the story of this Mr. Inglis in the history of our Revolution; but it is probable he was a tory, and shared the fate of some of his brethren. Certain it is that the monument is a disgrace [?] to the church, bearing upon its face a falsehood and a malice towards the execrable Congress of 1776, as impotent as it is ill-suited to the walls of a sanctuary [?]. I am willing, however, to believe that the epitaph expresses sentiments entertained of our government half a century ago, rather than at the present time."—"Letters from Europe," W. H. CATER. N. Y., 1827.

at Michilimacinae when the Revolution broke out, and the first autograph which he holds of this officer is dated on the 4th of July, 1776, directing the movements of the farthest western Indians then known down to the relief of Montreal. His nephew and namesake, for whom he purchased an ensign's commission in his own regiment, but who preferred the sea to land service, discovered, among others, for the crown, a group of islands in the as yet unexplored Pacific, which still bear the family name. A great uncle, by marriage, fought the battle bloodiest in its results at the north, Oriskany, and won it for the crown. Another great uncle, by blood, fought out the bloodiest battle at the south, King's Mountain. The remains of this gentleman lie in one of the churchyards of the city in which this address is delivered. The handsomest battle of the war, Eutaw Springs, was saved for the crown by the New York Volunteers, in which my grandfather was a captain. This list might be extended far beyond your willingness to listen.

Very probably some one in the United States may ask, what good can be derived from reviving these reminiscences? If for no other reason, that Montesquieu's adage may be verified, "Sooner or later every [hidden] thing comes to the light." What is more, the wrongs done to the loyalists have never been repented of, while every falsehood has been repeated and magnified in regard to the treatment of the whigs by the royalist party. The cry of the wrongdoer is always "forgive," whereas the gospel does not enjoin forgiveness without repentance and atonement going before. If atrocities were committed on those who were esteemed rebels, the deeds were not done by persons high in office, but by underlings. The severities against our forefathers are chargeable upon men exercising the highest trusts and occupying the most dignified positions, for which it is held that a man should be imbued with sentiments of justice and of mercy. There

is no need to enter upon a detailed consideration of the mines or prison-ships to which the tories were consigned or going into the thousands of outrages inflicted on respectable people, the aged, the sick, the unprotected; the tarring and feathering, the riding-on-a-rail, the flogging with hickory sprouts, which were administered without decency or remorse. An application of this "popular injustice" converted Thomas Browne, of Augusta, Georgia, from simply an outspoken opponent of mob-law, into the Col. Browne who became one of the most daring and implacable of the loyal commanders at the South, and who enjoyed ample opportunities to inflict justified punishment for unjustified and cruel wrongs. Nevertheless, as a soldier he won the admiration of his immediate opponents.

There are three cases of the harsh treatment of women of distinction that cannot be passed over in silence. Take that of Lady Johnson. Arrested because her husband, Sir John, could not be taken, she was held as a hostage for his acts, and threatened with execution if he committed reprisals for the outrages to which he and she had been subjected. This severity was not the action of the low nor uneducated, but of those the highest in rank, socially and politically, even of those who were bound to show generosity on the score of consanguinity and gratitude. With a heroism worthy of her exalted station, she, in the midst of a severe winter, and through deep snow and every other peril, made her escape and rejoined her husband; but at a fearful price, the life of her infant child, who perished of want and cold in the very arms of one of the Indian braves who relieved her, and when she was already about to embrace the consort she had undergone such suffering and danger to rejoin. One of her descendants compiled a touching narrative of the perils over which she triumphed and the wicked treatment she experienced.

The second case in point was that of the wife of William

Franklin, the son of the noted Benjamin Franklin—"le ruse bon-homme" (that cunning old cock?), as Michelet styles him—the last royal governor of New Jersey. When Franklin was arrested, in 1777, he was conveyed to East Windsor, Connecticut. His wife lay sick only a few miles distant. He requested liberty to visit her. The whig commander-in-chief, as in the case of Lady Johnson, would not interfere. His reply realizes the words of Troilus in regard to the letter of Cressida to him, her distracted Trojan lover, "Words, words, mere words; no matter from the heart." Franklin's wife was much affected by the severity of her father-in-law to her husband, his only son.

"She died in 1778, in her forty-ninth year, and it is inscribed on the monumental tablet erected to her memory in St. Paul's church, New York, that, 'Compelled to part from the husband she loved, and at length despairing of the soothing hope of his speedy return, she sunk under accumulated distresses, &c.'"

The third case was that of Mrs. Peter Van Schaack, of Kinderhook, New York. Let the whig, Lorenzo Sabine, tell the story:

"In 1778, the state of Mrs. Van Schaack's health became alarming, and it was desirable that she should visit the city of New York, the place of her nativity. Her physicians were of the opinion that, in the peculiar state of her mind, her native air and proximity to the sea would be of more benefit than medicine. Her husband applied to the governor of New York for leave to carry her there. The city was in the possession of the British, and though that lady herself, as well as her partner, were objects of universal love and esteem, the request of the dying woman was refused. Such was the stern decree of war, of civil war. Again, Mr. Van Schaack [a non-combatant, an invalid and partially blind] applied for liberty to take his sick wife within the British lines, and was again refused. She was wasting away under a consumption. Of the medical staff of Burgoyne's army, then prisoners, was a Doctor Hayes, of great reputed skill; and Lafayette was asked to allow the British surgeon to visit her, but the Committee of Safety interfered, and the humane mission was forbidden. She soon died. In her last moments, she told her heart-broken husband that she forgave *him* who had prevented her from going to New York; and when he desired to know whether she would not also forgive those who had prevented Doctor Hayes from coming to her, she answered, 'Yes, she forgave *them*, and everybody.'

"Of all the circumstances of her sad fate, Mr. Van Schaack wrote a most touching account. He was sorely stricken. Within eight years he had lost six children, he had buried his father, had been deprived of the use of one eye, and was harassed with fear of total blindness [which afterward came upon him]. Under these circumstances, the commotions of the time had broken up a flourishing business, and he was now an outlaw about to depart from his native land. 'Torn from the nearest and dearest of all human connections,' are his own words, 'by the visitation of Almighty God, and by means of the public troubles of my country, I am now going into the wide world, without friends, without fortune, with the remembrance of past happiness, and the future prospect of further adversity.' The order of his banishment bore the signature of Leonard Gansevoort, Jr., Secretary of the Board of Commissioners, who had been his student at law. 'Leonard,' said he, 'you have signed my death warrant.' * * * *Of overt acts against his country, Van Schaack had committed none; his sole offences were his opinions.* That he was a pure and noble man, there is sufficient proof. On his return from England, Mr. Jay went on board of the ship, took him to the Governor's, Chief Justice's, &c., and he received a hearty welcome from all; and it is to be remarked, that the friends who thus cordially greeted him were not of the moderate whigs alone, but of those styled 'violent whigs,' of whom George Clinton was regarded the head."

Yet when, alone, mercy and forbearance could avail, they did not spare him a single pang that could be inflicted.

It is impossible, while on this subject, not to add a few words about the case of Captain Asgill, and it is equally impossible not to bring in a name of which the mention has been studiously avoided. Philip White, a New Jersey loyalist, was killed by the whigs. Richard Lippincott, another New Jerseyman, and a loyalist captain, captured Huddy, who had killed White, and hung him. Washington demanded of Gen. Sir Henry Clinton, the surrender of Lippincott. The Board of Loyalists interfered in his behalf, and the demand was refused.

"Washington then determined to retaliate on a prisoner in his possession, and selected, by lot, Captain Asgill, of the Guards, the heir and hope of an ancient family of England, and fixed the time for his execution. Asgill's mother, on learning the condition of her son, implored Vergennes, the French minister, to interfere to save him. Her pathetic appeal was published, and excited sympathy throughout England and France. The unfortunate youth was finally released by order of Congress."

In justice, and according to military ethics, no right existed for that course of action. Captain Asgill was no more a prisoner of Washington than of Rochambeau, and without the latter, and the co-operation of Admiral de Grasse, the capture of Cornwallis in Yorktown would have been as much an impossibility for the Americans as the attempt to scale Olympus proved to even the giants of fable. The American general had about as much right to hold a regular British officer belonging to the captured garrison of Yorktown responsible for the act of a tory captain in New Jersey, acting under a "Beard of Associated Loyalists," as to take a prisoner who fell into the hands of the French contingent at the North and hang him for a crime committed by a tory in the Carolinas. The French felt this to be so, and the interference of their ministry, not the magnanimity or justice of the Americans, saved Asgill.

I have used the first person as seldom as possible in this address, but I declare and I believe that I am able to maintain the assertion by ample proof, that in the true sense of magnanimity, there was infinitely more of that quality shown by the British commanders than by the whigs to the loyalists. Ferguson, whose aim was fatal, spared Washington when he could have killed him with ease, but when Ferguson fell, with a volley of bullets in him, Colonel Hanger, B. A., his friend and associate, tells us his corpse was abandoned to the turkey buzzards. Clinton offered to resign rather than retaliate for the execution of the gallant and unhappy Andre, and Carleton was mercy incarnate—a mercy which was stigmatized, with their usual justice by the whigs, as the astutest of policy. The forbearance of the crown officers was sheer cruelty to the loyalists, whom their enemies treated as they listed, and yet what a howl of indignation was raised if the royal power rarely made itself felt.

The cry is often made, what is the use of tearing open old

wounds? The answer is, "history is experience teaching by example." Forgiveness after repentance and atonement is enjoined. Forgetfulness, so far from being expected, is subjected to an exactly opposite rule; else, why are the records to be kept open for eternity? Let the advocates of oblivion answer that! The executive may pardon a criminal, but that does not obliterate the record of the crime, which stands, if no more, as a warning and a lesson. Americans, the offspring of whigs, may condemn this address, but it is hard to forget when a man's great grandfather, an honored and opulent citizen, who never committed a crime except faithful adherence to his principles and government, was driven forth an impoverished exile with a price—so to speak—upon his head, after a narrow escape from death at the hands of a vile mob, and died in a foreign land; that a great grandmother died in consequence, of a broken heart; that one grandfather had to purchase back, out of his economies, a corner of his ancestral domain; that another grandfather and three great-uncles were shot on the battlefield, under the colors beneath which they were born and bred; one losing his life, one losing his leg, one losing his liberty and the other driven forth into the wilderness; and that all his nearest relatives, the majority of his connections and nearest friends, were either rabbled, or harassed, or hunted, or exiled, after seeing their property confiscated—all this, all these memories, do not engender either forgetfulness nor forgiveness. *Credat Judeus Apella!* A man must have white, not red blood in his veins to do so. Nor did it end there. Remember the subsequent anti-rent laws, virtual confiscations; the elevated railroad laws, and an hundred other sacrifices of the individual to corrupt and unjust public action.

It is easy to imagine the feelings of a speaker who responds to the kindly welcome extended to him from the children and grandchildren of those who grasped fondly the hands of his pro-

genitors and drank of the same unsatisfying cup of glory and the same bitter draughts of suffering.

Men of New Brunswick, the loyalty of 1776, which suffered, was the very same loyalty that triumphed in 1861. The same patriotism which aroused our forefathers in support of the crown a century ago, awoke the generation, still existing, for the Flag and the Union. It was the same identical spirit. In 1776 it was King and country; in 1861, it was President and country. There was more patriotism displayed at the North in carrying through the war of four years for the suppression of the "Slaveholders' Rebellion"—yes, ten times over—than was shown by the colonists fighting out the Revolution which severed the Thirteen Colonies and Canada.

A man would be wanting in manhood who did not adhere to the flag under which he was born and nurtured; but still the heart may honorably retain its affection for the past from the tender memories of which he was torn. Some may recollect the story of the expatriated Huguenot noble, who asked as a sole reward for especial service—saving the life of the persecuting king—that he might retain the mere walls of his ancestral home without its appanage, together with the privilege of a brief, rare visit to the spot where his forefathers had exercised rule and influence for generations, and slept their last sleep in a peace denied to their unhappy descendants.

My grandfather never lost his affection for the flag under which his early years had passed in faithful service; but he brought up his children in equal fidelity to the country in which he found wife and fortune and hereditary ties; in the city which his race, immediate and collateral, had so greatly assisted to make illustrious. All of the Watts and de Peysters who were old enough to serve were in the field, as were my own boys before they were men, and none strove harder to do their duty by the

cause to which they devoted their youth. It was a painful wrench that tore apart families a century ago, and to this day the injustice on all hands to loyalists prevents the gap from closing. No Curtius has yet leaped into the chasm to heal the breach which every reflecting Englishman, Canadian, American and Anglo-Saxon must supplicate shall be effectually closed in a perpetual alliance necessary to the healthy progress and safety of the world. Yes, indeed! for on the Anglo-Saxon, and upon him alone, rests all the living hopes of the future.

The action or the act which separated the Colonies from the Empire was engineered pretty much as the ordinances of secession were carried through, and the brutality, the savageness, the calculated cruelty exhibited at the South towards Union men was nothing more than a repetition of the treatment of loyalists a century ago, exaggerated in the secession case by the demoralizing influences of slavery. It was not a loyalist nor the descendant of loyalists who sought out and made public the wrongs they had greatly suffered, and the services they had even more greatly performed. The children of whigs or rebels have made the most astounding revelations, disgusted with the cant and deception of the rebels in their romances styled histories, founded on the assumed disinterestedness, virtues and god-like attributes of the "patriot sires." The "patriot sires!" In a great number of instances they were not even born on the soil the interests of which they pretended to advocate with filial affection. A number of the patriot generals, divested of the halo of success, would have been branded by failure as mercenaries and adventurers, if not even worse, and a man who was imported (Tom Paine) to fire the public heart is one now execrated by every individual who honors the good and the true. That the spirit of deception, so potent and agreeable among the ignorant, was at work everywhere was demonstrated by the admission of the honest Shelby.

He concedes that the report of the "Associated Colonels," in regard to their success at "King's Mountain," was not a true statement of the facts. He implies exactly what is corroborated by the internal evidence of the report, that it was a "cooked-up" document and that it was manipulated to fire the public heart.

Again, as a proof of the motives that influenced the patriots or rebels towards the loyalists or tories, examine into the unbroken list of the wrongs inflicted upon the Indians because they would not sell their services for empty promises—"promises to pay," not likely to be honored any more than the face of Continental money—and carry out the bloody behests of greed upon those from whom they had experienced nothing but justice and consideration for a century.

Sullivan's campaign, in 1779, was a crusade, like many others, to gratify passion, and it was executed in obedience to a decree of Congress, which has not been unaptly styled the "Resolution of Vengeance." It converted the Indian, invested with many traits noble and attractive, into the utter savage of this era encountered upon the borders, who seems destitute of almost every attribute of humanity. Do the loyalists bring that damning accusation against the colonists? No! It is established, repeated, emphasized by men who have neither justice nor mercy for the tories.

The unchristian measures meted out for their conscientious adherence to the Crown were exactly those applied to the Indians. The loyalists had position and property; the Indians had fertile lands. Both were coveted and both were wrenched from their rightful possessors. The world, ever the sycophant of success, ignores the ignoble and the unrighteous springs in their own astonishment at the vast visible triumph of injustice. "Woe to him," cries the prophet, "that increaseth that which is not his! How long?" The credit of those who engi-

neered the Revolution is already half forgotten, and their glories are paling and their power has already long since passed into foreign hands. An Arnold has dared to vindicate an Arnold, and the present generation has grown up who, like another Pharaoh, "knew not Moses." The loyalty of the royal Americans, like that of the Jacobites, will live forever in manly hearts, with greater and greater vitality and force while poetry has fire, romance charm, and history truth!

The language applied by Boker to "our greatest and our best," George H. Thomas, victor of the only really decisive battle of the Slaveholders' Rebellion, will apply in some degree to many of the loyalists of other days who, like the victor of Nashville, in 1861, turned his back indignantly upon the secession and treason of his native state, and devoted heart and soul to his country and its flag:

"A simple nature cast in antique mould,
Gentle, serene, child-tender, lion bold;
A heart with sympathies so broad and true
That trust and love grew round him ere they knew,
Open, sincere, uncovetous and pure,
Strong to achieve and patient to endure;
Heedless of fame, he looked within himself
For that reward which neither praise nor pelf
Can give the soul whose naked virtues stand
Before God's eye, beneath God's lifted hand.
In the long future of this mortal hive,
Who may predict what records will survive?
A little shudder of earth's brittle crust,
And man and man's renown were scattered dust
But in his day to THOMAS it was given
To sow his fields and gather fruits for heaven,
Which neither worm can gnaw nor care make dim,
And these are deathless; these he took with him."

Without France, Spain, in fact without a world envious of Great Britain, the mother country and the States would still be one. But God had a great purpose to work out, and He and He alone made the colonial success a possibility.

Listen to one episode, the determining one, when Cornwallis—the noblest and ablest and least selfish of the British commanders, with the exception of Carleton—was “planted” with his little army in Yorktown by Clinton; an army wasted and wasting with disease, but assured of relief. Cornwallis was induced to abandon his outer lines—too extensive for his rapidly diminishing numbers of effectives, but still necessary to his successful defence, provided the French and Americans had siege artillery. Why then did so wise and audacious a chief act so unwisely as to draw in like a snail? Simply because Clinton certified to him that the allies had no heavy, or rather siege guns, and consequently, if they had only field pieces, the British artillery on the narrower lines were competent to meet them and hold them in check.

Upon advice to that effect from Clinton, Cornwallis contracted his lines, which field guns of the period could *not* “search out,” but which siege guns, that he was assured would not be brought against him, could search out to the uttermost corner, even to the most secret and securest retreat.

Now mark how Providence interposed to stultify Clinton and to ruin Cornwallis.

Where was the French siege artillery?

On board the squadron of de Barras, at Newport, Rhode Island. And how did they make their appearance at Yorktown? de Barras, to escape the British fleet, slipped out, started forth into the middle of the Atlantic, sailed around the Bermudas, and, piloted by the Highest power, and by Him alone, made a circuit of 1,500 miles, arrived off the mouth of Chesapeake Bay on the very day and on the only day when he could have got in; because on that fatal date the blockading British fleet, instead of sailing *into* the bay, as Nelson did at Aboukir, to annihilate the French fleet, at anchor, drew off to let the fleet of de Grasse come *out* and have the advantage, and let de Barras get in with a siege artil-

lery which Clinton assured Cornwallis would not be brought against him to crush the royal cause in Yorktown.

Without the direct interposition of God such a concurrence would not have been possible.

1st. To succeed it was necessary that the French troops should be allowed to land in Rhode Island and recuperate there, and that Clinton and Arbuthnot should be blinded and paralyzed. Lauzun admits that. He is scathing in his criticism on the British commanders.

2d. It was necessary that the French should be temporarily superior at sea. Contrary to all human calculations they became so; de Grasse, limited as to time, responding to the earnest invitation of Rochambeau, arrived on time and in time. His work done he departed, and Rodney then settled him, whipped and captured him.

3d. Money was absolutely necessary. The Spaniards supplied it.

4th. It was necessary that extraordinary inefficiency should handle the hitherto victorious British fleet. Exceptionally the case, it now occurred most inopportunistly. How it was denounced the printed records show. Clinton sat still; the admirals "but half a heart to the business brought." Rochambeau, de Grasse, de Barras, Washington, Wayne, worked in together with the precision and force of a crushing machine. Heaven, earth and sea co-operated, and Cornwallis was crushed; the loyalists ruined; and the thirteen colonies separated forever from the crown.

Turn the shield and observe the result when men alone operated and Providence did not assist.

A great partisan, the speaker's great uncle, Colonel James de Lancey, stigmatized by his opponents as "the Outlaw of the Bronx," with his cavalry, the elite of Westchester County, New

York, was stinging the Americans into fury. As soon as Washington was joined by Rochambeau, he planned the destruction of de Lancey. This time Heaven did not smile, and this, the first combined operation of the allies, to use an obsolete military expression, "went to water." The nippers slipped in their application; de Lancey escaped, and a few days after he was beating up the American quarters.

When great cataclysms occur in human affairs money becomes dross and men victims. So it was with the loyalists of America. They were sacrificed, and between the upper millstone of the colonies and the nether millstone of the British ministry they were ground into powder. So it ever has been, so it is, and so it ever will be in revolutions.

The politicians, in a great measure the peace democrats at the North, in 1861, who said, "Wayward sisters, go in peace," were nothing more than representatives of the Press and members in Parliament, who, during the period culminating in the American Revolution, 1763-'84, to elevate their own party and defeat the ministry, were willing to sacrifice their common country, and consent to, if not assist in, the dismemberment of the empire. Judge Jones left behind him terrible revelations of the venality and greed that hastened and completed the work; but those who find in his book admissions to bolster up adverse theories are altogether unwilling to accept the damning testimony of the evil that ruled to the ruin of the loyal men of America.

Centuries ago, Huguenots in France and Puritans in North and South Britain; a century ago, the loyalists in America and the Girondists in France were the first to find the Golgotha of virtue. Henry Heine said truly, "Whenever a great soul utters its thoughts, there is Golgotha." Disinterested loyalty is a very great thought, yea, a fact, and where it exerts itself it almost invariably finds a Calvary. The witnesses under the altar are still asking, "How long?"

One other parallel and let the subject rest. When the thirteen colonies triumphed their vengeance was extreme. In Parliament the abandonment of the loyalists was denounced even by those who had the most to do with bringing about the dire result. When the Union triumphed over the "Slaveholders' Rebellion," the lightness of the punishment was magnanimity itself.

Among the immense amount of calculated calumny, written and spoken, to justify the American revolt, one of the accusations brought by the colonists was the autocratic self-assertion, if not despotic tendencies of George III. Any one who has read English History in connection with the difficulties between Spain and Great Britain, knows something of the story of "Jenkins' ear," which, the "fable of Captain Jenkins' ear," has become a sort of synonym for the credulities and the political folly of the multitude." In Burrows' "Imperial England" the author observes:

"We have thus materials for forming a judgment which earlier generations had not, and we are better able to understand what the contemporary generation knew perfectly well. We are at least bound, now that we have fuller information, to ascertain what were the grounds of the King's conduct, and what excuse there was for his mistakes. When we have thus adjusted the balance we cannot escape from the duty of weighing against what remains, the solid merits of his private and public character, the degree in which he really represented the nation, and the success which crowned the lifelong efforts of as true a patriot as Alfred the Great,* Edward the First, or Queen Elizabeth."

* "The close critic might object to the union on even plane of these three names, but no one can refuse full honor to Alfred, the 'Great Saxon,' the 'Darling of England,' the 'Shepherd of his People.'"

"'Truth-lover' was our England's ALFRED named :

Truth-lover was our English duke,

Whatever record leap to fight,

He never shall be shamed."

"Thy *true* nobility of mind and blood,

Oh, warlike ALFRED ! gave thee to be good—

Goodness industrious made thee ; industry

Got thee a name to all posterity.

Lord Brougham—who assuredly must count as anything but a partial witness—in his “Personal Government of George III.,” remarks:

“He only discharged the duty of his station by thinking for himself, acting according to his conscientious opinion, and using his influence for giving these opinions effect. * * *

He set one example which is worthy of imitation in all times. He refused to be made a state puppet in his minister's hands, and to let his name be used either by men whom he despised, or for purposes which he disapproved. Nor could any one ever accuse him of ruling by favorites; still less could anyone, by pretending to be the people's choice, impose himself on his vigorous understanding.”

As a proof of the latter characteristic, a fact very little known conclusively demonstrates. When the plans for Burgoyne's “Northern Invasion” was discussed, the King's opinions showed that he had more common sense than the General or his military and cabinet advisers. He selected the route which they rejected, the one which military experts, judging after all the facts became known, have agreed would have assured success. He advised Burgoyne to leave Lake Champlain at Ticonderoga, ascend Lake George, and thence follow the excellent military road across to the Hudson. That would have saved so much distance, difficulty, time and labor that no exertion on the part of the American leaders could have assembled troops to impede the British advance to Albany. Schuyler would not have dared, even if he had been

“Twixt mixed hopes and fears, 'twixt joy and grief,
Thou ever felt'st distress, and found relief.
Victor this day, next thou did'st ne'er the less
I' the field dispute thy former day's success,
O'ercome this day, next day for all the blow
Thou giv'st or tak'st another overthrow.
Thy brows from sweat, thy sword from blood ne'er dry,
What was to reign so, to us signify.
The world cannot produce so much as one
That through the like adversities has gone;
Yet found'st thou not the rest thou soughtest here,
But with a crown, Christ gives it thee elsewhere.”

able, to detach Arnold to succor Fort Stanwix. Bennington would not have occurred, and St. Leger and Sir John Johnson from the West would have shaken hands triumphantly with Burgoyne from the North in the State capital. Again listen to Burrows:

"He [George III.] acted with and for the people; they [the British ministry] against the people and for their party. And this is the point. Personal government in a sense we may indeed attribute to George the Third; for no one ever, in any nation or at any period, paid more minute and unwearied attention to every detail of administration; but it was the nation governing itself in the person of the sovereign. In all the leading events of the reign—in the American war, the French wars, the conclusion of treaties, the support of William Pitt, and even, for some time, of Lord North, the treatment of Ireland, the narrow but conscientious Protestantism which refused to concede the political claims of the Roman Catholics—in all these the great, and generally the overwhelming majority of the people went with their *representative man, the King*. We scarcely need except the mistaken policy in which he embarked with reference to Wilkes, or the repressive measures which he and his ministers held to be necessary at the time of the French Revolution; for in the former case the violence of mob-law soon produced a reaction, and in the latter the malcontents were far more than balanced by the mass of the people. And then how transient and merely tumultuous were the popular ebullitions with which he was assailed, often the mere product of ignorance and hard times! How deep, how lasting, how dignified was the settled feeling of the nation! Witness the scenes at his accession and coronation, his temporary illnesses and recoveries, his progresses through the country, his visits to the fleet and dockyards, his birthdays, his jubilee; witness the sustained feeling of the people during the long final period of his blind and insane solitude, and their emotion at his death! *The nation admired, respected, learnt to trust him implicitly, as if he were its father.* This is no figure of speech. It passionately loved and pitied him; unfeignedly, with every mark of dejection, mourned his loss."

George III. was a far better man and wiser ruler than the majority of our presidents. He was certainly superior to the dogmatic Adams, and the demagogic Jefferson, a stronger man than Monroe or Madison, and certainly not as obstinate and prejudiced as "by the Eternal" Jackson. Later presidents, except Lincoln, can scarcely be permitted, with justice, to enter into a comparison with him, so much does he tower above them in every respectable attribute of the chief of a great nation.

"It was during this eclipse [*i. e.*, the second period of his reign, 1763-'84] of every nobler element, in the government or out of it, that *the conspicuous public and private virtues of the sovereign* [George III.] *came to be recognized as the rallying flag of the country.* For better or worse, as we may think, it was the character which he now displayed that rendered him, almost unconsciously to himself, the powerful monarch he became as *the representative of his people.* It was during the London riots, in 1768, that Benjamin Franklin, no mean judge, wrote thus of him:—

"What the end will be, God only knows. But *some punishment seems preparing for a people who are ungratefully abusing the best constitution and the best King any nation was ever blessed with.*"

"And again, in 1769:—

"*I can scarcely conceive a king of better dispositions, of more exemplary virtues, or more truly desirous of promoting the welfare of his subjects.*"

"And again, writing in 1784:—

"If George the Third had had a bad private character, and John Wilkes a good one, the latter would have turned the former out of the kingdom."

When we remember the position Franklin held in England, and how intimately he was bound up with the whole American struggle, such a testimony, perfectly uniform, and extending over sixteen years, must carry great weight. It might be matched from numerous other sources; but it is enough.

This address has now done all sufficient to justify His Majesty, George III. The six chief characteristic figures of his reign, the men to whom the shaping of events was, humanly speaking, due, were Lord Chatham, Burke, the younger Pitt, Lord Cornwallis, Canning, and the Duke of Wellington.

It is impossible for an American citizen, who believes that he knows anything of English history as connected with what now constitutes the United States, to agree with the selection of one or two of those six; but no one who has studied the details of the American Revolution with honesty and without prejudice, will dare to detract from a dispassionate estimate of Lord Cornwallis. Davies, in summing up the causes which led to the downfall of the power and influence of the United States of Holland, charges their precipitation from "their place of pride among nations" primarily to their "mistaking the heat of party spirit for

the zeal of patriotism." Chatham was a partisan, neither more nor less, and in his position toward the rebels of America he in a measure stultified himself. Burke was a mere orator, an ideologist. Those two and Lord Cornwallis are the trio selected as three which most particularly influenced that portion of the reign of George III. which comprised the seven years' struggle known as the American Revolution. Well may it be said that, if Cornwallis had exercised the chief command, instead of an incompetent Gage, the indolent Howe, the sensual, headstrong, although gallant Burgoyne, or the nervous, vacillating, however personally brave Clinton, the result would have been the contrary of what it was. It was latterly the continual paralysis of Cornwallis by superiors in rank, and originally the superseding of the politic, polished, personally influential Carleton brought final defeat upon the empire, coupled with the continual removals from active command, or neutralizing of the ability, of men such as the magnanimous Campbell, the captor of Savannah, in 1779.

The American loyalist who does not venerate the memory of Lord Cornwallis is false to his race; yes, more than false to his race. He justifies the anathema of Saint Paul (1 Timothy v.: 8): "But if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

When Nelson—one of the greatest and most gallant of all the sea chiefs who ever commanded the fleets of a nation—had occasion, at the crisis of the British battle of the Baltic, to address a letter to the Crown Prince of Denmark, a wafer was brought him to close it. He would not allow that, but ordered a candle from the cockpit and sealed the letter deliberately with wax! "This is no time," said he, "to appear hurried or informal." The same spirit actuated George III.

"When he (George III.) refused to be driven by popular clamour into a premature peace: 'We are contending for our whole consequence, whether we are to rank among the great powers of Europe, or to be reduced

to one of the least considerable. He that is not stimulated by this consideration does not deserve to be a member of this community. We have it not at this hour in our power to make peace: it is by steadiness and by exertion that we are to get into a position to effect it; and, with the assistance of Divine Providence, I am confident we shall find our enemies forced to look for that blessing."

It is a great pity that so wise and just a king did not hold out a little longer to protect those who paid, or were willing to pay, "the last full measure of devotion" to him and their common country. When that king and country abandoned the loyal Americans or failed adequately to protect their rights or to provide a remedy by solemn treaty, they were wanting to the national honor and guilty of an ingratitude which can find few parallels.

Oh, that George III. had felt like Yudhisthira, when Indra invited him to ascend with him alone, in his chariot, to eternal bliss:

*"Let my brothers, who yonder lie fallen, go with me;
Not even thy heaven would I enter, if they were not there."*

Nor will he leave his faithful dog behind:

"To abandon the faithful and devoted is an endless crime, like the murder of a Brahmin;

Never, therefore, come weal or woe, will I abandon you faithful dog.
You poor creature, in fear and distress, hath trusted in my power to save it
Not, therefore, for e'en life itself, will I break my plighted word.

"Mortals when they are dead, are dead to love or hate—so runs the world's belief;

I could not bring them back to life, but while they lived I never left them.
To oppress the suppliant, to kill a wife, to rob a Brahmin, and to betray one's friend,

These are the four great crimes; and to forsake a dependent I count equal to them."

Lord Cornwallis was never disloyal to the loyal element who dared to assert itself in arms or as men.

"During the early part of the period [1763-1784] under review, ministry succeeded ministry, each worse or feebler than the last. When Chatham was at length prevailed upon to take office, his services were no longer of value. Bodily illness, mental debility, inextricable relations with factious

statesmen, cloud upon cloud, obscured the great luminary; and it was only after he ceased to be responsible for the government of the country that his counsels were once more heard to any effect. Too late, indeed, to be available. While the government was in a state of chaos the irreparable measure had been taken. A master-mind alone could have struck out a wise and yet dignified policy, which might have prevented the quarrel with the American colonies; but where was such a mind to be found? It was *under Chatham's own administration*—he himself incapacitated, *yet holding the reins of power*—that one of the chief steps in their alienation had been made. As Grenville's Stamp Act had been the first of these steps, so Charles Townshend's measure for taxing American imports was the second. It only remained for the Tory Lord North to add the coping-stone to the doomed fabric of the Whigs, by retaining the duty on tea when all other taxation had been at length repealed. Then came the unappeasable resistance, the burst of pent-up, furious passion on both sides, the blunders and confusion, the horrors of civil war, the failure of the mother country, the eager alliance of France, Spain, and Holland with the revolted colonies, the storm raging on every side, Scotland and Ireland in a dangerous state, the Northern Powers of Europe forming an "armed neutrality" against the obnoxious naval power which seemed to be at its last gasp; and then, at the end of another seven years' war, the Independence of the United States. *But along with it, through the victories of Rodney and the defence of Gibraltar—yes, and the gallant bearing of the monarch—came also the glorious extrication of Great Britain from her perilous position.* * * * *

"But, when the sword was once drawn, it was a different thing. Independence presented itself as something which it was a duty at all costs to prevent. *No inherent right was ever claimed for it*; all policy seemed to be against it. 'A small state,' said the King to Lord North, 'may certainly subsist, but a great one, mouldering, cannot get into an inferior situation, but must be annihilated. By perseverance we may bring things to a peace; by giving up the game we are destroying ourselves to prevent our being destroyed. The country has a right to have the struggle continued till convinced it is in vain.' *Lord Chatham had frequently said as much.* The able Lord Shelburne, afterwards for a short time Prime Minister, *following Chatham's lead*, had gone so far as to pronounce, that when America became independent, the sun of England would set. Or, take a modern Whig writer, who, for the most part, blames the war and all concerned in it, in unmeasured terms. Mr. Massey admits that '*England had no alternative, when her dependencies broke into rebellion, but an appeal to the sword.*' *He showed that the people would not have allowed the King to avoid the issue. 'The war had been popular with all classes.'* When the country at last perceived that it could not conquer, and was only wasting its revenues, then the King, discerning the temper of the people, reluctantly gave up the contest—not, however, till France and Spain had been humbled—the merit of which 'obstinacy' Mr. Massey does not admit.

"Nor ought we to forget how strong must have appeared the duty of supporting those LOYAL members of the colonies—in many districts a powerful minority, in some, for a time, a MAJORITY—who relied with entire confidence on engagements which had always been reckoned of the most sacred obligation. At the very least, while perceiving that a different conduct would have been wise and politic, and that forbearance and magnanimity would, from the first, have been the proper attitude of the nation, we are certainly bound to remember how very gradually the light dawned even upon great minds, how little reason there was at first to expect what actually occurred, and how difficult it is to draw back when a line of action has already been taken up."

* * * * *

"But we may not yet dismiss the momentous issues of this American policy. We may well linger over them. It would be an exaggeration to say that no event of greater magnitude ever happened in modern history than the severance of the British race into two halves, but it would not be far from the truth. Let us, then, measure the responsibilities of those who brought on the American war by the prospects they might fairly have entertained of success. Let us next regard the consequences of their failure, and so conclude. If the mother country was to be drained of her blood and treasure, if posterity was to be called on to pay the debt, then to a sense of the error of the policy might well be added the reproach of reckless expenditure in a hopeless cause. Burke, indeed, with his magnificent prophetic rhetoric, labored in most copious speeches to prove that the task was utterly beyond the means of his country. He turned out to be right; but it was a far more balanced struggle than he had anticipated. There were times when all but the most courageous of the colonists had lost all heart, *moments when the immortal Washington himself declared that nothing could have saved the cause but the infatuation of the British commanders.* Nor was the desperate nature of the contest less felt in England. Three days before the news arrived of Cornwallis' surrender, even Franklin had 'despaired of seeing the war finished in his time.' *The conduct of the war was a tissue of errors. One great man in command of the English forces might have turned the scale. A Rodney on the American coast, or even a Cornwallis in full command on shore might well have over-matched Washington, great as he was, and Rochambeau.* It was, no doubt, well in the end that it was so; but, from a military point of view, there was no intrinsic absurdity in the attempt to preserve the integrity of the Empire."

Very seldom have sentences more pregnant with truth been inscribed by the pen of a philosopher.

There is another consideration which has occurred to very few. Canada, wrenched from the French by Wolfe, in 1759, through one of the most famous battles in history, on the plains

of Abraham—a battle decided by a single volley—Canada came very nearly falling into the hands of the Americans, in 1775, and was saved only by a single man, Sir Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester. France had never forgiven the co-operation of New York and New England in the capture of Louisburg, and the previous and succeeding never-ending hostilities. Her alliance with the Thirteen Colonies was not dictated by love for them, but by hatred to Great Britain. Nor did the revolted colonies love the French any too well. "Common interests often make strange bed-fellows." France was not disinterested in her assistance, and she cast sheep's-eyes upon Canada. Washington, although by no means an object of adoration to loyalists, was a level-headed man. He perfectly saw through that little game. Even if he had had troops enough to confide to Latayette, he was too politic to strain himself to provide them for an attempted conquest of Canada. He was afraid that, if Canada should be reconquered, France might claim it as an indemnity. While Carleton presided over the destinies of the present Dominion, he was altogether too strong a man to fear any attempt to realize plans or projects simply theoretical. Haldimand was a different person. He did not possess the strong organization of Carleton nor of Cornwallis, but, like Clinton, he was nervous, and sank under the weight of responsibility, and never saw or rose to the occasion. He was a good professional officer, honest, trustworthy, but devoid of insight. He suffered raids when he ought to have launched invasions, and, if he had furnished adequate forces to Sir John Johnson and given him head in the summer of 1779, Sullivan would not have been able to ruin the Six Nations. This wasting invasion of the Iroquois might easily have been converted into a reverse. All that was necessary for a brilliant success was men. Had Sir John Johnson received 1500 men instead of 300, and received them in time, Newtown, instead of a defeat, might have

been a repulse which would have preserved the Six Nations for allies as efficient as they had proved in the preceding wars between France and England. The same remarks are still more pertinent to the operations of the autumn of the subsequent year, 1780. It was a golden opportunity lost. Sir John Johnson, with only 500 men, came very near restoring to Schenectady the lamentable but honorable responsibility of a frontier post. As it was, Sir John, with his little band, inflicted such a blow by his wholesale destruction of food and forage that he partially paralyzed Washington. His inroads occurred at the very time that the colonies were shocked into a tremor by the Arnold plot. With 1500 men, whites, good troops, Sir John might have won incalculable advantages. Why were they not furnished? Haldimand was awed into inaction by the spectre of a French attempt upon the very city in which I speak, and the more important harbor of Halifax. Washington played upon his fears. It is very true that Haldimand had some cause for concern, but just such circumstances afford the opportunity for genius; yes, for high-class executive ability. The loyalist stands aghast when he recalls how chances were thrown away. He has to subscribe to the bitter conclusion of the Field Marshal Duke of Berwick, in 1693, when he saw Louis XIV. throw away his winning hand and the game, at the Abbaye du Parc or de Pure, 7th June, and subside into the humble submission of the Calvinist whom he abhorred. "God would have it so!"

No! France was not to regain Canada. The influence and sway of the Latin race was not to be permitted to interfere with the solution of the great problem of the world by the Anglo-Saxon. Nor have the people of the Dominion any cause to regret that they still belong to the mother country. A different course of events might have added somewhat to their material prosperity, but not to their actual happiness. There are antagonisms

which have to be reconciled before any closer connection with the United States would be to their advantage. There is a peculiar neutralizing force in the Dominion which holds the balance of power. This, with a like element in the United States in conjunction, might occasion a cataclysm. It is all for the best. Let events develop. The salvation of humanity depends upon the close fraternization of the English-speaking race, those whose language is a birthright, not a mere acquirement.

The persecution and driving forth of the Huguenots was a most important factor in the arrest and overturn of every kind of despotism throughout every part of the world which welcomed them. The misfortunes and exiles of the loyalists may have been equally momentous in its influence upon the progress of the Dominion. The development of humanity—its happiness, its elevation, its force—depends upon a system of checks and balances, and it is pardonable to believe, and excusable to declare, that, as regards the welfare of the Dominion, the expulsion of the loyalists from the thirteen colonies and their arrival in the provinces was not only a necessity, but a blessing.

The experience of ages, as exemplified in history, teaches one lesson, if it furnishes none other: that the only revolutions which ultimately succeed, that is, permanently as well as triumphantly, are the bloodless and merciful, in which the conquering weapons are ideas and not material arms. Such has been the result of all the great political revolutions in England, as Macaulay eloquently demonstrated. Man, finite man, whose life is but a span, is ever oblivious that with Him who rules in eternity time is absolutely nothing. A thousand years with Him are as one day, and one day as a thousand years. His problem is now being solved on this continent, and the solution will be wonderful. If we live on immortally, and know, it will be manifest that all the rebellions in the world, with their cruelties and wrongs, were but pin scratches

upon the rock which required the tool of truest temper, guided by the hand of Omnipotence, in accordance with the design of Eternal Wisdom:

*"Who calls the council, states the certain day;
Who forms the phalanx and who points the way."*

And now, in conclusion, a few words of grateful recognition. It is said that in no language but our own are there any two words of such comprehensive and touching significance as "Hearth" and "Home." One of the most exquisite writers in any language, the Countess Dora d'Istria, dwells with the intensest feeling on "the paternal hearth," which Washington Irving styles "the rallying place of the affections:"

*"HOME! happy word, dear England's ancient boast.
Thou strongest castle on her sea-girt coast,
Thou full fair name for comfort, love and rest,
Haven of refuge found, and peace possessed."*

Yes, "HOME!" the best of English words: the dear sound for the dearer sense; the tender, heart-stirring, Anglo-Saxon "HOME;" "*wholesome, holy thought and thing*" (old, forcible Saxon expression this) actuality.

"The sensations of joy felt on approaching the home of a beloved one are like the twilight of a morning before the sun has become visible."

Such, in degree, must be the feeling, more or less tender, of the descendant who visits the scenes that, many years ago, environed a grandfather, relatives and friends—scenes of their refuge during their martyrdom for loyalty.

In approaching this province the concentrated scion of loyalists cannot feel that he is landing upon the shore of a foreign country. It may not be an actual drawing near to the family Hearth, nor a reception into the family Home, but it very nearly realizes the feeling. Our forefathers helped to hew vistas into the

wilderness of a century since, to let in light and heat, and although their descendant, after so many decades, may find that "wilderness blossoming as the rose," it is scarcely a stretch of the imagination to conceive that a representative of loyal races hears in the hospitable words that greet him the echoes of their axes and feels, in the welcome extended to him, the genial warmth of their camp-fires after the travail of the journey.

GOD SAVE THE PRESIDENT—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

One hundred years are fled ;
Victors and vanquished dead,
They sleep serene ;
Kim, once asunder rent,
Lift now our banners blent ;
God save the President !
God save the Queen !

One heritage of blood,
Speech, liberty, and God—
With conscience clean—
Rule of the world is meant !
Lift then our banners blent ;
God save the President !
God save the Queen !

When wounded lay its chief,
And prostrate in its grief
This land was seen—
What love on lightning sent !
Lift then our banners blent !
God save the President !
God save the Queen !

New bind the severed chain,
Let love forever reign,
These lands between,
Each with his fame content,
Lift high our banners blent ;
GOD SAVE THE PRESIDENT !
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN !

S. S. CUTTING, D.D.

APPENDIX.

—"Still, soon or late,
Truth bursts thro' darkness, and prevails o'er falsehood."
GROSSLET. Translated by H. Identical with Montesquieu's axiom.

"How blind, fond man, to fight thy mental eye !
Thy wisdom, folly ; and thy truth, a lie !"
TASSO. Translated by H.

"Fickle as zephyr, is a people's favor ;
Wild their applauses, and frantic is their censure ;
Ere you can say it is ; behold, it is not,"
DIERESKY. Translated by H.

—"World, world, O world,
But that thy *strange mutations* make us hate thee !"
SHAKESPEARE. "*King Lear*."

NOTE to par. II., p. 6.

In looking over the volume entitled, "Footprints or Incidents in the Early History of New Brunswick, Canada," and comparing the names of prominent settlers there, with the biographical sketches, evincing such research, in Lorenzo's "Sabine's American Loyalists," it would seem as if a very large portion of the best blood of the Thirteen Colonies, especially of New York and New Jersey, was poured into the cold chalice of the then untamed wilderness of New Brunswick. So many of the original settlers of particular districts of Canada were American loyalists that, when a descendant of one of these enters an assembly of the representative men of Anglo-Saxon descent in the Dominion, especially New Brunswick, in many cases he might absolutely entertain the feeling that he was more at home among them than amid a like number of persons holding government positions and exercising political influence in the place where he was born, in the Middle States, certainly in New York.

There were only two of the Thirteen Colonies that were rebel to the core in 1776, and, strange to say, in these—Massachusetts and Virginia—the people were actuated by the most opposite motives. The former dragged a portion of the adjoining eastern states with her, but even of these a very strong minority were loyal ; the latter took up arms with a "*distingue*" "God save King George and damn his advisers" and also the British Parliament. Sir John Lamb's opinion of the Puritans, early in the reign of Charles I., is worthy of attention : "They seemed to the world to be such sort of persons

as would not swear, be guilty of fornication, nor drink ; *but that they would cozen and deceive* ; that they would frequently hear two sermons a day, and repeat the same again too, and afterwards pray, and sometimes fast all day long." New York and Pennsylvania were for the King ; New Jersey was divided ; likewise Maryland, North and South Carolina ; although Georgia followed in some degree the adjoining colony, it was set down as loyal. "In 1782 * * * the Georgia loyalists offered to the King's general to preserve the province for his Majesty, if he would leave them a single regiment of foot, and the 'Georgia Rangers,' to assist them." If the British had landed in force at first in New York, there would have been no trouble there. Leaders and led were equally prepared to shout "God save the King" or "Hurrah for Independence"—to worship God or devil. If Chancellor Livingston—one of the two great gods of the democracy of the Empire State, and representatives in bronze in the national Valhalla—had any hand in influencing or preparing or engineering the "Declaration of Independence," as claimed, why did he not sign it ? There were plenty of acting political riddles and trimmers at this time. Where, for instance, is Dickinson to be placed ?

Sir William Howe disgusted the loyal gentry, who went to him in a body and offered to disarm the disaffected, by refusing their services. Gen. Greene and Chief Justice Marshall admitted that the mutual massacres of loyalists and whigs threatened to depopulate the country, and Sabine adds, "Whatever the guilt of the tories, the whigs disgraced the cause and the American name." In many cases the loyalists were massacred, assassinated or murdered, as if they had been beyond the pale of humanity, or as if to hold an independent opinion exposed them to the fate of the Union prisoner who crossed the fatal "dead-line" of the rebel "Black Hole" at Andersonville. But how could a loyalist expect any mercy from a party whose conduct to the helpless Indians has called forth a chorus of execration from their own eulogists and historians ; so much so that Judge Walker, in his address to the "Young Men's Christian Association," in Detroit, 29th March, 1871, stigmatizes the massacre of the Moravian Indians as one of the "co'd-blooded, cowardly acts of murderous revenge, which have left a dark and indelible stain upon our annals, that we may not read without indignant and burning shame."

In closing this note the pen is compelled to record an observation that would lead a calm unprejudiced philosopher to entertain the opinion that self-interest entered into the calculations of the mass of the Whigs in the smallest "*retail*" transactions, as well as in their "*wholesale*" aspirations.

"The 'anti revolutionary bar' of Massachusetts and New York furnished the admiralty and common law courts in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Canada and the Bermudas with many of their most distinguished judges." The clergy were driven into exile, but many of the physicians, although "as zealous and as fearless in the expression of their sentiments as

'tory ministers' and 'tory barristers,' were allowed to remain;" because *cant* may pass as sterling coin where the soul alone is concerned, whereas the same mouth that utters it and treason, is even more willingly open to accept the medicine that may save bodies often worthless.

The fact is, American history is about the biggest literary humbuggery in type. In most cases, the truth in it very much resembles a minimum proportion of the "heaven, which"—according to the gospel—"a woman took and hid in three measures of meal." There is only one consolation to be derived from all this. The more modern persecutions of the Huguenots, the Dutch, the Puritans, the Covenanters, the Loyalists, inured to the benefit of humanity in general, and these cataclysms—while they resemble the "Earthquake of Lisbon," or the "Massacre of Seio," as regards the victims—are, nevertheless, it is said, in one case, to have permanently bettered the capital of Portugal by its shaking up, and, in the other, to have promoted the amelioration of the oppressed throughout the East—heroic remedies that succeed in some cases, and help science, but, in the majority, kill the immediate patient.

NOTE to par. I., line viii., p. 16, and par. I., line vii., p. 32.

"The Anglo-Saxons, like all the Teutonic race, have been distinguished by peculiar manners and political institutions. Uncivilized heathens, they cultivated to the highest degree the virtues of valor and love of liberty. Civilized by the divine light of Christianity, they became as remarkable for love of justice and humanity. In war they were governed by the example as much as by the authority of their princes, and in peace civil union was maintained by the independent authority of the aristocracy [the rule of the best] and the people in their several districts. In their character, manners and local administrations were laid the true foundations of a limited constitutional monarchy, an easy and popular government, and the consequent loyalty and independence as well of the nobility as of the people. It is unnecessary to refer to Tacitus, and other authors, to establish these ancient, and, we hope, still surviving attributes of the English [Anglo-Saxon] people."

"The Anglo-Saxon." 102.

"But we must clear for action; law must buckle on to justice, trade to honesty, and theology to religion; we must pitch overboard whole bales of falsehood, quackery, and cant, and then stand fast with God and our right. '*Pro Rege, Lege et Græge*' for the [executive] the throne, the law and the people! [*i. e.*, the true PEOPLE, not the rabble, falsely styled a People, when they are not]."

"The Anglo-Saxon." 64.

"Indomitable merit of the Anglo-Saxon mind!

That makes a man inherit the glories of his kind,

That scatters all around him, until he stands sublime,

With nothing to confound him, the conquerer of time:—

O mighty perseverance ! O courage, stern and stout !
 That wills and works a clearance of every rabble rout,—
 That cannot brook denial and scarce allows delay,
 But wins from every trial more strength for every day,—
 Antagonistic power ! I praise,—for praise, I can,—
 The God, the place, the hour that makes a *man* a MAN,—
 The God—from whom all greatness : the place, Old England's shore ;
 The hour, an hour of lateness (for time shall soon be o'er) ;
The man,—aye, every brother of Anglo-Saxon race,
Owens [Anglo-Saxon] mother and freedom's dwelling place !"
 " *Emerson*," " The Anglo-Saxon." 21.

" Your task is great and glorious,
 Lead onwards while you can,
 In faith and love victorious
 Lead man to succour man,—
 Strive not for wrath or rivalry,
 Or ought of meaner worth,
 Proclaim a holier chivalry,
 Goodwill and peace on earth.
 A thousand and four hundred—
 The long years that are fled,
 Since Anglo-Saxons plundered
 By pirate chieftains led ;
 Now strife and plunder ending,
 They wander forth again,
 And love with courage blending,
 Their chiefs are *gentle-men* !"

" *Anglo-Saxon Chieftains*," " The Anglo-Saxon." 102.

" M. Mallet, in his account of the ancient customs and manners of the Northerns [Anglo-Saxon-Tentons], tells us that the immediate intervention of the Dicty, even in the slightest things, was one of their most established doctrines, and that every, even the most minute, appearance of nature was a manifestation of the will of heaven to those who understood its language."

" The Anglo-Saxon." 197.

NOTE to pag. 1., line xii., p. 30.

It has often been alleged by French writers that the United States have been and are ungrateful to France. Conceding, for the sake of argument, that this charge is true, what reasons are there, in reality, for gratitude to the French ? To individuals of that nation, belonging to a generation entirely passed away ? Yes ! But to the French people ? No ! France made use of the Thirteen Colonies to avenge centuries of defeats and losses upon Great Britain. The revolted colonies were simply implements.

And it was not to benefit them, but to injure the mother country, that France ruined herself financially, saw her navy destroyed, her colonies captured, and everything hurried onward to the gulf which swallowed up all but her worst elements within the decade which followed the independence of the colonies. Again, to whom is any debt of gratitude, France-ward, on the part of these United States, due? If to any, the Bourbon line, which, within a few years was driven from the throne of France; to Louis XVI. and his ministers and surroundings, all of whom perished, miserably, under the inevitable democratic or demolishing impulse given by the victory of the American Revolution, brought about through the very success of those, who, in turn, became the victims of a popular frenzy by which, at the first, they were driven to intervene in a matter, in reality, foreign to their interests; by hereditary jealousy and hatred of England; and by a thirst for vengeance, of which God has always denied to France the gratification.

"We approach now an interesting period, when the unwary policy of Louis XVI. sowed the seeds of his own destruction. He did not perceive, that by treacherously exciting an ungrateful child to throw off all allegiance to her tender and fostering parent, that he was steeling the heart of France against every tie of affection and duty. For it was by no means from any regard to the liberties of mankind that Louis unsheathed the sword in the cause of illiberal America; but for the pernicious love of universal dominion. The slavery of the human race has been always the darling aim of insidious France. This is still the case. Her monarchy would formerly have bound mankind in cords of silk; her anarchy would now fetter them in chains of iron."—*History of the Real and Threatened Invasions of England*," &c. 1794.

"The massacred Louis XVI., speaking of the part he took in the contest between England and America, said to M. Bertrand de Molleville, '*In that business my ministers deceived my youth*': but since that nothing has gone on well in France; all we have suffered has been owing to it."—SEWARD'S "*Biographiana*," I., 225-6.

The revolutionary governments which succeeded Louis XVI. were anything but just or courteous to the United States.* The ambassadors of the latter were at first treated with an arrogance very seldom exhibited by civilized administrations toward the representatives of a respectable nation, and the Americans came very near having to go to war to redress their grievances, and hostilities did occur upon the ocean, glorious for the infant national navy. Finally, if France conferred such an inestimable benefit upon the Thirteen Colonies by insuring their independence, the debt was repaid in a similar way, because the ideas imbibed by the French officers and soldiers in this country, carried home and disseminated, were the germs which took root.

* "How completely the French disdain even the least appearance of attention to common notions of justice and of equity, the following quotation from Citizen Genet's (Edmond Charles Genet, French minister to U. S. A.) '*Declaration to the Americans*,' published in a pamphlet written by the intelligent and virtuous representative of his country (Great Britain), Mr. Harper, will forcibly evince: 'I [Genet] thank God I have long since forgotten what is contained in the worm-eaten volumes of Vattel, Grotius and Puffendorf.' See '*Observations on the Dispute between the United States and France*,' &c., a pamphlet which at this time should be translated into every European and Asiatic language, and perused by every individual who has the least regard for his liberty, his property or his life.'"

SEWARD'S "*Biographiana*," I., 1-2.

sprouted, grew and matured with astonishing rapidity and fruited in the French Revolution. That, in turn, emancipated the masses of the French people from the abuses of centuries. If liberty, according to the popular conception of it, was due on this side of the Atlantic to French assistance,—liberty, as far as regards relief from a greater oppression in the old world, is attributable to the revolt of the colonies against a government many, many times more benevolent than that of the French, even at home. The balance of credit is on the American side, not on the French. Many of the leading men of this country understood the matter thoroughly, and Colonel Laurens expressed it very clearly when he told Louis XVI. that, if he did not complete the work he had undertaken, and help out the colonies, the latter would join the English against the French. This did not look very much as if the reflecting Americans felt anything like an oppressive sense of gratitude for what the French king had done or was doing. They knew very well that France was helping them, not from any disinterested sentiment in their favor, but simply to serve her own ends. If Great Britain came out of the struggle greater and more glorious, and France comparatively ruined, it was simply because the latter interfered in a quarrel with which it had nothing to do, and the success of the colonies established no claim for gratitude towards France in the light of subsequent events. The difficulty or misconception of all this is due to the fact that, as far as philosophical considerations, both France and the United States are superficial. If the masses would read more carefully and digest more sensibly what they can read, without prejudging the case, they would comprehend, as far as eventual benefits are concerned, that the French owe a greater debt of gratitude to the United States than the United States can possibly be said to owe to France.

NOTE to par. V., line xix., p. 33.

"Wholesome, holy thought and THING."

Bulwer, in his mighty novel "*Harold*," has clearly elucidated what is meant by this word, "THING." Velha, the Thegn of Kent, tells the Norman knight that Godwin, the *man*, was simply dear to the Saxon people because he seemed to uphold, or represent, the THING, *i. e.*, the IDEA which they loved—Justice, the Laws under which they lived and thrived, and their *Home or Country*, England, menaced or devoured by strangers, the Normans.

- July, Mar., 1881; Hannibal's Last Campaign, May 1881; Infantry, I., June, 1881; Infantry, II., Aug., 1881; Battle of Entaw Springs, 1781, Sept., 1881; Siege of Yorktown, 1781, Nov., 1881; Infantry, III., April, 1882; Waterloo, July, 1882; Vindication of James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, Sept., 1882, Oct., 1882; From the Rapidan to Appomattox Court House, July, 1883.
- Suggestions which laid the basis for the present admirable Paid Fire Department in the City of New York. In which, as well as in the Organization of the present Municipal Police of New York City, Gen. de Peyster was a co-laborer with the Hon. Jas. W. Gerard, and G. W. Matsell, for which latter Department he caused to be prepared and presented a Fire Escape, a model of simplicity and inestimable utility. Republished in the *New York Historical Magazine*. John G. Shea, Editor and Proprietor.
- The Pearl of Pearls, or the "Wild Brunswick" and his "Queen of Hearts": a novel, founded on facts. 1865.—Mary Stuart: a Study. 1882; James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell: a Vindication. 1882; Bothwell and Mary Stuart: an Enquiry and a Justification. 1883.—The Life and Military Services of Sir John Johnson, Bart. 1882.
- State Sovereignty. 1861.—Life and Services of the great Russian Field-Marshal Suworow, 1882.—La Royale, the Grand Hunt [or last campaign of the Army of the Potomac], Nos. I., II., III., IV., V., VI., 1872; VII., 1873; VIII., 1871.—Battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, in *Onward*, a monthly. 1869-70; and Gettysburg and Williamsport, in the *Soldiers' Friend*, a weekly, 1870.—Col. J. Watts de Peyster, Jr., U. S. V., A Threnody. 1874.—Sir John Johnson, Bart.: An Address delivered before the N. Y. Historical Society, 6th Jan., 1880, with two voluminous appendices of authorities.
- Centennial Occasions of the American Revolution, which appeared in the N. Y. *Times*, and especially in the N. Y. *Evening Mail*, and *Mail and Express*. 1776-82.—Decisive Conflicts of the late Civil War or "Slaves' Rebels' Rebellion": I. Shiloh, Antietam, &c., 1867; II. Murfreesboro to Chattanooga, &c., 1866; III. Gettysburg, 1867; IV. Nashville, 1876.—Biographical notices of Major-Generals Philip Schuyler—Address delivered before the N. Y. Historical Society, 24 Jan., 1877; Geo. H. Thomas, (likewise two Addresses delivered on the same subject before the N. Y. Historical Society, 5th Jan., 1875, and Jan. 1876; also, of Burnside, Crawford, Helmoltzman, Hooker, Humphreys, McAlister, Mahone, Meade, Pleasanton, Tremaine, &c., &c.
- The Battles of Monmouth and Capture of Stony Point: a series of voluminous and exhaustive articles published in the *Monmouth Enquirer*, N. J., 1879.—*Eclairneur* (The), A Military Journal, edited 1851-5.
- History of the Third Corps, Army of the Potomac, 1861-5. This title, although not technically, is virtually correct, for in a series of elaborate articles in dailies, weeklies, monthlies, monographs, addresses, &c., everything relating to this Corps, even to smallest details, from 1861 to 1865, was prepared with care, and put in print. These articles appeared in the *Citizen*, and the "*Open and Round Table*", in *Foley's Volunteer*, and *Soldiers' and Sailors' Half-Dime Tales of the late Rebellion*, in Mayne Reid's magazine *Onward*, in Chaplain Bourne's *Soldiers' Friend*, in *La Royale* or *Grand Hunt* [or the Last Campaign] of the *Army of the Potomac*, from Petersburg to Appomattox Court House, April 2-9, 1865, illustrated with engraved likenesses of several of the prominent Generals belonging to the corps, and careful maps and plans; in the life of Major General Philip Kearny; in the Third Corps at Gettysburg; General Sickles vindicated * * Vol. I., Nos. XI., XII., XIII.; *The Volunteer*; in a speech delivered before the Third Army Corps Union, 5th May, 1875; profusely illustrated with portraits of Generals who commanded, or belonged to that organization, &c. These arranged and condensed would constitute a work of five or six volumes 8vo., such as those prepared by Prof. John W. Draper, entitled the "Civil War in America," but were never given as bound volumes to the public, because the expense was so great that the author, who merely writes for credit and amusement, was unwilling to assume the outlay, in addition to what he had already expended on the purchase of authorities, clerk hire, printing, &c., &c.

IO QUINTUS

*I sing the Hymn of the Conquered, who fell in the battle of life—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife ;
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame—
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part ;
Whose youth bore no flower in its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hand slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.*

*While the voice of the world shouts its chorus, its psalm for those who have won—
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors—I stand on the field of defeat—
In the shadow, 'mongst those who are fallen and wounded and dying—and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer.
Hold the hand that is hapless, and whisper, " They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within ;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high ;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die."*

*Speak, history ! Who are life's victors ? Unroll thy long annals and say—
Are they those whom the world called the victors, who won the success of the day ?
The martyrs, or Nero ? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylæ's trust,
Or the Persians and Xerxes ? His judges or Socrates ? Pilate or Christ ?*

*This beautiful Poem is by W. W. STORY,
to whose inspiration and justice this Address is dedicated.*

