

# THE SPIRIT OF '76

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## CONTENTS.

Editorials	- - - - -	119
Stamford, Conn.—Horace's Epodes, Ode II, By the late Rev. Gardiner Spring Plumley, D.D.	- - - - -	120
What the Minute Men may expect	- - - - -	120
General Horace Porter, with portrait	- - - - -	121
The Discovery of the Historic Hudson, By A. Ellwood Corning	- - - - -	122
The Bassett Family,	- - - - -	123-124
Miscellaneous	- - - - -	125
Obituary—William Clark, William R. Alling, Mrs. R. Ogden Doremus	- - - - -	126
Daughters of American Revolution,	- - - - -	127
Correspondence	- - - - -	128
National Society of the U. S. Daughters of 1812	- - - - -	129-133
Genealogical Guide to the Early Settlers of America	- - - - -	415-426

- 16, 1780—First battle of Camden, S. C. Gates defeated.  
16, 1780—Battle of Gum Swamp, S. C.  
18, 1780—Engagement at Fishing Creek (Catawba Ford), S. C.  
18, 1780—Engagement at Musgrove's Mills, S. C.  
18, 1782—Battle of Blue Licks, Ky.  
19, 1779—Major Lee captures the British Garrison at Paulus Hook, Weehawken.  
20, 1776—Fight in the Hudson River between American fire ships and British men-of-war; the latter forced to retire.  
20, 1780—Engagement at Great Savannah (Nelson's Ferry), S. C.  
21 and 22, 1777—American raid from Jersey into Staten Island.  
22 and 23, 1776—Engagement at Flatbush, L. I.  
22, 1777—British raise the siege at Fort Schuyler, N. Y.  
22, 1781—Engagement at Wawarsing, N. Y.  
23, 1775—Citizens of New York City removed 21 cannon from the Battery, under fire of the Asia, British man-of-war.  
25, 1777—British land at Elk River, Md.  
26, 1776—Battle at Valley Grove, L. I.  
27, 1776—Battle of Long Island.  
27, 1783—Battle at Combahee Ferry, S. C. Last action of the War; 7 years, 4 months and 8 days after Lexington.  
28, 1778—D'Estaing's fleet arrives in Boston.  
29, 1775—Attack on New York.  
29-30, 1776—Americans retreat from Long Island.  
29, 1778—Engagement at Butts Hill, R. I.  
29, 1778—Battle at Quaker Hill, R. I.  
29, 1779—Tories and Indians defeated at Elmira, N. Y.  
30, 1775—Schuyler invades Canada.  
30, 1779—Battle at Tarrytown, N. Y.

THE SPIRIT OF '76 will for a time be issued quarterly instead of monthly, as heretofore. It will, however, contain as much patriotic fervor, and present it in a more attractive manner.

The Genealogical Guide to the early Settlers of America will be continued until completion, which will take at least two more years. The material contained in this Guide cannot be purchased complete at present for less than seventy-five dollars, so that those subscribers who have saved their files will have made a good investment by continuing to the end.

Those who have not a complete set should apply for missing copies at once, as but a few complete files are available at five dollars the set to date.

Those of our subscribers who have continued with us for five or more years have the privilege of a brief sketch of their ancestors being published in our columns free of expense, and we hope they will take advantage of this offer at an early date.

We should be pleased also to have them suggest what would please them in the way of sketch and illustration, as we want a contented and cheerful list of subscribers.

We will stop our growling over personal grievances, but will continue to roast those who are derelict in their duty to the office they may hold, and also use plain English when we think it will help the cause of Patriotism.

As I have at various times mentioned the fact that I have lectured on Colonial Times to pleased audiences, it may have instilled a longing in the hearts of my readers to hear one of my discourses, and there is no reason why they cannot do so if they will only interest themselves enough to mention to the local committee in their town that they would be glad to have me appear on the regular Lyceum, Chautauqua or Y. M. C. A. course. A word of this kind from my readers would help me in my efforts to teach Patriotism and American History.

Those of my readers who live in Rhode Island can hear Colonial Times on December 4, when I appear at the Matthewson Street M. E. Church, under the auspices of the Atwell Entertainment Bureau.

We announce with regret the deaths of two notable men, both of whom were friends of the SPIRIT OF '76, and its efforts. The first to pass away was our Vice-President General S. A. R., Benjamin Blake Minor, of Virginia, an enthusiastic worker in the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. He lived a good life, and a long one, and his reward has come to him.

"Hezekiah Butterworth!" What memories it brings to us of boyhood's days, when we gathered a knowledge of American history, written in so pleasing a style that we did not know it was study. Then the patriotic fervor he could put into his stories, either poem or prose. His works will live for long, and the coming generations will miss his old-time enthusiasm. I knew him as a "soft-spoken, cheerful and good man, and the world has been made better by his stay."

## STAMFORD, CONN.

HORACE'S EPODES, ODE II.

BY REV. G. S. PLUMLEY, D.D.

HAPPY the man who, far from business, found  
 The sea girt shore of old Long Island Sound.  
 He leaves Wall street, with all its din and row  
 To taste the cream of his pet Jersey cow.  
 He grafts his trees and trains his Concord vine,  
 And treats himself and friend to currant wine.  
 He, from the store the busy bee swarm makes,  
 Enjoys their honey on his buckwheat cakes.  
 Or, when red Autumn glowing verdure wears,  
 Feasts on the Seckle or the Bartlett pears.  
 Oft, fled the town, beneath a leafy vine,  
 He stretches out at his full length supine,  
 Sends from his pipe blue clouds and rings afar,  
 Or, frugal puffs from a Key West cigar.  
 Meanwhile bright waters glide with soothing sound,  
 And warbling birds re-echo music round.  
 Let others, 'mid November's wintry airs,  
 Scour through the woods for coots, and coons and bears,  
 He seeks at eve his home and social ties  
 To revel on his mince and pumpkin pies,  
 Amid these scenes are all his cares forgot,  
 While loving wife and children bless his lot.  
 His wife, as nearer speeds the homeward train,  
 Hastens forth to meet him down the shaded lane;  
 An open fireplace sheds its welcome flare,  
 The kettle sings its song, the toast is there.  
 This simple meal with her more praise will win  
 Than Blue Point oysters, game, or terrapin.  
 Not turbot which the foamy ocean's toss,  
 Not fat roast turkey with cranberry sauce,  
 He says, not grouse or woodcock can combine  
 To make a banquet so complete as mine:  
 When wife and children round the frugal board  
 Brings smiles and love, I envy not the hoard  
 Of Vanderbilt or Gould, be theirs the wealth,  
 Mine are the joys of innocence and health:  
 Even they, with all increase of cent per cent.,  
 If on real, solid satisfaction bent,  
 Will to Stamford town from stern business roam,  
 And only there find bliss in such a home.  
 Far from electric cars and stuffy flat,  
 Rats, mice, and bugs, mosquitoes and all that.  
 Then, week by week, a trifle I'll put by,  
 And from foul streets and fetid odors fly,  
 Own my own humble roof, with comfort blest,  
 Work in the town, but in the country rest.  
 Rejoice when moil and toil and labor end,  
 That the town's suburbs relaxation lend,  
 Save me from landlord's thrall and rent's annoy,  
 And give to every day sweet hours of joy.

Students of American naval history are so familiar with John Paul Jones as the warrior or "sea-wolf," that a description of him as the genial friend enjoying the quiet hospitality of a New England family puts him before the reader in a new light.

Yet it is this phase of his character that is best known in Portsmouth, Maine, where he gathered men for his crew while getting the Ranger ready for sea.

In the old town of Berwick, now known as South Berwick, (which is not far from Portsmouth), tales of the kindly nature of "Paul Jones" are among the cherished traditions handed down among the old families, and related to the children during the long winter evenings.

WHAT THE MINUTE MEN MAY EXPECT  
ON THEIR TOUR OF EUROPE.(Paris *Herald*, Sunday, July 2.)

If Francis Scott Key could have heard the British soldiers sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" as "The Ragged Continentals" heard the soldiers of the King sing "Yankee Doodle" last night, with all the fervor in which they later rendered "God Save the King," how incredible it would have seemed!

Yet not only did this happen when the Queen's Westminster Rifles welcomed the visiting delegates from the Seventh Regiment, New York, who have come over to compete with them for the Sir Howard Vincent Trophy, but the hosts actually sang the Yankee songs through a second time.

This had been a great evening for the Seventh. To begin with, there was a dinner given in their honor by Sir Howard Vincent, M. P., Honorary Col. of the Queen's Westminsters, at his residence in Grosvenor Square.

Among those invited to meet them were: Colonel Trollope, Lord Cheylesmore, Mayor of Westminster; General Sir Alfred Turner, General McKinnon and Colonel Tozer, of the Yorkshire Engineers. During the dinner Sir Howard's Welsh bard, a venerable harper, played Welsh airs. Sir Howard, towards the close, toasted the King and President. Afterwards the party drove to the Queen's Hall, Buckingham Gate.

There was a reception in the officers' mess, after which the visitors were conducted into the drill hall, which was profusely decorated with British, American and Japanese flags. The men of the regiment lined the way and cheered lustily as the visitors passed. The latter took seats on the platform with the officers of the Westminsters and the representatives of the staff of the Royal Dragoons, the King's body guard, the Westminster Dragoons, the Scottish Volunteers, the Finsbury Rifles and a host of the volunteer organizations of the capital.

Major Beacom, the American military attaché, was also present. After the regimental band had played an American two-step, Sir Howard, in a speech which was punctuated by frequent cheering, expressed the most cordial sentiments for the visitors, the Seventh Regiment, and the American people, and finally toasted the latter and Mr. Roosevelt, amid the wildest enthusiasm.

Captain McLean responded, toasting the King and his people, and a loving cup was passed around. The band then struck up "Dixie," which the men of the Queen's Westminsters sang lustily.

During this Sergeant Short and Lieut. Barnard, of the Seventh, ventured off the platform, when they were caught up by the enthusiastic Britishers, and carried shoulder high about the hall. Capt. Adj. Falls, of the Seventh, then toasted the hosts. He and his men gave three cheers, and the regimental yell, which astounded the Londoners. Then after "God Save the King," and a repetition of "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle," the visitors left the drill hall and were cheered as they departed.

For the first time in history a detachment of American militia men were reviewed by an English monarch when the Seventh were in England.