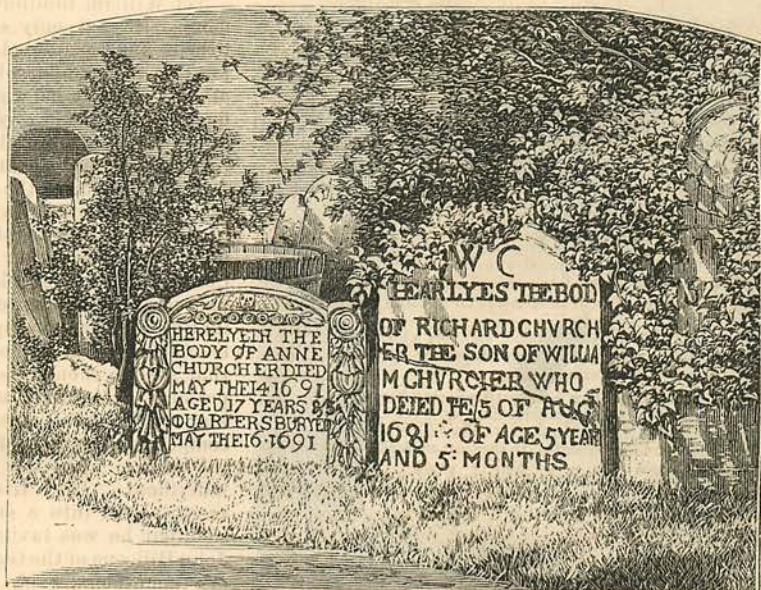


TOMBS IN OLD TRINITY.



ANCIENT GRAVE-STONES.

TRINITY Church-yard, lying like a closed volume alongside the noisiest and busiest thoroughfare in America, is in itself an impressive and endearing history. It is little noticed by the hurrying, dollar-seeking multitude who pass and repass it daily and semi-daily; but there are those among us who love the memories it awakens; and visitors from other climes pause beside its railings and peer with inquiring eyes into its sycamore shades. Its situation dispels the traditionary gloom supposed to be an inevitable ingredient to the atmosphere of the realm of the departed. It commands the very heart—around which all the life pulses ebb and flow—of a brilliant and powerful city, which has its financial, commercial, social, and domestic roots stretched to the remotest quarters of the globe; and at the same time it sheds a soft, steady light over the varied and interesting elements of character which have contributed to such significant results. It is the bright particular link in the chain which connects the prosperous present of New York with her precarious beginnings.

A few moments spent in this sacred inclosure is like paying a visit to a former city. Genius, beauty, worth, and patriotism meet you on every side. Distinguished scions of Europe's nobility sleep here on the same level with our own brave sons and fair daughters. The governor, the poet, and the soldier share equally in the consecrated solitude.

Upon a plain, circumspect-looking stone, but a few yards from the sidewalk, is per-

petuated the name of William Bradford. It brings before us the handsome, delicate youth of nineteen, who was honored with the personal friendship of the mature and far-sighted William Penn. Less than two hundred years ago, the illustrious two landed upon American soil at a romantic point just below the city of Philadelphia (that Centennial capital not yet having an existence), and walked arm in arm to the nearest habitation.

William Bradford had learned his trade with the celebrated Andrew Soule, of London—whose daughter he afterward married—and was the first printer in this country south of Boston. It was he who introduced the art of printing into New York; and after serving the government as public printer for a long series of years, established the pioneer of all the newspapers which have since graced our door-steps and breakfast tables. He was also the founder of the first paper mill in America, and the father of book-binding and copper-plate engraving. He was of noble birth, as appears from his escutcheon; for although forbidden by his art from writing himself *armigero*, he always sealed carefully with arms.

He returned to England after his visit of exploration, but within three years took up his permanent abode on this side of the water, bringing over a quaint little printing-press. His first issue was an almanac. In the record of remarkable events by which he particularized certain days, he inserted the paragraph, "The beginning of govern-



GRAVE OF WILLIAM BRADFORD.

ment here by the Lord Penn." The Quaker rulers of Pennsylvania, who eschewed all manner of high-sounding titles, were offended, and summoning the audacious young printer before them, ordered him to blot out the words "Lord Penn." They then proceeded to interdict his printing any thing in the future "but what shall have licence of y^e Council." The next year (1686) he printed *Burnycat's Epistle*, four pages, small quarto. In 1688, seventeen years before Benjamin Franklin was born, William Bradford published the *Temple of Wisdom*, which includes "Essays and Religious Meditations of Francis Bacon." A few months later he issued the first Bible ever printed in this country, and the Book of Common Prayer. The Bible sold for twenty shillings; the Bible and Book of Common Prayer, bound together, for twenty-two shillings.

Such an enterprise, projected and successfully executed by a young man of twenty-four, in a remote wilderness a thousand leagues from the genial influences of elder civilization, was sufficient alone to have em-

balanced his memory with enduring honor.

Yet William Bradford did more. He not only established and sustained the press in the middle colonies of America, but he was the first man in this or any other country to maintain its freedom against arbitrary power. He printed the charter of Pennsylvania in 1689, for which he was arraigned before the Governor and Council, and subjected to a unique and searching examination. He had anticipated trouble, and had taken care that no one should see him perform the work, as he knew that the law would compel his accusers to fix the offense upon the right individual. They tried to surprise him into a confession. John Hill, one of the Governor's counselors, said, "The charter is the groundwork of all our laws, and for you to print it at this time, *without orders from the government*, is a great misdemeanor."

Bradford replied, "Governor, it is my employ, my trade, my calling, and that by which I get my living, to print; and if I may not print such things as come to my hand which are innocent, I can not live. I am not a person that takes such advice of one party or



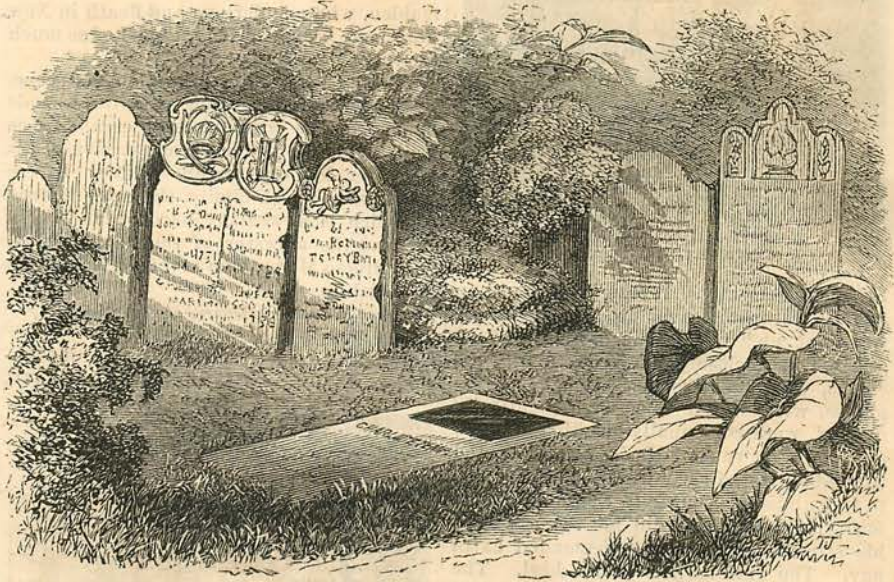
QUAINT OLD GRAVE-STONES.

other, as Griffith Jones seems to suggest. If I print one thing to-day, and the contrary party bring me another to-morrow to contradict it, I can not say that I shall not print it. Printing is the manufacture of the nation, and therefore ought rather to be encouraged than suppressed."

The Governor exclaimed, "I know printing is a great benefit to a country, if it be rightly managed, but otherwise as great a mischief. Sir, we are within the king's dominions, and the laws of England are in force here, and you know the laws, and they are against printing, and *you shall print nothing without allowance.*"

Bradford, with provoking coolness, fixed his dark eyes upon the Governor, and remarked, quietly, "Since it has been said here that the charter is the ground or foun-

ed by the party in power, and his office and press were seized by the sheriff. He was tried before two Quaker judges. He conducted his own defense, fearlessly and with singular skill. He challenged two of the jurymen for having expressed opinions on the subject, and in every phase of the case he revealed marked legal acumen. In order to prove that the prisoner had printed the tract, the prosecution brought the form into the court-room. Bradford ridiculed the transaction, and declared that the form was no legal evidence until it could be shown that he had printed from it. The form was handed along among the jurors, when suddenly the *quoins* loosened, and the mass of type fell through, a pile of *pi*. Bradford had the joke on his side, and ere long succeeded in publishing an account of the



GRAVE OF CHARLOTTE TEMPLE.

dation of all our laws and privileges, both of Governor and people, I would willingly ask one question, if I may without offense, and that is, whether the people ought not to know their privileges and the laws they are under?"

The Governor's brow contracted for an instant.

"William, there is that in the charter which overthrows all your laws and privileges. Governor Penn hath granted more power and privileges than he hath himself."

Bradford said, "That is not my business to judge of or determine; but if any thing be laid to my charge, let me know my accusers. I am not bound to accuse myself."

At a later date Bradford printed a tract for the party out of power, and was arrest-

trial, which circulated extensively. He appealed to a higher tribunal, that of the Governor and Council; and in the mean while Fletcher arrived, and was Governor over Pennsylvania as well as New York. When the case came before him (in 1693), Bradford was triumphantly acquitted, and not only that, but invited to New York to print for the government on a stated salary.

During Fletcher's administration the press was brought into conspicuous notice, and Bradford prospered in a pecuniary point of view, as he was constantly receiving extra allowances. But Fletcher's liberality in this as well as many other matters was deemed excessive. He was superseded in 1698 by the Earl of Bellomont, who was a reformer, and in favor of retrenching all salaries—except his own. Bradford rebelled at the

diminution of his income. The earl was haughty and critical, and the printer curt and short. They had frequent disputes, and the latter told the former on more than one occasion that he might do his own printing. It finally happened that the earl had been holding a remarkable conference with the



GRAVE OF SIDNEY BREESE.

Indians at Albany. It was in the autumn of 1700. It lasted seven or eight days. "I was shut up," to use the earl's own language, "in a close chamber with fifty sachems, who, besides the stench of bear's-grease, with which they were plentifully daubed, were continually smoking tobacco and drinking rum." He (the earl) wanted to send a printed account of the conference to the ministers of state in England. Bradford claimed that it did not come within his stipulated work, and demanded extra pay. The earl turned on his heel. The next morning the printer was reported ill with the gout. Days passed, and the work was not done. The earl considered the gout a sham, and displaced Bradford, giving the position, as far as it could be filled, to Abraham Gouverneur. The death of the earl, and the advent of Lord Cornbury within a short period, restored Bradford to his emoluments, and henceforth things went on smoothly with him. He edited the paper which he established in 1725 until he was over eighty years old. The value of such a life, and its bearing upon our present institutions, can never be properly estimated.

As you pause near Bradford's tomb, you find yourself within the eighteenth century indeed, and even in the seventeenth. Ancient head-stones with curious epitaphs are upon every side. Time, with persistent industry, has succeeded in polishing off haughty crests and winged angel ornamentations,

until they present an aspect quite in keeping with advanced years and our own enlarged and republican notions. Some few are broken and cracked, bearing the scars of the great fire of 1776. The various names and dates and inscriptions are a study. Here is the key to family history and forgotten adventures; there is the shining mark which designates some striking event in our country's records. Two words of touching eloquence, "My Mother," engraved upon the polished marble, warm the heart with tender love, and start the sympathetic tear. And ever and anon you are encompassed with a thrilling romance. What strange, sad, sweet sighs steal among the leafy boughs as you read from a dark slab beneath your feet the name of Charlotte Temple! Who has not heard the story of the beautiful, betrayed, and deserted English maiden, whose sufferings and death in New York have been made the subject of so much forcible rhetoric?

Then a flash of humor illumines the scene. Your eye has fallen upon an epitaph made by one of the wittiest, most eccentric, as well as one of the handsomest men of his time, for his own tomb. Sidney Breese was from a Welsh family, the present head of which is a wealthy baronet of Wales. He was the ancestor of the distinguished S. F. Breese Morse, who invented the means by which to

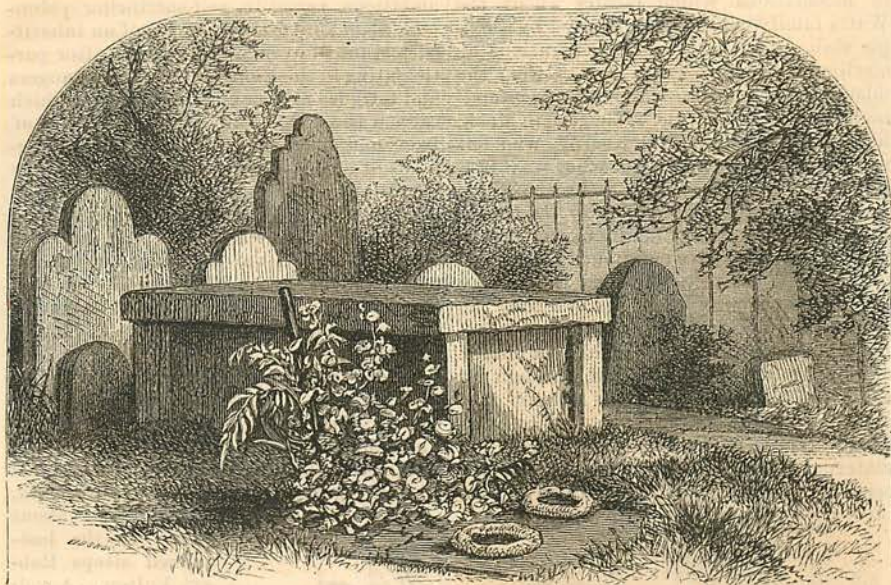
"Speed the soft intercourse of soul with soul,
And waft a sigh from Indies to the pole."

He was the great-grandfather, also, of Commodore Breese, of the United States navy,



GRAVE OF MICHAEL CRESAP.

and of Sidney Breese, late United States Senator. Before coming to America, he was an officer in the British navy and a Jacobite. At the time of the rebellion, in 1745, he was about mounting his horse to join the Pretender's army, when he heard of the latter's defeat by the Duke of Cumberland.



GRAVE OF GENERAL PHIL KEARNY.

He shortly after resigned his commission and came to New York, where he opened the first fancy store in the city. He was extremely social in his tastes, and was noted for giving good dinners, at which he always sang songs and told stories with great spirit, never failing to captivate his guests.

You pass on, only to be confronted by a soldier of fine presence and manly bearing. He is young—that is, about thirty-three—but invested, as it were, with a halo of tragic incidents and Indian horrors. His name, Michael Cresap, has been known to every school-boy since the time of Jefferson, through the famous speech of Logan, the tall, straight, lithe, athletic, sentimental Indian chief, who, reeking with his own bloody cruelties, defeated, despairing, and for once thoroughly afraid of his resolute foe, burst into the strain of accusation which has been pronounced the finest specimen of Indian rhetoric and eloquence in the history of the race. Captain Cresap, however, although so notably accused, was in no way responsible for the massacre of the chief's family, as he was many hundred miles away at the time of its occurrence. The Indian war to which reference is made, and which broke out on the Ohio just prior to the Revolution, was one of the bloodiest in our annals. Cresap (a young Maryland trader) was at the time clearing an extensive tract of land which he had purchased in that region, and had in his employ a large force of laborers. He was considered the bravest man west of the Alleghanies; thus, as soon as hostilities became a fixed fact, he was chosen captain of the militia. That

he was a terror to the men of the forest, we have every reason to believe. This war was marked by atrocities so awful that history shudders to recite them, and finally Cresap traveled over the mountains and through the vales of Pennsylvania to the seat of government for instructions. He at once received a royal commission, and shortly afterward figured as one of the most efficient officers in Lord Dunmore's expedition against the Western savages. Peace was restored in 1774. In the spring of 1775, Cresap was appointed captain of a company of riflemen by order of Congress, and conducted his men to Boston to join Washington. Illness almost immediately compelled him to quit the army, and starting for home, he reached New York and died. It is one hundred and one years (in October) since he was consigned, with military honors, to his final rest in old Trinity.

To the west-northwest of the church edifice the names of Faneuil (ever associated with the "Cradle of American Liberty"), Crommelin, Neau, De Peuy, and many other of the early French Huguenots who settled among us, radiate a steady lustre. You are gently reminded that not only the graces and accomplishments, but the influence of education, the industry, arts, refinement of letters, and philosophy of theology of the French nation, were blended in our own great national structure, as if by magical operation, through the Huguenot movement, which brought so much of the best blood of France to our shores.

And again you pause near the southwestern corner of the edifice, amidst the chapter

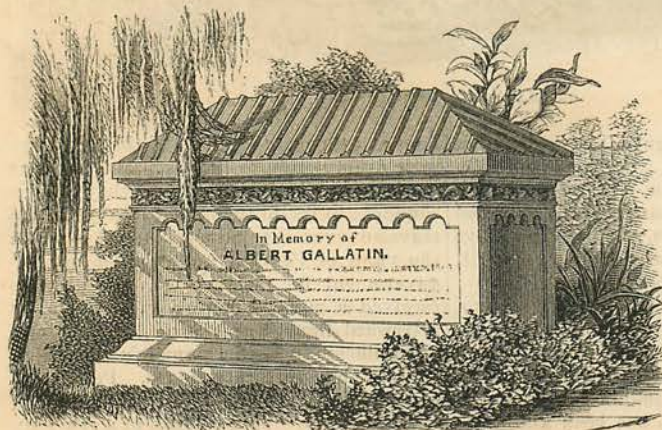
of associations which cluster about the Watts family vault. It is marked by a simple slab. And yet several generations of sterling characters seem to leap from the mists of the past into earnest and prominent life. A scion of the same gallant stock, here sleeps General Phil Kearny, who fell in 1862 at Chantilly—he who was pronounced by Scott, as well as by the whole American army, “*the bravest of the brave.*” It was in the military family of the accomplished veteran above mentioned that Kearny acquired the principles and the science of war, and it was under his eye that the young hero achieved his most notable exploit, that of leading the Balaklava charge of the American *one hundred*, through an army, up, if not into, the San Antonio gate of Mexico. He was a born soldier. Although reared in the New York home of his maternal grandfather, Hon. John Watts, far removed from military associations and al-

ambitious, versatile, self-sacrificing volunteer, abandoning the luxuries of an inherited fortune of over \$1,000,000, and after participating in the Mexican war, in the dangers and fatigues of a campaign in Africa, which carried the tricolor through the “Gates of Iron” and over the Atlas into the strongholds of Abd-el-Kader, and in the military operations which laid the basis of the present kingdom of Italy, he won immortal renown in the late war within our own borders. He fell just at the moment when his name was under consideration for the post of commander-in-chief, and the news caused mourning and lamentation throughout the country.

Tender memories overlap each other in this vicinity. The vaults of the Lights, Ogdens, Waltons, Lispenards, Bleeckers, Alexanders, Livingstons, and other of the leading families who have been identified with the growth of the city of New York,

are thick about you. In the last-named sleeps Robert Fulton. A volume would spring from my pen were I to tarry longer.

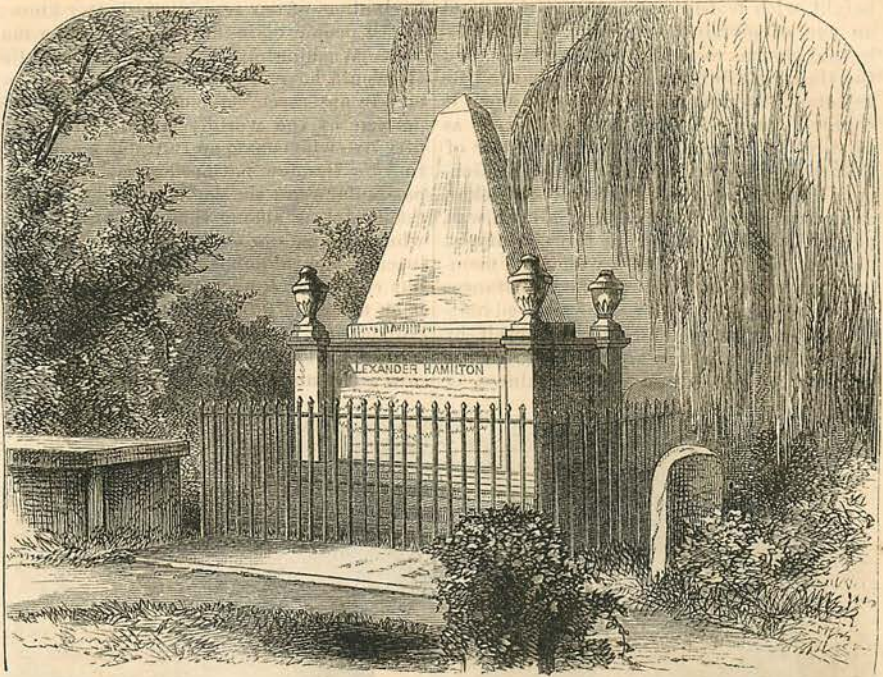
The tomb of Albert Gallatin, the statesman, awakens a new train of thought. He was of Swiss birth, his father being a counselor of state residing in Geneva, and both father and mother belonging to the Swiss nobility. He was of the same family as the



TOMB OF ALBERT GALLATIN.

celebrated Madame De Staël. Like Lafayette, he was attracted to this country (in 1780) through his sympathy with the Americans in their struggle for republican independence. He was but nineteen years of age. One of his first acts was to offer his services as a volunteer for the defense of Passamaquoddy, in Maine, and assisted the troops on their march to the frontier in dragging a heavy cannon through swamps and over muddy roads. He was shortly after appointed commander of the post. His career was full of incident, although he was not long in the military service. In 1781 he came in possession of his European patrimonial estate, and bought a large tract of land in Western Virginia. It was while surveying his newly acquired property that he first met Washington. It was in the log-cabin of a land agent. Washington was examining a crowd of hunters and squatters in relation to the best route for a road across the Alleghanies, and carefully noting each an-

lurements, his tastes and aspirations were decidedly in the direction of battle-fields. He doubtless inherited his impulsive, roving, danger-courting temper from the Kearnys, who came originally from Ireland, although Michael Kearny, the founder of the family in this country, married a daughter of the erratic Lewis Morris, the first Governor of New Jersey, and the blood lost nothing through its mixture with English daring. Philip Kearny's mother was the daughter of John Watts. In this line of ancestry we come to diverse elements. The shrewd common-sense of the Scot, the fiery nature, love of beauty, and chivalric bearing of the Huguenot, as handed along by the De Lanceys, who, brilliant and powerful, were for at least two decades before the Revolution the acknowledged head of the rising society of the continent, and the staid patriotism and independent character of the Hollander through the Van Cortlandts and Schuylers. Philip Kearny went forth, an



TOMB OF ALEXANDER HAMILTON.

swer. Gallatin was quickly convinced by the testimony that there was but one practicable pass, and impatient at Washington's slowness in coming to a conclusion, interrupted him, exclaiming, "Oh, it's plain enough that" (naming the place) "is the most practicable." The by-standers started with astonishment at the presumptuous youth, and Washington regarded him sternly for a moment, then said, after asking a few more questions of the man he had been cross-examining, "You are right, Sir." When Gallatin departed, Washington inquired about him, and learning his history, soon after made his acquaintance. For a few years the young Swiss devoted himself to agriculture, but his peculiar gifts brought him into public notice, first in Virginia, and then in the councils of the nation. He was a member of Congress from 1795 to 1801, and in every important debate took a vigorous and effective part. His favorite topics were such as related to financial questions. In 1801 he was appointed Secretary of the Treasury by Jefferson, which office he held until 1813, and was esteemed one of the first financiers of the age. He also exercised great influence in the other departments of the government and in the politics of the country. In 1813 he was one of the commissioners to St. Petersburg, the Russian government having offered to mediate between the United States and Great Britain, and the following year to Ghent, where the treaty of peace was con-

cluded. In 1815 he was appointed minister to France, where he remained eight years, being deputed during the time on special missions to the Netherlands and to England. On his return to this country he declined a seat in the cabinet, also to be a candidate for Vice-President. But he did not retire altogether from public service; three years later he accepted an appointment from President Adams as Envoy Extraordinary to Great Britain. From 1827 he resided in New York city, and devoted himself chiefly to literature, science, and historical and ethnological researches. He was mainly instrumental in founding, and became the first president of, the Ethnological Society, and he was from 1843 until his death president of the New York Historical Society. He wrote several works of great value. As late as 1846 the veteran financier and political economist drew from his stores of accumulated experience, and published a stirring pamphlet on the Oregon boundary question, which threatened "the scandalous spectacle," as he expressed it, "of an unnatural and unnecessary war" with England. Two years later he published another pamphlet on the same topic, entitled *The War Expenses of the Contest with Mexico*; and supplemented it with a tract reviewing the whole question, entitled *Peace with Mexico*. Of the latter more than one hundred and fifty thousand copies were distributed, and the direct result was an adjustment of the conflict. He was of medium

height, with features strongly marked, and an eye of piercing brilliancy. His intellectual charms were such that a club, called the Gallatin Club, was formed for the sole object of listening to his conversation. It counted among its members such men as Chancellor James Kent, President Moore of Columbia College, Professor Renwick, General John A. Stevens, Professor M'Vikar, and other eminent scholars. Gallatin was, perhaps, the best talker of the century, at home on all topics, with a wonderful memory for facts and dates. Few instances grace the pages of history where an adventurer in a strange land raised himself by simple force of energy and talent to such a pinnacle of distinction and usefulness, or

beginnings of our republic is better known to the people of to-day—not even the majestic Washington or the benign Franklin. He would have been designated as a great man in any assemblage of great men in any portion of the world. Of the illustrious fifty-five who convened to frame a constitution for the new nation, he was the bright particular star: the youngest and the smallest in stature among them all, and the one who could endure the most unremitting and intense mental labor. Observe his slight but erect figure, his powdered hair thrown back from his forehead and collected in a club behind, his fair complexion and flushed cheeks, his singularly expressive features—now grave and thoughtful, and then lighted



TOMB OF CAPTAIN LAWRENCE.

where perfect purity was balanced in a political character with so much of genius and culture.

"I rank him side by side with Alexander Hamilton," wrote Judge Story. And turning toward Broadway, as if by magnetic impulse, you stand by the tomb of the soldier, statesman, and jurist. In the lives of the two remarkable men there were many points of resemblance. Hamilton was of foreign birth, although it was the Scotch strength and the French vivacity which were combined in him; he also evinced early exceptional aptitude for the solution of financial problems, and he rose to eminence solely through his individual merits. No one whose fame has been identified with the

with intelligence and sweetness—and notice the manner in which he catches the principle involved in a discussion, as if by instinct, together with the originality of his views. He seems endowed with prophetic vision, indeed. When the Constitution went into effect, and Hamilton was called to the Secretaryship of the Treasury, his practical management established the public credit, as well as his own great financial reputation. In the language of Daniel Webster, "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth." As an individual he probably inspired warmer attachments among his friends and more bitter hatred from his foes than any other man in our

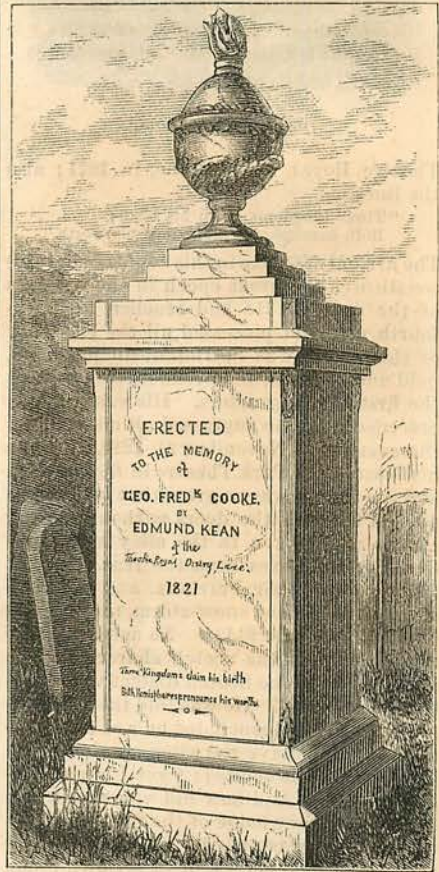
history. His tragic fate crowned what his genius had already achieved—an immortalized name.

The tomb of his wife, the beautiful daughter of General Philip Schuyler, is beside his own. She survived him many long years, and devoted herself with untiring industry to charities both public and private.

We are leaving the church-yard now, with its wealth of reminiscence, and tarry for a moment near the front entrance, beside a mausoleum of brown freestone, erected in memory of the fiery-souled hero, James Lawrence. Eight trophy cannon, with chains attached, form an appropriate inclosure. These cannon were captured in the war of 1812, but placed so deep in the earth that the insignia and trophy marks upon them are hidden. Lawrence was one of that band of chivalrous spirits who, folding their country to their hearts, raised our infant navy to an honored rank in the world. He was born in Burlington, New Jersey, in 1781. His predilection for the sea cropped out while a mere boy, as he was plodding through the "technical rubbish" and dull routine of a lawyer's office. In 1798, when Congress directed its attention to the protection of our commerce, which was being wantonly pilaged by the two great belligerent nations of Europe, Lawrence made his first cruise to the West Indies in the *Ganges* as a midshipman, and returned an acting lieutenant. From that time his opportunities of distinguishing himself were frequent, and he was rapidly promoted. The victory which brought him the richest harvest of honors, both public and private, was when, in command of the *Hornet*, he captured and sunk the British man-of-war *Peacock*, after an action of fourteen minutes. The Corporation of New York tendered him a dinner, the invitations being headed with a woodcut, by Anderson, representing a naval battle. The banquet took place on the 4th of May, 1813, at Washington Hall (on the site of Stewart's wholesale store), a noted place in that decade for assemblies, dinners, etc., having a fine restaurant attached. In the evening the hero and his officers were treated to an entertainment at the Park Theatre. When Lawrence, accompanied by General Van Rensselaer and General Morton, entered, the house rang with the wildest huzzas. In less than one month he fell in an engagement between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*, his last words being, "Don't give up the ship." A whole nation mourned his loss, and the enemy contended with his countrymen as to who should most honor his remains. Congress requested the President of the United States to present to his nearest male relative a gold medal commemorative of his services; also a silver medal to each of the commissioned officers who served under him in the *Hornet*.

His favorite lieutenant, Augustus C. Ludlow, who fell by his side, was consigned to this same resting-place.

Preoccupied with the wonderful spontaneous movement that placed so many noble and courageous men at the helm of national development, you are arrested at the gateway of St. Paul's, which is the right arm, so to speak, of old Trinity, and scarcely less interesting. You enter, and glancing to the right and left, become embarrassed with the magnitude of the army of distinguished persons who have each filled some important



COOKE'S MONUMENT.

sphere of usefulness in his day and generation. You ascend the graveled walk from the office at the rear of the inclosure, keeping step to the music of the foliage. Nearly every civilized country on the globe has watered this soil with its tears. Representatives from all walks of life are buried here. Upon a square marble pedestal on a double base, which is surmounted by an urn sending forth flame, you read the name of George Frederick Cooke, and learn that the monument was erected by Edmund Kean, of the



GRAVE OF JOHN HOLT.

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in 1821; also the lines,

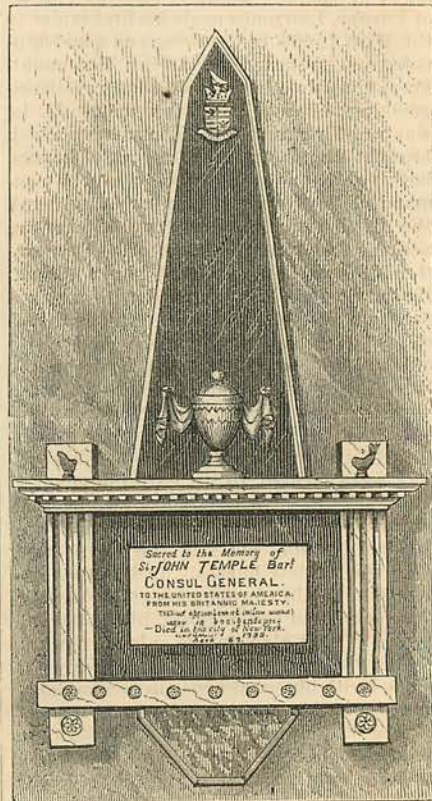
“Three kingdoms claim his birth;
Both hemispheres pronounce his worth.”

The arrival of Cooke in this country (in 1810) constitutes the great epoch in the progress of the drama. He had reached his fifty-fourth year, yet possessed all the elasticity of thirty; he was of Herculean physique, bold and original, and pronounced by critics the first of living actors. His vast renown preceded him; he engrossed all minds. On the evening of November 21, 1810, he made his *début* at the Park Theatre in *Richard III.*, and the throng was so great that many were pushed through the doors without paying. Ladies were taken to the alley and introduced to the boxes from the rear. On the 23d he played Sir Pertinax, and notwithstanding a violent snow-storm, the receipts of the house were \$1424. No actor ever excelled Cooke in the Scotch character. His enunciation of the Scotch dialect was something wonderful. He was told that the people of New York concluded he was a Scotchman. “They have the same opinion of me in Scotland,” he replied; “yet I am an Englishman.” “And how did you acquire so profound a knowledge of the Scotch accentuation?” he was asked. “I studied more than two years and a half in my own room, with constant intercourse with Scotch society, in order to master the Scotch dialect, before I ventured to appear on the boards in Edinburgh as Sir Pertinax, and when I did, Sawney took me for a native. It was the hardest task I ever undertook.”

He was a man of keen observation, and made mankind a perpetual study. He was of kindly disposition, and filled with charitable impulses. But his mania for drink dethroned all his high purposes, and although it never impaired his dramatic reputation, it disgusted the world and terminated his dazzling career. He died in September, 1812.

His funeral was an imposing spectacle. He had no kindred present, but the clergy, physicians, members of the bar, officers of the army and navy, the *literati* and men of science, together with the dramatic corps and a large concourse of citizens, moved in the procession.

A little to the right of the rear entrance to the chapel is the tomb of John Holt, the printer. He was born and reared in Virginia, and after having failed as a merchant, and served as Mayor of Williamsburg, he came to New York, and in partnership with James Parker edited the *New York Gazette and Post Boy*. This was in 1759. In 1766 he started the *New York Journal*, “containing the freshest Advices, Foreign and Domestic.” The heading was ornamented with the arms of the king, which were discarded in 1774 for the device of a snake cut into parts, with “Unite or die” for a motto. The next year the snake was joined and coiled, with the tail in its mouth, forming a double ring; within the coil was a pillar standing on Magna Charta, surmounted with the cap of Liberty. A printer who dared thus to defy the king’s authority was, of course, obliged to fly from New York when the British army entered; but taking his lit-



TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF SIR JOHN TEMPLE.

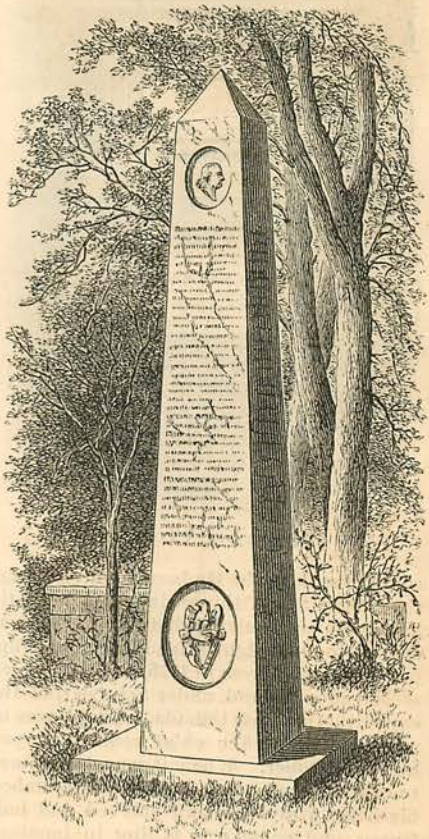
tle press with him to Fishkill, Esopus, Hudson, and various secluded points along the North River, he continued to publish his paper until the end of the war. He then returned to the city, and issued it under a new name, *The Independent Gazette, or the New York Journal Revived*; but before the end of January, 1784, he had finished his work.

It is not until you are in the chapel itself, with its massive and elegantly carved pillars, its green glass and quaint architecture, and its two great square pews with escutcheons hanging over them, one for the head of the nation and the other for the Governor of the State, that you are fully alive to the remarkable chain of events which have convulsed the world within the last century and a half. To the left of the chancel as you approach is the tablet to the memory of Sir John Temple, Baronet, the first consul-general from England to the United States after the latter was recognized as a new and independent nation. In the front are three stately monuments in a row, commemorative of the lives and characters of the three famous Irishmen, Thomas Addis Emmet, the jurist, Richard Montgomery, the soldier, and Dr. Macneven, the surgeon. The former was one of the finest lawyers that Ireland ever produced. The proudest seats of office and honor seemed none too high for his capacity and aspiration. At the moment when ancient customs and institutions were toppling through the effects of the French Revolution, he, in connection with O'Conner, Macneven, and others of rank, determined to rid Ireland from the tyranny of Great Britain. Secret societies were organized with consummate skill in 1796. France promised assistance, but the plan was discovered, and the rebellion crushed. Among the many who were thrown into prison were Emmet and Macneven. As they had committed no overt act of treason, the law was baffled, and their lives spared. They were kept for a long period, however, in close confinement.

After a while Mrs. Emmet was allowed to visit her husband in his cell. She had repeatedly declared that if once admitted, she would never leave it but in his company. The keepers ordered her away, but did not resort to force. She discovered that they contemplated preventing her return should she go out under any pretext whatever; so she remained quiet. The cell was twelve feet square, and overlooked the dock where the unhappy victims of the rebellion were daily taken for execution. A whole year passed thus. Finally the illustrious prisoners were allowed to negotiate for their own release. As they were not willing to comply with the terms of the government, they were sent to a prison in Scotland, from which they were liberated at the end of two and one-half years, and permitted to with-

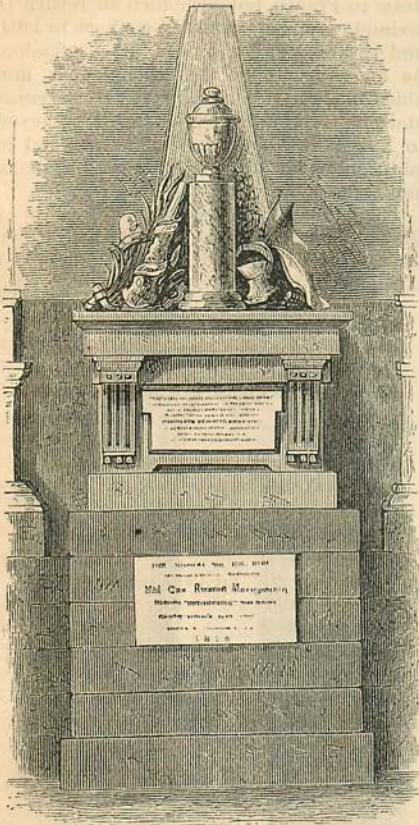
draw to France, but forbidden to return to Ireland. Emmet came to New York in 1804, and established himself in his profession. As an advocate he was conspicuous, and aided in giving immortality to Irish genius and private worth. Dr. Macneven removed to New York about the same time, and in addition to his prominence as a physician and surgeon, he was an able writer.

The name of Montgomery, the hero of Quebec, is very dear to the American heart. He was born in Ireland, his family being of the ancient nobility. He was highly edu-



EMMET'S MONUMENT.

cated, and entered the army at the age of eighteen. When twenty-two he was with Wolfe (in 1758), and he subsequently distinguished himself in the arduous service against Martinique, under Monckton. He was in England and on terms of intimacy with the liberal members of Parliament, Fox, Burke, and Barré, during the early discussions of the American question. In 1772 he sold his commission and relinquished the service to settle in New York. He married very shortly the daughter of Justice Robert R. Livingston, and retired to a beautiful



MONTGOMERY'S TABLET.

country-seat on the Hudson, a laureled warrior at the age of thirty-six. His domestic happiness was quickly disturbed. He was one of the first eight brigadier-generals appointed by Congress in 1775, and was placed second in command, under Schuyler, of the expedition against Canada. The illness of Schuyler threw the chief command upon him in October. When it was determined to capture Quebec, on the 31st of December, his little army was half starved and half frozen, and snow was falling in immense flakes. But that Montgomery was greatly beloved, he could hardly have led his weary, suffering soldiers into action. "Men of New York," he exclaimed, "you will not fear to follow where your general leads. March on!" and placing himself in front, he almost immediately was killed by the first and only discharge from the battery upon which they were advancing.

His will was made a few days prior to the storming of Quebec, the authenticity of which is attested by the signature of Benedict Arnold. It is still in existence, though the paper is yellow and worn with its hundred years.

Through the courtesy of the English gen-

eral, the remains of Montgomery were interred within the walls of Quebec, where they remained forty-three years. They were then tenderly removed and placed under the cenotaph, erected by Congress many years before, in St. Paul's Chapel. His widow was living at the time these later eloquent ceremonies occurred. The steamboat which bore the handsome coffin, canopied with crape and crowned with plumes, paused in front of her mansion on its passage down the Hudson, and the muffled drum and mournful music fell sadly though sweetly upon her ears. Mingled with her private anguish, which had never grown less for the loss of a beloved husband, was the gratification of knowing that such voluntary honors rarely if ever before had been paid to an individual by a republic.

The most significant tribute to Montgomery's worth was probably the celebrated exclamation of Lord North in Parliament, in reply to the eulogies of Barré and Burke. The latter had just remarked, "He conquered two-thirds of Canada in one campaign," when Lord North, admitting that he was brave, able, humane, and generous, added, "Curse on his virtues, they've undone his country."

The only original portrait of Montgomery is at Montgomery Place. It represents him as a young man, probably about the age when he came from Ireland. The face is frank, handsome, and pleasing, and indicates simplicity of character, strong moral sense, physical power, and gentleness of disposition.

SONG.

To dream, and then to sleep
 Until the morn return;
 An hour of watch to keep,
 A little lamp to burn.

To weave but make no end,
 To sing and lose the song,
 Where busy footsteps wend
 Among the world's gay throng.

To know that day is here,
 To see that spring has gone,
 And summer's death is near—
 And still the hours roll on.

We fail, we fade, we die,
 Yet once 'twixt death and birth
 To know Love's kiss, Love's sigh,
 Is light of heaven on earth.

My God! Thy sun is sweet,
 If, ere the twilight come,
 Love walk with sacred feet
 Across our naked room.

A. F.