THE OLD PATTERSON MANSION, THE MASTER AND HIS GUESTS.

BY MRS. LINDSAY PATTERSON.

[At the meeting of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania on November 9, 1914, a paper was read by Mrs. Lindsay Patterson, a granddaughter of Gen. Robert Patterson, on "The Old Patterson Mansion, the Master and his Guests," from which the following excerpts have been taken. The present building of the Historical Society covers the site of the old mansion and a section of the garden which surrounded it.]

Robert Patterson was born in the town of Strabane, County Tyrone, Ireland, January 12, 1792. He was the eldest son of Francis Patterson and Ann Graham, and grandson (paternal) of Robert Patterson and Ann Fullerton and (maternal) of Thomas Graham and Jean McBeth. Of the family history in Ireland little has been preserved save the tombs in the Strabane churchyard, which testify in their inscriptions and reproduction of family coats of arms that Robert Patterson was of gentle blood. His father, as the friend of Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmett, participated in the troubles of 1798, was arrested by the English government, tried and sentenced to be hanged. The loyalty of the Grahams to the Crown and the influence of the Marquis of Abercorn (whose sister had married one of the Grahams) induced the government to commute the death sentence of Francis Patterson to banishment from his native land. In the autumn of 1798, with his family, he reached America and settled in Delaware County, Pennsylvania. His son Robert, in 1807, entered the counting room of a Mr. Thompson, who was engaged in the East India trade, where he remained until he entered the army in the War of 1812.

In 1817 Robert Patterson married Sarah Engle of
Germantown, an intellectual woman and gifted musician, whose love of society and gracious charm of manner rendered her a fit helpmeet for her distinguished husband.

General Patterson was a Philadelphian whom few men equalled in the impress he made throughout an unusually long life. As a merchant, a man of affairs, a capitalist, a club man, a promoter, a veteran of the War of 1812, the Mexican, and the Civil War, in which he was a Major General, a host under whose roof-tree gathered the army, the navy, the volunteer service, the political, scientific, pioneer and social life not only of this country but of Europe, there was no phase in Philadelphia activity in which he did not play a part. From youth to old age there were few civic occasions of note, and certainly no military ones, in which he was not foremost among the leaders. Long after he was eighty years of age he might be seen every morning in his counting room on Chestnut Street, the busiest man in the establishment. His well disciplined methods in the mastery of details, his tremendous capacity for work first exhibited in the office of Mr. Thompson, his indomitable civic spirit, brought him success as a man of affairs before he was hardly more than thirty years of age. A Captain in the War of 1812, he acquired the lifelong friendship of many distinguished soldiers. Resigning in 1815, he went into business on Market Street, which afterwards developed into many ramifications. His interest in the sugar-growing districts of Louisiana, where he owned large estates, was followed by cotton growing in the South and manufacturing in the North. During the last period of his life he was the owner and operator of not less than thirteen cotton mills. He was the head of the company which opened railroad communication between Philadelphia and Baltimore; one of the first promoters of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and took an ac-
The Old Patterson Mansion.

tive part in introducing steamships into the commerce of this port with the South and Europe.

The historic "Patterson Mansion" (on the site of which has been erected the new building of The Historical Society of Pennsylvania) was located in the block bounded by Thirteenth and Juniper, Howard and Locust Streets, and was purchased by General Patterson in 1834 from John Hare Powell, a well-known Philadelphian of that day. The unusual style of architecture of the mansion, the shape of the letter E, was accounted for by the fact that it was originally three structures thrown into one, and family tradition says, that the General caught the worst cold of his life by moving in too soon.

His love of flowers was a passion, so the grounds were turned over to Mr. Mather, an English landscape artist, who transferred, as if by magic, the neglected common into a formal English garden. Rectangular walks, bordered by beds of brilliant exotics and rare shrubs and trees, led to the great fountain stocked with gold and silver fish and surrounded by aquatic plants. There were dwarf fruit trees and giant orange and lemon trees, all laden with forbidden fruit, and all, alas! sources of varying stages of disgrace for the enterprising youngsters of the family. Two great conservatories held a superb collection of orchids—the first, it is said, in Philadelphia, and dating from Mexican days—as did many of the household furnishings. Misshapen Aztec idols guarded the walks to the fountain, while the presiding genius was a marble figure termed Solon. One of the vernal sights of that locality was the spring blooming of tulips and hyacinths, which annually attracted crowds to the side garden gate opening on Locust Street. The grounds were enclosed by a rubble and rough-cast wall painted yellow. The two greatest gardens of Philadelphia, and the last, were the Patterson and Dundas Lippincott ones at Broad and
Walnut Streets. The front and rear porticos, with their massive Doric columns, were a distinguishing feature of the mansion. The interior was curiously arranged with huge bedrooms out of all proportion to the rest of the house, and an inexplicable squandering of space for the tripartite stairway in the centre of the building, though I believe that was considered very imposing with its wrought-iron balusters and mahogany rails inlaid with ivory. From the front door was entered a dimly lighted entresol, from which opened five doors. The apartment was decorated in military style. On the walls were four full-length figures—Washington and Jackson, Wellington and Napoleon. To support these in the same monochrome gray, armorial monograms were drawn on the encircling frieze under the cornice. Over Washington and Jackson, were depicted in glowing colors, Carib Columbia, Erin and the Goddess of Liberty. Upon the delicately tinted ceiling was painted also in bright colors, the war god Mars in his chariot driven by his sister Bellona. The really superior frescoing of this and the three adjoining rooms, opening into each other, was done by Uberti and Monaldeschi—the pioneer house decorators of old Philadelphia, and the work dated about 1842. Right here it may be said that the master of the mansion allowed no pass keys. Late as the hour might be, a wearied servant must admit the belated one. At the northernmost corner stood a hat rack, purchased in 1857 at the sale of the effects of the now forgotten Gen. Persifor F. Smith, whose thunderous "grand march" was once the show concert piece of ambitious musicians. This hat rack was equally startling and embodied a superb pair of elk antlers.

A door to the left passed into an entry where were glass closet, china closet, wine closet, silver closet of hammered iron, butler's pantry, all leading to the huge kitchen with its great range equipped with every cook-
The Old Patterson Mansion.

ing appliance, for those were the days when caterers were not, and all preparations for an entertainment had to be made at home. Mrs. Patterson was a wonderful housekeeper, having been taught the art by both Mrs. Rubicam and Mrs. Goodfellow.

The first door to the right of the entresol led into a small reception room, sacred to the young ladies of the family and their callers. The chairs were curious things, upholstered in Indian bead and quill work, souvenirs of some now long forgotten person or event. The main door opened into the stairway hall, and that again into three rooms—the dining-room, the reception room, which opened on the spacious back porch, and the drawing room, opening into the conservatory and also into the small reception room, all with walls hung with French paper, white lace over roses. Folding doors enabled these rooms to be thrown into one in times of big entertainments. Over the twin mantels in the dining-room hung the treasured Washington mirrors from the presidential mansion on Market Street. The walls were covered with an unusual Chinese design, like antique lacquer—gold background with black figures. The large mahogany brackets, holding Aztec sacrificial urns, brought from Mexico.

The furniture of the drawing and reception rooms was covered with a French damask, crimson and gold. On each side of the drawing-room mantel were two cannon balls whose history has been forgotten, and in one corner was Gen. Santa Anna's wooden leg. On the wonderfully carved marble mantels were wax figures, also souvenirs of the Mexican War. The mantels are supposed to have been purchased from Joseph Bonaparte. From the ceilings of the three rooms hung three cut-glass chandeliers, identical in size and design, brought about 1835 from an old chateau in the south of France. When the three rooms were thrown into one the many mirrors facing each other produced a singu-
lar illusion; you seemed to be entering upon a receding vista of lighted chandeliers, gradually diminishing in size until it terminated in a tiny chandelier apparently a mile away.

When business interests required General Patterson to spend a winter in Louisiana, in whole-hearted fashion he took his family with him, and entered with keenest zest into the social life of New Orleans. His stories of the old St. Charles, of French Opera, the Teche country, of Pierre Soulé, and Charles Gayarré were as familiar to my childish mind as the Wistar parties or old General Cadwalader. His vacations, just as earnest and thoroughgoing, were generally prolonged hunting trips among the Indians of the then little known Northwest. The most treasured possession of Col. W. H. Patterson, was a diary of one journey taken about 1834, through Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee, the old wilderness road to Kentucky, down the Ohio, up the Mississippi and out to Clear Lake where, camping with the Indians for glorious weeks, the white man's burden became elk, deer and buffalo. The return was by way of the Great Lakes, New York State, Hudson River and home. This trip was particularly memorable, it being taken when badly "broken in health and in need of rest."

Graphic descriptions are given of the taverns, the country, its business possibilities, politics, its social life, old people's tales of Revolutionary days, which often reveal unexpected side lights on present-day notions of accepted history, Indian legends, accounts of pioneer struggles—all are set down with tireless fidelity. He describes with equal enjoyment that ceremonious dinner at the White House given in his honor by President Jackson, and the feast of dogs tendered to him by the Indians of the Plains. He records the stories told in Westmoreland County, Virginia, of Mary, the Mother of Washington; the accounts of the fierce Black
Hawk War, as related by the survivors, and the old traditions that yet lingered on the Hudson of the death of André, of Burr and Hamilton. Every President, from Jackson to Garfield inclusive, entertained him and in turn was entertained at the Patterson mansion.

General Patterson had the unique experience of having been twice appointed president of the board of visitors to West Point, with an interval between of fifty years; being appointed the first time by General Jackson in 1835, and by President Hayes in 1885. The ovation given him on the latter occasion by the enthusiastic corps of cadets is said to have been unequalled in the history of the Academy.

The civic honor that he most appreciated was upon the critical political occasion of the contested electoral vote which was decided in favor of Hayes. President Grant called General Patterson to Washington to mediate with the southern members of Congress. During his two weeks visit at the White House he was introduced upon the floor of the Senate Chamber by John Sherman, and the Senate rose as one man, to receive him.

For fifty years the old home of my grandfather was a gathering place for men and women who represented in the old world and the new every phase of human activity in art, science, letters, law, the army and navy, politics and religion; from the plantations of the South, the factories of the North and the centres of the world’s markets. Just here may I say that the names of guests at dinners and receptions and incidents connected therewith are largely taken from the Memoirs of the late Col. W. H. Patterson, written in 1904, the recollections of relatives and reminiscences of the visitors themselves. Unlike the large number of guests at the dinner parties of Madame Rush, those of General Patterson were limited. His were a selected ten to meet the Duke of Saxe Weimar, then touring the country and
anxious to know representative Americans, or that number of old friends were gathered to meet General Croghan, the hero of Fort Sandusky, or Jesse D. Elliott, whose controversy with Captain Perry shook the Navy Department to its centre. For thrills the dinner service was of Royal Sèvres, part of a coronation gift from the great Napoleon to his brother Joseph when made King of Spain and later forming the flotsam and jetsam, saved from the wreck of royalty when he found a safe anchorage at Point Breeze, near Bordentown, New Jersey. General Patterson bought many beautiful things from him, including this set of china. There were two sets, a green and gold set and a buff, decorated with different views of Naples, with Vesuvius always in the background, and a man and woman, a stone building and tree in the foreground. Its history is forgotten. For great functions thirty plates, termed the "banquet set," were brought out. Each plate was different, each signed by the artist, and each represented a scene from one of Napoleon's wars.

Still the china was of only passing interest; always the guests themselves were the chief ornament. Joseph Bonaparte's introduction was an unusual one. Mrs. Patterson was sitting by the window when glancing up she noticed a stranger staring at her. She had scarcely moved away before the bell rang and a card was brought in—"Joseph Bonaparte"—followed by that gentleman himself, all bows and apologies, but Madame was of such a marvellous resemblance to his brother, the great Napoleon, that he was amazed, enchanted. She was equally amazed, enchanted, and to her dying day her pet vanity was her likeness to the handsome Corsican. Soon her husband appeared and the story was retold, and presumably he, too, was amazed, enchanted, for Joseph, the best of the Bonapartes, then and there took the place that he always held, that of a warm and valued family friend and an
ever welcome and frequent guest. One of his gifts was a set of bronze candelabra. On account of their historic value the General thought they should belong to the nation, so the large ones were given by him to the White House on the occasion of the inauguration as President of his revered leader and lifelong friend, General Jackson. They are now in the Blue Room, standing on the mantel. A smaller set that matches is still in the family. Another guest, whose vicissitudes of fortune were equally overwhelming, was a joint relative, Elizabeth Patterson, that indignantly repudiated sister-in-law of Joseph's, whose unfortunate marriage to his worthless brother Jerome had been as vainly opposed by her Patterson kin as by the Bonaparte contingent.

A very different type of guest, and most welcome, was Henry C. Schoolcraft, the Indian expert and explorer, with his wife, the gentle Ojibway Princess and their two children, Jonty a perfect Indian and Virginia a pretty blonde. Equally welcome was Mrs. Chase, the Irish heroine of Tampico, the first to run up the American flag in that beleagured city. Again, different in type, was another guest, Capt. Frederick Marryatt, whose novels were the joy of his generation, while his scathing comments on America and the Americans were equalled only by our mutual friend Dickens, a later guest. A more appreciative and frequent visitor was "old Fuss and Feathers," as Gen. Winfield Scott was most disrespectfully called behind his dignified back. Col. W. H. Patterson described him as "the handsomest, most imposing and vainest man he had ever known," and General Sherman as "the most modest." Of Du Chaillu nothing can now be recalled save frequent mention of his brilliant blue eyes and intensely interesting descriptions of Africa; of Dickens, his ill-bred rudeness and attending the dinner in a business suit; of G. P. R. James, the novelist, his "soli-
tary horseman;” Martin Farquhar Tupper, whose “Proverbial Philosophy” was his chief work; Madame Le Vert, brilliant Octavia Walton, of Mobile, a sparkling figure in yellow satin and crimson fuchias, was evidently a great favorite; as was also equally brilliant Emily Schaumburg, of Philadelphia.

General Patterson rather quaintly described a difference in the welcome he extended; “When I go down the street and a visitor says ‘Good morning General,’ I invite him to dinner, for we fought together during the Mexican or Civil War; but when he says ‘How are you Captain,’ I take him home to visit me, for we stood shoulder to shoulder in the conflict of 1812.” His two years in the regular army of that period brought him the warm friendship of men who, for the next half century, found kindly welcome at his home. There came Gen. Zachary Taylor, then a Major of Infantry, later to become President of the United States; Bennett Riley, the future hero of Cerro Gordo, then an ensign in a rifle regiment; Henry Dearborn, Secretary of War under Jefferson, and for whom Fort Dearborn, old Chicago, was named; gallant young Croghan, only 21, who, when ammunition failed, filled his one cannon with slugs and scrap iron, continued to fight, and when ordered by Proctor and Tecumseh to surrender or his garrison would be massacred, replied that when he surrendered there would be no garrison left to massacre. Gen. Lewis Cass was another of those immortal names that were not born to die, though his eminent services have not been remembered as he deserved. He was a brave soldier and statesman, as well as explorer, under whose leadership Schoolcraft and his party discovered the source of the Mississippi, and at whose instance treaties were made with the Indian tribes that brought vast tracts of western land under government control. The defeated Democratic candidate for President in 1848, he was also
Minister to France under Louis Phillippe and the author of interesting books about French history and politics. A remarkable pair were Gen. Edmund P. Gaines and his wife. The General's army record received but scant notice in the greater interest aroused by his marriage to Myra Clark, whose spectacular career and still more spectacular law suits, were thrilling bits of gossip for three generations. An interesting friend and neighbor as well was Fannie Kemble, the English actress and writer, grandmother of your Owen Wister, whose visits alack! were often tearful announcements that the Patterson boys were young demons, and who refused to be convinced that boys would be boys. Old "Sam" Houston, towering like Saul, head and shoulders above his fellows, his huge form rendered still more conspicuous by flaming Mexican serape, red necktie and leopard skin waistcoat, his gray locks surmounted by a big sombrero, was yet a visitor whose sterling worth, qualities of leadership and absolute fearlessness commended not only respect, but affection; and as also did Capt. Ben McCulloh of the Texas Rangers. Another dominant figure was Hon. Thomas Hart Benton with his charming daughter Jessie and her husband dashing Captain Fremont. Her love for her father was proverbial, and when an old woman, in a letter to me, written shortly before her death, she speaks of him in terms of tenderest devotion, saying, among other things, that if he had not been one of America's great statesmen he would have become one of her greatest teachers, as in a remarkable degree he possessed the gift of imparting information.

There, too, came those great men of their day, United States Senators Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, John C. Calhoun, George M. Dallas, James A. Bayard, Littleton W. Tazewell, Felix Grundy and Reverdy Johnson; Silas Wright, Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the arctic explorer, and Horace Greely, the great editor of the New
York Tribune; Hugh White, Judge W. A. Porter, and General Quintman.

General Patterson's first prominent military connection with public affairs was in 1824 when, at the head of eight thousand militia, he assisted at the reception of General Lafayette and the ball given to him. As Major General he supplemented the military ceremonies in honor of his guest, President Jackson, by a reception at his home, then on Arch Street. The dinner and reception to President Polk and Vice-President Dallas was given a pretty little personal touch by Mrs. Patterson in the floral decorations of pokeweed, with its shining berries, and dahlias. Happily, for the comfort of all concerned, a mild September night and a harvest moon made the gardens a place of enchantment as well as escape from the throngs inside the house, while the brilliantly illumined conservatories drew their quota of guests.

A painful contrast is the reception given to Keokuk and Black Hawk, Chiefs of the Sauk and Fox nation, with fifty of their warriors, friends of hunting days in the West. Having visited their "Great Father" in Washington, they came on to Philadelphia to talk things over with their friend, the "Big Yellow Captain," as they called General Patterson. Frank Johnson and his band were grouped on the veranda. Out in the garden stood the kindly host, the giant chief Keokuk beside his wife; back of her brooded the hapless Black Hawk, near him his brother "The Prophet," and close by the others. All knew what the parting meant; they were going home to die. On the chest of General Patterson's broad buff waistcoat was, in vermillion, the imprint of a hand, and on the right cheek of "The Prophet" was the same device. In embracing his friend goodbye the marks had been transferred. The tension was broken by Col. W. H. Patterson, then a lad, giving to Keokuk, Jr., a plate of ice cream, which
he promptly proceeded to chew and which equally promptly brought on toothache, whereupon they both started to settle the matter with fists.

Probably the entertainments that gave the most pleasure were the annual dinners in honor of the Aztec Club, an association of officers of the Mexican War, formed in the city of Mexico in 1847, of which he was the President for thirty-three years. One of these meetings is described in "Captain Macklin," a novel by Richard Harding Davis. There is also extant a photograph of the Club assembled on the back veranda of the mansion with Gen. U. S. Grant seated at the side of the veteran President, and irregularly grouped about them, Generals Blake, Towne, Abercrombie, Babcock, Barry, Wilcox, Fitz John Porter, Barnard, Shepherd, French; Governor Gorham, Col. Charles Biddle, Surg. John M. Cuyler, Major-General Alexander, Frederick D. Grant, Captains Hardcastle and Coffee and Gen. R. E. Patterson.

A notable reception and dinner was given to Lord Durham, Governor General of Canada and his staff, and another to the officers of the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards, then stationed in Canada at the time of the Caroline incident. The occasion was daintily graced by Lady Jane Grey and Lady Catherine Harcourt; and among the officers, Captain Wyndham of the Coldstream Guards, later Sir Charles Wyndham, hero of the Crimean Redan. Officers of the First City Troop, State Fencibles, Washington Blues and Washington Greys also attended. The dinner given to Dom Pedro, the ill-fated emperor of Brazil, was one of the events connected with the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. It was his custom annually to assemble around him, as their commanding general, the officers of the First Division Pennsylvania Volunteer Militia in their resplendent uniforms, and on other occasions the officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps then in the city.
His dinners to the Hibernian Society were jovial functions. The list of Philadelphia guests is endless, a few are given: John Jordan, Jr., Thomas Balch and Townsend Ward, of the Historical Society; Josiah Randall, Richard Vaux, William H. Rawle, Joseph Patterson, of the Western National Bank; Hon. Craig Biddle, Hon. John Welsh, William H. Drayton, John C. Bullitt, James L. Claghorn, John W. Forney, Henry C. Carey, the Cadwaladers, Morton McMichael, the Drexels, Willings, Doctors Rush, Gross, and Agnew, the two Brewsters, Henry C. Lea, Geo. W. Childs, the Wistars, Samuel Felton, the Thompsons, Frederick Fraley, the Hopkinsons, Whartons, and Welsh, Alexander Henry, Governors Bigler and Curtin, Simon Cameron, Louis A. Godey. There were also Generals Grant, Beauregard, Sherman, "Joe" Johnston, McClellan, "Prince" John Magruder, Fitz John Porter, Hancock, "Gettysburg" Pickett, Seth Williams, "Tom" Barry, Sewell, John Mercer Brooke, planner of the ram "Merrimack"—but why call the honor roll of that terrible conflict! Officers from the Ninth United States Infantry, First Artillery, from the Pacific slope, Seventeenth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, Pennsylvania Reserve Brigade, Second New Jersey Brigade, Second Division Third Corps, Army of the Potomac, the Washington Grays—a shadowy host, they pass and repass—shadows all!

One more gathering at the old Patterson Mansion and I am done. For days newsboys called through the streets, "Extra! General Patterson is dying!" Now, the long, busy life had reached its ending and the master of the mansion lay dead.

The body, attired in black, with medals of the Aztec, Cincinnati and the Loyal Legion on the breast, lay in state in the west parlor next the conservatory, in a rich casket covered with black cloth, with silver handles and silver plate on the lid, bearing the name and the
dates of birth and death—January 12, 1792, and August 7, 1881.

The public were permitted to view the remains by entering the house by the west side of the broad, front steps in single file, moving through the hallway into the parlor, and passing out in like manner at the east side of the entrance. The sad procession continued to file by without interruption till it was time to close the doors for the funeral services. General Grant had arrived early; General Hancock met the Loyal Legion at the St. George at ten o'clock, and marched to the house at their head, and General W. T. Sherman appeared in full uniform, wearing the badge of the Loyal Legion.

The services began at a quarter to eleven with prayer offered by Rev. Dr. Miller, and the Thirty-ninth Psalm and part of Corinthians XV read by Rev. Dr. Blackwood. Rev. Dr. De Witt then spoke of the patriotic, social and religious life of the deceased, giving a brief sketch of his youth and subsequent career; he had been brought up as a Calvinist, but in his charities he made no distinctions.

At fifteen minutes past eleven o'clock the funeral procession started for Central Laurel Hill, where the family burying grounds of the deceased are situated. The pall-bearers were General U. S. Grant, General W. T. Sherman, General Winfield Scott Hancock, General Fitz John Porter, Joseph Patterson, Judge Craig Biddle, Hon. John Welsh and William H. Drayton. The four civilians walked in front, Generals Hancock and Porter and Generals Grant and Sherman following.

Among those who were present beside those above mentioned were General Gershom Mott, General Schofield, General Charles P. Herring, General Hoffman, General H. G. Sickel, General Blake, General Tower, General G. R. Snowden, former Governor Hartranft,

A chronicler of the day, who knew him well, penned the following lines on learning of his death:

"A figure that made the past century live again has passed from his old familiar place. General Patterson's stately presence, the natural courtliness of his manner, his personal dignity, all combined to make up the type of man belonging to Colonial times rather than to the present, with its scant formalities and its leveling of old and young. Yet he was also a man of this century, active and keen, and thoroughly alive to the spirit of the hour; a gentleman of the old school, and yet a business man of to-day. He filled a large place in the social world of the city, conspicuously filled it; he had the social talent, cheerful always, even on the rare occasions when disease laid a finger on him; disputations enough to give the Irish dash to his controversy, but putting in his arguments in strong Johnsonian style. For, born Celt that he was, and a good public speaker, the quality of his oratory was not that of his fluent race; it was good, pithy rugged sense, as rugged and sturdy as though the Saxon had been his foregathers, and the Saxon he by no means either loved or would have preferred to be.
"His magnificent constitution was an inheritance to be proud of; it was a pleasure to look at him, with his columnar figure, his virile grace. He was built, in mind and body, for action and to last. Younger men wore out and dropped around him, his contemporaries in age, his intimates of the old days, long since passed out of sight, and still the old General, hearty and social, lived on to set the younger world the pattern of a physical and mental tenure and a rare vigor to the last. It was in his domestic and home circle that one characteristic was eminent—and the uniform homage he paid to all women was only the outward expression of his beautiful devotion to one who passed away years ago.

"Two pictures of the fine old figure linger pleasantly in the memory. A year ago in June, General Patterson was, for the last time, a member of the Board of Visitors at West Point. For many years he had not seen the place, and as he sat in the library during the examinations, and each cadet in turn was ordered to 'face General Patterson, sir,' all this rapidity and detail, and familiarity with mathematical and past warfare seemed a wonderful thing to him. On the platform for the graduating ceremonies were grouped Generals Sherman and Schofield, General Miles, the Indian fighter; General Wilson, the cavalry man, whose command captured Jeff Davis, and this veteran of the 'Last war and of three wars.' It was almost a military encyclopedia. General Patterson looked as if made of granite; but he felt himself, then, so feeble, that the few words, which as the veteran General there, he was expected to say, he had written down and handed to another speaker. But in rising to explain this, and to ask the indulgence of his young hearers, he dropped forty years at a bound, and dashed, for these budding lieutenants, into a brilliant and graphic description of the Mexican campaign. It was so far a voice from the past, and from a memory that went back to the de-
fenses of Philadelphia, in 1812, that General Sherman, following his speech, seemed like a boy beside him.

"Another, and the last—in May weather of this year two riders in the Park passed by a carriage drawn up beside one of the blossoming ravines. It was General Patterson's carriage, but the General was not in it. He was down the little slope picking 'Quaker Ladies' on the sunny hillside. This at eighty-nine, when most men are dulled and indifferent to the beauties of the outward world, especially to such humble little flowers as these were. It was a touch of the boy, in him, filling his hands with the delicate little blossoms. Across the long vista of business and battles, and all the details of life and society and events that his eyes had seen, he was still keen to enjoy and ardent to pursue this delicate conquest of nature's spring beauties.

"General Patterson was the senior of a list of octogenarian Philadelphians bound together by ties of manly affection, to whom the place of honor was accorded on all social and public occasions where they were participants. Prominent among these were William D. Lewis, Henry C. Carey and Joseph R. Chandler; they have all gone before him. He almost died in harness, clear in mind, and cheery in disposition to the last, ready for the eternal future—to use his own expressive language—with his 'knapsack packed.' ""