NOTES AND DOCUMENTS

I

Items from the Morris Family Collection of Robert Morris Papers

The Morris Family Collection of the papers of Robert Morris, merchant, financier, and patriot, recently on loan to the Pennsylvania Department of Archives by Colonel Robert Morris of "Wexford," Westtown, Pennsylvania, has an eloquence of its own. It is, unhappily, lacking in letters from Morris' most eminent contemporaries, Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Hancock, and Hamilton; and absent, too, are exchanges between the Chairman of Marine and that other associate of his, the great naval hero John Paul Jones. Yet the inclusions are most significant; and they offer a richness of illustrative detail to the historian and an opportunity for deepened insight to the biographer.

More avenues are laid open by the collection to the understanding of the complex and multifarious life of the American Republic in its first years and to a realization of the tireless, versatile, and comprehensive part played by Robert Morris during those decades when the United States were emerging as a nation. They afford another main source of information to be added to collections of Morrisania in The Historical Society of Pennsylvania and The New-York Historical Society, and elsewhere. Other materials relative to Morris' affairs were catalogued in 1917 by Stan V. Henkels as "The Confidential Correspondence of Robert Morris"; still other items have been assembled in microfilm in the Thomas Jefferson Collection at Princeton University; and the Library of Congress holds sixteen manuscript volumes, including Morris' official diary, from February 7, 1781, to September 30, 1784, covering his entire term of office as Superintendent of Finance and Agent of the Marine, and his official letter-books from December 22, 1794, to March 7, 1798. This last group was acquired by Congress after the death in 1896 of General John Meredith Read, an owner whose strange acquisition of these papers in France and whose long holding of them for a price
had combined all the elements of a detective story with the slanting avarice of a bibliophile.

This source material, together with the letters of Robert Morris published in Volume XII of *The Diplomatic Correspondence of the American Revolution*, compiled by Jared Sparks under direction of Congress in 1829–1830, the letters of Morris to Washington in Sparks’ *Correspondence of the American Revolution* (1853), and the numerous letters of instruction issued by Morris published in *Out-Letters of the Continental Marine Committee and Board of Admiralty, 1776–1780*, by the Naval History Society, New York (1914), is amplified by the Morris Family Collection. The whole provides a wealth of basic material for an extended, thorough, and animate portrayal of a long-neglected man, once a celebrity, the peer of statesmen and of patriots, and now almost forgotten except among eulogists and whitewashing apologists, or in the sentimental, amateur accounts of parlor biographers and historians.

Only two works of sustained length have appeared upon the subject of Robert Morris. In 1891 Professor William Graham Sumner published *The Financier and the Finances of the American Revolution*, a two-volume work in which, except in the final chapters, all sense of the man is lost amid the accounts of his office. In 1903 Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer brought out *Robert Morris, Patriot and Financier*, an, at times, thoroughly readable biography, but one, by its author’s candid admissions, limited in points of detail. A studied, but lesser work, “Robert Morris, the Financier of the Revolution,” was printed several times in the early years of the twentieth century in Edwin Erle Sparks’ *Men Who Made the Nation*; but this, like the contributions of both Sumner and Oberholtzer, was produced without the writer’s having had access to either “The Confidential Correspondence” or to the Morris family papers. For forty-two years, indeed, no important major study of Morris has been attempted. Surely the time has been ripening for a new examination into his whole career, one which will present a sustained and comprehensive account of all its phases and aspects. The present availability of the material in the Pennsylvania Department of Archives makes the production of such a biography feasible indeed.

To-day the Morris Family Collection represents items acquired both by direct inheritance and by re-acquisition through gift or
purchase. Like the flat silver of the financier and his diminutive traveler's writing desk, certain items have never been out of his heirs' possession. Among the materials in this category are two portraits of Morris by Gilbert Stuart; Morris' own record of the births of his children; accounts of charges to him for his room in the Prune Street Prison (their belated dates of payment suggesting the stern hardships which his wife, Mary White Morris, experienced in raising the humble amounts needed); the sheriff's writ, issued in the name of Blair McClenachan, and served at his country home "The Hills" (now Fairmount Park, Philadelphia) "on the body of Robert Morris, yeoman," when he was taken to prison for debt; numerous semi-official and private letters; business correspondence and records; printed prospectuses for the land companies which he organized and operated. Others, like pieces of furniture from the house on High (Market) Street which President Washington, during his residence in Philadelphia in the 1790's, rented from Morris, have been re-acquired, a strong sense of family loyalty, both towards their ancestor and all the kinsmen descended from him, prompting the garnering of all into the possession of the senior branch of Morris' posterity.

Harrisburg

Hubertis Cummings

Robert Morris Papers

The items from the Morris Family Collection presented below have been chosen because of their importance or because of such particular interest as is indicated in the introductory comment to each or in the accompanying footnotes. Breaks in the manuscript have been indicated in the usual way. The spelling and punctuation of the original has been maintained throughout.

The first letter, hitherto unpublished, may have been addressed to John Hancock, at the time in Baltimore and President of the Continental Congress. Its tone is semi-official, but it indicates the exceedingly great and varied responsibilities in public business which had fallen to Morris' lot since Congress had fled Philadelphia, and Washington had begun his campaign in New Jersey after the successful stroke at Trenton on December 26, 1776. As an untitled executive secretary for the Navy, Morris had considerably more to do than rejoice at the re-capture from the British of the Lexington. That Continental brigantine, once H.M. Brig Wild Duck, had traded hands twice before, been commanded on meteoric and prize-winning cruises by Captain John Barry during March and April, 1776, and again in the late summer of that year; then she was lost in October by another officer, and again re-taken by her American crew. Morris realized well enough that there would be other uses for
so doughty and maneuverable a man-of-war. But he had duties as well toward the Andrew Doria and the Sachem; toward paroled and to be paroled officers and crews; toward the Naval defense of the Capes and the Delaware Bay against British ships and Lord Howe; toward Naval relief for Washington’s armies, if they should be forced into retreat; toward the maintenance of trade with the West Indies and France; and toward such shipments of cargoes to France as would pay for the supplies which Silas Deane was now negotiating from that country. In brief, the letter was composed by a versatile, long-headed man who already had bundled within his capacity all the functions of a merchant, a quartermaster general, a secretary of the navy, a secretary for foreign affairs, and a secretary of the treasury. The Superintendent of Finance of 1781–1784 is here in considerably more than embryo. The letter is throughout in Morris’ hand and was signed by him.

Dear Sir,

I am favoured with yours of the 2d Inst and had much joy indeed, when I found the Lexington was arrived, because she would be a mischievous Enemy, altho a very good Friend in proper hands.

I have directed the Captain & Officers to proceed down to Baltimore immediately judging they will be wanted in fitting her out again. Capt Hallock1 can also distinguish the Goods that are for Account of the Public from those of other Account, I thank you for the promised care of those that are for me which I suppose to be the property of Mr. Cronio at the Cape,2 I would have them delivered to Mr. David Stewart3 to whom I give orders respecting them. Capt Hallock & his officers are under parole and I judge the Capt4 of the Pearle5 wou’d agree to release them from that Parole on giving him back his Midshipmen and Seamen from the Lexington, if this is

1 William Hallock, captain of the Wasp, used in April, 1776, to help convoy the sloop Betsy, outward bound during that month to carry Silas Deane, Congress’ first emissary to France, as far as Bermuda. In October, 1776, the Lexington, then commanded by him and bringing powder and military stores from the West Indies, was captured by the British 32-gun frigate Pearl.

2 That is, at Cap François, San Domingo, where Stephen Ceronio was Continental agent.

3 Maryland patriot, agent for Morris in Baltimore.

4 The commander of the Pearl, after taking its officers from the Lexington, placed aboard that ship a prize crew; and, during the dark stormy night which followed, their seventy-five American prisoners rose upon their British prize officers, recovered possession of the Lexington for America, then changed her course, ran her into Baltimore. To add to his disgrace at losing her, the acting lieutenant on the prize was dismissed from the royal navy.

5 A British frigate, of 44 guns, commanded by Andrew Snape Hammond; outwitted in its patrol of the Bay and the Capes by Barry of the Lexington in 1776, when he took prizes in the very waters which it guarded, and with a single gun shot gave it a salute of contempt on May 4.

Philad Jan’ 6th 1777
approved I will send on board the Roebuck & propose it [to] Capt Hamond from whom I rec'd a polite letter copy whereof I transmit to Congress. The Sloop Race Horse, (Prize to the Andrew Doria) is now come in. I mentioned in a letter to Congress some time since a desire to fit this vessell out in the Service & I wish you wou'd procure such an order & that Lieut Dun, whose birthright it is, be appointed to command her. He is the oldest Lieut in the service of Capt Biddle & Capt Isaiah Robinson wh whom he sailed give him the Character of a good officer. This Prize being an armed & commissioned Vessell of War belonging to King George the Officers and Seamen of the And Doria are entitled to the whole as also to a bounty on the Guns & Men which I will see to have justly settled and if the Congress order the Sloop to be fitted I will order the purchase of her when condemned. No Tidings of the Sachem yet, I fear she will not escape the Enemy for they are very thick on our Coast and have already taken several good cargoes from us. They are so post[ed?] that Capt Biddle cannot possibly get past them and as this place seems now pretty secure I am not so anxious for him to run the Risque, as formerly, but had they come here with the British army I was deter-

6 The Race Horse, prize to the Andrew Doria, was used for a time as a sloop in the American service; and then, with the ship which had taken her, was burned on orders from Captain Isaiah Robinson lest she fall into the hands of Howe, coming up the Bay in the autumn of 1777 to occupy Philadelphia.

7 A Continental brig, taken by the Naval Committee in November, 1775, and since then in service, captained in 1776 by Nicholas Biddle. Under him the Andrew Doria cruised in New England waters, and was a part of the miniature American fleet which Commodore Esek Hopkins so ineffectually commanded.

8 This was Benjamin Dunn, who in April, 1777, was made captain of the sloop Surprise, to serve first on duties in Delaware Bay under Captain Isaiah Robinson, in that year made commander of the Andrew Doria, and subsequently on a mission to St. Nicholas Mole in Hispaniola, whence he was to bring supplies back to the first convenient American port. Cruising privileges were also designated to him, from which if he were fortunate, he could send any prizes which he took to French ports in the West Indies.

9 Robinson, besides being senior Continental captain of the fleet in November, 1777, had been earlier captain of the 10-gun sloop Sachem, which as the Edward, a tender to the British frigate Liverpool, had been a prize captured by Barry during the previous spring, later bought by the Marine Committee, then converted and re-named.

10 Despite Morris' apprehension the Sachem got back to Philadelphia. She cleared again from that port in March, 1777.

11 In March, 1778, Captain Nicholas Biddle, commanding the 32-gun frigate Randolph, engaged the 64-gun British ship of the line Yarmouth and, after a most heroic battle, the Randolph exploded. Biddle and the Randolph's crew of 311 men were lost.
mined to have made a bold attempt to push out every Vessel we had here & so given them the chance that was left. However we shall now get time to finish the whole whenever our Tradesmen return but at present we cannot go on for our want of them and I have sent . . . . . . Boats of our whole Fleet up the River to be ready to assist our Army in crossing thither should any misfortune happen them. I wish most sincerely that our Tradesmen was . . . . we might finish the two Galleys & send them to molest the Roebuck & her Companions in the Bay, however we cannot perform all we wish let us do what we can & when Genl Howe is got the better of, we will turn our thoughts again to Marine affairs at present the Land Service affords us ample employment & will do so untill something decisive happens. One of my letters to Congress would inform you when Mr. Smith returned & the success he met in opening his office, but you must know I prevailed on two Gent that were going to N England with considerable Sums of Money to give Mr. Smith the money & take Loan Office Certificates as this wou'd put the thing in motion, and to prevent their being disapointed I gave them letters to the Continental Agents requesting th[eir] assistance in procuring these Gent\'s money for those notes wherever they might want it & finally promised if they cou'd not succeed in getting money in that Country for the Certificates that I wou'd send it to them from hence the rest I got People to lend and as I find some People who have money & wou'd lend it dont choose to have their names appear as lenders, I will take the Certificates in my name & then pay them for their money, in . . . . my D Sir I will promote this business by all means in

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12 Happily, Washington's victories at Trenton and Princeton made unnecessary the use of the Delaware River fleet to stave off the dire misfortune which Morris had been dreading.

13 General Howe was "got the better of," when the victory at Princeton, which had occurred three days earlier than the date of the letter, forced Cornwallis to fall back on northeastern New Jersey and New York.

14 One month after this letter of January 6, 1777, Morris' thoughts were so well "turned" to "Marine affairs" that by consent of Congress he was placing John Paul Jones in command of an expedition which virtually annulled the ineffectual Commodore Esek Hopkins' command of the Continental fleet, and which presently led to that inept officer's dismissal.

15 This was probably Isaac Smith, appointed in March, 1777, Continental commissioner to adjust prize accounts. It may possibly have been Robert Smith, partner of Joseph Hewes in Hewes & Smith, of Edenton, North Carolina, Agent for the State of North Carolina, friend of Captain John Paul Jones, and interested in marine affairs.
my power. I am perfectly satisfied to have Alderman Lee\(^{16}\) joined with my Brother\(^{17}\) in the Continental business being convinced it will promote the Public good but at the same time such Commission or Compensation should be allowed as will be sufficient for two instead of one, and I am confident they will both earn what they are to receive. The quantity of Tob\(^{9}\) we should ship to France ought to have no limit & sorry I am, that the vigilance of our Enemies, the scarcity of ships & seamen with many other causes keeps us from making the necessary progress, but our difficulties in this respect are almost insurmountable. I think we shall be in debt in every quarter, we must owe money in Martinico, St Eustatia & Cape Francois and I wish to remit to these places instantly if possible we must be heavily in debt in old France if Mr. Deane succeeds & whether he does or not we shall otherways be in debt if the Goods ordered are shipped. As things are now circumstanced the chance of getting out Merchant Ships is against us, but I wou'd propose sending the Lexington & all our small cruisers into the West Indies with orders to carry their Prizes into the French Islands & send proper powers to Mr. Bingham & to sell there in all cases that are clearly within the Laws of Congress, and in all probability these vessels will pay off your Debts & provide fresh Funds for further importations. If . . . . . . you approve of this idea get the Congress to grant Mr. Bingham\(^{18}\) a Commission or to empower the Marine Committee to give him instructions suited thereto, it may be very useful & cannot hurt us in any I hope

I am now at the 7th & have recd the letter from the Secret Committee\(^{19}\) of the 4th and congratulate you on the safe arrival of Cap't

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\(^{16}\) This appointment was carried into effect; and William Lee, brother of Arthur Lee, known as 'Alderman' because he had been in 1775 chosen an alderman of London, crossed over from England to France in June, 1777, and entered upon duties with Thomas Morris at Nantes as commercial agent for the Secret Committee of Congress.

\(^{17}\) Morris' half-brother Thomas, eventually renegade.

\(^{18}\) William Bingham had been appointed at the end of May or in the first days of June, 1776, to represent the Committee of Secret Correspondence in the French West Indies, following upon a resolution of Congress of May 18. He had been active at Martinique since the 1st of August, 1776, and had, for some time before this letter was written, been authorized to receive there for the United States any cargoes sent from France by the firm of Roderigue Hortalez & Cie., corporate pseudonym for Beaumarchais.

\(^{19}\) Continental Congress' early committee on foreign affairs.
Welsh, whom I had given up as taken by the Enemy. Capt Vieary who sailed with him is carried into New York. I am called upon by all the agents I have employed in the purchase of Tobacco for more money and must send it to them, but I think it is much better it shou’d be sent from Baltimore than that I shou’d send it from hence where Money is so much wanted & daily called for the purchase is considerable & really amounts to a great deal of money and if we can but get the Goods to Market which in due time I hope we shall, it will make our affairs easy. As I judge it will be too troublesome to the Committee to divide this money amongst my Correspondants I propose sending down an order in favour of Mr. David Stewart & then I will give him directions to send by express the sums necessary to each & I immagine it will require 80 to 100,000 Dollars to compleat the orders I have given them at different times which am’t to several thousand hhds of Tob, the particulars of which I cannot ascertain here as my papers are out of town. I will write to the Secret Committee on this subject when I draw the bill & am in haste Dr Sir

Your Obedt hle Serv’t
Rob’t Morris

This autographed and signed letter, however mysterious in tone, is transparent enough in its import, addressed as it was to John Bradford, Naval Agent at Boston for the Continental Congress, and designed to protect secret American negotiations with France.

Philad. Jany 23d. 1777

Dear Sir

The enclosed letter is of very great Consequence to the Public and ought to reach France soon as possible at the same time we must guard most carefully against its falling into the hands of our Enemies and I beg you will seek for a good Conveyance to any part of Europe [stricken out], France or Spain, and enjoin the captain or person with whom you entrust it, to have it slung ready, & let it be thrown overboard rather than any Enemy shou’d get it.

Hezekiah Welch, “Old Welsh,” whom John Barry was later to call “superannuated” when he was serving under him as a second lieutenant on the Alliance, had not been taken; but his ship, the Boston, was lost in 1780 in the capture of Charleston by the British.
And if it goes to Nantes, enclose it under cover to Messrs. Pliarne Penet & C°. Tell them to open the Cover directed to Messrs. Delap (for that is only a Cover) & then forward the letter they will find enclosed immediately to Paris agreeable to the direction, at Havre de Grace Mr. Andrè Limozin will do the same & so may Messrs Jos Gardoqui & Sons at Bilbao but it may not be safe to trust any others with this secret unless it goes to a place where you can depend on the Fidelity of some good Friend of well known attachment to our cause. I am sure you will do the needful & remain with sincere esteem Dtr Sir

Your Obedt & hble Servt
Robt Morris

John Bradford Esq.
Boston

The manuscript of this incomplete and unsigned autograph letter is at two points badly fragmented; but enough survives of Morris' text to reveal that during the first year of American Independence privateers felt about as free to prey upon the commerce of another State as to effect captures from the common foe, Britain. The addressee is again unindicated; but there can be no doubt as to what Commonwealth he belonged to.

Philad. Feby 7th. 1777

Dear Sir

I have already wrote you two or three official letters this morning & now come to treat of what concerns myself & my friends, the only private letter I have of yours unanswered is dated the 16 Dec't which indeed does not require any reply, and you wou'd learn by a letter I wrote you some time since that I suspected some of yours

21 Morris had many transactions with this company at Nantes, with which he seems to have become identified as a member by September, 1777. At that time he addressed his brother Thomas in care of Morris, Pliarne, Penet and Co., and requested that they meet drafts to be made upon them by Thomas Willing, Esq., up to £500, Sterling.

22 Messrs. Samuel and J. H. Delap, sometime Continental agents at Bordeaux.

23 Le Havre figured much less than Nantes in French-American trade during the Revolutionary struggle.

24 Letters from the Marine Committee in 1779 to the Commissioners of the Navy Board of the Eastern Department make clear that American traffic continued for some time to the Spanish port at Bilbao, tobacco being exchanged there for “rigging, sail cloth, powder, lead and such other articles” as the Department required.
to me must have miscarried indeed it was clearly so, as you wrote respecting the purchase of a Vessell, as if I had been previously made acquainted with the circumstances which I never was. I long to hear from you in answer to my letter of the 24 Dec. & think it is now high time untill such answer comes I can say nothing respecting any purchases or speculations you may have made, except that I deem myself bound by my orders & shall cheerfully acquiesce therewith. I wrote you lately respecting a Brigh called the Joseph Cap Mosely belonging to my Friends Hewes & Smith of Edenton N. Carolina it seems she was taken by a Privateer from Newbury Port, the papers are now before Congress & I suppose will be transmitted from them to your President & Council. Whilst I was writing this letter, Mr. Josiah Hewes of this City, Brother to Mr. Jos. Hewes of N. Carolina called on me with Copies of the sundry papers that are laid before Congress, all of which I transmit you herewith together with Mr. Hewes’ letter to his Brother, and really if your State do not take up this matter as they ought & procure effectual remedy & redress for the Injuries already done & to prevent the like in future, we may bid adieu to our Union, and Submit at once to the Galling Yoak of Great Britain, for that will assuredly be the Consequence of these Piracys on one another. This is the Second Vessell Mr. Hewes has had treated in this way & it is intolerable, you never informed us when his other Brigh the Fanny Cap Tokely sailed, I should be glad to know that & what measures you took with Cap Payne who seems to be the owner of the present Pirate. The papers sent relative to this

25 The affair of the brigantine Joseph, Captain Emperor Moseley, and the privateer Eagle, commanded by Brazilla Smith, and said (by the complainants, Hewes and Smith) to be the property of Elijah Freeman Paine, of Boston, is set forth in detail in the Colonial Records of North Carolina, X, 996–997. After being detained at Cadiz by British ships of war patrolling off that Spanish port, the Joseph set sail again for Edenton and presently with her cargo of “3,000 bushels of salt, a quantity of wine, Jesuit’s bark, and other articles of a very considerable value was seized and made a prize of” by the Massachusetts skipper.

26 Hewes and Smith were a firm of merchants and shippers with which Morris, as a merchant, had had frequent transactions. The senior member of the company was Joseph Hewes, signor of the Declaration of Independence, member of the Marine Committee of Congress, and sponsor to John Paul Jones in his first appointment to the American Navy as lieutenant on the Alfred. The junior member was Robert Smith, to whom Jones had been introduced by his brother James Smith, Masonic sponsor to Jones at Kirkcudbright, Scotland, and who had the distinction of introducing that subsequent celebrity to those North Carolinians who fostered his first successes in America.
affair are, Cap't Moselys affidavit respecting the Capture a memorial & remonstrance from the State of N°. Carolina to the State of Massachusetts Bay a letter from their President to the Presid't. of Massachusetts a memorial from the State of N°. Carolina to the General Congress a letter from their President to the President of Congress an Invoice of valuation of Vessell & Cargo—Jos. Hewes his letter to his Brother Josiah Hewes & also an extract of Hewes & Smith's letter to me. by which you will see they ultimately fix their dependance on me to procure justice & take care of their Interest but what shall I say as to their Brigh, supposing her to have arrived safe, it surely cannot be possible that any judge has or ever will condemn her, she must then most probably be waiting for orders, I make no doubt but Congress will write spiritedly to your State on this subject, and in the mean time you may be pleased to communicate these papers to them, remonstrate against the owner & Comm' of this Privateer for this Act of Piracy, Claim Vessell & Cargo wit [h] Damages, sue them for the whole & pro...................... the Captain if it can be done as a P. a Rascall deserves hanging without N. such villains as this that disgr. & will ruin our Cause, if Mr Pay27......................... same person that took the Fanny I s......................... a premeditated plan to Seize every......................... & he shou'd be prosecuted accordingly. on Letters of Marque in which......................... away & they never be entrusted with any again. Value put on the Vessell & Cargo is not equal to what they cou'd sell for here at this time & had she performed her voyage they would have sold higher in N°. Carolina

Shou'd this Vessell & Cargo be in your Port I think the Owners of the Privateer shou'd be condemned to deliver her up to the Owners in N°. Carolina, that they shou'd pay the full value for everything embezzled that they should pay for loss of time, wear & tear that a master & hands shou'd be hired to carry her to Edenton in N°. Carolina, the Vessell & Cargo to be returned there & the Owners to pay all the Cost, this I hope you will have done & send her to the Owners

27 The Mr. Pay—, who conjecturally took the Fanny, is not left anonymous by the fragmented condition of his name in this letter.
soon as possible, they want vessels in North Carolina, having cargoes waiting for them... so it will not do for them to sell her, they...

want salt, Bark & all the other Articles there... as they can anywhere. In short all... on this subject is, that if you get the... er be well fitted with Sails, Rigging an... r Valued before the Sails & send her to... ewes & Smith at Edenton with as much of... as you can get, put in a good honest... aster, Insure the Value of the Cargo & advis... she is to sail & when she does sail. I depend... to do everything in your powers

The following letter to William Bingham, all of it in a clerk’s hand except the signature, which is Morris’, was written six weeks after Washington’s two victories at Trenton (December 26, 1776) and Princeton (January 3, 1777), had thrown back Cornwallis, saved southern New Jersey and Philadelphia from seizure by General Howe in the winter of 1776–1777, and established the broad barrier which prohibited British land communications between New York and the southern states. On December 26 Morris wrote congratulations to Washington: “Good news sets all the animal spirits to work” (Jared Sparks: Correspondence, Letters to Washington, I, 312). On December 27 Congress in Baltimore bestowed upon Washington “full, ample, and complete powers” (Nathaniel Wright Stephenson and Waldo Hilary Dunn: Washington, I, 382); and quickly thereupon Morris, with his two aides in routine business at Philadelphia under appointment of Congress, George Clymer and George Walton, was sending the new “dictator” word: “Happy it is for the country, that the General of its forces can safely be entrusted with the most unlimited power, and neither personal security, liberty or property in the least degree be endangered thereby” (Stephenson and Dunn: Washington, I, 382).

Moreover, during January, 1777, Robert Morris had been assiduous in procuring and forwarding funds in hard money to aid Washington’s army, not to mention a quarter cask of wine which he sent off to the General on December 30, during the elation of his own spirit.

Philadelphia Feb. 12th 1777

William Bingham Esq'

Sir

I have rec’d many of your letters since I wrote you any and doubt not you have been very uneasy for the fate of Philadelphia altho you will no doubt learn from many parts of the Continent before this gets to hand that we are still safe after a very narrow escape but thank God our affairs now wear a much better face & I have good hopes
they never can get possession of this place, my time is so totally engaged one way or other that I cannot just now give you any detail of what has passed or to enter on political matters, I send you some newspapers and must refer you to them—The Congress are at Baltimore and have been since the middle of December, I am here in a Committee of Congress that engages most of my time, I long to hear of the safe arrival of Mr. Pregent he had a very narrow escape at our capes but a miss is as good as a mile and if he got safe I dare say Capt. Ord & you have done something clever together by this time.—I am loading the sloop independance with some indigo & flour and believe she will in a very little time go back to your address, the sachem is also getting ready but her voyage not yet determined on—I rec'd. the sundry goods you shipped in good order by these vessels and have made good sales of them the accounts whereof shall be furnished soon—The sloop morris is not arrived nor have I heard any tidings of her. The brig intended for no carolina was not arrived there the 6th January—From no carolina I have not heard of a long time but approve of all the concerns you have given me in the several adventures mentioned & I cannot at this time reply to your sundry letters as during the late fright I sent away my family, books, papers, money &c. My family are still in Maryland and I have but just got back my books &c so that it will take some time to enter and arrange the business I have been doing since they went away. I hope Mr. Pregent will send back the ship esperance here loaden with molasses, if he does and she gets in, the voyage will make a ministerial fortune that article has been sold from 18/ to


29 The Independence cleared successfully from Philadelphia in March, 1777, but came to grief in April, 1778, when her captain, John Young, wrecked her on Ocracoke bar.

30 Indigo and flour, delivered at Martinique, meant to Morris means of payment for arms and military supplies which he hoped were coming thither from France.

31 Despite his assiduous work as a statesman in the American cause, Morris, naturally enough, always retained his interests as a merchant and was never disinclined to the making of a fortune. Before he would accept the office of Superintendent of Finance in 1781, he stipulated that Congress must leave him free, while in that incumbency, to continue his private commercial connections. He had procured for himself "relaxation from business with the least injury to the interests of my family . . . by engaging in certain commercial establishments with persons in whom I had perfect confidence as to their integrity, honour, and abilities"
I98 NOTES AND DOCUMENTS April

20/ p gallon Rum 25/ to 30/ Coffee 4/ to 5/ pr lb Cotton 4/ to 7/6 p lb. Muscovado 160/ to 200/ p c*. You may be sure these prices also make me very desirous the Brig Cornelia & Molly shoud bring back the Molasses ordered by the Owners as well as the other things I long to see her & the ship Becky as my design is for them to visit you again—I have just rec'd advice from Baltimore that determines me to send Young\textsuperscript{32} to you again soon as possible & others shall follow, you may depend on my best endeavours to push forward Remittances to you both on Publick and Private Account\textsuperscript{33} Remember I pay your draft to Capt. Young & charge you for the amount accordingly you shall soon hear very fully from me

I am sir
Yours &c
Rob* Morris

William Bingham Esq\textsuperscript{r}

Sir

You will find enclosed herein an Invoice & bill of Loading for 31 casks of the best Carolina Indico containing 8795\textsuperscript{lb} & 35 bbls of Superfine flour the whole amounting to £4731.18.6 this currency being Invoiced at the real cost, by which you will see how high a price these articles stand in here and we hope you will exert yourself to make them bring an equivalent in Martinico, You will sell these Goods to the best advantage and place the proceeds to our Credit you must supply Cap Young with what may be necessary to pay the charges of the Sloop & transmit us his receipt for the same, we hope

(William Graham Sumner: The Financier and the Finances of the American Revolution, Dodd, Mead, and Company, New York, 1891, I, 265). Instinctively he clung to his privilege of free enterprise. Yet in his formal letter of acceptance of the office, on May 14, he relinquished this private prerogative lest business “transacted by myself, give rise to illiberal reflections, equally painful to me and injurious to the public” (Sumner, I, 266).

\textsuperscript{32} Captain John Young was for some time in the employ of Morris and Company. In 1778 he was to command their schooner Buckskin, mounting 6 guns, having a tonnage of 55, and a crew of 15 men. As officer of the letter-of-marque Impertinent, in Captain Barry’s fleet off Cape May on July 16, 1779, he had the honor of capturing the British sloop-of-war Harlem.

\textsuperscript{33} Morris’ letters are always very punctilious in distinguishing public and private accounts.
he will be very moderate in those charges and to be so, he must make dispatch to which we expect you will contribute all in your power.

We have been advised by Mr. Deane that he should ship to your address this Winter considerable supplies of Military Stores clothing &c per account & risque of the Continent, there is little doubt but some or all of these are with you before this date, and if so, you will please to ship a proportion of them onboard this sloop Independence\textsuperscript{34} consigned to our order & transmit us invoice & bill of loading for what you ship. The Articles most wanted are good Soldier Musquets Brass Field pieces, Powder, Tent Cloth, & Soldiers Cloathing. Send as many of these articles as may make the value of the Sloop from £3000 to £5000 Sterling first cost and you cannot be in too much haste in getting them away. Should any disappointment have taken place & the stores from Mr. Deane have not arrived, You will then purchase as much of the articles already mentioned as you can & dispatch the Sloop back with them.

The Hornet\textsuperscript{35} Cap Nicholson went from hence to Charles Town South Carolina from whence she proceeds to you with Rice & Indigo [sic.] We hope she will arrive safe and you must also send her directly back for this Coast with similar supplys to those now ordered by the Independance and we shall continue making you remittances as fast as we can get opportunities of doing it with any tolerable degree of safety Flour is very scarce & dear\textsuperscript{36} here & will continue so,

\textsuperscript{34} The Independence got back safely to Philadelphia not long after Morris wrote this letter. The cargo which Captain Young brought on this sloop should have been gratifying to the members of Marine Committee.

\textsuperscript{35} The Continental sloop Hornet experienced a number of mischances during her naval career. Fleeing from the British frigate Roebuck, in March, 1776, her captain, William Stone, ran her ashore on the Egg Island flats. Extricated from there, repaired at Philadelphia, and restored to service under Captain Hallock, she proved a "leaky, untrustworthy tub" in John Barry's view, as in the following May he maneuvered with her and the Reprisal and the Lexington to draw the Liverpool in the Overfalls, and failed in his purpose; and was kept for a time thereafter at anchor under the Cape. Made seaworthy again in the autumn of 1776, she faced blockade, under a new officer, John Nicholson, in the Port of Philadelphia, when the fleet of Howe threatened the Bay. But now, in February, 1777, she has cleared the harbor, is on her way to Charleston, South Carolina, and Martinique, where Morris counts upon her being re-laden with supplies useful to America and General Washington.

\textsuperscript{36} His detractors would say that Morris entertained no doubts about the increase of price in any commodity which Morris and Company might sell.
as the last crops were the worst ever known & the consumption & destruction of two armies is immense

We are Sir

Your Obed' hble Servants

Rob't Morris

Chairman

For & by order of the Secret Committee of Congress

To Will'm Bingham, Esq

Agent of the United States of America at Martinico

by Cap Young

Robert Morris' multiple official duties in 1776-1777 did not all lapse from him after his becoming Superintendent of Finance to Congress in 1781. As one who had been actively interested in the American Navy during its first months of service, with instructions to transmit to it from the Secret Committee, he was still in 1782 a busy executive in the Marine Office. Then as in earlier years, he was both the sponsor and director of Captain John Barry, commander in 1776 of the Lexington and the subsequent hero of the frigate Alliance on a number of historic and triumphant cruises. Inter-state politics had hampered preferments for Barry despite Morris' support of him, but the intrepidity and the skill of the Captain had made him famous long before the dates of the following letters. At the end of 1781, after Yorktown, John Barry's celebrated frigate had had the honor of carrying Lafayette, the Vicomte de Noailles, Major General du Portail, and other distinguished French allies of America back to their native land, on instructions from Robert Morris.

Philadelphia Jan'y 5th 1782

Dear Sir

I have written to Messrs Le Couteulx & Co Bankers in Paris, for some articles, which are wanted for my Family, shou'd any of them be ready for embarkation, whilst you are at L'Orient, & their Bulk

37 Morris' dealings with this company of Paris bankers were not limited by any means to private transactions. A letter of September 27, 1782, from the Office of Finance indicates a deposit of five hundred thousand dollars, being made by him with them through Benjamin Franklin, and contains official instructions for the use of the sum in modes of exchange definitely to the advantage of America. (Sparks' Diplomatic Correspondence, XII, 261-262).
such as to permit your taking them onboard, without incommoding the Ship, or yourself, I shou’d be glad of such a good Conveyance for them; but I do not wish this, on any other terms, than its not incommoding the Ship in any degree whatever. I most sincerely wish you every success you can desire, and am

Sir

Your most obedient Serv’t
Robt Morris

John Barry, Esq
Commanding the Frigate Alliance
in the Service of the United States

Marine Office 24\textsuperscript{th} May 1782

Sir

His Excellincy the Minister of France\textsuperscript{39} has just now applied to me for your aid in a matter of great importance to the Allied Nations. It gives me much pleasure to be able to comply with his wishes, and I am persuaded it will be equally agreeable to you.—There is now lying in Boston Harbor a Ship which is to be convoyed to St Domingo.—the vessel destined to that service is the Emerald commanded by Captain Querny and now lying at New Port from whence she is to proceed immediately for Boston.—The object\textsuperscript{40} of this voyage requires both secrecy and dispatch, you must therefore by no means disclose your views and you must not loose a moment in commencing, or suffer yourself to be diverted by the pursuit of any vessels in prosecuting it.\textsuperscript{41}—I hope that when this letter reaches you, your ship will be ready for sea or at least very shortly after.—You will proceed directly to New Port.—You are to put yourself under the orders of the Captain of the Emerald from

\textsuperscript{38} It should be noted that, while Morris, now Superintendent of Finance, was willing to have private purchases brought to him on the frigate \textit{Alliance}, he was scrupulous not to have them brought if in any way incommoding to the ship or its officer.

\textsuperscript{39} The Chevalier de la Luzerne, then in Philadelphia.

\textsuperscript{40} The intended mission of the French frigate \textit{L'Emerald}, commanded by the Chevalier de Quesny was presently forgone, and Captain Barry did not have to experience the chagrin of sailing under the command of a Frenchman of lesser rank than his own.

\textsuperscript{41} Morris’ caution to Barry was warranted enough, but that taker of prizes from the British could hardly welcome such counsel with enthusiasm.
the time you join untill your arrival at St. Domingo and that, notwithstanding any seniority of Rank through holding an older or higher Commission, should that be the case. You will therefore receive your signals &ca from Monsr Quernay, and to the utmost of your power comply with his views.—My perfect knowledge of your Zeal and good disposition renders it unnecessary to recommend the cultivation of Harmony & friendship, which I should otherwise do from my conviction how essential it is to success in general and how useful under the circumstances in which the Allied Nations are placed with respect to each other.—Thomas Russel Esq of Boston is my deputy for the four Eastern States, you will therefore apply to him on your arrival at Boston and concert such matters as may be necessary.

I have written letters by various opportunities to the French and Spanish Admirals in the West Indies, for the purpose of obtaining a protection for our Trade, and also for that of sending a Frigate to the Havannah to aid in bringing the remittances of specie expected from thence. You will wait upon those Gentlemen wheresoever they may be, if together, but if separated you need only apply to the French Admiral to whom I will write a letter by you, which you will meet at Boston if you do not sooner receive it. It is not possible to give you precise orders for your conduct after you shall have seen the Count de Grasse, because much will depend upon his arrangements. I trust that he will at any Rate send a good Frigate with you. You must repair to the Havanna as soon as circumstances will permit, and when you shall have arrived at that place give notice to Mr. Smith, Mr. Seagrove and any other Gentlemen concerned in the American Trade of your future destination.—You must take on Board such monies as they may think proper to ship, and bring it into such safe Port as you can make. The freight is two per Cent on the Money of private persons, which shall belong to you.—You must make this whole voyage as speedily as you can, You are not therefore to cruize. During your voyage out you will as I have already observed be under the orders of Captain Quernay.—On your return, should you have money on Board, you must avoid any action if

42 France, Spain, and the United States.
43 Wealthy Boston merchant, and Deputy Agent of Marine for New England.
44 James Seagrove, whom Barry esteemed as a reputable merchant at Havanna.
possible.—Should you stand in need of any assistance during your absence you will apply at St. Domingo to Mr. Ceronio and at the Havannah to Mr. Smith.—

If contrary to my expectations anything should have happened to prevent your proceeding immediately, you must in such case inform Mr. Quernay of the delay and concert your measures with him for a Junction.—But it is very important that you should Join him at New Port, indeed you must be convinced of this as the number of the Enemy’s Cruizers might otherwise delay, if not endanger a Single Vessel.

I am

Sir

Your most obed’t Serv’t.

Rob’t Morris

P. S. This letter will be sent to you by

Mons’ de la Luzerne

it is left open for his perusal.

Marine Office, May 24th, 1782

Sir

I have already written your instructions for the new voyage, they will be forwarded by his Excellency The Chev’t. De La Luzerne who will probably write to you also and you will most cheerfully pay all proper attention to the contents of his letters. You will deliver the enclosed letters to Mr. Mumford and Mr. Russell as soon as you see them and I hope these Gentlemen will supply you most expeditiously with such things as may be absolutely necessary but as the Marine Treasury is very poor let me prevail on you not to put us to any expense that you can with propriety avoid. You will probably procure as many men as you want at New London, Rhode Island and Boston so as to make a good crew without losing any time. The nature of your present voyage requires dispatch and I expect your utmost exertions to accomplish what is desired of you. I observe that your Officers want money—what sums can be spared for them must be paid in Boston respecting which I shall write to

45 Thomas Mumford, Continental Agent for Connecticut.
Mr. Russell and you at that place. I shall also by Mr. Wm. Morris your Lieut of marines reply to your letter of the 16th instant being Sir

Yr Obedient Hble Servant
Rob't Morris

Jno. Barry esqr.
Commanding the frigate
Alliance

Sir

I received last evening a letter from the Minister of France by which he informs me that Circumstances have not only prevented the Convoy from leaving Boston so soon as was expected but have rendered it very uncertain when they will sail. It will therefore be unnecessary for you to go on that Expedition—The Minister prays me to present you his Thanks for your willingness on this occasion and expresses a Hope that on some other occasion he may have Recourse to it. You will easily conceive that these sentiments so flattering to you are pleasing to me and you will I hope be convinced that I have a proper sense of that Conduct which has excited them.—I now revoke the orders formerly given to you and desire that you will get everything in Readiness to proceed on a Cruize by the next proper Opportunity I will transmit my Instructions

I am Sir
Your most obedient Servant
Rob't Morris

Captain Barry of the Alliance

P. S. Seal the Letters for Cape Francois send them enclosed to the Consul at Boston requesting in my name that they may be forwarded ——

46 This was William White Morris, second son to Robert Morris, whose waywardness, while he traveled abroad in 1796, troubled his parents much, but who came home in 1797 to help manfully in straightening out Morris' tangled accounts, and died of the fever in Philadelphia in 1798, when his grief-stricken father was in Prune Street Prison.

47 Barry regretted neither loss of opportunity to serve under de Quesny nor having compliments paid him by the Chevalier de la Luzerne.

48 This postscriptum direction was meant to secure the return to Philadelphia of the letters which Morris had expected to be carried by the captain of the Alliance to the Allied admirals and other officials in the West Indies.
The \textit{sang froid} of Gouverneur Morris evinced in the following letter to Robert Morris is obvious enough. Yet the communication contains, after all, more than cool wit and detached wisdom; and, beyond the sincerity of the friendship of the American Minister to France for his former superior in the office of the Superintendent of Finance, it speaks solemn truth. Elsewhere unnoticed in print or publication, the editor of the miscellany of letters presented above considers it a fine item to add to stories of the relations of the two celebrated Morrices.

Seinport 25 April 1794

My dear friend

This will accompany the Duplicate of what I wrote on the 27th of last month. The weather continues fine or to use a more apposite Expression it is hot. About the temperature of our month of June. Such promise of Fruits and of all Vegetable Productions was never seen. Is indeed a miracle in Nature considering the Latitude for at this moment all the Fruits are formed. The Strawberries in full Blossom. The Apples are Set. The Vines not in Blossom but the future Clusters already mark'd. In the Lawn now under my Eye I have Grass lodg'd some of it a yard high. In short it is Difficult to persuade one's self that the Dates are just. This Advance in the Season will probably save us from the Horrors of Famine. A Frost is possible but there seems to be but little Reason for apprehending it.

Since my last there have been abundant Executions at Paris and the Guillotine goes on smartly. It was a Matter of great Doubt, before the Blow was struck, which Party was strongest. Perhaps the Victory depended on the first Stroke. Danton when condemned or shortly before it told his Judges that he had observ'd in Reading History that men generally perish'd by the Instruments of Destruction which they had themselves created. I (says he) created the Interval Revolutionaire by which I am shortly to be destroy'd. Shakespeare had made Macbeth pronounce the same dreadful Sentence on the wickedly ambitious long ago. "For still 'tis found that we but teach bloody Instructions which when taught return to plague the Inventor. This even handed Justice commends the Ingredients of our poisoned Chalice to our own Lips." God only knows who next is to drink out of the same cup but as far as I can judge there is no want of Liquor. The rest depends on Circumstances. Adieu my dear Friend. Remember me to all those who remember me and believe me

Yours

Gouv' Morris
Beyond such inclusions as have just been presented, other outstanding contents of this collection embrace:

April 23, 1776: MORRIS TO MAJOR GENERAL CHARLES LEE, a letter praising the spirit of the Virginians, of their Convention, their Committee of Safety, and other Public Bodies; and endorsing the principle of having "the Military" always under the control of "Civil Authority." A. L. S.

March 29, 1779: MORRIS TO JOSEPH REED, a courteous letter indicating candidly his attitude toward Reed and his dissatisfaction with the Constitution of Pennsylvania. Draft in the writer's own hand, signed with his initials.


June 15, 1781: MORRIS TO NECKER. Morris had recently been elected but not yet taken his oath or commission as Superintendent of Finance, wrote an extended letter to Necker, designed to ask counsel of that expert, but never completed and never sent it. A. L.

N. B. Interestingly enough, Morris wrote to General Washington on the same day, expressing dubiety about accepting the office and his determination not to assume it before certain reforms should be effected within the Pennsylvania Assembly, in which he wished, until that eventuation, to retain his seat. This was in the summer during which Morris' greatest services to the Continental Army were performed, prior to the victory at Yorktown in October.

December 15 and 24, 1781: TWO LETTERS BETWEEN SAM'L BEANE AND ROBERT MORRIS, in which the former insinuatingly proposes that Morris play traitor to the American cause and in which Morris courteously but manfully rebuffs the proponent. Beane's letter is A. L. S.; Morris' is written in his own hand but, as a retained draft, only initialed.

May 26, 1797: ROBERT MORRIS TO HIS COUNSEL, ALEXANDER WILCOCKS AND JAMES GIBSON, representing to them the folly of
creditors who, to their own detriment, are pressing suits against him. Signed.

December 28, 1792: A covenant drawn in Amsterdam on December 28, 1792, between Robert Morris, Junior, appearer for his father Robert Morris, Senior, and Mary his wife, on the one part and Messrs Wilhem Willink, Nicolaas van Stophorst (and others), all of this city, on the other, transferring to the party of the second part one million acres of land, situated in Ontario County in the State of New York.

January 11, 1793: Articles of agreement had, made, concluded, and fully agreed upon between Robert Morris, Jun'r, on behalf of Robert Morris, Sen'r, and Mary his wife . . . and Messrs Wilhem Willink and Jan Willink, Merchants of Amsterdam.

May 13, 1793: Articles of agreement between Robert Morris, Jun'r, and Wilhem and Jan Willink, for the sale to the latter of 215 shares of the stock of the National Bank of the United States.

March 20, 1797: Indenture, drawn between Robert Morris and his wife Mary on the one part and James Biddle and William Bell on the other part, transferring to the latter two men, for a sum of five shillings, a long schedule of properties in divers parts of Pennsylvania. The schedule attached begins with Morris' estate. "The Hills"; embraces, in a long extended list under 22 headings, numerous properties in Philadelphia, in Montgomery, Mifflin, and Huntingdon Counties, besides "Morrisville," or "Delaware Works" . . . and represents a total monetary value of $1,003,890.83.

Seals and registry notes indicate that it was recorded in the Rolls of Pennsylvania on March 20, 1797; in Montgomery County on March 5, 1798; in Mifflin County on May 2, 1798; and in Huntingdon County on May 16, 1799.

Printed Pamphlets:

1. A broadside issued by the Asylum Company, Robert Morris, President, and embracing the Articles of Agreement of the Company, as of April 22, 1794, and a certificate entitling John Nicholson, Esquire, "one action or share in the entire property of the Asylum
Company, being the equivalent of two hundred acres of land . . .” the certificate being signed on October 9, 1794.


3. Act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania of Third April, 1792, and opinions thereon:
   To the persons emigrating to lands in Pennsylvania north and west of the Ohio and Allegheny rivers and Conewango Creek. This pamphlet containing the law, etc. May 13, 1796.
   N. B. Legal opinion offered at the end of the pamphlet, on page 16, is signed among others by Alexander Wilcock and James Gibson.


   N. B. The House ordered the printing of these opinions; James Gibson certified on its last page (16) that the copy was a true copy.

6. Map of Morris’s Purchase or West Geneseo in the State of New York (Exhibiting Part of Lake Erie, etc.). To the Holland Land Company their general agents, Theophilus Cazenove & Paul Bush Esquires, This Map Is respectfully inscribed by the Authors. 1804.
II

Convoy to Brabantium

Long ago, during my Sophomore year at Cornell, my course in advance classics included *De Bello Gallico*. Many times since, when crossing the broad Rhine, I have thought of Caesar, of his German campaigns, and of the bridge which he built. But I never dreamed that I would one day emulate his exploit and lead an army into the country of the Belgae. Mine, to be sure, was a diminutive host consisting of ten jeeps, with trailers, two weapons carriers, ten privates and two sergeants. Nevertheless it looms large in my estimation as representing the only force that I am ever likely to command.

It all came about, one summer evening, a few months ago, while strolling through the Kur Garten at Bad Nauheim with Captain Gretch, our Transportation Officer. We had both come to Germany in the service of the United States Strategic Bombing Survey, and our task was drawing to a close. On this particular evening we had been looking at the ruined Casino and remarking what a good job the American aviator had done, last January, in dropping his bomb so accurately. He had expected, of course, to find Von Rundstedt and his staff in the building. As it happened the wily Marshal was twelve miles back in the Taunus Mountains. But that was not the fault of the aviator; he had been given his assignment and performed it in workmanlike manner, as the gaping walls of the shattered Casino testify.

We were discussing this when I incautiously remarked that I had been ordered to Brussels next day, and would pass many buildings in a similar condition of havoc. This was Captain Gretch’s opportunity. He was sending a relay of vehicles back to Brussels. It was imperative that an officer should go along to facilitate the formalities in passing the innumerable military check posts which would be met in the journey across the Rhine and into Belgium. I was just the man to lead the convoy; my protests that I had never had such an assignment were of no avail.

Accordingly at ten o’clock that evening, still light in these northern latitudes, I went with the Captain to inspect my command; like
Caesar I could call each of my legionnaires by his first name. We were billeted in the Park Hotel beloved of tourists in happier days. Behind this, under the linden trees, I found my jeeps lined up in orderly array for the expedition. I had vaguely expected that the men would be engaged in servicing their wagons; instead, they were having their hair cut. A German prisoner of war had been imported for the purpose and the boys, patently bored by the rigors of non-fraternization were hopefully preparing themselves for an evening with the mademoiselles of Brussels. The P. W., impressed with the importance of his commission, toiled assiduously, and gratefully accepted three Lucky Strikes or a Hershey bar in payment for each coiffure.

It was not long after sunrise when we got under way. The clearance tryptich for the expedition was buttoned safely in my breast pocket, although my chief concern was not so much with the formalities of wartime traveling as with my ability to keep my convoy in line in the narrow rubble-strewn streets of the many demolished towns which we must traverse. At the crest of the first eminence I rose from my seat in the leading jeep, looked back at the twisting line and shuddered at the thought of the confusion which would ensue if I took the wrong turning and had to reverse my unwieldy convoy. In these narrow forest roads it would be difficult to turn, for crossroads were rare and the lanes had only recently been cleared of booby traps. The warning signs, "Roads cleared to hedges," were still in evidence. Only the day before a wretched farmer whose scythe had struck a phosphorous bomb had been brought into the hospital at Nauheim. They said that when he was put upon the operating table the whole room was illuminated by the glow which exuded from his body.

Soon we left the wooded country and came out upon the broad Autobahn leading north to Essen. I breathed a sigh of relief. These great four-road highways which the Nazis built in furtherance of their aggressive schemes now facilitated a military occupation which they never anticipated. Even at this early hour a tide of traffic was surging along the road in the full force of one of the greatest migrations in history. German refugees were moving their effects from East Prussia back to their former homes. They pushed carts, farm wagons, even baby carriages heaped high with bedding, wardrobes, chairs, any manner of furniture which might remain to them. Groups
of other nationalities were also proceeding along the Autobahn. The Italians were moving southeast in the direction of the Brenner Pass; the French, southwest, toward Strasbourg. The Russian convoys, most vociferous of all, invariably displayed huge pictures of Stalin framed in the red ensign. Woe betide the luckless German village near which one of these Russian caravans happened to pause. Down swarmed the ex-slaves and in an incredibly short time not a chicken, pig or bicycle would be left.

A more martial spectacle succeeded presently when we passed the headquarters staff of the . . . . . . Army, (“the finest army in the world” as they proudly term themselves) proceeding southward to Marseilles. These stretched for a five-mile succession of command-cars, trucks, tanks, artillery, ambulances, all the equipment of a well-appointed and victorious force. Officers and men sat their vehicles like the seasoned veterans they were; they had done one good job and they were ready for another; it was all in the day’s work. Involuntarily a line from Marmion came to my mind:

"T’were worth ten years of peaceful life
One glance at their array."

The Autobahn’s practicability for wartime travel was marred by the fact that the retreating enemy destroyed most of the viaducts so that at each ravine there were tedious detours. At one of these breaks I guided my cavalcade off the main road and struck across country towards the cathedral city of Limburg. By now we were past Wetzlar and had been on the way for somewhat over an hour. My sergeant who drove me in the lead car suggested that a ten-minute rest period was in order. We were running along the romantic Lahn under some huge plane trees as I gave a signal to stop. In an instant the boys were out of their seats, lighting cigarettes, passing chewing gum, and commenting on our progress.

Just before us was parked a group of refugees similar to those which we had been passing all morning. These were Germans, an elderly man, two younger women, and some children gathered about a farm wagon laden with their effects and drawn by two starving ponies. I began to talk to the leader. He had come all the way from Königsberg in East Prussia and was going to Bonn on the Rhine. When I told him that I had been in Bonn the week before and that
it was mostly ruins he merely shrugged his shoulders. He was a cabinetmaker in Bonn, forced out by the air raids; he had a small shop there; where else should he go? I could not tell him. Gradually I gleaned the salient facts of his dolorous Odyssey. With his ponies he could make about thirty kilometers a day. If no barn were available at night all hands slept under the wagon where it was often wet and cold. As they went along they stole hay for the animals and procured a meager ration for themselves at the communal kitchens in the villages through which they passed. Then our conversation took an unexpected turn. Who had given him the wagon and horses? Why, the Russians, of course. And how had his treatment been in East Prussia under the Russians? Ganz gut im allgemeinen. This tribute, contrasting with the usual antipathy expressed by Germans to all things Russian was possibly the reaction to a very effective propaganda. I recalled what one of our engineers, just back from the Russian district had said, “The Russians are usually poor themselves and they can be very kind to poor people.” Again, at Magdeburg, just across the Elbe from the Red Army, I had been told that the townspeople preferred to tune in their radios to Russian broadcasts which they found more sympathetic and understandable than the British and American offerings.

This chat had consumed most of the rest period and I walked back along my line of vehicles for a last survey before giving the signal to start. I found most of my drivers gathered about a group of German war prisoners who had been repairing a break in the road under the guard of a British sentry. The boys were bantering these prisoners who seemed to have plenty of time for conversation or indeed for anything except labor and who were truculently answering back in a mixture of German and broken English. One of my drivers volunteered an explanation: “The boys are asking the Jerries to pull up their right sleeves and let us look under their arms.” “Why should they do that?” I inquired. It appeared that in the epoch of Nazi triumph when the swastika waved from the Pyrenees to Kovno any loyal S. A. man who could demonstrate that his genealogical line was free of Jewish influx for five generations was permitted, as a special mark of merit, to have the Haken Kreuz tattooed under his right shoulder. But after the collapse, this insignia which had been a mark of honor afforded damning evidence of party affiliations and there were many crude attempts in the prison camps to erase the tattooing.
I was interested in this elucidation but apprehensive that the whole proceeding was a violation of the edict against fraternization, so I gave the order for departure and we resumed our course towards Limburg. In this particular part of the Lahn-thal there are many perplexing forks in the road. I was by no means sure of my directions but affected confidence and somehow managed to guide my convoy along the proper channel. There was, to be sure, an American sentry at each fork but we soon discovered that these men were of a Puerto Rican regiment, had vague ideas about direction, and spoke mostly in Spanish. It was midday before we suddenly came upon Limburg and its mediaeval cathedral silhouetted, like a toy church, far below us in the valley. Since the highway bridge over the Lahn at this point has been bombed out leaving a hideous gap down to the stream, we proceeded down a detour to the outskirts of the cathedral city. There we broke out our K rations for midday chow. I sent one of the sergeants to buy some beer, thin wretched stuff but still better than nothing. I sternly impressed upon my messenger that this was my treat and that the beer was to be paid for in cash. Only the week before complaint had been lodged with the Disbursing Officer at Frankfurt that some wag of the Corps had paid for wine with a formal receipt “Confederate Army of the Rappahannock, J. E. B. Stuart, Quartermaster General.”

The street in which we were parked was hot and dusty and we thought regretfully of our last halting place under the trees. Opposite was one of the circular pillars, sometime called kiosks, upon which the Nazis use to post their notices. After the occupation, these same pillars were used by our own Military Police for their bi-lingual edicts. At this particular pillar, the rain had obliterated the later announcements and made legible the earlier bulletins of the pre-invasion period. The curtain was drawn back and I was looking into the old fighting Nazi state, still cherishing the fatuous hope that victory would somehow crown its efforts. There were the usual propaganda slogans “Victory or Chaos” and “Better Die Fighting Than Live as a Slave.” With these were proclamations which denoted how the morale of a war-weary people had weakened as the conflict progressed. Johann Jost had been given fifty stripes for insinuating that the time had come when Germany should sue for peace. Thea Schmidt had been sentenced to ten years imprisonment
for a sarcastic comment upon Goering's boast that the sacred soil of the Fatherland would never be bombed. Willy Liebig had been beheaded for tuning in to an English radio station.

After Limburg we passed along the barbed-wire stockade of an extensive prisoner of war camp. I had been warned before leaving Nauheim to avoid this camp if possible as its proximity might distract my convoy. Amongst the inmates, it appeared, were some hundreds of German frauleins who had been attached to Nazi armies in clerical capacities. These young women, it seemed, wiled away the long hours of captivity by taking sun baths in the sparsest of costumes. In fact they are usually naked above the waist, an apparition which is calculated to disturb the equanimity of any American cavalcade. I had sanctimoniously resolved to avoid this camp if possible but must have taken the wrong turning. However, to the disappointment of my drivers there were no females in sight, dressed or otherwise. The male prisoners were lined up near the main gate where their morning meal of soup was being dished out from a battered American five-gallon gasoline can. One of our drivers maliciously flipped the butt of his cigarette into the compound and the soup line broke up, as all the Herren-Volk made a frantic dash for the remnant.

We made good progress after Limburg and presently I could see the graceful gothic towers of the Cologne Cathedral across the river. The Rhine at this point was full of sunken barges and pleasure steamers upon some of which I may have sailed in other days, the Germania, the Rheingold, and largest of all, the ill-omened Deutschland's Fuehrer. The temporary bridge, always choked with military traffic, crossed the stream below the ruins of the great Hohenzollern Brücke. Flumen altum fortiter fluens. The yellow flood which surged against our American-made pontoons on that July morning was as strong and swift as when Caesar first saw it.

Once across the bridge I guided my army into the Cathedral square and announced a fifteen-minute interval for sightseeing. We had heard much of Cologne Cathedral and were eager for a closer inspection. The jeeps were lined up along the shattered front of the once proud Bahnhof. Here, in the waiting room of this same station, in that hour of surprised, indignant hysteria, when America entered the war, had been suspended the legend "U. S. A." and beneath it
the sarcastic commentary, "Unvershämmt. Schamlos. Abscheulich." But the lettering was long since gone and the waiting room demolished.

The Cathedral doors were closed, so the boys dispersed hunting bits of stained glass amongst the rubble. One of the sergeants afforded sacrilegious entertainment by mounting a ruined abutment and intoning a muezzin's call to prayer. He had heard it, he said, while in the French Zone at Stuttgart given by a Moroccan soldier who was also a Dervish. This world cataclysm has brought many incongruities in its wake but certainly the devout artisans who toiled through the centuries on this noble church never dreamed that a muezzin's call would ever reverberate in a German cathedral square.

The sergeant's shrill intonation brought out a surprised priest, one of the Cathedral canons, from the ruins of what had been the Chapter House. I made an embarrassed explanation, whereat he smiled, produced a key, and led us into the gaping nave. Here amidst the wreckage of headless statues and broken gargoyles the sense of desolation was more acute. One almost ludicrous result of catastrophe is a sort of morbid pride amongst residents of a particular locality in the thought that their town had been the worst bombed of all. If you tell a citizen of Darmstadt about the devastation in Pforzheim or Heilbronn he becomes impatient and informs you that you have not sufficiently evaluated the local disaster. So here in the desolated Kölnner Dom when I spoke of the ruined Minsters at Frankfort and Ulm our guide looked incredulous and reiterated that no church in Europe had suffered a like fate with Cologne's.

Continuing in this pessimistic line—there was nothing in our surrounding to inculcate anything but pessimism—he began to speculate upon the future of the Church in Germany. The faith had been miraculously preserved—that surely was an act of God. But so many of the young priests had been killed; this diocese alone had lost one hundred and eighty in the Russian campaign. Where were the seminarians to come from to take their places? And even if devout candidates were to present themselves, where should they be trained? Such of the seminary buildings as had not been destroyed in the Terror were now used by the Military Occupation forces. Then, with a pitch of philosophy which many of his countrymen might well
envy, the Father remarked: "A lost war is a frightful thing, but we should always reflect that a still greater catastrophe was possible. We might have won the war. Then, we should have been under the hateful Nazi tyranny for a thousand years."

All this discussion took time and I was beginning to be uneasily conscious of the many kilometers of bombed-out roads which lay between us and Brussels. The streets of Cologne were bad enough, but the stretch of highway between Cologne and the much fought over village of Jeulich was incredibly worse. Jeulich itself was a tortured mass of rubble through which the bulldozers had cleared a devious path, only to be negotiated by a jeep. I had read so much of the protracted defense of this village that I was curious to see the historic Schwimbad which had been defended so tenaciously and had cost so many American lives. No one, however, could give me any directions. Two weeks before at Remagen I had inquired for the location of the bridge which had won us the crossing of the Rhine. The G. I.'s, sunning themselves in the Markt-platz had retorted, "The bridge! What bridge?" Here in Jeulich they said, "What Schwimbad?" So topple down the towers of fame we rear.

Through battered Aachen, through Liege, through Louvain, we wound our way. Already the sign posts indicated thirty kilometers to Brussels and I was speculating as to whether I could get a room in my favorite Hôtel du Palais when suddenly there came the ominous clanking of a horn from the fourth vehicle to the rear. We stopped and I walked back along the line. "I am afraid we are out of gas, Sir," said the embarrassed driver. Vaguely conscious that I was probably to blame I began an angry bluster. My sergeant who like Mulvaney in Soldiers Three seemed to be aware that his role in the expedition was to supplement any deficiencies of his commanding officer intervened with a deprecatory explanation. "We always got through to Brussels with the one extra Jerry can that we carry, but this time we have had so many detours that we have used up our supply. I suggest, Sir, that you and I run into Brussels and borrow some additional cans."

The Louvain road in its approach to Brussels runs through long expanses of park with no suggestion of a gasoline dump. Only once was there a military installation, a Belgian caserne housing one of the few native detachments which had never followed a supine king
into surrender. Here was valor, but alas no gas. Becoming more and more doubtful of my own limited supply, I pressed on and, a few kilometers further, passed the first check post of the ceinture of Brussels. There, to my great joy we saw the Union Jack flying over a British gas dump. A lieutenant in the uniform of the King's Own Borderers sauntered out. I explained my predicament. "Gas? You mean petrol." "Petrol," I assented, in no mood for argument. "Corporal," said my Borderer, "Take the Commander to the dump and give him three Jerry cans. Come back here and I'll sign out for it." We joyfully bundled the corporal into the back seat and started for the gasoline dump. Then came a confused splutter and a dead stop. Our own jeep was out of gas!

The sun was almost down as I drew my convoy up to the Brussels barrier. From the summit I could see the Avenue de Liege stretching through the grain fields to where the red roofs of the city lay glistening in the long summer twilight. The Nazis in some parting prank of Furor Teutonicus had blown the top off the Palais de Justice but the sturdy granite tower still stood, flanked by the spires of St. Gudule and the Hôtel de Ville. Below us, in the caserne, a bugle sounded. The Walloon standard fluttered down while my gallant Belgians stood at attention with presented arms. "Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgae," I muttered. My sergeant had come up and now looked at me inquiringly. "It's a quotation from Caesar," I explained, "About the valor of the Belgian tribes." The sergeant appeared unconvinced. "I have to report, Sir, that we are signed in with the Military Control. What is your idea about billets?" There was an insistent challenge in his question, an intimation of urgent practical considerations which afforded no scope for romantic vaporings. I pulled myself together. It might well be true that this was my first command, but the sergeant should never know how conscious I was of my limitations. "Check in with the Controle Militaire at the Porte du Louvain. See that the gear is checked and the steering wheels of all vehicles chained for the night. Assemble the men for inspection and for directions as to billets." All this came rolling out clear and incisive like the bark of a Bren gun. I was pleased with the alertness of these terse directives. Caesar himself, I reflected, could hardly have done the job better.

Reading, Pa. Commander J. Bennett Nolan, USCGR(T)