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DOROTHY LEE

(Continued from last week)

"HARK ye, the Tory is here to-day in our midst! He is drinking in my every word, that he may weave what he hears and sees into his traitorous correspondence with the enemy. Would you know who it is that is preventing our battalions from being filled? who it is that dissuades the young men from entering the army? who it is that persuades many that have enlisted to desert? who it is that prays to see us conquered? *I, too, pray!* I stretch my hands to heaven and cry, 'Oh, Lord, we view with righteous terror the Torys in our midst. Wilt Thou send storm and tempest and scatter them? aye, to the uttermost parts of the earth; but, peradventure, should any escape Thy vengeance, collect them together again, oh Lord, as in the hollow of Thy hand, and let Thy lightning play upon them!!'

"Let us not forget, my brethren, that we are English men, and that in fair contest with our own flesh and blood we should win because the *right* is on our side. Our royal mother over yonder has little or no knowledge of what sort and kind is the child that she put out to wet nurse in the early autumn of 1620. She has not stopped to consider that this child, taking its *suckle* from another's breast than hers, has drawn into its being many ways of thought that she cannot understand; but is this a sufficient cause to take from us our birth-right? Should she deprive us of liberty? She can not make her Colonial son a *slave!* America is no bond-woman's offspring, and this injustice of the mother land has formed our people into close union!

"These several colonies, once divided through their social and religious differences, the Round-head and the Cavalier, the Trader and the Planter, the Quaker and the Churchman, are united to-day, and the Colony that Raleigh planted stands shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart with Puritan New England. And 'Freedom' is our watchword, 'Liberty' our cry! So let the English writers in the Monthly Review and the Literary Journal delight their morning readers (over toast and chocolate) with their talk of 'The American Squabble.' Let them hurl ridicule upon America's civil and military leaders. In some near-at-hand to-morrow England will come to recognize the fact that we have selected to fill our places of honor men of *courage, truth and ability*, men who, to use the words of Samuel Adams, 'will follow the example of their ancestors in England, their ancestors who always contested their claims with both muscle and brains.'

"Well may our American patriot poet utter such sentiments as these:
"Were Samuel Adams to become a ghost,
Another Adams would resume his post;
Were bustling Hancock numbered with the dead

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Another full as wise would rise instead.

What though the sands of Harrison were run?

He'd still be with us; has he not a son?

Or what if Washington should called be?

Could none succeed him? Is there not a Lee?

Or what if Heath or General Putnam died?

Pray is not Green still left to stem the tide?

"Thus my dear cousin is the New England pulpit manned. Next I turn me to the common soldier. Here is a copy of a letter that has come to me:

"Our bill of fare last night consisted of the jaw-bone of a swine destitute of any covering; this we boiled in a quantity of spring water, and then thickened it with corn meal. It was sumptuous, I TELL YOU! Of late our road has been through thicket and swamp land and over mountains, where the foot of white man has never before stepped.

"The weather has been very changeable; much rain has fallen, and then the sun comes out hot and stifling. This has caused disease and much thinning out of our ranks. We have no medicine of any kind, save only the roots and *yarbs* our doctor finds in the woods and boils up in the camp kettle. We have neither coats, shoes or stockings, and never a blanket or a pillow for the sick. The taste of bread or meat has been unknown to us for many weeks; but we are as eager to fight for liberty as we were the day we started from home, and not a man of us will give up while the powder lasts.

"As we walked back from church on the day that Nathan Birdsey preached this sermon against the Torys, we met Dorothy Lee (Traitor Lee's daughter), the pretty little golden-haired lass that you advised me to get into New England. She was picking her way along the muddy road (showing the dainty, high-heeled shoes that she loves to wear), and I enhaled a delicate whiff of attar of roses as her scarlet cloak flapped about like a pair of red wings in the strong breeze that was blowing. How wise you were when you wrote me that "Charles Lee would join the Federal cause," would "fling honor to the winds."

Let me, in turn, prophesy, that what he has *now done* (to the shame of his Motherland) he will not fail to do to the country of his adoption, should it prove a step to gain some selfish end, or balk some powerful enemy!

It is my opinion—after a full perusal of all Lee's letters to his daughter—that he is already disgruntled.

He evidently expected to be offered supreme command of the Continental army, and in his private correspondence there is nothing too uncomplimentary for him to say about "Mister Washington. He tells his daughter, that "Washington has mediocre tal-

ent lacks military skill," he gives as hints that "there will be a change of Commanders, and

he (Lee) has powerful influence, with some of the strongest southern men in the Continental Congress." What could the Continental Congress have been thinking of in letting him into the army at all? for what *real* patriotism could there be in a man, who, before accepting a Major-Generalship, exacted a *promise* from the Continental Congress, "that in case of any personal loss of money or property he might lose by joining the Rebel army they should make the loss *good!* and it was not, *I assure you*, (for he says so himself), until after he had received a *solemn promise* to this effect, that he renounced his *half-pay*, as a retired *British officer!*

I must do his daughter the justice to say, that she is ashamed of the stand that her father has taken. She has never said so, in *words* (she is too proud to own that a *Lee* could go wrong), but her home letters teem with upbraidings! And I am inclined to believe that she will continue to sing "Rule Britannia" with her last breath.

I have made it a point to approve at all times of Lee's "turncoatism;" I tell Mistress Dorothy on every possible occasion that I admire the man who is brave enough to proclaim his convictions, and then live up to them. But these clear headed *Yankees* are not at all sure of Lee, as this extract, written from Litchfield, to a man in the Continental Congress named Adams, show:

"What is General McIntosh about and what is the standing of General Lee in the army? In this part of the country, he stands almost universally disapproved. We think that he loves dogs too well to possess that genius which some think that he has."

Another writes: "Lee does not inspire us with admiration; he is I fancy both rash and remiss."

I note all that you said in your last concerning the lampoons; to my thinking they are but *eddies* of popular feeling, and of little worth as indications of real conditions. Some few of the best may be reserved to garnish (as with sauce) the bitter fare of these times; but I insist, it is from the private letters, and the private journals, that one must look for the real *issues*.

As for the *talk and bluster*, I do not believe there ever was an occasion in the world's history, when the premium upon *lying* was so large as it is on both sides of this contention. It stands to reason that the Americans *must magnify* their forces and their *victories* and all the rest, when we consider that they are fighting a *great Empire*, without having under their control any certain supply of *men, money or munitions* of war.

(To be continued next week)