INTRODUCTORY

The slab over the grave of General Philip Reed, being placed in a position by the Gault firm of Baltimore, and the granite stone by the Lachenmayer marble establishment of that city, on the Caulk farm battlefield, the 18th of October, 1902, was set apart by the committee of arrangements, for the ceremonial services, to take place at 1.30 o'clock P.M.

President W.C. Eliason of the Tolchester Steamboat Company, facilitated the transportation of guests from the city of Baltimore. A threatening morning prevented a larger attendance than arrived. Eighteen persons, however, were present, mostly from the patriotic societies of the American Revolution and the Society of the War of 1812. From that society were Hon. A. Leo Knott and Dr. A. K. Hadel. Mr. Charles Steiff, of Baltimore, and Henry B. Leary, of Washington, were representatives of the commercial interests; Miss Alice L. Crane, a great-grand-niece of General Philip Reed, and Mrs. Thomas Hill, President of Baltimore Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution.

The neighbors responded generously with their carriages, so that there was no lack of transportation from Tolchester to the battle ground. When the steamer Kitty Knight (an appropriate name) arrived, the guests were met by the Rev. Mr. Denroche, C. C. Hopper and W. M. Marine, of the committee, accompanied by Mr. Thomas Hill, who looked after securing and handing over to the neighbors the guests for conveyance to the battle ground. They were taken to the old caulk House, on the farm on which the battle was fought, where they were received by Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hill. Under the supervision of Mrs. Hill, a luncheon was immediately served, and hot coffee, oysters, ham, bread and other palatable dishes were enjoyed. By a few minutes of 2 o'clock the stand was reached by the guests. It had been constructed by Captain Leary, who had also erected two flag poles. Around the stand and battle field markers, a large number of carriages containing the best people of the county were assembled, ranged in semi-circular form. Carriages were also in the roadway, and a large number of persons were standing. On the stand were seated Parson Denroche, Hon. A. L. Knott, Dr. A. K. Hadel, W. M. Marine, Miss Alice L. Crane, Mrs. Thomas Hill, Mrs. Denroche and Capt. C. A. Leary.

The speaker's stand was draped with a handsome American flag loaned by the Chestertown Transcript.

The following persons furnished the musical talent from Chestertown, under the direction of Prof. W. W. Chapman, - the Misses Hallie and Mabel Toulson, Sue Lambert, Laura R. A. Thomas, Mettie Loud, Addie Hurlock, Eva Hurlock and Sophia Beck; Thos. W. Perkins, Dr. H. L. Dodd, E. F. Hitch, C. H. Hurlock, James P. Parrott, C. Bacon Lamb and T. H. M. Bramble. The singing of the national airs was led by Messrs. John Cannan, Foster Cannan, Benjamin Greenwood, and Roland Matthews with horns. The choir discoursed several airs during the progress of the exercises, which were enjoyed.

At a given signal during Parson Denroche's address, Miss Alice L. Crane and Miss Katharine Baird Hopper, daughter of Mr. C. C. Hopper, one of the committee, unveiled the stone and gave its glare to the light of the beholders. The Stars and Stripes, under direction of Captain Leary, were first hoisted on a pole and fluttered in the wind, followed by the flag of England, the two flags floating gloriously side by side on each side of the marker. Applause greeted the sight.

The flags were raised by Master Walter H. Hadaway, son of Mr. Walter Hadaway, a great-grand-son of General Michael Miller, who served under General Reed; and Clifton

Downey, son of James Downey, a great-grand-son of James Downey, who accompanied Judge Ezekiel F. Chambers to the bayshore on the morning after the battle to exchange prisoners.

Those who furnished teams were: Messrs. Hopkins Burgess, R. Sterling Jones, James L. Beck, George Bell, John P. Nicholson and A. A. Reinhart.

SPEECH
BY
REV. CHRIS. T. DENROCHE

Rev. Mr. Denroche had been selected by the committee the presiding officer, and at once took charge of the meeting, delivering the following address:

MY DEAR AND RESPECTED FELLOW CITIZENS:

It is with proud gratification that I exercise the honorable privilege of addressing you on this very important occasion.

Before entering upon the special topic which is my allotted duty – and trusting you will appreciate this as a heart-felt utterance – I desire to pay a slight tribute of praise to General Philip Reed's memory.

General Philip Reed was an able statesman, a brave soldier, and a worthy citizen; but, in addition to, and above, all these, he was, in the choicest acceptation of the word, a MAN. He was a man who was held in the highest respect, and in the greatest esteem by all who knew him. He was a man who won the hearts of his neighbors by sterling honesty, high principle, and love towards every one.

Listen to proofs of my assertion:

1st, as to his "honesty and high principle." – With all the opportunities which his career laid open to him for accumulating money, he died poor: -

2nd, as to his having "won the hearts of his neighbors." – In his poverty it came to pass that his property had to be put up for sale, by law; the authorities were sent to enforce the sale; three several times, the sheriff came on his grounds to auctions off his estate, and on these three several times the sheriff failed to make the sale. Upon being interrogated as to why the sale could not be effected, the sheriff's answer was substantially this: "The people love General Reed, and not one man of them can be found who will make a bid on his property as long as he lives." It was thus, because the people loved him that General Reed was enabled to keep his grand old head under a shelter, practically his own, until he died. There was a true man for you – a man to the people loved.

We are devoutly glad to honor the memory of this man who was so much loved; - this good man who honestly and high character is now and ever, a matter to be handed down, with praise, to future generations as a marked example. This is my humble tribute ot his real worth. God bless him.

But to enter now upon my definitely appointed subject. We have met together to unveil a "Battle-marker" which has been erected for the purpose of perpetuating, by an inscription engraved on stone, the history of an important event which took place eighty-eight years ago, in this county of Kent, Maryland.

In its degree, among other causes, this event secured the hopeful probability that no future invasion of the United States of America would be undertaken by the British government. It had this effect also, that our "Declaration of Independence" which had been promulgated in

1776, was, in 1814, materially strengthened, and became more fully established because it thus rested on the substantial foundation of a strongly hopeful peace between our two nations, which peace would, in all probability, be of lasting endurance.

We have met for yet another purpose, which is to testify, with sincere and proud appreciation, to the glorious and grand achievement of General Philip Reed and has gallant soldiers, who, at the risk of their lives, and by indomitable courage, obtained a decisive victory in an engagement which they fought on the very locality upon which this "Battler-marker" is here planted.

In connection with this Battle of Caulk's Field, now under discussion, I venture to express the opinion that it is our bounden duty to acknowledge the courageous conduct, and manifest loyalty to their country of those who at that time were our enemies; and to record our sad remembrances of their grievous losses.

The object of this meeting is not for the purpose of giving vent in the slightest degree to exultation over a former enemy, with whom now we live on terms of affection and respect. Its purpose is, simply, to secure for posterity the knowledge of an important occurrence in our country's history.

A prominent feature of this occasion should be a devout thanksgiving to Almighty God for the many years of peace which have existed between the United States of America and Britain; and which have been the happy consummation of former fraternal wars, so fraught with black devastation and cruel bloodshed.

Let us pray that mutual ties of affection and interests and blood may endure, that true harmony and holy peace shall ever prevail between America and England "as long as grass grows or water runs."

I proceed now to give a few words as to the origin of the present movement.

It is well known that a desire to honor the memory of General Philip Reed has been a weight on the minds and hearts of some of our worthy citizens for many a year, but, that, owing to a delicate and apparently insurmountable considerations, they were unable to bring their loving wishes to any substantial demonstration.

Within the last few years circumstances seemed to justify practical action, and to admit of the carrying out of the previously hampered and loving wishes of those worthy citizens.

In consequence of this, the present movement was naturally given birth to. It came about and has been completed, briefly, as now narrated:

In 1892 it was my privilege to be elected rector of St. Paul's and I.U. parishes, Kent county, Md. In I. U. parish the story of General Philip Reed soon came to my ears, with the information that his remains had laid in the burial ground there for seventy-five years in an unmarked grave. At this time, as none of the former difficulties opposed themselves, I consulted the leading members of the parish as to the propriety of having a stone placed over the General's grave. The idea received unqualified approval. The matter was then brought before business men generally. Mr. Charles Cox Hopper, of Chestertown; Capt, C. A. Leary, of Edesville, and Col. Wm. M. Marine, of Baltimore, were the first men who rendered me the substantial advice which has culminated in this present meeting. Many others seconded their valuable ideas. Subsequently an informal meeting was called at the Chestertown "Transcript" newspaper office. It was then resolved that the matter should be actively taken in hand. It was also forcibly suggested that while the placing of a stone at the General's grave must be our first object, we might make it the occasion to add a second object, namely, to erect a "Marker" at Caulk's Field,

on the site of the battle which General Reed and his heroic me fought and won for our country. This was unanimously agreed to. To consult on these two objects, Capt. Columbus A. Leary, Mr. Charles C. Hopper and the Rev. Chris. T. Denroche were instructed to meet at the office of Colonel Wm. M. Marine, in Baltimore, with such gentlemen of that city as might be interested in the movement.

At this meeting in Baltimore, THE GENERAL PHILIP REED MEMORIAL SOCIETY WAS FORMALLY ORGANIZED, and the following were appointed officers: President, the Rev. C. T. Denroche, of Fairlee, Md.; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Charles C. Hopper, of Chestertown, Md.; Executive Committee, Colonel Wm. M. Marine, Wm. H. Gill, a member of the Sons of the Revolution, James E. Carr, Jr., president of the Society of the War of 1812, and Mr. Thomas Hill, all of Baltimore; also captain Columbus A. Leary, of Edesville, Kent county, Md.

At another meeting Capt. C. A. Leary, Col. Wm. M. Marine, Col. J. Vannort, C. C. Hopper and the Rev. C. T. Denroche were made a special committee on the "Battle-marker" monument for caulk's Field, Captain Leary to be chairman of that committee. Other gentlemen were placed upon the general committee as follows: Messrs. Ed. T. Tubbs, of Denton, Md.; Fred. G. Usilton, L. B. Russell, the Revs. D. L. Greenfield, E. P. Roberts, James L. McSweeney, Dr. Henry B. Martin, all of Chestertown, Md., and the vestrymen of I. U. parish.

To all of these thanks are due for the parts they took in this happily conceived and humbly carried out loyal and patriotic movement.

Previous to this, five hundred pamphlets, written by myself, giving a history of General Philip Reed's life and accomplishments, had been mailed to everyone who could be supposed interested, with a view of obtaining subscriptions.

Various contributions were made, among which were fifty dollars from the Baltimore Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a society widely known for liberality and staunch loyalty. Colonel Wm. M. Marine, an ardent lover of the perpetuation of his country's history, handed in a large amount collected by himself, and also a sum from the Society of the War of 1812. It is to his hearty interest, patriotic zeal and untiring energy that Kent county owes, in a large measure, the honor of having this stone memorial of the Battle of Caulk's Field erected. Through Captain Columbus A. Leary, whose loving interest and unflagging work in the cause has been second to none, each and every patriotic society in Rock Hall, Kent county, Md., contributed with large, cheerful and loyal generosity. The gifts of all the other subscribers were made, as were those previously mentioned, with a commendable liberality. The Sons of the American Society of the Revolution kindly remembered us: and Mr. John M. Dulaney, president of the Society of the Descendants of the War of 1812, is entitled to our acknowledgements for his able interest in behalf of the movement. All these have our heartfelt thanks.

I desire to render sincere thanks in yet another quarter, namely, to our good and faithful secretary, Mr. Charles C. Hopper, for the wise counsels and able manner with which he had forwarded this movement from first to last; his office and time and labor have always been at our disposal, with glad alacrity.

To the "Kent News" and to the "Transcript," of Chestertown, and to the Baltimore newspapers, we are under manifest obligations.

In this way we have been able to erect a practically indestructible, though modest Battle-marker, on this, the very field of the intrepid and loyal and imperishable exploit of General Philip Reed and his brave followers in gaining a victory at once eminently creditable to themselves, and vastly important to the welfare of our glorious and much-loved country.

With thankful gratitude for your kind attention, I respectfully close my remarks with the utterance of a very widely-expressed sentiment, which holds that YOU are as patriotic and loyal a generation of the citizens of the United States of America, NOW, as dear old General Philip Reed and his compatriots were IN THEIR DAY AND GENERATION.

May God bless you, your families and your homes, and our happily independent country.

CHRIS. T. DENROCHE.

ADDRESS BY CAPT. COLUMBUS A. LEARY.

Captain Columbus A. Leary, of Kent county, being introduced by President Denroche, spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: - I must first comfort you with the assurance that you will not be called upon to endure what I may inflict upon you for but a few minutes, as at the end of that time I must make room for something more interesting and more instructive, indeed, it is circumstances and not my own presumption which bring me before you at all.

The sub-committee appointed to procure, inscribe and erect a monument or slab at the grave of General Reed and a "Marker" on this field, have to explain that they have given much more attention to stability and durability than to ornamentation.

In reference to the inscription on the slab (for such it really is) at General Reed's grave, they have simply briefly recited his public services, the ability with which they were executed and the good fortune to his fellow-countrymen which attended them, and concluded that they could not easily invent a much higher compliment. In reference to the inscription on the Marker on this field the committee deliberately determined to free it from clumsiness and to leave it abounding in charity. This sentiment was suggested by the recollection that our ancestor abundantly proved themselves worthy of the valor of a manly and chivalrous people in time of war, and this laid upon us the more agreeable but no less binding duty of showing by our magnanimity that we were worthy the friendship of that same people in time of peace. But our action in this regard was principally inspired by obedience to a law which governed man long before he had learned to temper the steel, weave the cloth, or to write the parchment, and is as potent to-day as it was when the Pyramids first cast their shadows across the blue Nile, or when Jacob was a young herdsman guarding the flocks of Laban on the hills of Padanaram. It provides no penalty for its violation, for man with all his capacity for mischief has never been able to violate it, and but for it human laws could not govern, human schools could not enlighten, and human churches could not reform – and it is decided in the simple sentence that man is an outgrowth of conditions, - a mirror, reflecting his environment, and when we judge by this and measure by the standard which it provides, the men and boys who confronted each other on this field eighty-eight years ago, we find that the Americans were chiefly, indeed, almost altogether sons of Revolutionary soldiers who had heard much of the follies and vices of men who ruled by hereditary and sometimes claimed to rule by divine right. Who was there to tell them that society had suffered nearly, or quite as many ills, from the schemes and machinations of irresponsible demagogues as it ever had by the vices and follies of kings? And on the other hand, the Britons, all of whom, despite their discipline and valor, suffered a humiliating defeat, and some of whom found a premature grave in a strange and hostile land; who were they before they became familiar with and capable of understanding the shrill whistle of the boatswain as it rose above the howling of the wind, the splashing of the water and the fluttering of canvas, in ordering them to the discharge of those nautical evolutions which had been handed down from

the time of Blak, and others not less renowned upon the seas? They were sons of fishermen whose cabins stood on the bleak shores of Yarmouth and who had been from their cradle taught that their highest virtue and first duty were loyalty to their king and country, and that the best theatre for its display was the deck of one of their majesty's ships, where they were expected to disregard the shock and roar of the guns, the stifling and blinding smoke, or the ghastly scenes which might surround them, in order that they might distinctly hear and mechanically obey the hoarse voice of the trumpet in the hands of their commanding officer. And there were among them the sons of farmers whose homes stood on the banks of the Midway, surrounded by the hop fields of Kent and overshadowed by the venerable towers of Canterbury. If those boys regularly attended, or only occasionally wandered into that central shrine of their country, they heard pronounced from an altar revered as the shrine of the martyred Becket, prayers and invocations which proved beyond all peradventure to their untrained and unphilosophic minds that the enemies of their king were the enemies of their God; when, perhaps, if the same sounds had fallen upon the ears of a truly wise philosopher he would have sincerely thanked heaven for the prayers it did not answer. We have not the time to be circumstantial or elaborate, and even if we had it would be unnecessary to be so to such an audience as this, for there are many among you more capable of reasoning from cause to effect than I, and more capable of stating their conclusions more forcibly and elegantly than I can ever hope to be. To you, then it is quite sufficient to say, reverse these conditions in their relation to the persons influenced by them and you will reverse your animosities and your friendships.

In the second decade of the third century Tertulian in one of his apologies to Caracala and Getta declared that the gospel of peace had been preached over the whole earth; that it had been heard by the inhabitants of walled cities; the Arab squatting beneath his tent and the Cythean wandering in rude and ponderous wagons. We believe this is the language of declamation and rhetoric. We know it is not the language of history, but every scholar knows it was pronounced under very grave conditions; that it was presented to two men who were at that time styled the masters of the world, and the author knew it would be subjected to the critical examination of that assemblage of Catos known as the Roman Senate. Besides this, the author was canonized centuries ago and they hardly canonized him for his mistakes.

We think then, that it does not belong to that class of history which is a graphic and detailed account of things which never happened, but that it constitutes a part of that valuable fund of information which informs us of what has been happening in this old world, only that like other valuable history it is much exaggerated, and in this conclusion we are in harmony with men much wiser and vastly more learned than I, for they have religiously preserved it in the archives of the Vatican, where it can be seen to-day. Since then a succession of babies have become grand-mothers and been laid to rest; acorns have grown to giant oaks and they have decayed – yes, and a hundred constructions and interpretations of this sublime philosophy or beneficent revelation have sprung into existence with millions of adherents.

What the conditions of society would have been if they had all been as ready to accept the duties it imposed as they were eager to grasp the benefits which it promised, I do not know, but we do know that man has not yet learned to treat his enemy as though he would some day become his friend; or that the noblest revenge is not to imitate the wrong doer; that war continues to be a very fashionable and a very popular amusement. It has been dignified and elevated into a science – but degraded into a trade. The soldier of fortune continues a very conspicuous institution in the economy of nation; and ornament and an authority in polite society. He spends his youth in acquiring an education and in exercises which make him dexterous and efficient in

the performance of his trade; the vigor of his young and mature manhood in serving his master and earning his wages; his declining years in deploring the ingratitude of nations and the inadequacy of his pension. The war debts of the most highly enlightened nations have swelled into a ponderous maze of figures appalling even to the skilled and experienced accountant. The pension rolls of Christian nations are nearly as scandalous in the frauds which they accidently expose as they are ghastly in the bereavements and deformities which they labor to explain.

These are discouraging facts, but we have some evidences that man can learn though he learns slowly, for we no longer see the learned, robed and wigged judge endeavoring to reclaim schismatics and heretics by every means but the right one, and that right one the easiest and the cheapest – let them alone; and the allegorist no longer represents the same respectable functionary, as a Cyclops armed with a thirty-pound sledge making heroic efforts to demolish a shadow because he was expending his vitality in the endeavor to exterminate witches which never existed.

These evidences that man can learn inspires us with the hope that while mothers yet teach their children the noble language which was spoken by Shakespeare and Milton, by Gibbon and Gladstone, and all of our own great statesmen, orators and poets; that these children may yet read unaided by the arts of the university, and in their mother-tongue, what we have inscribed upon that stone.

Earth will have produced children who will heed as heaven had long since done, heralds to proclaim "peace on earth, good will to men."

I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the patience with which you have heard an expression of our eccentricities.

COLUMBUS A. LEARY

Then took place the unveiling proper, after the following remarks by Rev. Mr. Denroche:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: - There stands your memorial Battle-marker covered with "Old Glory," – our symbolical Flag of Victory.

It is erected on the very site of an engagement in which General Philip Reed and his gallant men covered themselves with substantial glory and victory, by crushing the enemy who fought against us, on this memorable old Caulk's Field, eighty-eight years ago.

Our intention today is tot perpetuate the history of this incident, and to bless and dedicate its Battle-marker. We, therefore, by hoisting the flag of our country over it, do now unveil the monument.

I, Chris. T. Denroche, rector of St. Paul's Parish, Kent County, Maryland, do, in the name of God, solemnly dedicate this stone for the uses to which we have erected it.

It will not be out of place, at this time to allow our hearts to swell with sympathetic sorrow for the unfortunate conquered men – a number of whose dead lie buried yonder – near tto this Battle-marker. And as it is our honest desire to show, in a kind and marked manner that on this occasion we harbor no ill-feeling toward the nation or the men who fought against us of this field in 1814 – we have agreed, as a simple token of respect to a brave and conquered foe – that, side by side with our own country's victorious flag, we, in thoughtful silence, raise their country's flag.

Let us hope that, as the two flags are now hoisted in peaceful relationship side by side, so friendship and peace between the two countries presented by the two flags, may be as enduring as the granite over which they now wave.

CHRISTOPHER T. DENROCHE

Inscription on Battle-Marker.

THE BRITISH, COMMANDED BY
SIR PETER PARKER, BARONET,
AND THE AMERICANS, COMMANDED BY
COL. PHILIP REED,
MET IN ENGAGEMENT ON THIS FIELD,
AUGUST 31ST, 1814.
THE BRITISH WERE DEFEATED
AND
SIR PETER PARKER KILLED.
ERECTED A. D. 1902,
BY MERYLANDERS,
TO COMMEMORATE THE PATRIOTISM
AND FORTITUDE
OF THE VICTOR AND VANQUISHED.

ORATION
BY THE
HON. WILLIAM M. MARINE.

President Denroche introduced the orator of the occasion, the Hon. William M. Marine, a native of the Eastern Shore, who delivered the following historical address:

This nation is becoming particularly grateful to its defenders, which is demonstrated by erecting to them, monuments. In what has been accomplished here we are in accord with the developing spirit which may make ours the monumental era. Through such inspiration, the unmarked grave of General Philip Reed has escaped reproachful designation. The polished slab through the centuries

> Shall proclaim to the wide world his name,
> While the flowing years extend his fame.

Caulk's Field has its ennobling recollections; its honorable distinction is due to his masterful direction; it is henceforth to be marked in grateful recognition of what he and his fellow-countians accomplished eighty-eight years ago. People of Kent, acknowledge him, as he must hereafter appear written, your most illustrious citizen. His grave is worthy of the stone thought he body once placed in it may have crumbled into dust. The exaltation in your minds and hearts of what has occurred is not to be diminished in consequence of the few in numbers who were engaged. Thermopylae was defended by a hundred men, who survived that battle and live now. The Alma, one of the most valliant and desperate defences in history, was maintained by fewer braves than were marshaled under Reed on this field. It is courage, heroism, and finally the mastery of the situation, which make such conflicts memorable.

Here, by speaking wooded heights, by smiling hills, in this valley of repose, come a grateful people to unveil a stone; to give to the wafting winds their heartfelt paeons. We have been led hither by their county parson; one whose care for living souls has not caused him to be unmindful of the dead body of a servant of God and a defender of his country. Parson Denroche was born on English soil, by in changing his citizenship from a free Englishman to a free American, he simply acted the easiest part in personal history and suffered no shock in consequence. He only left the roof of his parents for that of his brothers. Nothing we have done or shall say, will interrupt the amicable relations of the two national families.

It is appropriate and touching in this era of comity and good-will between the Kingdom of Great Britain and the Republic of the United States, that Parson Denroche, the rector of I.U. Parish, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, should have resolved that Philip Reed, who, when among men, was a vestryman of that parish church and a sincere worshipper within its walls, would sleep no longer the tenant of an unmarked grave. The Parson was heard to say, "That grave shall be marked if I have to beg from door to door for the money." Such a journey did not, happily, befall him. Thanks for that consummation to those who made this project successful, which prevents it. No longer will a reproachful grave shock his eye on the Sabbath day, when he is entering the sanctuary to minister at the altar of Him, who is the ruler of all people, of governments, of patriots and of saints.

The Parson and Captain Leary have told you in their addresses the history of the movement which gives a stone to yon grave and a marker to this field, thus relieving me from that branch of the hallowed and inspiring subject.

Our thoughts will naturally follow in the direction where the bugle sounded. War is as old as man, who had always had sanguinary instinct. "Thou shalt not kill" was written on Sinai's stone; nations may set aside that commandment with impunity, individuals, only at their peril. Heroes from crimson fields obtain wreaths and receive honors. They are the recipients of emoluments and civic promotions; when they die, frequently they fall into forgotten graves, and often elaborately marked graves are subsequently pillages and destroyed.

You shall hear at this moment of a real hero; one who was idolized within and without this county; one whom you had nearly forgotten, whose life and record as far as it is possible, shall be placed before you. Henceforth from this day you reinstate him on the throne of your affectionate remembrance.

Philip Reed was born in Kent County, Maryland, says one encyclopaedia sketch of him, "about the year 1760." Another such sketch definitely settles upon the year 1760, as the time of his birth. His father was a planter; we are without his mother's name, the Bible containing it being in some unknown person's possession. Reed's early days were spent on a farm; he received an academical education and had a knowledge of the classics. He was sixteen years of age at the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and during 1776 he left school and entered the Continental Army, which was one of the holiest bands of patriots ever pledged to defend the cause of human rights. On the army muster roll his name is written "Read," "Reid," and correctly "Reed." The company in which he enlisted was recruited by Lieutenant Nathaniel Kinnard, Jr.; the members were received and passed by William Henry, July 22, 1776. You will observe he was among the first who responded to the call of his bleeding countrymen. On the 20th February, 1777, he was an ensign in the 5th Maryland Regiment. On him was imposed the responsible and dangerous duty of bearing aloft the flag of the regiment. On October 13, 1778, he was promoted to a lieutenancy, serving as such in the Third Maryland Regiment. The 9th February, 1782, he received his commission as captain, when twenty-two years of age.

A note opposite his name on the muster rolls states he was appointed in place of Captain Bird of the First Regiment, who had been taken prisoner and reported as dead. Subsequently, in a list of officers mentioned as "injured" of the Maryland Line, January 1, 1783, his name appears as a prisoner of war.

The last mention of Captain Reed's name on the Revolutionary roster is made is this wise: "Term of service of such officers, between January, 1782, and January, 1783, and from thence up to the 15th November of that year."

Wherever regimental officers of the troops to which he was attached drew swords, excepting the time when he was a prisoner of war, there was Reed with his uplifted sword. Let his conduct throughout the war be viewed by the following circumstances:

At the opening of the campaign of 1782, the British commander, Clinton, was a Stony and Verflank Points. A detachment of Maryland troops joined Lee's cavalry, in which was Lieutenant Reed. The force reported to General Washington. Desertions were numerous from the American army, and examples were resolved upon. Lieutenant Reed was instructed to advance to the enemy's outpost and intercept deserters. He formed his cordon of sentinels outside of those of the enemy.

From a British deserter he learned of the route taken by American deserters. Reed immediately moved to that locality. Shortly these deserters presented themselves. They took the Americans, who had thrown off their regimental coats, the weather being warm, for the enemy. They were told they could not pass Stony Point until they were examined by the detachment officer. They were then led to Reed who was in his shirtsleeves. Thinking he was a British

officer, they again made known their wish to go over to the enemy. They were at once informed of their mistake. Reed read to them his direct orders from General Washington, which were to execute all such without delay. Out of Reed's kindly impulses he concluded to make an example of by one of them; he proposed to the deserters that they should draw lots as to which of them should die. They point-blank refused, whereupon Reed referred the case to those of his non-commissioned officer who considered the matter. Two of the deserters were Irishmen and the third one was an American. The lot fell on the American, who was shot and his head stricken off and sent of General Washington's headquarters and publicly exposed. The other two deserters were forwarded to the same place under guard.

During Mr. Reed's service in the House of Representative, he declined endorsing the act of General Jackson in seizing and shooting Arburthnot and Ambristie. It was sought by Mr. Tallmade, of New York, to parallel the case of Lieutenant Reed with that of General Jackson, - of course, there is no analogy. Mr. Tallmade, with glowing fervor, said, pointing to Mr. Reed, "Thou are the man who without ceremony cut off the head of an American soldier and sent it to the camp of your General."

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"The great soul of Washington fearlessly met the occasion; he resolved on example, and issued orders that every deserter should suffer instant death. You, sir, had that order in your pocket the night of you absence with your command. These men, taken in the act of desertion, were brought to you, then, that heart which danger could not appall, for once trembled; you faltered between mercy and your duty; you compromised with your generous feelings; you spared two and executed one; and, sir, your immediate superior officer told you it was mistaken mercy. This, and this only, was the censure to which the historian alluded to as being pronounced upon your conduct. Sir, even this censure, you shortly wiped out – Your General foresaw that the crisis of the country required the reduction of Stony Point. Its neck of land was strongly occupied, and he had not means to approach it. It was determined to carry it by storm. A brave band of American youth undertook the exploit, and you, the bravest of the brave, marched at the head. It was a low tide and at the midnight hour. You entered the river under the auspices of darkness and silence and went around the sentinels and gained the point; you scaled the rampart and then the bayonet was made to perform its duty."

It was a graphic picture Mr. Tallmade portrayed, and reed heard it in silence. When the speaker had concluded, Mr. Reed got up and stated: "It was Lieutenants Gibbons and Knox that marched at the head of the two columns. This command was decided by lot among the subaltern officers. He was in the supporting columns of Col. Butler, with whom and Flury he had been that morning reconnoitering the works of the enemy. Content with having performed his duty, he would not for a moment wear the laurels earned by another."

In that speech the real man shone like a jewel.

Captain Reed at the close of the Revolution returned to his Kent County home, a youthful hero, respected for courage and patriotism. The farm yielded its welcome, he and his horse were close companions. He was 23 years of age when peace was declared. For thirteen years in tranquility he saw the wheat and corn grow; he looked upon the thriving grass which the winds played with, and listened to the songs of the harvesters in the fields and to the birds overhead. He occupied on Sabbath day a pew in I.U. parish church, not ashamed to strive after goodness, which is far better than greatness, and possessing both. At the end of the period named he obeyed the public command of the State, requesting that he serve it in its most desirable arena. He was forty-six years of age, when on Monday, December 29, 1806, he was elected a United

States Senator by the Legislature of Maryland, to succeed Robert Wright, who resigned to accept the office of Governor; he was elected for one year, Wright's unexpired time, and also elected to be a Senator from March, 1807, to the same month in 1813. Henry Clay took his seat in the place of John Adair, on the same day Mr. Reed was sworn in the Senate.

The record of his accomplishments in the Senate is meager. It appears he indulged in remarks once only in the discussion over the productions of a witness in the case of John Smith, Senator from Ohio. He was complimented by Mr. Giles, a fellow-senator, who said: "Senator Reed's suggestion was a strong argument against the resolution."

It will be observed that he was a Senator at the commencement and during a part of the second year of the War of 1812. His opinions on the war are not in the official record. His sword has written what his actions were during that crisis. In 1813, he passed from the civil, back to the military service, and then in the fifty-third year of his age, had bestowed upon the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, of the volunteers of his State.

Maryland was conspicuously honored by the British by their presence on the land and waters of the Chesapeake and its tributaries during the War of 1812. Kent was in the chosen field which was alive with excitement; its soil echoed to the tread of the foeman. Georgetown was burned early in 1813, and by the light of its fire Kitty Knight's face has ever since been visible. Cockburn is said to have felt his breast glow with a warmer flame in her presence, than the one he lighted on the shores of the Sassafras.

During the conflagration at Georgetown, Citizen Leary, who had been a soldier in the Revolution under Washington, took his boy along with him to Turner's Creek, where they saw the smoke from the burning town. When the British expedition on its return reached the creek, they landed. The commanding officers meeting with Mr. Leary, entered unto conversation with him, while his sailors captured geese and ducks in an adjacent pond. It was by such methods they feasted like Lords of the Admiralty on shipboard; the entire line of the Chesapeake affording the enemy vast and extended poultry fields. The British officers sought to obtain information from Mr. Leary, which might be of service to his Majesty's fleet in future raids, which that gentleman positively declined to give, saying to his interrogator, that he had been a soldier in the war for Independence, and that he would be liable to be shot for communicating information to the enemy were he to comply as requested. The geese and ducks belonged to Miss Knight. While they were being sent on ship-board, her farm manager stood trembling and fearing in the distance, silent and helpless. When the cackling geese, protesting against going into British stomachs, and their oars, could not be longer heard, the manager's St. Pelee broke forth unto flame and fury, whose ashes, if there had been any, would have pursued and buried the purloiners irretrievably.

The entire State was divided into military districts. Kent district was designated as the sixth, and was under the command of Brigadier General Benjamin Chambers. Colonel Reed commanded a regiment of less than the full complement of men necessary to constitute one. He was looked to to do the fighting. Among his soldiers was a troop of horsemen commanded by Captain Wilson. The subjoined entries are from that company's book. Opposite one of the soldier's name is this entry: "returns in good time." Opposite the name of another: "Leave of absence until to-morrow." A further one has: "This day joined the troops." The method of their detailment is thus disclosed: "9th May, 1813 – Sunday, Guard No. 2 at Richard Miller's; class 1 relieved for a week if not sooner called on by class No. 2. This day week the troop was split into two classes, viz: 1 class, whose tour commenced 2d May, Sunday, 8 o'clock A.M. and terminated 9th, Sunday, 8 o'clock A.M." A class consisted of about 20 persons. New classes

were formed in times of invasion. When English ships appeared, the troops, which, during their absence, were permitted to go to their homes, reported for active service. The following entry illustrates that method: "May 15th, Thursday, order received for our troops to disband." A further sample order reads of date June 5th: "The troops met on Wharton Commons;" still another of date July 27th: "State pay-roll was made out for time of service of the troop while on the bay shore." The horsemen were actively kept in the saddle. "August 7th, Saturday, the troop started for Rock Hall." Thereafter "on August 25th, it was ordered by Captain Wilson," "that the troop meet in Chestertown, next Saturday three weeks, it being law-day." Another note reads: "Between 7 and 8 A. M., the troops at Rock Hall were disbanded by Lieutenant Colonel Reed." That disbandment must have been for a few days only, it appearing that the troops were on duty from the 7th to the 25th of August. September 30th, the troop met Colonel Reed's regiment in William Strong's field, about thirty members being present. Mention is made in the record of certain members being voted out of the troop and of one "who solicited to be voted out who was refused." By appointment of the Captain, "the 2d Saturday in November next was to be law-day," – probably a day set apart for inspection and drill. November 20th, the troop were paid off for the previous August's services thus ending their record for the year 1813.

During an encampment at Rock Hall, a heavy easterly gale accompanied by rain made the ground muddy. The tents were uncomfortable, and the men complained that they had to sleep upon the wet ground. Colonel Reed send for Michael Miller, acting quarter-master, and pretended to berate him for carelessness, which Miller, who was a wag, perfectly well understood, was with the intention of pacifying the men who were grumbling at their accommodations.

"Quarter-master Miller," said Reed, "my men must not sleep on the wet ground, and you must get straw for them, and right away, sir – to-night, sir, and at once, sir."

"But," pleaded the Quarter-master, "it is night now and late, and it cannot be done."

"But it must be done, sir, and I will hold you responsible if it is not done, for disobedience of an order. Go and get straw; take it from anywhere around here; take carts and oxen and bring it, and do you go at once, sir." Miller went off, and after midnight returned with the straw, which pleased the men. Reed complimented Miller for his promptness in executing his order, after which he recognized one of his slaves. He wished to know from him what he was doing there? He then learned that Miller had passed every one's farm until he had reached Reed's Huntingfield farm, where he ordered the Colonel's slaves to yoke up his oxen and load the carts with straw and drive them with it to the tents.*

When the British encamped on Kent Island, Reed was apprehensive lest they should cross the Chester river in large force and devastate the farms. He resorted to a clever stratagem. He directed his cavalry, which, as we have seen, was a small force, to cross from what is now R. B. Willson's farm, known as Trumpington, to the Jones farm on Eastern Neck Island. The crossing was in full view of the enemy's lookout-boats stationed in the mouth of the Chester river; hours were apparently consumed in doing so, but it was the little force counter-marching and re-crossing all the while in a ferry scow.

Such stratagems were more than once resorted to during the War of 1812. Indeed, the science of that struggle was immensely similar to the tactics and ruses of the Revolution. There was slight improvement in arms or tactics until a much later period.

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*Authority of C. A. Leary

About this time two sentinels were stationed on the Huntingfield farm to watch the outlook-boats of the British at the mouth of the Chester river. The sentinels had paced their weary rounds through the night. On beholding the streaks of daylight in the east, their muskets grew heavier from fatigue. One of the sentinels said to the other one: "I am sick from hunger. I had nothing to eat last night; it is time we were relieved; they have forgotten about us, and I am going to hunt for something to eat." "But," said his comrade, "should you leave your post and it get to the Colonel's ears, you will be undone." The sentinel went off, and in a short time there was such a howling that the sentinel at his post thought one of the black regiments of slaves formed by the British was marching in his directions. Looking up he saw his brother sentinel returning with a pone of corn cake, through which he had rammed his bayonet, followed by women and children in blabbing despair at having lost their breakfast bread. The sentinel happened by one of the slave's huts as the bread was taken out of the oven; it was too hot for his hands, so he ran his bayonet through it and marched off. Rejoining his associate, he said: :here is provinder – we are all right now."*

Stirring times were ahead; larger game was to be hunted than was found in attacking undefended towns and burning them. Everywhere the premonitions were that serious business was nearing. March 12, 1814, an entry in the book from which we have quoted of the cavalry, reads: "The troops met to-day at Chestertown to receive arms." The names are given of thirty persons to whom they were distributed.

Colonel Reed was the nervy pilot, and to his experience, clearness and coolness of judgment the county was pleased to defer. On the original Letter File No. 33 of the Maryland Historical Society, is a communication written by him to Governor Winder, complaining of the failure to deliver, according to a verbal demand made by him, powder, ball and ammunition for his men. In that communication he manifests surprise that his requisitions had not been attended to. The letter is in a neat head, small letter, the chirography denoting originality, and having one of the characteristics of the great, inasmuch as it is difficult to be read.

One of your citizens* has given me an account of an encounter which took place at Worton Creek prior to the engagement at caulk's Field, which account he received from persons who participated in the fight. When the British sent barges from the Menelaus up the creek, the small force of the American's detailed thereabout, were not then near by. Upon their being informed of the presence of the British they ran across the country to a point near the mouth of the creek, shaded by thick pines and tangles undergrowth. The boats were returning from up the creek when the Americans opened up a brisk fire; numbers of the enemy were seen by the American's to fall. A shower of one-ounce balls pierced through the side of a barge below the water-line, causing several leaks. The disabled men were placed on the opposite side of the boat so as to keep the holes above water. The British had proven had marksmen. Several of the Americans ran to a sand bar when a sailor in one of the launches in his eagerness to do execution upon them, discharged his musket before withdrawing his iron ramrod, which, when fired off, struck a hard substance in the sane and bent up near where a man named Rogers was standing. The oars in the enemies' boats at one time stood blades up; the Americans continued firing until they were lowered. The officer in charge of the boat stood upon the stern sheets and waved his hat until they were out of range of the marksmen. Colonel Reed, who, to the surprise of every one, appeared on the scene, was told of the throwing up of the oars; he informed the men 'that that was a man-of-warsmen's way of surrendering; that they had captured the boat but did not

*Authority of C. A. Leary

know it." When informed of the conduct of the officer, Colonel Reed said: "It is well you did no harm to him, he was a brave fellow and knew his duty to his men and to his King." My informant's recollection is, that in the beginning of the skirmish, the only officer present was a lieutenant; that Colonel Reed arrived unexpectedly during the progress of the fight. It was probably the same engagement mentioned in the National Intelligencer of July 16th, 1814, subjoined, "Four schooners were off Swan Point, sailing down the bay and going as far a Annapolis; when retracing their course up the bay, with fifteen capture craft, they made observations in each creek and river on both shore. Colonel Reed was in the locality of Worton's Creek; he armed himself with a musket and summoned twenty of the neighbors who carried duck0guns and muskets. The force was concealed in ambuscade. Four barges entered Worton, the largest in advance. When the barges were in short range of Colonel Reed's force, they fired four deliberate rounds which caused their retreat. Of the twenty-four oars propelling the boats when they neared the ambuscade, only four were used when they pulled out, showing the effect of the firing to have caused fatalities.

The Intelligencer and Niles' Register had great respect given to their reports. They had the weight of official utterances. The Intelligencer's account only disagrees with your fellow-citizens in tow particulars, viz: in a Lieutenant being in charge of the force at the commencement of the firing and Reed's interpretation of the meaning of throwing up the oars. The latter circumstance is a mere omission on the part of the paper. Both accounts can be accepted as in the main correct.

We have reached the period of the great event in Colonel Reed's momentous life; an achievement your memorial is set up to commemorate. Parker was energetic in conducting his short campaign of predatory excursions hereabout. Cockburn had inaugurated them; they were an inseparable part of the method of British naval warfare. In a memorial volume issued in London, to perpetuate and popularize Parker's name and memory, we are told that his object in making his final demonstration was to prevent "one man in every five being drawn from the population on the Eastern Shore for the defense of Baltimore." He determined to storm the American camp. During night he landed a body of seaman and marines not exceeding 140 men formed into two divisions, headed by lieutenants Crease and Pearce, the whole commanded by himself. They captured a lookout picket and one or two dragoons when they moved for the enemy's camp, who had shifted his position. After marching four miles they found him on a plain surrounded by a deep wood, his camp in his rear. His troops consisted of 500 militia; a troop of horse and 5 pieces of artillery. He was formed in line and ready for action. Parker immediately made an attack, and under his fire and his charges the Americans were driven from their position and routed, when they took refuge behind their artillery, where he made a stand, losing one of his guns, which after its capture was abandoned. During a renewal of the attack, and while Sir Peter Parker was animating his men, he received a mortal wound which obliged him to quit the field, and he expired in a few minutes. The ball entered his right thigh and cut the main artery. He smiled and said: "They have hit me Pearce, at last, but it is nothing, push on my brave fellows and follow me." He advanced a few paces further, and from the flow of blood grew weak, fell into the arms of Lieutenant Pearce and then had that officer to sound the bugle to leave the field, when he died. The conflict deepened, and it was of importance who should successfully bear off his body. He was place on the shoulders of his men, who relieved each other by turns, and thus they bore him to the shore, five miles away. That is substantially what our English cousins say about the battle.

The British official list of their killed and wounded reported by Henry Crease, acting commander, were: Killed, Sir Peter Parker, baronet; Captain J. T. Sands, midshipman; R. Friar and R. Robinson, quartermasters; J. Perren, swabber; T. Doris, sailmaker; G. Hall, ordinary seaman; J. Evans, sergeant-of-marines; W. Hooper, W. Davis, R. Johnson, W. Rogers, W. Powell and R. Jones, marines, a total of fourteen acknowledged to have been killed. The wounded were reported to be: T. Fitzmaurice, boatswain's mate, severely; J. McAllister, J. Mooney, seamen, severely; M. Cullen, seaman, slightly; J. Cooper and J. Malcolm, seamen, severely; A. McArthur, captain of the forecastle, severely; W. Noel, seaman, slightly; T. Taffield, quartermaster's mate, severely; M. Halligan, quarter-gunner, slightly; B. G. Baynon, lieutenant-of-marines, severely; G. Poe, similar officer, slightly; J. List, J. Harvey, J. Schriber, G. Morell and W. Smith, marines, slightly; W. Golatham, E. Turner and W. Pritchard, marines, and J. Manderson, a seaman, J. Rowe, landsman, and G. Hobbs, captain of the foretop, severely. A total of 28 admitted to have been wounded, some of whom subsequently died.

There is a mild effort put forth in the foregoing account to claim an advantage for themselves over the Americans. We shall have to shatter that flimsy attempt. There were not five hundred men under the starry banner of the Republic; the cavalry were not in the fight; nor were there five pieces of artillery. The British at no time proved masters of the field.

The Americans buried the fallen British by the roadside, where a hedge now grows in thrifty luxuriance. About the year 1830, a small boy on his way home from school saw some workmen opening a mound on the roadside; he stood and watched the dirt heavers. The friends of the dead midshipman had sent across the ocean to bear the relics of their loved one over the sea. He was identified and his remains conveyed to England, where he sleeps, perhaps, in one of those beautiful country church-yards where sublime stillness hovers over the sward. The earth was thrown back and had not since been disturbed. The dead Britons have graves secured against depredations, in which they will rest securely until the Judgment Day.

Recently, Committeeman Leary, who was the boy who witnessed the search after the bones of the midshipman, had placed a rough stone in the hedge, on a located spot where the graves are supposed to be.

We will now narrate the American account of the battle of "Caulk's Field."

The omnipotent Colonel Reed, the night of the engagement at Caulk's Field,* accompanied by a few men, reconnoitered the enemy when they were on line of march. Colonel Reed left his force and rode forward a considerable distance until he heard the approaching footsteps of the British, which he informed himself of by placing his ear close to the earth. On returning to his men, he was asked why he had exposed himself so recklessly, he reply was, "No capable British officer would allow his line to be thrown in confusion for one man."

Colonel Reed's official report of the battle of Caulk's Field made by him to General Chambers, is an authority for the following account of that battle of which it is the index: At half-past 11 o'clock in the early part of the night of the 30th of August, 1814, the enemy's barges at Waltham's farm were making for the shore, supposedly to burn the houses on that gentleman's property. Colonel Reed marched to intercept them, when he ascertained that they were moving on his camp. He ordered the camp and baggage changed to another locality a short distance away. He then gave ordered for the troops to counter-march and to pass by the road to the right

*Authority of Capt. C. A. Leary

of his camp and form on the riding ground about three hundred paces to the rear, the right towards Caulk's house and the left on the road. The artillery, consisting of three pieces, was placed in the centre, supported right and left by the infantry. Captain Wickes and a part of his rifle company covered the road by which the enemy marched. Colonel Reed had had headquarters with that detachment.

The British column received the fire of the advanced riflemen when at the distance of seventy paces from them. The enemy's force being too strong, colonel Reed ordered his riflemen to form on the right of his main line which had been place in position by Major Wickes and Captain Chambers, the Colonel taking his post by the line. The first serious effort of the enemy was a fruitless attempt to break and drive back the line firmly standing in front of them; a general firing resulted. Parker was unable to do so. Failing, he next threw himself on chambers' company on the left; there he was again baffled and defeated. From some caused, not then understood by the Americans, the British had nearly ceased firing when it was ascertained that in some parts of the American line cartridges were entirely expended. The number in any one of the boxes of the men who were lucky enough to have them was a few rounds only. Each man carried into the action twenty rounds. The artillerymen had also exhausted their shot. Colonel Reed shifted his position to where a part of the line had been fortified close by the main line of battle; there the few remaining cartridges were distributed among that part of the line which was expected to resist another attack. They were surprised at remaining unmolested. The artillery and such of the infantry as were without ammunition had been sent a few miles distant to Bel Air, now Fairlee. At the time the Americans changed position the British retired. They had lost Sir Peter Parker, who with his last breath had given the order to retreat. He was wounded on a spot where stood a cherry tree. An unauthenticated claim as to who shot him, was made i9n behalf of Henry Urie,* who is said to have pointed at one of the officers of the enemy wearing white trousers, and remarked: "See that man in white pantaloons, I am going to shoot him." The retreat of the British left the Kent men in possession of the field. The engagement lasted fifty-five minutes, the moon shining brightly throughout all that time. A neighboring wood protected the enemy by its shade and somewhat obscured their line. The flash of their guns indicated where they were, while the aim of the Americans was deadly in effectiveness. According to the report of Colonel Reed, the enemy left one midshipman and eight men dead on the field and nine wounded, six of whom died in a few hours. The fatality of their wounds was probably known to the British who did not encumber themselves with them. Sir Peter Parker was killed by a buckshot. His force was armed with boarding pikes, swords, muskets and rockets. Many such were captured. Colonel Reed posted a picket guard under Ensign Skirven on the battle ground for the remainder of the night of the 31st of August, the battle having been fought after midnight of the 31st. One hundred and seventy-four Americans shared the glory of that engagement. They were the companies of Captain Ezekiel Chambers, Hand, Wickes, Griffith and Page. The artillery was served by Captain Usilton, numbering officers and men twenty-one members. The Cavalry were not available for service. Of the courage and competency of their captain there can be no question.

Not a single person was killed on the American side; an exceedingly marvelous circumstance. The wounded were John Magnor and Philip Crane, of Chambers' company, and John Glanville, of Page's company.

We shall not pass this way again, therefore, at the risk of prolixity hear in an abbreviated form, the account of the battle appearing in the Baltimore American of September 6th 1814. The narration was a cheerful message to the troops assembled for the defence of Baltimore city. It

was read in the streets, homes, hotels and in the camp of the threatened town. Kent had scourged the invaders from her soil. The youthful Reed of the Revolution, who was then the middle-aged commander of the defenders of hearths and homes, had omened the result of the Baltimore conflict soon to take place. Where freemen make a stand there the oppressors fail, and so in type the story was told in this wise: August 30, about 12 o'clock, the crew of the Menelaus, excepting a small guard, landed to surprise Colonel Reed's force. The enemy made seizure of certain negroes, who conducted them by a circuitous route towards our camp. Colonel Reed fell back to ground chosen by him flanked by a wood in which he posted a few riflemen. There the attack began which resolutely and gloriously lasted nearly an hour, when the British retreated, leaving on the field thirteen killed, among whom were one midshipman, one master-mate, one captain of the foretop and three men badly wounded. The retreat was at the moment when the twenty rounds of ammunition to a man was nearly exhausted. It was made in consequence of the fall of their commander under a second wound which killed him, which is reported by one fot eh wounded left behind. The captain with other dead and wounded were taken with them to the bay.

The 28th they landed at Worton and burned Waller's house and stock after a bombardment. On the 30th they did the same thing to Richard Frisby at Bel Air. They took four negroes and burned the hogs in the sty. Tuesday night they had a high frolic, dancing and drinking; they took a circuitous route piloted by negroes. The Colonel was apprised; he struck his tents and sent them off and then put his troops in motion and got by the advance post before his purpose was discovered. The enemy was in Major Bowers' upper corn field pressing for the encampment. Our men moved back with speed to the field on the rising ground towards Caulk's house. The rifle corps had just got to the woods when the enemy came upon them. The riflemen were twenty in number; when they fired, the dropped several of the enemy. The action was general, after which the British fled. We had three pieces of artillery in the centre which kept up an animated fire. The enemy pressed on with ardor to take our cannon, and were within fifty yards of the militia when they gave up the contest. Sir Peter Parker fell before the artillery. Our guards say seventeen dead and wounded were carried off by the enemy. They made two of our men prisoners, Whitehead Bill Absby, a trooper, with his horse, and John Clark. The guard over Absby was shot and he escaped. By a flag of truce from the ship, we learn they landed two hundred and sixty men. Parker had been ordered to leave for down the bay but said he "must have a frolic with the Yankies before he left them."

Excepting as to the numbers engaged and to the reported losses of the British, there is a certain harmony in these respective accounts. The victorious glass attempted to varnish over the report of the enemy is too then to mislead any one. The trained men of the English navy were vanquished by numbers not largely in excess of their own, accepting their account as to numbers. The British on Sir Peter's death, at his order abandoned the fight and left the field in confusion, unable to take along all of their dead and wounded; leaving several of their dead to be buried by the Americans and their wounded so left to be cared for by them. A longer continuance of the fight and the result would have been otherwise. Empty muskets do not win battles. Parker's death gave us the victory. Over that victory we may rejoice, not in the vain boast of the braggart, but from thankful hearts filled with love of hearth and home.

The engagement was conducted according to the defined science of military warfare existing at that day. Neither side could risk hazardous movements; face to face they fought sullenly to the end of the conflict.

Who can estimate what were the emotions of husband and wife, brother and sister, sweetheart and beaux, when the soldiers stood at the gates of homes, and told their loved ones, God Saved us from peril, none of our men are dead. Hearts sent forth their tedeums, and gladness was wafted in the land where the heralds of space warbled in the tree branches.

Caulk's Field in its own way was a renewal of the spirit shown at Lexington and Concord. It was not a running fire in which tree, stone, hedge and houses were fortresses of flame, but an exciting encounter beneath the moon's soft beams which shown upon victor and vanquished and over the pale faces of the English dead, hearing no call to return to the ship; their spirits had left the fields to join their Captain's, where no such commands are responded to: he lay on his gory couch, -

> "Soldier rest, they warfare o'er,
> Dream of fighting fields no more;
> Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking,
> Morn of toil, nor night of waking."

Two weeks after caulk's field had regained its pastoral quietude and peacefulness, Baltimore responded to the guns of the men of Kent. The youthful and noble Parker was not "alone in his glory." The gifted Ross shared a similar fate, and two of England's bravest leaders perished on Maryland's soil. It had been stated that the bodies of Parker and Ross were sent on the same ship to Halifax. That statement is incorrect. The British on their way to New Orleans, took with them on board of the Tonant; Parker's body to Bermuda, where it was temporarily deposited until subsequently conveyed to London.

On a warm day in August, 1901, your speaker grew tired of wandering along the aisles of stately Westminster Abbey; weary of the contemplation of the showy splendors reflected in marble placed over the remains of kings, warriors and statesmen. At the hour of noon, he withdrew from the Abbey in which are the nenowned and famous in English history, and sought refuge in St. Marguerite's Church, adjoining. Entering the door of the sanctuary, he dropped into a nearby seat. Two clergymen were engaged in reading noon0day prayers, four auditors being present to hear them. I looked around me and fixed my glance on an elaborate tablet ten feet from where I sat. On it was a tree and a wounded man beneath it, in the arms of a comrade; an anchor and coil of rope and a ship under full complement of canvas was represented. A madallion on which had been chisels a striking face was prominent. That face was surrounded by emblems of war. An elaborate inscription was conspicuous on the tablet, and from where I sat, I read the name of "Sir Peter Parker, Baronet." Until that moment I was in ignorance of his burial place. At the conclusion of the service I read the following epitaph: "In the pious hope of a glorious resurrection, pursued through virtue, faith and valor, here lies interred the mortal remains of Sir Peter Parker, Baronet, Captain of his Majesty's frigate, Menelaus. An accomplished officer and seaman, who, after landing with a part of his crew on the coast of America, defeated an enemy supported by cavalry and artillery, three times the numbers of his own forces, and in the moment of victory received a mortal wound, under which he continued to cheer he his men to follow up their triumph, until sinking under its fatal results, he fell into the arms of the companions of his glory and bravely surrendered on the field of battle, his own gallant spirit to the mercy of heaven."

"He was a lineal descendant of three distinguished British admirals, of whose virtues and valor his was alike the inheritor. His great-grand-father was Admiral Christopher Parker. He was the eldest son of Admiral Charles Parker, whose father was the late Sire Peter Parker,

Baronet of Bassengbourn Hall of Essex, Admiral of the fleet, and his maternal uncle was the Honorable Admiral Byron."

"After fifteen years of active service and intrepid toil in the service of his country, emulating the virtues of his ancestry, he thus gloriously closed his earthly career August 30, 1814."

After reading the eulogy of Sir Peter Parker as I had done that of Ross in St. Paul's Cathedral, proclaiming that that chieftain "was killed while directing a successful attack upon a superious force near the city of Baltimore," and recalling that Ross was killed in a skirmish which his army had with a few men in front of his advance, prior to the battle, I was compelled to the conclusion that for such disasters received from the Americans, the only salve for British wounds is a tablet in the sanctuary of truth, and upon it, the honeyed soothing words, "of successful attack and superior force." An easy way of securing victories.

On this flaming field of your fathers' valor, we set up a stone free and clear from fulsome eulogy. The inscription will not be read by as many eyes as shall gaze upon the one in the largest city in the world. The rustic, who is the patriot, the salt of the earth in all its ages, shall henceforth read what the stone teaches: "The British under Sir Peter Parker, Baronet; the Americans under Colonel Philip Reed, were engaged on this field, August 31, 1814. The British were defeated and Sir Peter Parker killed." To this tenderly has been added, "Erected my Marylanders to commemorate the patriotism and fortitude of the victor and vanquished."*

The Menelaus, a thirty-eight-gun ship, had long been commanded by Sir Peter Parker. In that ship he had sustained numerous encounters with the French on the coasts on England and Italy. In March, 1814, Parker was on the eve of retiring from that ship's command, when he received an order to proceed to Bordeaux and join Admiral Malcolm. He sailed with that officer for America early in May, arriving at Bermuda in April; thence he sailed for the Chesapeake, and on the 27th of September he was detached by Admiral Cochran to assist in the blockade of the Port of Baltimore, having beside his ship two light draught smaller vessels.

It was announced that Parker was engaged to be married to Lord Byron's cousin. That noble lord, by inheritance of his title, and world-wide renowned democrat by virtue of his sentiments; the most gifted poet of his age, has commemorated his friend's and kinsman's fate in "Elligiac stanzas, on the Death of Sir Peter Parker, Baronet." From that poem, written probably for the memorial volume published to perpetuate Parker's memory, are quoted the following verses:

"And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined
Thy life, thy fall, they fame shall be;
And earthly valor glowing, find
A model in they memory."

"Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?
When cease to hear they cherished name?
Time cannot teach forgetfulness
While grief's full heart is fed by fame."

The ships of England, with sad reminders on board of them, bid farewell to the shores of the Chesapeake. They passed beyond the capes, a part of them to a final field of discomfiture, after which the cannon lapsed into silence and the musket became rusty, and may they evermore remain so between the two nations while the same star of civilization shall light both nations on the glorious track of destiny.

Reed was again in retirement at Huntingfield farm. From his window he looked out on

"The foam crested waves of the Chesapeake Bay."

He heard the songs of his slaves in the fields, and the warbling birds in the woods; he led the chase after the foxes, fished in the bay and saw the silvery shad whiten the shore of the river in the spring season; he gunned in the forests for game, while before him swam the stately swan, and there were acres of water covered with wild ducks. He looked after his fields, provided for his slaves, fed his flocks, rode his horse up and down the country; got his mail, read his letter and books, conducted his correspondence; kept open doors and entertained his friends from the oyster-beds of the Chesapeake, which teemed in abundant richness at his door.

Though home have its lavish attractions; one of a wandering mind will not stay there. The old salt soon tired of port and the lasses of the sailor-boarding-house. He longs to hear the wafting of the breeze rattling the cordage, creaking like spirit-sounds. From youth Reed had lived in a storm. Public life is troubled water. Those who have entered it are dissatisfied out of it; into it the General was again to venture. It must be noted that since Caulk's Field battle, the State had conferred upon him the rank of Brigadier General in grateful appreciation of his victory. He was elected to the House of Representative in 1817. When the Military Appropriation Bill was up, he delivered a speech upon it in which he claimed, "larger appropriations had been made than were necessary for the payment of the army; that a part of the money appropriated under the head of military expenditures had been applied to the purpose of making roads. It appeared clearly to him that the question on the proposition to reduce the army ought to be first settle." In a second speech on the same subject, he thought "it very proper for the soldiers to be employed in constructing and repairing barracks," etc., but he did not "think ti right to expend the money in paying them extra pay for such labor; an extras ration might be given, but soldier thus employed on what was called extra labor were exempt from all other duty at the time," and he "did not think they ought to receive extra pay for it; it was the proper duty of the army to construct bridges and roads for itself to pass over."

An interesting event in his congressional career took place ion the House, the 23d January, 1817, when he submitted the following preamble and resolution:

"WHEREAS, A resolution was passed by Congress of the United States, on the 14th day of October in the following words, to wit:

"*Resolved*, That a monument be erected to the memory of the late Major General, the Baron de Kalb, in the city of Annapolis, in the State of Maryland, with the following inscription:

"'Sacred to the memory of the Baron de Kalb, Knight of the Royal Order of France and Major General in the service of the United States of America; having served with honor and reputation for three years, he gave a last and glorious proof of his attachment to the liberties of mankind, and the cause of America, in the action near Camden, in the State of South Carolina, on 16th August, 1780, when leading the troops of Maryland and Delaware lines against superior numbers, and animating by his example to deeds of valor, he was pierced with many wounds, and on the 19th following, expired in the 40th year of his age. The Congress of the United States of America, ingratitude to his zeal, service and merit, have erected this monument."

"*Resolved*, therefore, That the aforegoing resolutions be referred to a select committee with instructions to report a bill now to carry the same into effect."

Mr. Mercer advocated the resolutions. Mr. Anderson, of Kentucky, opposed them. "He would never vote for a monument to a subordinate or a foreign officer so long as the remains of Washington lay neglected." He moved to lay the resolution on the table.

General Philip Reed was put on his mettle, and most courageously did he respond; "it was true," he said, "that a proposition was now before the Senate to carry into effect the resolutions of the old congress which voted an equestrian statue for General Washington, but whether that should pass or not, ought not to interfere with the present motion, and the fate of that proposition would not prevent him from calling on the House to carry into effect a law passed nearly forty years ago, and to which the faith an honor of the nation were pledged. If congress erected no monument to Washington, it would be no fault of his; he would go as far as any gentleman in obtaining it. There was a law of the old Congress directing a monument to Montgomery in the city of New York; it had been neglected by the nation; but the State of New York, to its lasting credit, had performed that duty itself, and in the course of last year removed the bones of the immortal Montgomery from the spot where he fell to the land which he had so gloriously defended. Propositions had frequently been brought forward in the House to erect a memorial of some kind to Washington, but for some reason or other, they were never carried. It had been said, the pages of history perpetuated the glory of Washington; but was not a monument also a history in which every one might read not only the virtues of the man, but also the gratitude of the country"

The question to lay Mr. Reed's motion on the table was carried by 76 yeas against 42 nays, and until recently, the pledge of an early Congress to do a patriotic act remained a dead-letter on the statute book. When all over the land the benign face of Washington smiled on his countrymen; when column, marble and bronze perpetuated his features, then the heroic Baron was remembered, so after all, Republics are not ungrateful.

The first of February, 1819, Mr. Reed, in the House, delivered a long and vigorous speech on the Seminole ware. It occupies thirteen columns in the "Annals of Congress." No one can read that speech and deny to Mr. Reed the grace of ornate sentence-making, lucidity of statement and fervor of rhetoric. He declined to support a resolution of approval of the act of General Jackson for having executed Arburthnot and Ambuerst.

In October, 1820, Reed contested with Jeremiah Cousden, the seat in Congress from the Sixth Maryland District, composed of the counties of Harford, Cecil and Kent. The returns of the elections made to the Governor and council, gave each an equal number of votes, neither having, "the greatest number of votes." The Governor and council awarded the seat to Cousden by one vote, who presented his credentials to the House and was sworn in. Reed contested the election. He was successful, the House determining that the Governor and council could not elect a member.

During the contest, on motion of Mr. Sloane, Mr. Reed was permitted to appear within the bar and be heard. Cousden being temporarily seated, had the privileges of the floor. Both of them spoke for hours, when by a final vote of 82 to 74 Reed was sworn in.

He thus explains why he did not vote on an important question, in a note to the Speaker of the House, dated 20th March, 1822: "Severe indisposition prevented me from attending the House of Thursday and recording my vote in favor of the Independence of the South American governments; the same cause prevented me from attending the House yesterday; nor was it until the hour of adjournment that I was informed that the members who were absent when the above vote was taken, were yesterday permitted by universal consent, to have their votes entered upon the Journal. Thus circumstanced I shall feel highly honored by the House, if they will permit my name to be recorded in the affirmative on that question, by placing it with the yeas; or, if that cannot be done, by placing this letter on the Journal."

The Congressional career of our soldier-statesman has enough in it to show that he was a capable public servant, and that he intelligently and faithfully discharged his constitutional duties to his constituents. As a specimen of his oratory the following extract does him honor: "There are two way by which a government may be overthrown; one by too much tone, the other by too much debility. We are told, however, that this country had nothing to fear from our military commanders. This, sir, is the language which has been repeated in all countries. If, when Caesar was carrying on his wars against Britain, the question had been asked at Rome, whether Caesar would overturn the liberties of his country, the answer would have been (with the exception of Cato) no; Caesar is the friend of his country. Had it been asked of an Englishman, whether Cromwell would have turned the Parliament out of doors and trampled under foot the liberties of his country, the answer no doubt would have been Cromwell is the friend of liberty. Had a Frenchman been asked whether the saint who now sites upon the rock of St. Helena, would turn the French Deputies out of doors at the point of a bayonet, the answer would have been no, Bonaparte is the friend of liberty."

At the expiration of his Congressional term, he ceased forever to be prominently connected with public affairs. His last days were saddened by financial reverses through which unfalteringly the confidence of the public sought to cheer and comfort him.

No one survives who can recall him to us as he appeared in life. He was in presence and manners a gentleman. He wore the conventional dress similar to that worn by Washington; a ruffled shirt-bosom and a coat with a high collar. Thomas Vickers, who was a member of Usilton's artillery, spoke of him to the members of his family "as a noble man, a courageous man, who was not so large, either." He was an original member of the Society of the Cincinnatti of Maryland; a vice-president of it, elected in 1828. His grand-son, Philip George Reed, in 1866, was made one of its secretaries.

General Reed twice married; he was buried by the side of his first wife in I. U. Parish Church. She was a Miss Hosanah Medford. The inscription on her tombstone tells all we can glean of her history. The General wrote it. It is a tender tribute to her virtues, and reads: "Sacred to the memory of Hosanah Reed, daughter of George and Beatrice Reed Medford, and wife of Philip Reed, who departed this life on Wednesday, 10th March, 1802, aged 29 years, 6 months and 5 days, leaving two young sons, Philip and George. She was an affectionate wife, a tender mother, a sincere friend and a good neighbor. She sustained a long a painful illness with Christian patience and resignation. A fall from his carriage, by which his leg was fractured, deprived her affectionate husband of the power of payer her that unremitting attention to which her merits and virtues fully entitle her. This monumental stone is dedicated to her respected memory by him." "The end of the upright is peace."

One of the aforementioned children, George, died in the early years of his boyhood. He second wife was a Miss Mary Medford; she is buried in proximity to his grave, which place is marked by tombstones. By her he had two children, George Clinton Reed and Elizabeth Reed.

During the year 1828, the United States government granted to the hero a pension for services in the Revolution; it was of little avail; it came to him too late. He who in early life had been high sheriff of Kent county from 1792 to 1795, was to receive a summons from the Great High Sheriff of all the worlds in universal space to appear in His presence.

An unusual solemnity overshadowed Huntingfield, the 2d of November, 1829; on that Monday, in the autumn of that year; in the autumn of his life, Philip Reed, 69 years of age, departed for the invisible world, and thereafter to this sphere ceased to be more than a memory; a sweet, pure memory, fragrant and precious. Autumn was in its ripe, rich splendor, and spread

around the warrior its mantle of yellow leaves. Heaven's gates were thrown open for the admission of one who was on earth a confessor of the true faith, to be received by the Master in His Princely Halls of Peace.

May it not be asked, what palliation can be made for the long interval of neglect which permitted seventy-three years to choke with noxious growth the unmarked, unattended grave of the hero of this battle field? Why had been permitted the heroism of the men who followed their leader into the conflict, in the moonlight, to lapse almost from their memory? Let that departed generation between us and the dead soldier, lie in graves unharmed by such inquires. It might have save for us narrative, but it did not; it might have given the monuments we have reared in an era when existing circumstances could have been recalled, but it did not. We have gathered together the crumbs of history from wherever found and placed them on the feast table of this day, and we have invited you to be seated, and to eat of the good food prepared for the enrichment of your intellects and patriotism.

And pray, what ought I to say of ourselves, who have merely performed a duty, who have made this a monumental, gala day; who have redeemed the grave and crowned it with the friendly granite, who shall henceforth command all who pass this way to halt by yon stone and read what we have written upon it in order that henceforth they shall not forget "that here is valor's shrine and consecrated sod;" that here American patriots wrote in blood which they caused their assailants to shed the credentials of their own immortality?

May I not salute you? It was a laudable act of generous patriotism for the owner of this blood-be-sprinkled field, to grant the space on which the monumental stone stands, for its uplifting. I salute her in your names and in the names of the people whose tread will shortly be heard coming to this scene to read and commune with its past. I salute you, my comrades of the committee, for what our eyes are permitted to behold on this proud, heaven-born and consecrated day. I salute all who are here present; those who have come from the city across the bay, leaving behind them its spires and monuments, and those from the neighborhood around, you have brought General Reed from the obscurity of hanging shadows and re-concentrated upon him the loving gaze of the nation. And I salute the Republic, rich in heroes and heritages; in swords and pens, in flags and cannon, in hearts of love and in minds of remembrance, worthy to be what it has grown, nurtured by servants consecrated to its service.

Hark! hear you not the blast of an approaching herald, proclaiming to the ages in their appearing, behold the matchless jewels Columbia had in her sons; and do you not see them, and can you not behold him whom we have eulogized, among the great number of the immortal army of the clouds? On their brows are fadeless leaves which need no renewing; the breath of decay is not there; life, eternal life, is the halo of their glory, the arch of their splendor. Here ye not the herald again as he speaks! they shall be kept in everlasting remembrance. At those words millions of people who have sprung into existence send up a shout which shakes the dome of the sky, and earth and heaven sing in united chorus, "they are ours; they are imperishable; the air they breathe is a living breath and they can never die. They are our national gods; we have placed them in niches of fame and over them is the shield of the Republic, blazing in glorious effulgence and having on it in flaming letters, *Esto Perpetua."*

ADDRESS BY DR. ALBERT KIMBERLY HADEL.

Dr. Albert Kimberly Hadel, of Baltimore, representing the Maryland Society of the War of 1812, in the city of Baltimore, in the absence of its president, John M. Dulaney, spoke as follows:

PATRIOTIC LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE OLD COMMONWEALTH: - I am before you to-day to bring you fraternal greetings from the Society of the War of 1812 in Maryland, and from the General Society. We desire to congratulate you upon the work which is completed to-day – work which is specially ours, that of marking historic spots in our beloved States and in celebrating events which record a glorious history.

In marking the grave of General Philip Reed and Caulk's Field you have honored yourselves, for while the contest which took place here was not a great battle in point of number, it showed to the enemy the character of our people; it showed to the world that in our veins of the participants still ran the blood of the Revolution; it showed that Maryland could not be invaded with impunity, even by the most powerful nation on earth. But it is not my purpose to go into the details of the event which you commemorate to-day, after the splendid and exhaustive address of our patriotic comrade, William N. Marine.

This act of defence, small in comparison with other which history records, yet potential in shaping the policy of defence which had to be developed rapidly in the War of 1812, as was Lexington and Concord in the first war for Independence.

The history of events which led up to our Revolution is, or ought to be known to every school boy. It is known that for more than a hundred years our fathers bore with great patience born of English Christianity, the humiliation of being governed by weak-minded tyrant who by the accidents of birth became the rulers of the mother country.

So patient were our fathers that even in the Congress of 1775 it was not the prevailing sentiment of the delegates to dissolve the relations between mother and child, so great was their love for the land which had been the home of the ancestors, and it was not until the doors of the British Ministry were closed in the face of Benjamin Franklin and his appeal to Parliament returned with insult, that he turned his face toward his beloved country to report that hope for justice must be abandoned – that his people must prepare for war.

When the last act was passed which severed morally their relations with Great Britain, a storm of indignation swept throughout the Kingdom. The great mass of the people sympathized with us in our struggle for justice. William Pitt in and out of Parliament declared the acts of the ministers towards us were not only unjust but inhuman.

Admiral Keppel said at his club one night that rather than fight against the American Colonists he would resign. He was willing to fight against Frenchmen and Spaniards, but against their American brother, never.

After the fight at Lexington and Concord the City Recorder of London appeared in mourning; being asked whom he had lost, he said: "My brother in America whom you have murdered."

Lord Chatham, whose son was serving in the army in Canada requested that son to resign from the service immediately upon being ordered to follow his regiment to America.

Granville Sharp, chief of ordinance in the war office, refused to attend to routine work incident to the sending of troops to the Colonies.

Lord Effingham, upon receiving orders to sail with his regiment for service in American, took off his uniform and sent his resignation to the war office.

Even the King's own brother, the Duke of Clarence, asked and received a leave of absence to travel abroad that he might be freed from the hateful influences of Lord North, who dominated the court of his brother, and it was a Metz, in France, that the gallant Lafayette heard from his lips the story of our trials, and it was that information which gave him the inspiration which prompted him to leave his dear France which was then Trembling before the shock of her own Revolution, to become a friend of our cause and a chosen companion of our beloved Washington.

The cry was heard in every part of England, "Down with the ministers," but George III dare not remove them, to come before the people, for an endorsement meant defeat, and it was with a sad heart that the people saw their friends and relative sail away never to return, but to find graves in a hostile land, sleeping in unmarked places 'til the final hour when the trump shall sound which will awake them to that other life man had dreamed of since the creation. Regiment after regiment passed over the ocean to fight to death their kindred, but no human had the power to stay that cruel king. The destiny of that hated Tudor race was ordained but not yet written, yet it was the innocent men of his kingdom who would write that history in their blood.

It was also the hour of trial for the Anglo-Saxon race, for it was at this time, through destruction of life and property that the highest conception of human government was to be made manifest by eight years of a bloody struggle which ended in 1781 at Yorktown. A treaty of peace was signed in Paris in 1783, but what that generation of Englishmen were forced by circumstances to agree to was to be violated by another. Indeed, the document signed was but a cessation of hostilities, for our old enemy never for a moment relinquished her intention to again become our political and commercial master, and never for a moment were we free from insults to our national being, the great northwestern frontier being daily the scene of murders of our people by the English and their allies – and remember that for 29 years our fathers suffered their trials, and again in 1812 found themselves at war with their relentless enemy, and mark you, with the same spirit of indignation manifest in our English cousins, and this feeling pervading every avenue, political, social and commercial, in Great Britain. The Duke of Wellington, it is said, refused to command the army of invasion, but strong as this sentiment was, nothing could influence George IV. Destiny had marked out another victim; another Tudor was on the throne, more bloody sacrifices were demanded. George IV had learned nothing from the failures of George II, ad while our fathers fought nobly and won many victories, North Point and Plattsburg being the most influential and notable, for the battle of New Orleans was fought after a treaty of peace had been agreed upon, but we must thank the disturbed political condition of Europe for the peace which came in January, 1815, for that ambitious tyrants, Bonaparte, was on horseback and had arrayed himself against the allied powers. We are, however, confronted by the fact that without pandering to the Anglo-American fanatic, we owe much to our English blood with its combination of Gallic, Roman and Saxon Normal, and the Englishmen do we owe the full fruition of our struggle for absolute independence.

Hands across the sea in 1902 are welcome as kindred, for it was the hands and hearts which came across the sea in 1776 and 1812 which gave us substantial aid, which enabled us to make so bold an armed resistance. Finances which came to us from our British friends and relatives not only helped us to buy arms but to bear them, for it is a well-known fact, thousands of British subjects enrolled themselves in our army in both of the two Wars for Independence,

and fought gallantly beside our native-born Americans, and at greater risk, for capture meant death.

The work of to-day is to mark an historic place and to pay a tribute to the men who on this battlefield maintained the honor of our dear Commonwealth and the nation, and ennobled American manhood. Shoulder to shoulder stood the children of the Round-head, the Cavalier and the Hugeunot, whose father had not breather the air of our free land without giving to their manhood a higher aspiration and a nobler cause to defend. Freedom here had a sweeter sound, for it was the full realization of man's desire to govern himself, and, like the champions of old, they were willing to die that freedom might survive.

To the men of the Revolution we owe the conception of our government, and no monuments or tablets will pay the debt. But it was the War of 1812 which assured to us that for which the Revolution was inaugurated but which it did not attain, and in the evolution of things it had come to pass that the child of a cruel parent had outgrown itself, that the feeble results of the Revolution have become the most powerful factor in the family of nations. Our influence upon the moral and physical forces of the world have been so stimulating that even our most optimistic citizens are amazed, and this had not been the result of war but the victories of peace and industry. Our father waged ware for the establishment of free institutions, but we have waged the war of peace and fellowship that these institutions might survive all things, that our dear land might continue to the end of time as the haven of the oppressed of all nations. When we proclaim to the world our superiority in all things it is no idle boast, for it is proved by fact and now acknowledged by all, that our supremacy is unrivaled, our moral and physical forces incalculable and results in a manhood of such superiority as to be the marvel of human construction. Show me a nation which stands alone as ours does, absolutely independent of the world, free of foreign complication, self-dependent, with a wealth of agriculture, mineral, manufacture and commerce rapidly chasing the other nations over the map of the universe, and with an activity which startles even our wisest statesmen and almost at a leap becomes the financial center of the world.

With the early future comes a magnificent navy to carry our proud banner to the ends of the earth, and when necessary a mighty army of defence. Through the wisdom of our law-makers we shall become the conquerors of the world, for its Americanization had begun, and it is not a vanity of the 20th century, for the greatest achievement of the years had been the rapid rise of a new race of people, now perfectly distinct, and shall be known in all time as "Americans;" yet, with a just pride and true estimate of the value of those qualities which come to us fro those who came cfrom "Merry England," the land of their birth and of Alfred the Great, Cromwell, Milton, Shakespeare, Scott and Burns.

As we ascend to the height of power and prosperity, and claim the undisputed right to stand at the head of the English-speaking nations, it is with the promise to the nations still lying in the darkness of past ages, that we stand for peace, not war; life not death; prosperity, not destruction; freedom for all and fuller enjoyment of the blessings of citizenship. The right hand of fellowship will destroy that of plunder, and in the end our influences for good will be our desideratum and by our rectitude we will erect a monument to Christian civilization.

This, fellow-countrymen, I believe to be our destiny.

DR. ALBERT KIMBERLY HADEL.

The sword of General Reed, now in possession of Dr. Thomas B. Willson, to whose father General Reed gave it, was in evidence, and was placed upright against the marker. A gun claimed to be the one which shit Captain Parker, with powder horn, lay on the table upon the stand.

One of the most interesting events of the occasion was the placing of a large wreath of green leaves on the marker by Mrs. Thomas Hill, which took place at its unveiling. The British flag used was furnished by a steamer of that nationality, whose name cannot be stated. Six steamers competed for the honor of furnishing a flag of England for the occasion. The choice was decided by lot. The American flag was furnished by the Chester River Steamboat Company.

The Grave-Stone Unveiled.

Between four and five hundred citizens of Kent county, Maryland, participated in the ceremonies of unveiling the monumental slab which had been placed over the grave of general Philip Reed in the cemetery at Christ Church, Parish of I. U., Kent county, Md., Diocese of Easton, on Sunday, October 26, 1902, at three o'clock P.M.

The day was cheerless and bleak, yet there was no dampening of the patriotic ardor of those who had assembled to honor their hero. Nearly every section of the county contributed its quota of representative citizens, and the exercises were marked by a dignity and simplicity in perfect harmony with the character of the great Kent countian whose history was being perpetuated in appropriately-marked granite. The picturesque beauty of the country church-yard gave added impressiveness to the appropriate ceremonies which were being carried out.

The slab is a solid granite block, six feet long, three feet wide, one foot thick, and lies flat upon the grave. On this occasion it as surrounded by potted [plants and cut flowers – a large wreath of green leaves crowned its surface, and a neat staff upon which to hoist the flag with which it was veiled, stood gracefully at its head.

Inscription of the Slab.

GENERAL PHILIP REED,
A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION AND
THE WAR OF 1812,
HERO OF
CAULK'S FIELD,
UNITED STATES SENATOR
And Member of the
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.
Born 1760 Died 1829

A number of national and other hymns farmed a stirring feature of the unveiling service: every individual in the throng joined in them. The singing was led by an organ, at which Miss Olivia Wilkins presided, and by a quartet of brass instruments in the hands of Prof. John Cannan, Foster Cannan, Benjamin Greenwood and Roland Matthews, under the able direction of Mr. Walter W. Chapman. A choir composed of Mrs. C. T. Denroche, Mrs. Alwyn N. Stavely, Mrs. Allan Harris, Mr. and Mrs. G. Wright Nicols; Misses Hellen Wilkins, Isabel Valliant, Lilian Greenwood, Erie Grimes, Elizabeth Pennington; Prof. L. Harris Crewe, Nesbitt Trenchard, Thomas W. Perkins, Prof. Edw. J. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Lamb and others, gave the multitude substantial aid in every offering of prayer and praise in song.

The ceremonies were devoutly opened, "In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, Amen," and followed by the hymn, "Our Father's God, to Thee."

An address was then delivered by the Rev. Chris. T. Denroche, Rector of St. Paul's and I. U. Parishes, after which the stone was formally unveiled in response to his following words"

"It is now my happy duty, of which I am honestly proud, to respectfully request and direct that the grave stone be now unveiled."

Immediately, Miss Elizabeth Anna Nicols, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nicols, of Worton, Md., and a great-grand niece of General Reed's wife, removed the handsome American flag from the polished and engraved face of the massive granite slab, and laid it at the foot of the staff in graceful folds.

The Rector then gave voice to the following beautiful sentence, well adapted to the solemn heart-feeling which such an event inspired:

"In honor of the man who lies beneath this stone, and in order that the flag, which he, our heroic general, loved so well during his life, shall wave over his remains, we now hoist 'Old Glory.'"

At these words, Mr. Edward W. Hebron, a vestryman of I. U. Parish, slowly hoisted the General's loved flag, and as it floated gloriously in a stiff breeze the congregation, in loyal devotion, burst grandly into hymn 197, "O, Lord of Hosts! Almighty King." "Singing and making melody in their hearts to the Lord."

While this hymn was being sung, Mrs. Thomas Hill placed a delicate tracery of smilax over the face of the stone. Mr. Denroche then said:

"We proceed now to Bless and Dedicate this memorial slab: -

"In the name of the Father and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

"We, Christopher Thomas Denroche, Priest, Rector of the parishes of St. Paul's and I. U., Kent county, Md., in the presence of the vestrymen of I. U. and of the congregation here assembled, do solemnly Bless and Dedicate this grave and grave-stone, to the glory of God, and to the pious memory of General Philip Reed, who was a soldier of the Revolution and of the War of 1812, Hero of Caulk's Field, Kent county, Md., United States Senator, member of the House of Representatives and sometimes a member and vestryman of the parish.

"Given at Christ Church, in the Parish of I. U., in the 11th year of our rectorate on the 26th day of October, being the 22nd Sunday after Trinity, in the year of our Lord, 1902."

The Lord's prayer and a select collect from the burial service were then used. Softly and with deep feeling, the choir and people sang the lovely hymns of faith, "Asleep in Jesus," "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow." The benediction was then given, and the people were dismissed, edified and instructed, happy and satisfied, having done well-merited honor to a brave hero, and noble Christian of their country and State.

ADDRESS OF REV. CHRIS. T. DENROCHE.

TO THE LARGE-HEARTED CITIZENS OF KENT COUNTY. GREETING:

As a representative body of loyal Americans you now stand around the monument which had been placed over the last earthly resting place of a Christian Hero of our county and State.

Lists of the names of the subscribers to this stone, and to that of the Battle-marker at Caulk's Field, have been placed in their foundations, cemented in receptacle prepared for their preservation.

Beneath this stone memorial slab of granite are the remains of General Philip Reed.

It is well-known that a loving desire to honor the memory of General Philip Reed, by erecting a monument over his grave, has strongly pervaded the minds and hearts of the members of I.U. congregation, and of many other citizens of our county, for years; but that owing to delicate and apparently insurmountable considerations they have been unable to bring their loving desires to any practical issue.

Within the last few years circumstances have altered, and have justified practical action in the matter, and have allowed you to bring to completion the previously hampered and loving desires of your worthy and loyal hearts.

To fulfil these righteous desires, a modest though substantial granite tomb-stone, which we have, this day, the distinguished honor to unveil and dedicate, has been placed over our hero's grave.

This happy consummation of our object has been arrived at in the following manner:

In 1892 it was my privilege to be elected rector of St. Paul's and I.U. Parishes, Kent county, Md. In I.U. Parish the story of general Philip reed soon came to my ears, with the information that his remains had laid in the burial ground here for some seventy years in an unmarked grave. At that time – as none of the former difficulties opposed themselves – I consulted the leading members of the congregation as to the propriety of having a memorial stone procured to mark the spot for future generations. This idea received unqualified approval. The matter was then brought before business men generally. Mr. Charles Cox Hopper, of Chestertown; Captain Columbus A. Leary, of Edesville, and Colonel William M. Marine, of Baltimore, were my first practical advisers. Many other seconded their valuable suggestions. Subsequently, an informal meeting was held at the Chestertown "Transcript" newspaper office. It was there resolved that this religious object should be at once, and actively, put before the whole public.

In order to further this resolution, a committee was formed, which edited 500 pamphlets setting forth the prominent features of General Reed's character and history. A copy of it was mailed to every one who might possibly be interested.

From this pamphlet I now give you an instructive extract:

"He was a gallant soldier of the Maryland Line in the Revolutionary War, and particularly distinguished himself in the attack on Stoney Point on the Hudson, July 16th, 1779.

"He was prominent in the War of 1812, and commanded the troops which won a signal victory over the enemy at Caulk's Field, Kent county, Md., in 1814.

"He distinguished himself for years as a leading spirit in the United States Senate and House.

"He was an estimable citizen and church member, and acted as vestryman in the Parish of I. U., Kent county, Md., for a lengthened period.

"Inscriptions on his wives' tombstones in I. U. graveyard prove him to have been a loving husband and father.

"On January 23d, 1819, he introduced a resolution in Congress to build a monument to General De-Kalb, and thus became father to the movement which in 1886, placed a monument beside the State House at Annapolis, Md., in grateful and historic memory of that dead hero:

"But, sad to say, this old hero of Maryland military fame; this conspicuous worker in the Legislative halls of our country; this admirable citizen, humble Christian, loving father and husband; this good man who erected grave-stone to memorialize the virtues of his wives, and was the prime mover in building a monument to the memory of one of Maryland's dead heroes; this man (another dead Maryland hero), whose character and history so deservedly demand memorializing, HAS LAID IN AN UNMARKED GRAVE FOR OVER SEVENTY YEARS.

"There is not, at this time, one living near relation to raise a memorial stone at his grave. It, therefore, devolves upon a grateful people to have on placed there.

"While advocating, in the 15th Congress, the building of a monument o the memory of General DeKalb, General Reed used the following language: 'It has been said that, 'the *page if history* has perpetuated the glory of Washington, but is not a *monument a history in stone*, on which every one may read, not only the *glory of the man*, but also the *gratitude of his country*.'

"In the army, in the United States Senate and House, and in private life, General Reed's character was of conspicuous courage, faithful diligence, and unswerving loyalty."

GENERAL PHILIP REED'S RECORD AS A PUBLIC MAN.

As a soldier – Commissioned Lieutenant in the 3rd. Regiment of the Maryland line, on October 13, 1778, and served bravely throughout the whole War of the Revolution. He commanded the militia in 1814 which repelled the British at Caulk's Field, Kent County, Md., and was then made Brigadier General of the Maryland Militia. In 1828 he was pensioned for his valuable services during the Revolution, but died on November 2, 1829, at Huntingfield, Kent county, Md., his pension beinjg of little use to him.

"*In the U. S. Senate* – He was a United States Senator from 1806 to 1807 (one year) having been elected as successor to the Hon. Robert Wright, who resigned to become Governor of his State. In 1807 he was re-elected to the Senate for the full term of six years till 1813, thus holding his senatorship for *seven years*.

"His colleague all through his senatorial services was General Samuel Smith, of Baltimore, the hero of Fort Mifflin.

In the House – He served during the 15th Congress, from December, 1817, to March, 1819; and in the 17th Congress from March 20th, 1822, to March 3, 1823.

"In 1818-19, he was an influential member of the committee on military affairs, headed by Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky."

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: - The purpose of our meeting on this Sunday and in this cemetery of the Parish of I.U., in the county of Kent, Md., and in the Diocese of Easton, is to unveil and to dedicate a monumental grave stone to the Glory of God, and in honorable memory of General Philip Reed, a noble hero of our State and county.

In honoring the dead, we are executing a strictly religious duty well worthy of performance on this venerable, holy, day.

As the subject matter of this address involved secular considerations in it religious aspect, I desire, with apology to you, indulgence in selecting a text, not from the Bible, but from the works of the immortal Shakespeare, and though a text is usually announced at the beginning of a sermon, I hope you will forgive me for announcing it in this place.

My text will be found in the opening sentence of Mark Antony's oration over the dead body of Julius Caesar:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him; the evil that men do lives after them, the good is oft interred with their bones, so let it be with Caesar."

Close to the base of Pompey's statue, at the capitol, in the ancient city of Rome, lay the dead body of the "Mighty Caesar," deformed with wounds and weltering in his gore,. He had been assassinated by conspirators. Brutus, one of the conspirators, cried out, as all stood around the body: :Stoop, Romans, stoop, and let us bather our hands in Caesar's blood up to the elbows, and besmear our swords; then walk we forth, even to the market-place."

To this scene of blood and death came Mark Antony, well-nigh heart-broken by the assassination of his fondly-loved and dearest friend. He came in fear and trembling, but not until the conspirators had guaranteed to him, by message, the safety of his life. At the fight of the dead and mutilated body of his friend, and in the extremity of his grief, he begged the conspirator to slay him also:

> "Live a thousand years," said he to them,
> "I shall not find myself so apt to die;
> No place will please me so, no mean of death,
> As here by Caesar, and by you cut off."

The conspirators refuse Mark Antony his begged-for boon of death. Instead of killing him, they requested him to convey the dead Caesar to the market-place – the public Forum – and there to make an oration to the people over the body.

The conspirators themselves at once repaired to the Forum, and placed Brutus in the 'public chair" or "pulpit," to address the people. In his oration, Brutus extolled some of Caesar's good qualities fairly enough, but he laid so great emphasis on the supposed giant quality of his ambition as to grossly insinuate that the evil which would have followed it would have lived after him forever; and that the good which he had done was so dwarfed in comparison, that it would be interred with his bones and be heard of nevermore.

As Brutus was about to close his oration, Antony came into the Forum with Caesar's dead body. Brutus retired and Mark Antony was placed in the pulpit to speak to the people. We have to notice carefully the temper of Antony's audience. It was composed of men who had been swayed, by the oratory of Brutus, to a favorable consideration of the assassination. Antony was, therefore, obliged to exercise caution in his speech. He, therefore, with admirable diplomacy, opened his address by apparently agreeing with the sentiments which had been expressed by Brutus, and gave diplomatic utterance to these words:

> "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears;
> I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him;
> The evil which men do, lives after them,
> The good is oft interred with their bones.
> So let it be with Caesar."

On the subject-matter on which it is my privilege to deliver an address to you at this time, there is no necessity for any – the least – diplomacy; not do I need in this case to exercise caution in my speech. I desire to speak in the utmost sincerity, and from a thoroughly open heart.

The words which I am about to say to you now are but a paraphrase of the words used by Mark Antony over Caesar's body. They are words which, I know, will find a responsive – truthful – and loving, appreciative echo in your own loyal, loving and true hearts.

Friends, Americans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come, *not to bury* General Philip Reed, but to *praise* him; the evil which he did does *not* live after him; the *good is not* interred with his bones. So it is with General Philip Reed.

It will be, in November, 1902, seventy-three years since the body of our sterlingly brave and loyal general "was laid to rest." It lies beneath the monumental granite covering which we, on this day, unveil and dedicate to the glory of God, and to the honored memory of our dear old General's imperishable *goodness*, unswerving *loyalty*, irreproachable *citizenship* and heartfelt *Christianity*.

Time will not permit me to dwell in detail, on the many incidents which might be offered in proof of these assertions. I will attempt only a brief mention.

1st – THAT HE WAS GOOD MAN, is proved by the fact that he won the heart's love of his neighbors. So much so that when difficulty and trouble assailed him, and his estate was put up by law to be sold, not one man could be found to make an offer for it. So *good* was he to others that, although his estate was offered for sale three different times, it could not be sold, as no one would be a party to dispossess him of his property. Again his *goodness* is shown by his gratefully affectionate nature as a husband, for here, at his side, are the grave-stones of his wives, erected at his own instance, and bearing epitaphs full of the deepest sentiment of esteem and affection. Again, a marked estimation of his *goodness* is shown, in that his grandson, who was not a member of this parish, year after year, made an offering in its aid, for love of his *good* grandfather.

2nd – THAT HE WAS OF FAITHFUL LOYALTY. This is proved by the fact that he enrolled himself, loyally, and fought in the War of the Revolution under General George Washington, and that he commanded the troops which fought and won the Battle of caulk's Field in this county of Kent, Maryland.

3rd – THAT HIS CITIZENSHIP WAS IRREPROACHABLE. This is proved by the fact that his fellow-citizens held him worthy of positions of honor and trust: that he held the office of High sheriff of Kent county, Md., for three years; and that he was elected to be the people's representative in congress: - also, in that for seven years he held a U.S. Senatorship for Maryland.

4th – HIS HEARTFELT CHRISTIANITY. This is shown by the fact that he served as a Vestryman in the parish of I. U.; and gave practical assistance in its spiritual welfare. Also, in that he doubtless received in humble worship at the old church of this, his parish, the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. His choicest society was assuredly among the followers of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

We, therefore, in truth, must honor, in terms of highest praise, the memory of this good and loyal man, - this true citizen and Christian, - our much esteemed and devoutly venerated General Philip Reed.

The *evil* which he *did*, through the natural infirmity of his humanity is *clean forgotten*. The *good* which he did is as *green* in our memory *now* as when it was *first in growth*. May God give us grace to follow so admirable an example.

I have now to thank, with hearty gratitude, all those whose liberality has enabled us to set this memorial stone to the glory of God, and in loving memory of General Philip Reed.

Let us pray that as we now honor our loyal and Christian countryman, so "we (and he) and all who have departed in the true faith of God's Holy name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in God's eternal and everlasting glory, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

To the right of General Reed in I. U. Cemetery, is the grave of one of his wives, the head-stone of which bears the following inscription:

> Sacred to the memory of Hasanah Reed, daughter of George and Beatrice Medford, and wife of Philip Reed, who departed this life on Wednesday, 10th of March, 1802, aged 29 years, 6 months and 5 days, leaving two sons, Philip and George.
>
> She was an affectionate wife, a tender mother, a sincere friends and a good neighbor. She sustained a long and painful illness with Christian patience and resignation. A fall from his carriage by which his leg ewas fracture deprived her affectionate husband of the power of paying her that unremitting attention to which her merits and virtues fully entitled her.
>
> This monumental stone is dedicated to her respected memory by him.
>
> "The end of the upright is peace."

Beside this grave is a mound marked by a well-preserved marble slab bearing the following inscription:

> Sacred to the memory of George Medford Reed, son of Philip and Hosanah Reed, who departed this life 9th July, 1802, aged 5 months and 16 days.

Adjoining this grave is another stone marked:

> Sacred to the memory of Mary Reed, daughter of Marmaduke and Hanah Medford, and wife of Philip Reed. She departed this life January 2nd, 1820, in the 38th year of her age, leaving two young children, George and Elizabeth. She was an affectionate wife, a most tender mother, a most sincere friend, a good neighbor and a kind mistress. Such, indeed, was the purity of her life and conversation that it is believed that she left no enemy behind. This monumental stone is dedicated to her respected memory by her husband.

In an old newspaper called "The General Advertiser," published at Easton, Talbot county, Md., under date of October 4, 1814, appears the following (the names and punctuation are given exactly as printed):

"The list of the officers and men who were in the action at 'Caulk's Field' on the night of the 30th August last, under Col. Reed:

"Of Captain Chambers' Company – Ezekiel F. Chambers, captain. Thomas Eunick, Lieut. Wm. Skirven, ensign. Joseph Wickes, 4th, John Magnor. David Chambers. Thos. I. Kennard. Philip Crane. Jesse Vickers. Wm. C. Lassell. James Vickers. James Mansfield. George Watts. Jas. Coleman. Zabedie Harbert. John Kemp (drummer). Aaron Alford. Samuel Deal. James Haley. James Gooding. Lemuel Comegys. Thomas Wickes. David Falls. John Usselton. Sam'l Rumney. Robert Constable. Theoph Russle. James Robinson. James D. Miller. Andrew Toulson. Wm. Notts. Thomas Dugan. Benjamin Benton. Thos. Bordley. Isaiah Coleman. Jas. Hickinbottom. Benj. Lee Chambers. Edward Coleby. Alexander Dunk. Wm. S. Lassell. John Jones. Sam'l Griffith. Samuel Floyd. Richard Kennard. Wm. Elliot. Geo. Holtzman.

"Of Capt. Hand's Company – Henry Tilghman, Lieut. Richard S. Thomas, ensign. James Wilcox. Nath. Tonson. James F. Brown. Henry Copper. Robert McGuire. Wilson Stavely. James Middleton. Lemuel Wilmer. Wm. Martin. Henry Robertson. Joseph Redue. Arthur Parsely. Robert Barnes. Joseph Gibbs. Sam'l Elbert. Wm. Hague. Jeremiah Nicols. John B. Eccleston. Wm. Hyland. Thos. J. James. Richard Seymour. Thos. Vickers. James Ringgold, Jr. John Edwards. John R. Wilmer. Thomas Taylor. Henry Robertson.

"Capt. Wickes' Rifle Corps – Simon Wickes, captain. Joseph Brown, 1st Lieut. John Beck, 2nd Lieut. Eliphan Donlin. Samuel Coleman. Henry Urie. Richard Smith. Richard Kennard. James Yeates. Horatio Stokes. John Airy. John Hyland. John Beck. John Jones. James Smith. Sam'l C. Wickes. Peregrine Beck. Richard Freiks. Bazilla Sparks. Thomas Hartley. Levin Rolinson. Wm. Lamb. Elisha Swift. Robert Fellingham. James Tharp. John Pearce.

"Of Capt. Griffith's Company – Samuel Griffith, Captain. Joseph Thomas. David Jones, Wm. Kendall. Samuel Baker. Barney DeCourse. John Crouch. Hyram Brown. Henry Dunk. Jonathan Harris. George G. Simmonds. James Crouch.

"Of Captain Hynson's Company – Thos. B. Hynson, Captain. Richard Grant, ensign. Robert Love. Peregrin Whaland. James Shaw. Wm. Hague. John Waram.

"Of Capt. Page's Company – Samuel Wickes, Lieut. Merritt Miller, ensign. Thomas Crouch. Abraham Waram. Wm. Wickes, Jr. James Downey. Thos. Covington. John Yearley, Jr. William Frisby. John Glanville. Thos. Benton. Francis Benton. Bery Benton. James Legg. Nathan Gleaves. Jesse Clark. Benj. Hynson. John Dunn. James Eagle. Robert Collin.Gabriel Alloway. Steven Bryan. George Ashley. John Humphries. James Hudson. Ezekial Coleman. Jesse Covington. Wm. Simmons. Wm. Irvy. Thos. Spencer. Nicholas Didley. Elisha Beck. Wm. Miller.

"Artillery Company – Aquila M. Usselton, Captain. John Reed. Lieut. Morgan Bron. Lieut. ____ Brown (?) – Edw. Nicholson, Henry H. Stewart. James Usselton. Philip Rasin, Jr. Edward Cannon. James Hatcherson. John Dugan. Joseph Gidley. Sirus Rasin. Wm. Weaver. Ezekial Foreman. Wm. Apsley, Jr. Matthew Wickes. Philip Carroll. Chas. Letherbury. Dulany Apsley. William T. Usselton.

Special mention was made of the following officers and other for their bravery and services in action:

"Major Wickes, Captain Chambers.

"Captain Wickes, Lieut. Beck, of Rifle Corps.

"Lietu. Eunick, ensign Skirven, of Capt. Chambers' Company.

"Capt. Hynson, and Ensign Grant.

"Capt. Usselton (of Brigade Artillery), and his Lieuts., Reed and Brown.

"Lieut. Tilghman, who commanded the guns of the Volunteer Artillery in the absence of Capt. Hands (who is in ill-health and from home) and his ensign Thomas,=.

"Capt. Wilson, of the Cavalry, who was with Col. Reed.

"Adjutant Hynson (who displayed much zeal and firmness throughout).

"Dr. Blake, Dr. Gordon and Isaac Spencer, Esq., (accidently in camp), assisted in reconnoitering the enemy on his advance."

The forgoing list is doubtless the same which Lieut. Col. Reed says, in his letter or official report of the action, "as an act of justice I enclose you a list of the names of every officer and soldier engage in the affair."

ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART.*

BY LORD BYRON

There is a tear for all that die,
  A mourner o'er the humblest grave;
But nations swell the funeral cry,
  And Triumph weeps above the brave.

For them is Sorrow's purest sigh
  O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent:
In vain their bones unburied lie,
  All earth becomes their monument.

A tomb is heir on every page,
  An epitaph on every tongue:
The present hours, the future age,
  For them bewail, to them belong

For them the voice of festal mirth
  Grows Hush'd, *their name* the only sound;
While deep Remembrance pours to Worth
  The goblet's tributary round.

A Theme to crowds who know them not,
 Lamented by admiring foes,
Who would not share their glorious lot?
  Who would not die the death they chose?

And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined
  Thy life, thy fall, they fame shall be;
And early valour, glowing, find
  A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with thee
  In woe, that glory cannot quell;
And shuddering hear of victory,
  Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.

Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?
  When cease to hear thy cherish'd name?
Time cannot teach forgetfulness,
  While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.

Alas! for them, though not for thee,
  They cannot choose by weep the more;
Deep for the dead the grief must be,
  Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

*The standard volumes of Lord Byron's poems give the following inaccurate footnote to Byron's tribute to the gallant Parker, who fell on Caulk's Field; [This gallant officer fell in August, 1814, in his twenty-ninth year, whilst commanding, on shore, a party from his ship, in the attack on the American camp near Baltimore. He was Byron's first cousin; but they had never met since boyhood.]