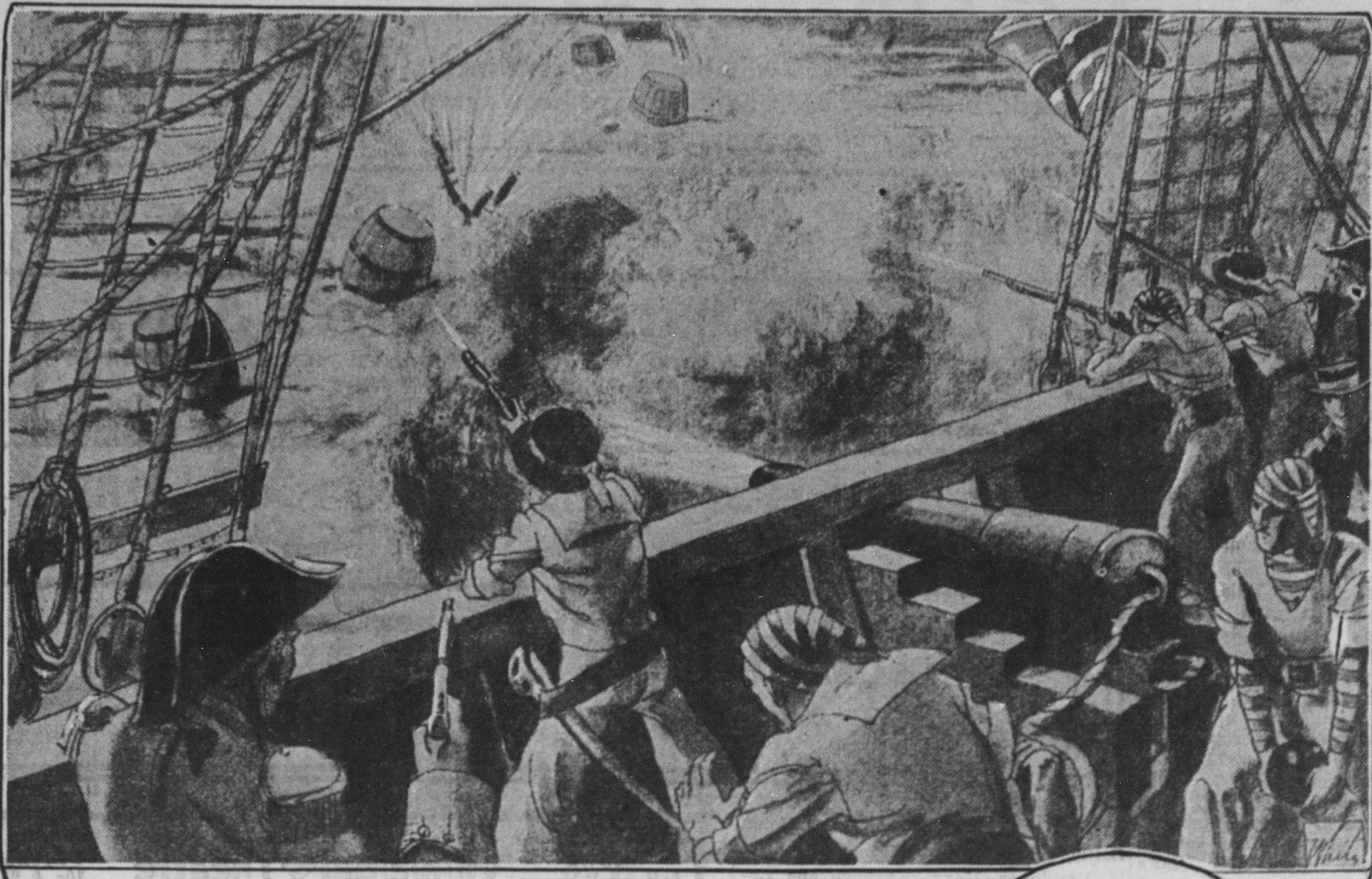


"THE BATTLE of the KEGS"



"The Battle of the Kegs" (From an illustration for "Songs that Cheered the Continentals" in the New York Times Magazine)

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

RECENT press dispatch from Philadelphia brings the news that science has solved a mystery of more than a century and that the "lost grave" of Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and one of the most brilliant men of the Revolution, has been found at last. When Hopkinson died in 1791, he was buried in historic Christ Church graveyard. Evidently his last resting place was unmarked at the time or so insufficiently marked that through the passage of years all trace of it was lost.

Last year Dr. Charles Penrose Keith of the church vestry learned that Elizabeth Conde, a daughter of Hopkinson, was buried in the old graveyard. He obtained permission from the Hopkinson descendants to dig in this plot in the hope of solving the mystery of the signer's burial place. When this was done, part of a skeleton was found and the bones were sent to Dr. Oscar V. Batson, professor of anatomy at the University of Pennsylvania, who made a careful study of all the available evidence about Hopkinson, including the known authentic portraits of him. Taking into consideration the probable height, weight and age of the man whose bones were dug up in the Hopkinson plot in the Christ Church graveyard, as well as the profile of the skull, and checking these with what was known of Hopkinson's stature and appearance at the time of his death, the anatomist was able to establish satisfactorily the fact that the grave of the signer had at last been found.

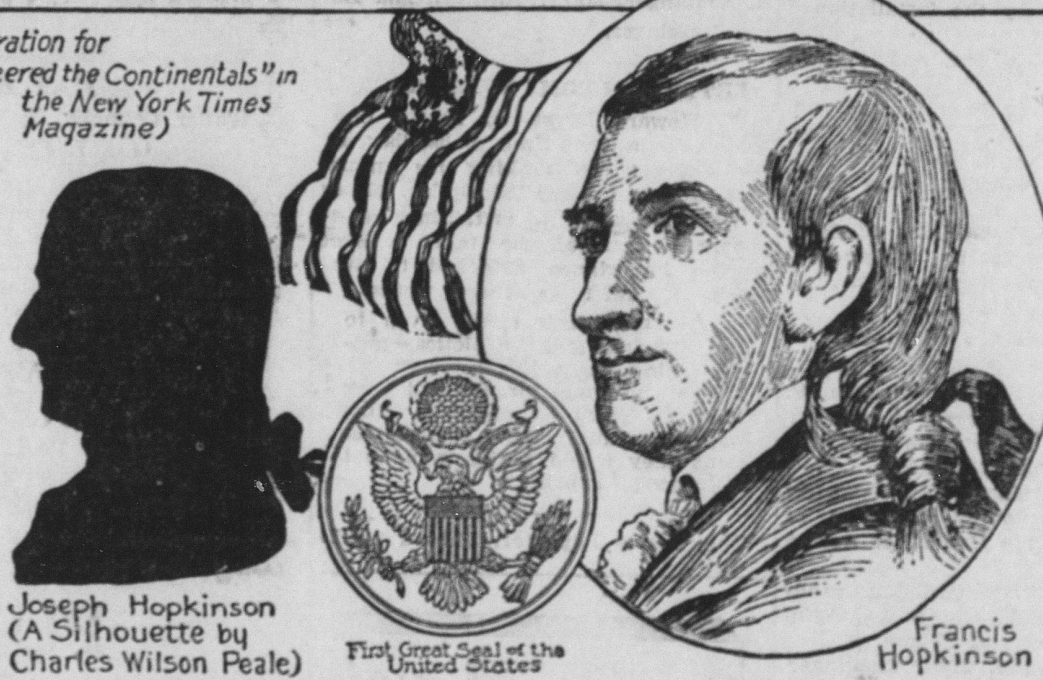
The announcement of this discovery is especially appropriate at this time, for January 5 marks the anniversary of an event in the history of the Revolution which brought Hopkinson almost as much fame as the fact that he was a signer of the Declaration of Independence. It was a comic opera battle which gave him the inspiration for a poem that was set to music and became one of the most popular soldier songs of the struggle for liberty. That was the famous "Battle of the Kegs."

During the Revolution, as before and for long afterwards, England was the "Mistress of the Seas." Except for the victories of John Paul Jones, the fledgling American navy was pitifully inadequate to cope with the sea power of Great Britain. But to offset this was American ingenuity which first manifested itself in 1776 when a Connecticut Yankee, named David Bushnell, invented a turtle-shaped, one-man submarine which he proposed to use for attaching bombs and time fuses to the bottoms of the British warships which had sailed into New York harbor to aid in driving Washington and his Continentals out of that city. The task of operating this queer craft was entrusted to another Connecticut Yankee, Ezra Lee, and although he failed in his major objective, he did succeed in setting off a bomb from beneath the water which threw up a great geyser of water and scared the enemy out of the harbor.

Later in the year the British fleet sailed south to aid in the capture of Philadelphia and anchored in the Delaware river below that city. Although Bushnell's submarine had not been successful, his ingenuity was not exhausted. Tradition credits him with conceiving the idea of loading a number of kegs with powder and putting them in the river to float down stream and explode against the enemy ships when they touched them. Most of them blew up when they struck the ice cakes in the Delaware, but one did destroy a British boat. This was enough, however, to throw the British into something of a panic. They opened a terrific fire on every floating object in the river, with ship after ship pouring broadsides into the water and the soldiers gathered along the shores keeping up an incessant fire.

When Hopkinson heard of this incident, he was so amused that he wrote a satiric poem called "The Battle of the Kegs." Sung to a variation of the tune of "Yankee Doodle," it became one of the most popular songs of Washington's Continentals during the remainder of the war. More than that, it has come down through the years as an outstanding example of the mock-heroic poems characteristic of that period and it has been preserved in virtually every anthology of patriotic verse and native songs.

So even though Francis Hopkinson had never done anything else but write "The Battle of the Kegs," his fame would be secure. But there were other things in his record to make him noteworthy. He was born in Philadelphia in 1737, the son of an Englishman who served as a judge of the admiralty and a member of the provincial



THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS

Gallants, attend, and hear a friend
Thrill forth harmonious ditty—
Strange things I'll tell that late befell
In Philadelphia City.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising.
A soldier stood on log of wood
And saw a sight surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze—
The truth can't be denied, sirs—
He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sirs.
A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
The strange appearance viewing,
First damned his eyes in great surprise,
Then said, "Some mischief's brewing."

"The kegs now hold the rebel bold
Packed up like pickled herring;
And they've come down to attack the town
In this new way of ferrying."
The soldier flew, the sailor, too,
And, scared, almost to death, sirs,
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
And ran 'til out of breath, sirs.

Now up and down, throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here and some ran there,
Like men almost distracted.
Some "fire" cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the town half-naked.

Sir William, he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a-snoring,
Nor dreamed of harm, as he lay warm
In bed with Mrs. Loring.
Now, in a fright, he starts upright,
Awaked by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes and boldly cries,
"For God's sake, what's the matter?"

At his bedside he then espied
Sir Erskine at command, sirs;
Upon one foot he had a boot,
And t' other in his hand, sirs,

"Arise! Arise!" Sir Erskine cries;
"The rebels—more's the pity—
Without a boat are all afloat,
And ranged before the city."

"The motley crew in vessels new
With Satan for their guide, sirs,
Packed up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sirs.
Therefore, prepare for bloody war!
Those kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted."

The royal band now ready stand,
All ranged in dead array, sirs,
With stomachs stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sirs.
The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel vales, the rebel dales,
With rebel trees surrounded,
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.
The fish below swam to and fro,
Attacked from every quarter—
"Why, sure," thought they, "the devil's to pay
'Mongst folks above the water."

The kegs, 'tis said, tho' strongly made
Of rebel staves and hoops, sirs,
Could not oppose the powerful foes,
The conquering British troops, sirs,
From morn to night these men of might
Displayed amazing courage,
And when the sun was fairly down
Returned to sup their porridge.

A hundred men with each a pen,
Or more—upon my word, sirs,
It is most true—would be too few
Their valor to record, sirs,
Such feats did they perform that day
Upon those wicked kegs, sirs,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sirs.

council. Hopkinson was the first scholar entered at the University of Pennsylvania (then the College of Philadelphia) and was graduated with its first class. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1761. After serving as secretary to a conference between the provincial authorities and the chiefs of several Indian nations, and as librarian and secretary of the Philadelphia library, he went to England in 1766 and became an intimate friend of Lord North, Benjamin West, John Penn and other notables.

Upon his return to this country he resumed his law practice, kept store for awhile and became a member of two societies which united in 1769 to become the famous American Philosophical society. In 1772 he was appointed inspector of the customs at New Castle but was removed because of his radical ideas. He next moved to Bordentown, N. J., and was a member of the provincial council of that colony from 1774 to 1776. In the latter year he was elected to the Continental congress from New Jersey and became one of America's immortals when he voted for the Declaration of Independence and later signed it.

As early as 1774 Hopkinson won a name for himself by publishing an allegory in which he recounted the wrongs of the colonies and this is

said to have done much to fan the spirit of revolution in all who read it. Throughout the Revolution he continued to use his gifts as a writer in a series of satires directed at the British, which were published in the newspapers of the day.

Besides being a signer of the Declaration of Independence and one of the leading propagandists of the Revolution, another honor that has been claimed for him by some historians is that he was the designer of the first Stars and Stripes as our national flag and that he had a hand in designing the first great seal of this nation. Although the evidence as to his part in giving us these symbols is not as conclusive as one might wish it to be, certainly it is more credible than the evidence upon which is based the legend of Betsy Ross as the "designer" of the flag.

One other achievement of Hopkinson's deserves mention in the long list associated with his name. He not only wrote the poem which became one of the most popular songs of the Revolution, but he also gave to the nation a son, Joseph Hopkinson, who in 1798 wrote the song which, until Francis Scott Key's "Star Spangled Banner" swept the country 16 years later, was popularly regarded as the principal national song of the new republic. That was "Hail Columbia."

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Ingenious Solution of Daytime "Nap" Problem

ROBERTA EARLE WINDSOR, National Kindergarten association, New York.

The problem of the daytime nap nearly had us beaten. Our little Molly, just three and a half, was so ambitious, so interested in everything and so afraid that she would miss out on something, that she just couldn't find time to sleep during the daytime. We tried all of the usual means of luring her off to a daylight dreamland with but little success. Then one day in a children's shop I found the solution to this troublesome problem.

The solution was in the form of a little pink rayon crepe nightgown. It had all the luster of crepe de chine and was trimmed with bands of turquoise blue. Molly loves silk and I had an idea that the purchase of this little nightgown would be a good investment. And truly it was the beginning of our little Molly's becoming a sweeter child. Every child, no matter how ambitious, needs some rest during the day in order to keep happy and well behaved.

I have found the use of dainty and attractive sleeping garments a real solution to the daytime nap problem. This success is due, no doubt, in part at least, to the fact that coax as much as she might, Molly has never

been permitted to wear the daytime nightgown at night.

Since the little "silk" gown worked such wonders, I have added to the daytime sleeping apparel other pretty and interesting garments. There is a dainty little suit of flowered batiste which is about the coolest sort of pajamas that a child can slip into after the bath on a hot summer day. For the downy outing pajamas for winter, Molly was allowed to select the colors she liked best. She has a bathrobe of French blue, made of Turkish toweling, which adds interest to the afternoon bath and a special pair of little bedroom slippers, for daytime use only, helped to make Molly's afternoon nap a pleasant occasion.

Molly loves these pretty things, as she loves the flowers. She is never told how pretty she is, nor encouraged to stand before the mirror. When she has done so any tendency toward self-admiration has been turned aside by interesting her in the garment itself—its color—graceful lines—the people who made it. To condition our little girl to be vain would probably bring about more in-harmony than lack of sleep, but we have found that this is no more necessary in the appreciation of beautiful clothes than it is in the love of the wonders of nature.

LISTEN IN SATURDAY

(2-5 p. m. E.S.T.)

METROPOLITAN GRAND OPERA

Direct from its New York stage announced by Geraldine Farrar. Complete Operas...three hours...all NBC Stations.

LISTERINE FOR SORE THROAT

Chew for Beauty, Models Advised



Rhythmic chewing, combined with exercises of the head and neck, was revealed recently at New York to 2,000 models, members of the Models' Guild, as the newest beauty formula. The advice came from a well-known specialist in response to a request from the guild for information regarding the system.

A dozen exercises are included in the complete routine. The instructions for the one illustrated: "Start with chewing gum—one or two sticks. After a few seconds, begin the exercise by tossing the head from side to side. Then open your mouth as wide as you can. Close it gradually, and all the while endeavor to chew your gum."

This exercise is designed to tone the muscles of the chin and lower jaw. Others promote a fine neckline and beautiful cheeks.

Great Profit From Tree

What is probably the most valuable tree in the world is an alligator-pear tree at Whittier, Calif., which netted its owner a profit of \$3,000 in one year. This tree began bearing fruit in its fourth year, and in its seventh bore pears which sold for \$1,500, while the sale of buds during the same year amounted to \$1,500, making the total given above. The tree is a seedling, the seed having been planted with a quantity of other seed which had been imported, presumably from Mexico. The pears weigh from eight to twelve ounces each.

OLD AGE PENSION INFORMATION ENCLOSURE STAMP JUDGE LEHMAN, HUMBOLDT, KANS.

FILM'S VALUE, IN RECORD OF LIFE, IS BEYOND PRICE

When a race or tribe dies out, the record of its habits often dies with it. There may be left buildings or pottery or drawings, if not writings, from which archeologists can piece together some picture of what these lost peoples were like in their daily life. But the picture is incomplete, perhaps fragmentary. The lost races remain remote and unreal. The archeologist is now to find a new ally in the film—or, rather, archeologists in days to come will find themselves served by films made in our time of peoples who are now disappearing and who will soon be beyond record. The congress of anthropologists which has just been meeting in London has decided to set up a permanent committee to supervise the "film documentation" of races which are in danger of dying out. The committee will have two main duties. First, it will try to bring together what materials of the kind already exist—often, as they say, "in the most unlikely places, news reels, tropical films, etc.," as a sort of central film reference library. The second duty is to send out expeditions to places where the native inhabitants are in danger of disappearing or of being absorbed in other groups, or to advise travelers visiting such places on the way to make a film record of scientific value. One must not expect too much from the idea, attractive as it is, of sending out special expeditions in search of suitable material. The committee's resources will no doubt be small, and it might vitiate the scientific value of the pictures taken if they had to pay for them themselves by sale for popular exhibition. But there is sound work to be done on less exacting lines. One might add the suggestion that it is not only the manners of vanishing peoples which should be recorded but the many vanishing customs of peoples whose survival depends on their adapting themselves to new ways of life.—Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.

Explanatory

Rogues hate people; they have to in order to prey on them.



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... that circulate among ourselves, in our own community, that in the end build our schools and churches, pave our streets, lay our sidewalks, increase our farm values, attract more people to this section. Buying our merchandise in our local stores means keeping our dollars at home to work for all of us.