

EXTRACT FROM

REMINISCENCES OF JAMES A. HAMILTON; OR,

MEN AND EVENTS. AT HOME AND ABROAD

DURING THREE QUARTERS OF A CENTURY

New York: Charles Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, 1869.

pp. 302 - 303.

"My most interesting visit was to Grange, in Ayreshire, the residence of Alexander Hamilton, who was a cousin of my father. My grandfather, James Hamilton, had lived on this place -- not in the house the Laird now occupied, but in a large stone house of which the ruins still remained, covered with ivy. I am the only descendant of my grandfather who ever visited the home of his ancestors, which he left probably more than one hundred years before to seek his fortune in the West Indies. The relative whose guest I was, then eighty years of age, was most hospitable. I had there probably as good an opportunity to see the domestic life of a Scotch gentleman of the old school as in any other house in Scotland. The clergyman of the parish, and several other gentlemen, visited him while I was there. They addressed him as "Grange" and as "My Laird." He had living with him Captain Wright, and two young maiden ladies -- relations; also an ancient, very clever woman, a visitor. The Laird showed me the portraits of many departed members of the family, and among others, Sir John Pellick, of that ilk. His two waiters were dressed in small clothes and plain livery. He said to me, "Cousin, as you have been in Paris and London, I fear you will not find my cooking agreeable, for, to say the truth, my cook has lived with me forty years." A very agreeable and singular reunion of the family was as follows: At about nine o'clock at night, all the party sat around the dining table; the Laird had a plate of oatmeal for his supper; before each gentleman, Captain Wright, my son, and myself, were placed a small carrat of whiskey, a goblet, wine glasses, sugar, and a silver ladle with ebony handle; warm water was in a tea urn within reach, and a plate with soft biscuit before each person. This reunion was for conversation. Each gentleman made his whiskey toddy in his goblet, and with the ladle

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"I said to the Laird, 'Cousin, is not the Duke of Hamilton the chief or head of our clan?'" "I believe he is," he replied. "Do you not, as a liege, go sometimes to pay your respects to your chief?" "Nay! cousin, not I; he is a damn Whig Radical." This good gentleman was so high a Tory that he would not allow a questionable newspaper to come into his house."

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11/10/1918
Dear Sir,
I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the matter of the
and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.
I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Yours truly,
[Signature]
[Title]