

Sir Archibald Anderson's²

Apology.

1- Before proceeding to consider the charges made against me on account of the part I have taken in recent events, it is proper that I should briefly state ~~my account~~ ^{my own} ~~my~~ ^{refer to my own} ~~my~~ ^{life and} ~~my~~ ^{with some care} ~~my~~ ^{the events that led up to the recent calamitous} ~~my~~ ^{occurrences.}

Until within a brief period my life was a most uneventful one. I was born in the then State of Wisconsin on the 5th of November 1845. My family ^{is} ~~was~~ of Swedish descent, my great grandfather having come over as a cadet in the personal retinue of the Baron Stenben to engage with him in the war of Revolution waged by the colonies against the Mother Country and resulting in the separation from the crown. After the close of the war my ancestor ~~who~~ ^{had in the meantime} married an American lady Miss Flora Barton, whose family resided in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, where I saw I told some relatives of their descendants

yet live. The family was at that time quite prominent in the colony being related not only to the astronomer Pittenhouse but also to some of the most respectable and wealthy families of the city. These former Continentals had been glad enough to receive my ancestor Bertrand Anderson as a guest during the struggle for independence, but after the war was over and their own position among the aristocracy of a new country thoroughly assured, they did not look upon the poor soldier with favor in the role of a suitor for the hand of their favorite daughter. It was true that his courage had won for him not only the grade of Captain in the Continental Army but also the approval of Washington who addressed him a letter of warm commendation just after the close of hostilities. This letter ^{and} with many autograph letters from the Baron Steuben and many other noted men of that time, have always been kept in our family and until the occurrence of an ^{unfortunate} event to be hereafter noted, were among the most prized ~~valued~~ ^{treasures} treasures in my home. It is possible, that a bar sinister in the escutcheon of the young Swede was looked upon with disfavor by the high-toned American democrats of the young republic and the royal blood that was intermingled with a less noble current in my great-grandfather's veins was not looked

as an equivalent of the blue German blood
that had come in untainted course from Sax-
on days, down to the merchant-prince who
had given the young Republic the sanction of
his approval while with true Quaker thrift he staid
quietly at home during the din of arms and builded
up his already considerable estate to still greater limits
by ~~impartially~~ cheating both sides with inflexible impartiality.

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY