Eugenia Washington

Registrar-General, Daughters of the American Revolution.
It is our privilege at this time to consider the life and writings of a woman of the Revolution; one who herself experienced the dangers and vicissitudes of war, who for years cared for her family and farm while her husband was absent at congresses and foreign courts, and one whose example and writings suggested the seal and the badge of this patriotic society.*

Archæologists say that the destruction of Pompeii was of great benefit to us of the nineteenth century, for it showed us the home lives and customs of the first century, and in the same way are the sorrows of Abigail Adams, in the long absences of her husband, a great benefit to posterity in giving us in her incomparable letters an insight into the home life of a wife and mother of the Revolution.

I wish, as nearly as possible, to let her tell her own story. Her letters are written to her nearest and dearest, her husband, daughter and sisters. The records of her daily life are the out-

* A design for the seal of the Society, of a woman at the spinning-wheel, suitable companion to "The man at the plow," was suggested by Miss Desha on the 12th of October, 1890. The members of the first committee on the seal were Miss Breckinridge, Mrs. Goode, and Mrs. Cabell. Miss Breckinridge being absent, her aunt, Miss Desha, was asked to take her place as chairman. When the committee reported to the Society their design, with Abigail Adams, suggested by Mrs. Darling, as the representative woman, the report was received and adopted with enthusiasm.—EDITOR.
pourings of her heart. She repeatedly begs that they should all be burned. What a blessing that that request was disregarded, for they are now a glorious heritage for which every American, and certainly every Daughter of the American Revolution, should be thankful.

Abigail Adams was the second of the three daughters of the Rev. Wm. Smith, the settled minister of the Congregational Church at Weymouth for more than forty years. Though bearing the not uncommon name of Smith, he belonged to what Dr. Holmes calls the Brahmin caste of the old New England theocracy. His wife, Elizabeth Quincy, was the daughter of Colonel John Quincy, an officer who had long held positions of trust and honor in the Colony of Massachusetts Bay. It is to Colonel Quincy and his wife that we are indebted for the education of Abigail Smith. A delicate child, she was never sent to any school, and she spent most of her time with her grandmother at her home near Braintree. Her tribute to her grandmother's kind instructions are most touching. In a letter to her daughter in 1795 she says:

"I have not forgotten the excellent lessons which I received from my grandmother at a very early period of my life * * * mature years have rendered them oracles of wisdom to me * * * I love and revere her memory."

This story of her courtship and marriage her grandson, Charles F. Adams, states as probable if not a fact. Her elder sister, Mary, had a suitor, Richard Cranch, a great favorite with the Rev. Mr. Smith and his congregation, while the lover of Abigail, John Adams, was not received with favor by any one but the young lady herself. Upon the marriage of the eldest daughter Mr. Smith preached to the people from the text:

"And Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken from her."

It is said that Mary selected the text, and when Abigail was married she also selected the text:

"And John came, neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and they say he hath a devil."
She was married on the 25th of October, 1764, but it was not until ten years later that her memorable letters to her husband were begun. He had gone to attend the First Continental Congress with his cousin, Samuel Adams, Robert Treat Paine, and others. She stayed at her home in Braintree with her four children, and how she spent her time can be seen from her letters. In or near Boston during those stirring times when the infant Liberty was rocking in her cradle, one feels while reading them as if really there. In her first letter of 1774, in August, she writes:

"The great anxiety I feel for my country, for you and for our family, renders the days tedious and the nights unpleasant. The rocks and quicksands appear on every side. What course you can or will take is all wrapped in the bosom of futurity. * * * Did ever any kingdom or state regain its liberty, when once it was invaded, without bloodshed? I cannot think of it without horror!"

"I have taken a great fondness for reading Rollins' Ancient History since you left me; I am determined to go through with it in these my days of solitude. I find great pleasure and entertainment from it, and have persuaded Johnny to read me a paper or two every day, and hope he will, from his desire to oblige me, entertain a fondness for it."

On September 2d she writes:

"I judge you reached Philadelphia Saturday night. I cannot but felicitate you upon your absence from this scene of perturbation, anxiety, and distress. I own I feel a little agitated with the accounts I have this day received from town; great commotions have arisen in consequence of a traitorous plot of Col. Brattle's, his advice to Gage to break every commissioned officer and to seize the Province's and town's stock of gunpowder. This has so enraged and exasperated the people that there is great apprehension of an immediate rupture. * * * Pray let me know how your health is, and whether you have not had exceeding hot weather. The drouth has been very severe. My poor cows will certainly prefer a petition to you, setting forth their grievances, and informing you that they have been deprived of their ancient privileges, whereby they have become great sufferers and desiring that they be restored to them."

Her next letter gives an account of two hundred men of Braintree and vicinity who at eight o'clock Sunday evening
"marched down to the powder house, from whence they took the powder and carried it to another parish and there secreted it. I opened the window on their return. They passed without any noise, not a word among them till they came against this house, when some of them perceiving me asked me if I wanted any powder. I replied, 'No, since it was in such good hands.'" They then told her that they concealed it on account of the Tories, and from one Tory they had taken two warrants, which they had burned; they then put it to vote whether they should huzza, but it being the Sabbath Day the vote decided against it.

"You cannot be, I know," she writes later, "nor do I wish to see you an inactive spectator, but if the sword be drawn I bid adieu to all domestic felicity, and look forward to that country where there are neither wars or rumors of war, in the firm belief that, through the mercy of its King, we shall all rejoice together." In the same letter she writes the sentence so familiar to the Daughters of the American Revolution: "As for me, I will seek wool and flax and work willingly with my hands; and, indeed, there is reason for all our industry and economy."

Mr. Adams returned home shortly after that, and on the 14th of April, 1775, he returned to Philadelphia to attend the Second Continental Congress. Five days later the battle of Lexington was fought; the shot that was heard round the world, was fired. Mrs. Adams' letters were full of patriotism. She adopted the signature of Portia—wife of Brutus. She says:

"We live in continual expectation of alarms. Courage I know we have in abundance, conduct, I hope we shall not want; but powder, where shall we get a sufficient supply? I wish we may not fail there." She left Braintree and went to Weymouth for, she writes: "Every town is filled with the distressed inhabitants of Boston. Our house among others is deserted, and by this time, like enough, made use of as a bar-back."

On June 17th, 1775, the battle of Bunker's Hill began; on the following day she wrote to her husband:

Dearest Friend: The day, perhaps the decisive day, is come, on which the fate of America depends. My bursting heart must find vent at my pen. I have just heard that our dear
friend, Dr. Warren, is no more, but fell gloriously fighting for his country; saying, “Better to die honorably in the field, than ignominiously to hang upon the gallows.” Great is our loss. He has distinguished himself in every engagement, by his courage and fortitude, by animating the soldies and leading them on by his own example. A particular account of these dreadful, but I hope glorious days, will be transmitted you no doubt in the exactest manner.

“The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, but the God of Israel is He that giveth strength and power unto His people, pour out your hearts before Him; God is a refuge for us.” Charlestown is laid in ashes. The battle began upon Bunker’s Hill Saturday morning about 3 o’clock, and has not ceased yet, and it is now 3 o’clock Sabbath afternoon.

“It is expected they will come over the Neck to-night and a dreadful battle must ensue. Almighty God, cover the heads of our countrymen, and be a shield to our dear friends! How many have fallen we know not. The constant roar of the cannon is so distressing that we cannot eat, drink or sleep. May we be supported and sustained in the dreadful conflict. I shall tarry here until it is thought unsafe by my friends, and then I have secured myself a retreat at your brother’s, who has kindly offered me a part of his house. I cannot compose myself to write any further at present. I will add more as I hear further.”

I have copied this letter in full. Several letters follow full of accounts of battles, dangers, and alarms. In one she says:

“I would not have you so distressed about me. Danger, they say, makes people valiant. Hitherto I have been distressed but not dismayed. I have felt for my country and her sons, and have bled with them and for them. Not all the havoc and devastation they have made has wounded me like the death of Warren. We want him in the Senate; we want him in his profession; we want him in the field. We mourn for the citizen, the senator, the physician, and the warrior. May we have others raised up in his room.”

As if in response to this wish the hero came; for on July 16th she writes of the arrival of Washington at Cambridge:

“The appointment of the Generals, Washington and Lee, gives universal satisfaction. * * *. I had the pleasure of seeing both the Generals and their aids-de-camp soon after their arrival, and of being personally made known to them. They very politely expressed their regard for you.” * * *. “I
was struck with General Washington. You had prepared me
to entertain a favorable opinion of him, but I thought the half
was not told me. Dignity with ease and complacency, the gen-
tleman and soldier look agreeably blended in him. Modesty
marks every line and feature of his face. These lines of Dry-
den instantly occurred to me:

``Mark this majestic fabric, he's a temple
Sacred by birth and built by hands divine;
His soul's the deity that lodges there;
Nor is the pile unworthy of the god.''

During the troublous times that followed the neighborhood
was afflicted with that fearful follower of war, epidemic; among
the victims was Mrs. Adams' mother. Her letters on this sub-
ject are touching in the extreme. "The desolation of war," she
writes, "is not so distressing as the havoc of the pestilence.
Some poor parents are mourning the loss of three, four, five
children; and some families are wholly stripped of every mem-
ber."

On Saturday, March 2d, 1776, she begins a long and very
interesting letter describing Washington's attack on the British
in Boston:

"I have been kept in a continual state of anxiety and ex-
pectation ever since you left me. It has been said 'to-morrow'
and 'to-morrow' for a month, but when the dreadful to-mor-
row will be, I know not. But hark! The house this instant
shakes with the roar of cannon. I have been to the door and
find it is a cannonade from our army. Orders, I find, are come
for all the remaining militia to repair to the lines Monday
night by 12 o'clock. No sleep for me to-night.

"Sunday evening—I went to bed at 12, but got no rest, the
cannon continued firing, and my heart beat pace with them
all night. We have had a pretty quiet day, but what to-mor-
row will bring forth God only knows.

"Monday evening—Tolerably quiet * * *. I have
just returned from Penn's Hill, where I have been sitting to
hear the amazing roar of cannon, and from which I could see
every shell which was thrown. The sound, I think, is one of
the grandest in nature, and is of the true species of the sublime.
'Tis now an incessant roar; but Oh! the fatal ideas which are
connected with the sound. How many of our dear countrymen
must fall?

"Tuesday morning—I went to bed about 12, and rose again
a little after 1. I could no more sleep than if I had been in
the engagement; the rattling of the windows, the jar of the
house, the continual roar of twenty-four pounders and the bursting of shells give us such ideas and realize a scene to us of which we could form scarcely any conception. About 6 this morning there was quiet. I rejoiced in a few hours' calm. I hear we got possession of Dorchester last night; 4,000 men upon it to-day; lost but one man. The ships are drawn around the town. To-night we shall realize a more terrible scene still. I sometimes think I cannot stand it. I wish myself out of hearing, as I cannot assist them. I hope to give you joy of Boston, even if it is in ruins, before I send this away. I am too much agitated to write as I ought, and languid for want of rest.

"Thursday, Fast Day. All my anxiety and distress is at present at an end. I feel disappointed. This day our militia are all returning without effecting anything more than taking possession of Dorchester Hill. I hope it is wise and just, but from all the muster and stir I hoped and expected more decisive scenes. I would not have suffered all I have for two such hills."  

She concludes that day's writing with:

"How do the Virginians relish the troops said to be destined for them? Are they putting themselves in a state of defense? I cannot bear to think of your continuing in a state of supineness this winter."

On Sunday evening this remarkable eight-day letter is concluded.

* * * I had scarcely finished these lines when my ears were again assaulted by the roar of cannon. I could not write any farther. My hand and heart will tremble at this "domestic fury and fierce civil strife," which "cumber all our parts," though "blood and destruction are so much in use," "and dreadful objects so familiar," yet is not pity choked or my heart grown callous. I feel for the unhappy wretches that know not where to fly for safety. I feel still more for my bleeding countrymen, who are hazarding their lives and their limbs. A most terrible and incessant cannonade from half after eight until six this morning. I hear we lost four men killed and some wounded in attempting to take the hill nearest the town, called Neck's Hill. We did some work, but the fire from the ships beat off our men, so that they did not secure it but retired to the fort upon the other hill. I have not yet got all the particulars; I wish I had; but, as I have an opportunity of sending this, I shall endeavor to be more particular in my next.
If they are reinforced here I believe we shall be driven from the sea coast; but in whatever State I am, I will endeavor to be therewith content.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.

You will excuse this very incorrect letter. You see in what perturbation it has been written, and how many times I have left off.

Adieu! Yours.

On the 17th of March, the British Commander with his army evacuated Boston, and more than a thousand Tories embarked for Halifax, but there is no letter from Mrs. Adams until April 7th, when she describes the funeral of General Warren. His remains were removed from Bunker's Hill, carried into town and interred with all the honors of war.

APRIL 10th.

The Doctor was buried on Monday; the Masons walking in procession from the Statehouse, with the military in uniform and a large concourse of people attending. He was carried into the chapel and there a funeral dirge was played, an excellent prayer by Dr. Cooper, and an oration by Mr. Martin which I hope will be printed. I think the subject must have inspired him. * * The amiable and heroic virtues of the deceased, recent in the minds of the audience; the noble cause to which he fell a martyr; their own sufferings and unparalleled injuries, all fresh in their minds, must have given weight and energy to whatever could be delivered on that occasion. The dead body, like that of Caesar, before their eyes, while each wound

"Like dumb mouths did ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of a tongue!
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood,
A curse shall light upon their line."

The next day she resumes her letter saying:

I take my pen and write just as I get time; my letters will be a strange mixture. I really am 'cumbered about many things and scarcely know which way to turn myself. I miss my partner, and find myself unequal to the cares that fall upon me. I find it necessary to be the directress of our husbandry. I hope in time to have the reputation of being as good a farmeress as my husband has of being a good statesman.
The cares of the farm did not, however, shut out the cares of state or prevent her writing the next month, May, 1776, to her husband at the Congress, then engaged in that memorable debate on the Declaration of Independence:

"A government of more stability is much wanted in this Colony, and they are ready to receive it at the hands of the Congress. And since I have begun with maxims of state, I will add another, namely, that a people may let a king fall, yet still remain a people; but if a king let his people slip from him, he is no longer a king. And as this is most certainly our case, why not proclaim to the world in decisive terms your own importance. I cannot say that I think you are very generous to the ladies; for whilst you are proclaiming peace and good will to men, emancipating all nations, you insist upon retaining an absolute power over wives. But you must remember, that arbitrary power is like other things which are very hard, very liable to be broken; and notwithstanding all your wise laws and maxims, we have it in our power not only to free ourselves, but to subdue our masters, and without violence, throw both your natural and legal authority at our feet.

Charm by accepting, by submitting away,
Yet have our humor most when we obey.'

* * * Our little ones, whom you so often recommend to my care and instruction, shall not be deficient in virtue or probity if the precepts of a mother have their desired effect; but they would be doubly enforced, could they be indulged with the example of a father alternately before them. I often point them to their sire:

"Engaged in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction."

The Declaration, however, was passed and signed as we all know now. Mr. Adams was still absent in Philadelphia. In October, 1777, she wrote to her husband of the victory at Saratoga:

"The joyful news of the surrender of General Burgoyne and all his army to our victorious troops, prompted me to take a ride this afternoon with my daughter to town to join, to-morrow, with my friends in thanksgiving and praise to the Supreme Being who has so remarkably delivered our enemies into our hands."
After some comments on Burgoyne, she concludes with:

"This day, dearest of friends, completes thirteen years since we were solemnly united in wedlock. Three years of this time we have been cruelly separated. I have, patiently as I could, endured it, with the belief that you were serving your country and rendering your fellow creatures essential benefits. May future generations arise and call you blessed, and the present behave worthy of the blessings you are laboring to secure to them, and I shall have less reason to regret the deprivation of my own particular felicity.

"Adieu, dearest of friends, adieu!"

But her conflicting feelings of love of home and love of country were to be put to a severer test. In February, 1778, Mr. Adams sailed for France as joint commissioner. He took with him his eldest son, John Quincy, then not quite eleven years of age. It was June before she heard from her husband or son, letters were seized by British blockaders. Mr. Laurens had been captured by a British vessel and imprisoned in London. Moreover, a false report of the assassination of Franklin filled her with alarm and apprehension. But in June she learned of the safe arrival of her husband and son at the house of Dr. Franklin in Paris. "Now," she says, "I know you are safe; I wish myself with you. * * * You must console me in your absence by a recital of all your adventures, though, methinks, I would not have them in all respects too similar to those related of your venerable colleague, whose mentor-like appearance, age and philosophy must certainly lead the politico-scientific ladies of France to suppose they are embracing the god of wisdom in human form; but I * * * shall be full as content if these divine honors are omitted. The whole heart of my friend is in the bosom of his partner. More than half a score of years have so riveted it there that the fabric that contains it must crumble into dust ere the particles can be separated. I can hear of the brilliant accomplishments of my sex with pleasure, and rejoice in the liberality of sentiment that acknowledges them. At the same time I regret the trifling, narrow, contracted education of the females of my own country."

In August, 1779, Mr. Adams returned to America, but in October he was again sent to Europe. He took his two eldest
sons with him. Mrs. Adams' letters are full of news, from the arrival of the French fleet to her domestic duties and the prices current. "Linens at twenty dollars a yard, calicoes at thirty and forty, broadcloths at forty pounds a yard; molasses twenty dollars a gallon; sugar four dollars a pound; potatoes ten dollars a bushel," &c.; pins not to be had.

Cornwallis surrendered. She wrote jubilant at the victory, hopeful of soon seeing her husband. A young lady friend had sung for her a new song: "There is nae luck about the house." Her heart danced to the sound of the music:

"His very foot has music in 't
As he comes up the stair.
And will I see him once again,
And will I hear him speak?"

But she was doomed to disappointment. He was ordered by Congress to remain in Europe.

A year later she wrote:

"My Dearest Friend: I have lived to see the close of the third year of our separation. This is a melancholy anniversary to me, and many tender scenes arise in my mind upon the recollection. I feel unable to sustain even the idea that it will be half that period ere we meet again." * * *

The next month she writes:

"The unbounded confidence I have in your attachment to me and the dear pledges of your affection has soothed the solitary hour, and rendered your absence more supportable, for had I loved you with the same affection it would have been misery to have doubted. Yet, a cruel world often injures my feelings by wondering how a person of domestic attachments can sacrifice them by absenting himself for years.

"If you had known," said a person to me the other day, "that Mr. Adams would have remained so long abroad, would you have consented that he should have gone?" I recollected myself a moment and then spoke the real dictates of my heart:

"If I had known, sir, that Mr. Adams could have effected what he has done, I would not only have submitted to the absence I have endured, painful as it has been, but I would not have opposed it, even though three more years should be added to that number, (which Heaven avert!) I feel a pleasure in being able to sacrifice my selfish passion to the general good, and in
imitating the example which he has taught me to consider myself and family but as the small dust of the balance when compared with the great community.

And here her life as a woman of the Revolution comes to a close, for the Revolution was over. The Treaty of Paris was signed in 1783 and Mr. Adams was appointed American Minister to England. Mrs. Adams joined him in Europe. Of her subsequent career as wife of an Ambassador, a Vice-President and a President, I have not now time to speak at length. Nor can I do justice to her character as a mother, a daughter or a grandmother, nor to her views on literature, art, theology and the higher education of her own sex. Her letters are clusters of gems. She is devout or critical, pathetic or humorous as the occasion calls forth. It is hard to select among so much that is excellent.

But here, in Washington, Mrs. Adams' memory is cherished not only as a woman and chronicler of the Revolution, but as the Pioneer woman of Washington City, and though not the wife of the first president—as the first lady of the White House, and the first chronicler of Washington society.

It was not until the autumn of 1800, in the last year of Mr. Adams' administration that they were able to occupy the White House. Her letters to her daughter, describing the infant city and her residence in the unfinished and sparsely furnished Executive Mansion belong to the early history of this city, and can be found in many works on the subject. In Mrs. Holloway's "Ladies of the White House," in Mr. Hutchins' "National Capital," in the "Historic Homes of Washington," of our Historian General and in many other works.

A short time ago, while enjoying the hospitality of our honored President General, the present lady of the White House, I walked with a descendant of Abigail Adams through the parlors and corridors, and we tried to realize the White House as it was in her day. The linen drying in the east room, the principal stairs not up. We fancied her sitting over the fire in the blue room, blue herself with cold, writing one of those letters to her daughter; the fire dying out, and no bells to ring for wood. But the faithful Briesler, the hired man in New England, steward in old England and Major Domo generally,
brings in an armful with the cheering intelligence that the wood is nearly gone, that it cost nine dollars a cord, and he does not know where he can get more at any price. Mrs. Adams looks out of the window and "cannot see wood for trees." But she can see the Potomac, and the vessels as they pass and repass from Alexandria to Georgetown. A servant has brought a haunch of venison from Major Custis and a kind note from his sister, Mrs. Lewis, with Mrs. Washington's love and an invitation to Mt. Vernon.

She was kept very busy receiving and returning calls; and as her nearest neighbor was half a mile off and others as far as four or five miles over dreadful roads, it was no light task. The ladies of the city and vicinity—vicinity principally, were impatient for a drawing room, "but," she says "I have no looking-glasses but dwarfs for this house, nor a twentieth part lamps to light it." "But," she concludes, "the situation is beautiful, and the more I see it the more am I delighted with it."

They retired to private life the following spring. They spent eighteen happy years together after that, in the rural tranquility they so longed for in their days of active public life. They had trouble, two children died, but their grandchildren rose up and called them blessed.

She lived to see her eldest son Secretary of State. When one reads the letters she wrote to that son during his absence in Europe, one cannot wonder at his subsequent career, nor that after having filled the highest office in the gift of the people, and having for years after that counseled the nation as the "Old Man Eloquent," he should have said: "All I am my mother made me."

I shall conclude with one more extract from her writings, which shows her fidelity to her family, her love for her husband and her sense of duty to her country and her God.

When Mr. Adams was elected President in 1797 he was required to announce himself President elect from the Vice-President's chair. Mrs. Adams, at that supreme moment of her life, was absent in Quincy, nursing Mr. Adams' mother in her last illness, whence she wrote Mr. Adams one of her most beautiful and inspiring letters, concluding with:
"My thoughts and meditations are with you, though personally absent; and my petitions to Heaven are that 'the things which make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes.' My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation, upon the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of obligations, the important trusts and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of your, 
A. A.

To make any comments on this letter, or to interpose our feeble praise of this peerless woman would be to "gild refined gold." We can only thank our Heavenly Father for such a record and such a beacon to the Daughters of the American Revolution.*

*The letters of Abigail Adams, with a memoir of her, have been published by her grandson, Charles Francis Adams.—EDITOR.
BOMBARDMENT OF BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND.

By Emma Wescott Bullock,

Representing the Bristol Chapter at the Continental Congress.*

Bristol is an ancient commercial township and the seat of justice of the county of that name, on the eastern shore of the Narragansett, adjoining the beautiful waters of Mount Hope bay. It was settled September 14, 1680. That is, the "Great Deed" of conveyance from Plymouth Colony to the four original proprietors was made at this date to John Walley, Nathaniel Oliver, Nathaniel Byfield and Stephen Burton, all of Boston, in the Colony of Massachusetts in New England, merchants. The consideration was "Eleven hundred pounds of current money of New England." This was for all that tract of land, situated, lying and being within the Colony of New Plymouth; commonly called and known by the name of Mount Hope Neck, and Poppasquash Neck, with all the islands lying near or about the said Necks, not exceeding five acres, and not already legally disposed off." Mount Hope, in this township, was renowned in the annals of the early wars with the natives as the seat of the celebrated Indian Sachem Philip. Bristol, for a long time after its settlement, formed a part of the Colony of Massachusetts, and was under its jurisdiction until the settlement of the boundary line in 1746, when it was annexed to Rhode Island. Bristol suffered severely during the Revolutionary war, part of the town being at one time invaded and burnt by the British, and at another time bombarded. An interesting memento of this bombardment by the British on the night of October 7th, 1775, and the only one of the kind probably now remaining, is in the possession of ex-Judge Jonathan Russell Bullock, of that town; it is a large bombshell which weighs about sixty pounds and is thirty-two inches in circumference. This shell fell in the yard of the estate of the late Joseph Russell, on the west side of

*This paper arrived too late for the printed programme, but was accepted and ordered printed.—EDITOR.
Hope street, between Bradford and Franklin streets, near the residence of the late Martin Bennett. It did not explode, and after the bombardment it was secured by Mr. Russell and retained by him until his death, when it passed into the possession of his son Jonathan Russell, who died in 1815. It was then presented by his maiden sister, Nancy Russell, to Hon. Nathaniel Bullock, in whose possession it remained until his death in 1867, when it came to his son, Jonathan Russell Bullock, the husband of the writer, by whom it has been suitably inscribed and is now carefully preserved.

It is well known that during the first three years of the Revolution the British held almost undisturbed military occupation of the town of Newport, and from that point made frequent forays against the towns lying higher up on Narragansett Bay. One of these memorable in the history of Bristol was its bombardment. At sunset on the 7th of October, 1775, the people of that quiet and defenseless town were much surprised by the unusual sight of a fleet consisting of three ships of war, the "Rose," the "Glasgow," and the "Swan," one bomb-brig, a schooner, and some smaller vessels, sailing into their harbor. The schooner and the bomb-brig anchored just opposite the town bridge and not far from it; the "Swan" grounded on what is called "Middle Ground," while the "Rose," flag-ship of the squadron, anchored very near what is now the steamboat wharf, the foot of State street, and the "Glasgow" a little further south.

Capt. Sir James Wallace commanded the squadron, and shortly after a royal salute was fired. At eight o'clock he sent a lieutenant ashore in a barge, who, on landing, demanded to see some representative man of the town. Of the number who were assembled on the wharf, William Bradford, a prominent patriot, went forward to meet him. The account given below of what followed is quoted from a letter written by a younger son of William Bradford — Le Baron Bradford — and was to correct an inaccurate account of the bombardment which had been printed in the Newport Mercury:

The lieutenant informed him Captain Wallace had a demand to make upon the town, and desired that two or three of the principal men, or magistrates of the town, would go on board
of his ship within an hour and hear his proposals, otherwise hostilities would be commenced against the town. The above-named gentleman, as a magistrate replied, that in his opinion Captain Wallace was under a greater obligation to come ashore and make his demands known to the town than for a magistrate to go on board of his ship to hear them; and added that if Captain Wallace would come to the head of the wharf the next morning he should be treated as a gentleman, and the town would consider his demands. With this answer the lieutenant returned on board the "Rose." The inhabitants, being made acquainted with the above conversation, repaired to the wharf and waited with the utmost impatience for a reply from Captain Wallace till an hour had expired, when the whole fleet began a most heavy cannonading, and the bomb-vessel to bombard and heave shells and carcasses into the town, which continued without intermission an hour and a half. (Carcasses were hollow, oval vessels, bound together with iron hoops, and filled with all kinds of combustibles to set fire to buildings.) In the meantime, Colonel Potter, in the hottest of the fire, went upon the head of the wharf, hailed the "Rose," went on board, and requested a cessation of hostilities till the inhabitants might choose a committee to go on board and treat with Captain Wallace, which request was complied with, and six hours were allowed for the above purpose.

Colonel Potter returned and made a report to the Committee of Inspection, who chose a select committee to hear Captain Wallace's demands, which, after they had gone on board, Captain Wallace informed them were a supply of two hundred sheep and thirty fat cattle. This demand, the committee replied, it was impossible to comply with, as the country people had come in and driven off their stock, save a sheep and some milch cows. After some hours had expired during negotiations, without coming to any agreement, Captain Wallace told them, "I have this one proposal to make: If you will promise to supply me with forty sheep, at or before 12 o'clock, I will assure you that another gun shall not be discharged."

The committee, seeing themselves reduced to the distressing alternative, either to supply their most inveterate enemies with provisions, or to devote to the flames the town, with all the goods, besides near one hundred sick persons, who could not be removed without the utmost hazard of their lives; I say, seeing themselves reduced to this dreadful dilemma, of two evils reluctantly chose the least, by agreeing to supply them with forty sheep at the time appointed, which was punctually performed.

After the ships had received their supply and stole about ninety sheep and some poultry from Popasquash, they weighed
anchor and moored at Popasquash Point. The next day they went into Bristol Ferryway and fired a number of shots at the houses and people on each shore. Three of their ships got aground, but, the tide rising toward evening, they left and have not molested us since.

The "Colonel Potter" mentioned was Simeon Potter who figured so prominently in the early history of Bristol, and was a brave and daring man.

An epidemic unusually fatal had been raging in the town for some weeks. "Three corpses" were then lying unburied and more than sixty of the inhabitants were ill and were carried out in the torrents of rain that were falling, all of which greatly added to the distress of the occasion.

Although many of the houses were riddled with balls, strange to say, no one was killed or injured by the bombardment except Parson John Burt, the pastor of the Congregational Church, he being then in a feeble and sickly state, died of fright. He was found lying dead in a corn-field east of his residence, having fallen while trying to escape with the rest of the fleeing inhabitants.

The following poem, said to have been written soon after, is still preserved:

**THE BOMBARDMENT OF BRISTOL, R. I.**

In seventeen hundred and seventy-five
Our Bristol town was much surprised
By a pack of thievish villains,
That will not work to earn their livings—

October, 't was the seventh day,
As I have heard the people say,
Wallace, his name be ever cursed,
Came in our harbor just at dusk.

And there his ships did safely moor,
And quickly sent his barge on shore
With orders that should not be broke,
Or they might expect a smoke—

Demanding that the magistrates
Should quickly come on board his ships,
And let him have some sheep and cattle,
Or they might expect a battle.
At eight o'clock, by signal given,  
Our peaceful atmosphere was riven  
By British balls, both grape and round,  
As plenty afterward were found.

But oh! to hear the doleful cries  
Of people running for their lives!  
Women, with children in their arms,  
Running away to the farms—

With all their firing and their skill  
They did not any person kill—  
Neither was any person hurt  
But the Reverend Parson Burt—

And, he was not killed by a ball,  
As judged by jurors, one and all;  
But being in a sickly state,  
He frightened fell, which proved his fate.

Another truth to you I'll tell,  
That you may see they leveled well;  
For, aiming for to kill the people,  
They fired their shot into a steeple.

They fired low, they fired high,  
The women scream, the children cry;  
And all their firing and their racket  
Shot off the top-mast of a packet.
THE MARYLAND REVOLUTIONARY MONUMENT.

The Maryland Society of "The Sons of the American Revolution," at its annual meeting, October 19, 1891,—"Peggy Stewart Day,"—decided to undertake the erection in Baltimore city of a monument suitable and worthy in all respects to commemorate the great patriotism and gallant deeds of the statesmen and heroes of their State in the Revolutionary War. This monument when dedicated will be inscribed to all Marylanders who engaged in that great struggle against England's power, which resulted in the independence of the State, and of these United States. The record of Maryland during the war* for freemen's rights, is one of which every citizen of the State, as well as the descendants of the grand old heroes, may well be proud. The very anniversary of the State Society, "Peggy Stewart Day," commemorates the time when the citizens of the country around Annapolis, without any disguise and in broad daylight, assembled at that town, and forced the owner of the vessel and cargo of tea, with his own hands, to set fire to and destroy both. This and many other important deeds, as the decision of the Frederick County Court, declaring illegal the Stamp Act; the great Hungerford Tavern Meeting, in what is now Montgomery County, held to protest against the closing of the Port of Boston; the bold action of the Assembly of the Colony, in the formation of "The Committee of Safety"; the grand Declaration of Independence of Maryland passed on July 3d, 1776, without waiting for the action of the Continental Congress, make a record of which the entire country may be proud, for it does not belong alone to the old Commonwealth.

The Maryland Society is in earnest in what it has undertaken, and a large amount of the work required to be done in such an enterprise has already been successfully inaugurated. Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, the President of the Society, who offered the original resolutions at the annual meeting, acting with the Board of Managers, has appointed Mr. Wm. Ridgely

*See paper of Mrs. Kerfoot, page 223.
Griffith, one of the Board, Chairman of the Monument Committee, with the right to select such members as he desired to assist him in carrying out his plans for the monument, and Mr. Griffith has appointed a committee of twenty-five members of the Society. The city of Baltimore has made an appropriation and offers a choice of sites for the monument. The State of Maryland has by joint resolutions of its Legislature, appointed a committee, consisting of Gov. Brown, Controller Smith, Commissioner Laird, and Mr. Wm. Ridgely Griffith and Dr. Jos. D. Iglehart to exhibit at the Bazar, to be held next Easter week, 1893, in Baltimore, all the Revolutionary Battle Flags, both American and British, now the property of the State, together with all arms, commissions, documents, etc., that may be considered of interest to the citizens of Maryland and of the other States. This exhibition, with the large number of valuable Revolutionary documents, together with the swords of the old heroes, now held in private hands, will make an exhibition of great interest at the Bazar. The last National Congress of the Sons of the American Revolution, composed of delegates from about thirty State organizations, and which assembled at the City Hall, New York, passed resolutions pledging the members of the Society throughout the country to aid in the enterprise, and authorized a petition to the Congress of the United States, asking that the sum of forty thousand dollars be appropriated to aid the work. This petition, signed by Gen. Horace Porter, President, and Lieutenant Jas. C. Cresap, Secretary, has been presented by Senator A. P. Gorman in the United States Senate. Mr. Griffith has organized "The Ladies' Central Committee" for the Bazar, consisting of five members each from "The Daughters of the American Revolution," "Colonial Dames," "The wives of the members of the Sons of the American Revolution," and five ladies and five gentlemen from the citizens at large, making in all a committee of twenty-five. This committee is at work in such an earnest manner that the success of the Bazar seems assured. Among the tables already named by the ladies’ committee is one for the State National Guards of Maryland, and one for the United States Army and Navy.
Now, what is the duty of the "Daughters of the American Revolution" in regard to this monument? Formal application has been made to the National Board of Management, and we are authorized to say the enterprise has its approval.

Article second of the Constitution pledges the Society to aid in this very kind of work—the erection of monuments. How, then, shall aid be given these good Sons in Maryland in their work to commemorate the great deeds of those honored heroes whose blood was freely spilt from Massachusetts to Georgia? This is the question for them to consider; and it is confidently expected that help will be given in an effectual way, and by the members of the Society in all parts of the country.

There was not one battle on the soil of Maryland during the Revolutionary war. Her troops were engaged in defending the homes and maintaining the rights of the citizens of the other colonies, and their gallant deeds make history for other soil than her own.

Maryland furnished over 20,000 soldiers fully equipped and perfect in discipline to the Revolutionary army, troops that were distinguished for great bravery in the field, as shown:

First. At Frick's Mill Pond, Long Island, where 400 of the Maryland Regiment, under Major Gist, with fixed bayonets charged six different times Cornwallis's brigade of regulars, and by their great gallantry saved the American army, and caused Washington to exclaim: "Good God! what brave fellows I must this day lose."

Second. When acting as rear guard in the defense of the retreat of the American army from Long Island and from New York.

Third. At Harlem Heights, when the First Regiment, Col. Griffith, and the Fourth Regiment, Col. Richardson, regulars of the "Flying Camp," charged and carried with fixed bayonets the intrenchments of the British regulars and drove them until recalled by Gen. Washington.

Fourth. At Fort Washington, when Col. Moses Rawlings' Regiment of Rifles, but 274 strong, resisted the six different charges of a body of 5,000 Hessians, killing and wounding over 600 of the enemy, and only retired from their post after the rest of the American army had retreated from the field.
Fifth. At Monmouth, where Lieut. Col. Ramsey's Maryland battalion and Col. Stewart's regiment of regulars saved the American army.

Sixth. At Cowpens, where the gallant Col. John Eager Howard and his Maryland companies saved a retreating army and turned defeat into a glorious victory.

Seventh. At Germantown, Trenton, Eutaw Springs and other battlefields of the Revolutionary war.

WILLIAM RIDGELY GRIFFITH.
MISS EUGENIA WASHINGTON.

Eugenia Washington is one of the few direct living descendants of Lawrence Washington, Esquire, of Gray's Inn and Sulgrave Manor; and of Sir William Washington, of Packington, in the county of Kent; and of John Washington, who emigrated to Virginia in 1657. This John Washington, with his brother Andrew, purchased lands in Westmoreland county, on the northern neck, between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers. John married Ann Pope of the same county, and took up his residence at Bridges Creek, near its entrance into the Potomac; he was a large planter, a member of the House of Burgesses, and a colonel of the Virginia forces in the wars against the Indians; he was buried in a vault on Bridges Creek. This estate continued in the family, and was inherited by John's grandson, Augustine, the father of General George Washington.

Augustine Washington married Jane Butler, by whom he had two sons, Lawrence and Augustine. His wife died in 1728. On the 6th of March, 1730, he married for his second wife Mary Ball. By her he had four sons—George, Samuel, John Augustine, and Charles—and one daughter, Betty, who lived to maturity.

Samuel Washington, the second son of Augustine, and the oldest full brother of General Washington, was the great-grandfather of Eugenia Washington, the subject of this sketch. Samuel Washington married Anne Steptoe, the daughter of Colonel William Steptoe, of Virginia.

It is apparent that Samuel Washington was one of the earliest patriots of America. In Bishop Meade's "Old Churches and Families of Virginia" appears the following reference to him:

"The address and resolutions of the patriots of the Northern Neck [Washington parish, Westmoreland county], Virginia, in the year of our Lord 1765, immediately after the passage of the Stamp Act, were drawn up by Richard Henry Lee, whose name appears first on the list. It is said to have been the first public association in the land for the resistance to that act. It contains six resolutions and has one hundred and fifteen signatures. The fifth signature was that of Thomas Washing-
ton, then about twenty-one years old. The sixth name is that of his youngest brother, Charles, and further on is that of his brother, John Augustine, and also of his brother, Lawrence Washington, all of these being brothers of General Washington."

The records of Berkeley county, West Virginia, show that "Colonel Samuel Washington, the oldest full brother of the immortal Washington, entered the Continental Army as Colonel in the Virginia line, and was a gallant officer to the end of the great struggle for liberty."

He died at Harewood, his family country seat, "and was buried in the family burying ground at Harewood, under the oaks and willows, by the side of his much-loved wives, of whom he had five." On the walls of Harewood his portrait still hangs, and shows him in powdered wig, long blue brocade vest and coat with lace ruffles. By his side is a portrait of one of his wives, Anne Steptoe, the great-grandmother of Eugenia Washington. The costume of this stately colonial dame is in harmony with that of her husband. She has high cushioned hair, and an elaborate dress of blue brocade ornamented with the finest lace. It was in this old colonial grey-stone house, Harewood, that James Madison came to wed the fascinating and winsome "Dolly." Harewood was then in possession of George Steptoe Washington, whose interesting and beautiful wife was Dolly's sister. This historic home, with its beautifully terraced grounds, is now the residence of Mrs. Richard B. Washington, a first cousin of Eugenia Washington.

George Steptoe Washington, the grandfather of Eugenia Washington, was also an officer in the Continental army. As soon as he left college General Washington chose for him a military career, and when he married Lucy Payne, of Philadelphia, he was stationed in that city. While Washington was President of the United States he was urged by many members of Congress to appoint Colonel George Steptoe Washington a brigadier general, "whereupon the President informed them that one of a family was sufficient to hold a high office, and he nominated for the position instead of his nephew an officer who was his known enemy."
George Steptoe Washington was one of the five nephews named in General Washington's will as his executors. Colonel Washington died at thirty-five years of age in Augusta, Georgia, where he went in search of health, and he was buried there. A monument was erected over his grave by the loving and patriotic people of Georgia.

The maternal grandfather of Miss Washington was General Thomas Fletcher, who served in the War of 1812 on the staff of General William Henry Harrison.

Eugenia Washington was born beneath the shadow of the Blue Ridge Mountains, near Charlestown, Jefferson County, Virginia (now West Virginia), within ten miles of the historic village of Harper's Ferry. She was the daughter of William Temple Washington and Margaret Calhoun Fletcher, a great niece of John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina.

She was educated almost entirely by her father, who was a graduate of William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia, and also of Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky. He was a gentleman of literary and quiet tastes, and is designated as "a perfect book-worm." He took great pleasure in conducting the education of his three daughters in his own house, the only son having died in infancy. While the young girl, Eugenia, had careful intellectual training, she also enjoyed the free and cheerful life characteristic of the old Virginia home: every day she was in the saddle galloping over the beautiful hillsides of her native State, and in the evening she entered into the family and social intercourse of an agreeable neighborhood. She was especially domestic in her taste, fond of housekeeping, reading and fancy work, and, as she says, "never so happy as in my own home—when blessed with one." When asked to permit a sketch of her life to be written, she said: "I was taught that a woman's name should appear in print but twice, when she married and when she died, and I have no desire to bring myself before the public." If she has the characteristic modesty of her family, she has also the family courage that does not shrink from any plain duty.

About two years before the late war, William Temple Washington moved his wife and children to Falmouth, Stafford county, Virginia, opposite Fredericksburgh, the Rappa-
hannock river dividing the towns. Here, "living between contending armies and in the midst of the hardest fought battles," the family suffered as only those can suffer who have had so unusual and tragic an experience. "War brought ruin in the home; troops were quartered upon every foot of ground."

When the war was over Mr. Washington, now an old man, found that "all of his worldly goods were forever gone." His wife soon died, and it was not long until he followed her. Two of his daughters were married, and Miss Washington wended her way to the National Capital. Here she has for several years honorably filled an official position in the Government, maintaining an unostentatious dignity combined with that true refinement and equanimity which is her best inheritance. Scrupulously conscientious, able and accurate in the discharge of every duty, she displays an unfailing regularity of method and close attention to detail, which enhance the value of her efforts, and command unqualified respect.

A niece of Miss Washington, with whom she was most closely associated in her happiest days, even as a sister rather than a niece, was the wife of Dr. Robert F. Weir, of New York city. Mrs. Weir was invited by the Centennial Ball Committee to represent the Washington family in the quadrille at the Centennial Ball in New York, April 30, 1889. She was a woman of remarkable beauty and great loveliness of character, and she bore a strong resemblance to General Washington's sister Betty. This charming representative of the Washingtons, with her young face, silvery hair, olive complexion and bright eyes, arrayed in the court dress of Louis Fourteenth style, presented a picture of extraordinary beauty and interest. She died soon after this at Milan, Italy, while making a tour of Europe. To Miss Washington the severance of this family tie was a severe and lasting sorrow.

Eugenia Washington's connection with the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution is of the closest and most interesting nature. She is one of the three original organizers of the Society, Mary Desha and Ellen Hardin Walworth being the other two. At a meeting held in Washington, in the parlor of Mrs. Walworth, on August 9, 1890, a preliminary organization was formed preparatory to a general meeting,
which it was agreed should be held in October, after the return of the many women then absent from the city. Miss Washington was appointed Registrar, Miss Desha chairman of the Executive Board, and Mrs. Walworth Secretary. Among the members of the Board were Mrs. Earle, Mrs. Wolff, Mrs. Darling, Miss Breckinridge, and Miss Grigsby. A correspondence was had with Mrs. Morton in regard to the position of Treasurer, and a correspondence was in progress with Mrs. Harrison in relation to the position of President, the Society being started from the very moment of its inception on a broad national basis, which might bring into bonds of sympathy and united action the women of Revolutionary descent in the whole country. No petty pride of ancestry, no prejudice of place or position effected this movement, but it was the inspiration of our century and our national life which said to these women: "Arise and work, for the harvest awaits you." It is two years to-day since they obeyed that call, and to-day over nineteen hundred women are united with them in an effort for the perpetuity of freedom and the education of the coming generation in the principles of good citizenship and earnest American issues.

At the meeting of August 9, 1890, a constitution, which had been prepared by a Son of the American Revolution, and was copied largely from that organization, was discussed and revised. This same copy of the constitution was presented and accepted, subject to further revision, at the general meeting for a formal organization on October 11, 1890. The first application blanks used by the National Society had been prepared and printed in August, 1890. In fact, the whole machinery of organization was ready to be launched on the memorable anniversary of the 11th of October of that year, the ladies named having consented that the meeting should be called by Mrs. Flora Adams Darling. A history of the beginnings of the Society, with the letters and papers on record in its archives, will perhaps be interesting to members of the Society, and may be prepared for publication at a future time.

Immediately after the meeting of August 9, 1890, Miss Washington began her labors for the Society, and they have been unremitting from that time. The position of Registrar is
an arduous one, but she is untiring in her exertions to secure accurate and reliable proofs of all statements to be placed on the records of the Society in connection with the applications for membership, and she is ably assisted by the Registrar, Mrs. A. Howard Clarke, and they have also a committee to aid them.

The vicissitudes of life have, happily for the Daughters of the American Revolution, brought Miss Washington to the time and place where her ability and her honored name are effective elements in the prosecution of a patriotic work; the fraternal chain which holds the women of this Society in closest bonds is stronger that it embraces in its golden links those who who bear the stamp of the Father of his Country.

ELLEN HARDIN WALWORTH.

August 9th, 1892.
A MORNING GALLOP.

Away for a gallop
This bright summer day,
E'er the sun's in the heavens,
The dust on the way!

My brown mare is prancing
As on her I leap,
While the echoes wake up
From their murmuring sleep.

From out the gray archway
We clattering ring,
And then with a bound
Up the avenue spring.

The elms arch above us,
Their boughs dripping dew,
And rifts of blue sky
Full of sunshine peep through.

How the sweet morning air
Rushes by as we go,
Bearing scents of the woods,
Where the wild flowers blow!

How my good horse's feet
Keep in rhythmical tune
To the song the earth sings
On this morning in June!

Now we reach the long road
Where the elms arch again,
And I speak to my horse
As I shake loose the rein.

And she stretches her neck,
While the trees scurry by
And the sunbeams wink past
From the glimpses of sky.

Now a gallop, a canter,
A clatter of feet,
And we pass in the arch
From the old-fashioned street.

And I slip from the saddle,
And flinging loose the rein,
While the echoes die out
Into silence again.

CEcil HUD£.
MARYLAND.

By Mrs. Annie W. L. Kerfoot,
Representing the Chapter of Chicago, Ill., at the Continental Congress, Feb. 23rd, 1892.

I shall preface my account of the part taken by Maryland in
the great struggle for National Independence by a brief sketch of
the founding of that province, and its earlier history, its political
conformation, and social habits; for, as the babe is the embryo
of the man, so the infant colony, with its charter of civil and
religious liberty, was the embryo of the patriotic Maryland of
Revolutionary days.

The Province of Maryland was granted to George Calvert,
the first Lord Baltimore, by King Charles the First, of Eng-
land, in 1632, and colonized by his son, Cecilius, the inheritor
of his title and rights, in 1634. Its charter granted it a terri-
tory whose limits, unlike those of other American colonies,
were strictly defined, and ensured to it the largest political
privileges. Its citizens were given the right to govern them-
selves, for they were to make their own laws, independent
They were unrestricted in commerce, being free to trade with
England or with foreign countries, as should best subserve their interests. They were to retain all the rights of English subjects, free to visit or leave England without tax or hindrance, and to hold, acquire, or transfer landed property there. The King bound himself and his successors to levy no taxes, customs or contributions upon the people, and, in case of such demands being made, the charter expressly declared that this clause might be pleaded a discharge in full. This charter was never repealed by the Crown, and was cast off by the colonists only when the House of Hanover, by its arbitrary power, had violated its pledges.

The provincial government consisted of the Lord Proprietary as its chief ruler; a Governor, appointed by him to represent him in his absence, and always, though there was no law compelling this, selected from the citizens of the province, a privy council appointed in the same manner, and including among its dignitaries a holder of the great seal and a Secretary of State, and a House of Burgesses, elected by the people of the various counties as their representatives. Thus was formed "The Assembly of Maryland," her governing power which, in 1649, by the passage of an act which has always been one of the proudest boasts of her people, added to her rich dower of civil and political freedom, the priceless gift of religious liberty. By the provisions of this Act, no one within the bounds of the province could be punished or oppressed for his religious belief or practice; all were free to worship God as their consciences should dictate. In the seventeenth century such toleration was unknown to the governments of the earth. Religious liberty found its first home, in all the world, in Lord Baltimore's infant colony on the fair shores of the Chesapeake Bay. Here the communion to which Lord Baltimore belonged had already found an asylum. Here, during the protectorate the exiled cavaliers of the English Church reared the altars of their ancient faith and recited their litanies unmolested; and here, when the Stuart dynasty had been restored to the throne of England, came the Puritan, and found safe harborage and protection. Here, fleeing from English prisons and from the pillory, the whipping-post, and the gallows, in the older American colonies, came the meek and gentle Qua-
ker; and here, after Louis the Fourteenth had revoked the
"Edict of Nantes," came the Huguenot, seeking refuge from
renewed persecution in France.

All these men loved liberty, and had suffered or fought for it
in some one of its manifold aspects, and finding in Maryland its
fullest realization, civil and religious, these fathers of the fathers
of the American Revolution became her devoted and patriotic
citizens, and instilled into the hearts of their children that love
of freedom which was to bear such glorious fruit in the succeed-
ing century.

The colonists of Maryland were farmers, planters and manor-
holders. There were few towns, St. Mary's, and afterwards
Annapolis, as the capital of the Province, was the place where
the courts and assemblies were held, and the county town had
its court-house and jail, but as a social, political, or commercial
centre the town, as it is in this century, had no existence.

Every one who could live in the country did so. The artisan,
the craftsman, the small farmer, took up fifty or a hundred
acres. The rich planter had vast estates, planted in corn and
tobacco, the staples of the Province. The great manor-holders
reigned supreme on their manors, holding courts where their
tenants did fealty for their lands, and where all controversies
relating to them were tried and decided. The laborers on these
lands were chiefly white, indentured servants, brought over from
England by their temporary owners, at their own cost, and
bound to them for a term of years.

African servitude, though early introduced into the colony
by Dutch traders, did not become a prominent factor in its con-
ditions until the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, threw the Asiento
slave trade into the hands of the English, who encouraged the
importation of slaves into their American colonies, in all of
which, at the time of the Declaration of Independence, slavery
existed.

During the seventeenth century it was almost unknown in
Maryland. Life in the Province was easy, and free from care.
The climate was genial, the soil fertile; sea foods of the most
delicaceous kinds abounded. Game was plentiful; fruits and
grains were raised as readily as tobacco. The vessels, which
carried cargoes of the latter to England, brought back to the
wharf of the manor, books, wines, silk, laces, sugars, and Dutch and English wares. Hominy, pone, and the crisp hoe cake, names still dear to the Maryland ear, were adopted from the Indians, who, having received from Lord Baltimore, the full price demanded by them for their lands, were generally friendly, though sometimes hostile, as shown by legislative proceedings for protection against them. There was, therefore, no anxiety for the future and abundant leisure for the duties which from the first devolved upon these men of Maryland, who administered affairs in the Privy Council or the House of Burgesses, or as the Judiciary of the Province were actively engaged in maintaining the purity of their laws, and resisting the encroachments of the enemies of the Proprietary upon his chartered rights. They were in training for future responsibility, nor did they long lack opportunity to develop, in addition to the wisdom of statesmen, the personal courage and daring of armed defenders of their rights.

In 1645, a settlement of Indian traders, who, prior to the granting of Lord Baltimore's charter, had established a trading post upon Kent Island, refused to submit to the Government of the Lord Proprietary, and, arming, defied his authority.

In 1649, a colony of refugees at Annapolis, then known as Providence, elected their own Governor and Privy Council, and disfranchised all who differed from them in religion.

In 1652, Lord Baltimore's Governor and Privy Council, having previously proclaimed Charles II, of England, the rightful successor of his father, the Province was, in the language of the Parliament, "reduced"—the members of her Government being removed from their official positions, which were filled by persons appointed by Cromwell's Commissioners.

In 1689, the then reigning King and Queen of England, William and Mary, deprived Lord Baltimore of his vested rights, and sent a royal Governor from England to rule over Maryland. In the school of these vicissitudes, the colonists acquired skill in war, courage in danger, and resource in emergency. They acquired patience; not the patience that passively endures oppression, but the patience that waits, and seizes its opportunity. They learned to sacrifice personal success to patriotism, and to renounce personal preferment, rather than their right to rule their own Province.
The armed traders of Kent were forced to submit to the authority of the Lord Proprietary. The rival Government at Providence, for awhile successful, was finally overthrown. The Governor and Council who had proclaimed Prince Charles King, were endorsed by restoration to their official positions, and Lord Baltimore regained his rights in the Province, bringing back with him civil liberty and religious toleration.

The eighteenth century in Maryland dawned upon its people restored to their right of self-government. A golden age of peace and plenty ensued. The peculiar features of provincial society were fully developed, and are thus portrayed by a brilliant writer:

"A prosperous and refined Society flourished on the old plantations and manors. Its leaders were the descendants of the planters and manor-holders of the preceding century. The planter, a Justice, a vestryman, a worshipful member of the Privy Council, or the House of Burgesses, was a ruffled and powdered dignitary, who rode in his coach and four, or in his boat, manned by liveried servants, and who 'reigned supreme upon his own estate.' In the summer, the manor houses were the scene of a round of festivities."

"In the winter, their owners went to Annapolis, become at length the centre of social as well as legislative life. Here the belles and beaux danced in silks and laces, while their elders discussed law, politics and religion."

This is one side of the picture, and an attractive one. The other side shows this same ruling class actively engaged in the affairs of the Province, wisely developing its resources, fostering its commercial and agricultural interests, and opposing the growing disposition of the Mother Country to levy taxes and requisitions upon the colonists.

Marylanders had already, in the latter half of the preceding century learned to resent the interference, and resist the oppression of England. With a royal Governor appointed by the throne, and a Privy Council appointed by the Governor, the House of Burgesses, composed of delegates chosen by the people of the Province, had become the watchful guardian of their liberty, to whom they had learned to look for championship, and in this century, during the long struggle between France and England for supremacy in North America, it had
steadily resisted the demands of the latter for material aid in money and men, which it firmly maintained should be furnished only when voted by the representatives of the people, not upon royal requisition.

The war between England and France was ended by the Peace of Paris, signed February 10th, 1763, but England had contracted heavy debts, and determined that her colonies should help to defray them.

The right of direct taxation was asserted in 1764, and the next year Mr. Greenville proposed a bill, which was passed by both houses of the English Parliament and became a law. This was the now famous "Stamp Act," which provided that all legal papers must be drawn in the colonies upon stamped paper taxed by the crown. The Maryland Assembly convened at once in a spirit of vigorous resistance. A proposition from the Colony of Massachusetts that a congress should be held, composed of delegates from all the colonies, was unanimously agreed to, and the Assembly appointed Edward Tilgham, William Murdoch, and Thomas Ringgold to represent Maryland.

Early in October of that year the First Continental Congress, famous in all time as "The Stamp Act Congress," met in New York. Its members were the most eminent men of the various colonies, and their deliberations were calm and moderate. They addressed the Crown and petitioned Parliament, declaring their rights, protesting against the Stamp Act as an infringement upon them, and demanding redress of the grievance. Three of the delegates, Robert Livingston, William Murdoch and Samuel Johnson, were selected to append their names to this spirited document, which so impressed the English Government that the Stamp Act was repealed in the ensuing March. But England was unwilling to admit that she was defeated in her designs, and in 1767 imposed a set of duties upon glass, paper, and tea. These duties were to be collected by commissioners, who were empowered to search private houses by issue of warrants. This was more galling than the Stamp Act, and again the flame of resistance broke out.

When the Assembly met at Annapolis, on the 24th of May, 1768, the members came prepared for a decisive struggle. They had determined upon their course in advance, and at
once appointed a committee to draw up a petition to the King. Warned by Governor Stone that he was instructed by Parliament to prorogue them, in case of their opposing the new duties, they instantly adopted the petition of their committee, passed a series of resolutions declaring that "Whenever they apprehended the rights of the people to be affected, they should not fail boldly to assert, and steadfastly to maintain them;" and in full possession of all the members, headed by the Speaker of the House, bore this message to the Governor. Governor Stone immediately prorogued the Assembly, hesitating to dissolve it lest a new House should be even more refractory than this one. Again England drew back, and the duties upon paper and glass were repealed, retaining that upon tea, which she still thought could be enforced.

Maryland had determined otherwise. Everywhere in the Province associations were formed, pledging their members neither to drink tea, nor to allow it to be landed at any Maryland port. A British bark, "The Good Intent," arrived at Annapolis with a cargo of "the detestable weed" as the people termed it. The Sons of Liberty called a meeting, boarded the vessel and ordered her captain to carry her unwelcome cargo back to London. They probably convinced him of their ability to enforce obedience, as it is upon record that he, "without hesitation," complied.

Several months later the people of Hagerstown compelled one John Parks to walk bareheaded, carrying lighted torches in his hand, and to set fire to a chest of tea which he had, in his possession, which was consumed amid the acclamations of the people. The disloyal Parks was publicly pronounced a traitor, and all patriots were instructed to hold no intercourse with him.

Tea became a shibboleth, to distinguish the patriotic Marylander from the citizens of Tory proclivities. The Tory encouraged vessels to put in at out-of-the-way ports to discharge their hated cargo—paid duty on it, quaffed it in secret conclave, pledged the King's health in it, and drank to the speedy confusion of his rebellious subjects. The Patriot would have none of it, and was ever on the watch to prevent its landing, or to ensure its destruction if found in the possession of private
individuals. At length, on the 14th of September, 1774, it being announced that the brig "Peggy Stewart," laden with tea, lay at anchor in Annapolis Bay, the Whig Club of Annapolis determined upon a daring act of open resistance.

Under the leadership of Dr. Charles Alexander Warfield, braving the possible consequence of organized rebellion, they proceeded, undisguised, to the harbor, and compelled Mr. Stewart, the owner of the vessel, to apply a lighted torch to his brig. The flame seized its prey with avidity, and devoured it with relish, as though in sympathy with the determined men, who stood on guard until the ship and cargo were consumed, and then without riot or confusion retired. "The Annapolis tea party" gave the death-blow to the shipment of tea to Maryland. Its daring participants, enthusiastically upheld by the people, were left unpunished.

In 1771, upon the death of Frederick Calvert, the last lineal descendant and heir of Lord Baltimore, "The Maryland Convention," composed of five delegates from each of her counties, was declared by "The Freemen of Maryland" to be her governing power. This Convention acted through Committees of Safety, Finance and Correspondence, and appointed similar committees to act in the various counties of the Province. It was as irresponsibly powerful as the French Convention of 1793, but it never abused its power. Its resolutions evidenced determined opposition to English tyranny, and in 1774, this distinguished body called upon the other colonies to prepare for the general defense; and at once ordered that all male citizens of Maryland, from 16 to 50 years of age, should be enrolled and organized into companies. This order being promptly obeyed, the Convention was able immediately after the battle of Lexington, April, 1775, to send troops to the assistance of Boston. It drew up the Maryland Declaration of Independence in 1776, prior to the adoption of the General Declaration, and this memorable document was received with enthusiasm.

The general Declaration was adopted July 4th, 1776, and signed by the delegates of Maryland, including Charles Carroll, one of the wealthiest men of the time. "There go some millions," said a spectator, as Mr. Carroll appended his name
to the document. "But there are so many Charles Carrolls he cannot be identified," responded another. At once Mr. Carroll wrote after his name that of his estate, which belonged to him only, and his signature stood in its now familiar form, "Charles Carroll of Carrollton."

Upon the adoption of the Declaration of Independence, the Maryland Convention at once authorized the levying of fresh troops, and the gallant "Maryland Line" was soon in the field. Its members had been long serving in volunteer companies, and now, well appointed and organized, composed of young and spirited men who had already acquired the skill of trained soldiers, and joining the army at a time when it was lamentably deficient in discipline, they were at once given honorable precedence in its ranks. They fought from Long Island to Yorktown: Their discipline was perfect; their courage audacious. They had always the post of danger, and they held it with a tenacity that inspired fortitude in the timid and confidence in the wavering.

Listen to their record in history:

At Long Island, from sunrise until the last gun was fired upon the field, the Maryland line was hotly engaged. To this day the people of the vicinity point out to strangers the spot where half of the Maryland battalion stemmed the advance of the whole left wing of the British Army, and where the best blood of the State was poured out like water.

At Haarlem Heights, they drove the enemy from the field.
At Germantown, they swept through the hostile camp with their fixed bayonets in advance of the whole army.
At Cowpens and Eutaw, their serried ranks bore down all opposition.
At Guildford Court House, they fought with a courage that excited the surprise and admiration of their enemies.

Says the historian of the battle of Camden:

Cornwallis, alarmed at the resistance of the Maryland line, having before experienced its desperate valor, now concentrated his whole force upon it.
The entire British Army was poured upon these devoted brigades, who, surrounded and unsupported, still fought on with unflinching valor.

Throughout the war Maryland was distinguished for her devotion to the general cause. She furnished 20,600 men to
the Continental Army, in addition to those enlisted in independent companies, in those of the State, and in the marine and naval forces, and her patriotic legislators personally contributed large sums of money to assist the country in its struggle. After the triumphant close of the war at Yorktown, Va., the Maryland Convention drew up a State Constitution, provided for an election at which it should be submitted to the people, and the officers of the State Government chosen, and abdicated its position, leaving the direction of affairs in the hands of the Committee of Safety. The new State Government, consisting of the Governor, Council and House of Delegates, was inaugurated in March, 1777, and the Committee of Safety transmitted its papers and records to the proper officers, and declared itself dissolved.

In 1783 a Treaty of Peace with England was signed, and the Maryland Troops, in common with those of the whole Army, were disbanded. Having first, at the request of General Washington, assembled at Annapolis, and organized the Maryland Chapter of the Honorable Society of the Cincinnati.

The history of Maryland during the American Revolution is the history of the Revolution itself. She fought through the whole of it, not only as a sovereign, but as an unconfederated State. She entered the Confederation the thirteenth and last State, in March, 1781.

Maryland nominated George Washington as Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, and Maryland was the first to bestow upon him, through her Legislature, the titles of "Patriot," "Hero," and "Saviour of his Country."

To-day the National Capital stands upon Maryland soil, donated by her to the Government for national purposes.

The naval heroes who are to defend our coasts from invasion, and to chastise the insolence of foreign governments, have been trained for duty in the National Naval School in Maryland, and Maryland has given to our country its National Anthem, for it was a Marylander who wrote:

"The Star-Spangled Banner, O, long may it wave,
"O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

John Jay said that, "Good manners went out with stockings and breeches," and certainly many of the statelier graces
departed with that picturesque costume, unfitted like it, for the hurried life of this leisureless nineteenth century. But the Marylanders of to-day retain many of the characteristics that distinguished their forefathers, when "stockings and breeches" were in vogue. They still love country life in their old Colonial homes, with wide-open, hospitable doors, and country sports, to chase the fox and hunt the deer, realizing the fable of the Centaur, in the ease with which they sit their blooded horses, as though man and horse were one. They still build great fires at Christmas in the old fireplaces, and gather about them the family clan. They still hold that "Blood is thicker than water" and count cousins to the tenth degree, and kinsfolk beyond. They are still men of affairs in the Legislative Hall, or on the Judicial Bench. They still have the old proud love for their State, and stand ready to serve her in council chamber, or battlefield. They still—

"Remember with pride what their fathers have done,  
"In the perilous days of yore,  
"They will never relinquish the rights they won,  
"Nor surrender the flag they bore.  
"And should tyrannous might overbear the right,  
"Her foes and her country's would bravely be met,  
"And the Maryland men be heard from again,  
"For there 's life in the old land yet."
DEBIT AND CREDIT.

BY MRS. MARIAN SATTERLEE THOMPSON.

Representing the Chapter of San Francisco, Cal. Read before the Continental Congress by Miss Dorsey, Tuesday Morning, February 23, 1892.

We, the Daughters of the American Revolution, owe an ever-lasting debt of the profoundest gratitude:

First, to the adventurous spirit of the Genoese navigator who immortalized his name in the discovery of America, and to his benefactor, the Christian Queen, who was willing to pledge the jewels of her own crown of Castile to raise the necessary funds in support of the enterprise.

The next to share our veneration should be that brilliant statesman and martyr, Sir Walter Raleigh, who was first to plant on American soil a colony of English speaking people, to the descendants of whom, together with those of the Pilgrim Fathers, this great empire owes its present exalted position among the nations of the earth.

The love of freedom, the courage and endurance of these pioneers in western civilization was the strong element in their character which developed later in the indomitable will and courage of their descendants, which resulted in open rebellion against oppressive laws, and culminated in the founding of an asylum for the oppressed of all nations—the building of a Temple of Liberty in a land where the Banner of the Cross was first planted under the auspices of a Christian Queen.

It is needless to recount the oppressive acts of a demented king that caused the American colonies to proclaim their independence of the British government, which was then, as it is now, one of the strongest, nor attempt to portray the burning eloquence of Henry, of Virginia, and Otis, of Massachusetts, which roused the people to resist taxation without representation. Under the leadership of these two earnest patriots, the Revolution began, the progress of which is familiar to us all.

The "Stamp Act Congress," "The Boston Massacre," and the "Boston Tea Party" were leading events. Samuel Adams
and John Hancock were among the first to rebel against British oppression. The Colonial Congress met in Philadelphia in 1774. From this date to July 4, 1776, when the Declaration of Independence was adopted, the Americans fought for their liberties as British subjects. The war of the Revolution terminated and peace was declared in 1783.

Now, what did our ancestors sacrifice and what did they gain by the Revolution? How does the debit and credit account stand to-day? Most of the colonists came to America to escape persecution. They came in search of a heritage that is now vouchsafed to every American citizen—freedom of conscience and the enjoyment of the natural rights of man. They fought for liberty. To gain this precious boon and commit it to posterity, in a war of seven years' duration they sacrificed in unparalleled heroism their worldly possessions and their lives. It sometimes seems that we, their inheritors, fall short of a proper appreciation of the great blessings derived from them through the mercy of an All-wise Providence in the building up of this great nation, and it is meet that we should unite in preserving and transmitting to those who are to come after us the hallowed names and deeds of the Fathers of the Republic.

Permit me to speak of my own family, descended from the Adams' of Massachusetts on one side, and Major William Satterlee of New York, whose commission in the Revolutionary Army (now in our possession) is signed by John Hancock, President of the first Continental Congress at Philadelphia.

From a diary of Captain Philip Slaughter, one of the Minute Men of the Revolution and grandfather of my husband, I quote to illustrate, though in an imperfect way, some of the hardships endured for us and our children by the patriotic fathers. December 4, 1849, Captain Slaughter wrote in his diary:

"I am this day ninety-one years old. When the Revolution began, at the age of seventeen years, I entered Captain John Jameson's company of Minute Men. The regiment went out to drill in strong brown linen hunting shirts, dyed with leaves, and the words "Liberty or Death" worked in large white letters on the breast; buck-tails in each hat and a leather belt
about the shoulders, with tomahawk and scalping knife. In a few days an express came from Patrick Henry, Commander of the First Virginia Continental Regiment, saying that Dunmore had attempted to carry the military stores from the magazine at Williamsburg to the ships, etc. We marched immediately, and in a few days were in Williamsburg. The people, hearing that we came from the backwoods, and seeing our savage-looking equipments, seemed as much afraid of us as if we were Indians. We took pride in demeaning ourselves as patriots and gentlemen, and the people soon treated us with respect and great kindness. Most of us had only fowling pieces and squirrel guns. In the spring of 1776 I entered Colonel John Jameson's troop of cavalry for three years, but before we marched I was appointed a Lieutenant in Captain Gabriel Long's company of riflemen, and we marched to join the army under Washington in New York. In 1777 we were attached to the Eleventh Continental Regiment, commanded by Daniel Morgan.

Lieutenant Slaughter was promoted to a Captaincy in 1778 and served during the war. He was one of the sufferers at Valley Forge. Among the many anecdotes with which his diary abounds is the following concerning the renowned Chief Justice Marshall:

On a night or two before the battle of Brandywine, at 10 in the night, we were aroused from sleep. Lieutenant Marshall had raked up some leaves to sleep on; he had pulled off one of his stockings in the night (the only pair of silk stockings in the regiment), and not being able to find it in the dark he set fire to the leaves, and before we saw it a large hole had been burned in it. He pulled it on so, and away we went, etc.

At Valley Forge no one soldier in five had a blanket; the snow was knee-deep all winter and stained with the blood of the naked feet of the soldiers. From the body of their shirts the officers had collars and wristbands made to appear on parade.

No body of men in the history of the world were actuated by a more noble or more unselfish purpose than the actors in the American Revolution from Washington, their peerless chief, down to the ill-clad and poorly fed private in the rank and file of the army. The spirit which prompted and sustained these heroic men can best be preserved in our day by such organizations as this. It is a lamentable and indisputable fact that
a vast percentage of those who are now exercising that highest privilege of American citizenship, the elective franchise, know nothing of the struggles and sacrifices of those who won this greatest boon of freedom for our country. For this reason such organizations as ours are of vital importance.

When I look across this wide continent, peopled with sixty millions of souls, and contemplate the progress made in the building up of cities and towns, the enterprise that binds them together by ties of steel, over which puffs the iron horse with the products of the soil; the electric wire wandering across plains, over mountains, and through the desert, flashing messages of love to one and sorrow to another; the temples of learning filled to overflowing with earnest, eager seekers after knowledge, my heart throbs with gratitude and love for the great men whose bravery and heroism made it possible for us to enjoy these priceless benefits.

It is a duty of those who have descended from the Fathers of the Revolution, especially the mothers of the present generation with Revolutionary ancestry, to inculcate in the minds of their children a veneration for and love of the patriotism and liberty which characterized that eventful period. Such organizations as this should collect, preserve and transmit through their children to posterity the individual data that illuminates the records of the participants in the struggle for liberty, and which are now scattered over the land.

Nothing can better illustrate the credit side of our obligation to Revolutionary sires than the thought that when the eight years' struggle came to a glorious close on the battle field of Yorktown, the population of the thirteen colonies, amounting to barely three million souls, occupied only a narrow strip of land along the Atlantic coast from Cape Cod to Charleston, South Carolina. The Alleghany range was, in fact, the western frontier; Pittsburg was an outpost of the American army; Kentucky was a dark and bloody battle ground, and the great northwest with its now teeming millions of freeman, was a wild and unbroken wilderness of forest, or open land known only to the vast herds of the now extinct bison, which roamed over it in undisturbed serenity.
The battle of Point Pleasant, the last struggle of the aborigines for the beautiful country on the borders of the Ohio was fought and won. Cornstalk, the last great Chief of that beautiful valley, perished on that hotly-contested field, and was soon followed by Logan, the last of his race.

Before the close of the century Kentucky was admitted as a State in the Union. Tennessee soon followed. Ohio took her place in the sisterhood of States with the advent of the present century. Illinois soon knocked for admission into the charmed circle, and now, after the lapse of but seventy-four years, that mighty Commonwealth with its metropolis on the Lakes may well be classed as the Eighth Wonder of the World. But there was no pause, the Mississippi was reached and passed, the Stoney Mountains, which were known only by tradition in the Revolutionary era, formed no bar to irresistible progress. Under the impulse of freedom States are clustered along its base; its summit was scaled and there was no pause until the shore of the Pacific was reached. And now, with thirty-one stars added to the original thirteen to illuminate our Temple of Liberty, our long shore line on the Pacific, extending from the Aleutian Islands to San Diego, is four times greater in extent than that portion of the Atlantic coast within the limits claimed by our Revolutionary sires. It is said that a point in the bay of San Francisco is the geographical centre of the United States, estimating from the extreme southeastern and northwestern extremities of the country. All this belongs to the credit side of the ledger of Free Government. It is but the outcome of the struggle and sacrifices of our Revolutionary sires, who formulated the principles which governed them in that great Charter of Freedom, the American Declaration of Independence.
On the 15th of April, 1891, while the Daughters of the American Revolution were holding their first meeting for organization in Georgia, the bells of Atlanta were ringing their welcome to Mrs. Harrison, the President-General of our society. [Applause.]

Mrs. Martha Berrien Duncan, Honorary State Regent, presided, and if, before entering her drawing-room, nineteenth century thoughts prevailed, they were dispelled by the gracious greeting we received from that aged, but still stately dame, whose colonial dignity of presence was in full consonance with the spirit of the occasion.

Following the formula of organization, Mrs. Duncan appointed Mrs. Henry Jackson, Regent; Mrs. Hoke Smith, Vice-Regent; Miss McKinley, Registrar; Miss Sarah Grant, (now Mrs. Thomas Cobb Jackson), Secretary, and Mrs. Porter King, Treasurer.

The interest excited was immediate, and in some cases intense. Social matters seemed for a time lost, in search for ancestral data, and in the weeks and months which followed current topics for "At Homes" were the discovered relationships to the heroes of Cowpens, Savannah and Yorktown.

In the new impulse of research many a forgotten hero of Colonial days has been brought to light and sheds an unexpected lustre upon his descendants of the nineteenth century, and not only heroes, but heroines appear, whose deeds deserve to live in American history. But history has failed to record many noble actions of Revolutionary daughters, and as usual, has devoted most of her pages to the sterner sex.

I call to mind the incident of Nancy Hart, a red-haired, cross-eyed woman, who lived in a sparsely settled portion of
Georgia, and who became a noted heroine. She was an ardent patriot, and with her whole soul hated the British, and despised the Tories. She was brave and fearless, and loved her country with a devotion almost idolatrous. On one occasion she was visited by a number of Tories, who demanded in a lordly manner that she, the patriot, should prepare supper for them, the traitors. She did so, but during its preparation her thoughts were busy evolving a scheme to repay them for their impudence and their insults. Her son was immediately dispatched to notify a body of patriots near by of the presence of the Tories and of her embarrassing predicament. A savory meal was placed upon the table, and the Tories, stacking their arms in a corner of the room, determined to do full justice to Nancy's hospitable board. In the midst of their repast the old lady "sidled" around to the guns, and, raising one, pointed it toward the table, demanding the surrender of the entire party. In surprise the Tories glanced up, or rather down, the barrel of the leveled musket, and each was paralyzed with fear, as none could tell at which particular one the cross-eyed woman aimed. [Laughter.] And thus they sat until the Patriots arrived and hung them to the first convenient tree.

Shortly afterwards a party of the friends of the captured Tories returned to her cabin to seek revenge for the death of their friends. They had fearful warning of her cunning and her nerve, and before risking an attack upon this lone woman they took the precaution to peep through a crack of her log cabin. Again she was ready for the emergency. Taking a pot of boiling soap from the fire she dashed it through the crack into the eyes of her spying enemies. And once more this true daughter of the Revolution had outwitted and defeated the traitors of her country.

During President Jackson's administration a resolution was offered to adorn the niches in the rotunda of the Capitol with pictures descriptive of his great victories. Governor Gilmer offered an amendment to the resolution to "substitute in one niche a picture of Nancy Hart wading Broad River, a cocked musket in her hands, and three Tories in advance, on her way to the camp of the Whigs to deliver them to the tender mercies of Colonel Elijah Clark." Although Governor Gilmer's amend-
ment failed and the old woman's picture does not appear in the national rotunda, yet a rich and prosperous country and a beautiful little city in Georgia are carrying her name down to posterity as one of the patriotic women of 1776.

Now, after over one hundred years have passed, records are drawn from musty receptacles, fashioned anew into spreading trees of genealogy and displayed with touching but pardonable pride in many of the homes of Georgia.

The affairs of this Chapter progressed most satisfactorily until disturbed by rumors of dissension at the national headquarters. At a meeting on the 15th of September communications from Mrs. Salas were placed before the Society, accompanied by a new constitution. The feeling of disapproval was so strong that ere the reading of the new constitution was one-half completed, a motion was made to discontinue. Animated discussions followed and the motion was carried. Another motion was made to stand by the original constitution, which was seconded and passed without one dissenting voice. These remarks are not intended as a rehearsal of grievances, but as an accentuation of our unalterable position of remaining loyal to the original party. Just here, I must ask your indulgence for digressing from my subject, but Georgia being so lately connected with this organization, necessarily curtails my discourse and tempts me to speak of the organization in general.

What then is the duty of the Daughters of the American Revolution? Simply this: to maintain unity. Whatever may be the errors of the national officers let us strive to help rather than condemn them. Let our hearts be in love instead of in prejudice. Let us appeal each to the other for patience and justice, ever keeping in mind the abiding necessity of unity. As children of our historic ancestors, let us forget the petty dissensions of women, and let the glory of the past be commemorated by the society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

In nationally organizing the Daughters of the American Revolution, I would suggest that it is hardly expedient for the officers in Washington to appoint a regent for a city in which they are totally unacquainted. The success of a chapter depends upon the social popularity of its regent. In choosing a
regent for the different chapters, I further suggest, the advisability of conferring with some resident in the State whose opinion you know to be reliable. I venture these remarks, since the wonderful success of our chapter is attributable to the lovable character of the regent. We have one evil from which to guard. The possible tendency to aristocracy. Our forefathers knew no superiors save in merit. It was not noble lineage that directed Columbus to this country in 1492; it was not the spilling of royal blood that gave America her glorious independence; it was not the accident of birth that placed the "Father of his Country" in the Presidential chair; it was merit, and merit is the master of our freedom. But if there ever should arise a true American aristocracy, it will be and should be based not on wealth but on the blood of the patriots of 1776, the men who made America the nation of the earth. [Applause.]

There is an unwritten work for the Daughters of the American Revolution. One which the master-minds of the day have imperfectly accomplished—for the fartherance of which our own Grady gave his life,—it is the re-uniting of Georgia and Massachusetts in the same bond of love that bound them in the days of Valley Forge and Yorktown. [Applause.] This, ladies, is not to be accomplished by man's eloquence alone, or diplomatic subtleties, but rather by the gentler influences of women, and while partaking of the hospitalities of the "Capital City" let me extend an invitation from the South and ask why, instead of holding the congress each year in Washington, could not the chapters in the principal cities be honored, especially Atlanta, that by this social commingling we may prove the southern sister as sincere and loving as she of colder climes, and our country shall gradually unite in colonial simplicity and confidence, "No North, no South, no East, no West, but one grand Union." [Applause.] In bringing to you a message from the most southern of the original colonies, I trust I may be pardoned for calling your attention to a fact well known in our earlier history and which appeals most strongly for a kindly feeling on the part of our northern friends toward us of the South. The southern colonies were the recognized favorites of the English government, enjoying
many prerogatives and courtesies not extended to their sister colonies. No cause for ill-feeling or quarrel existed for them in the "Mother Country," but when the people of Boston resisted the oppressions of George III, and English troops fired upon American patriots, without a selfish thought and without hesitation these southern colonies rushed to the side of their northern sisters and made a common cause of the long struggle for independence. It seems that the spirit of the olden days, when Massachusetts and South Carolina stood side by side to protect and defend their rights and liberties, again rules the destinies of our country. This has been forcibly illustrated by two incidents which have happened in the past few months.

First, in New Orleans, when the people in their dire necessity arose to vindicate the majesty of the law, and to protect the integrity of their government by meting out swift justice to a lawless band of foreigners who infested their city and attacked their institutions, the North stood by their side prepared to sustain them regardless of the section in which the deed was committed. Second, when the citizens of a foreign port made a brutal attack upon the sailors of the warship Baltimore, because they wore the uniform of the States, and sailed under the "Stars and Stripes," the South, at once, and with an unanimity which was remarkable, placed herself abreast, in fact, a little in advance of the other sections of the Union, in sustaining our President in his demand for satisfaction and apology. [Applause.] Southern men, encouraged by Southern women, were eager to join the forces, should it become necessary to enforce the President's demand.

In this day of resurrection, when the actions of Revolutionary patriots are being called forth from their long sleep, we think it meet that Massachusetts and her northern sisters should join hands once more and forever with Georgia and her southern sisters. "Let the colors of the army, under which the States are to meet and mingle in common patriotism, speak of nothing but Union—not a Union of conquerors and conquered, but a Union which is the mother of all, equally tender to all, knowing of nothing but equality, peace, and love among her children. [Great applause.]"
THE WYOMING MASSACRE.

By Elizabeth A. Rockwell.

Representing the Chapter of Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Read by Mrs. McCarthy, Regent on Tuesday morning, February 23, 1892.

Early in the afternoon of Friday, the third of July, 1778—a warm, cloudless day—a band of three hundred men, two hundred and thirty of whom were Continental Militia and the rest civilians—mostly old men and half-grown boys—marched out from the log stockade called Forty Fort, on the Susquehanna, about two miles above the present village of Kingston, to attack a force of British and Indians, which had occupied a fort a few miles up the river. The Wyoming Valley, extending for about twenty-five miles along the North Branch of the Susquehanna, picturesque at all seasons, wears in June its crown of beauty; and as yet the summer heats had not shrunk its stream nor embrowned its foliage. On either side of the gently flowing, winding river, with its fringe of trees, lay the plains from which it takes its name; rich alluvial ground, well timbered and watered, rising soon into rougher, but not barren tracts, and enclosed by ranges of wooded hills, through which, above and below, the stream broke its way by narrow gorges—a very Indian paradise, abounding in game and wild fowl, shut off by nature, as it would seem, from war and war's alarms.

To the dwellers in the valley, however, it had been anything rather than an abode of peace. Late in its settlement—for only in 1742 had the white man's foot first crossed its borders—it had been the scene of fierce and even then unsettled dissension. The charter of Connecticut, granted by Charles II in 1662, in confirmation of the deed given by the Plymouth Company thirty-two years before, gave to that colony the territory between the southern boundary of Massachusetts, and the fortieth parallel of latitude from Narragansett Bay to the South Sea, so far as not already occupied by Christian nations. Explorers brought to the settlers on the rugged soil of Con-
necticut accounts of the more fertile lands westward, and in August of 1762 two hundred adventurers entered the Wyoming Valley, selected portions of land, planted corn, built a log house and several cabins, and in November returned to their homes. The next spring they again appeared in larger number and with their families, bringing cattle and household goods for a permanent settlement. They passed a busy and peaceful summer, but in October, while they were gathering their harvest, the Indians, with whom they had held frequent and amicable intercourse, without previous warning, made a descent upon them. Thirty men were slain at their labor in the field, and the rest, their houses having been burned and their possessions seized, were driven out, some to perish, and others with toil and hardship to regain their former homes. Six years later, in 1769, a larger company with more capital was organized to make a second settlement; but meanwhile the Pennsylvania colony, in whose charter grant of 1681 the same territory was included, had advanced its claim, and one month before the new settlers arrived had occupied the ground. From that time to the beginning of the Revolutionary struggle, war, as bitter and persistent as on the Scottish border, or between the factions of mediæval Italy, prevailed; four times the Connecticut settlers were driven out, but like the Guefs of Florence, they knew the art of coming back, and in 1774 the General Assembly of Connecticut formed the disputed territory, about five thousand square miles in extent, into a town named Westmoreland, and forbade the entrance of other settlers. As justices of the peace, with power to call a town meeting for the election of other officers, were appointed, Zebulon Butler and Nathan Denison—men prominent by position and character, the one gifted with the power of swift decision and vigorous execution, the other deliberate in speech and conclusion, but firm and unflinching; both brave and generous, large-minded and courteous, destined, as such men ever are, to be heroes in action and leaders of the people. In this order of things the proprietors of Pennsylvania naturally did not acquiesce; but the eagerness of private contest was lost in the great enthusiasm which in 1775 pervaded the colonies, in which Pennsylvania, with Virginia and Massa-
chusetts, took the leading part; and after one fruitless attempt
to overpower the settlement the Pennsylvanians withdrew.
Two years of comparative prosperity followed, in which the
population of Westmoreland increased to at least twenty-five
hundred, gathered in several villages, each with its log stock-
ade or so-called fort. Though remote from the field of active
hostilities and apprehensive of Indian attacks, the people took
an eager interest in the struggle for freedom, and in 1776 raised
two companies, each of eighty-two men, attached to the Con-
necticut regiments, primarily for defense of their own homes
against the Indians, but subject at any time to the call of
Congress. In the calamitous season that followed, when,
after the defeat of Long Island and the loss of Fort Washing-
ton, the Continental army was retreating through New Jersey,
these companies, reinforced by volunteers, were summoned to
join the force of General Washington, and at Brandywine and
Germantown, at Millstone and Mud Fort, rendered efficient
service.

The summer of 1777, while Burgoyne, having drawn to his
ranks disaffected colonists and hostile Indians, was endeavoring
by invasion from the North to separate the New England Colo-
nies from the others, and effect a junction with the main army
on the Delaware, was an anxious one to the scattered villages
on the Susquehanna, thus left defenseless. The news of the
surrender at Saratoga, encouraging as it was to the general
cause, increased rather than lessened their apprehensions, as
the disbanded Indians spread farther South, and stirred up their
fellow-savages to fresh inroads. There was still another ele-
ment of danger. While the Connecticut settlers to a man were
loyal, others had come in, mostly from the Dutch of New York,
in defiance of the prohibition of the Connecticut Assembly,
distrusted and unwelcome intruders. These were suspected, on
good grounds, of making common cause with the enemy, and
between twenty and thirty were arrested and sent to Connecticut
for trial; but as proof was wanting they were liberated, and
returning, joined the British at Niagara, which had become a
Tory gathering place, and disclosing the defenseless situation
of the settlement, urged an attack.
Early in 1778, from straggling Indians and from scouts, rumor after rumor reached the valley that the British and Indians were preparing an invasion; and an earnest appeal for aid was sent to Congress. The reply was a direction to enlist and equip a fresh company for defense; an order, in the reduced condition of the settlement, difficult to execute, if not impossible, and equivalent to a refusal of assistance. A second entreaty was made, setting forth their defenseless position, and urging that at least their own companies, enlisted at first for self-protection, should be sent home. That a request so moderate and so earnest was disregarded, shows either that the Colonial army was in great straits or the condition of the settlement was not understood. The soldiers themselves, however, could not resist the appeals that came from their households; several officers resigned, and twenty-five men left the army without orders. At last the Board of War, realizing the necessity, united the remnants of the two companies into one, and gave leave for return; but the permission, anxiously waited for, came too late.

In the last days of June Colonel John Butler, his rangers reinforced by Tories and Indians, in all from nine to twelve hundred, descended the Susquehanna from Tioga Point by rafts and canoes and landed about twenty miles above the valley. Their approach was discovered by a scouting party, and the militia of the town assembled at the largest of the stockades, called Forty Fort from the forty original settlers, which occupied a central position. At the other forts, above and below, a few men were left to protect the women and children of the several villages, who had taken shelter in these frail defenses.

On the evening of the 2d of July the enemy entered the valley by a defile in the mountains, took Fort Jenkins, the first to which they came, murdered the garrison and occupied another fort a mile below, called Wintermot's, from the Tory family that resided there. Early the next morning a demand for surrender was sent to Forty Fort. It was at once refused and a council of war hastily summoned. Colonel Zebulon Butler, who by good fortune was at home from the army on a furlough, was by consent of all the leader. He had fought the French and Indians at Ticonderoga, was acquainted with the
methods of both British and savages, and in counsel as in battle, was a tower of strength to the people. With him were his friend and former colleague in office, Colonel Denison, and Lieutenant-Colonel Dorrance, who the year before had defeated a detachment of Tories and Indians on the Wyalusing. These agreed that, as the enemy far outnumbered them, the wiser course was to remain in the shelter of the fort, confine themselves to defense and await the arrival of the companies from the army, which they believed would not be long delayed. The younger men, led by the bold ranger, Captain Lazarus Stewart, a very hot-spur, whose wild adventures still live in tradition, urged that against an enemy whose path was marked by fire and carnage, the only safety lay in a bold resistance; the coming of aid was uncertain, and if they would save their wives and children from death or captivity, they must trust in God and their own right hands. So vehement was their invective, so passionate their appeal that the leaders, stung by the imputation of over-cautiousness, consented to leave the fort and attack a foe thrice their number, skilled in stratagem and elated by success. By three in the afternoon they were on their way. They went out, as one who remained in the fort relates, with firm and even cheerful bearing, as brave men go to death.

About half an hour after their line was lost to sight by the winding of the river path, three men at full gallop, faint with a day’s fasting and with hard riding, reached the fort, bringing word that the company from the army, led by Captain Spalding, was within forty miles. Had they come one hour earlier there might have been no tragedy at Wyoming.

As the three hundred drew near the enemy’s fort, after some two miles march, they saw it abandoned and in flames; no troops were to be seen, all was silent; to all appearances the dreaded foe was satisfied with ravage, and had withdrawn. Butler, experienced in Indian warfare, fearing an ambush, advised to go no further, especially as the position occupied was favorable; but again his prudence yielded to the impetuosity of his comrades, and he gave the order to advance. When they arrived at the burning fort, which stood on a bank fifteen or twenty feet high, on each side of which stretched level ground, they saw the British and Tories, apprised of
their approach by Indian scouts, drawn up in a line extending to the river, under the command of Colonel John Bulter, while the right wing, composed of Indians, was covered by a swamp that reached the foot of the mountain. The whole plain was woody, with scattered yellow and pitch-pine trees of no great size, and scrub oaks breast high, and among these silent and unperceived lay many Indians in ambush.

Colonel Zebulon Butler at once arranged his forces; aided by Major Garratt, he led the right against the British rangers, while Colonel Denison, with Lieutenant-Colonel Dorrance, commanded on the left, facing the Indians. He pointed to the opposing line, half hidden by the thicket, and spoke: "Men, yonder is the enemy. The fate of Fort Jenkins shows what will befall us if we are defeated. We fight not only for liberty, but for life; to save our houses from the torch, our wives and children from the tomahawk. Stand firm at the first shock, and the Indians will give way. Every man to his duty!"

The opposing forces, as they stood in line, seemed not ill-matched; the pomp and blazonry of war was absent, even the British commander having put off his conspicuous uniform and wrapped his head in a black handkerchief; but the spirit of battle was there. The Wyoming settlers began the attack, Butler ordering them to fire and at each charge advance, and the British wavered and fell back before them. But as a similar onset was made on the left, the Indians, hidden in the thicket, opened fire; each bush, each rock sheltered an enemy; on right and left, in front and rear their bullets whistled. The settlers held their ground and fought desperately, until with loud war-hoop, a detachment of Indians, armed with tomahawks, fell on their rear. Colonel Denison ordered them to fall back and wheel about to resist this new attack, but some misunderstanding the order, began to retreat, and outnumbered and overpowered, the whole wing was thrown into confusion. As Butler perceived the disaster on the left, he hastened thither, and riding recklessly up and down among the scattering soldiers, cried: "Don't leave me, my children, the victory will be ours!" Many stood firm, but in vain; the captains to a man were slain at their posts; Colonel Dorrance fell wounded, with the words still on his lips by which he
strove to arrest the flight; Major Garratt was left on the field; Captain Stewart atoned for his rash counsel by a valiant death; scorning retreat, he was last seen, wounded and half-prostrate, fighting still. But the day was lost; disaster turned to tumult; flight became general, and the Indians, pressing on, either struck down the fugitives, or bore them away for a fate more dreadful. Two bands, one led by Butler, and the other by Denison, escaped, and took refuge respectively at Fort Wyoming and Forty Fort; but one hundred and sixty—more than half the party—were left on the field butchered in the flight, or put to death by torture during the night that followed, a night of savage orgies and blood-madness, from the details of which we turn aside with horror, unable even to read what our brave men had to bear.

Through the long summer afternoon the women at Forty Fort listened to the sound of guns, regular at first, but soon broken, and drawing nearer. With the declining sun came Colonel Denison and his fugitives. Sentinels were posted, and every precaution taken for defense, should the enemy appear. Later still, to their great comfort, Captain John Franklin arrived with thirty-five fresh men, and they decided to send to Fort Wyoming for the only cannon in the town, and concentrate their strength at Forty Fort. Early the next morning men were sent out to call in stragglers, but they soon returned, reporting that fugitives were fleeing from every direction toward the wilderness, refusing to resist further. Meanwhile, a messenger was sent by the British commander to Col. Butler at Fort Wyoming, demanding that he should surrender the forts, and yield himself and the few remaining men who had come from the army, prisoners of war as Continental soldiers. He summoned Col. Denison from Forty Fort, who agreed with him that to hold the fort was impossible. Knowing too well the fate of prisoners, he left to Col. Denison the arrangement of the surrender, and bidding the soldiers flee for their lives, took horse, and with his wife on the saddle behind him escaped before night from the valley, and soon reached the Moravian settlement of Gnadenhutten on the Lehigh river, whence he sent a report of the battle to the Board of War—a simple and
manly statement, censuring no one, and showing equal modesty
and bravery.

Col. Denison returned to the fort, and signed articles of
capitulation, by which the settlers agreed to surrender their
forts and arms, take no farther part in the war, and leave the
Tories unmolested, on condition that their lives and property
should be assured to them. The two gates were then opened,
and the victors marched in with colors flying, the whites led
by Col. John Butler, the Indians by their queen, Esther, the
Fury of the last night's massacre. The British soldiers seized
the arms, which were piled up in the centre of the fort, while
the Indians, in violation of the terms of the treaty, and against
the orders of Butler, who acknowledged that he could not
restrain them, broke open boxes, destroyed papers, and seized
whatever attracted them. They contented themselves, how-
ever, with plunder, and harmed no one; and when three days
later, Butler left the valley, most of them followed, bearing
the scalps of their victims and the spoil of the settlement, their
squaws wearing each four or five gowns and bonnets taken
from the women of Forty Fort. Those who remained scattered
about the country, plundering and slaying; the settlers, except
a few who gathered about Fort Wyoming, abandoned their
dwellings, and the valley was a scene of desolation. The fugi-
tives fled eastward, pursued by the savages; some were slain,
some died from exhaustion and hardships; others found shelter
and refuge, and after Gen. Sullivan's victory over the Indians
a year later, returned to the valley, rebuilt their houses, and
passed the rest of their lives in comparative security.

The memory of the men of Wyoming lives in the fair valley
which they fought to defend, not only by the monument that
marks the fatal field, and the records, so numerous and ample
that the task of the narrator is that of selection, but through
the honored and influential citizens who inherit their names,
or bearing other names revere them as their ancestors. We
were ungrateful indeed, even if not thus reminded, should we
fail to remember those who laid at such cost the foundations
of our peace and prosperity.
THE VIRGINIA WOMEN IN THE REVOLUTION.

By MRS. MARY STUART SMITH.

Representing the Albemarle Chapter at the Continental Congress. Accepted and ordered printed.

The Virginians, more emphatically Virginia women, yield not even to Swiss mountaineers in that deep-seated love for home whence naturally springs an ardent patriotism. The severer the test applied to this patriotism the brighter has it ever glowed—the brighter will it continue to glow, we verily believe.

That noble matron, with eloquent tongue, the late Mrs. Lettie Lewis, daughter of the elder Governor Floyd, in remarking upon the many friends of her youth who had followed their husbands through wisely devotion to other States, and even to foreign lands, spoke in moving terms of the utter impossibility of alienating the affections of all such from the land of their birth. "To gravitate back to the Old Dominion," she declared, "was the nature of the creature; she never could be really satisfied elsewhere." David yearned no more longingly for water from the well at Bethlehem than have done many of these exiled daughters for a draught from the cool spring at home, that sweetest water in the world.

In the days of the Revolution, we well know that woman's courage and endurance were called into action as inevitably as were those of the stronger sex, but, alas! the records of her individual performances are very meagre, told only incidentally, and facts concerning her are to be gleaned only here and there by careful search of histories, diaries, old letters and biographical sketches widely scattered, and in many cases only accidentally preserved.

As deeply ingrained into the Virginia women of the Revolutionary period was that humility enjoined upon her sex by St. Paul, as was her patriotism. She believed that it was a woman's glory to be in subjection, first to her father and then to her husband. And when men were made of the metal of
Virginia's Revolutionary heroes, who can wonder? And when, moreover, we read of the reciprocal reverence which was shown to the weaker sex, flowering forth in such dutiful homage as Washington paid to his mother; such chivalrous devotion as Chief Justice Marshall evinced to a nervous, invalid wife; such wise and tender parental care as Jefferson bestowed upon his beloved daughters, Martha and Maria; can we pity overmuch the estate of Virginian womanhood at that heroic period?

That the Virginian woman's willingness to confine herself to the sphere of home and shine only with reflected lustre lost her nothing in dignity and honorable estimation is clearly if casually recorded in the annals of those days. The exalted virtues and personal influence wielded by Mary, the mother of Washington, are too well proven and familiar to this presence to need citation here.

Let us glance at Martha, Lady Washington, as she is so constantly called, at three periods of her life. In early youth it was said of her: "Colonel Dandridge's sweet daughter was loved and admired by everybody. From every lip fell eulogies of her personal beauty, her good sense, her amiability of character, and her goodness of heart." Of General Washington's wife, in her maturity, the historian says: "To her intimate acquaintances and to the nation the character of Mrs. Washington was ever a theme of praise. Affable and courteous, exemplary in her deportment, remarkable for her deeds of charity and piety, unostentatious, and without vanity, she adorned by her domestic virtues the sphere of private life, and filled, with dignity, every station in which she was placed." An Englishman being admitted to her society, in her old age, exclaimed: "I shall henceforth be reconciled to the company of old women, for her sake."

The largeness of her heart may be inferred from one entry in her husband's day-book: "October 10th, 1780. By Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Washington's bounty to the soldiers, $20,000 = £6,000."

Concerning the only daughter of Mary Washington who reached maturity, Mr. G. W. P. Custis says: "Mrs. Lewis, Gen. Washington's only sister, whom I very well remember,
was the most majestic and imposing looking female I ever beheld, and she was very dearly beloved by the great man." Again, in an unpublished autobiographical sketch written by Mrs. George Tucker né Carter (Maria Ball), she says: "Until my twelfth year I resided with my excellent grandmother, the only sister of the great and good Washington. She was a woman of practical piety, and to her early lessons and admirable example I owe in a great measure the deep-seated and ardent devotion to Christianity which has enabled me to support the many heart-rending trials which the Almighty Disposer of events had allotted me in this world."

Thomas Jefferson's wife is said to have had every qualification which can make woman attractive: "An exquisite feminine beauty, grace of manner, loveliness of disposition, rare cleverness, and many accomplishments."

The companion of General Campbell, the hero of King's Mountain, sister of Patrick Henry and grandmother of William C. Preston, South Carolina's silver-tongued orator, was a most remarkable woman, intellectually, mentally, and morally. This union forms one of the few romances of which an account comes down to us from those stormy days. Captain Campbell (afterward General) was one of the first to respond to Patrick Henry's summons to the patriots to arm themselves, and going to Williamsburg for duty to his country at the head of a body of bold riflemen, he met the lovely Elizabeth Henry, and in the spring of 1776 was married to her. In a most affectionate letter to her, after gently chiding her for too great attention to his wants, he writes: "You bring to my mind Solomon's excellent description of a good wife." Here he quotes in full Prov. xxxi:10-24. Then goes on: "Such is my dearest Betsy. Her worth I esteem above rubies." Her grandson, Col. Thomas L. Preston, with the pen of truth and enthusiasm thus describes her: "To Mrs. Campbell came the poor and the distressed as to one from whom they were sure of relief and sympathy and wise counsel, while the better classes were attracted by her social qualities and the charm of her manners and conversation. During his frequent absences on civil and military duty she needed no other protection than that of their faithful slaves and the kind neighbors who regarded her as a sacred charge to be looked after and
guarded with zealous care. She was, however, a woman of great courage and self-reliance, and habitually, in prayer, committed her safe-keeping to God, who watched over and spared her for other and greater work in the years to come."

A long train of devout children and grandchildren refer their religious impressions to the prayers and example of Sarah Campbell. May her memory be green!

Yes, the Revolutionary mothers of Virginia left to their descendants that heritage of Christian faith concerning which Patrick Henry declared in his last will: "If they have that, and I had not given them one shilling, they would be rich; and if they have not that, and I had given them the whole world, they would be poor."

Having piety, as a matter of course, these women were models of industry, energy, and skill in domestic affairs. The busy hum of loom and spinning-wheel, varied by the homely sounds of a full barn-yard, and the song of cheerful laborers, as one neared the typical Virginia farm-house, bore witness to the queen-bee spirit of its presiding genius. And upon admission to the interior of such a home, the first impression, instead of being dispelled was sure to be heightened, as the account of many a stranger proves. The Virginia hospitality that has become proverbial blossomed forth in those dark days of war, even more brightly than it had done in the halcyon days of peace, and that, too, among the lowly-born as well as the upper classes. Vanity was in abeyance. As in 1861-'65, Virginia women were proud of being arrayed in homespun, while the taste and ingenuity, brought into play by the necessities of the case, had the astonishing result that their charms were rather enhanced than obscured by the severe simplicity of their toilets. And yet amid the paucity of personal details, coming down to us from this era, every now and then, we have accounts of how the ladies dressed at a ball, given to celebrate some victory—Yorktown, for instance—or at the reception of some bonnie bride, at her new father’s residence, as, for instance, upon one occasion, at Union Hill, the Cabell homestead. How pleasant are such little glimpses of social life, upon the background of war, poverty, and privation!
We hear much of the few educational privileges vouchsafed the women of that period. Yet, we see what a plain English education can do, upon the foundation of good common sense, coupled with woman's wit, and the reading of a few well selected books, to make agreeable companions for the wisest and best of men.

The great Washington set his seal to a high estimate of literary activity in women when he formally presented to his beloved nephew, Lawrence Lewis, as a wedding gift, an elegant copy of Mrs. Macaulay Graham's History of England, in eight volumes, saying: "These, sir, were written by a remarkable lady who visited America many years ago; and here is also her treatise on the 'Immortality of Moral Truth,' which she sent me just before her death—read it and return it to me."

But proof is not lacking that, with all their disadvantages, Virginia women even at that time were capable of higher and more prolonged intellectual effort. We read concerning George Wythe, the eminent jurist and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence: "His education was principally directed by his mother." The result of this education brought him such honors as being appointed speaker of the House of Delegates, and during the same year judge of the high court of Chancery. Thomas Jefferson esteemed it a privilege to read law with him. Is it too much to accredit his mother also with a large share of the kindness and benevolence of his heart, said to be commensurate with the strength and attainments of his mind. And Mrs. Wythe was not alone in devoting herself to the mental training of her own children. Other mothers did the same.

As to courage, two instances must suffice, where many allure to their recital.

When the report came to Staunton, Augusta county, that Tarlton with a large body of troops was advancing into the valley, and the patriots were to make a stand against him at Rockfish Gap, Mrs. Colonel William Lewis put arms into the hands of her tender boys (three older sons being already absent in the army), dispatching them to the mountain pass, with the
words: "Go! do your duty, or return no more." This was in 1781.

On the Ohio, then the border of Virginia's still broad domain, in 1777, when Fort Henry was beleaguered by a horde of Indians and its garrison were out of gunpowder, a young girl, Elizabeth Lane, saved from a horrible fate the brave defenders of the fort, as well as a number of helpless dependents, by a feat that deservedly ranks her with the great heroines of history.

Any notice of the typical Virginia woman at any period would be incomplete without mention of her sweet voice, ineffably charming manners, and, above all, refinement—a feature that characterized the humble dweller in the cottage as well as the high-born dame in "the great house"—nay, the very servants in old Virginia—the family servants, at least—were gentle and refined in manners.

And let no one class good manners among the lesser virtues! Time fails to eulogize our Revolutionary mothers as we, fain, would; but the writer is confident that she echoes the heartfelt sentiments of all their descendants when she affirms that the goal of their aspirations will be reached if they can only so live as to be worthy of those who have gone before. They feel, moreover, that the only way to attain this will be to enshrine their memory in their hearts, to emulate their example, to follow their precepts, and serve God even as they served Him.
The Early History of Pittsburgh.

By Julia Morgan Harding,

Representing the Pittsburgh Chapter. Read before the Continental Congress, February 23, 1892.

Of the many thousand men and women that the railroads daily bring into the city of Pittsburgh, how few, unfortunately, are acquainted with its romantic associations and early historic importance. Its clouded skies, and grimy sootiness are only too well calculated to impress the traveler with profound pity for its unfortunate inhabitants, a sensation of profound gratitude to heaven that their lot is cast in pleasanter places. Its name is a synonym for smoke clouds and soot, but let us dispel the darkness overhanging Pittsburgh fin de siecle and look back through more than two hundred years. It appears as a region unrivaled in natural beauty and mineral wealth, destined to play an interesting as well as an important part in the struggle between France and England, to be the military school of Washington, the key to the West, and eventually the site of the greatest manufacturing town in America. Its legends, memories, and history lie obscured in the shadow of its smoke clouds, almost forgotten by the great army of toilers who in-
herit the land won by our forefathers from the Indians, French and British, who scarcely remember that it was named for England's greatest statesman—the "great Commoner," the "Imperial Chatham." The long discord between France and England had come to be almost a law of nature, and during the eighteenth century they were almost continually at war. After Marlborough's victories there was peace for a time, to be broken in 1740 by the war of the Austrian succession—the seven years war—and the American war. These wars were not fought on the Continent but in the colonies, and India and North America were the scenes of a struggle for territory and power, which resulted in England's losing the States and gaining India and Canada, and in the loss of Canada and India to France. In revenge for the loss of Canada France created the United States, and the wars of Clive in India bear a close relation to the French and Indian wars in America. In the year 1688, with the revolution that established William III on the throne of the Plantagenets and Stuarts, began the second hundred years war with France. At that time England had some scattered but thriving colonies along the Atlantic coast, and France had possession of the territories surrounding the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi. In India also the two great powers were side by side. In both countries the advantage appeared to be on the side of France, but the Anglo-Saxons are always conquerors, and French intrigue, ambition and gold were no match for English pluck and determination.

The English and French explorers and settlers found the North American Continent inhabited by wandering tribes of red men. The country west of the Appalachian Mountains in the immediate neighborhood of the Forks of the Ohio contains a few traces of an aboriginal, prehistoric race of mound-builders. Later, in the dawn of history, appeared a tribe who called themselves the Talligena, or Alligena. All we know of them is that they were tall and powerful and more civilized than the "Iroquois," who conquered and drove them away, and that they left their name to live forever in the "Allegheny" Mountains. The "Iroquois" migrated to the banks of the Ohio from the West. They were a confederation of six power-
ful tribes) and were called by DeWitt Clinton "the Romans of America." They were governed by a representative Council, closely resembling our ancient Anglo-Saxon Witanagemote. The Iroquois—or Six Nations—conquered the Delawares, and compelled them to put on petticoats and assume the character of women. They also subdued the Shawnees, who had wandered northward from the Sewanee River, bringing with them a legend that their ancestors had crossed the sea, and yearly sacrificing in thanks for their safe arrival. The Iroquois gave the name of Ah-hu-yr to the river on which they settled, including in that name the river we know as the Allegheny, while the Delawares called both Allegheny and Ohio "Alligewi," after the people they had driven away to the far West. The French translated Ah-hu-yr into "La belle rivier." Such were the fierce and savage inhabitants of this Western wilderness. But who and what was the white man who first stood by the meeting of the waters—Nature's great road to a Western Empire? History does not tell us, nor can we guess his thoughts as he gazed on a scene that years afterward aroused the enthusiasm of George Washington. It must have been indeed beautiful—the three rivers; the high hills covered with a dense, primeval forest; the lovely islands and crystal creeks; the awful silence of Nature, broken only by the cries of wild beasts, or echoing war-whoops of the Iroquois and Shawnees, whose canoes darted in and out behind green islands, or were secreted in forest-hidden streams. Possibly he was a man whose soul could not be moved by such a prospect, or stirred by prophetic insight into the future of the Western world—but we would like to think him susceptible to such inspiration.

The Indians in their migrations to and fro had made great trails or paths leading east and west, north and south—the description of them reminds one of the paths of the forest people in Africa. By these highways—which were impassible at first for a horse—the first settlers arrived at the lands about the Forks of the Ohio. The most famous of these old roads crossed the mountains at Kitanning Point. This at once suggests the contrast between the toilsome and hazardous march of the herdsman and the luxury of the man who makes a triumphal
progress from east to west in the "Limited" in our day. With very different feelings must each look at the panorama of nature spread out before him. In 1564, Queen Elizabeth, who was lavishing everything on her favorite, Raleigh, gave him a charter to lands in the Western Hemisphere which possibly reached from the coast to the Ohio. In 1609, the country around the Ohio was granted to a Virginia company—and this same tract was included in Charles II's charter to William Penn, in 1681. The indefiniteness of these charters led in after years to disputes between Virginia and Pennsylvania as to their respective boundaries. In 1654, an explorer started out from the James River, reached the Forks of the Ohio, and spent ten years in the wilderness, discovering till then unknown rivers and territory. In 1748, the Pennsylvania Colony sent out their first Commissioner to treat with the Indians, and in the same year the Ohio Company was formed, composed of Englishmen and Virginians, who claimed their title under a charter of Charles II.

The French meanwhile were not idle. In 1749, Captain Louis Cilnen was sent from Canada to take possession of the country along the Allegheny and Ohio. The French have always been indefinite about boundaries, and they undertook to consider that Louisiana comprised all the territory west of the mountains from the Gulf to the St. Lawrence; so Captain Cilnen duly took formal possession by placing leaden plates, with inscriptions, in the river at the Forks of the Ohio and in its tributary streams. Some of these have been found in good preservation. The one found in the Ohio bears the date Aug. 3d, 1749. Many Indian villages were scattered along the creeks and rivers, and on the hillsides were occasional settlers' cabins, but the paths were few and far between, and the wilderness dense. The French had built a chain of forts extending from Niagara down along French Creek and the Allegheny, and were slowly pushing their way to the disputed ground. In 1750, the Ohio Company sent one, Christopher Gist, to make explorations and treaties, and to build a fort for their stores; the latter he located at Logstown, which seems to have been a large Indian village about three miles below the Forks.

The French continued to advance, and the war which for several years had raged in India—also with French and
Indians—and had been successfully brought to a close by the genius of Clive, broke out with equal activity on the shores of the Ohio.

Among the official messages sent in 1753 by the home government to the colonial Governors was one to Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, in which he was instructed to send an expedition to the disputed territory. George Washington, a young soldier of the militia, then almost unknown, was selected to take command. With a small party of guides and servants he made his way to the Ohio, and from thence westward to Fort le Bœuf, where he had an interview with the French commandant, getting a most unsatisfactory reply. In his journal he mentions having found it extremely difficult to keep his Indians sober, and gives an account of his visit to Queen Allegrippa, to whom he presented a watch, coat and a bottle of rum, the latter of which she gave him to understand was the most acceptable. Through five hundred miles of wilderness young George Washington carried Governor Dinwiddie's message, and Irving says: "This expedition may be considered the foundation of his fortunes. From this moment he was the rising hope of Virginia. While on the return march an Indian guide twice attempted to take his life, but his murderous attempt was frustrated, and Washington—allowed him to depart into the forest unpunished.

In consequence of Washington's report to Governor Dinwiddie, Captain Trent was sent out to take possession of the Forks of the Ohio in the name of King George; and, upon the recommendation of Washington, who with his usual foresight had seen the advantages of its position, he began to erect a fort at the Forks of the Ohio, this being the first building erected on the site of the City of Pittsburgh.

The fort was not completed, for during a temporary absence of Trent the French and Indians descended the Allegheny and compelled the little force of thirty-three men to surrender. This occurred on the 16th day of April, 1754, and was the beginning of the war—a war which practically did not end till the peace of 1815. The French completed the fort and named it Duquesne, in honor of the Governor-General of Canada. Upon hearing this Washington hurried forward with a rein-
forcement. On reaching a place called "Great Meadows," on the slope of the Laurel Ridge, he fell in with a party of French and Indians. An engagement was precipitated in which the French were routed, and their captain, Jumonville, killed. A few days later, at Fort Necessity, a nine hours' battle was fought against great odds. The Colonials capitulated and retired with one cannon. This was our first Fourth of July. It was a source of bitter humiliation to Washington and was one of the causes assigned by George II for declaring war. If the Concord Minute Men fired a shot heard round the world, the first shot fired by an unknown soldier at Great Meadows "echoed on the Plains of Abraham, at Bunker Hill, at the taking of the Bastile, and at Waterloo."

The Indians, who had long been wavering between the English and French, were now won over to the latter. Massacres and murders were the order of the day; the frontier cabins were burned, the colonists scalped and tortured. These horrors continued for four years, and after Braddock's defeat were renewed with redoubled fury. The expedition of Braddock, his toilsome march, the passage of his little army over the Monongahela, which Washington declared in after life was the grandest sight he had ever witnessed, the brave fight against an invincible and almost invisible foe, the horrors of the massacre, the character of the man himself, his bravery, his foolhardy disregard of advice, his genial disposition, are facts so well known that it is needless to dwell upon them.

For the second time, Washington escaped an almost certain death. Two horses were shot under him, and four bullets went through his coat. An Indian chief, many years after, said he had taken aim at him again and again, without effect. Let us hear how the news was received at Fort Duquesne. We have the account of a colonial prisoner. From the battlements he watched the Indians, armed and painted, crowd about the great gate and join the French Regulars as they marched out to meet Braddock. Young Smith counted them as they passed, and was sure they numbered not more than four hundred, and joyfully looked for the arrival of Braddock to liberate him from his captivity; but in the afternoon Indian runners came into the fort telling of the bewildered army cut down by an
invisible foe, and at dusk he heard the Indian scalp-halloo, the joyful shrieks, the continuous firing. Nearer and nearer they drew to the fort, driving before them twelve British Regulars, stripped of their clothes, and with their faces painted black, as evidence that they were doomed to torture and death. Behind came the savages, drunk with blood, dancing, yelling, waving their scalps in the air; the cannon in the fort boomed out a greeting; hell seemed to have broken loose. The unfortunate Britons were put to death with most horrible tortures on the banks of the Allegheny, and in a few days the Indians dispersed to their villages and quiet reigned at Fort Duquesne.

The scene of hostilities was now transferred to the northeast, and the hills about Lake George and Lake Champlain re-echoed to the Indian scalp-halloo. English fortunes were at their lowest ebb everywhere; the whole nation was appalled at the situation; nothing but the surpassing genius of the great Pitt could have guided her to retrieve them; and these years of disgrace and despondency were to be followed by Clive's victories in India, Wolfe's heroic conquest of Canada, and Forbes' capture of Fort Duquesne. The latter took place in November, 1758. The French blew up the fort and burned the few buildings surrounding it. Washington pointed out to Forbes the meeting of the waters, and the English General planted the English flag and named the place "Pittsburgh."

The second and larger Fort Pitt was built by General Stannix at a cost to the British government of £60,000. From that time on it figured largely in the frontier wars and steadily grew in prosperity. In spite of indescribable hardships the early settlers won a hard living, menaced on every side for many years by the Indians. Of the many thriving towns surrounding Pittsburgh there is scarce one that does not occupy a site once the scene of torture and massacre. A town gradually grew around Fort Pitt. George Washington, who visited it again in 1770, says it consisted of almost twenty houses. The most important of these had been built in 1664 by Col. George Morgan as a supply storehouse and was the first house west of the Alleghany mountains with a shingle roof. In 1770 it was used as an inn. After the Pontiac war and subsequent Indian outbreaks, many officers and soldiers
from the east, who had been serving in the army that defended Fort Pitt, settled there, and thus increased its population and importance as a town. As a military post it was always considered the most important stronghold in the west.

The indefinite question of boundaries to which we have alluded, began to threaten the little colony. The Penns held a grant of 1681, and Virginia and Pennsylvania both claimed the headwaters of the Ohio. In 1773 (or '74), the troubles between England and the Colonies having greatly increased, the King ordered the abandonment of Fort Pitt, the troops being needed elsewhere. This was done, whereupon Lord Dunmore sent an expedition from Virginia to take possession of Fort Pitt. This was accomplished. The commandant issued a proclamation, and called the fort Dunmore, in honor of the Governor of Virginia. Many difficulties ensued between the Colonists and Indians, and there was a long dispute between Governor Penn and Lord Dunmore, which resulted in the boundary question being settled for Pennsylvania, and Fort Dunmore was once more Fort Pitt. During the Revolution the threatened hostilities of the Indian tribes constantly menaced the Continental Government. It was most urgent and necessary that they should be kept quiet and neutral. This was an arduous, even an impossible task, and that peace was maintained and the frontier secured was mainly due to the tact, courage, and knowledge of Indian dialects possessed by Col. George Morgan, who was the Indian agent appointed by Congress for the Middle Division. Indian alarms were frequent for several years, and he was kept continually on the alert to pacify them and satisfy their demands.

After the Revolution, as after the Indian wars, many of the officers, who served in the Western Army, bought lands in and about Pittsburgh, and became its most prominent citizens.

There were occasional Indian outbreaks, and a Whisky Insurrection, but the real difficulties and hardships of the Colonial settlers were over, and Pittsburgh had nothing more important to do in national history than to thrive and grow. That it did not always grow in grace we are told in the journal of Major John Wilkins, an officer of the Revolution, who came to Pittsburgh in 1783. In his diary he quaintly laments the wickedness of the town, and from his acco
have been a Godless place. But he did his part toward reforming its manners and morals by inducing a Presbyterian minister to hold regular services, which they had hitherto been afraid to do, and by helping to found the first Presbyterian church. Of the old Fort Pitt nothing remains but a redoubt, built by Col. Bouquet after the Pontiac war. It may be interesting to know that the ground once occupied by Fort Pitt, and for which the British Government spent thousands of pounds and sacrificed thousands of lives to keep in possession, will, at the death of its present owner, return to British hands. From the beginning of the century Pittsburgh grew and prospered with marvelous rapidity, and in 1815 became a city with Major Ebenezer Deeny, who had served in the Continental Army, for its first mayor. There are few traces around Pittsburgh of the successive races who ruled supreme in the land—Mound Builders, Talligewa, Delawares, Iroquois, French and British, are all now shadows in the Happy Hunting Grounds. The brave men who established American independence and laid the foundations of a mighty city have been gathered to their fathers, but many have left their names to the suburbs and streets of Pittsburgh.

In the relentless march of improvement association with the past is too often sacrificed to convenience, and some of these honored names have been replaced by unmeaning numerals, thus losing that subtle charm of a connection between names and places that we find so delightful in the old world. Some, however, remain—Stannix, Marbury, St. Clair, Irwin, Hay, Hand, Pitt, Hancock and Wayne are gone and forgotten, but we still have Dinwiddie, Forbes, Gist, Craig, Neville, Bouquet, Tannehill, Jumonville, Butler, Ormsby and McKee.

The inhabitants of the crowded, busy city have forgotten that the Indian scalp-halloo once rang in the wilderness a hundred years ago where their mills and warehouses now stand, perhaps, after all, not in such perfect security as might be imagined. The hundred years' war between England and France, Indian and Colonist, has long been over, but the war between millions of workingmen, who are the foreign colonists of to-day, and a few capitalists, has only just begun and bids fair to be as long a struggle as the one that eventually brought to America liberty and independence. [Applause].
PEACE AND LIBERTY—THE LEGACY OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

BY MRS. MITCHEL A. NEVINS,

Regent of the Chapter of Rome, Ga. Read before the Continental Congress, Tuesday Morning, February 23, 1892.

From my home beneath the bright sunny skies, and soft flower-freighted breezes of my own loved Georgia, one of "the original thirteen," with songs of love in my heart and words of cheer on my lips, I come to greet you to-day, and mingle my congratulations with yours for that Liberty and Peace, blood-bought, which was left us as a legacy by our forefathers.

Let us go back several generations, when these United States consisted of thirteen small colonies widely separated in a country without railroads or telegraphs, and with only the mail boy and horse to bring tidings from the outside world. These people emigrated from countries across the Atlantic to avoid oppression, both religious and civil, hoping to find in this new world a home where they could think, speak and act for themselves. Almost every man and woman was a hero or heroine, else how could they have undertaken this great work? Soon they were settled and happy in their primitive homes, with our grandfathers tilling the soil to provide something to eat, and our grandmothers with their spinning wheels and looms preparing the necessary clothing for the family, they were slowly and surely working their way to prosperity.

Then England, true to her own interest, demanded more and more tribute, and imposed heavy and heavier taxes until the brave colonists could endure no longer. They believed that if they yielded any of their dearest rights, it would be only a question of time when they would be compelled to yield all. Then came the dark days that "tried men's souls," when fathers and sons, with fire in their hearts and muskets in hands, adopted the watchword "Liberty or Death," said good-bye to mothers and daughters, who with tears in their eyes and brave
words and kisses on their lips, bade them god-speed and turned back to their lonely homes and desolate waiting. For seven long years the great Revolution dragged its weary length. Not a colony faltered. All pressed eagerly forward, fighting for home and country. The end came at last, and with it many found death, but all found liberty, and our country was free. Do we, my sisters, appreciate the full meaning of this word 'liberty'? Our dictionary defines it freedom from restraint; release from bondage. These words give us but a faint ray of the intense flood of light which freedom threw upon our ancestors. Hand-in-hand with liberty came her twin-sister, sweet Peace. The song of the angels on the morning of the Great Nativity was "Peace on earth, good will to men." The echo of the heavenly strain still vibrates through the ages; and we hear it to-day, floating and trembling through time, with celestial melody and cadence—softly and clearly—"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Daughters of the American Revolution, we have banded ourselves together to keep fresh and green the memory of our fallen heroes, to gather up relics and scattered fragments of history and transmit them to our children for safe-keeping, that they in turn may hand down to future generations these true stories of a brave people struggling for home and honor.

We should not forget that our grandmothers, as well as our grandfathers, bore an equal share of this great burden. When the glad tidings of peace came, it was the realization of the brightest dreams of these women. It told of the reunion of loved ones, of the home circle complete once more, of the right to worship God in their own way and pay tribute to their own country. The result of this great Revolution has astonished the world. Look to-day at this great nation of people: our country stretching East and West from ocean to ocean, and North and South from the bracing frosts of Maine and Montana to the everglades and orange groves of Florida and California. We thank God for the grandest government on the face of the earth, administered by the noblest men. Our husbands and sons are the pride of our hearts and homes.

In the capital city of our country, and on the birthday of our own immortal Washington, we have assembled to do honor to the
memory of our ancestors. Can we do better than to emulate their example and bend every energy to preserve and perpetuate the peace they have won for us? This society of Daughters of the American Revolution, although it has already attained magnificent proportions, is still in its early childhood, just a little less than two years old. Like any other child, it will falter and stumble many times before it learns to walk alone. Let us cherish it sacredly, and guide it cautiously and carefully over the rough places. It will grow and strengthen as the years go by, and the dark spots left by the bruises received will all fade away. Above all, let us stand solidly together, side by side, with our stainless banner inscribed with the words "Home and Country" at the head of our column. Let us never be tempted by personal ambition to exalt ourselves and forget our sires. -May we so shape our lives that if they could look on us below they may feel proud of us as we glory in them.

And now, taking a retrospective view of the struggles for peace and liberty, of the days when the blood of our forefathers mingled with the waters of Lake Champlain, of encounters with the savages on a thousand fields, of the plains and valleys of Mexico, and the more recent and painful recollections of Chancellorsville, the dark and bloody grounds of Chicamauga, and the heights of Gettysburg, where our sons and brothers faced each other in tests of American manhood, let us thank God that through it all this blessed Union, the noble heritage bequeathed to us by our patriot fathers, has been preserved to us and ours,

"May the blessings of God ever hallow the sod,
While its valleys and hills by our children are trod."

Yea, may it stand the home of Peace and Liberty until the Archangel proclaims that time shall be no more. [Applause.]
Let us roll back the wheels of time over three centuries, to the great age of Elizabeth. England, in envy of Spain, has determined to lay claim to part of the New World—and its fabulous wealth. Elizabeth, sympathising with the energy of her subjects, strengthens her navy, encourages the building of ships, and prepares to extend her commerce to every clime. Frobisher sailed to the frozen regions of the North in the vain search for gold, Sir Francis Drake circumnavigated the globe and made an immense fortune as a splendid freebooter in the Spanish harbors on the Pacific coast. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, one of the noblest spirits of the age, after an unsuccessful attempt to found a settlement, turned homewards; his little fleet was scattered by a storm, and he in his barque of ten tons only, went down into the angry sea, whilst he was uttering the words, "Be of good cheer, my friends; it is as near to Heaven by sea as by land." Sir Walter Raleigh, undismayed by the sad fate of his kinsman, in 1584 obtained from Queen Elizabeth a patent to explore and settle remote lands, and sent an expedition that explored Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, and Roanoke Island, gained some information from the natives, and after a short stay returned home. Elizabeth, charmed with the glowing descriptions the adventurers gave of the country where the people lived "after the manner of the golden age," named it Virginia—the "Virgin Land." Raleigh sent other expeditions, all of which perished, but his munificent and persevering efforts did more than aught else to colonize Virginia, and to the enterprise of this illustrious soldier, statesman and scholar, Virginia may well be proud to owe her origin. He obtained in his charter a provision that his colonists should have "all the privileges of free denizens and relatives of England, and were to be governed according to such statutes as
should by them be established, so that the said statutes or laws conform as conveniently as may be with those of England." This provision laid the foundation for all future claims to the rights and privileges of Englishmen. It was renewed in the charter King James gave to Bartholomew Gosnold, Captain John Smith and others, who, under the direction of the London Company, set sail in three small, clumsy ships, on the 19th day of December, 1606, for Virginia—"Earth's only Paradise,"—according to the poet Drayton. These ships were commanded by Capt. Christopher Newport and contained only a handful of men, scarcely over a hundred. Imagine what must have been the delight of these wearied people, after a four months' voyage and after encountering the great storm that drove them into Chesapeake Bay, as they sailed up the large river, which they named James in honor of their king, and beheld its banks lined with the beautiful foliage the near approach of May gives to that latitude—the tender green of spring, in rich contrast to the white dogwood blossoms, and brilliant red of the trumpet flower or Virginia creeper, while birds innumerable sang amongst the trees, or flew skimming over the water as if to welcome the new-comers. The spot selected for planting this colony they called Jamestown. The Indians seemed kindly disposed, and offered them land. Captain Newport and Captain John Smith, with only twenty men, ascended the river as far as the falls, and during this excursion made their first visit to the home of the great chief Powhatan. The town where this "Monarch of Many Nations" resided, stood about two miles below where Richmond now stands. June 1607, Newport returned to England, leaving in Virginia 104 men with a scanty stock of provisions. Very soon their trials began, and they were face to face with starvation and wretchedness.

Had it not been for the energy, courage and firmness of Captain John Smith, the colony, like all the previous colonies, must surely have perished. This brave adventurer laden with honors from other lands and wars, was for a time kept under arrest and excluded from the council, through envy and jealousy of his superiority; yet when all were discouraged, his high spirit came to the rescue, and setting them to work,
saying, "he who would not work might not eat," order began to grow out of chaos. It must be remembered that these first settlers of Virginia were more than half gentlemen, entirely unused to labor; all came expecting, after they had acquired fortunes, to return to the Mother Country. After Smith was made President, he "pushed the building of houses, setting the example of diligent labor himself," renewed trade with the Indians, and was most successful in his expeditions to obtain corn. He "explored the Chesapeake, discovered the Patapsco, and ascended the Potomac to its lower falls." He also penetrated into the interior, and "established peaceful intercourse between the English and the tribes of Powhatan." The map he sent to England was a very correct one of the country. In one of his exploring expeditions he was taken prisoner, and brought before Powhatan, and here occurs the romantic incident of the saving of his life by Pocahontas, with which every school-girl is familiar. This "child of ten or twelve years," says Smith, "who not only for feature, countenance, and expression much exceeded any of the rest of her people, but for wit and spirit was the only nonpareil of the country," ever retained her love for the brave adventurer and the English. Every few days she brought them corn and other food, and "thus saved many of their lives that else had starved for hunger." In his letter recommending Pocahontas to the favor of Queen Anne, wife of James I, Smith says: "During two or three years she, next under God, was the instrument to preserve this colony from death, famine and other confusion. While her father was meditating an attack, she, under cover of the night, found her way to the camp and informed them of the danger." I will not dwell upon her captivity, conversion to Christianity and marriage to John Rolfe, a young Englishman; nor on her visit to England with her husband; where she was treated "as the daughter of a king," graciously received at court, and even the Bishop of London gave an entertainment in her honor, so pleased was he with the conversion to Christianity of the Indian princess. But neither the attention she received, nor the gay life of London, had any effect upon the simplicity of her character. This gracious Indian girl, with her generous spirit and brave heart, will ever dwell in memory
as the embodiment of youth and gentleness. Powhatan, Smith and Pocahontas are the three prominent and picturesque characters of those early years of Virginia.

After Smith's return to England soon came what is known as the "starving time." As Beverley, the old historian, says: "As soon as he left them everything went to ruin." In less than six months out of nearly 500 — men, women and children; poor, miserable creatures," and these sixty would also have perished either from starvation or the tomahawk of the savages had the coming of Sir Thomas Gates been delayed ten days. Lord Delaware soon followed with provisions for four hundred for a year. Under his wise and energetic government the colony was established on a firm basis. He added to the public defenses, improved the little church, which he always had decorated with flowers, and required attendance at the services. Unfortunately, in less than a year, his health gave way and he was compelled to return to England. In 1619 came Sir George Yeardly, and with him representative government. July 30th, 1619, the first legislative body that ever sat in America, assembled in the little church at Jamestown. It consisted of Governor, Council, and Burgesses, each plantation sending two. The meeting of this first Assembly was followed in 1621, by the formal grant of free government by written charter, "a constitution after their own hearts' desire," says Beverley. About this time the company, at the suggestion of Sir Edwin Sandys, who was at its head, sent out a number of respectable young women as wives for the colonists. Before any man could marry one of them, he had to win her consent and pay the cost of her passage, about one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco. When the colonists had land of their own (which was not the case in the beginning), and domestic ties, they felt themselves at home in America, and no longer thought of going back to England.

After the death of Powhatan, the Indians under Opechancanough, his successor as head chief, formed a plan for the extermination of the English. On the 22d of March, 1622, they attacked the Colonists at their scattered plantations, killing in a single day over three hundred men, women and
children. This massacre so enraged the Colonists that they began a desperate warfare and punished the savages so severely that they remained quiet for twenty years.

About the middle of the century, 1660, the British Parliament passed the Navigation Act, which ordered that the commerce of the Colony should be carried on in English vessels, and that their tobacco should be shipped to England. About the same time the Virginia Assembly, composed mainly of Royalists, passed a law restricting the right of voting to "freeholders and housekeepers," and in 1673 Charles II gave to two of his favorites, Lord Culpepper and the Earl of Arlington, "all the dominion of land and water called Virginia for the term of thirty-one years." These, with other grievances, came to a crisis in 1676, when Governor Berkeley failed to provide sufficiently for the defense of the settlements against the Indians. The killing of the overseer and a servant on the plantation of Nathaniel Bacon caused him to impetuously gather a force to march against the savages. Berkeley refused to grant him a commission, and Virginia rose in revolution. Bacon was a brilliant young man of great spirit and magnetism. He was immensely popular—called "the darling of the people"—and his aims met with such sympathy among the Colonists that the rebellion, which he led, soon became formidable, and although he was denounced by the royal authorities as a traitor, he has come to be regarded by posterity as a fearless champion of justice and liberty. The burning of Jamestown was his most lamentable act.

Let us now pass to the new century and take a glance at the people of Virginia and their social life. Settled by Englishmen it would naturally be a continuation of English society, as near as the conditions of the new land would permit. The first adventurers came under the auspices of "the nobility, the church and the mercantile interests of England," more than half were gentlemen. They brought with them loyalty to their king, reverence for their church, and a love for England and English institutions, and back of it all the spirit of ancestors who had established the Magna Charta of 1215, the Bill of Rights of 1628, the Habeas Corpus Act of 1629 and the Act of Settlement of 1701. They believed with absolute belief in
certain "inalienable rights," and they rarely failed on proper occasions to assert their right to the liberties of Englishmen; so, when Charles I demanded the tobacco monopoly, they resisted; and they "thrust out" his representative, Harvey, yet the tragic end of the unhappy monarch buried all their animosities, and he became to them "sainted" and "sacred." They were the last to acknowledge Cromwell, and the first to proclaim Charles II king and to offer him a kingdom in Virginia. But when he gave Virginia to Culpepper and Arlington they were ready for revolution. And all the circumstances of Virginia life were favorable to the cultivation of the most robust, resolute and independent character amongst the men, and of courage and high spirit amongst the women. The institution of slavery was, of course, an important factor, but the very sparseness of the population, the employments of the plantation, the habits of out-door life, the dangers to which they were exposed from proximity to the Indians, and that natural taste, as it would seem, for politics and public discussion, all helped in producing a people of great personal independence and a dislike to too much government. From the beginning for "every person a planter should at his own cost transport into the colony, he could claim 50 acres of land." Thus they gradually grew into a body of large landed proprietors. Beverley describes them "as not minding anything but to be masters of great tracts of land, lords of vast territory." The Cavaliers, who came over in such numbers after the death of Charles I, gave character to the social life and the direction of affairs fell into their hands. Washington and many of the first families were descended from these royal refugees. With the negro slaves and indentured servants to cultivate their lands, they were enabled to live in the style of the landed gentry of England. This aristocratic tendency was aided by the royal governors, who kept up as great state as was possible. Lord Delaware kept up the "state of a viceroy" and held a "little court in the wilderness," went to church in "full dress, attended by his council, with a guard of fifty halberd-bearers in scarlet cloaks marching behind him; he sat in the choir in a green velvet chair, and had a velvet cushion to kneel upon." The Governor's residence in Williamsburg was
called the Palace and during the sessions of the Assembly, the town was filled with the families of the wealthy planters, and a season of gayety was held similar to the "Season" in London. The wives and daughters "rolled around in coaches and four, dressed in silks and brocades," the sons "going to William and Mary, or across to Oxford or Cambridge." Thus they lived their careless, free lives, managing their plantations and the affairs of the colony, raising fine horses, fond of company, and entertaining lavishly. "The laws of primogeniture and of entail prevailed, and the Church of England was the established church of Virginia." Under Governor Spotswood and Governor Gooch, who succeeded him, the agricultural and mineral resources of Virginia developed rapidly, and tobacco had become the source of great wealth. More than a hundred years had elapsed since Sir Walter Raleigh had introduced the use of the precious weed into England and made his wager with Queen Bess that he could tell the weight of smoke in any quantity consumed. It had always formed the principal currency of the colony, and at one time the streets of Jamestown were planted with it. About this time the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians began to settle in the valley—a people of great simplicity and integrity of character. They cut down the woods, cultivate their lands, build their churches, enjoy their religious freedom, protect themselves from Indians, and by their simple, faithful lives lay the foundation of republican society.

Just as the half century expired Virginia was called upon to protect her frontier beyond the Ohio. The French and Indian war followed, and here George Washington makes his first appearance in public affairs. Scarcely in his twenty-first year, he was selected by Governor Dinwiddie to carry a message to the commander of the French forts on the Ohio. He accomplished his journey through an unknown wilderness, and executed with faithfulness the trust committed to him. Afterwards his defense of Fort Necessity, although unsuccessful, showed that cool and determined courage which marked his entire military career; again, his campaign with General Braddock, which resulted so disasterously to the commander-in-chief of the British Army and so creditably to the young Virginian and the Virginia troops which he led. In this cam-
paign he had three horses shot under him, and several bullets passed through his clothes, but he seemed to bear a charmed life, doubtless destined for greater fields and more important service to his country.

By the peace of Paris in 1763, England was left in possession of a larger portion of the country than she claimed in the old Virginia charters. Her many wars had exhausted her treasury and she determined to force her colonies to contribute to her relief by a tax known as the Stamp Act. The Assembly of Virginia was the first to deny the right of the British Parliament to meddle with internal taxation and to demand the repeal of the act. Taxation and representation went hand in hand. America had no representation in the British Parliament, and to submit to this tax would destroy American freedom, so said Patrick Henry in the Virginia House of Burgesses. This protest roused the colonies to violent resistance of its enforcement. Finding it impossible to collect the tax Parliament repealed the act, but at the same time asserted its supreme power over the colonies "in all cases whatsoever." Later on it tried to collect a tax on tea. This produced the "Boston Tea Party." The closing of its port and occupation of the town by British soldiers followed. The Virginia Assembly protested against these measures and was dissolved by Governor Dunmore. In 1775 the Virginia Assembly met in Richmond in old St. John's Church, and Patrick Henry recommended the arming and drilling of companies and preparations for war, and made his celebrated speech, concluding with the words "Give me liberty or give me death." This memorable sentence became the watchword of the Revolution. The effort to seize military stores at Concord brought on the battle of Lexington and the war was ushered in. Familiar as the events of the Revolution are to all of us they can never lose their interest, and we can never cease to glory in the courage that no superior force could daunt—the patient endurance that starvation and suffering left unconquered, and that have given to us, our children and children's children the "land of the free and the home of the brave." [Applause.]
HEROIC WOMEN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

JANET ELIZABETH RICHARDS,

Representing Members of the Society in Washington, D. C. Read before the Continental Congress, Tuesday Evening, February 23, 1892.

In coming before this honorable Congress of Delegates of the Daughters of the American Revolution, it seems to me that there is no subject more worthy of our consideration, no theme more proper and appropriate for us as an association of women, than the part taken in our great struggle for national independence by the women of the colonies; the mothers and sisters, the daughters, sweethearts and wives of those who endured the privations and hardships of the camp and the still greater perils of active service in the field.

The influence of woman in times of great political crises is ever manifest on the pages of history; superficial indeed is the historian who ignores the part taken by her in the great struggle of human existence, whose mysteries he strives to solve. Eliminate from the life of any one man all those actions to which he has been prompted by the woman nearest his heart, and the record of many of his noblest deeds is lost. And what is the story of any period of the world’s history but a record of human life in the aggregate, into which enters with equal potency, be it for weal or woe, the feminine as well as the masculine element? [Applause.] In the common danger of a great national peril lies a common interest, a mutual concern, shared alike by its men and its women, the final victory or defeat offering an equal occasion to each for lamentation or rejoicing.

To ignore the feminine element, therefore, in the study of history would be to sacrifice much of the true significance of the story—to miss the complete meaning of the whole. That the part played by woman is not always to the honor of the sex is witnessed, alas! by the frightful scenes of the French Revolution, where we behold the lamentable spectacle of ferocious blood-thirsty mobs rallied and led on by still more brutalized
women, than whom none were more constant at executions, none more insatiate for blood. While we turn from this appalling picture with horror and dismay, offering, as we pass, a sorrowing apology for their excess in the intolerable conditions of oppression under which they so long had groaned, we contemplate with just pride and thankfulness the contrast offered by the character and lives of the women of the American Revolution. [Applause.]

With the story of the heroes of this conflict—the Washingtons and the Schuylers, the Greenes, the Marions and the Putmans—we are already familiar, while the records of that other long list of unsung heroes, the honorable "unknown," this great Society of Sons and Daughters is pledged to gather and preserve.

But incomplete, indeed, would be the record without some mention of that still greater army of unarmed patriots, the companions and often the inspiration of its heroes, who, through the cruel necessity of the hour, were called upon to confront dangers, surmount difficulties and endure hardships well nigh indescribable, and who, sinking not under the ordeal, displayed throughout a steadfast courage and consistency, a spirit of fortitude, self-sacrifice and patriotic zeal, which forms one of the noblest pages of history, and well repays the patient research of the historian.

From the long list of brave and resolute women—women who were often first in response to the call of liberty, to hand down the musket and exhort husband or son to his duty—it is difficult to limit one's self to a few examples.

One suffers, indeed, from an embarrassment of riches, so numerous and striking are the instances offered of feminine heroism in the cause of the colonies.

First in the list may be mentioned the two women nearest the person and heart of the great Commander himself—women in every way worthy of their position—Mary, the mother of Washington, and Martha, his wife. [Applause.]

The popular belief that to the teachings and influence of the mother is due in large measure the character of the son, is nobly exemplified in the character of Washington. The admirable maxims learned in childhood at her knee, the rules of
conduct both in relation to himself and to others taught by his mother, sank deep into his heart, and, doubtless, contributed much to the formation of his character. Left a widow when George was but eleven years of age, upon her devolved the care of her husband’s large estate, besides the direction of her children’s education. How well she acquitted herself with regard to her eldest son, his country gratefully acknowledges in the unstinted homage paid to his virtues.

If Washington were blessed in his mother, he was not less fortunate in his wife. To the dignity, grace, and beauty of Martha Washington were united an evenness of temperament and a firmness of mind which were a source of strength to herself and an assistance to all who came within her influence. In the dark days at Valley Forge, when those condemned to the life of the camp shared a common privation, the presence in their midst of “Lady Washington”—as the soldiers always called her—had a cheering effect upon the men, which was gratefully acknowledged in many a soldier’s little home, her brave spirit infusing hope into the despondent and patience into the suffering. The simple and inexpensive character of her dress also set an example of economy to the women of the day, which—by diverting funds into the common treasury—contributed in no small degree to the support of the ragged, ill-fed Continentals, upon whose endurance depended that success on which in turn were centered all hopes of final victory.

It was not within the circles of the rich and great alone that woman’s influence was felt. The same devotion to the cause pervaded all classes, shining with equal lustre among old and young, high and low, rich and poor, and in all regions of the country. Hours would not suffice in which to make even brief mention of the innumerable expedients devised by feminine ingenuity to defeat the Red-Coats and aid the cause of the infant republic. To indicate their just indignation at the unfair taxation of tea, its use was promptly renounced by the women of the land, and many other articles, hitherto regarded as among the necessaries of life, were regarded as superfluous.

The following extract of a letter, written by a Philadelphia woman to a British officer in Boston, forcibly illustrates this spirit of patriotic economy, and must have challenged the won-
der if not the admiration of the Briton for the intrepid spirit that prompted it: "My only brother," writes this lady, "I have sent to camp with my prayers and blessings. I hope he will not disgrace me. And had I twenty sons and brothers they should all go! I have retrenched every superfluous expense in my table and household. Tea I have not drunk since last Christmas, nor bought a new cap or gown since your defeat at Lexington, and—what I never did before—I have learned to knit, and am now making stockings of American wool for my servants, and in this way do I throw in my mite for the public good. I have the pleasure to assure you, sir, that these are the sentiments of all my sister Americans. They have sacrificed assemblies, parties of pleasure, tea drinking and finery, to that great spirit of patriotism that actuates all degrees of people throughout this extensive continent!"

Nor was it by the practice of domestic economies alone that the spirit of patriotism was evinced. Numerous are the examples of assistance rendered at some critical moment of danger, and even in the smoke and fire of battle, by the promptness and intrepidity of some heroic woman.

New England and the Carolinas seem to vie with each other in the instances they furnished of such brave deeds. All remember the story of the heroic Molly Pitcher, who, when her husband fell at his cannon at the battle of Monmouth, sprang to his place and continued to load and fire upon the enemy, for which she was appointed a sergeant in the army, on half pay, by Washington, and was ever afterwards known as "Captain Molly."

A similar example of bravery is furnished by Betsey and Elizabeth Martin, who, when their husbands had been shot, quickly donned their uniforms and not only continued to fire their cannon; but succeeded in capturing several British officers.

Nor must we forget the intrepid Mrs. Motte, of South Carolina, whose fine new mansion—interrupting the American fire upon the British works—had to be sacrificed, and who to the regretful apologies of Colonel Lee "that in all probability its destruction would insure the capture of the enemy," replied with the stoical heroism of a Roman matron, "I am gratified
at the opportunity of contributing to the good of my country, and shall view the approaching scene with delight;" coming shortly after, and presenting Colonel Lee with a bow and arrow sent her as a gift from India, and suggesting its use to carry fire to the roof.

Nor is it too much to say that on more than one occasion the fortunes of war were changed, and success achieved at a critical moment, by the prompt action of some brave woman. Such a woman was Hannah Arnett, who, by her courageous patriotism in the hour of defeat, exhorted her disheartened countrymen in council assembled, to reject the overtures of protection made by the British to those who would forsake the Colonial cause, and shaming by her ringing words their faintheartedness, stimulated them to renewed effort against the Crown—with what success we all know!

Another patriotic woman, whose forethought and tact turned the tide at a critical moment, was Mrs. Robert Murray, a New York Quakeress living on the Hudson. When the British closed about New York City and the Americans were obliged to evacuate, General Putnam and his troops were the last to leave. In his march northward, he learned that he was in danger of being cut off by a force of British and Hessians twice as numerous as his own. The British officers, in ignorance that Putnam and his men were so near, stopped for supper at the house of Mrs. Murray. Their hostess, knowing the true state of affairs, beguiled the officers by an appetizing supper and agreeable conversation into lingering two hours at her house, while Putnam and his men passed safely down the road, not thirty minutes distant! Thus the British lost their opportunity, and it became a common saying among the soldiers that Mrs. Murray had saved that part of the American army.

Another Quakeress who defeated the design of the enemy on a still more important occasion was the brave Lydia Darrah, of Philadelphia. The British under command of General Howe were in possession of the Quaker City, while Washington and his army were encamped at White Marsh, a point some six miles to the northward. The house of Lydia and William Darrah was the place chosen by Howe for his secret conference. On the afternoon of December 2d, the British Adjutant-General called
and informed Lydia that he and his friends would meet there that evening, adding in most emphatic terms:—"And be sure Lydia, that your family are all in bed at an early hour. When we are ready to leave the house I will myself give you notice, that you may let us out and extinguish fire and candles."

Obeying the injunction, Lydia had the house in readiness at the appointed time, but suspecting from the strict secrecy enjoined that mischief was pending, she could not rest. Growing more and more uneasy she finally arose, and slipping noiselessly along the hallway to the door of the conference chamber, she listened at the keyhole!

Blessed combination for once—a woman's curiosity and a keyhole! [Laughter.] And fraught with what consequences to the American cause the sequel will show.

At first she heard only confused murmurs within; then a moment's profound silence, followed by a single voice apparently reading from a paper. It proved to be an order for the British to leave Philadelphia on the night of the 4th for a secret attack upon Washington's army at White Marsh. This was the eve of December 3d. Lydia quickly calculated that she had one day the start of them! Returning softly to her room she threw herself on the bed, and when the adjutant-general knocked a little later to apprise her of their departure, she feigned a heavy sleep. Three times did this clever woman compel the general to knock before she responded. With a sleepy air she rose and closed the door upon her departing guests, but her faculties were far from sleeping. Fully realizing the danger of the situation, she wisely determined to share her secret with no one. Her determination was made, however. Rising at dawn, and offering as an excuse for her departure that flour was needed for the household, she set out alone for the mill at Frankford, a small town near the American camp. Walking four or five miles through the snow she reached the mill, and depositing the bag, pressed on towards Washington's headquarters, some distance beyond.

Meeting one of Washington's officers she confided to him her errand, praying only that he would not betray the source of the information. While Lydia hurriedly retraced her steps to the city, the officer hastened to acquaint General Washing-
ton with the intended surprise, and preparations were immediately made to give the British a cordial welcome!

Meanwhile Lydia, who had reached home in safety, went about her household duties with apparent composure, but really in great trepidation of heart, lest her part in the matter might be discovered by the British. All the morning of the 5th she anxiously watched and waited—and not in vain! At noon there came a loud knocking at her door. The British had returned—her visitor was the adjutant-general!

Summoning her to the little conference chamber, he closed and locked the door and asked her sternly: "Were any of your family up, Lydia, the night I received company at your house?" "No," she answered firmly, "they all retired at 8 o'clock." "It is very strange," said the officer, and mused a moment; "you, Lydia, I know were asleep, for I had to knock three times to arouse you, yet it is certain that we were betrayed. I am altogether at a loss to conceive who could have informed General Washington of our intended attack. On reaching his encampment we found his cannon mounted, his troops under arms, and so prepared at every point to receive us that there was nothing left for us but to march back, without even firing upon the enemy, like a parcel of fools!" So saying, he departed.

The joy of the good woman at having at the same time thwarted his plans and allayed his suspicions, and that without being compelled to tell a single untruth, may be readily imagined. Certain it is that her service to the cause on this occasion was inestimable, perhaps saving the life of the great commander himself.

Two other women who defeated the designs of the enemy by prompt acts of bravery were Mrs. Dillard, of South Carolina, and Mrs. Thomas, of North Carolina. In both these States the patriots had almost as much to suffer from the hands of the native Tories as from the Red-Coats themselves, their brutality when they gained the ascendancy seemed to know no bounds.

A band of these marauding Tories, under Colonel Ferguson, in hot pursuit of a company of Colonists under Clark, stopped en route at the house of Mrs. Captain Dillard (whose husband
was with Clark) to enquire the whereabouts of the latter. Mrs. Dillard, who had entertained Clark's company at supper only a few hours previous and knew the place of their encampment for the night, replied that they had been gone a long time, and in order to detain the Tories, set about preparing a meal for them. From remarks which she caught while passing to and fro getting the supper, she discovered that they too knew the whereabouts of Clark, and that it was their intention to surprise him before dawn. Hurrying the meal, she slipped out by a back way as soon as the officers were seated at table, and flying to the stable soon had a young horse bridled. Without saddle or stirrups, she rode with all possible speed through the darkness to the place described. Rousing Clark and his men she gave the alarm. "Be in readiness either to fight or to run," she cried, "the enemy will be upon you immediately, and they are strong!" The warning came none too soon. A few minutes later the Tories reached the camp, only to find the tables turned and the surprise, theirs! The engagement, which lasted but fifteen or twenty minutes, resulted in their complete defeat.

The deed of Mrs. Thomas, of North Carolina, wife of a Whig Colonel, was quite similar and not less heroic. Hearing a Tory woman remark that the British intended to surprise the "rebels" the next night at Cedar Spring (a point sixty miles distant), she promptly took her resolve, and mounting a fleet horse rode the whole distance across country, arriving just in time to warn the Americans and put them in readiness for the attack. When the Tories arrived a few hours later, deceived by the brilliant camp fires, they stealthily approached the camp expecting to surprise the Americans and massacre them in their sleep. They were met instead by a deadly fire from the surrounding woods and thickets, which threw them into hopeless confusion, thinned their ranks, and compelled them to beat an ignominious defeat.

[It was this same Mrs. Thomas who so bravely defended the powder magazine on her husband's plantation. Early in the war Governor Rutledge sent a quantity of arms and ammunition to Colonel Thomas to be stored on his place. Learning that a large party of Tories was about to attack them, Colonel Thomas and his twenty-five men thought it best to retreat and
take with them all the ammunition they could carry. Mrs. Thomas determined to remain and defend the arms and powder that were left. After the departure of the men, therefore, she and her young son, her two daughters, and her son-in-law, Thomas Culbertson, barricaded themselves in the log-house (where the remainder of the ammunition was stored), and prepared to give the Tories a warm welcome. So sharp and rapid was the fire opened upon them by this intrepid woman and her plucky little force, that the Tories concluded the place was fully garrisoned; and, their own fire making no impression on the stout log-house (whose heaven "batten" door, well barricaded within resisted all their assaults), they finally abandoned the attempt and withdrew. The powder thus preserved constituted the principal supply for Sumpter's army at the subsequent battles of Rocky Mount and Hanging Rock.

Not less brave and patriotic was Mrs. Draper, wife of Captain Draper, a well-to-do farmer of Dedham, Mass. At the very beginning of the war, when the news of the battle of Lexington rang through the land, this brave woman, roused to the urgency of the hour, was the first to exhort her husband to hasten to the scene of action. Not content with this, with her own hands she bound knapsack and blanket to the shoulders of her only son, a youth of sixteen, bidding him, too, depart and fight for his country! To the entreaties of her daughter that this young brother might be left at home as their protector, she answered: "He is wanted and must go! Every arm that is able must aid the cause of the country. You and I, Kate, have also service to do. Food must be prepared for the hungry, for before to-morrow night hundreds—I hope thousands—will be on their way to join the Continental forces. Some who have traveled far will need refreshment, and you and I, with Molly, must feed as many as we can." This undertaking, though involving no small labor, was speedily begun. The ovens of that time were not the small affairs of the present day, but large enough to do the baking of a whole neighborhood. Two such monster ovens were soon in full blast in Mrs. Draper's kitchen, and the kneading trough was plied by willing hands.

A long "form" or bench was erected by the roadside where huge pans of bread and cheese were placed and constantly replenished, while great pails of cider were brought and poured
into tubs, and served by two lads who volunteered their help. Thus were scores of weary patriots, as they hurried along the dusty roads to the scene of battle, refreshed and furnished with a ration to sustain them until further assistance could be gained. Not content with emptying her larder, when ammunition gave out and there was a call for lead, Mrs. Draper promptly sacrificed her large pewter service (the pride and ornament of her house), melting it down herself and moulding it into bullets.

The sheets and blankets with which her presses were stored, as well as a large supply of domestic cloth, were converted into shirts and coats for the soldiers, the very flannels of the family being made over into underwear for the men.

Nor was the bravery of the hour confined to the matrons of the colonies.

A brave girl of twenty, whose history partakes both of the heroic and the romantic, and who from one point of resemblance, at least, might almost be styled the "Joan of Arc of the American Revolution," was Deborah Sampson, of Plymouth, Mass., better known throughout the war as "Robert Shurtleffe." Being without near relatives or special friends, and supporting herself by teaching a small country school, when the war broke out she was fired with a strange desire to ally herself in some way with the army. Animated with energies which had no especial object, and having no near friends to protest, she assumed male attire, and being of tall and robust build, had no trouble in disguising herself and enlisting as a soldier. Assuming the name of "Robert Shurtleffe," she joined the company of Captain Nathan Thayer, of Medway, Massachusetts, and, incredible as it may seem, served honorably for three years without detection, participating in several active engagements and being once slightly wounded. Receiving a second and more serious wound, she was sent to the hospital. The physician in charge—a humane and Christian gentleman, and the only person in the overcrowded hospital who paid any attention to poor "Robert"—soon saw that he had a woman on his list.

But he made no sign. Within a short time she was able to leave the hospital, when she was sent by the physician with a
letter to General Washington. Fearing her secret was discovered, and trembling as she had never done before the fire of the enemy, she presented herself at the tent of the Commander-in-Chief and sent in the doctor's letter. A few minutes later she was summoned into Washington's presence. Without a word he put into her hand some papers and indicated that she might withdraw. One of the papers proved to be her discharge from the service, another a note from the general containing a few words of fatherly advice and a sum of money sufficient to defray her expenses to some place where she might find a home.

The delicacy and forbearance of Washington affected her deeply. "How thankful I was," she often afterwards said, "to that great and good man who so kindly spared my feelings. He saw me ready to sink with shame. One word from him at that moment would have crushed me to the earth. But he spoke no word and I blessed him for it!" [Applause.] After the war she married Benjamin Garnett, and when Washington was president she received a letter inviting "Robert Shirtliffe"—now Mrs. Garnett—to visit the capital. During that visit a bill was passed by Congress granting her a pension and certain lands, "in recognition of her services to her country in a military capacity as a Revolutionary Soldier!"

Another young girl, who by an act of bravery, persevered in against tremendous odds, prevented a ghastly massacre of Americans, was Dicey Langston, of Laurens, S. C. This brave girl, only sixteen years of age, hearing that the "Bloody Scouts"—a desperate band of marauding Tories—were about to make a raid upon the "Elder Settlement" (the home of her brother, his family and friends), determined to warn them of their danger at all hazards. Starting out alone and on foot in the dead of night (to avoid detention by her parents), she walked several miles, crossing bogs and wading shallow creeks until she reached the river Tyger. This swift stream being swollen with recent rains and having no bridge, formed a serious obstacle, and her courage almost failed her. Remembering, however, the peril of her friends, and believing that she could find the ford, she banished all thought of personal danger and plunged into the roaring stream. The
waters rose to her very neck, and for a time she thought she was lost, but by a miracle of good fortune she finally gained the other side, and was enabled to reach her brother's house in time to give the alarm. Hastily gathering together their most valuable belongings, the inhabitants of the little settlement abandoned their homes and sought refuge in some safer place. When the "Bloody Scouts" reached the spot the next day it was only to find it deserted, with no human victim on whom to wreak their vengeance.

Many more instances might be given of feminine bravery, resulting always in great good to the cause.

From the long list of remaining heroines, whose names can only be mentioned, are those of Martha Bratton, of North Carolina, who (in the words of a toast proposed to her memory some fifty years later) "so nobly refused in the hands of an infuriated monster, with the instruments of death around her neck, to betray the whereabouts of her husband," pursued by vindictive Tories; and who, later, blew up a powder magazine on her place rather than let it fall into the hands of the British; —of Nancy Hart, that fearless woman of Georgia, who warily entertained in her rude cabin a band of lawless Tories that had but lately murdered Colonel Dooly, an American officer, in his bed, and who, watching her chance, found an opportunity to fire upon them with their own muskets, killing two and capturing the rest, who were afterwards hung in her own yard! And of that patriotic New Jersey woman, whose parting words, calling after her husband as he rode off to battle, were: "Remember to do your duty! I would rather hear that you were left a corpse on the field, than that you played the part of a coward!"

And again, of the brave Gaston girls, of North Carolina, Jane and Esther, who, mounting fleet horses, galloped to the scene of battle at Rocky Mount to nurse the wounded and succor the needy; and who, meeting on the way a number of pale-faced fugitives fleeing from the fight, stopped the deserters and exhorted them to return. Seeing them waver, Esther advanced and seizing one of their guns, exclaimed: "Give us your guns, then, and we will stand in your places!"
Amid these instances of heroism there often shines forth some stroke of feminine wit and cutting repartee worthy of preservation. How enjoyable, for example, is the retort of the Carolina lady at Wilmington, who, in reply to a sarcastic remark from the British officer, Tarleton, that "he would like to see her heroic friend, Colonel Washington," said: "If you had looked behind you, Colonel Tarleton, at the battle of the Cowpens, you would have had that pleasure!"

And the witty repartee of the Philadelphia girl, who, when asked by a British officer at a ball in the Quaker City, if the roar of the British lion in a recent speech of his had not somewhat depressed the spirit of the dance, replied promptly: "No! It should rather enliven it, for I have heard that lions always increase their howlings when frightened!"

And again, the proud reply of the dauntless Mrs. Dissoway, of Staten Island, to a British officer who tried to bribe her to persuade her brother, Captain Randolph, to retire from the Army, on condition that he (the Briton) would obtain for her the release of her imprisoned husband. "And if I could," she answered scornfully, "think you that General Washington has but one Captain Randolph in his army?"

One more example of woman's patriotism and I am through. I have said that the Carolinas were the scene at times of peculiarly distressing conditions, the object of both British and Tories being to impoverish and subdue these Colonists by the severest measures. After the surrender of Charleston to Sir Henry Clinton, in May, 1780, a body of 400 militia under Colonel Buford—while retreating towards North Carolina—were pursued by Colonel Tarleton, overtaken at the Waxhaws and inhumanly cut to pieces, even while begging for quarter. This brutal slaughter aroused the whole neighborhood! An aged patriot named John Gaston, living near the Waxhaws—the father of the brave Gaston girls already mentioned—had nine sons, all brought up to the love of liberty. These sons with a number of patriotic cousins and neighbors, used to meet at the house of Judge Gaston to discuss the questions of the hour. While thus assembled one day, the news of the massacre of Buford's men reached them. Rising with one accord, the young men clasped hands and swore a dreadful oath to avenge
this outrage. Among these young men was John Steele, the son of Katharine Steele, an unflinching patriot, known from her bravery in the days of the Indian wars as "Katy of the Fort." Intrepid and resolute as a soldier, teaching her daughters as well as her sons the use of the rifle, she was ever foremost in deeds of bravery, the first to urge forward to the fray.

On the day that her son John rode forth with the Gaston boys to avenge the killing of Buford's men, calling to her her youngest child, a boy of seventeen, she thus exhorted him: "You, too, must go and fight the battles of our country with your brother John. Never must it be said that Judge Gaston's boys have done more for the liberty of their country than the Widow Steele's!"

A few days later, when taken by surprise by a band of Tories at the house of Mrs. Neely (where the young men had gathered for an attack), she alone retained presence of mind, and braving the Tories' fire, shouted her commands to the men, which—by their promptness and energy—stimulated the young men to rally their forces, rent the Tories and escape with some valuable papers; not, however, until her own gown had been pierced with several bullets, and herself borne to the ground under the dead bodies of two falling patriots. Struggling to her feet, her face and clothing spattered with blood, her first thought was to turn to the relief of others, not forgetting, even in the excitement of the conflict, the duty of the true woman to the wounded and suffering. [Applause.]

Such are a few of the examples of the part played by women in those stirring times, a part which did not cease with the laying down of arms at the surrender of Yorktown.

To the women of the Colonies did it largely pertain to knit up the ravaged sleeve of society, to reconcile the discordant elements left by the disorganizing ravages of civil war, and help build up a new and stronger state. Friends! What are the lessons to be drawn from these instances of feminine patriotism, these pictures of woman's heroism? Not alone the modicum of praise due to brave deeds in the abstract, the applause won by the weak that they should prove themselves strong. A deeper meaning lies buried here. The contest known as the American Revolution was the world's battle of right against
oppression, the struggle of a people for the principle of human liberty. It stood, not alone for the freedom of one nation battling with injustice, but for the eventual enfranchisement of the race. The results of that conflict may now be reckoned. America stands to-day before the nations of the world as the beacon-light of Liberty—an example and encouragement to those peoples still groaning under the yoke of despotism, a warning to tyranny, a haven to the oppressed!

The leaven contributed by that resolute band of poorly-equipped patriots—aided and encouraged by the women of the day—has entered into the lump, and is working slowly but surely for the downfall of oppression—the freedom and regeneration of mankind. Already the three great divisions of the Western Continent, bearing the name America, form a unit of Republican Government, while across the sea greater freedom of speech, of action, and of press, is enjoyed than was ever known before. Such, in brief, is the record of the fruits of that victory, which we of to-day so unthinkingly enjoy. Daughters of the American Revolution! This great record, of which all Americans may be justly proud, is our common heritage. To the women of '76, no less than to its men, belongs the honor of achieving this great gain for liberty. And to us, the daughters of these honored dames, does it particularly pertain to gather and preserve the records, honor the deeds, and cherish the memory of the Women of the American Revolution! [Great applause.]
WESTERN RESERVE CHAPTER, Cleveland, Ohio.—When the merry monarch, King Charles, gave the charter to Connecticut, Winthrop asked that the land granted should extend from sea to sea. The King wished to know the limit of the wished-for territory, to which the wise or wily Governor made answer that he knew not, but that the western boundary could be seen from the top of the hill. Thus the beautiful unknown region, washed by the furious but shallow lake, called Erie, became a part of the new colony. When Connecticut ceded her right in her western lands to the glorious Union she had helped to form, she reserved the best part of this domain; from its sale she hoped to obtain money to build schools in which to teach her children of the deeds of the patriots and to make of them worthy citizens of the United States. This strip of land is called “The Western Reserve.”

“The Western Reserve” Chapter of “The Daughters of the American Revolution,” the first in Ohio, was organized December 19, 1891, with the following officers: Regent, Mrs. Elroy M. Avery; Vice-Regent, Mrs. F. A. Kendall; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. A. Ingham; Recording Secretary, Mrs. H. J. Lee; Treasurer, Mrs. P. H. Babcock; Registrar, Mrs. George W. Little; Historian, Mrs. G. V. R. Wickham.

At subsequent meetings a Board of Managers was elected as follows: Mrs. C. C. Baldwin, Mrs. Charles Thwing, Mrs. J. J. Tracey, Mrs. J. C. Hale, Mrs. John Gibbons, Mrs. T. D. Crocker, Mrs. B. D. Babcock.

The following well-known gentlemen were asked to serve as an advisory committee: Judge C. C. Baldwin, Gen. M. D. Leggett, Hon. J. C. Covert, the Rev. Cyrus Bates, Dr. E. M.
Avery, Hon. J. M. Wilcox, Mayor W. G. Rose, Mr. Sam Briggs and Hon. George Robertson.

On the 19th of April the anniversary of the first battle of the Revolution was fittingly observed by a banquet, with appropriate toasts and patriotic songs. On the 17th of June the Regent gave a talk, accompanied by a map, on the Battle of Bunker Hill, and Miss Virginia F. Townsand, the poet and novelist, recited an original unpublished poem, entitled "Facing the Red-Coats."

The Cleveland Leader, April 21, 1892, says: "Every woman whose ancestors fought for American liberty, or in any way aided the cause, should become a member of this order, which is destined to rekindle among Americans of to-day the patriotic spirit which urged our fathers on to victory, out of which grew the greatest republic ever known."

The Cleveland men of Revolutionary ancestry beheld, admired and followed our example, and "The Western Reserve" Chapter of the "Sons of the American Revolution" has been organized.

OLD DOMINION CHAPTER, Richmond, Virginia.—This Chapter is now thoroughly organized, and has undertaken a special and most important work—the endowment of the Virginia Historical Society. Those who are familiar with the priceless treasures of this collection will contemplate with much satisfaction an effort of the Daughters of the American Revolution to aid in its safety and preservation. The by-laws, names of officers, etc., of the Chapter are published in dainty book form.

The officers are as follows: Mrs. James H. Dooley, Regent; Mrs. Thomas Green Peyton, Recording Secretary; Miss Lydia Mosby Pleasants, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. James Lyons, Registrar; Miss Mary Mann Page Newton, Assistant Registrar; Mrs. Albert C. Bruce, Treasurer; Mrs. James B. Baylor, Historian; Bishop Alfred M. Randolph, Chaplain; Major James H. Dooley, Legal Adviser.

The members of the Board are Mrs. Thomas Seddon Bruce, Mrs. Thomas Nelson Carter, Mrs. J. Preston Cocke, Mrs. Charles Davenport, Mrs. Edwin Lafayette Hobson, Mrs.

SEQUOIA CHAPTER, San Francisco, California, will celebrate the Discovery of America, for they have entered with renewed zeal since their return from their summer vacation upon the duties and responsibilities connected with the organization, as was demonstrated by the large and enthusiastic meeting held August 4th, at the residence of Mrs. S. W. Holladay.

The committee appointed at the previous meeting to confer with a similar committee from the California Society, Sons of the American Revolution of San Francisco, having in charge the praise service to be held in Trinity church, October 21, in commemoration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, reported progress. The Sons and Daughters deem it fitting that the service of the Episcopal church shall be used on this occasion, as the Book of Common Prayer was first used within the present limits of the United States by the chaplain of Sir Francis Drake's expedition while the admiral was repairing the ship (the Golden Hinde) at Drake's Bay, Marin County, Cal., 1579.

It will be remembered that the Rev. Francis Fletcher was the name of the "Minister of Christ and Preacher of the Gospel" who accompanied the expedition.

The Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution have therefore invited the Right Rev. William F. Nichols, Assistant Bishop of California, together with the clergy of the diocese, to render the service of the Protestant Episcopal church specially adapted to the occasion.

Bishop Nichols has promised his best endeavors to make this service an historical occasion.
The Board of Management of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution adjourned in July to meet early in October. there is, therefore, no report of proceedings for the last month.

The Registrar-General, Miss Washington, has been continuously occupied during the summer in examining a large number of applications for membership which have been sent in since the last meeting of the Board; and these papers will be ready for the action of the Board at its first meeting in the autumn.

The Secretary-General Corresponding, Mrs. Rosa Wright Smith, has also been constantly occupied through the hot season in the prosecution of her work for the Society, and finds her labors steadily increasing with the enlargement of the organization, which has never been more prosperous than during this time.

All Daughters of the American Revolution are requested to read carefully the announcements of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE in relation to its future publication, its completion of the proceedings of the Continental Congress, and the necessity for immediate subscriptions from those who desire its continuance. According to instructions from the Board of Management the numbers of the magazine containing proceedings of the Congress have not been distributed to all members of the Society, and the magazine will hereafter be sent only to subscribers. As its pages are open to every Chapter, it is hoped and desired that they will be freely used to circulate news of the work of these Chapters, and that members will send contributions for publication.

Many things that would be of interest this month in the magazine are laid aside to make room for the very interesting papers prepared for the Continental Congress by the Chapters
throughout the country, and which are published in this number. By an unfortunate clerical mistake the valuable paper of Mrs. Baylor, representing the Chapter of Richmond, Va., has not been in the hands of the editor. It will be produced and published in an early issue of the magazine. There are numerous Chapters now in a flourishing condition which had no existence, or were in the first effort of organization, at the time the Congress met last winter. We hope soon to receive and publish reports from all of these Chapters, the officers of many of them are away from home now, but promise that we shall hear from them on their return.

In a New York paper we find the following touching tribute to Mrs. Benjamin Harrison: *

Friend! Mother! Wife!
So true in each and every walk of life,
Clinging, yet strong enough to take thy part,
When action calls for strength in head or heart.

'Tis at the hearthstone that thou shinest best,
Where children's children rise and call thee blest;
And where, as honored guest, a parent waits
His final summons to the "pearly gates."

As helpmate, thou hast done thy duty well,
From girlish wife to matron - and they tell
Of self-denials when life's struggles came,
And thou wert wife in heart as well as name.

And then again, when as the soldier's wife
Thy voice encouraged 'midst the deadly strife;
Now, as "First Lady" in our land,
Thou hast for each and all an outstretched hand.

And as thy gentleness its impress leaves,
It silently its noble work achieves,
And 'midst the conflict of fierce party strife,
We only think of thee as—mother; wife.

—MRS. F. G. DE FONTAINE.

* President of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

The great celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America has been inaugurated in Spain. The caravel Santa Maria, which is constructed in imitation of the
vessel of that name belonging to the Columbian expedition, set sail from Palos on August 3d, 1892, at six o'clock in the morning, the hour at which Columbus began his voyage. She was escorted several miles to sea by a Spanish flotilla of fifteen war ships. The monastery of La Rabida, which she passed, had flying all the flags of the American States. As the Santa Maria reached the sea the foreign squadrons which had come to take part in the celebration were formed in line, and the caravel passed between amid "thundering salutes and deafening cheers."

On the same day the following cable messages were exchanged:

"The President:

"Four hundred years ago to-day Columbus sailed from Palos, discovering America. The United States flag is being hoisted this moment in front of Convent La Rabida, along with banners of all American States. Batteries and ships saluting, accompanied by enthusiastic acclamations of the people, army and navy. God bless America."

"PRIETO, Alcalde of Palos."

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE,

"Washington, Aug. 3, 1892.

"Senor Prieto, Alcalde de Palos, La Rabida, Spain:

"The President of the United States directs me to cordially acknowledge your message of greeting. Upon this memorable day, thus fittingly celebrated, the people of the new Western world, in grateful reverence to the name and fame of Columbus, join hands with the sons of the brave sailors of Palos and Huelva, who manned the discoverer's caravels.

"Foster, Secretary of State."

We are moved to lament the irreparable loss by death, of two valued members of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Suitable action upon these sad events will undoubtedly be taken by the Board of Management at its first meeting.

Died in Washington, D. C., July 14th, 1892, Mrs. Issa Desha Breckinridge, wife of Hon. William C. P. Breckinridge, and daughter of Dr. John R. and Mary Curry Desha, of Lexington,
Mrs. Breckinridge was Honorary Regent for Kentucky of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She was the great-granddaughter of Isaac Bledsoe and of Joseph Wheeler, and the great niece of Anthony Bledsoe and of John Montgomery, all of whom served in the Revolutionary War.

Mrs. Breckinridge was Vice-Regent for Kentucky of the "Ladies' Hermitage Association." At a called meeting of that Association to express their profound sorrow, they say in one of their resolutions: "Our Association has lost one of its most influential members, and society one of its purest models of Christian charity and love—one who took the lead in all measures to elevate and refine womanhood and to secure for the poor and unfortunate that relief so necessary for their comfort and happiness;" and again, "Our Hall shall be draped in mourning and our members wear crape on the left breast for thirty days."

Died in San Francisco, California, on August 3d, 1892, Mrs. Anna Lathrop Hewes, sister of Mrs. Leland Stanford. Mrs. Hewes was a great-granddaughter of Daniel Shields, who served gallantly in the New York line of the Revolutionary Army.
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