HELEN MASON BOYNTON,
VICE-PRESIDENT-GENERAL IN CHARGE OF ORGANIZATION OF CHAPTERS, DAUGHTERS
OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
THE BATTLE OF BLADENSBURG AND DOLLY MADISON.

Seventy thousand men recently passed in review through the streets of Washington, scarcely one-fourth of the Grand Army that preserved our Union in its greatest hour of peril from foes within the States. It was a noble sight, one never to be forgotten—a fit companion-piece for that other "Grand Review" when peace was declared at the close of the late war; only in this last review these men wore unstained uniforms and carried battle flags as "mementoes" instead of "trophies." Time and the blessings of Peace have nearly obliterated the scars of war, and intensified the love of country. Watching this well-dressed army with "comrades" on crutches or with an empty sleeve, in the streets of Washington, one could not but contrast this mighty host with the ten thousand troops (the highest estimate ever made) of the two armies taking part in the battle of Bladensburg, when the British captured Washington and burned the Capitol and other public buildings in the war of 1812. Six thousand of those troops were invaders; the remainder, mostly militia without discipline, constituted the American force.

The battle fought on that eventful day—August 24th, 1814—would in the late civil war have been regarded as little more than a "skirmish," aside from the destruction of public property. This wanton act was intended to serve an important purpose. Colonel Ross, the British commander, supposed that the destruction of the Capital would have the same effect in this country as in Europe, where Napoleon in his wars with the great powers found the capture of a capital meant the downfall of a nation. Here the feeling that inspired the Declaration of Independence in 1776 was still burning brightly in the
hearts of loyal Americans, and nothing short of utter destruc-
tion could "disband a nation" composed of the sons of heroic
sires and of the old men who had borne a part in the struggle of
the Revolution. To Americans defeat meant a rekindling of
the slumbering fires of patriotism.

It is scarce a decade since the last of those Washingtonians
who were at the battle of Bladensburg laid down their arms
for the last time. While they lived, this six days campaign,
with its disastrous close, was a frequent theme for discussion,
and their opinion of the causes of the "defeat," or "retreat,"
as one or the other party designated the battle of Bladens-
burg was still unsettled to the satisfaction of these old heroes.
Not only a Congressional committee investigated the "cause"
of these sad calamities, but numerous articles, and even books,
were written to find out who was to blame, and where one
should look for extenuating causes. On the lakes and high
seas most of our battles had been brilliant victories. Notably
the battles of Lakes Erie and Champlain, and the victories on
land over the British, and the Indians, whom the British incited
to acts of cruelty and treachery as in the battle of Tippecanoe,
were numerous. So marked were these victories that peace
commissioners had already been sent to England to negotiate
for a settlement of our difficulties. These commissioners were
Albert Gallatin and James A. Bayard, who had already sailed
for St. Petersburg to meet John Quincy Adams, the third com-
mmissioner, and these were authorized to accept the offer of
"mediation from the Emperor of Russia." At home the peace
sentiment was strong and on the increase. The "embargo
act," closing our ports from all trade, was considered a hard-
ship by many of our maritime people who looked then, as many
people do now, upon public events first from a personal stand-
point. President Madison was known to favor a peace policy;
but his cabinet, at least two members, James Monroe, Secre-
tary of the Treasury, and General Armstrong, Secretary of
War, were at variance with him. No harmonious action re-
lating to the war could be devised or executed by this trio.
Gen. Armstrong considered himself the head of the army, out-
ranked only by the President as Commander-in-Chief, and for
his military opinions he had great respect. James, or Colonel
Monroe, could claim some military distinction, and he was the adviser of the President, who in his gentle way resented the imperiousness of his Secretary of War. But all three used the prerogative of office to advise, revise, correct or upset the plans of Brigadier-General Winder, commanding the Tenth Military District, the scene of the impending calamity. The Secretary of War was well apprised of the proximity of the British in the Chesapeake Bay for almost a year before the battle of Bladensburg, yet he took no active measures to defend Washington, although there was absolutely no fort or other defense between the Capital and Fort Dearborn, now Fort Washington. This fort is situated about sixteen miles below the city, on a bluff in Maryland overlooking a wide reach of water on the Potomac. The fort was not garrisoned with regular troops, nor were there any called for that purpose, nor was anything done except to issue orders for the militia of Maryland, Virginia and Pennsylvania to be "ready to be called out at a short notice." It is not to be forgotten that there were no railroads and telegraphs in those days, and Philadelphia was a two-days journey from Washington, even for the swiftest horseman. Hence, such a reliance was a mere paper army, impracticable for use.

Napoleon having been recently defeated in his European career at the battle of Waterloo, the British forces, intoxicated with that success, turned their attention toward America with a new impulse of energy. General Cockburn himself came over to command the British fleet in the Chesapeake Bay, and it is a tradition that in disguise he had previously spent several weeks in Washington as a British citizen, a man of leisure and means, studying for himself at his ease the lack of harmony in the administration and the need of defenses for the Capital, and it was said that when the city was captured he introduced himself to his former landlady in a new rôle, much to her astonishment. Such was the situation of affairs when the enemy landed his forces at the old village of Benedict, situated on the Chesapeake Bay forty miles southeast of Washington. This was about the middle of August, 1814, and the new squadron coming in from sea consisted of twenty-two of the enemy's ships. They at once proceeded to join the forces already stationed at
the mouth of the Patuxent, and on the 19th they were at
the village of Benedict. Intelligence of this movement
created the greatest consternation among the citizens of
Washington. The President and his Cabinet were not un-
ruffled save the Secretary of War, who said, with an oath, he
"did not see what they (the British) should want at the Cap-
ital," professing to believe the menace was to Annapolis or
Baltimore instead of Washington. True, he had called for
troops, but very few except those of the District were avail-
able, and these were raw and untrained. General Winder, in
command, had no staff and had to act as his own adjutant and
aid, being in the saddle from sun to sun, and obliged to ride all
over his district daily to carry his own orders. To see them
fully executed was beyond his power, for three men assumed to
outrank him, and while not fully believing in the war, they pro-
ceeded to issue orders behind his back or over his head that
were more disconcerting than helpful. The historians of that
period, while conceding errors in General Winder's brief cam-
aign, do not hold him responsible for its result. He worked
early and late to make a gallant defense. Even the place of
rendezvous was not of his selection. "General Winder's
doubts as to the object and destination of the enemy
continued from the time of the landing of the troops at
Benedict, August 18, to within three hours of the battle of
Bladensburg." So said James Monroe before the Congres-
sional committee. On this point he further says, "This con-
tinual uncertainty, as may well be imagined, had a most disas-
trous effect on the military operations of this brief campaign.
All the force that could be assembled was considered insuf-
sient for the protection of one point, and yet it was deemed
necessary to protect three; and three avenues of approach to the
seat of government were to be guarded: that by Bladensburg;
that by the Eastern Branch Bridge; and an approach with a
naval force from Fort Dearborn (Washington)." It will be
well for the reader to accept even such high authority as Col-
one James Monroe with a grain of allowance, for it is an es-
blished fact that he countermanded one of General Winder's
orders on the day of battle, unknown to that officer, so that
some of Winder's generals had moved from the position
which he had placed them, much to his chagrin.* In the mortification ensuing from a rather undignified flight from the field of action, even Cabinet officers, when called upon to give an account of themselves, were only too glad to lay the odium upon other shoulders. The Secretary of War finally had to bear the burden, and he retired from the cabinet under a suspicion of his loyalty to the government for not having adequately protected the Capital.

Now that the causes of defeat at the battle of Bladensburg have been briefly outlined, let us turn to the battlefield itself to see how the troops were situated. Bladensburg was then a little straggling village situated on rolling ground about six miles from Washington on the old post road to Baltimore. Another road led to Georgetown, and joined the Washington road at an acute angle a few yards from the bridge that crossed the Eastern Branch or Anacostia river at Bladensburg. This bridge was about a hundred feet long, and at that point the water is so shallow as to be fordable the greater part of the year. Above the bridge the river was everywhere fordable. In this triangle, formed by the fork of the Georgetown and Washington roads, and on the brow of an eminence in a field three hundred and fifty yards from the bridge, lying between a large barn and the Washington road, was a barbette earthwork for the use of heavy cannon. Behind this was a park of artillery consisting of six six-pounder guns, manned by one hundred and fifty men. The space described was the Bladensburg battle ground. General Stansbury's command was posted in the triangle. The battery was so situated as to command the bridge. The troops were behind or in embrasures. General Stansbury's command consisted of twenty-two hundred men, thirteen hundred of whom were artillerymen and riflemen. Ten companies of militia were stationed in the rear of the battery, near the barn and the Georgetown road, under Captains Ducker and Gorsuch. About fifty yards in the rear of Pinckney's riflemen was Sterrett's regiment of volunteers from Baltimore; their position commanded the Georgetown

*See Gen. Winder's report to Chairman of Congressional Investigating Committee referring to General Stansbury's change of position.
road. The cavalry, about three hundred and eighty, were placed in the rear on the extreme left, and did not take part in the conflict save as spectators. The position seemed a good one, but Colonel Monroe (Secretary of the Treasury) without consulting Generals Winder or Stansbury (he outranked them as a cabinet officer) and in the face of the enemy, then arrived at the Eastern Branch, ordered these Baltimore troops one and all to “change position” to a point a quarter of a mile in the rear of the artillery and riflemen, their right resting on the Washington road; this brought their line in full view of the enemy, and within reach of Congreve’s rockets; the Baltimoreans were entirely unprotected, and so far from the first line-as not to be able to give it immediate support in case of an attack. This position proved disastrous. General Winder arrived on the scene and posted a third line a mile from the Bladensburg bridge near one of the historic homes of the District, the residence of the late John C. Rives, proprietor of the Washington Globe. These troops were Maryland militia also, just arrived from Annapolis under Colonel Belle. They were stationed on the extreme right, Commodore Barney’s flotilla men formed the centre on the Washington road with two eighteen-pounders stationed near Rives’ barn, these seamen acting as artillerymen. Colonel Magruder’s District militia, Colonel Scott’s regulars and Peter’s battery formed the left wing of the line.† Overlooking the road is a steep bluff about one hundred and fifty yards from the road where Captains Stull’s and Davidson’s companies were posted; across the highway Magruder was on the left of Barney’s detachment, which rested on the Washington road, and Colonel Kraemer with a small force was in front of Colonel Belle. Such was the position of General Winder’s little army when, at the hour of noon, the red-coats were seen coming over the hills into the town of Bladensburg.

The British had made the distance of thirty-five miles in four days—very deliberate marching. They camped and rested comfortably each night. They had neither cavalry nor artillery, but had about six thousand troops.

* Lossing’s Field Book of the War of 1812.
† Near this spot, in a grassy plain set around with gentle slopes, Commodore Decatur lost his life in a duel with Aaron Burr.
The British opened the battle by throwing rockets at the Americans and attempted to throw a heavy force on the bridge; they were driven back by the cannon of the Americans and were forced to take shelter in the village and behind Lounde's hill, where Ross, the British commander, set up his headquarters in the Lounde's family residence. Winder’s first and second line began bravely, while Pinckney’s concealed riflemen helped mow down the British ranks. The British kept bringing their reserves into action, pushing steadily forward until some were over the bridge, while others forded the stream, falling heavily upon the inadequately supported Americans who were compelled to fall back. “One company whose commander is unnamed fled precipitately after the first fire, leaving their guns behind them.” The first British brigade was now greatly elated. They threw away their knapsacks and haversacks and pushed forward to attack the second line, not dismayed by the annoying fire from Birch’s cannon. The enemy now weakened their position by stretching out a line equal to that of the Americans. General Winder perceived this and took advantage of it. He was then at the head of Sterrett’s regulars, and, with Stansbury’s militia, pressed the enemy back to the river at the point of the bayonet, where the British maintained their position until reinforced by the second brigade. Then they pressed forward and turned the left flank of the Americans, at the same time sending rockets into Stansbury’s command, which broke and ran in the wildest confusion. It was impossible to rally the troops, a panic seized them, and they fled over the Georgetown road. Sterrett’s corps maintained their ground gallantly until flanked on both sides by the enemy, when General Winder retired with them and the artillery up the hill. They, too, soon caught the alarm, and the retreat became a pell-mell flight. Having dispersed the two first lines, the British pressed for the third—Peter’s artillery being unable to hold them in check, and the British left under the gallant Colonel Thornton were confronted by Commodore Barney, who maintained his position heroically. In repeated attempts to pass Barney’s battery they were repulsed; then they attempted to outflank him; this was frustrated by Captain Miller of the Marines with three twelve-pounders and the men of the flotilla
acting as infantry. After a contest of one-half hour the enemy succeeded in outflanking the battery and pressed the militia of Annapolis, who fled. Barney's command being now left alone the enemy no longer appeared in front, but continued to outflank and push forward sharpshooters, by whom Barney was shot and his horse killed under him. After this severe struggle with the enemy, in which Commodore Barney was severely wounded, it became evident that the position could no longer be maintained without this heroic commander. General Winder now ordered a general retreat. Commodore Barney was left on the field, being too badly hurt to be moved, and he fell into the hands of the enemy, but was paroled by General Ross, his wounds having been dressed by a British surgeon. The brave defense which this hero made is the one redeeming feature that characterizes the battle of Bladensburg; when this gallant officer fell wounded, President Madison and the members of his Cabinet in the field fled to the Heights of Georgetown as fast as swift-footed horses could carry them; and the undisciplined troops seeing their leaders overwhelmed with panic could not resist the ignoble infection. America has never seen but one scene like unto it, the precipitate retreat at the first battle of Bull Run in the beginning of our late war.

The private documents are numerous that testify to the grief and dismay that overtook the militia of the District of Columbia when they discovered that the retreat was not to Washington but to Georgetown, thus leaving their homes, wives and children to the fortunes of war. Certain chroniclers assert that "they wept sore, and denounced their commanders as paltroons and cowards, with oaths and imprecations."

The British pressed on, elated with a comparatively easy victory. The main body of men were halted on the plains on the north side of the Eastern Branch, where the Congressional Cemetery and jail, workhouse and other institutions are now situated, where they went into camp after burning the bridge.

*The bullet was not extracted until after his death, when by his request it was done and was set in a disc of brass and inscribed, "In defending Washington this bullet terminated the life of Commodore Joshua Barney."
while Colonel Ross with two hundred* men pressed on into Washington. On entering, some impulsive person fired on the invaders, who immediately proceeded to burn several buildings on Capitol Hill. They also set fire to the Capitol, the Treasury and the White House, each of which they left in ruins. Our own forces had destroyed the Navy-Yard by Government order. The affrighted inhabitants, mostly defenseless women and children, kept within doors. The unpropitious day settled down in gloom, and the rain began to fall dismally. At the White House the invaders helped themselves to a bountiful repast, set for the "conquering heroes" with coats of another color. It is said that one sentinel guarded the town that night. The office of the administration organ—the National Intelligencer—was gutted and its contents destroyed because its editor, who was an Englishman, had always chronicled unfavorably the proceedings of the enemy, his countrymen. After the battle of Bladensburg the British greatly exaggerated the number of our forces, thus in a sense glorifying themselves for having obtained the victory. Official returns show that when the British retreated they passed the fields of Bladensburg by moonlight, leaving their dead unburied and ninety wounded men on the field to be cared for by their enemies, "and after the evacuation of Washington nearly two hundred were buried by a committee of citizens," picked up all the way between the Capital and Bladensburg. It was generally estimated that the loss of the enemy before he reached his ships could not have been far from a thousand men. The enemy retreated as leisurely as they came taking four days for their return to Benedict, from whence they took ship and sailed down the bay to attack Fort McHenry at Baltimore, and where Francis S. Key during the night of the bombardment, when he was detained on a British vessel, composed that noble national hymn, "The Star Spangled Banner," thus making his name immortal.

Every Cabinet official was suddenly called out of town, and but for the cool head and the brave conduct of one high in social position the history of the battle of Bladensburg would

* Some accounts say seven hundred.
be a very good page to turn down. On great occasions or in emergencies the gentler sex sometimes shows the bravest front, and so it was at this inauspicious time that a woman's unflinching firmness gave a touch of nobleness to a day of national humiliation.

II.

When James Madison fell in love with a Quaker widow of twenty-three summers, Dolly Payne Todd, he probably did not know that he was doing any more for himself than other ardent admirers of fair widows have done from time immemorial. Mr. Madison was a bachelor of forty-three, and no doubt had cherished his gentle "ideal" of womanhood for many a year. In person he was small of stature, but inclined to corpulency. He was noted for his calm expression and his suave southern manner, being conciliatory and somewhat slow and grave of speech. His hair was already streaked with gray and his eyes were blue and mild. Mrs. Dolly Payne Todd, the widow of an eminent Philadelphia lawyer, had characteristics opposite to these, notwithstanding her birthright into the meekest sex on earth. She had bright dark eyes, evenly arched brows, curly dark hair, a fine personal presence, agreeable but by no means "meek" manners, united to great conversational gifts, and an aptness or fondness for society which she never lost. She had also great personal magnetism or warmth of heart, and a temper subject to its "flashes" which cleared the atmosphere in her vicinity like so much electricity on the advent of a summer shower. No doubt Mr. Madison had found this out before the battle of Bladensburg, but from that time he must have had a new sense of the nobleness of the woman he had chosen for a life companion. Such women as she was are as much mother as wife to men of a weak character, for we cannot avoid thinking in the light of history that President Madison was "weak" in certain directions. Probably his was a flaw of temperament rather than a defect of character.

Mrs. Dolly Madison took a keen interest and delight in the political and social events of her time. When the militia broke into panic on the battle-ground of Bladensburg Mr. Madison at once dispatched a messenger to the White House, advising her
of the probable capture of the city and urging her to seek safety in immediate flight. The news reached her about the middle of the afternoon. She immediately began gathering together the silverplate and other valuables, to be deposited in the bank of Maryland. While waiting anxiously for the return of her husband she had the full-length portrait of Washington, painted by Stuart, taken out of its frame by breaking the frame into pieces, and while the precious picture lay on the floor an old friend, Jacob Barker, entered the room. The sound of the approaching British troops was then to be heard in the streets. Mr. Barker begged her to wait no longer for the President, but to seek her own safety in flight. "Save that picture," she said to Mr. Barker "if possible; if not, under no circumstances let it fall into the hands of the enemy." Then securing the precious parchment on which was written the Declaration of Independence with the autographs of the signers, she hastened to her carriage. She was soon driven to a place of safety outside the city limits, where she was joined by the President.

The picture of Washington was taken from the stretcher in great haste and rolled up just in time, for the British appeared on the threshold and proceeded, before applying the torch, to eat Mrs. Madison's feast, set for her victorious countrymen. The British army marched away in the course of the night, not being able to hold the place they had captured. The precious picture was carried by its custodians behind the army in a closed carriage to a place of safety.

The British did not enter the Capital of the United States to stay. They really gained nothing by it, not even renown, for the whole of Europe condemned the act as wanton. Beside by an irony of fate that waits even on the destiny of nations, the War of 1812 was really over when Washington was captured by the British, just as much as it was at the time of the battle of New Orleans, four months later. Negotiations for peace had really been consummated, but in those days of slow transportation events traveled much faster than news. Every American of Revolutionary blood will blush with shame.

*The battle of Bladensburg is now regarded as a feint to attract attention from British troops moving into Louisiana.
when the battle of Bladensburg is a topic of discussion,* but every eye glows with pride and every pulse thrills with admiration for the high character of that good dame—Dolly Madison, and the part she played on that eventful day. She showed no evidence of fear, no lack of patriotism, and proved by her forethought and discretion that patriotism is a passion common to men and to women.

EMILY L. SHERWOOD.

REFERENCE TO THE BATTLE OF BLADENSBURG.

From an unpublished autobiography of Reuben H. Walworth, who was Adjutant in a New York Regiment, and late Chancellor of the State of New York.

During the spring and summer of 1814 the enemy had kept a blockading squadron in the Chesapeake, whose commander was continually engaged in plundering the peaceful inhabitants on the shores of that bay, and the rivers and creeks that empty into it. About the middle of August this squadron was reinforced by a large number of ships and vessels of various sizes, many of which were filled with British troops. These vessels entered the Patuxent river, and landed their troops and marines at the head of frigate navigation at or near Benedict, in Charles county, Maryland, about forty miles southeast of the city of Washington. Others entered the Potomac and proceeded up that river toward the city of Alexandria.

The troops and marines who were disembarked in St. Charles county marched toward Washington. On the 24th of August the battle of Bladensburg—so disastrous to us, and so disgraceful to some of our troops who were there and should have been engaged therein—was fought, and before night the President and the members of his Cabinet had fled. The military defenders of the Federal city were gone, and the seat of government of the United States was occupied by British troops and

* H. M. Brackinridge's History War of 1812: "It would be wrong to charge the blame, which was justly due, exclusively to the agents in the affair, a portion must be assumed by the nation and by our political institutions."
marines. They committed the President's house, the Capitol, and all the public buildings except the Post Office, to the flames—a disgraceful instance of modern vandalism. The Navy Yard, with all its shipping and stores, and the magazine at Greenleaf's Point had been previously destroyed by order of our officers.

Two or three days later Capt. Dyson, who was stationed at Fort Washington to prevent the vessels of the enemy from passing up the Potomac to Alexandria, disgraced himself by abandoning the fort and blowing it up without firing a gun upon the approach of the British fleet. This act of cowardice, for which he was subsequently tried and cashiered, enabled the enemy's vessels to reach Alexandria where Captain Gordon, the British naval commander, robbed the inhabitants of that city of a large amount of private property.

The captors of Washington remained there but one day, when they returned to the Patuxent and re-embarked and sailed for the Patapsco with the avowed object of sacking the city of Baltimore.
Mrs. Madison's grandfather, John Payne, was an English gentleman of wealth and education. He settled on the James river in the county of Goochland, Virginia, and married Anna Fleming, granddaughter of Sir Thomas Fleming, second son of the Earl of Wigton, of Scotland, who also landed at Jamestown and established himself in Kent county, Virginia. His son, John Payne, the father of Mrs. Madison, left home at an early age and settled on a plantation, which was a gift from his father, near the James river. He then married Mary Coles, daughter of William Coles, a native of Enniscorthy, Ireland. Her mother, whose maiden name was Philpot, was an aunt of the celebrated Patrick Henry. Dolly Madison inherited from her mother and grandmother beauty and popularity. They were both noted beauties in Virginia and much loved for their genial and suave manners. Mary Coles, the mother of Mrs. Madison, was a great belle, and among her numerous suitors for marriage was Thomas Jefferson. Dorothy Payne was born on the 20th of May, 1772, in North Carolina, where her parents were visiting, and was named Dorothy for her mother's aunt, Mrs. Patrick Henry. Her father was a strict member of the "Society of Friends." He was called a fanatic in Virginia, but he persisted in his views, selling his plantation and emancipating all of his slaves; many of his servants, devoted to him, positively refused to accept their freedom and leave him. These servants he took with him to Philadelphia, where he moved his family in 1780, with the hope of better maintaining and enjoying his religion. He held a high place in the "meetings" and was called a Quaker preacher; he was rich, kind and generous, and his home was constantly filled with guests. A large amount of his capital was in Rev-

*Many facts and quotations in this sketch are from "Memoirs and Letters of Dolly Madison, Edited by her Grand-niece," and valuable information was furnished by her relative, Eugenia Washington.
olutionary money, and as that gradually depreciated in value, he became very much reduced in circumstances. This misfortune depressed him physically and mentally. He retired to his room, which he did not leave until carried to his last resting place. During this time the charming Dolly was growing into womanhood—winning the love and admiration of all who knew her by the gracious and graceful manners for which she became noted in after years. At eighteen she was slight and tall, with oval face, well-formed and perfect features, complexion purely white—tinted with the rose; dark brown chestnut hair, dark blue eyes that look coyly upon you from beneath the Quaker bonnet with modest sweetness. She married at an early age John Todd, a most promising young lawyer of Philadelphia, of high standing and wealth. After three short years of happy married life he fell a victim to the dreadful scourge of yellow fever—which prevailed to a fearful extent in Philadelphia during the month of September, 1793. Dolly, still young, only twenty-one, rich, beautiful and attractive, again had many admirers. In one of her strolls down Chestnut street James Madison, the statesman, saw her for the first time, and was so attracted by her handsome appearance that he left no stone unturned until an introduction was procured. A few days afterwards Aaron Burr called to ask permission of Mrs. Todd to introduce the already celebrated Madison to her. In this first visit she completely captivated and carried off triumphantly the heart of the recluse, a man who had been absorbed in books and the affairs of the country. He was twenty years her senior and much sought after by the girls at that time, and by them pronounced and denounced as an irreclaimable old bachelor because his heart was invulnerable to their charms. A rumor of the engagement of Mrs. Todd and Mr. Madison soon reached the Presidential mansion, and as General and Mrs. Washington were both deeply interested in Dolly, and especially so as a connection existed—her sister Lucy having married George Steptoe Washington, a nephew of the General—Mrs. Washington instantly sent for Dolly so anxious was she to ascertain the truth of the rumor. When Dolly obeyed the command of Mrs. Washington, and with blushes acknowledged
the engagement, Mrs. Washington told her that she and the General highly approved of the match—that it gave them great satisfaction—which delighted the heart of the young widow, as she earnestly desired their sincere approval of her choice. "He will make thee a good husband Dolly, and the General and myself want thee to be happy; the great difference in thy age and this is all the better," said Mrs. Washington.

In September, 1794, Mrs. Todd left Philadelphia in her coach and four and drove to Harewood, the home of her sister, Mrs. George Steptoe Washington, in Virginia, where the wedding was to take place. She was accompanied by her sister and a lady friend—Mr. Madison and several gentlemen riding beside them. A charming description was written of this country wedding by some of the guests in letters to their friends. "All the neighbors, relations and friends were invited to make merry at the wedding of the lovely Dolly Todd and the great James Madison." "The couple standing under the portraits of Colonel Samuel Washington and Annie Steptoe, his wife, both attired in the richest dress of their time." "The girls had a very merry time, Harriott Washington (the sister of George Steptoe Washington), Frances Madison, the sister of the groom, Miss Armistead, Miss Winston, Miss Carter, Miss Van Swearingen and hosts of others; they cut in tiny pieces the lace from Mr. Madison's shirt ruffles, as mementoes of the occasion, and showered rice on the bright and merry bride and happy groom as they drove off to Montpelier, his estate in Orange County, Va." In December Mr. and Mrs. Madison returned to Philadelphia to the delight of Mrs. Washington, and assisted at her drawing rooms, where Mrs. Madison was warmly welcomed and congratulated.

In 1801, when Jefferson became President, Madison was his Secretary of State. Happy and handsome Mrs. Madison came to Washington prepared to do her best with the duties and responsibilities before her. The position was in perfect accord with her disposition. She was humble minded, tolerant and sincere, but with a desire to please and a willingness to be pleased which made her popular and a support to her husband.
"The power of adaptation was a life-giving principle in her nature, while an unusually retentive memory prevented her from forgetting either names, faces or the slightest incident connected with the personal history of any one."

Washington at that time was almost a wilderness. The houses were few and far between while the streets, or rather the roads, were at times almost impassable from mud. There was, however, an agreeable resident society in the three cities of the District, Alexandria, Washington and Georgetown, and the visitors who came from other cities, whether connected with the Government or not, generally spent the winter, for the difficulties of the journey precluded the idea of short visits. The daughter of a Senator who wished to enjoy the gayeties of the Capital accompanied her father five hundred miles on horseback, and the wife of a member of Congress being equally ambitious rode fifteen hundred miles on horseback, passing through several Indian encampments on the way, and was for many nights without a house to lodge in. Mrs. Madison herself had traveled from her Virginia home by easy stages, incumbered with household furniture, occupying what seems to us in these days an incredible length of time.

Mr. Jefferson's two daughters being married and living in Virginia, Mrs. Madison, aided by her sister Anna (who had grown up in Mrs. Madison's house like a daughter) usually presided at the White House and was much depended upon as a few of many little notes will show:—"May 27, 1801. Thomas Jefferson begs that either Mrs. Madison or Miss Payne will be so good as to dine with him to-day, to take care of female friends expected."

"July 10, 1805. Thomas Jefferson presents his respectful thanks to Mrs. Madison for the trouble she has been so kind as to take on his behalf. Nothing more is wanting unless (having forgotten little Virginia) a sash or something of that kind be picked up anywhere for her. The amount and the person from whom the ear-rings and pin were bought, Thomas Jefferson would also ask of Mrs. Madison. He presents his affectionate salutations."

"At this time Gilbert Stuart, the celebrated portrait painter, came to Washington, and it became the fashion to have a
'Stuart portrait.' Mr. and Mrs. Madison had portraits painted.'

The following rules of etiquette, formed and followed by President Jefferson and his Cabinet, may be of interest:

1. Foreign Ministers arriving at the seat of government pay the first visit to the Ministers of the nation, which is returned, and so likewise on subsequent occasions of reassembling after a recess.

2. The families of Foreign Ministers receive the first visit from those of the National Ministers, as from all residents and as all strangers, foreign or domestic, do from all residents of the place.

3. After the first visit the character of stranger ceases.

4. Among the members of the Diplomatic Corps the Executive Government in its own principles of personal and national equality, considers every minister as the representative of his nation, and equal to every other without distinction of grade.

5. No titles being admitted here, those of foreigners give no precedence.

6. Our Ministers to foreign nations are as private citizens while here.

7. At any public ceremony to which the Government invites the presence of Foreign Ministers and their families, no precedence or privilege will be given them other than the provision of a convenient seat or station with any other stranger invited, and with the families of the National Ministers.

8. At dinners, in public or private, and on all occasions of social intercourse, a perfect equality exists between the persons composing the company whether foreign or domestic, titled or untitled, in or out of office.

9. To give force to the principle of equality, or pêle mêle, and prevent the growth of precedence, out of courtesy the members of the Executive at their own houses will adhere to the ancient usage of their ancestors—gentlemen en masse giving place to ladies en masse.

10. The President of the United States receives visits, but does not return them.

11. The family of the President receives the first visit and returns it.
12. The President and his family take precedence everywhere—in public and in private.

13. The President, when in any State, receives the first visit from the Governor and returns it.

14. The Governor in his State receives the first visit from a Foreign Minister.

During the whole of Mr. Jefferson's administration the home of the Secretary of State was the center of official society, and Mrs. Madison became pre-eminently the leader of society; she sometimes found her position embarrassing.

"At a state dinner at the White House to which the Diplomats were invited, when to her surprise, the President stepped forward and offered her his arm, as the wife of the Secretary of State, she demurred, and whispered, 'Take Mrs. Merry' (wife of the British Minister), but firmly refusing, she was obliged then and always, during his administration to take the head of the table. Mrs. Merry feeling deeply insulted, seized her husband's arm, and walked in behind them; afterwards they complained to their government of bad treatment, and were recalled."

In 1803, Captain Lewis and Captain Clark were sent by Mr. Jefferson to explore the western country, and discover the best route to the Pacific Ocean. Mrs. Madison and the ladies of the Cabinet were warmly interested in this enterprise, and most sympathetic with the explorers, providing many things for the comfort of the travelers on their perilous journey.

By an easy transition, Mrs. Madison soon became officially, as she had so long been tacitly, the presiding lady of the White House.

Mr. Madison became President in 1809, and many sincere congratulations were showered on Mrs. Madison upon taking up her residence in the White House, where her presence was already so familiar. "Political feuds ran high and party spirit was virulent; yet she was loved by all parties, and embittered-politicians who never met, save at her hospitable board, forgot their quarrels under the influence of her gracious tact."

"Thirty-seven years of age, still very young in appearance and feelings, she dressed handsomely and 'in the mode'—dis-
carding even her pretty little Quaker cap when she went into the White House." It was at this age and time that the charming miniature was painted, of which we give a copy. The following note accompanied the photograph kindly loaned to the American Monthly:

"The photograph I send you of Dolly Madison was taken from the original which she had painted while in the White House. She and Mr. Madison had their miniatures painted to be made into bracelets to be presented to her sister, Mrs. George Steptoe Washington—which bracelets my grandmother (Mrs. George Steptoe Washington) gave my oldest sister, Millisent Washington, now Mrs. Robert G. McPherson, of Frederick, Maryland, who still has them. When a young girl only fifteen years of age (she was educated at Miss English's boarding school in Georgetown, D. C.) she was under the care and supervision of Mrs. Madison, whom she loved very dearly, and whose memory she fondly cherishes, consequently the miniature is a great treasure. I give you a description of her appearance and costume as there represented. The dress is white, as is also the head drapery. The scarf over the shoulder, a deep pink; the beads around her neck are real pearls; the spray in her hair is scarlet coral, a bunch of berries with enameled green leaves; the hair brown, chestnut color; eyes a very dark blue; the little pin is coral, like the spray in her hair; the ear-rings are plain gold.

"Eugenia Washington."

With all of Mrs. Madison's lavish hospitality and easy generosity she was not extravagant. She was an early riser, and superintended all the domestic arrangements before breakfast and while her guests were still sleeping.

Mr. Madison, physically weak and harrassed with many cares, often sought the sitting room of his wife, where he said a bright story and a good laugh refreshed and cheered him. Her devotion to her husband was unbounded, and the confidence between them was beautiful, as indicated by the following letters:

Mrs. Madison had received an injury which affected her knee,
MRS. MADISON.

[From a Miniature in the possession of Mrs. Robert G. McPherson, Frederick, Maryland.]
and the President took her to Philadelphia, to be under the care of Dr. Physic, a celebrated physician, and left her there.

[To Mr. Madison.]

PHILADELPHIA, October 23, 1805.

A few hours only have passed since you left me, my beloved, and I find nothing can relieve the oppression of my mind but speaking to you in this, the only way. Dr. Physic called before you had gone far, but I could only find voice to tell him my knee felt better. Betsey Pemberton and Amy (her maid) are sitting by me and seem to respect the grief they know I feel at even so short a separation from one who is all to me. Betsey puts on your hat to divert me, but I cannot look at her.

October, 24—What a sad day! The watchman announced a cloudy morning at one o'clock, and from that moment I found myself unable to sleep, from anxiety for thee, my dearest husband. Detention, cold, accident seem to menace thee. * * *

October, 25—This clear, cold morning will favor your journey, and enliven the feelings of my darling. I have nothing new to tell you; the knee is mending. The doctor during his short visits talks of you; he regards you more than any man he knows. * * * sentiments so congenial to my own, are in such cases, like dew-drops on the flowers, they exhilarate as they fall.

The Governor, I hear, has arrived and is elated with his good fortune. General Moreau is expected in town shortly, to partake of a grand dinner the citizens are about to give him.

Adieu, my beloved, our hearts understand each other. In fond affection thine.

DOLLY MADISON.

[To Mrs. Madison.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 17, 1809.

My Dearest: We reached the end of our journey yesterday at one o'clock without interruption of any sort on the road. Mr. Coles had been here some time, and one if not two of the expected dispatch vessels of England had just arrived, and Mr. Gilston, after a short passage from France, entered Wash-
ington about the moment I did. You may guess, therefore, the volumes of papers before us. I am but just dipping into them, and have seen no one as yet, except Mrs. Smith for a few minutes last evening. * * * * Everything around and within reminds me that you are absent, and makes me anxious to quit this solitude. I hope in my next to be able to say when I may have this gratification, perhaps also to say something of the intelligence just brought us. I send the paper of this morning, which has something on the subject, and I hope the communication of Gilston will be found more favorable than is stated. Those from England can scarcely be favorable when such men hold the reins. Mr. and Mrs. Erskine are here. His successor had not sailed on the 20th of June.

God bless you, and be assured of my constant affection.

JAMES MADISON.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel Barlow were intimate friends of Mr. and Mrs. Madison. Mr. Barlow, a distinguished politician and also something of a poet and philosopher, was sent by Mr. Madison as Minister to France, to negotiate a treaty with Napoleon, which after many efforts failed. He was, however, invited to a personal conference with the Emperor in Poland, and hurrying there in stormy weather was seized with inflammation of the lungs and died before reaching the rendezvous. Mrs. Madison's correspondence with this family, as also her letters to her sister Anna, afford the most interesting views of social and political life at that time.

Mr. Edwards Coles, a cousin of Mrs. Madison, was private secretary to Mr. Madison. He resigned and went to Illinois where he afterwards became Governor of that State; the correspondence with him opens a view to what was then the far west.

The first years in the White House were not only peaceful and happy, but gay and brilliant; then came the rumors, the agitations and anxieties of war, followed by its dangers and tragedies. In the very height of these excitements, the second term of President Madison began. The greatest effort of Mrs. Madison during all this time was to conciliate the conflicting parties by whom she was surrounded, and counteract the bitter
feeling between Federalists and Republicans. But attention was soon diverted from internal dissensions by the near approach of the British to the Federal Capital. Mr. Monroe, Secretary of State, had witnessed the landing of the British at Patuxent, and ordered the public papers removed to a place of safety. A large quantity of linen bags were made and filled with these papers and conveyed in wagons to Leesburg, thirty-five miles from Washington. An English officer in command of the advancing troops sent word to Mrs. Madison that unless she should leave the White House it would be burned over her head.

On the morning of August 23, 1814, the President and his Cabinet had gone out of the city to consult with General Winder, expecting to return and dine at the White House, and the usual elaborate preparations were made for a Cabinet dinner. The following letter is from one of the expected guests:

[To Mrs. Madison.]

August 23, 1814.

My Dear Madam: In the present state of alarm and bustle of preparation for the worst that may happen, I imagine it will be more convenient to dispense with the enjoyment of your hospitality to-day, and therefore, pray you to admit this as an excuse for Mr. Jones, Lucy and myself. Mr. Jones is deeply engaged dispatching the Marines, and attending to other public duties. Lucy and I are packing with the possibility of having to leave, but know not where to go, nor have we any means yet prepared for the conveyance of our effects. * * *

Yours very truly,

E. Jones.

Mrs. Madison, having received many alarming messages, still lingered at the White House looking for the President's return; she had secured the public papers and the original copy of the Declaration of Independence, and while waiting wrote to her sister.

[To Anna.]

Tuesday, August 23, 1814.

Dear Sister: My husband left me yesterday morning to join General Winder. He inquired anxiously, if I had courage and
firmness to remain in the President's house until his return
the morrow or succeeding day, and on my assurance that I had
no fear but for him, and the success of our army, he left, be-
seeching me to take care of myself, and of the Cabinet papers,
public and private. I have since received two dispatches
written by him with pencil. The last is alarming, because he
desired I should be ready at a moment's warning to enter my
carriage and leave the city; that the enemy seemed stronger
than had at first been reported, and might reach the city
with the intention of destroying it. I am accordingly ready;
I have pressed as many Cabinet papers into trunks as to fill
one carriage; our private property must be sacrificed, as it is
impossible to procure wagons for its transportation. I am de-
termined not to go myself until I see Mr. Madison safe, so that
he can accompany me, as I hear of much hostility toward
him. Disaffection stalks around us. My friends and acquaint-
ances are all gone, even Colonel C. with his hundred, who
were stationed as a guard in this enclosure. French John (a
faithful servant) with his usual activity and resolution offers
to spike the cannon at the gate, and lay a train of powder
which would blow up the British should they try to enter
the house. To the last proposition I positively object, with-
out being able to make him understand why all advantage in
war may not be taken.

Wednesday morning, twelve o'clock—Since sun-rise I have
been turning my spy-glass in every direction, and watching with
unwearied anxiety, hoping to discover the approach of my
dear husband and his friends; but alas! I can descry only
groups of military wandering in all directions, as if there was
a lack of arms, or of spirit to fight for their own firesides.

Three o'clock—Will you believe it, my sister? we have had
a battle or skirmish near Bladensburg, and here I am still,
within sound of the cannon! Mr. Madison comes not. May
God protect us! Two messengers, covererd with dust come
to bid me fly, but here I mean to wait for him. At this late
hour a wagon has been procured, and I have had it filled with
plate and the most valuable portable articles belonging to the
house. Whether it will reach its destination, the "Bank of
Maryland," or fall into the hands of British soldiery, events
must determine. Our kind friend, Mr. Carroll, has come to hasten my departure, and in a very bad humor with me, because I insist on waiting until the large picture of General Washington is secured, and it requires to be unscrewed from the wall. This process was found too tedious for these perilous moments. I have ordered the frame to be broken, and the canvas taken out. It is done! and the precious portrait placed in the hands of two gentlemen of New York, for safe keeping; and now, dear sister, I must leave this house, or the retreating army will make me a prisoner in it by filling up the road I am directed to take. When I shall again write to you, or where I shall be tomorrow, I cannot tell!

DOLLY MADISON.*

John Scoussa, the French porter, locked up the White House carefully on Mrs. Madison’s departure and left the key with the Russian Minister. The enemy, whose desire was said to be “to capture the President and his wife and show them in England,” were exasperated by their escape; they broke open the house and ransacked it from cellar to attic, finding no papers of value but a few notes from the President to his wife, written in the field, which she had inadvertently left. The torch was applied

*In Sydney Howard Grey’s life of James Madison, 1885 (Statesman Series) is given the following note, page 330, which is contradicted in several particulars by the above letter from Mrs. Madison. “Paul Jennings, who was a slave body-servant of Mrs. Madison’s, says in his reminiscences: ‘It is often stated in print that when Mrs. Madison escaped from the White House she cut out from the frame the large portrait of Washington (now in one of the parlors there) and carried it off. This is totally false. She had no time for doing it. It would have required a ladder to get it down. All she carried off was the silver in her reticule, as the British were thought to be but a few squares off, and were expected every moment. John Suse (a Frenchman, then doorkeeper, and now, 1865, living), and Magraw, the President’s gardener, took it down and sent it off in a wagon with some large silver urns and such other valuables as could hastily be got hold of. When the British did arrive they ate up the very dinner and drank the wines, etc., that I had prepared for the President’s party. On a previous page he had related that ‘Mrs. Madison ordered dinner to be ready at three, as usual. I set the table myself and brought up the ale, cider and wine, and placed them in the coolers, as all the Cabinet and several military gentlemen and strangers were expected.’”
to everything in the house—furniture, wines, family stores and
the library. The whole building was soon in flames, which
burst forth in companionship, it would seem, with those that
were leaping upward from the Capitol of the Nation. The
fires were followed that night by the most severe hurricane the
inhabitants of Washington had ever witnessed.

Mrs. Madison had taken refuge in the country for the night,
and before daylight was on her way to the place appointed for
her to meet the President. Late at night he arrived with his
friends, and was persuaded by his wife to seek repose. "Before
morning a courier, almost breathless with fatigue and exci-
tement, arrived to warn the President that the enemy had
discovered his hiding-place and were now on their way to cap-
ture him. Yielding to the entreaties of his wife and friends
he sought safety in a hovel in the woods, which the British
soldiers passed without suspicion." Mrs. Madison started at
early dawn in a small wagon, attended by one soldier, to
seek a more secure refuge, but had not proceeded far when
she was informed of the evacuation of Washington by the Brit-
ish. She then turned her face homeward, and, having crossed
the Potomac in a "frail little craft," soon reached her desolated
home. Later the same day the President rejoined her in Wash-
ington. Thus Dolly Madison was the last of the official party
to leave and the first to return to the capital in that perilous and
disastrous episode of our national history.

She immediately resumed the domestic and social duties of
her position in the Octagon House, owned by Colonel Tayloe,
where the President took up his residence until the White House
was repaired. In this house the Treaty of Peace was signed.
Upon entering the White House again, Mrs. Madison opened
the social functions of the time with a brilliant reception, which
was long remembered and commented upon in Washington.
The Justices of the Supreme Court were present in their
gowns, at their head Chief Justice Marshall. The Peace Commis-
sioners were in the company—Gallatin, Bayard, Clay, Russell;
Mr. Adams was absent. Many of the heroes of the war of
1812 were there—Major-Generals Brown, Gaines, Scott, Ripley,
with their aids, all in full uniform. The Federals and Demo-
crats of both houses of Congress, rejoicing in the lately re-
stored peace, met here with mutual congratulations. The full diplomatic corps were in all the gorgeousness of court dress, and it was on this occasion that Sir Charles Bagot, of Great Britain, remarked that "Mrs. Madison looked every inch a queen."*

From such scenes of gayety and admiration this remarkable woman, still preserving the simplicity and inherent nobility of her character, retired to the quiet repose of rural life without

*Mrs. Admiral Lee, of Washington, D. C., has related to the writer the account of the rescue of the Washington picture from destruction by the British, as it was given to her by Mrs. Madison, and both the "method of procedure" and the instruments used are so like the ways of a woman that they impress one with the truth of the narrative. Mrs. Madison said: "Upon the appearance of the enemy we were taken very much by surprise, and my first thought was for my husband; it would be no great matter, I thought, if I were captured, but it would be dreadful to have the President of the United States made a prisoner. I secured all the valuable papers belonging to my husband, and took little or nothing else for ourselves. In passing through the Red Parlor I saw the painting of Washington, and stopped to have it taken from the wall, and was in the act of cutting it from the frame with a pair of scissors when a gentleman came to my assistance with a pocket-knife. The servant who was helping me broke the frame with the tongs and I put some of the pieces of the frame together and wrapped them up in the hearth-rug and then rolled the picture around that, and was assured it should leave the house—when I was hurried off."

Mrs. Lee has also related to the writer that Mrs. Madison, with her many social and domestic duties still found time to take part in the foundation and success of the Washington Orphan's Home, and was active in many other charities. At the close of the War of 1812 there were many fatherless children who were unprotected and destitute; Mrs. Madison gathered twelve of these orphans together in a house on Tenth street, opposite the present Gas Office, and with her friends, Mrs. Ap Catesby Jones, Mrs. Van Ness, Mrs. Mechlin, Mrs. Laurie and Mrs. Lee, undertook to provide for them, and for others as they came. Mrs. Madison was made first Directress or President of this Asylum; and after securing a house she gave them a cow, groceries and other necessaries, and she frequently cut out the clothes for the children with her own hands; and as the numbers increased, she drove from door to door asking for provisions and clothing for the little ones. This Washington Orphan Asylum has been continued from that time, having had as presidents, Mrs. Madison, Mrs. Van Ness, Mrs. Hawley, Mrs. Cox, and lastly its present president, Mrs. Admiral Lee; she has served on its board over forty years, and as a young woman was trained to its duties by Mrs. Madison.
an expression of regret. Nor did the succeeding years bring
an hour of ennui. Ever hospitable, cheerful and sympathetic,
her friends followed her with their letters and their visits, so
that she was rarely alone until Mr. Madison's failing health led
to a long seclusion. In these years her devotion to her hus-
band was his great solace, and her unflagging spirit sustained
him in the heavy task he had undertaken in the arrangement
of his State papers for publication. Her tenderness to his aged
mother is thus described in the "National Portrait Gallery":
"One wing of the house during her lifetime was exclusively
appropriated to the venerable mother of Mr. Madison, to which
was attached offices and gardens, forming a separate establish-
ment, where this aged matron preserved the habits and the
hours of her early life, attended by old family slaves and sur-
rounded by her children and grandchildren. Under the same
roof, divided only by a partition wall, was exhibited the cus-
toms of the beginning and end of a century, thus offering a
strange but most interesting exhibition of the differences
between the olden and the present age. By only opening a
doors the observer passed from the elegancies, refinements, and
gayeties of modern life into all that was venerable, respectable,
and dignified in by-gone days. From the airy apartments
windows opening to the ground, hung with light silken
drapery, French furniture, light fancy chairs, gay carpets, etc.,
to the solid and heavy carved and polished mahogany furniture,
darkened by age, the thick rich curtains, and other more com-
fortable adjustments of our great-grandfathers' times. It was
considered a great favor and distinction by the gay visitors who
thronged Mr. Madison's hospitable mansion to be admitted to
pay the homage of their respects to his revered mother. The
last time the writer of this article enjoyed that privilege she
was in her ninety-seventh year. She still retained all her facul-
ties, though not free from the bodily infirmities of age. She was
sitting, or rather reclining, on a couch. Beside her was a small
table filled with large dark and worn quartos and folios of most
venerable appearance. She closed one as we entered, and took
up her knitting which laid beside her. 'Among other inquiries,
I asked how she passed her time. 'I am never at a loss,' she
replied; 'this and these,' touching her knitting and her books,
'keep me always busy; look at my fingers and you will perceive I have not been idle.' In truth, her delicate fingers were polished by her knitting needles. 'And my eyes, thanks be to God, have not failed me yet, and I read most part of the day. But in other respects I am feeble and helpless, and owe everything to her,' pointing to Mrs. Madison, who sat by us. 'She is my mother now, and tenderly cares for all my wants.'

After Mr. Madison's death Mrs. Madison "did not dare give way to the grief she experienced in parting with him who had been her chief thought for forty years. She knew there was still something to do for him, as she was left sole executrix of his estate and had the responsibility of the unpublished manuscript upon which he had so long labored. This manuscript was purchased by Congress at two different times. In 1837 she removed to Washington, and here again society gathered around her in the house now identified with her memory at the corner of H street and Lafayette Square. In 1844 Mrs. Madison was on the ill-fated Princeton when the great cannon, the "Peacemaker," exploded and caused such destruction of life. General John J. Hardin, then a member of Congress, and his wife (parents of the writer of this sketch) were also on the Princeton. The ladies were sitting below after dinner when the crash came, followed by heart-rending shrieks, as one person after another was found to be injured. Mr. Gardiner, a member of the Cabinet, was among the killed. His daughter, a beautiful young girl, had accompanied him; she fainted with grief and was tenderly cared for by the President, Mr. Tyler, to whom she was afterwards married. She was one of the most famous and popular mistresses of the White House.

Mrs. Madison had but one child—Todd Payne—by her first husband. Mr. Madison had been the kindest father to this boy and his mother had lavished the fullness of her affectionate nature upon him. He was careless of money and caused her much anxiety, but seemed to have been constant in his affection for his mother. She would often say: "My poor boy! forgive his eccentricities, for his heart is all right;" and her dying words were: "My poor boy! Oh, for my Counselor!" thus embodying in death the passion of her life for child and husband.
She had become a member of St. John's Episcopal Church in Washington, and died in that city July 12, 1849. Her remains were deposited at Montpelier beside those of her illustrious husband, James Madison.

**DOLLY MADISON'S FLIGHT TO VIRGINIA,**
**AUGUST 24. 1814.**

*As related by my grandmother, Mrs. Commodore Thomas Ap Catesby Jones.*

The mother of my grandmother was Mrs. Charles Carter, of Richmond Hill, Virginia. Her second husband was "Parson Maffitt," as he was familiarly called, who was a Presbyterian clergyman. He moved with his wife to Solona Hall, Fairfax County, Virginia, where he conducted a classical school for boys. The sons of Calhoun, Pinckney and the grandson of Richard Henry Lee were his pupils when Dolly Madison took refuge in the house. His daughter, my grandmother, received a collegiate education with "the boys," and even late in life her clear mind and accurate memory gave evidence of this early training. Her long life of eighty-two years embraced the War of 1812, the Mexican and some Indian wars, and the Civil War, 1861-'65, in which last disaster her beautiful home in Virginia, "Sharon," was laid waste. She often said to me: "My dear child, when you have lived through more than three wars you will know what it is to suffer."

The Crow Hill road lead to Solona Hall. I have frequently driven over this road with my grandmother, when she pointed out the various places connected with Mrs. Madison’s flight in 1814. She said: "I was only eleven years old on that awful night when the British burned the Capitol and Mrs. Madison arrived at Solona Hall; but I remember it distinctly. Mrs. Madison, as I afterwards heard, had driven from the White House to Georgetown as the British approached from the
other direction. She came from Georgetown by the Potomac "river road," passing Foxhall's Gun Foundry, which still stands and is converted into a flour mill. You know, my dear, how Mr. Foxhall built a Methodist meeting house, in Washington, as a thanksgiving offering; he was so rejoiced that the British did not destroy his foundry.

"She took this route around Robin Hood's barn to mislead the British (who were supposed to be in pursuit) and thus save the State papers, which she carried, as well as to avoid capture. Well, Mrs. Madison continued on this road to the Little Falls of the Potomac, where she crossed the 'Causeway Ferry' into Virginia; then traveled up Pomitt run to Nelson's old mill; then straight to Falls' Church, on the old Falls' Church road by Minner's Hill, and through Colonel Beard's place to Buzzardtown, near Langley, in Fairfax county, in a southerly direction, up the Crow Hill road to Solona Hall. When she arrived there she would not come into the house until the servants had first carried in a trunk she had in the carriage with her. It was full of papers which I afterwards learned were State papers, and the original copy of the Declaration of Independence, with the names of the signers. The trunk was placed under her bed. My mother had all the guns on the place loaded, and did all she could to prepare to resist the British; they all thought Mrs. Madison would be pursued. The house had been quiet for some time when they heard the tramp of many horses and were greatly alarmed. My mother crept up to the garret window to examine the approaching horsemen. She soon recognized "Old Whitey," her husband's (Parson Maffitt's) horse. (There is a tradition in the neighborhood still that when a dance is in or near the "Parson's" old house that his spirit is seen riding around it on a white horse.) Traveling close after my father, who had been over to watch the battle of Bladensburg, was President Madison with his Cabinet; Mr. Charles Carroll, of Bellevue; General Ringgold, Mr. Richard Rush and General Mason, of Analostan Island. They were attended by servants, and had crossed the river at the Little Falls of the Potomac, and, being on horseback, came the most direct way across the country to Solona Hall. My mother soon had supper prepared for them, and when they had eaten it President Madison and
the rest of us, and some of the servants, went out on the
hill back of the house to watch the columns of flame and
smoke that arose from the fire kindled by the British in Wash-
ington. A burst of flame would flash up from many places, and
we thought the whole city was on fire. I can never forget the
terror of that night and the awe with which I looked on the
President, crushed by the disaster of the battle. The light of the
conflagration showed his countenance so pale and sorrowful as
to impress a child, as I then was."

I said to my grandmother once at this point of the narrative:
"Grandma, did President Madison blame the Virginia militia*
and other soldiers, or himself, for the loss of the battle?"
"My child," she replied, 'Mr. Madison was too just a man
to blame others to save himself; that defeat was simply one
of those reverses in war which often seem to be unaccountable.'"

I gathered from what my grandmother said at other times
that President Madison was very sharply criticised for the part
he took or did not take in the battle of Bladensburg, but some
of the best men of that day did not lay the defeat at his door,
for Thomas Jefferson in a letter to Colonel Duane wrote: "I
have so much confidence in the wisdom and conscientious in-
tegrity of Mr. Madison as to be satisfied that he will fulfill his
duty to the public, etc."

I have read carefully the various statements of Mrs. Madi-
son's flight into Virginia, and find nothing that contradicts
the account of it which I heard from the lips of my grand-
mother, Mrs. Ap Catesby Jones.

IDA P. BEALL.

*Tradition says that one company of Virginia militia ran fifteen miles
into Virginia before coming to a halt.*
FREEDOM.

Of old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet;
Above her shook the starry lights;
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her placz she did rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race
And part by part to men reveal'd
The fullness of her face.

Grave mother of majestic works,
From her isle-altar gazing down,
Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks
And king-like wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.
The wisdom of a thousand years
Is in them. May perpetual youth
Keep dry there light from tears,

That her fair form may stand and shine,
Make bright our days and light our dreams,
Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes.

ALFRED TENNYSON.
OUR NATIONAL HOLIDAYS FROM A RELIGIOUS STANDPOINT.

While we as a Nation have always strenuously and rightly opposed everything that tended towards the union of "Church and State," yet it is utterly impossible for us to separate the "Motif" of our National life from the religious idea, "that all men are brethren, created by the same Being who is also their Father." This is the cornerstone upon which our Nation has been built, and without which it must fall.

From the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers from their native land to the present time, the animus that enthused them and all of their noble successors in their struggle for Liberty, was this principle, found only in the revealed word of God.

Columbus, whom all the world is honoring to-day, had not yet been freed from the idea that the realm of religion was temporal power, yet he prophesied better than he knew when he planted the cross in the New World, little thinking that it was really the emblem of Liberty, both spiritual and temporal. Still more prophetic was the landing of the Pilgrims when their noble pastor kneeled with the open Bible in his hands, thus presaging "freedom of thought," "freedom of conscience," "freedom of expression"—which is now evolved into "free-press."

To the devout student of history nothing can be plainer than the manifest destiny of this "Land of the Free." That it was brought into being when "the times" were ripe for its existence, and when there should be the last great struggle for Liberty, seems a trite expression to us who are enjoying the accomplished fact, and to whom the enjoyment of perfect freedom is so common as to be hardly appreciated.
That this land was to be the refuge and home of millions of
the oppressed and enslaved of Earth's children seems to us
now to have been "foreordained from the beginning." We
can scarcely realize that to "our fathers" it was a consumma-
tion to be prayed for, fought for, died for! Yet Liberty is
the rarest of century plants:—ages wait, and millions pray for
its unfolding, as millions are suffering and praying now in other
lands, and only here and now has the full blossom come forth
which presages a fruitage of a thousandfold.

In the early days little events meant the life or death of
great principles. "Three cents a pound on our tea" meant
liberty or tyranny for you and me, when the struggle was
"hand to hand," and "eye to eye," there was little thought
of Holidays, but each proved a Holy day because spent by our
fathers for the good of humanity. To-day we are keeping
Holidays after a century of rest, and perhaps it will be well
if we pause and try to realize what their import is. This is
a jubilee year, when, whether working or making merry, we
feel the elation of spirit that comes with great anniversaries.
Already have passed the celebration of Columbian day, and
the opening of the World's Fair. With the Fair in progress
we feel the honest pride of loyal Americans in its success.

We are glad to show to the World what the New World
has brought forth, and give to each Nation the right hand of
fellowship to "make merry" with us; but how about the
deeper meaning?

Are we not in danger of forgetting to say "what great things
hath God wrought?" forgetting to feel that it is His Hand
that has piloted our Ship of State?

Could there be better service for the society we represent
than by the revival of historic memories to show to the world
at large how strong the Hand that has led us on?

We have three great National Holidays that are of impor-
tance to the Daughters of the American Revolution and which
they should magnify.

They are our Thanksgiving, the Fourth of July, and Wash-
ington's Birthday. We all know the history of each too well
for repetition, but perhaps we do not all know that it was not
till after the Civil War, and our Nation was at last a united people, that Thanksgiving became a National Holiday. In New England it is historic, and now it should be universal.

Yet what does it mean? A day free from work, a gathering of friends, a feast with fun and frolic, dancing and mirth? Yea, all this; but much more! Through all the joy of rest or reunion, service or song, dining or dancing, should run the sweet chord of remembrance of the “day we celebrate,” and its solemn import should be brought anew to our own minds and taught to our children. First of all, it is our National Holiday. It was born with great travail, it was preceded by days of fasting, and not until after the throes of a Nation’s suffering had ceased was this day brought forth—a day expressing gratitude and joy to the Heavenly Father who had brought us through all our trials.

How should we celebrate this day? First, by a display of “our flag.” Certainly every Daughter of the American Revolution has a flag—if not, buy it or make it at once, and learn to love every stripe and every star in it! By this display we let our neighbors and “they that come from across the sea” know that the day is ours and that a flag that God has honored, we can reverence.

Let such religious service be arranged for children as shall suit their need. The usual service is beyond and above them. What better text could any pastor or father need for a Sabbath service for children than the sweet object lesson from year to year of God’s dealings with us as a people. We should have this Sabbath service before every such holiday for our children.

We need have no fear for a Nation with children so taught; let a crisis come and they will be ready. Last of all be grateful yourself. If sorrow, poverty or death have done their worst, remember you have always this to be grateful for, that you were born in the Nineteenth Century in the free Christian land of America!

What shall be said for these other days—the Fourth of July and Washington’s Birthday? Always the display of “our colors” from every house-top, and with the same idea in view, that we cannot be wrong to recognize in our religious services
what God has so signally blessed; a church service, either
upon these days or the Sabbath previous, and then let us have
some of the old time oratory, speech-making and the reading
of the Declaration of Independence, so that the religious truth
in it may become a second nature to us. Let the lives of such
men as Washington be brought again and again before us.
Then let the bands play and the boys march, and the children,
young and old, fire crackers and Roman candles. Thus the
days will fulfill their mission, for by recognizing both God and
man, we keep both Holiday and Holy-day.

FRANCES BACON HAMLIN.
MRS. H. V. BOYNTON.

Helen Mason Boynton was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, November, 1841. Her ancestry on both sides is American for seven generations back. Her father was the youngest brother of Dr. Lowell Mason, of Boston. She is a cousin of William Mason, the distinguished pianist. The Masons came to America in 1630 and were prominent in colonial history, civil and military. Her mother's father, Samuel Hall, was a minute-man in the Revolution and a member of a company complimented by Washington for bravery in action. Her ancestry before the colonial days is English on both sides of the house.

In the Autumn of 1855 she entered the Milwaukee College, established in that city by Miss Catherine Beecher, and there remained until she had completed the course of study, graduating in 1861 just after the firing on Fort Sumter. Her school training was supplemented by such lessons in love for America as the years of the Civil War could teach the generations, older and younger, that passed through those heroic times.

Not long after the war she married General H. V. Boynton, who is well known as soldier and journalist, and since then has resided in Washington, D. C., her husband's associations giving her excellent opportunities for studying the political movements of the day. Her interest in the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution dates from her first knowledge of it in 1890, and her faith in its power for good in the country is absolute. With Northern birth, education and sympathies, she has learned through its influence not only to forgive the Southern sisters against whom her prejudice was strong in her youth, but to believe in and love them as American women who share with her the feeling of devotion to America.

She is very proud of her American blood, and says that the most highly prized compliment she ever received was from
a noted sculptor who said she had a "marked American face."

Mrs. Boynton's energetic spirit and methodical habits enable her to perform most important service to the Daughters of the American Revolution in the important office she holds. She is unwearied and faithful in these efforts through which she has seen the Society spread, from its early beginning in two or three States to its present dimensions, over thirty-five States and into Canada. Her enthusiastic patriotism and earnestness in every work for the Society is a help to all who labor with her in this good cause.

M. G. H.
THE FIRST PASSAGE AT ARMS DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

A romantic and at the same time little known incident occurred before the American Revolutionary which had a great bearing upon subsequent events, and deserves to be more prominently noticed. An order had been passed by the King of England, George III, in council, prohibiting the exportation of gunpowder and other military stores to America, a copy of which was brought by express to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and secretly given to the town committee. This committee with all possible despatch collected a company from that and the neighboring towns, and before the Governor had any suspicion of their intentions proceeded to Fort William and Mary, on Newcastle Island, at the entrance of the harbor, and assaulted the British fort. The captain commanding and the whole garrison were seized and confined, and one hundred barrels of gunpowder were carried off. This was on the 13th of December, 1774, four months before the battle of Lexington, and six months before Bunker Hill. This was doubtless the first passage at arms during the Revolutionary War.

The next day another company seized and removed fifteen of the lightest cannon, and all of the small arms, with some other warlike stores, which they distributed in the several towns, under the care of the committees. Major John Sullivan and Captain John Langdon distinguished themselves as leaders in this affair. It was done with great expedition and alacrity, and at the most fortunate period of time, just before the arrival of the British frigate Scarborough and sloop Canseau, with several companies of British soldiers, who took possession of the fort and of the heavy cannon, which had not been removed. The names of many of these sturdy patriots have been handed down to us. They were John Sullivan, John Langdon, Alexander Scammell, Captain Winborn Adams, Lieutenant Joseph Brackett, Ebenezer Thompson, John Demeritt, Alpheus Chesley, John Spencer, Jonathan Chesley, Micah Davis, Isaac
Small, Ebenezer Sullivan, Benjamin Small, Thomas Pickering, Eleazer Bennett, John Griffin and James Underwood. They sailed down Portsmouth harbor in a large sloop-rigged boat taking up recruits as they went along the shore.

Captain Cochran, the British commander of the fort, in his report says: "I told them (the patriots) not to enter at their peril. They replied that they would. I immediately ordered three four-pounders to be fired upon them, and then the small arms, and before we could be ready to fire again we were stormed on all quarters, and immediately they secured me and my men and kept us prisoners about an hour and a half, during which time they broke open the powder house and took all the powder away except one barrel."

The powder taken at this time played an important part at the battle of Bunker Hill. It was loaded aboard a boat which sailed back to Durham, about six miles from Portsmouth, on the flood tide, arriving early in the morning. The larger part of the powder was buried under the pulpit of the old church or meeting house in front of Major Sullivan’s residence. At the battle of Bunker Hill there was a great scarcity of gunpowder on the American side, but at the most opportune time an ample supply was received from Durham, sixty miles distant, which was that which had been stored under the pulpit of the church, and was given to the two New Hampshire regiments, enabling them to leave the field with credit under the intrepid Stark.

Some of the participants in this attack became prominent in the war which followed. Sullivan himself became a Major-General in the American Army, gaining a fine reputation as a soldier. John Langdon served in the army and in Congress, rendering efficient aid. In 1812 the majority in Congress selected him for Vice-President, but he declined the honor, to which he would have been elected instead of the Hon. Eldridge Gerry, had he consented to be a candidate. Alexander Scammell became a colonel, and at the siege of Yorktown, being officer of the day on the 30th of September, 1781, while reconnoitering he was surprised by a party of British horse, and after being taken prisoner he was inhumanly wounded. Being conveyed to Williamsburg, he died of his wound October 6th, 1781.
Sufficient stress has never been accorded to this affair in dealing with the history of our country. In all of its details it reflects the highest credit upon those engaged, showing great energy and resolution, and a determination to maintain their rights at whatever cost.

It has long been customary to date the commencement of the active hostilities in the Revolutionary War from the fight at Lexington, but the incident here mentioned undoubtedly occurred several months prior, and should be so recognized. It was considered one of the brightest things in the life of John Langdon, that he assisted in the capture of gunpowder and military stores from Fort William and Mary, and he always looked upon the affair with much satisfaction.

In an address on the history of that part of New Hampshire, by the Rev. Dr. Quint, he said: "The daring character of the assault cannot be overestimated. It was an organized investment of a royal fortress where the King's flag was flying, and where the King's garrison met them with musket and artillery. It was four months before Lexington, and Lexington was resistance to an attack, while this was deliberate assault."

Albert S. Brackett, U. S. A.
That is a famous year, the year 1776. One event has made it famous. Other events cluster about it, hardly less interesting to the susceptible student of history.

It is with one of these our story has to deal.

The King of England and certain German potentates—the Hereditary Prince of Hesse-Cassel among them—having entered into a bargain whereby the sacred rights of many human beings were to be wantonly violated and sixty thousand men thrown into the scale against the liberties of the colonies. It was in the Spring of this memorable year that the iniquitous scheme was ready for execution.

Among those forced into service at the time was a young peasant named Goss Gottus. His father's house was surrounded by soldiery in the solemn stillness of the midnight hour, and despite a mother's pleadings and a father's prayers the young man was forcibly seized and forthwith shipped to America.

There we first make his acquaintance, four years later, on the morning of the tenth of April, 1780, one of a group of British regulars collected on deck of a royal sloop of war belonging to the hostile squadron anchored in Charleston harbor and bent upon the subjugation of that city. These soldiers were in fine form and high ardor, and indeed so hotly flushed with victory that they viewed their presence with scorn and derision. They had little respect for them. They were nothing more nor less than a lot of ignorant clod-hoppers, with some brave men among them to be sure, but what, withal, could American valor do, poorly fed, badly armed, destitute of shoes, stockings, blankets, and even breeches, against British gold and British bayonets? While contemplating fresh laurels for themselves they saw nothing but disaster in store for their opponents, that little band who had the temerity to defy King George and his hired legions.
In this strain they talked together.

One soldier only took no part in the conversation. He stood aloof. The breeze came soft and sweet, the sea was smooth. He gazed in utter silence upon the calm blue majesty of the waters; upon Sumter's frowning battlements and Moultrie's waving flag; upon the misty shore-line skirting low in the distance and the sunlit houses strung like pearls upon a fair neck—local characteristics which have made the old city a theme of song and story ever since that April day so many years ago.

This silent looker-on is himself worth looking at. Once a peasant he is now a soldier, and a true soldier is the type of high manhood. We may describe him as one describes a great army: he is a grand homogeneous whole, made up of trained parts; he is clad, organized, armed, disciplined, ready and capable to act a ready part on life's battle ground. See how well this one bears himself; note his figure, where strength and grace combine; his eye, serious yet not cold; his face not handsome, as we carelessly use the word, but with that vigor of outline and force of expression that go to make up the striking physiognomy of a Murillo or a Velasquez. A striking figure, and a striking face, howbeit not at this moment a happy one. Every lineament in that face reflects sombre thought and a brooding melancholy. One scene is ever before the silent thinker's mental vision: a rosebush in a little garden over the sea; the glimpse of a dear old face—two dear old faces—that had smiled upon him above his cradle, and ever since. Why had he been robbed of those smiles? Why had he been snatched from the people he loved, and the land of his nativity, to fight, against his will, the King of England's battles?

He stood quite still, thinking these thoughts, his eye fixed upon the scene, his heart full of bitterness.

They say—that is, the profound psychologists say—that the brain is divided into many thought tracts. This young Hessian's was not. There had been but one thought tract in his whole brain for four years: how to escape his fate, how to get out of this enforced thraldom; that was all he thought about.
There was a way, one way, but he scarcely dared to think of it much less put it into execution. With all his yearnings to be free he did not yearn to be strung up "like a crow in a cornfield." The game a deserter plays is generally one of hard luck. Nevertheless, every throb of his honest heart, every instinct of his manly nature, his admiration, his sympathy, his love, were with the colonists and against their oppressors. Long persuaded in his own mind as to what course he would eventually pursue, two serious obstacles had hitherto checked him—his ignorance of the English language and his unfamiliarity with the country. These difficulties he had now in a measure overcome; for after four years spent in America he not only knew something about the country but had acquired a considerable knowledge of the language, in the same manner that the sons of learned men in the days of Montaigne acquired Greek and Latin—by conversation.

So, now, he was ready for his hazardous undertaking. He only waited his opportunity.

It came.

It was on the 12th of April that Sir Henry Clinton opened his batteries, and for eight successive days shot and shell did their fearful work upon the devoted city. On the third day of the siege Goss was wounded. He was badly wounded. His comrades shook their heads ominously.

"He will die," they said.

"I will not die," said the wounded soldier. In his own heart, he said: "I will live to strike one blow, if only one, for liberty!" It was the spirit of his immortal countrymen: "If the way is covered with devils, yet will I go to Worms."

But after that one impassioned utterance Goss knew nothing more; the spark of liberty in his heart burned low.

Would it be forever extinguished?
We shall see.

II.

Weeks went by. He languished still, and those about him continued to affirm: "He will die."

But one day Goss gathered himself together, and opened his eyes and knew that he still lived. He lay upon a bed in a
strange room. It was small but comfortable and tidy; soft
curtains dimmed the light; the sea murmured in his ears
through the opened windows. Where was he? And how did
he come to be there?
Beyond looking about, he made no effort—he was incapable
of effort. But a feeling of restless curiosity took possession of
his every faculty. Where could he be? How in the world
did he get there?
His roving glance suddenly lighted upon a figure. Who
was that? He had never seen this person before. He won-
dered more and more. It was the figure of a woman; she
was young and wore a blue checked homespun gown, with a
white kerchief pinned a la mode across her bosom. The
man on the bed gazed intently; her head was bent, her fingers
busy. What was she doing? He caught the faint tinkling
sound of her knitting needles.
"Aha!" thought Goss, "I know you, and I know what you
are doing. You are a Continental girl, and you are knitting
stockings for the army!" It was an occupation that appealed
deeply to his sensibilities. Did not his dear old mother knit
stockings in that little home beyond the sea?
Howbeit, not with such white and slender fingers.
But it brought everything back upon him with a flash: that
midnight scene in the Fatherland, his four years in America,
the besieged city, the storming batteries, the dead; the dying,
his own wound and the words of his comrades. He sighed
aloud; he groaned in an agony of painful remembrance. The
young girl lifted her head, put down her work, and approached
his bedside. She spoke to him gently, even kindly, but with
a certain innate coldness. He was at no loss to know why.
He was a Red-Coat, and this was her country.
He lay silent. But looking now full into her face an inrush
of happiness seemed to overflow his whole being. Her cheeks
were like the dawn, her hair as the sunset, and her voice speak-
ing to him as sweet as the voice of his own kindred: Feelings
so soft, so strange, so sweet in their delicious newness came
over him that he would not for worlds have broken the spell of
their enchantment. He lay still silent; nor moved; he only
looked. And she, though keen and delicate of perception,
guessed not the cause of his silence and his agitation. He was desperately wounded, poor fellow, and there wasn't much chance for him. She felt a sudden pang of self-reproach and relented in her coldness. "You feel better, don't you?" she asked him most kindly—pitifully.

He answered only: "Yes." In his heart he thought "Better! I hope I shall never get better. To lie here always, and be nursed by you, how sweet that would be."

Not knowing what he thought, and hearing only that curt monosyllable, she judged him ungrateful. Her eyes flashed darkly, and her face grew warm with resentment. After all, he was nothing but a Red-Coat, and it was not her mission in life to nurse her country's enemies.

She turned her back upon him; she would go away and leave him. Then Goss aroused himself as if from a trance. He divined her purpose; she must not go. He made an appealing gesture with his hand, but if she saw she did not heed it. She had reached the door; in another moment she would be gone; in another moment he would have lost the charm of that presence, the sweetness of that sympathy, the voice that thrilled him; he grew desperate.

Still in a sort of dream, he called out huskily: "Come back, won't you?"

Would she come? His heart was beating—would she? She slowly turned. Something in the tone of his voice made her understand him better—better; but only partly even yet. Then he questioned her, and she answered: Yes; Charleston had fallen; the British were in possession; Clinton had gone back north; Lord Cornwallis was left in command of the royal forces. How did he himself, Goss Gottus, happen to be here? His comrades had brought him and left him to be taken care of; (to die rather, but she did not say so). They, his comrades, were now raiding under Tarleton. Her mother had nursed him; oh no, not she; he must not thank her; she only sat in the room when her mother was busy. Was she a Continental? She was, every inch of her! and however much the Royalists might be elated with their present supremacy, it wouldn't last, they would never coerce the colonists! "I hope to God they never will!" exclaimed Coss devoutly.

"What!" she cried, "You?—you wish that?"
Goss talked now. Never had he said so much in all his four years stay in America. They were no longer strangers.

After this Goss ceased to sigh for the Fatherland; he forgot the past and all its grievances; he lived entirely in the present; he felt as if he had never lived before.

God was good; he had found the New World; he had found a something more potent for happiness than all things else in the universe—a congenial spirit.

The curse of his life had turned out to be its greatest blessing. This is no new thing: but knowledge only comes to the many with experience.

When the young foreigner spoke to Judith of his love—that was her name, Judith Hallowell—with the rapture of love's expression still upon her ears, she answered him:

"Not with that coat on! He who loves me, if he would win, must fight for my country!"

It was the women of the Revolution, was it not? who vanquished the British. And Goss, as we have seen was not unwilling to do her bidding. His soul had panted, indeed, to strike one blow for the cause he knew in his own heart to be just and right in the sight of heaven.

"I will fight for your country," he rejoined, earnestly "fight to the last drop of my blood for you and your country."

Such men as he, take, wherever they go, their courage with them, and dare to fight for their love and the right in any land or country. So, when he had healed him of his wound, Judith, knowing with a woman's instinct,

"The seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand,"

bade him leave her.

"For," she said, in broken accents, "you are no longer safe beside me. Tarleton's men are on the way. You are suspected. Go, now; go forth to battle; not forgetting, dear, when the struggle is over and done, to come back to your Judith."

She tried to smile, and in the very act of smiling shuddered. Who could say, alas! whether his life would be spared to come back to her! And if it was not—if he did not come——
She thrust back the fear, the doubt. God ruled in heaven; he must come! Just as surely, he must go! Alas!

"Farewell, then," said Goss. He loved her; he could obey as only a good soldier knows how to do, but he could not hide, as she did, the despair of his heart in view of this sudden separation.

"'If I live," he began—

"You will live," she cried with a woman's sublime heroism. Doubting herself, she would not let him doubt. The man who does not believe in his own destiny never makes a great soldier. "You are sure to live through it all, my love, and come back to me!"

In her presence, with the sweetness and the greatness of such love upon him, his doubts all fled. His faith in himself and the cause he had espoused was strong and pure and perfect. Without another word he kissed the soft lips which could utter such brave words, and left her. Judith watched him as he went; her eyes were blinded with tears. When he had gone far out of sight she lifted her glance heavenward: "Angels guard him," she softly murmured.

III.

Brimful of all romance, dreamful of all beauty, is this sequestered spot, whereon the sun shone in full meridian glory on a midsummer's day a hundred years ago. Glittering waters laved the low-lying coast, save where girt about on the land side by oozy beds of marshes trending inward to richly studded plains and flowering slopes of verdure.

Fresh came the breath of the sea; the splash of the waves is unceasing; on the dreariest day of all the year there are green leaves here, and fair glimpses of skylight.

Some white tents are pitched in a sheltered nook with fire-arms stacked before them; some loose horses crop on low oderiferous shrubs and undulating grasses; some camp-fires crackle in the noonday sun with black kettles swinging from primitive turnspits; some men stand in picturesque groups here and there under shady tree-boughs, the whole forming a wild woodland scene of singular fascination.
A man is standing in front of one of the tents, evidently the commanding officer.
Mark him well.
He is not a distinguished looking man. He is small, spare, dark, of rather melancholy visage, and altogether unpretentious aspect. It would not occur to you, on first sight, that one of the most interesting and romantic figures in American history stood before you. Such is the case, however.
And do you not know him? Surely you have heard him shout to the charge, and lead on in the foray; and have you not ridden across country with him to harrass and intercept the enemy? With him you must also have crouched in the swamp, found a covert in the bushes, splashed through deep waters in the dark hours of the night and slept at ease afterwards, with the bare earth for a bed and the sky for a coverlid?
Now, indeed, you must know him. It is none other than he of whom General Green affirmed: "As a partisan officer the pages of history have never furnished his equal." His name was then on every lip; his fame is now the heritage of his countrymen.
Before you stands the famous "Swamp Fox" in his favorite lair, Snow's Island.
Something weighs heavily on Francis Marion's mind on this particular morning. No wonder! Liberty trembled in the balance. Two gallant armies had been cut to pieces, one in Savannah and one on the plains of Camden. The whole State was in possession of the enemy; tories swarmed; De Kalb had been slain and he and Sumter left unaided to stem the torrent of usurpation. What could they do? "We will show them!" exclaimed Marion with his teeth shut hard and an invincible determination stamped on his mobile features. Marion and Sumter did show them. While others asked: "What is the use of fighting more, when all is lost?" the darkest hour of the country's need found these stalwart spirits ever hopeful. "The victory is sure," was Marion's oft-repeated declaration. Gentle as a dove was he, but firm as a rock, and brave as Leonidas. Standing in front of his tent door on this Summer's morning wrapped in thought, anxious in mind, two of his men approached him. They bore another
AN AMERICAN WOODCUT.

man between them. The prisoner had a bandage about his eyes, and had been conducted into the Swamp Fox's presence by ways secret and obscure, known only to his followers.

Marion glanced quickly at the men and then addressed them:

"What is this? Whom have you there, Withers?"

"A Red-Coat, General."

The prisoner protested.

"I am not a Red-Coat," he affirmed; "I wear one."

"Ah!" said Marion. It was a simple point of argument, but it effected the prisoner's purpose. It had gained him, at the outset, the attention his case demanded. After that quick "Ah," Marion proceeded more thoughtfully: "It is so, there is a difference—a big difference! Set the prisoner free. Remove his bandage."

The order was obeyed.

The two looked at each other.

On the face of the one was depicted intense curiosity, on that of the other profound astonishment. The prisoner's ideas became all at once foreign powers to each other; he could not place them on a peace footing.

This General Marion! This little man, the great soldier! This swarthy-faced, undersized Frenchman, the tormentor of Tarleton, the terror of the royal army, the master spirit of predatory warfare!

The beholder was confused; he was oppressed with a sense of his own disappointment. The Marion of his imagination had been a so much grander looking man than this Marion of reality, and yet there was a something in the real Marion which held him as with the spell of a sorcerer.

Greatness is not size; it is the power to do great things. This power was expressed in some subtle way in the personality of Francis Marion. The stranger felt it.

As for the General, it was a forbidding enough object he contemplated. Ragged and gaunt, soiled and spent, this man's appearance exemplified clearly the unfavorable effects of a wandering life in a country ravaged by war and invaded by the enemy, wherein days of hunger passed in the swamps had been succeeded by nights of fasting on the highways.
Nevertheless, here also there was a deeper meaning than appeared on the surface. In spite of rags and dirt and features pinched with hunger and parched with thirst, it was a noble form and a noble face upon which the famous Swamp Fox riveted his gaze. Noble in dignity, noble in simplicity, in freedom from self-consciousness, in absence of shame. He knew how he looked, but he had done nothing to be ashamed of; he was a stranger and a captive, but none the less a true man; his brave Saxon eye that had never shirked a meeting with another human eye, did not now. The blue eye is said to be the eye of the highest civilization. It may be so; we know beyond a peradventure that an eye of this hue, unfathomably soft, lustrously deep, pensive as the night, clear as the day, has a wondrous power of expression.

Thus the eye of Goss. It was he. He stood unflinching under the incisive scrutiny of the other: he looked General Marion square in the face.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?

And what did Marion think of this stranger and alien, so unabashed by his surroundings, so proud of bearing, so stout of heart? He was pleased, undoubtedly; his dark features lighted; he spoke to him without the slightest hint of condescension in voice or manner.

"You mean to say then—indeed you did say it—the coat is nothing; the heart is all? But why do you wear that coat? Are you a de—?"

He halted abruptly; his aspect changed.

Deserter! The very word is suggestive of distrust.

Who does not suspect a deserter?

The men, all through life, who put their shoulders to the wheel and run away when it turns hard; who take up a cause and without good reason put it down; who wear one color on the coat-of-arms and another color on the coats of the heart! Everybody has a contempt for men of this stamp. Goss himself had.

"But hear me," he entreated; "listen a moment, and I will tell you why I wear this coat, why I stand here before you a deserter."
Thereupon he told his tale, and Marion listened attentively, patiently. Goss spoke with a slight accent, and never perhaps is good strong English quite as musical as when delivered with a slight foreign accent. Moreover, the familiar words seemed clothed with a meaning more solemn and beautiful. It is the triumph of the unfamiliar, the unusual, the unaccustomed.

About the speaker gathered the General’s followers, the famous brigade, which had not long before gone into battle with only four rounds of powder and ball, and old saw-blades for broadswords—coming out victorious, for all that! These were men, so bold in activity, so rarely matched in courage, so desperate of deed! Rude men, for the most part, with sun-browned faces, straggling beards, and only one shirt to their backs, but to the heart’s core, men!—men whose pulses beat with the throb of freedom, whose hands shook not, holding the torch of the Revolution, whose watchword was: “Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute;” who, in their death-throes, could calmly say: “I die, but don’t let the cause die with me!”

These were the men who listened to Goss as he told his tale on that Summer’s day, ’mid the woodland glades of Snow’s Island. With eager faces, with bated breath, they heard him tell it. “To the King of England I owe nothing,” cried the young Hessian in impassioned eloquence. “Forced into fighting his battles against my will, must I continue to fight them or be called a traitor?”

“God forbid!” exclaimed Marion; you are in a false position; you have been placed in that position through no fault of your own, and therefore I say you have every right to get out of it. That is my view of the case, and I believe every man here will sustain me in it. But what is your purpose now? Is it to join us?”

“It is.”

“Do you know what you are doing?”

“I think I do.”

Saying this, Goss smiled a little. He had been through enough, in all conscience, to know what he was doing.

“I don’t know whether you do, or not,” said Marion interpreting that little smile. “Are you prepared for great hard-
ships? Our lives are hard. We do not spend our days in idleness, nor our nights in sleep. We are ever in danger, generally in want. We dine on roots; we sup on the ‘lucid stream.’ Eating little, we eat under difficulties; fighting much, we fight at a disadvantage; for we are small and feeble, our enemy great and strong. As the Persians preponderated over the Athenians in the days of Marathon so do these British preponderate over us. Sons of War, are they; we, plain men, knowing little, fighting as we know. Do not be deceived; it is no child’s play; think well before you cast the die.”

“The die is cast,” said Goss briefly.

“Are you sure you have the nerve, the pluck, the endurance to live as we live, to fight as we fight.”

“I am sure.”

There was no bravado in the answer. It was simply that he knew himself, and was absorbed in that knowledge.

He spoke again the next moment, and in a low voice.

“Wherever you lead, General, I will follow.”

“Suppose that be into the very jaws of death?”

“Into the very jaws of death, I follow.”

He had no thought of Judith in that moment. His blood was up; he burned in heart and brain. Described with such trenchant charm and graphic vigor, this life of Marion’s men did not seem hard to Goss—it seemed glorious! Into the very jaws of death, he would follow, Marion leading.

“My brave fellow!” cried the General. Touched, persuaded, he would put the alien to one more test. “But, what are you going to fight for?” he next inquired. “We have everything to fight for—our homes, our country, our rights, our kindred; while you—what would you fight for?”

The men gathered closer about Goss; their eager faces peered into his own; they jostled him in their anxiety. How would he answer the General!

“Human liberty,” said Goss without hesitation; “and”—he did hesitate now, and spoke lower—“the love of a good woman.”

When he had thus spoken, the man of heroic deeds stretched forth his hand and grasped that of the unknown foreigner, he who had been born a peasant.
"Human liberty," repeated Marion; "it is the voice of DeKalb, your noble countryman! He has died for human liberty; you can and will die for it, if need be! Hark, my brothers, here's a comrade! He is one of us! Give him a welcome!"

A welcome, then and there, they gave him amid the wildest enthusiasm and shouts of: "Off with the red-coat and on with the home-spun!"

The objectionable garment was literally torn from his back and committed to the flames, with great noise and the highest good humor. This ceremony complete and the hour of the midday meal being close at hand, they offered their new comrade food, of which he stood sorely in need. Goss was, in truth, almost faint from inanition.

Imagine his pleasure, then, in having set before him a most palatable repast of young corn roasted on the cob, smoking pods of beans, broiled venison, baked potatoes, and a stout slice of ashcake. This elaborate menu caused the fresh recruit to open wide his eyes. "I thought," he remarked to his lately made friends, "the General said I should dine on roots, and sup on the——"

"So you will," put in young Alston, one of Marion's aids, "and oftener than you like, but not here, nor down on the Waccamaw. Sometimes we feast royally, and when we least expect it, as we did, for instance, the other day, on the little Pee dee, when we surprised a party of Tories just before supper, capturing six turkeys and three fat pigs ready roasted, not to mention bushels of cakes and sweetmeats!"

Thus was changed the whole tenor of a lifetime. Henceforth the young Hessian was in truth "one of them"—the companion of dashing Harry Lee, red-headed Scotch Macdonald, the redoubtable Snipes and his man Cudjo, Captain Billy, McCoy, Withers, Cantey, the dead-shot Gwynn and others, those daring spirits whose adventurous deeds remain a living page in the legends of our country.

Cool, yet venturesome, loving danger for danger's own sake, it was an existence of peculiar fascination for Goss-Gottus. He became a good rider, a good marksman, a good woodsman, and finely mounted did heroic service as a scout and a spy.
Trusted by Marion, Marion was to Goss the darling object of love and veneration. He discovered very soon in their acquaintance that the brilliant qualities of this great leader were sullied by no dark stains, no acts of cruelty, no brutal contempt for the lives or even the feelings of others. Happily blended in him was the exquisite temper of a Marlborough, and the practical heroism of the Muscovite Czar laboring with his own hands as a common artisan.

It is not too much to say, that the genius of this great soldier rose to heights of moral grandeur, and that, apart from his success in arms, he was, like Montesquieu, "an honor to human nature."

IV.

With Marion’s fortunes were associated the fortunes of our hero to the closing act in the bloody drama. He was one of that happy band who re-entered Charleston on the 14th of December, 1782. A motley crew, but how illustrious!

Mountaineers from the up-country; wild horsemen from the plains; rice-growers from the marshes; cotton-planters from the Santee, the Congaree, the great Pee dee; cavaliers from princely domains on the Waccamaw, and poor "tackies" from nowhere and everywhere; but every one of them a patriot!

And there also were Marion’s veterans, as we have said, some of them equipped, probably, in "sheep-skin saddles and grapevine bridles." What matter? 'Tis the heart that makes the soldier, not the sword.

Among Marion’s men, on that never-to-be-forgotten day in December, a hundred years ago, there were doubtless some rusty swords, but many a brave heart. And every heart among them was inspired by a common interest and a common joy, while they beheld steaming out of the harbor, with full sail and a flowing breeze, that kingly armament of three hundred ships of war, sent over by the mistress of the seas for their subjugation.

Subjugated, were they? Huzza! huzza! Let freedom’s shout pierce clear to the walls of Heaven. The God of battle had crowned them with success; British supremacy in America was a thing of the past; they had changed the dazzling course of
AN AMERICAN WOODCUT.

AN AMERICAN WOODCUT.

AN AMERICAN WOODCUT.

AN AMERICAN WOODCUT.

AN AMERICAN WOODCUT.

AN AMERICAN WOODCUT.

an empire's channel for all time. Three cheers! three cheers for independence!

Goss stood at the water's edge and watched those three hundred vessels as they spread their sails and put out to sea. He was thinking of the Fatherland—that beautiful land so grandly wooded in forests, so nobly watered in streams, so predominant in intellectuality, so potent in thought! He could see, oh, so plainly, the little home over there! No carved facade, no projecting galleries, no loopholed turrets, nor flying buttresses, nor machicolated battlements. No! no! only a peasant's cot in the heart of Germany, but big enough, in its littleness, to hold every hallowed influence that surrounds human life, and grand enough in its humbleness to mould the character of generations yet unborn.

He loved that modest dwelling surrounded by miles of forest and amid the great hills; and now that the war was virtually ended there was nothing to prevent his returning to it. What pleasure is there like it, the pleasure of going home? The best part of every journey is the going home; he who travels will tell you so. And he would not go as he came—alone. His soul fed itself on the delicious reflection: Judith would go with him. The ships were long since out of sight, but Goss lingered; he kept thinking, thinking. Peasant born, he was no less German born, and the average German mind however strongly saturated with the poetry of philosophy has a leaning to the practical. With that far-reaching intelligence and solidity of understanding characteristic of his race he could almost hear the hurrying footsteps of the mighty nation to be, the roar of its steam, the tick of its electricity, the hum of its spindles, the roll of its progress, the boom of its wealth.

Go back to the old world? Go back to what? To a home without a prospect, a life without a career; to the effete civilization of the older nations, limiting the extent of advancement, paralyzing enterprise, stereotyping the lines of human effort, exacting the sacrifice of individuality—back to being a peasant in Germany, and in America no man better than he!

"Not much!" cried Goss, allying true American patriotism with a typical American phrase. "This is my country!"

It was his through ties of interest as well as ties of the heart.
He never went back to Germany; Germany came to him. He was one of the founders of our German empire in these United States. We have one.

Counting not the Æacidae among his ancestors, our young Hessian was blessed, nevertheless, with most worthy forefathers, from whom he inherited those most excellent characteristics, industry, honesty and economy, with that passive valor we term patience. In the exercise of these he made his future life a success. He went to work, he bought lands, he planted cotton, he made money.

But first of all, he made his way to Judith. She was expecting him; she had been expecting him every day since they parted.

It was a fresh winter's evening, and the sun had set. He walked very fast, seeking Judith; but the lights began to glimmer in the windows before he reached her door. She was inside the room; she was waiting for him, as she had already waited so many weary evenings and days and months, not knowing if he would ever come again.

Some one came up the steps; some one opened the door. She did not turn to see; she had borne so many disappointments she could not bear another; she stood quite still, but her breath came quickly, her bosom heaved. Suppose it was he! Suppose it was not!

"Judith!"

Then she turned abruptly, wistfully. Ah, God! it was he! His life had been spared; he had come back to her. And her country was saved!

"Yes," said Goss, interpreting her thoughts, "the British yoke is riven, the Americans are free!"

"God be thanked!" she murmured.

There was a tremor in her voice of which she was not conscious. All was quiet then; he stood at her side; they seemed to have nothing more to say to each other; they were together; that was enough. The greatest happiness the earth can hold, they held between them. This one supreme fact absorbed their entire consciousness and filled up what else might have been a great blank in the conversation. In such a reunion there are many beautiful things, but no small talk.
Goss looked into her face; it was paler than it used to be in the days before they parted. Dear heart!—she had feared for him, and that fear had paled the roses. How she loved him! And how he loved her! Until this moment he seemed never to have realized it. He came nearer.

The firelight shimmered on her lovely head; her cheeks were no longer pale; his glance had brought the hot blood into them; her eyes had the same sweet expression he so well remembered. "Judith!" he called again, softly.

His arms were about her; he held her tightly.

"Your country is free, Judith;"—now he clasped her yet more closely; "but you, in these arms, you are a prisoner for life, Judith!"

After this manner it was that men wooed and women loved in the days of the Revolution.

MRS. CLARK WARING.
ANCESTRY.

Our ancestry, a gallant Christian race,
Patterns of every virtue, every grace.
—Cowper.

Alterations of surnames have obscured the truth of our pedigrees.
—Camden.

There may be, and there often is, a regard for ancestry, which nourishes a weak pride—but there is also a moral and philosophical respect for our ancestors, which elevates the character and improves the heart.
—Daniel Webster.

ANCESTRY OF IDA P. BEALL.
Charter Member Daughters of the American Revolution, and Member of
Mary Washington Chapter, Washington, D. C.

The first of my family who came to this country was Captain Roger Jones. His family were Cavaliers and he had borne a Captain’s Commission in the armies of King Charles the Second. Captain Roger Jones came to Virginia with Lord Culpeper in 1680; a strong friendship existed between the two families. Jones in his will makes this statement: “I do declare that a silver tankard, in possession of my son, Frederick, is not mine, but belongs to my son Thomas, and was bought with monies given him by my Lady Culpeper.” Thomas was in London in 1706 when he received this invitation from Lady Culpeper to visit her at Leids Castle:

“For Mr. Thomas Jones,
at the Virginia Coffee House,
at London,
Leids Castle, December the 19th, 1706.”

“Sir: I received yrs of the 14 instant, and I am glad of your safe arrival in England. I hope that you are come upon a good account, that will turn to your good advantage, I shall be very glad to see you here, if it is no preduidence to your business, and you shall be very wellcome whenever you please to come here.”
"My daughter and her seven children are all very well. This is all from, Sir,

"yr affectionate friend and servant,

"MAR CULPEPER."

Lady Culpeper was a very old lady, and Thomas Jones was a very young man, and a zealous and powerful partisan of Charles the Second, and this fact increased the warmth of his welcome at Leids Castle. This Colonel Thomas, son of Captain Roger Jones, married, February 14th, 1724, Elizabeth Pratt (widow) daughter of Dr. William Cocke, who was Secretary of the Virginia Colony in the reign of Queen Anne and King George; he was also a member of the Council and a Judge. His wife, Elizabeth, was a sister of Mark Catesby the celebrated naturalist. His son, Colonel Thomas Jones, born December 25th, 1726, married Sallie, daughter of James Skelton and his wife, Jane, daughter of Francis Meriwether; the wife of Francis Meriwether was Mary, daughter of Lancelot, fifth son of Sir Edwin Bathurst, first Baronet. (The Bathurst arms used by the Virginia family were Sable, two Bars Erminied in three Crosses, patie’or, 2d Gules, a Chivron between three lances, Argent, the third as the second, the fourth as the first, and the quarterings are the same arms borne by the present House of Bathurst in England.) See "Burke’s Extinct Barojatage."

The second Colonel Thomas Jones was clerk of the Northumberland County Court Virginia, (an hereditary office), until 1781, when he moved to Spring Garden, near New Castle, Hanover County, Virginia. He is represented in contemporay letters as living in great style at this beautiful house, and, prompted by kindness of heart, he bestowed a lavish hospitality alike on friend and foe. He was a liberal provider of all luxuries attainable at that time. All that money and love of the beautiful could do to make Spring Garden attractive was done. He watched with zealous interest the progress of the colony in its march to prosperity, and he was ever ready to respond to its needs.

Catesby, son of Colonel Thomas Jones and Sallie Skelton, his wife, was a Lieutenant in the Virginia Line in the Revolutionary War. He was with Spottswood* at Long Bridge in the

*Spottswood is spelled indifferently with one t or two.
vicinity of Norfolk, Virginia, when the Commander of the British forces (then in possession of Norfolk) dispatched Fordyce, with a considerable force, to drive off Spottswood, and lay waste to the adjoining counties. Spottswood, apprized of the movements of the British, had thrown up a slight breastwork at the head of the bridge, on the Gosport side of the river. Lieutenant Jones was posted in this breastwork, against which a solid column was marching, when a shot from the unerring aim of young Jones killed the British leader on the spot. Lieutenant Jones, seeing his victim "bite the dust" and his followers wavering, sprang over the breastwork, followed by a few of his emulous comrades, cleared the bridge of the enemy, and, in his own arms, unaided, brought in the body of Fordyce, whom he had just shot, and from whose dying grasp Lieutenant Jones had wrested the fusee which the Invader "was wont to direct" against "his rebel foe." It is truly said, "the good men do lives after them," but Catesby Jones lived to see the good and the glories of American Independence, and to put off the trappings of war and put on the armor of peace. At his death he left three boys, the warrior's heritage to America and to Virginia.

I will tell you briefly how these boys handed down to posterity the glories of patriotic devotion. Roger, the eldest, entered the service of the United States in 1808, as a Lieutenant in the Marine Corps; when the War of 1812 began he left this corps and obtained a Captaincy in the artillery, joined his regiment and marched to the northern frontier; from that time to the Peace of 1815 he was constantly fighting, and was in the memorable battles of Chippewa, Erie, Lundy Lane, and many others. He received promotions and brevets for "gallant conduct in the face of the enemy," on recommendations of Generals Gaines and Brown. Thomas Ap Catesby, the second son, served faithfully in the United States Navy for nearly forty-five years without intermission, and he, too, "faced the enemy," bearing in his side a piece of British lead he received on December 14th, 1814, when opposing Lord Cochran's fleet and Sir E. Packenham's armies in their descent on New Orleans. Philip de Catesby, third son, was at the Academy, in Leesburg, Virginia, in the Spring of 1814, when President Madison called on Virginia for her quota of militia to
assist in the defense of Norfolk, the same town near which his father had given victorious battle to the British. The enemy were concentrating in the Chesapeake Bay a considerable fleet of men-of-war, and transports filled with troops were sent out to lay waste every town and hamlet, within a "day's march" of any navigable stream, within the Virginia Capes. Philip was but seventeen years old and could not be drafted for militia service, but the spirit of fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers was alive in the son and he buckled on his knapsack, shouldered the old fire-lock of the Revolution, and to the old Continental tune of "Come, brave boys, let's go campaigning," marched away in the regiment of Colonel Charles F. Mercer, of Loudon, to Norfolk, Virginia, where he served as a private for six months without missing a day from duty. Virginia did not forget to honor the sons of this boy, Lieutenant Catesby Jones; her Legislature gave to them words of great commendation, and to Roger, a General in the United States Army, and to Thomas Ap Catesby, a Commander in the United States Navy, she presented a sword with a solid gold hilt and scabbard. On one side of the scabbard is engraved, "Honor to the Brave." What more can a sailor or soldier ask of his country, his State, than "Honor to the Brave." On the guard of the sword is this inscription: "Presented by the State of Virginia to Captain Thomas Ap Catesby Jones, of the United States Navy, in testimony of the high sense of regard entertained by his native State, of his gallantry and good conduct displayed in capturing the Pirates of the Barataria, and in defense of the gunboats under his command near New Orleans, when attacked by an overwhelming British force, September 16th, December 14th, 1814, and of his patriotic services, generally, during the war with Great Britain." On the other side of the guard is the Coat of Arms of Virginia, and the motto, "Sic Semper Tyrannis," surrounded by a wreath of oak leaves and acorns. Though but a little child at the time of his death, I remember my grandfather's body, wrapped in the flag he had honored, and for which he had fought and bled; beneath its folds of red, white and blue, was embedded near the faithful heart, now silent, a ball of the British invader. Inspired by such memories, we, the Daughters of these heroes, are sensitive to any thrust at the honor of our country.
REVOLUTIONARY ANCESTRY OF MRS. MIRANDA TULLOCH,

Member of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, Mary Washington Chapter.

She is a daughter of Alvira Barney and Elizabeth Pillsbury, his wife; granddaughter of Samuel Pillsbury and Nancy Evans, his wife; and great-granddaughter of Edward Evans and Sally Flagg, his wife.

On recommendation of Captain Ebenezer Webster and the favor of General Sullivan, on July 18th, 1777, Edward Evans was commissioned as Adjutant of the Second Regiment within the said State of New Hampshire (Col. Stickney’s Regiment). His commission is preserved by the Evans family, signed by Meshech Weare, President of the Council at Exeter, New Hampshire, and E. Thompson, Secretary. He was attached to General Sullivan’s staff, and acted as his private secretary during the Revolutionary War.

The following is from Sanbornton, New Hampshire, town history: “Edward Evans, born 1736, was Adjutant of the Second Regiment, New Hampshire Militia, Revolutionary War, under commission from Governor Meshech Weare, July 18th, 1777, and died May 26th, 1818. He was buried in Franklin, New Hampshire, opposite Lot 1, Second Division. He was a graduate of Oxford College, England. His father belonged to the Nobility.”

Two of his grandchildren are living, Mrs. Martin Draper, 292 North Avenue, North Cambridge, Massachusetts, and Mrs. L. W. Dow, Curtis street, Cambridge, Massachusetts. The above-named are sisters of Ransom Evans who lives on South Russell street, Boston, and is a grandson of Lieutenant Evans.

We present a fac-simile (as nearly as possible) of the commission of Edward Evans, the Revolutionary ancestor of Mrs. Tulloch:
The Government and People of said State.

TO Edward Evans, Gent, Greeting.

We reposing especial Trust and Confidence in your Fidelity, Courage and good Conduct. Do by these Presents constitute and appoint you the said Edward Evans, Adjutant of the Second Regiment of Militia within the said State of New Hampshire. You are therefore carefully, and diligently to discharge the Duty of an Adjutant in leading, ordering and exercising said Regiment in Arms, both inferior Officers and Soldiers, and to keep them in good Order and Discipline; hereby commanding them to obey you as their Adjutant and Yourself to observe and follow such Orders and Instructions, as you shall from Time to Time receive from the Council and House of Representatives of said State for the Time being, and in their Receipts from their Committee of Safety, or any Superior Officers for the Service of said State, according to Military Rules and Discipline, pursuant to the Trust reposed in you. In testimony whereof we have caused the Seal of said State to be hereunto affixed: Witness Meshech Weare, Esq; President of our said Council at Exeter, ye Eighteenth Day of July, Anno Domini 1777.

E. Thompson, Secy.

M. Weare.
REVOLUTIONARY ANCESTRY OF MARY DESHA.

Vice-President General, Daughters of the American Revolution.

(1) I, Mary Desha, was born in Lexington, Fayette County, Kentucky, and am the fourth child of John Randolph Desha and Mary Bracken Curry.

(2) John Randolph Desha, M. D., was born in Washington, Mason County, Kentucky, July 25, 1804, and was the son of Joseph Desha and Peggy Bledsoe.

Mary Bracken Curry was born in 1819 in Cynthianna, Kentucky, and was the daughter of Major James R. Curry and Matha Bracken.

(3) Joseph Desha was born in Pennsylvania but taken to Tennessee when he was three years old, and was the son of Robert Desha and Eleanor Wheeler. He served with "Mad Anthony" Wayne in the Northwestern Campaign, was a member of Congress from Kentucky for many years, a Major-General in the War of 1812, commanding one wing of General Harrison's Army at the Battle of the Thames, and was Governor of Kentucky, 1824-28.

Peggy Bledsoe was the daughter of Isaac Bledsoe and Katharine Montgomery. She was born in Virginia, taken to Tennessee when a child, and went to Kentucky after her marriage to Joseph Desha.

Major James R. Curry was born in Fayette County, Kentucky. He was of Scotch descent and son of a Revolutionary soldier. He served in the War of 1812 with the rank of Major; was in the Battle at River Raisin, and was for many years County Judge of Harrison County, Kentucky.

Matha Bracken was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1800, but was taken to Kentucky when a young girl, and was married there at the age of sixteen.

Robert Desha was a French Huguenot, whose family came to America after the "Revocation of the Edict of Nantz," and settled in the Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania. He, with his
family, emigrated to Tennessee at an early day. Family tradition states that the name was "Dechesnes" of the Oaks. Eleanor Wheeler was the daughter of Joseph Wheeler and Maria Holmes.

(5) Joseph Wheeler lived in that part of Northumberland County which now constitutes Columbia and Montour. He and his wife, Maria Holmes, came from Northampton County with a large family. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary War and had previously served as a Lieutenant under Washington in Braddock's Army. Family records say that Maria Holmes was the daughter of "a gentleman of Boston, Massachusetts." Capt. Isaac Salmon married Anna Wheeler, a daughter of Joseph Wheeler. He was also a soldier and officer in the Revolutionary Army, and was well known to his countrymen as a brave patriot and to the British and Indians as a formidable foe. Benjamin Wheeler, his brother-in-law, a soldier in the Revolution, was captured by the Indians, scalped and tortured. His nails were torn from his hands, sharpened pieces of pine knots were stuck in his flesh; he was then thrown into a pit and burned to death.

Isaac Bledsoe, son of Evan Bledsoe, was one of the heroic martyr-pioneers of Tennessee, a renowned "Indian fighter" and an officer in the Revolution. The Indians called him "Tullituskee," or the "waving corn blade," (perpetual motion), because they never caught him napping. He and his brother, Colonel Anthony Bledsoe, and his brother-in-law, Colonel John Montgomery, were killed by the Indians. Katharine Montgomery, his wife, "a dispatch bearer" during the Revolution, was the daughter of John Montgomery, Sr., and Marguerite Briarleigh, the daughter of a French Huguenot physician. She lived in Virginia, and upon one occasion, when important dispatches were to be carried to General Washington, she volunteered to take them. This she did successfully, riding alone through the wilds of Virginia. After the Revolution and the succeeding Indian Wars were over she returned to her home, having lost husband, son and brother, and was stricken with inflammatory rheumatism, brought on by the hardships she had suffered. For nearly twenty years she was
confined to her bed, suffering all the tortures rheumatism can inflict. Her great-grandson writes of her: "She was highly intellectual and intelligent, and as daring as General Andrew Jackson himself; kind to her slaves and humble people even to prodigality, but severe to the haughty. In short, glorious was her life during the Revolution and the succeeding wars and beautiful afterwards, for amid all the misfortunes of war and the trials of years of sickness she never lost her dauntless courage nor her buoyant equanimity." It is in honor of women such as she, patriots themselves, and the mothers, daughters and sisters and wives of patriots, that the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution was organized.
In Revolutionary times, after the divine service, special contributions were taken for the benefit of the Continental Army. In New England large quantities of valuable articles were thus collected. Not only money, but finger-rings, ear-rings, watches and other jewelry, all kinds of male attire, stockings, hats, coats, breeches, shoes, produce and groceries of all kinds were brought to the meeting house to give the soldiers. Even the leaden weights were taken out of the window sashes, made into bullets and brought to meeting.

On one occasion Madam Faith Trumbull rose up in Lebanon meeting house in Connecticut, when a collection was being made for the army, took from her shoulders a magnificent scarlet cloak, which had been a present to her from Count Rochambeau, the commander-in-chief of the French allied army, and, advancing to the altar, gave it as her offering to the gallant men who were fighting not only the British army, but terrible want and suffering. The fine cloak was cut into narrow strips and used as red trimmings for the uniforms of the soldiers. The romantic impressiveness of Madam Trumbull's patriotic act kindled warm enthusiasm in the congregation, and an enormous collection was taken, packed carefully, and sent to the army.

FRANCES S. HOUSE.
IN TURKEY-FOOT.*

SEPTEMBER 22, A. D. 1773.

Lower and lower, dropt the sun
Adown a west of amethyst,
In wooded vales the twilight dun
Creeping, the lower branches kissed,
While slanting spears of sunset light
Yet lingered on the topmost leaves,
That, here and there, were gayly dight
With the red and gold that autumn weaves,
Year after year, in Turkey-foot.

The farm-house daily tasks were done,
The pewter plates in order set,
The stint of flax all deftly spun,
The bleaching linen duly wet;
And so within the doorway wide
The mother sat and, musing, told
To two small children, by her side,
Quaint tales of men, and times of old,
That autumn eve in Turkey-foot.

The gloaming deeper grew, and still,
Save the soft interblended sound
Of moving leaves, of bird and rill,
And faint the bay of distant hound.

"Once on a time, 'neath palace roofs,—"
So went the tale, and all gave heed,—
When, hark! a sound of horse's hoofs
Rang out,—a rider and his steed
Came swiftly on in Turkey-foot!

The dame arose with stately grace,—
"Good eve, sir, will you please alight?"
"Nay, dame," he said, with anxious face,
"The Indians are abroad to-night,
The country-side to warn, I ride,
No easy task my good steed hath,—
They come apace, make haste and hide!"
So saying, down the bridle-path
He rode away from Turkey-foot.

* "The Turkey-foot," or Three Forks of the Youghiogeny," is mentioned in official papers as early as 1755. It is a section in what is now Somerset County, Pennsylvania, and was probably named by the Indians from the resemblance of the confluence of the three streams to the foot of a turkey. The early settlers suffered much from the depredations of the Indians, and were organized into bands or companies for protection.
OLD LETTERS AND HISTORY OF FIRESIDES.

A moment's space she stood aghast,
Then, praying, with her children small
She took her flight, and came at last
To where the corn grew thick and tall;
And crouching there, all night they stayed,—
All night, nor either moved nor slept,—
The owls a doleful screeching made;
The frightened children softly wept,
That long, long night in Turkey-foot.

Dawn came, but to her ear intent
Came, too, a rustling in the corn;
"They come," she cried, her courage spent,
"God help us, creatures so forlorn!"
She claspt her babes with shuddering fear,
She thought upon their absent sire,—
The steps came near, she saw appear
Gun-barrels tipt with sunrise fire,—
Oh, woeful morn in Turkey-foot!

A horse near, in the clearing neighed,
A lark from meadows soaring, sang,
One called her softly, while she prayed,—
From out her arms the children sprang;
"Father has come! the scouts!" they cried.
Thankful she stood, in mute surprise,—
The lark's song rang out far and wide,
Her praise upon it seemed to rise,—
Thus rescue came in Turkey-foot.

Noon came, the fort was safely gained;
Night came, the children went to rest;
But to the mother, ere it waned,
God's gift had come,—a baby guest.
Time passed; she thrave, this little maid,
This fort-born flower of '73;
Nurtured in times of war and raid,—
Mother of patriots yet to be,—
So runs the tale in Turkey-foot.

FELICIA ROSS JOHNSON.
THE NATIVE PEPPER AND SALT PANTALOONS*—
A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

The following anecdote of "the times that tried men's souls" was originally communicated to the Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette several years ago. The writer says: "It is a bona fide fact taken, without emendation, from the life of a mother in Israel, Mrs. Eunice Locke Richards. It shows that there was an anti-British spirit in the women as well as the men of 1776."

"Late in the afternoon of one of the last days of May, in the year '76, when I was a few months short of fifteen years old, notice came to Townsend, Massachusetts, where my father used to live, that fifteen soldiers were wanted.

"The training band was instantly called out, and my brother, that was next older than I, was one that was selected. He did not return till late at night, when we were all in bed. When I rose in the morning I found my mother in tears, who informed me that my brother, John, was to march next day after to-morrow morning at sunrise. My father was in Boston in the Massachusetts Assembly. Mother said that though John was supplied with summer clothes he must suffer for winter garments. There were, at this time, no stores, and no articles to be had, except such as each family could make itself. The sight of mother's tears always brought all the hidden strength of body and mind into action. I instantly asked what garment was needed. She replied, 'pantaloons.' 'Oh, if that is all,' said I, 'we will spin and weave him a pair before he goes.' 'But,' said mother, 'the wool is on the sheep's back, and the sheep are in the pasture.' I immediately turned to a younger brother and bade him take the salt-dish and call them to the yard. Mother replied, 'Poor child, there are no sheep shears within three miles and a half.' 'I have some small shears at the loom,' said I. 'But you can't spin and weave it in so short a time.' 'I am certain we can, mother.' 'How can you weave it?—there is a long web of linen in the loom.'

"By this time the sound of the sheep made me quicken my steps towards the yard. I requested my sister to bring the

* "Book of the Locks," page 366, Appendix O.
wheel and cards while I went for the wool. I went to the yard with my brother and secured a white sheep, from which I sheared with my loom shears half enough for a web. We then let her go with the rest of her fleece. I sent the wool in by my little sister, and Luther ran for a black sheep, and held her while I cut off wool for my filling and half the warp, and then we allowed her to go with the remaining coarse part of the fleece. The rest of the narrative the writer would abridge, by saying that the wool thus obtained was duly carded, spun, washed, sized, and dried. A loom was found a few doors off, the web 'got in' and was wove, the cloth prepared, cut and made two or three hours before the brother's departure, that is to say, in forty hours from the commencement, without help from any modern improvement.

"The good old lady closed by saying: 'I felt no weariness; I wept not; I was serving my country; I was relieving my poor mother; I was preparing a garment for my darling brother.' The garment was finished. I retired and wept until my overcharged and bursting heart was relieved. This brother was, perhaps, one of General Stark's soldiers, and with such a spirit to cope with need we wonder that Burgoyne did not execute his threat of marching through the heart of America?"

E. M. H. Richards.

LETTERS OF BENJAMIN HARRISON.

The following letters were written by Benjamin Harrison, Governor of Virginia and signer of the Declaration of Independence. He was the father of William Henry Harrison, President of the United States, and great-grandfather of the present President of the United States. The writer of the letters was the son of Benjamin Harrison, of "Berkeley," and his wife, Ann Carter, who was the daughter of Robert Carter, known as "King Carter" in the Colonies. These letters came to me through one of his lineal descendants.

Rosa Wright Smith.
Brandon, February 1, 1792.

Dear Harrison:

I thank you for your solicitude respecting my health. Tho' not entirely freed from my old complaints, I have been for some time getting the better of them. * * * Your plan for the payment of the estate's debts, is, I should judge, very proper, and I will give it all the aid in my power; but I shall do it with more conveniency if you can go up to Fauquier, where I have a considerable sum of money due. If, however, I should be disappointed there, still I have other resources which cannot fail, but my wish is not to touch them, unless I fail above. * * * Your aunt and the girls desire their love to you—present it also to Mrs. May, Nancy and the children. As always,

Your affectionate friend,

Ben: Harrison.

Brandon, August 11, 1793.

My Dear Harrison:

I am greatly surprised that you have not received a letter from me long since in answer to yours respecting Stirlings. It was written immediately on the receipt of yours and carried to Cabin Point by your sister, Lucy. It is my intention to be in your neighborhood on Monday next, when it will give me great pleasure to be in anywise instrumental in aiding your purchase, but in truth I know not in what shape I can be useful.

Jacob returned without sturgeon, tho' there are hundreds constantly jumping. He has certainly taken some pains to procure one, tho' perhaps not quite enough. The ladies will have given an account of the family.

I shall therefore bid you farewell. My best regards are offered to your sisters and Mrs. May.

Your affectionate uncle and friend,

Ben: Harrison.
Governor Eden sat up late
Deeply pondering matters of State.
He was grieved in his soul, for he plainly saw
The colonists weary of English law.
All was perplexity; doubt and distrust
Had gathered around him, and fail he must.
His mind was tormented both night and day
Seeking to find some better way
To soothe and soften and keep them still,
Quiet and humble to England's will.

A banging door aroused him to hear
Steps on the stairs and his name called clear;
With hair unbound and cheek high flushed
Lady Eden upon him impatiently rushed—
"Sir Robert Eden, my dear, do you know
The clock struck three near an hour ago?
What good will it do you to lose your rest
Over that ball and each hateful guest?"

The Governor slowly lifted his head
And unto his wife he calmly said:
"Balls were truly filling my head,
But indeed, my dear, they were balls of lead;
For if this feeling continues to grow
The sword must decide the quarrel, I know."
"Crush the sedition," the lady replied:
"Banish and scatter them far and wide.
Why should they dare to clatter for right
The King can destroy them in half a fight.
Your words are silly, you seem to forget
They honor your grandfather's name even yet."
"I beg you will do your best in all,
To make a grand thing of our New-Year ball,"
"I'll show them they need not expect to find
That I, like you, to their treason am blind."

The night of the ball was clear and cold,
But did not discourage them, young or old;
For all invited resolved to go
Their truth and loyalty there to show.
The Governor rejoiced so many to see.
His lady appeared to be in high glee.
They talked and they danced, they flirted and bowed;
They told the last gossip and laughed at the crowd.
The Governor, gracious, had soft words for some,
And flattery for others and harsh looks for none.
He asked Mrs. Ogle a minuet to tread
Which, round with the others, so stately he led.
As soon as the ladies from supper had come,
Lady Eden who stood at the head of the room,
Called aloud to the steward and of him inquired,
Had the carriages come which the guests now required.
He bowed and he whispered, and hastily fled,
The ladies around in astonishment said,
"My coach was for one," and "Mine was for two,"
"As my girls came to dance mine much later is due."
And they all hastened off their husbands to find,
While in whispers they said she was out of her mind.
Then she called to the servant, and asked him quite clear
"Mrs. Edelin's great coach, is it waiting for her?
Has the coach yet for Mrs. George Thomas been sent?
Has the carriage for Mrs. Charles Carroll come yet?"
Mrs. Carroll, of Carrollton, nervous and weak,
Was so frightened she hurried her husband to seek,
But he begged her be quiet and make no reproach
To add to confusion, but wait for her coach.
But when the third time they heard the loud call
Of her name they both started to rush from the hall.
Her wraps in the carriage, her feet on the snow
Brought on a pneumonia which soon laid her low.
Lady E. called the name of each lady beside,
And asked if her carriage was waiting outside.
Over and over their names she'd repeat,
And ask if their carriages stood in the street.
Mrs. Smallwood was bolder and proudly opined
Her husband would seek her when he had the mind.
And so Mrs. Plater was haughty as she
Replying, her carriage was ordered for three.
Madams Ogle and Tasker, Thomas and Stone,
Contee and Jollison departed for home.
Misses Truman and Smith, Madams Pinckney and Lee,
With others stayed waiting the fun they might see.
Madams Gallaway and Zenezer, Nelson and Bruce
Thought rudeness like that was beyond an excuse.
Both Mrs. Chases, Misses Lingan and Green
Thought perhaps it was meant for a theatre scene.
Madams Fitzhugh and Stoddert, Brooke and Duvall
Thought it meant for an insult, and meant for them all.
Mrs. Goldsborough and Maynadier thought it were best
To hunt up their husbands and go with the rest.

This story is true we very well know,
For my grandmother told it to us long ago.
And we think that the men were less loyal inclined
When that ball with its ending returned to their mind.

—MRS. DEVEREAUX.
MEMBERS RESIDENT IN WASHINGTON of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the beginning of the organization, necessarily composed the entire society; they held and exercised the power which now belongs to the society at large. After Chapters had been formed in many states these "Members Resident" felt a great pride in being the nucleus around which other members had gathered, the germ from which this important association had developed; their history during the first year of organization is the history of the society, which is without the scope of this article. Aside from the large amount of business transacted, these "Members Resident" had many delightful social and literary reunions; which were generally held upon invitation of Mrs. Cabell in her spacious and elegant parlors. Lectures, concerts and receptions inspired enthusiasm and produced harmony and good feeling. On one of these occasions Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court, delivered an address, from which we give a few extracts:

In the latter part of the fifteenth century, Columbus, with a dream of a new way to the Indies floating through his mind, wandered from court to court seeking the material aid by which he might verify the truth of his dream. At last he caught the ear of a woman, and Isabella of Castile, declaring "I will assume the undertaking for my own crown of Castile, and am ready to pawn my jewels for the expenses of it, if the funds in the treasury shall be found inadequate," started the intrepid explorer with a little fleet westward across an untraveled ocean—and America was discovered. Thus it was in truth a woman's hand which opened to the civilized world the doors of an unknown continent. Two hundred and fifty years thereafter a young man stood on the banks of the Potomac, holding in his hands a commission as midshipman in the navy of England. Eagerly he looked out upon the life which then seemed opening before him; but at a mother's wish he returned the
commission, content to remain a country boy with her. Thus did a woman's touch save to this nation for its hour of peril the priceless services and the immortal name of Washington. Is it any wonder that on this continent and in this nation, more than anywhere else, the pressure of a woman's presence is a supreme influence?"

"We boast, and rightfully, of our Revolutionary heroes, and of their fortitude and heroism in the times that tried men's souls. But shall we forget the equal fortitude and heroism of those who alone and unnoticed kept the home and the little ones, while father and husband were at Bunker Hill and Valley Forge? Nay, more, is it not an historic truth that many a man was a hero only because his wife was a heroine? "There, my boys, are your enemies—the red coats and Tories; you must beat them or my wife sleeps a widow to-night," was the cry of the Yankee commander to his troops. He would not face his wife alive unless victorious; and a like spirit filled the hearts of those who fought with him. Shall we not say, then, that the Mollie Starks of New Hampshire and Vermont won the Battle of Bennington? In the glories as well as the trials of that Revolutionary period, each sex participated; and as the sons of the Revolution organize and rejoice to-day, so may the daughters of the Revolution. But I do not understand that the object of either the sons or the daughters of the Revolution is self-congratulation or boasting. All living things look forward.

Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a crime; Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men behind their time? Turn those tracks toward Past or Future that make Plymouth Rock sublime?

* * * * * * * * *

In a recent article in the North American, Admiral Luce asserts that wars have been a potent means of preserving the energies and life of a nation. It cannot be that the mere carnage of battle, the destruction of life and property, and the sorrowing homes, are of themselves helpful things to a nation's life. It is not the wasting of forces that builds up, but rather that by the perils of war the strong feelings of our natures are aroused, and the love of country; which was dormant, springs into life, and thus the heart goes in work for the nation. Those of us who have passed the middle of life appreciate the solemn significance of this as we look back to the morning of the recent great struggle for national life and unity. All thoughts of business and its interests—all mere schemes of
material development, were swallowed up in an absorbing question and love of country. And if out of that struggle there has grown a higher and nobler national thought and existence it is not because of the loss of life, or the desolation which followed the tramp of the soldier, but because out of the awful presence of danger and the tremendous sacrifices there sprang an intense feeling, and the heart woke to a stronger love of country. But can it be that our humanity has nothing better to offer as a guaranty of enduring patriotism than the repeated horrors of war? Is it an idle dream and a foolish faith which looks forward to a better day—

“When the war drums throb no longer, and the battle flags are furled In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world?”

And if such a day shall dawn, will, with it, come the dying-out of patriotism, and love of country be only a memory? No, indeed! As woman steps out from the solitude of her home into the wider arena of active life, the heart will become a potent force. Her affections, now too often bounded by the narrow limits of home, will reach to all the greater interests of the nation. What she loves, he will love; and thus we shall all be patriots. We shall not alone look through his eye upon our country as a place where wealth may be accumulated, business transacted and political power and position won, but with her tender and softening vision we shall always see that “it is my own, my native land.”

More than that, her touch means purity. Nothing tainted with corruption can endure. Corruption and death are indissolubly yoked together. True in the individual, true in the nation. What was the character of that public life in England which brought Cromwell and a royal death? What do you read as to the causes of the French Revolution? What says Gibbon in the “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire?” Walk the streets of exhumed Pompeii and see upon the walls of her houses the unconcealed invitations, and then ask yourselves why perished imperial Rome. On the canvas of history, in the light of all the centuries, is seen the marble halls of the splendid palace of great Babylon. Within sits the king with his thousand lords and their wives and concubines. There is eating and drinking, music and dancing, and all the gorgeous glitter of luxurious vice. But “over against the candlestick upon the plaster of the wall,” evermore a mystic hand is writing, “Mene, mene tekel, upharsin.” Will history repeat itself here? Are we building the walls of this great republic only that to-morrow they shall crumble and fall? Do our splendid material development and the vast accumulation of
wealth mean only the beginning of luxurious vice, with its con-
sequent decay and death? If only the same forces are at
work as in past civilizations, it is reasonable to expect that
only the same results will follow; but it is one of the glories
of this century, that into the forces which make for advancing
humanity there has entered one new and nobler—the presence
and influence of educated women in all public activities.
That force is the last possible protest of humanity against the
necessity of national decay. It is the everlasting enemy of
corruption. It pours along all the channels of our social being
the warm and life-giving blood of a pure heart, and thus gives
to the splendor of the future the glories that shall never die.

Yes, indeed, Daughters of the Revolution, for the national
life, for its continued well-being and advancing glories, there is
work for you to do; and to that work, all good men and all
good influences bid you welcome.

At the close of the first year of the Society, October 11, 1891,
a meeting was held for the election of delegates to the first Con-
tinental Congress, to be held in Washington on the 22nd of Feb-
uary, 1892. Having a membership of two hundred in the
District, the "Members Resident" were entitled under the
constitution to a representation of four delegates. The result
of the meeting was the election of Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Admi-
ral Lee, Mrs. Rosa Wright Smith and Miss Ella Loraine
Dorsey.

The newly elected delegates, desiring to show their apprecia-
tion of the confidence reposed in them, met to discuss some
plan whereby the whole Society, resident in Washington,
would be brought together in one bond of sisterhood. With
the sanction of the National Board of Management they organ-
ized themselves into a committee, with Mrs. Alexander for
Chairman; Mrs. Cabell, Mrs. Devereux, and other ladies
rendered great assistance to the delegates in carrying into
effect the plan proposed, which was to have a series of enter-
tainments, both social and literary, including lectures and
papers on American history by prominent men and women.
The first of the contemplated series drew together a large
number of guests on the evening of November 11th, in the
upper parlor of the Riggs House.

Mrs. Cabell opened the programme with a brief speech, and
introduced Mrs. Admiral Lee as chairman. Fine selections of
instrumental and vocal music occupied the first half of the evening, followed by the reading of historical papers. The distinguished lecturer of the occasion, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, was presented to the audience by General Shields, in a few appropriate words. Dr. Gallaudet then dwelt on the causes which led to the rapid development of independence in New England.

Miss Richards, a member of the Society, read a carefully prepared and interesting paper on the Marquis de Lafayette. It was a glowing tribute to the gallant young Frenchman, dwelling particularly upon his youth when he came to the aid of the colonies, being less than twenty when he received his commission, and the encouragement his youthful enthusiasm and generous purse lent in time of disaster to the Commander-in-Chief himself—particularly during the period of the infamous Conway cabal. The evening closed with the singing of "America," in which the audience joined.

The second lecture of the course was delivered in December, when the well known literateur, Mr. Moncure D. Conway, told anew to the Daughters of the American Revolution the story of the "Declaration of Independence." This was followed by an original paper on "Robert R. Livingston, and New York in the Revolution," by Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth.

The evening of the 13th of January, when the third lecture was to be delivered before the Society, found the red parlor of the Riggs House again filled with a large and fashionable audience to listen to what Senator Hawley had to say to the Daughters of the American Revolution, of Connecticut's share in promoting constitutional liberty and Revolutionary success.

At the close of the Senator's address the guests were charmed for a brief time by instrumental and vocal music. Some interesting relics were loaned for exhibition by Miss Agnes Robinson, a member of the Society, and a lineal descendant of General David Robinson, who was in the battle of Bennington. Among the relics was "the sword taken from the British Colonel Baum, when he fell mortally wounded by Lieutenant Jewett, of Captain Dewey's company of militia, and he sold it on the spot to David Robinson, afterwards commissioned General." The red coat, on exhibition at the same time, was a British uniform,
preserved by General Robinson. "The cannon balls were dug up by the late George Robinson on the battlefield, and were found to fit the brass cannon taken from the British and preserved at the State House in Montpelier, Vermont." The Continental hat was worn by General David Robinson.

These relics were illustrated by Mrs. Walworth, who in doing this read from her book, "The Battles of Saratoga and the Northern Campaign," that portion which relates to the battle of Bennington. She also described graphically the Bennington monument and the exercises at its dedication, which took place in the summer of 1891, she having been present as a guest of the State of Vermont.

The fourth lecture of the series was delivered in December, when Hon. Leo Knott, of Maryland, told of the part taken by his state in the early struggle for American Independence. This distinguished speaker was followed by Miss Ella Loraine Dorsey, who read an admirable paper on the famous "Maryland Line."

The closing lecture of the season was by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, of Massachusetts, on the "Home and private life of General Washington." In the course of his address Mr. Hale referred to the object which the Daughters of the American Revolution had in view; that of inculcating in the rising generation a patriotic spirit and love of country. He said the usefulness of the order was very apparent to those who had traveled through the Northwest, where the population is largely of a foreign element, which needs education in American principles.

When Mr. Hale finished his interesting and instructive talk, Mrs. Admiral Lee, the presiding officer, introduced Miss Hetzel, who read an original and instructive paper.

MARY WASHINGTON CHAPTER.—On Monday evening, February 29th, 1892, the members of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution resident in Washington, in response to a call of the Recording Secretary of the National Board of Management, met in the parlors of the Riggs House
for the purpose of forming a local Chapter, there being at that time no chapter organization in the District.

About sixty members of the resident Society responded to the call, and temporary organization was effected with Mrs. Diana Kearny Powell in the chair, and Miss Janet E. H. Richards, Secretary pro tempore.

The business of electing officers to serve until October 11th occupied the remainder of the evening, and was completed at an adjourned meeting held in the same place March 4th, the following officers being the choice of the Chapter:

Regent, Mrs. Elizabeth Blair Lee; Vice-Regent, Miss Sarah A. Lipscomb; Recording Secretary, Miss Janet E. H. Richards; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Ella Loraine Dorsey; Treasurer, Miss Virginia Miller; Registrar, Mrs. Violet Blair Janin.

A committee of three, consisting of the Regent, Recording and Corresponding Secretaries, a few days later drew up a set of seventeen by-laws for the direction of the Chapter, which were separately considered and finally accepted as a whole at a regular Chapter meeting held on Tuesday evening, April 5th.

Article I of the By-Laws provided that the Chapter should be called the "Mary Washington Chapter of the District of Columbia," so named in honor of the Mother of Washington.

In accordance with Article XIV, section 1, which provided for a Local Board of Management, to consist of the six officers and five additional members from the Chapter, the following ladies were, on April 11th, elected to the Board:

Miss Nannie Randall Ball, Mrs. Elizabeth Scott Lamb, Miss Noble Jones, Miss Elizabeth Lee Washington, and Mrs. Mary Sawyer Foot.

From the date of its organization to October 11th, inclusive, the Chapter has held eleven meetings, all well attended and marked by active interest and growing enthusiasm.

The roll of its membership now numbers over two hundred and fifty, which constitutes it the largest, and from its many illustrious names, perhaps the most eminent Chapter in the country. The descendants of the Washingtons, the Balls, the Livingstons, the Greenes, the Hardins, the Feltons, the Bledsoes, the Lees, the Middletons, the Franklins, the Putnams, and many of the "Signers," as well as such illustrious for-
eigners as General de Lafayette and the Marquis de Mirabeau are included in the list of its members; while Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, our late lamented President-General, honored the Chapter with her membership.

The Chapter has been particularly fortunate in its Regent, Mrs. Elizabeth Blair Lee, daughter of Francis Preston Blair, who, in addition to an honored and illustrious ancestry, combines within herself a gentle dignity and gracious firmness of character which command the love and respect of all who know her, and which, together with an ardent interest in the prosperity of the Chapter, eminently qualifies her to direct the helm of so large and active a Chapter.*

The first official work of the Mary Washington Chapter was a lecture, given under its auspices on May 11th, in aid of the Mary Washington Monument Association, it seeming eminently fitting that the first financial effort of the Chapter should be to honor the memory of her whose name it bears.

From this entertainment the sum of $85 was realized and turned over by the Regent of the Chapter as its contribution to the Mary Washington Monument Fund.

The Chapter has also been the recipient of several courteous attentions from the Sons of the American Revolution resident in Washington, having been invited by them to participate in their annual outing given on May 31st at Annapolis (an original poem having been contributed to the occasion by Mrs. Marian Longfellow Morris, a member of the Chapter, and read during the patriotic exercises in the State House); and later to the National Celebration held on Independence Day under the shadow of the Washington Monument, to each of which invitations a large Chapter representation responded.

On June 17th, the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, a special meeting of the Chapter was held in honor of the anniversary.

At the annual election held October 11th, 1892, the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

*Mrs. Lee is doubly eligible to membership through her maternal grandfather, General Nathaniel Gist, who was in turn descended from the great Puritan leader, Oliver Cromwell; and also through Colonel Archibald Cary, of Hunsdon, a personal friend of Washington, and a member of the Continental Congress.
CHAPTERS.

For Regent, Mrs. Elizabeth Blair Lee; Vice-Regent, Miss Virginia Miller; Recording Secretary, Miss Janet E. H. Richards; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Marguerite Dickins; Treasurer, Mrs. Lamb; Registrar, Mrs. Violet Blair Janin.

In pursuance of the idea expressed in Article II of the By-Laws, stating the objects of the Chapter, it is the intention to take active measures during the coming season for the further promotion of intelligent patriotism by means of historic reunions and such other forms of entertainment as may be deemed advisable by the Chapter.

JANET ELIZABETH HOSMER RICHARDS,
Rec. Sec'y Mary Washington Chapter.

October 28, 1892.

DOLLY MADISON CHAPTER, Washington, D. C.— A number of members of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution resident in Washington, deeming it advisable to form another chapter in that city, where the membership is large, and having obtained authorization from the National Board of Management for this purpose, held a meeting on the evening of May 12, 1892, at the residence of Mrs. Mary Morris Hallowell, to take the matter into consideration. The requisite number of ladies being present, it was decided, after a general interchange of views, to proceed at once to the formation of a chapter, and the following officers were appointed to serve until the date of the annual election, on October 11th, 1892: Mrs. Gilbert E. Overton, Regent pro tem.; Miss Antoinette Van Hook, Recording Secretary; Miss Gwendolen Overton, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Charles Sweet Johnson, Registrar; Miss Harriet Hallowell, Treasurer. At a subsequent meeting, it was proposed that the charter membership should be limited to seventeen, of which number the Regent, when elected, should be one. The names of sixteen of the charter members are as follows: Miss Eugenia Washington, Mrs. Gilbert E. Overton, Mrs. Charles Sweet Johnson, Miss Gwendolen Overton, Mrs. A. Howard Clark, Mrs. Mary Morris Hallowell, Miss Harriet Hallowell,
Miss Elizabeth Washington, Mrs. Fannie Virginia Washington, Mrs. Mary Morris Husband, Mrs. Elizabeth T. Bullock, Miss Agatha Lewis Towles, Miss Margaret C. Towles, Miss Eugenia Washington Moncure, Mrs. Albert G. Brackett and Miss Sarah B. Maclay.

The adoption of a name for the chapter having been discussed, it was decided unanimously that it should be called the Dolly Madison Chapter of the District of Columbia. It was further agreed to begin at the next meeting a course of reading on appropriate subjects, which purpose was carried into effect much to the edification and entertainment of the members assembled; it is hoped a further acquaintance with our Revolutionary History will serve to perpetuate the memory and spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence.' At the annual election of officers, October 11th, 1892, the following were elected:

Regent, Mrs. Mary Morris Hollawell; Registrar, Mrs. Charles Sweet Johnson; Recording Secretary, Miss Antoinette Van Hook; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Sarah B. Maclay; Treasurer, Miss Harriet Hallowell.

After the organization of Chapters in Washington, Mrs. B. W. Kennon was appointed Regent of the District of Columbia.

MARY MORRIS HALLOWELL.

LIBERTY BELL CHAPTER, Lehigh County, Pennsylvania.—Descendants of Revolutionary officers, soldiers and patriots, assembled in Zion's Reformed Chapel on September 23, for the purpose of forming a Chapter of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Zion's Reformed Chapel was selected as the place to form the organization of the Chapter of Lehigh County on account of the historic associations connected with Revolutionary times. It was in this sacred edifice that the State-House bell and bells of Christ Church, Philadelphia, were concealed during 1777 and 1778. The church, then a small stone structure, was also used as a hospital at that time. Rev. Abraham Blumer was then pastor of the church and assisted in the concealment of the
bells and guarded the secret of their hiding-place. The Revolu-
tionary ancestors of the ladies who organized the Chapter
were Colonel Stephen Balliet, David Deshler, John Jacob Mick-
ley, John Martin Mickley and Rev. Joshua Yeager.

The exercises consisted of historical reminiscences of the bell
and church. The commemorative windows of the bell were
admired and the leaden box of the old corner-stone and articles
it had contained were examined with keen interest. After
singing the national hymn, several interesting letters were read
from officers of the National Society and one from the late poet,
John G. Whittier, written less than a month before his death
to one of the ladies present, expressing his interest in the bell
incident.

After a business meeting an application to the State Regent
for the purpose of forming the Chapter of Lehigh County was
signed by the following ladies present: Mrs. Alfred G. Saeger,
Mrs. D. Yoder, Mrs. Thomas W. Saeger, Mrs. E. M. Young,
Mrs. M. L. Kauffman, Mrs. William H. Weinsheimer, the
Misses Martin, Richards, Longnecker, Kohler, Anewalt and
Mickley.

The organization of the Liberty Bell Chapter of the National
Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution took place
on Tuesday, October 11, at the Mickley homestead, Mickleys,
the residence of the Regent.

The Columbus anniversary was observed in the decorations
of the library, where the guests were received. Mrs. Rorer,
wife of Lieutenant Rorer, United States Navy, a member of a
Vermont chapter, was invited to assist in the organization of
the new chapter. The national colors were used in the decora-
tions; also, plants and flowers. Portraits of Columbus, Wash-
ington and Mrs. Harrison were en evidence. A large American
eagle, whose standard was draped with a silk flag from the
inauguration of President Harrison, had grouped around its
base the different Colonial relics in possession of the registrar
of the chapter.

The meeting was opened by singing "The Star Spangled
Banner," after which one of the members exhibited a piece of
the original flag which hung over Fort McHenry when Francis
Key composed the celebrated song. A description of the cir-
cumstances was given, and it was related how the piece of the flag came into her possession.

The following officers were appointed by the Regent, Miss Minnie F. Mickley: Recording Secretary, Miss Frances Kohler, Allentown; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Thomas W. Saeger, Allentown; Registrar, Miss Annie D. Mickley, Mickley's; Treasurer, Mrs. Alfred G. Saeger, Allentown; Historian, Miss Mary Richards, Allentown.

After the business meeting the members inspected the various Colonial documents and other interesting relics in possession of the regent and the registrar. Tea was served, and Columbus Day, 1892, will always be regarded as a red-letter day in the annals of this Chapter.

The following members and guests were present: Mrs. Carl Rorer, Bethlehem; Mrs. Dr. D. Yoder, Catasauqua; Mrs. Alfred G. Saeger, Mrs. Thomas W. Saeger, Mrs. Robert Iredell, Jr., Mrs. M. L. Kauffman, Mrs. W. H. Weinsheimer, Miss Irene Martin, Miss Fannie Kohler, Miss Florence Iredell, Miss Grace Wright, Miss Mary Richards, of Allentown, and the Misses Minnie and Annie Mickley, of Mickley's. The other members are Mrs. E. M. Young, Miss Mame Anewalt, Miss Bessie Longnecker and Miss Emma Anewalt, of Allentown.

THE BELL OF INDEPENDENCE HALL.

"The Statehouse bell now in use in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, is composed of a mixture 78 per cent. Lake Superior copper, 22 per cent. tin. With these was fused the metal of two cannon used in the war for independence, one of the American and one of the British at the battle of Saratoga, and of two cannon used in the war of '61, one used by the Federal troops, the other by the Confederates at Gettysburg. The bell was cast by Meneely & Kimberly, Troy, New York. At the time it was recast, at the suggestion of the Quakers of Philadelphia, the following text was cast in the bell: 'Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men.' This was in addition to the text copied from the original Liberty bell, 'Proclaim liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof.' It is an additional fact of great interest that the first subscriber to the fund that purchased it was
Abraham Lincoln; that the work was started by private subscription; that the bulk of the cost was defrayed by Mr. Henry Seybert, a friend of liberty and peace, who expressed his devotion to this cause by leaving in his will $1,000 to the Pennsylvania branch of the Universal Peace Union.

WILLIAM O. MCDOWELL.

ALBEMARLE CHAPTER, Charlottesville, Virginia.—A beautiful Colonial Ball, in the historic mansion of President Jefferson, Monticello, was given by this Chapter, the proceeds of which have been presented to the Board of Management as an addition to the permanent fund now invested for the establishment of a "House of the Daughters" at Washington, D.C.

The Mecca of many a pilgrimage of the patriotic American citizen is Mount Vernon, the home of the Father of our country, while Monticello, the stately residence of the author of the Declaration of Independence, is less widely known, and not as often visited, though far more beautiful in structure and surrounding scenery. In the year 1770, Shadnell, the old family home of the Jeffersons, on the Rivanna River, was destroyed by fire. Mr. Jefferson had in the mean time begun to build on a low mountain top, just across the river, a very beautiful house, with a commanding view of the Piedmont Valley below and the Blue Ridge in the distant horizon, while the little village of Charlottesville stretched out in the plain below some two miles away. The mansion was modelled after a French chateau de chasse, having a large hall and salon extending through the center of the building, which is one hundred feet in width and two stories high, with one story wings on either side. The entrances to the hall and salon have two projecting porticoes with massive Corinthian pillars, and face east and west. The southern terrace was finished with a conservatory, while the northern one was enclosed in glass, as a sun parlor, and commands a sublime view of the beautiful country stretching out for miles, with the Blue Ridge as a back ground. It was in this room Mr. Jefferson spent many hours of his old age, and looked down upon the dome of the University of Virginia, the founding of which was the last great effort of his life.
Monticello during the life of Thomas Jefferson was the scene of many social entertainments, the great in letters and in politics of this and other lands being constantly attracted to this charming place. Shortly after the great statesman’s death the famous home passed out of the hands of the family; and though it may have been used at times subsequently for social purposes it has for many years been practically closed to the public.

It was rumored in the quiet town of Charlottesville, in the early days of last September, that the password had been found that would again open the doors of Monticello to the social world both far and near. Surprise showed on the faces of many stately dames who had looked askance at the new and strange society formed in their midst when it was reported that the one who could speak the "open, sesame," was the Albemarle Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to whom Mr. Levy, the present owner of Monticello, had courteously offered the house for a Colonial Ball. Soon the State and local papers announced the coming event, and later the following invitation, printed in antique form, was issued;

Ye Albemarle Chapter of ye Daughters of ye American Revolution herebye requeste ye Honour of your Presence and Participation in a Colonial Ball—or Partie for Dancing—to be enteretayned at ye habytacion of Monticello, ye earthlie home of Thomas Jefferson—sometyme deceased—on eveninge of Wednesday, ye twelfthe daye of ye monthe of October, in ye year of our Lord eighteen hundred and ninety-two, ye four hundredth anniversary of ye landing of Columbus in America.
To commence at nine the hour of ye clocke in ye nighte.
Given at Citye of Queene Charlotte in Old Virginia.

Reception Committee—Mrs. Roger A. Pryor and Mrs. Augustus Drewry, Honorary State Regents; Mrs. Wm. Wirt Henry, State Regent; Mrs. F. Berger Moran, Regent; Mrs. Paul Barringer, Mrs. R. T. W. Duke, Jr., Mrs. M. W. Humphreys, Miss Virginia Long, Mrs. Frank A. Massie, Mrs. Henry Michie, Mrs. Bayard Randolph, Mrs. Jno. R. Sampson, Mrs. William Thornton, Mrs. William Towles, Mrs. Albert H. Tuttle and Mrs. Micajah Woods.

Host and Hostess.—Mr. Jefferson M. Levy and Mrs. J. P. Levy.

Patronesses.—Mrs. Frank Brown, Mrs. J. R. Bryan, Mrs. Noah Davis, Mrs. Frank Gilmer, Mrs. Mason Gordon, Mrs. Lizzie Gunther, Mrs. William Harris, Mrs. Horace Jones, Mrs. Fitzhugh Lee, Mrs. J. W. Mallet, Mrs. Robert Mason, Mrs. Fontaine Maury, Mrs. Jesse Maury, Mrs. Price Maury, Mrs. Hugh Nelson, Mrs. Carter Page, Mrs. Frederick Page, Mrs. Howard Perkinson, Mrs. Green Peyton, Mrs. George Rives, Mrs. William J. Robertson, Mrs. Thos. L. Rosser, Mrs. H. R. Whitmoe, Mrs. Warner Wood and Mrs. Burthe.

There was no need of the moon in the early hours of that memorable night; for on the distant mountain top the brilliantly lighted chateau stood clearly out against the sky; while all along the winding road beacon fires, constantly fed by dusky figures, shone out upon the carriages rolling toward the scene of gaiety. As one passed out of the forest skirting the plateau on which the residence is built, a veritable fairy land presented itself to one's gaze; for the entire lawn was illuminated with countless Japanese lanterns, while from dome to porticoes below sparkled hundreds of brilliant lights.

One stands within the great portico, the major domo swings open the great hall door, with its massive brass knocker, one enters the grand hall, filled once more with youth and beauty, and the sound of happy voices falls on the ear as the guests are ushered to their dressing rooms. To the ladies is given the honor of using the suite of rooms once occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson; while the gentlemen are ushered into that which
was known as the Madison room, because it was reserved by Mr. Jefferson for the frequent visits of his neighbor and intimate friend.

As the guests pass into the beautiful salon, so perfectly restored by the happy host of the evening, the members of the Albemarle Chapter are readily recognized by their blue and white badges, and by the cordial welcome which they give to all comers. A hush falls upon the merry company when the first strains of America are heard from the musicians seated in the gallery above, which half encircles the immense hall, two stories in height. All eyes are turned towards the left entrance, through the doorway of which passes a Puritan maiden in russet brown, bearing a banner on which is inscribed the name of Massachusetts; she is followed by the representatives of the other colonies, in the order of their declaration of independence, each bearing the banner of her colony and wearing a costume typical of its people; the thirteen colonies form the escort of America, who enters next, clad in a classical costume of white bordered with blue bands, wearing on her head the Phrygian cap, and bearing on her left arm a shield of blue whose silver-white blazon is the western hemisphere. As the colonies form a circle around America, Columbus, in a Spanish court costume, enters the hall, discovers America, and takes his place beside her.

The music ceases, and the grandson of Light Horse Harry Lee, of Revolutionary fame, reads the Declaration of Independence. The silence following is broken by the music of the minuet, and down the long corridor come eight graceful couples, keeping perfect time as they make their stately bows before America and her court. The eight young ladies wear Empire gowns, while their escorts are in full Colonial dress with powdered hair, and as the couples dance the various figures of the minuet every one is struck with the beauty of the scene.

Through the large salon the graceful dancers lead the grand march, in which America and Columbus with the attendant colonies join; and after making a slight detour they return to the hall, where the ball is opened with a waltz. Throughout the evening supper is served in the large dining room and quaint tea room, partially separated from the former by a glass
partition. Time flies all too swiftly in this fascinating home, filled with so many associations of the past; the early morning hours have come, the adieus are made, and the long line of carriages winds its way down the mountain side, now flooded with the light of the newly risen moon. The morning papers and the guests of the evening announce over the breakfast table, "success has crowned the efforts of the Albemarle Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the Colonial Ball at Monticello."

KATE AUSTIN TUTTLE.

JOHN MARSHALL CHAPTER, LEXISVILLE, KENTUCKY.—This Chapter held its election on October 11th. The Regent, Mrs. Henry L. Pope; the Secretary, Mrs. T. A. MacGregor, and the Registrar, Mrs. Ewing Eaches, were unanimously re-elected. Mrs. Norborne Gray was elected Treasurer, in place of Mrs. W. H. McKnight, who declined re-election. Mrs. B. H. Ridgeley was elected a delegate to represent the Chapter at the Continental Congress. Mrs. Pope gave a charming reception in September to the Vice-President General Presiding, Mrs. William D. Cabell, of Washington, who was visiting her. Among those present beside the Daughters of the American Revolution and their husbands, were Dr. and Mrs. John Broadus, President of the Baptist Theological Seminary; Mrs. Cabell's daughter, Miss Nina Cabell, of Washington, and Mrs. Pope's daughter, Mrs. William J. Hardy, of New York, a member of the New York City Chapter.

A MEMBER.

MINNEAPOLIS CHAPTER, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA.—This Chapter was organized under the auspices of the State Regent, Mrs. Newport, who appointed Miss Cruikshank, Chapter Regent. The organization has prospered, and at the annual election in October Miss Cruikshank was elected Regent, Mrs. A. B. Jackson, Secretary, and Mrs. George Christian, Registrar. The Advisory Board elected were Mrs. Mark Lewis, Mrs. Frank Nichles and Mrs. Richardson.
DONEGAL CHAPTER, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania.—

From the time my father became a member of the Sons of the Revolution I wished for a similar organization for women, and the moment I saw in a daily paper that such a society had been formed, with Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison as President-General, I applied to that lady for membership. A prompt response was received. Application papers were sent, and I was the forty-first member elected to the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution.

It was suggested to me to accept the Regency of Lancaster County, that I might organize a Chapter. At that time this seemed to me as visionary as any castle in the air. My only desire had been to give expression to feelings of veneration for my Revolutionary ancestors. There was so little interest in the movement that I despaired of success, for previous to the meeting of the first Continental Congress I had secured but three members: Miss Margaret J. Wiley Bainbridge, Miss Susan P. Walker and Miss Sarah W. Walker, of the “Gap.” To my joyful surprise, soon after my return from Washington, a wave of enthusiasm seemed to pass over the county, which resulted in the organization of Donegal Chapter with thirteen members on April 21st, 1892, at the residence of Mrs. Henry Carpenter, Lancaster City. The last charter members to come in being Mrs. Hugh M. North, Miss Serena North, Columbia; Mrs. Henry Carpenter, Miss Susan R. Slaymaker, Miss Edith I. Slaymaker, Miss Sarah Herr, Miss Sarah Long, Miss Susan C. Frazer and Miss Henrietta Brinton, Lancaster. After much thoughtful preparation we succeeded in making arrangements for the celebration of the organization of the Chapter on June 9th, in the historic Donegal Church, erected in 1722.

Ex-Governor Beaver, of the Sons of the Revolution, in a most cordial letter, accepted the invitation to deliver an address. The Session of the Church promptly granted permission for its use on the occasion. Senator Cameron, in a most courteous letter, extended to us the privileges of his mansion, on the adjoining ground. The sacred walls of the venerable edifice, in which had been fostered love of country as well as of religious freedom, were beautifully adorned with flags, under the direction of Miss Watson and her nieces. The old
communion service, table and chair in use in the "times that tried men's souls," were festooned with bunting. The "Daughters" were distinguished by blue silk badges with "D. A. R., Donegal, 1892," stamped upon them. Mrs. H. V. Boynton, Mrs. A. Howard Clarke and Mrs. O. H. Tittman, of the National Board of Management, kindly accepted invitations to be present. Letters of regret were received from our late beloved President-General, Mrs. Harrison, and from Mrs. M. G. Devereux, Mrs. Hugh Hagan, Mrs. John R. Putnam, Mrs. T. H. Alexander and Mrs. George H. Shields, of the National Board, and from the following Chapter Regents: Mrs. Adelaide Calkins, Springfield, Mass.; Mrs. Chauncey Black, York, Pa.; Mrs. E. D. Smith, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Weidman, Berks County, Pa., and Miss Mary T. Elder, Lewistown. Regrets were sent by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Mr. William O. McDowell, Mr. William D. Cabell, General Marcus Wright, Mr. William Winlock, General H. V. Boynton, Dr. G. Browne Goode and General George H. Shields, of the Advisory Board. General Beaver's address was calculated to arouse every latent spark of patriotism in his hearers. He was introduced by the pastor of the church, Mr. Conway, who gave a brief but interesting history of the Scotch-Irish, and the etymology and significance or the name of Donegal, than which none could be more appropriate for our Chapter.

After giving a learned epitome of the earliest history of the Scotch-Irish to the year 1600, Mr. Conway said that about this time the English tried to exterminate or expel the inhabitants of Ulster, the northern province of Ireland, but they did not meet with more than half success. They filled the places of those whom they slew or banished with Scotch or English settlers, and about half the present population descends from these. And as lands were more easily obtained in Ireland and of a better quality, and religion was freer for a time, many came. The English settlers were either Puritans or Episcopalians; the Scotch were Presbyterians.

These lived and labored, married and worshiped for a century or more, and then, oppressed by their landlords and persecuted by the bishops of the Established Church, they emigrated to America in great numbers.
They loved liberty and loved land, and they found both free here. The great historian of England (Macaulay) declares that nowhere in the world could men be found who understood liberty better or could maintain it more staunchly.

Ireland was the great alembic into which the choice spirits of the Celtic and Germanic races were thrown to be tried and purified, and the double distilled product is the Scotch-Irish race.

To this race belonged the men who settled and named Donegal. They brought their Irish names with them, and we find them scattered all through Lancaster county. Coleraine, Drumore, Rapho, Mount Joy, are all names of places in Ireland. The name of any of these would furnish material for an essay.

Take Donegal. It is composed of two words. Don or dun, or doon or down, means a fortified house and hence a fortress. The English word town is a cousin german. Gall (pronounced Gaul) is the Irish word for stranger or foreigner. I suppose the ancient Gauls of France were the first foreigners the ancient Irish met with, so they called all foreigners Galls, whether Danes, Spaniards or English. When St. Malachy wanted to build a stone oratory in Bangor in the twelfth century, the people said: "We are Scoti not Galii;" that is, "We are Scots, not foreigners," and therefore the house should be of hewn oak, according to the Irish style.

This shows that while using their own names among themselves, when they compared themselves with foreigners they were Scoti (Scots).

Donegal is the northwestern county in Ireland. It received its name in this way. The father of Donnell, from whom O'Donnell and MacDonnell are descended, finding it hard to dislodge three Danish chiefs, who had settled on his lands, gave them his three daughters in marriage. They built a strong fortress which was called Donegal, the fortress of the strangers or foreigners.

Coming from that country the early settlers of this neighborhood gave to this place the name of the old home which they loved so well.

And its name was most fitting. It proved a fortress for the strangers who came from over sea, and no Indian or other enemy could assail them there with success.
And when an English king essayed to tyrannize over the colonists the men of Donegal were found in the forefront of the battle, always fighting for land and liberty.

It is fitting, then, that in the Presbyterian Church of Donegal the pastor should bid a cordial welcome to the descendants of those who organized this church or settled in this locality.

The exercises were concluded by singing the "Star Spangled Banner" beneath the branches of the old "Witness Tree," a historic oak which stands near the door, which on this occasion was entwined with the Stars and Stripes. We then repaired to Senator Cameron's house, where we had luncheon served by a caterer. One of the interesting features of the day was the marking, with flags, the graves of nineteen Revolutionary heroes who are buried in the old churchyard.

Since our organization the following ladies have been added to the Chapter: Mrs. Du Bois Rohrer, Mrs. Rosa Burwell Ilyus, Mrs. Helen Reynolds, Miss Louise Reynolds, Miss Lydia Diller, Miss Elizabeth Atlee, Mrs. Mary Boardman, Miss Fanny Jacobs, Miss Mary L. Kepler, Mrs. W. D. Stauffer, and Miss Cecilia Slaymaker, Lancaster; Mrs. J. K. Lineaweaver, Miss Jeannette Lineaweaver, Miss Martha Mifflin, Columbia; Miss Buyers, Buyerstown; Mrs. Sophia McIlvaine, Himes Gap; Miss Emily Caldwell, Leavenworth, Kansas, and Miss Anna Johnston, Baltimore, Maryland.

On October 11th the following officers were elected: Regent, Miss Lilian S. Evans; Vice-Regent, Mrs. Henry Carpenter; Recording Secretary, Miss Susan R. Slaymaker; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Edith J. Slaymaker; Treasurer, Miss Margaret J. Wiley; Registrar, Mrs. Hugh M. North; Board of Management, Miss Susan P. Walker, Miss Serena North, Miss Louise Reynolds, Miss Lydia Diller, Miss Sarah Herr, Miss Henrietta Brinton, Miss Sarah Walker, Miss Mary L. Kepler, and Miss Sarah Long.

LILIAN SLAYMAKER EVANS.

At the interesting celebration of the Donegal Chapter just described, a historical paper was prepared by Miss Evans describing the positions of the American and British armies in the spring of 1777 when "Howe and Cornwallis were in New Jersey, with the intention of advancing on Philadelphia, or to make a feint, and draw Washington away from the Delaware and crush his little army at one blow."
She says further: "As Generals Howe and Cornwallis advanced into New Jersey, General Washington sent Major Thomas Mifflin, a staff officer, to Philadelphia to notify President Wharton, Jr., of the dangerous movement of the British.

"President Wharton on June 19, 1777, promptly ordered out the first and second class of militia, and sent an express to Lancaster borough to notify Colonel Galbraith to call them out.

"On Sunday Morning Colonel Galbraith sent an express to Colonel Lowrey, of Donegal, whose battalion was composed of Donegalians. The express arrived at the meeting house during the service, which was brought to an abrupt termination. The congregation adjourned to the grove, and the men formed a circle by joining hands around the 'Witness Tree' and pledged their faith anew to stand by each other and the cause of the patriots.

"Colin McFarquahr, the Scotch minister of the congregation, had not been long enough in this country to divest himself of all sympathy for the English, his wife and family being then in Scotland where they remained until after the war. Our Scotch-Irish friends compelled him to go inside of the living circle around this tree, and take off his hat and hurrah for the continental cause. The congregation was then and for many years afterwards attached to this accomplished scholar and minister.

"His daughter Agnes afterward married Hugh Wilson, who was born on the farm adjoining the church on the northeast, some of whose descendants became distinguished officers in the army. His daughter Mary married David Cook, who laid out the lower half of the town of Marietta. Colonel Lowrey marched with his battalion to Bristol on the Delaware. In August the battalions of Colonel James Watson and Colonel Greenawalt were called out. Colonel Lowrey marched over the old Philadelphia and Lancaster road. When the militia came to a tavern that had a sign with a portrait or emblem which reminded them of British tyranny, they amused themselves by firing at the sign. On the 18th day of August Colonel Lowrey reported with his troops at Chester, where they remained some weeks."
"The British fleet having disappeared from the capes of the Delaware, it was supposed that Howe had given up his design of attacking Philadelphia, and the militia were again ordered to return. Before they had time to prepare to march the British fleet made its appearance in the Chesapeake Bay.

General Armstrong, who had command of the militia of the State, marched to Newport, a few miles north of Wilmington. They were mustered at that place on September 6th and were in the battle of Brandywine September 11th, and at Germantown a few weeks later. There were three battalions of militia from Lancaster county, in the battles just named, namely: Colonel Alexander Lowrey, of the Third (Donegal); Colonel James Watson, of Colerain, Second; Colonel H. Greenawalt, of the First (Lebanon). There were two companies from Donegal in the "Flying Camp," who were at the battle of Long Island. I regret that I cannot furnish a list of the rank and file who sleep among the honored dead at Donegal.

I have named those officers only who are known to be buried here and have their graves marked with tombstones. There are many more who moved elsewhere at the close of the war, some of them officers of distinction in the regular line of troops. It was fitting and quite appropriate for the Daughters of the American Revolution to name their 'Chapter' in Lancaster county 'Donegal,' and to hold their first celebration at this historic spot."

CHICAGO CHAPTER, Chicago, Illinois.—The annual meeting for the election of officers was held October 11th at the Palmer House. The following officers were elected for one year: Regent, Mrs. Henry M. Shepard; vice-regent, Mrs. Leander Stone; registrar, Mrs. F. A. Smith; secretary, Miss Melle D. Everhart; treasurer, Mrs. D. A. Fessenden; directors, Mrs. H. L. Waite, Mrs. Charlotte Everett, and Mrs. S. H. Kerfoot. The Chapter is desirous to fit up a colonial cottage at the fair next year and efforts are being made in that direction, but as yet nothing definite has been reported. Anni-
versary exercises in commemoration of the battle of Bunker Hill will be held June 17, 1893, and a paper on "Women of the Revolution" will be read at that time.

ROME CHAPTER, Rome, Georgia—Held a meeting to celebrate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America. They met at the home of the regent, Mrs. M. A. Nevin. The parlors were prettily decorated with flags and flowers, and illuminated with wax tapers. Almost every member of the chapter was present, together with a number of invited guests.

After the regular opening ceremonies, a quartette of excellent voices, including Mrs. Charles D. Wood, Miss Battey Shropshire, Mr. Charles Cothran and Mr. Richard Cothran, sang the national anthem. Captain C. Rowell delivered a fine address.

The following ladies were elected delegates to the National Congress that meets in Washington next February: Mrs. J. A. Rounsville, and Miss Mabel Hillyer, alternate. Mrs. Nevin, the regent, is a delegate by appointment.

The Daughters took part in the Columbus celebration on the 21st, and each member floated the stars and stripes from her home.

ATLANTA CHAPTER, Atlanta, Georgia—Held a very interesting meeting on Tuesday at the residence of Mrs. W. L. Peel.

The regent, Mrs. W. M. Dickson, being absent, Mrs. Albert H. Cox, vice-regent, called the meeting to order and presided with distinguished grace and dignity. The officers for the ensuing year are the same as last year, with the exception of recording secretary, Mrs. Thomas Cobb Jackson having resigned that office. Miss Lillie Orme was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy. The delegates to the Continental Congress which meets in Washington were elected. Miss Julia McKinley and Mrs. Albert H. Cox, with Mrs. D. H. Hopkins and Miss Lillie Orme as alternates, will represent the Atlanta chapter at
the gathering of distinguished American women. Among the correspondence read was a letter from President Benjamin Harrison, thanking the society for their solicitude and resolutions passed at last meeting in regard to Mrs. Harrison’s illness.

Mrs. Henry Jackson, state regent, after an extended absence was present, also Miss Cabell, of Washington City, who is the daughter of Mrs. William Cabell, vice-president presiding, of the national society. A quaint invitation from the Charlottesville, Virginia, society was received.

A handsome badge of gold, enameled in blue, was presented to Miss Julia McKinley by the members of the society. Miss McKinley has been of inestimable service in her office of recording secretary to the society, and to her exertions and enthusiastic earnestness much of the success and advancement of the Atlanta Chapter has been due. The badge is the same in design as those worn by the members of the association, only it is handsomely jeweled and exquisitely wrought.

The members of this Chapter were invited to seats on the stand with the Governor and other prominent State officials on the occasion of the Columbian celebration in Atlanta. No members were allowed on the stand, however, except those wearing badges.

PITTSBURGH CHAPTER, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.—An application has been filed for a charter for the Daughters of the American Revolution for the purpose of maintaining private parks in which to preserve the Block House, once the headquarters of Colonel Boquet, now in the First ward, Pittsburgh, and other archaeological remains in Allegheny County, and to promote historical research.

The petition was signed by about 150 members, composed of some of the oldest families in the county. The number of directors is fixed at nine. They are Julia K. Hogg, Ann McD. P. Childs, Amelia N. Oliver, Margaret I. Hays, Mary L. Painter, Emily B. Moorhead, Anna W. J. Scott, Carrie T. Holland and Matilda Denny. The petition will be heard on November 12th.
SEQUOIA CHAPTER, San Francisco, California.—The first annual meeting of the Sequoia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was held October 11th in the chapel of Trinity Church. The Regent, Mrs. William Alvord, presided.

Officers were elected as follows: Regent, Mrs. William Alvord; Vice-Regent, Mrs. Georgiana C. Ord Holloday; Recording Secretary, Miss Alma Priscilla Alden; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. L. E. A. Horsburgh; Registrar, Mrs. Mary Lynde Hoffman; Treasurer, Mrs. Mattie Stotts Blakeman; Registrar, Mrs. S. Isabelle Hubbard. A Board of Management was also elected, consisting of Mrs. Helen Colton Thornton, Mrs. J. M. Chretien, Mrs. D. D. Colton, Mrs. Helen Satterlee French and Mrs. Leontine Spotts Keeny.

Mrs. Cabell Maddox was elected Delegate to the National Convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to be held in Washington, D. C., on February 22d next.

Under the auspices of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution elaborate exercises were held at Trinity Episcopal Church on October 21st. A special service had been prepared by Bishop Nichols, which began with a processional hymn by the united surpliced choirs of the city parishes. Then the President’s Columbus day proclamation was read by Rev. Thomas Lyman Randolph, who, besides being a great-grandson of the Benjamin Harrison who signed the Declaration of Independence, is of the Randolphs of Roanoke, and, through them a descendant of the Indian Princess Pocahontas. After the reading of the proclamation a form of prayer and thanksgiving was recited, the officiants being Rev. H. D. Lathrop, D. D., Rev. E. B. Church and Rev. F. J. Mynard, who, with Rev. Hobart Chetwood, who preached the sermon, are of revolutionary descent. The sermon dealt first with the Icelandic discovery of America, but the preacher honored Columbus for the first effective exploration of the unknown West. “By means of this,” said Mr. Chetwood, “man entered into conscious possession of his earthly inheritance, and legendary geography became a thing of the past. Columbus may have been a man of questionable grace, as one of his 600 biographers has said, but in estimating
his character we must remember the age in which he lived. Perhaps he was no unsullied soldier of the cross, but he was a believer in God, and we hail him as an instrument of Providence to achieve great results for Christian civilization. Under God he found the new world for the old.'"

The preacher then pointed out the right of the Sons and Daughters of the Revolution to take a leading part in Columbus day ceremonies, and paid an eloquent tribute to the colonial forefathers and to George Washington. The need of patriotism now to stem the tide of corruption at the polls and reestablish the civic purities of the past was the theme of the rest of the sermon.

The church was tastefully decorated, and seats were reserved for State officers, pioneers and the Revolutionary societies. The national colors appeared on the organ loft and on the walls and lecturn, while behind the altar was a cluster of American and Spanish flags. There was a profusion of flowers in the chancel.

During the services prayers were offered for the recovery of Mrs. Harrison.

The national hymn was sung with much fervor under the inspiration of the following gift:

NEWTON CENTRE, MASS., Sept. 23, 1892.

MRS. S. ISABELLE HUBBARD,
State Regent for California of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

DEAR MADAM: Will you accept from me the autograph copy of the hymn, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," to be used in your approaching celebration of October 21st? I feel a deep interest in the celebration of the great event, and take pleasure in aiding you in any way in my power. The day will be a great day, not only in history, but in its influence on the patriotism of the country. We do well to regard the occasion, especially the children to whom in due course of time and events we shall soon commit the interests and control of our beloved country.

The Governor of Massachusetts in his official proclamation recommends that at a given hour the children of all schools
throughout the Commonwealth of Massachusetts sing in a mighty chorus the hymn, “America,” at the same time. An editor suggests that this plan will probably extend beyond the limits of the State.

The hymn was written sixty years since. I have heard it sung in the four quarters of the globe, but never, it seems to me, has it been so honored as it will be on the 21st of October, which, by a happy coincidence, happens to be my eighty-fourth birthday. With great respect, I am, cordially yours,

S. F. Smith.

This poem was written for the occasion by the distinguished author, Mr. John Vance Cheney:

COLUMBUS.

A song for him that rode the sea,  
For him that onward bore,  
Rode on, to set the conqueror's foot  
Upon the New World shore.

Whatever terror might oppose,  
Right onward would he go;  
The hero swore it, and he sailed  
Four hundred years ago.

Though darkness hung upon his day,  
The eye of faith could see,  
And humble trust throw open wide  
The gates of victory.

From fonts that fed the seers of old  
The daring sailor drew;  
He heard his God, he sailed, and bound  
The Old World to the New.

AUGUSTA CHAPTER, Augusta, Georgia.—The Augusta Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was organized in February, 1892.

Officers—Mrs. Thomas S. Morgan, Chapter Regent; Mrs. Theodore D. Caswell, Vice Regent; Mrs. H. G. Jeffries, Registrar; Mrs. William K. Miller, Treasurer; Miss Annie W. Rowland, Secretary.
Board of Managers—Mrs. William T. Gary, Mrs. Charles H. Phinizy, Mrs. Stuart Phinizy, Mrs. Eugene Verdery, Mrs. William A. Garrett, Mrs. Virginia d’A. Allen, Mrs. C. A. Withers.

Our Chapter Regent, Mrs. Morgan, has been a most efficient and invaluable officer, showing great interest and enthusiasm in the work. She resigned her office this fall, but the members, feeling that the Chapter without Mrs. Morgan would be "the play without Hamlet," refused to accept her resignation, and she was unanimously re-elected.

The membership numbers twenty-five, and deep interest is manifested in the progress of the Chapter. There is a committee who arrange for the social entertainments of the Chapter.

At the monthly meetings there are two essays read on subjects relating either to United States history or to the Society at large.

Rev. Dr. Lansing Burroughs, of this city, delivered a lecture before the Chapter on "Woman's Part in the Revolution," which was both interesting and complimentary to our Revolutionary Mothers. This is the first of a series of lectures that are to be delivered before the Chapter.

Annie W. Rowland,  
Secretary Augusta Chapter, Augusta, Georgia.
OCTOBER 6, 1892.

The Board met; 16 members present; Mrs. Cabell presiding. One hundred and seventy-three new members were admitted. The regular order was suspended, and Mrs. MacDonald offered the following resolution:

"We, the Board of Management of the Daughters of the American Revolution, deeply deplore the continued illness of our beloved President-General, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, and desire to express for ourselves and those we represent in the United States, our profound sorrow and the sincere hope that she may soon recover and assume the responsible duty of presiding officer in our Society, in which capacity she has won the love and admiration of all her sister members."

The Vice-President in Charge of Organization reported the following ladies as having accepted the positions of Regents as stated: Miss Minnie F. Mickley, Lehigh county, Pennsylvania; Mrs. Cornelia C. Burdett, Chapter Regent of Arlington, Vermont (Green Mountain Chapter No. 2); Mrs. B. W. Hamner, Chapter Regent of Lynchburg, Virginia.

On motion, the State Regent of Pennsylvania be authorized to write to Miss Alexander in regard to her transfer to the Pittsburgh Chapter.
On motion, it was resolved that in all cases where Chapters desire honorary life members, the Chapters are to pay the dues of such members.

On motion, Miss Hartley Graham was confirmed as an honorary life member.

On motion, it was resolved that Mrs Wm. D. Cabell, be appointed to represent the Daughters of the American Revolution upon the honorary committee of the World's Congress of Representative Women, to meet in the City of Chicago during the Columbian Exhibition.

The State Regent of Pennsylvania gave notice that at the meeting in November, 1892, she would offer the following amendments:

Whereas the word ancestor in its generic sense means man or woman from whom descended; and

Whereas the eligibility clause, Article III, section 1, in the Constitution of the Daughters of the American Revolution, by its phraseology, rejects all female ascendants except the mothers of patriots; therefore

Resolved, That Section 1, Article III, of the Constitution be changed as follows:

SECTION 1. Any woman may be eligible for membership who is of the age of eighteen years and who is descended from a man or woman who, with unfailing loyalty, rendered material aid to the cause of Independence; from a recognized patriot, a soldier or sailor, or a civil officer in one of the several Colonies or States or of the United Colonies or States; provided, that the applicant be acceptable to the Society.

And whereas the word application in Section 2, Article III, might produce confusion, inasmuch as the application may be unobjectionable, while the applicant may not be satisfactory; therefore

Resolved, That Section 2, Article III, of the Constitution D. A. R. be changed to read as follows:

SEC. 2. Every applicant for membership must be endorsed by at least one member of the National Society, and her application shall then be submitted to the Registrar-General who
shall report on the question of eligibility to the General Board of Management, when the question of admission shall be voted upon by the Board by ballot, and if a majority of said Board approve such application, the applicant, after payment of the initiation fee, shall be enrolled as a member of the National Society.

On motion, it was resolved that the certificates of Mrs. McAllister Laughton, and Miss Emily Harper (D. A. R.), be framed and sent to Mount Vernon, as both ladies were prominent in that association.

Official action upon the letter of the Historian-General was postponed on account of the lateness of the hour.

Rosa Wright Smith,

*Acting Secretary*
ELIGIBILITY.*

A Statement.

A reference to the official report of the proceedings of the Board of Management will show that an amendment to the constitution has been offered which will receive further consideration at a later meeting of the Board. The main purpose of the amendment relates to the clause "Mother of a Patriot."

In the preliminary organization of the Society August 9, 1890, the constitution as then revised and accepted did not include this clause; nor was it included in the constitution as accepted and adopted, subject to revision, at the meeting of October 11, 1890. But it was either at that meeting or immediately after it that the words "Mother of a Patriot" were suggested, and favorably received by those who heard the suggestion.

At the first meeting of the executive committee the constitution came from the "Committee on Constitution" with this clause inserted, and it was, after some deliberation, accepted by the executive committee, and referred by them to the Society, which voted for it, and all other amendments and changes recommended. This clause was thus incorporated in the constitution. At a meeting of the Board of Management in December, 1891, a resolution was offered to discard the clause "Mother of a Patriot," but it was voted down unanimously. Having been received with so much favor, in the final revision of the constitution May 26, 1891, the question was not brought up for consideration.

The understanding of the framers of the constitution in the eligibility section was:

First. That the word ancestor in the clause, "descended from an ancestor, etc.," clearly meant either man or woman.

Second. That the word patriot, in the clause "recognized patriot," clearly meant either man or woman.

*The pages of the AMERICAN MONTHLY for January, 1893, will be open to suitable papers on this subject.—Ed.
Third. That through the introduction of these two expressions, both men and women of the Revolution would be equally honored.

Fourth. That women having been overlooked or ignored in the commemoration of Revolutionary heroism it was well to go a step farther in recognizing the work of women in the cause of independence, by giving them special honor as mothers. This method of recognizing the heroism of woman was believed to be in harmony with the spirit of the eighteenth century when the whole force of woman's intellectual power was given over to the duties of motherhood; the women who were childless esteeming it their highest privilege to aid the sister, aunt or cousin in their motherly duties.

This method of recognizing the "Mother of a Patriot" it was believed would throw the new society into the progressive spirit of the nineteenth, the woman's century, by giving tangible form to the part women had taken in the cause of independence, by granting her the special privilege of giving to the society the descendants of childless heroes. Whatever the status of woman may be now, or in the future, it cannot be forgotten that in the last century her honors came through husbands and sons.

Fifth. The framers of the constitution did not adopt this clause in regard to women on the claim that it was a logical position, for they purposely excluded all collaterals except such as came by the "mother of a patriot." The intention was to emphasize the magnitude of the results which developed through the endurance, the labors and the enthusiasm of the women of the Revolution. They believed this object worth the sacrifice of the admitted value of a line of lineal descent—upon which so many other societies are founded.

Whether this broadening of the line of descent in one direction has accomplished or promises to accomplish the desired result is a question which may, perhaps, be solved by reference to the records of the National Society; if the wording of the section is so vague as to cause a misunderstanding of its meaning it may be made more clear; for the constitution, like that
ELIGIBILITY.

of the United States, is not inflexible, but provides for amendments under suitable restrictions. The following is a copy of Article IX:

ARTICLE IX.—Amendments.

Amendments to this constitution may be offered at any meeting of the Board of Management, but shall not be acted upon until the next meeting thereof. If approved by a majority of the Board, a copy thereof shall be sent to the Regent and Secretary of every Chapter, and to each State Regent, at least thirty days prior to the meeting of the Continental Congress of the Society at which it is proposed to be acted upon, and if adopted by a majority of the Congress, such amendments shall be in full force thereafter.

E. H. W.
From the report of the discussion on the eligibility clause in the constitution of the Daughters of the American Revolution it appears that there is not perfect unanimity of view among the members either as to what this article means or what it should mean. It reads thus:

"Any woman may be eligible for membership who is of the age of eighteen years, and who is descended from an ancestor who with unfailing loyalty rendered material aid to the cause of independence as a recognized patriot, as a soldier or sailor, or as a civil officer in one of the several colonies or States, or of the united Colonies or States, or from the mother of such patriot; provided that the application shall be acceptable to the Society."

One member objected to receiving the descendants of those who fought against the forefathers whom the order wishes to honor. By this she evidently meant that if membership of all the descendants of a mother who had one patriot son were indiscriminately admitted, then the descendants of her Tory sons and daughters would be eligible.

It was objected by another member to this argument that were it not for the word "Mother" a great many patriots and soldiers would have no representation. This is obviously true where the direct line of the ancestor who performed the service has died out. In this case the descendants of others nearest his mother or father might supply a link between him and a representative in the order. The same speaker would have the clause altered to provide for descent from either a man or woman who worked for the cause of independence; and herein, as it seems to the writer, she touched upon the real inconsistency to be remedied.

It was added that the great Washington himself would have no representation in the order should the word "Mother" be omitted from the clause.
It is a question which admits of great divergence of view whether a line however illustrious should be declared extinct when it only can be established by tracing it through the persons of hostile contemporaries of the Revolutionists. A rule forbidding such inheritance, while not illogical, would prove a hardship to those who, though descendants of the illustrious founder, and themselves patriotic, would be excluded from fellowship on account of the views of one or more of the ancestors who formed intermediate links. It would seem broader and more equitable to allow the claim of blood to be paramount and one Patriot founder to outweigh a dozen Tory links in the chain.

But it is probable that the meaning of the first speaker, who would alter the present application of the word "Mother" in the clause, was not clearly appreciated. This speaker disclaimed any intention of restricting inheritance to male lines, but thought that the word "Mother" as used in the paragraph might be made the means of conferring distinction upon those who ought to be ineligible.

And, indeed, the use of "Mother" for the purpose of authorizing collateral descent seems invidious. Why not "mother or father," or still better, "the nearest kin"? It will hardly be claimed by a society of women which has made descent from a male patriot a necessary requirement, that collateral descent may not be derived from a kinsman of this founder.

Nothing need be said of the view expressed by another member in the Congress, that so long as the descendants were loyal it mattered not whether the ancestors were for or against American independence. This principle might lead to the establishment of a very worthy society of patriots, but not of Daughters of the American Revolution.

There are three points in the eligibility clause before referred to which in the writer's opinion are entitled to additional consideration.

The first is in the use of the word "application" when the context seems to show clearly that "applicant" is meant. A very undesirable applicant might make the most unapproachably perfect application, and yet be inadmissible.
The second relates to the use of the word "Mother" which at present does not in any way assist in the recognition of an ancestress as original founder, while it materially restricts the number who might otherwise with justice claim the rights of collateral inheritance through the father of the founder.

The third is the principal point, and one to which the undersigned alluded in his address before the first Continental Congress, D. A. R., in Washington last February: it is that in a society of women, all of whom recognize the inestimable service rendered by women to the cause of liberty, descent must be proved from some patriotic man. Of course it is apparent that this is the case even with the words "or the mother of such patriot" in the clause, for without the male patriot the mother will not avail. This curious anomaly exists, the writer believes, in the constitutions of all similar women's societies, such as the Colonial Dames, etc. It seems strangely inconsistent in the constitution of an order whose Chaplain-General has said so eloquently that "the success of our forefathers depended quite as much upon the sacrifice, devotion and enthusiasm of the foremothers as upon any other cause," and in which another gifted member in a burst of eloquence, supplementing the report of the historian, says: "In their lonely cabins along the frontier there were women as fearless, with souls as faithful, as ever dared death in the battle-field, and it is due to them as well as to the soldier-men that the United States became a free independent nation."

Persifor Frazier.

August, 1892.
ELIGIBILITY.

Lineal Descent — The California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

In regular meeting assembled on this 3d day of September, 1892, the 109th anniversary of the treaty of Paris—whereby King George III acknowledged the United States of America to be free, sovereign and independent States.

Ex-President A. S. Hubbard presented the following preamble and resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution in defining the requisite qualifications for membership, provides that any woman 'who is descended from an ancestor, who with unfailing loyalty rendered material aid to the cause of independence as a recognized patriot, as soldier or sailor, or as a civil officer in one of the several colonies or States, or of the united colonies or States, or from the mother of such a patriot, is eligible to said Society;' and

"Whereas, the California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution consider the qualifications for membership the basis as well as the bulwark of the organization, and believing that the objects of the Society would be better enhanced by a strict observance to the letter of lineal descent, as first intended and formulated by the founders of the Order of the Sons of the American Revolution, and viewing with more than ordinary dismay the slackening of the lines of eligibility and departure from the first principles of the Order, as promulgated by its originators, by admitting to membership others than those of 'lineal descent;' therefore be it

"Resolved, That we most earnestly request the Daughters of the American Revolution, at their next Continental Congress, to eliminate from their constitution the words: 'or from the mother of such a patriot.' Be it further

"Resolved, That the President and Secretary of this Society shall cause a copy of this resolution to be brought to the attention of the officers and members of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution with the request that immediate action be taken thereon. Also, that a copy be furnished to the American Monthly for publication."

JNO. W. MOORE,

ROSCOE S. GRAY,

Chief Engineer, U. S. N.

President.

Secretary.
Before our Society had been in existence many months we found there was some difference of opinion regarding the collateral membership provided by the Constitution. However, up to the time of the first Congress in February, 1892, it took no practical shape. Then it appeared in the form of an appeal from one of the Chapters, to have the Constitution amended so as to admit only those of lineal descent. This was voted upon and defeated—a majority of the Regents and Delegates desiring to retain it as it now stands.

Those, however, who favor the change have worked energetically during the year to bring the proposed amendment before the States and Chapters, and finally, before the Congress of 1893, for general discussion and if possible adoption at that time. Two Chapters only have sent to Washington formal resolutions on the subject, but even two are entitled to a respectful hearing.

On the other hand quite a number of Regents and members have written that they would be glad to have both sides presented, in order that they may thoroughly understand what is proposed. Let us give as briefly as possible the reasons offered for the change, and those against it.

In favor of it: 1. The precedent set by other similar societies. 2. The danger that Tory blood may be admitted through collateral lines. 3. The inappropriateness of calling ourselves "daughters" unless we are literally such. 4. The Constitution as it now is, rejects all female ascendants except the mothers of patriots.

Against it: 1. Of similar societies adhering strictly to lineal descent, only one, the "Cincinnati," is old enough to be a fair example of the working of such principle, and it is dying out for lack of material. If this is doubted one can test it by taking from the Revolutionary Records some prominent name, and following down his different descendants, watching
ELIGIBILITY.

the lineal line becoming thin and dying out, while the collateral spreads and grows, and becomes the final channel for carrying on the blood to the coming generations.

2. There are Tories in the lineal lines as well as the collateral, families being divided then as they were during our Civil War. To prove this, we find lineal descendants of soldiers or officers, who having patriot grandfathers, had Tory great-grandfathers, or patriot great-grandfathers, had Tory grandfathers.

3. Those who are loyal to any cause, and serve it, are properly called Daughters, or Sons of such cause. "Precedent" the world over proves this. Or, if we insist on a literal interpretation of the word "Daughters," shall we not be consistent and insist on a literal interpretation of the word "National," and how can we call ourselves a National Society if we shut out the collateral, nine-tenths, and retain only the lineal, one-tenth, of loyal Revolutionary blood?

4. "As the word ancestor in its generic sense means man and woman," therefore the present constitution does not shut out all female ascendants except the mothers of patriots, and the practical proof of this is, that we have members who have entered the Society through these women who were active patriots.

In addition to these statements the following are submitted as bearing upon the case.

1. In this Society, formed for honoring the women of the Revolution, the new amendment would ignore all women unless they rendered active service (so called). Their moulding power in the home is counted a cipher, for a Tory grandmother would have no power to shut out an applicant, if she had a patriot grandfather, nor would a loyal grandmother have power to admit as a member one who had a Tory grandfather. In both these cases the woman would not count, and this in face of the truth everywhere acknowledged, that the mother's influence forms the character and gives color to the life.

2. The sure trend of the new amendmentment is toward exclusiveness, and a National Society cannot be exclusive. The terms contradict each other. If we wish to be exclusive we must give up national power.
3. What is the chief object of our Society, and its work for the future? To hold a record of Revolutionary descent, or to preserve the liberties and rights for which our heroes fought? To have a congenial organization, or to save the American race and American principles from being wiped out?

The twentieth century is knocking at our doors, and it will be pre-eminently the century of the people. Let us have a care lest in making our Society "strictly lineal" we blot out its very place and name.

Lastly. One of the State Societies of Sons of the American Revolution has sent a circular, earnestly requesting us to eliminate our clause admitting collaterals, and advising "immediate action." Does this not come with singular inappropriateness from a society which voted at one of its grand national reunions not to admit women to membership? Had it not been for such action we would probably be members with them to-day. This new-born zeal comes too late to weigh in our decision—whatever it may be.

MRS. H. V. BOYNTON.
It is with pleasure we announce that at a meeting of the Board of Management of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, held at 1505 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C., on November 16th, 1892, that the following motion, made by Mrs. Walworth, was passed:

Resolved, that to facilitate the collection of a fund of $1,500, for a Portrait of Mrs. Harrison, wife of the President of the United States and the first President-General of this Society; the said Portrait to be placed in the White House, the Board of Management of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution authorize the action of a National Committee to be composed of all officers of the National Society, State Regents and Chapter Regents, and Honorary Officers, all of whom will be ex-Officio members of the Committee: and that the Vice-President-General Presiding shall be authorized to appoint a Chairman, and also a Treasurer to receive, report upon, and receipt for contributions; and that any surplus moneys collected over and above the amount required for the Portrait, shall be appropriated to the permanent fund for the House of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to be erected in Washington, D.C., a project in which Mrs. Harrison had taken an earnest and active interest.

The names of the officers who comprise the National Committee are given in this number of The American Monthly, and it is expected that they will act without further notification and send contributions to the Treasurer named by the Vice-President Presiding.
Died

OCTOBER TWENTY-FIFTH, 1892,

Caroline Scott Harrison,

WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

AND

FIRST PRESIDENT GENERAL

OF THE

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.
THE LONG, SWEET BREATH OF AUTUMN DAY
Hangs o'er the mellow land,
While, bowed in grief a Nation's heart
Waits on Death's grim command.

SLOWLY THE HOURS' PULSE HATH TOLD
The passing of our hope;
SLOWLY THE SUN'S DECLINING RAYS
Has measured out its scope.

GRIMLY THE VISITOR NOW STANDS,
Nor will he pass away
'TILL HE SHALL BEAR UPON HIS SHIELD
All but the silent clay

AND THE SWEET MEMORY OF DEEDS
Whose wealth was dearly bought;
O burdened hearts! the lesson heed
The Angel's step hath taught.

SET NOT YOUR CLINGING HEARTS ON EARTH,
Lest ye should love too well;
NOT EARTH'S FRAIL WALLS CAN STEADFAST STAND
'Neath Time's subduing spell!

* * * * *

TAKE HER, O LAND WHICH GAVE HER BIRTH;
Pillow her on thy breast!
WE GAVE HER LOVE AND TENDER THOUGHT,
God gives her endless rest!

MARIAN LONGFELLOW MORRIS.

WASHINGTON, October 25, 1892.
FLORAL OFFERING OF THE MARY WASHINGTON CHAPTER, D. A. R.,
FOR MRS. HARRISON'S BIER.
The Board of Management met for the purpose of expressing the feelings inspired by the sad dispensation which had deprived the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution of its honored President, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison. The following members were present: Mrs. Cabell, Mrs. Kennon, Mrs. Field, Mrs. MacDonald, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Boynton, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Keim, Mrs. St. Clair, Mrs. Tittmann, Mrs. Cockrell, Mrs. Walworth, Mrs. Hamlin, Mrs. Blount, Mrs. Greely, Mrs. Devereux, Miss Desha, Mrs. Rosa Wright Smith.

Mrs. Cockrell presided while Mrs. Cabell offered the following resolutions, which were accepted:

Ladies of the Board of Management: At a time when the people of every section and every creed in this broad land are called upon to mourn with the Chief Executive and his family, it becomes us as a body of Christian women bereft of our President, who herself was so worthy of our love and respect, to express as far as words can perform the task our admiration for the deceased, our tenderest sympathy with the bereaved; therefore,

Whereas it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from the place she filled so worthily and well, our President and the wife of the President of the United States: Be it

Resolved, That Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison has so faithfully represented the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and so amply discharged every duty devolving upon her in the organization of this national society, that she has won the boundless love and admiration of all associated with her in the great work.

Resolved, That we recognize in the fullest degree the extent of our obligations to the unpretending tact and sound judg-
ment of the true American lady whose simplicity of character and practical good sense sustained her in every trial and largely contributed to the rapid and permanent organization of the society now called upon to mourn her loss.

Resolved, That as Daughters of the American Revolution we propose to emulate her high example and continue faithfully to build the noble edifice of which she has been the corner-stone.

Resolved, That as the National Board of Management we recommend to the society at large the generous aims and disinterested earnestness of Mrs. Harrison.

Resolved, That as the immediate colaborers and friends of our late president, we tender to her husband and family the expression of our personal regard and deep personal sympathy. As representatives of the great society which honored Mrs. Harrison as its head, we bow with reverence before the decrees of Providence, and pray that the chastening hand of the Almighty Father, who hath sent this dispensation upon the President of the United States and upon us, may soothe the wounds His wisdom hath inflicted.

On motion of Mrs. Boynton it was resolved that the resolutions be engrossed and a copy be sent to President Harrison and family. Also, to be given to the Associated Press for publication.

On motion of Mrs. Walworth it was resolved that the Board of Management attend the meeting of the resident members of the society, called together for the purpose of expressing their sympathy for the bereaved family of the President, not as members of the board, but as Daughters of the American Revolution resident in Washington.

On motion, a committee of three, composed of Mrs. Alexander, Miss Desha, and Mrs. Rosa Wright Smith, was appointed to select a suitable floral offering, to be sent to the White House, in the name of the "National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution."

On motion the meeting adjourned.

The Committee selected, for the Floral Tribute of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution,
a broken column, four feet high, made of the rarest roses and a few other choice flowers, the column rising out of a bed of apparently growing flowers. It stood near the head of the honored dead during the funeral services, and accompanied the remains to their final resting place. Upon the return of the President and his family to Washington, after the funeral services, the following acknowledgment was received:

**EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON.**

The President and his family beg to express to the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, their appreciation of the beautiful tribute of flowers, and of the tender expression of sympathy with them in their bereavement.

*MRS. WM. D. CABELL,*

*Vice-President-General Presiding.*
IN MEMORIAM.

The nation has been silent, and has wept with the President and his family around the bier of his wife, the foremost woman of America. But the great pulse of national life must resume its even beat, the tide of practical affairs sweeps onward and waits not the slow movement of the sorrow stricken. Yet we, Daughters of the American Revolution, have no need to hasten on—let us rather linger around the grave of "our beloved," and dwell on the loveliness of her character, the purity of her life, and the elevation of her aims. The universal tribute to these higher qualities of Mrs. Harrison's nature has been so marked that we can but repeat some of the words already spoken when we call attention to the characteristics that made her the model American woman, whose example we should all emulate. It has been said that "no higher eulogy of Mrs. Harrison could be spoken than that she has graced an American home and has won the esteem and respect of all who ever came in contact with her.

"In truth, the home which Mrs. Harrison made was of the kind which real men and real women delight to point to as an example of what all homes should be. America is the nation of happy homes—happy where love rules and where fleeting vanity is not the household idol. America was settled by men in search of just such homes—where liberty and freedom could be enjoyed, where the wife could be the equal of the husband. Married early in life and of the same age, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison have gone through life together untouched by the tongue of slander, unscarred by criticism other than that of partisan politics. They knew what it was to struggle for a livelihood. They worked for each other, cheerful under the most adverse circumstances, superior to all trials, and ready to bear the burden that each day might impose. When such a man as President Harrison and such a woman as Mrs. Harrison has shown herself to be in a long and most useful life are elevated to positions of honor, the people honor themselves in their
choice. It is a tribute to true American citizenship, to the true American home. These homes are the strength of the people. They make of the nation a law-abiding and peace-loving people."

Mrs. Harrison did not limit the exercise of her virtues to the circle of domestic and social duties. She was prominent, during her whole life, in many good works, and in Washington was a leading spirit in various charities, and made special efforts in behalf of the Garfield Hospital; it was her greatest pleasure to relieve the distressed and comfort those who were in affliction. She was an active member of the Presbyterian Church, and for many years taught in the Sunday school of the church in Indianapolis. In her religious life she displayed that beautiful spirit of self-sacrifice and earnestness which inspired her every act. The evenness of her temper, and the cheerful and ever joyous light that so constantly illumined her mobile countenance was but the outward manifestation of this inner purity of soul.

Mrs. Harrison's habits of industry and accurate attention to detail kept her physical and intellectual powers constantly on the alert, and contributed to that freedom from worry, which left her more time than is usually at the disposal of persons in high station for the pursuits that pleased her taste. Thus, even in the White House, where demands on time and attention are so imperative, she continued to read the best books of the day and to devote many hours to painting in the higher order of decorative art. In this art the delicacy of her taste and the subtle aroma of her tender sentiment was evinced by her devotion to nature and her choice of subjects and their treatment.

The long cultivation of her artistic powers, combined with her intimate knowledge of all the requirements of a comfortable and luxurious home, fitted her peculiarly for the work which seemed to come into her hands in the preparation of a plan for the enlargement of the White House. This historic mansion is dear to the national heart, which throbs with a sort of pride in its simplicity of appearance, even while the national practical sense admits the inadequacy of the venerable house to the needs of the present time. Mrs.
Harrison, keenly sympathetic as she was to the trend of the national instincts, knew that the old mansion must be preserved, not simply as a relic or a public office, but as a home; and sympathetic also as she was with the progressive spirit of her country, she conceived the happy project of preservation and expansion that appears in her plan for the enlargement of the White House to meet the urgent requirements of an exacting age. The Daughters of the American Revolution may hope with equal earnestness that this plan for the White House will be carried out, and that the other plan for a "House of the Daughters," in which Mrs. Harrison manifested so warm an interest, may also soon reach its consummation. No more fitting monuments could be erected to the memory of Mrs. Harrison, the model American daughter, wife and mother, than the completion of these two "Homes" in the capital of the nation, according to the plans conceived in her fertile mind, prompted by her enthusiastic patriotism.

Caroline Scott Harrison was born in Oxford, Butler County, Ohio, the daughter of John Witherspoon Scott and Mary Scott, granddaughter of George McElroy Scott, great-granddaughter of John Scott and Jane M. Scott, and great-great-granddaughter of Robert Scott, who was a member of the Scottish Parliament before the union of the crown. Her great-grandfather, John Scott, was commissary general of the Pennsylvania line, and rendered efficient service in the Revolutionary struggle for independence. Her father, Dr. John Witherspoon Scott, was a pioneer minister of the Presbyterian Church, and educator at Oxford, Ohio. He was the president of a well-known young ladies' academy at that place, where his daughters were educated. It was here that Benjamin Harrison, then a student in Miami University, met his future wife.

"Mrs. Harrison was a very pretty girl, and her beauty never left her. In earlier years she was slender, but these lines gave way to the fulness that comes with years and maternity. Her hair was black and her complexion clear. She had a mouth that gave sweetness and character to her face. Her eye was dark and full of repose, but when she smiled it was the smile of mirth and unaffected good nature."
"Mrs. Harrison's life during her husband's struggle for success as a lawyer, legislator, soldier and statesman was that quiet home life which is so characteristic of American homes, the influence of which is clearly manifest in the character of our American citizens in their thrift, energy and progress. During all these years she showed herself the self-sacrificing, self-denying wife and mother. In every position she filled, whether the wife of the poor lawyer, the daring soldier, the Senator, or the President of the United States, she displayed rare adaptability. The wife of the President of the United States is by virtue of her position 'the first lady of the land.' In this position the opportunities of showing true womanhood are of daily occurrence. No one, unless acquainted with official life in Washington, can fully realize the difficulties of her position. Questions of rank, precedent, and official etiquette; questions arising from envy, jealousy, and the ambition of those who seek preferment; appeals for charity and assistance for those who have real as well as fancied wrongs; the public duties of social life, and the demands of her own family occupy the time and attention of the wife of the President. To meet all of these is a crucial test of a woman's character, bringing forth all her qualities and ambitions. Mrs. Harrison met these demands with wonderful success, and she endeared herself to all who knew her by her unostentatious, natural womanliness."

What words can we, Daughters of the American Revolution, use to express our appreciation of Mrs. Harrison's responsibility and efforts as head of this important society, national, historical and patriotic; founded on a genealogical basis to honor the women of the Revolution, and the influence and results of home labor, manual, intellectual and moral, performed by Revolutionary women; a society as far-reaching in its influence, as active in its work, as pronounced in its results as any moral force which has been launched in this woman's century; a society whose roots are laid deep in the soil of religious truth and the conservatism of family life, and whose branches are spread to the brilliant sunshine of the advanced spirit of our age; a society whose title deeds of proven descent live in stately volumes of well-attested records on its own shelves, and whose members represent much of the noblest activity of American civilization and American principles.
The broad mind and strong patriotic instincts of Mrs. Har- rison grasped at once the meaning and the possibilities which lay in the germ of this great organization when fluttering in the first throes of its existence. Her tender mother's heart and strong womanly hand were reached out to cherish the infancy of this "young American," which promised vigor in the future. Is it strange then that when on her dying bed the message went to her in her feebleness—borne with such saintly patience—that this society had grown strong enough to try and express its gratitude to her by pledging itself that a portrait of her loved countenance should dwell perpetually in the historic home of the nation, the White House—that the message was met by a smile of affectionate response which proved it was welcome.

Daughters of the American Revolution! we may have other Presidents who will honor the position equally with her whom we have lost; but as the mother yearns over her first-born so, O sisters, must we lament the dispensation that has taken our first head from us; yet do we not grieve as those without hope, for, if so, the cheerfulness and repose of her life, and the story of her activities would be a reproach to us. Still in the words of our lately departed national poet we breathe our regret:

A LAMENT.

The parted spirit,
Knoweth it not our sorrow?
Answereth not
It's blessing to our tears?
The circle is broken—one seat is forsaken—
One bud from the tree of our friendship is shaken—
One heart from among us no longer shall thrill
With joy in our gladness, or grief in our ill.

Weep!—lonely and lowly are slumbering now
The light of her glances, the pride of her brow,
Weep!—sadly and long shall we listen in vain
To hear the soft tones of her welcome again.

O, who can forget the mild light of her smile,
Over lips moved with music and feeling the while—
The eye's deep enchantment, dark, dream-like and clear,
In the glow of its gladness, the shade of its tear
And the charm of her features, while over the whole
Played the hues of the heart and the sunshine of soul,
And the tones of her voice, like the music which seems
Murmured low in our ear by the angel of dreams!

But holier and dearer our memories hold
Those treasures of feeling, more precious than gold—
The love and the kindness and pity which gave
Fresh flowers for the bridal, green wreaths for the grave!

The heart ever open to charity's claim—
Unmoved from its purpose by censure or blame,
While vainly alike on her eye and her ear
Fell the scorn of the heartless, the jester and jeer.

As a cloud of the sunset, slow melting in heaven,
As a star that is lost when the daylight is given
As a glad dream of slumber, which awakens in bliss,
She hath passed to the world of the holy from this.

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The announcements of Regents, resolutions of Chapters, etc.,
are given here as far as they have been received. There has
doubtless been similar action in many Chapters whose record
has not yet reached THE AMERICAN MONTHLY.

RHODE ISLAND.—At a meeting of the Bristol Chapter,
Daughters of the American Revolution, held at the Burnside
Memorial Building Wednesday afternoon, Mrs. J. Russell
Bullock, Chapter Regent, presiding, the following resolutions
were unanimously adopted, and a copy of the same ordered to
be forwarded to the President of the United States, and that
they be published in the Bristol Phoenix:

Whereas, God in His infinite wisdom has taken from us our
beloved and respected President-General, Daughters of the
American Revolution, Caroline Scott Harrison; therefore
Resolved, That the Bristol Chapter, Daughters of the Amer-
ican Revolution, hereby tenders its profound sympathy to the
husband and children of our late President-General in this
their great bereavement.

Resolved, That in the various relations of daughter, wife and
mother, Caroline Scott Harrison exhibited at all times the
highest type of American womanhood. And that alike at her
home at Indianapolis, where her young married life began, and up to the day of her death, as the wife of the President of the United States, and ranking as the "first lady in the land," her life was marked by unusual modesty, gentleness, refinement, charity, high intelligence and a nobility of character that in her social relations knew no partisan feelings, no rank resting on wealth only, and no merit save that which springs from an unselfish devotion to country and to God.

Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth.

DEAR MADAM:—Will you please extend the sincere sympathy of the Pawtucket Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution to Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, our beloved President-General. Cordially yours,

ANNA H. PARK,
Registrar.

Pawtucket, R. I., October 14, 1892.

NEW YORK.—At a regular monthly meeting of Wiltwyck Chapter of the City of Kingston, County of Ulster, and State of New York, held in Kingston, New York, at the home of the Chapter Regent, Miss M. I. Forsyth, November the 3d, 1892, the usual order of business was temporarily suspended, while the following preamble and resolutions in memory of our loved and honored President, Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, wife of Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, were offered by Mrs. Charles Burhaus, and unanimously adopted by the Chapter:

Whereas for many months our anxieties and hopes have clustered about the bedside of Mrs. Harrison, President-General of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and wife of Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States; and

Whereas the painful word has come to us that one so honored and beloved has been taken from the circle of home and kindred and country;

Resolved, That we, the Wiltwyck Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, of Kingston, New York, bear loving testimony to the many graces which adorned the char-
IN MEMORIAM.

That in all the various positions she was called to fill, whether as the loving wife, the tender mother, or as the presiding lady of the White House, with the ready tact which wins all hearts, she ever evinced a character so symmetrical, so beautified, through experience so enlarged, through its sympathies, that while we mourn with our country, we mourn our loss in her as sister and friend;

Resolved, Especially we bear, in loving remembrance Mrs. Harrison's warm-hearted interest in the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and that among the last social acts of her life was the reception given at the White House to the Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution on the evening of February the twenty-fourth, 1892;

Resolved, We extend to President Harrison and his family the sympathy one can feel but cannot express, and commend them to Him whose guiding care has been the watchword of their lives;

Resolved, The Wiltwyck Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution shall wear a black ribbon in addition to other society insignia until March the first, 1893;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the Regent and Secretaries of the Chapter, be sent to President Harrison.

MRS. CHARLES BURHAUS,

Historian of the Wiltwyck Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

CALIFORNIA.—San Francisco, October 25, 1892.—To the Members of Sequoia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution: With feelings of the deepest and tenderest regret, the Regent announces the death of Caroline Scott Harrison, President-General of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution and wife of the President of the United States, which occurred at the Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., this morning, just as the early rays of dawn were brightening the eastern horizon, as if to lighten her spirit to that realm to which we all, "one by one," are hastening.
Caroline Scott Harrison was born at Oxford, Butler County, Ohio. She was the daughter of Rev. John Witherspoon Scott, a pioneer educator and Presbyterian minister, granddaughter of George McElroy Scott, and great-granddaughter of John Scott, who was the son of Robert Scott, a member of the Scottish Parliament.

Her Revolutionary ancestor, Colonel John Scott, was Commissary-General of the Pennsylvania Line, an account of whose service in the struggle for American Independence is to be found in the historic pages of the annals of that State.

She married Benjamin Harrison October 20, 1853.

When the National Society was organized October 11, 1890, she was unanimously elected President-General, and was re-elected at the Continental Congress of 1892.

She was ever faithful to the duties and obligations of her office.

Her work on earth is ended.

While we sit under the shadow of a great sorrow, and deplore the inevitable decree which has removed her from her place of usefulness and honor, let us, reverently "kissing the rod that smites us," put our trust in an all Infinite Father, "who doth not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men."

Members will drape their badges in mourning.

By order of

MARY E. ALVORD,
Regent.

G. C. ORD HOLLADAY,
Vice-Regent.

ALMA PRISCILLA ALDEN,
Recording Secretary.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Members Resident and Chapters.—At a meeting held on the evening of October 25th, 1892, the following resolution was passed:

Whereas Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison was from the date of its organization the honored President-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution; and

Whereas the success and prosperity of the organization are largely due to her active interest and cordial cooperation; therefore
Resolved, That in her death the Society sustains an irreparable loss, and that we hereby tender the heartfelt sympathy of the Daughters of the American Revolution resident in Washington to the President of the United States and his family in this our common sorrow, which by the inscrutable dispensation of Providence we now sustain.

MRS. B. W. KENNON,
Regent of the District of Columbia.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution of Pennsylvania has sent out a notice to the ladies representing the Society in the Counties of Allegheny, Philadelphia, Dauphin, Berks, Lehigh, Washington, Northumberland, Lancaster, Venango, Luzerne, York and Perry, suggesting that the members of each Chapter wear a black ribbon rosette with pin for thirty days as an emblem of mourning for the President-General of the National Society, Mrs. Harrison. A handsome floral tribute was sent to the White House in the name of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

NEW BERNE, N. C., November 7, 1892.

Mrs. Wm. D. Cabell.

Dear Madam:—I desire to express through you to the Board of Management of Daughters of the American Revolution my participation in their feelings of regret at the death of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, the honored president of the society. It was impossible for me to be present at the called meeting on October 25, as I was just returning to North Carolina at that time, but I read with interest and pleasure of the beautiful floral tribute sent by the “Daughters” on the occasion of the funeral, expressive of their tender sympathy.

Very respectfully,

MARY MCK. NASH,
State Regent for North Carolina.
[Telegram.]

AUGUSTA, GA., October 26, 1892.

To MRS. WM. D. CABELL,
No. 1407 Massachusetts avenue:

The Augusta Chapter desires to express to the Board of Management its sense of loss in the death of the President General.

MRS. THOS. S. MORGAN,
Regent.

To MRS. M. V. E. CABELL,
Vice-President General Presiding, and the National Board of Management:

As Regent for Virginia of the Daughters of the American Revolution I desire to express for them, and for myself, our sincere regret at the death of our honored President General, Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, and to the members of the National Board, who were so nearly associated with her in the noble work of the society, I offer my heartfelt sympathy in their irreparable loss.

LUCY GRAY HENRY,
Regent for Virginia.

October 25, 1892.

VIRGINIA.—The Old Dominion Chapter of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution held a meeting in the Young Men's Christian Association Building October 25. A committee was appointed to draft appropriate resolutions of regret at the death of Mrs. Harrison, who was President-General of the Society of Daughters of the American Revolution. The ladies decided to work during the coming winter to raise funds for furnishing the "Lee House" for the Virginia Historical Society. A great many new members were received.

Whereas the Old Dominion Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution have shared in the distress which has been so universally felt in the death of our President General,
Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, and desire to record their sense of the great loss which the society has sustained; therefore be it—

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the untimely affliction which has robbed us, in our infancy, of our chief executive. Her lovely character has shed a lustre upon the office she so efficiently and gracefully filled, and her memory will ever remain a precious legacy.

Resolved, That the secretary be directed to enter these resolutions upon the records of our chapter, and that a copy be sent to the Vice-President General of the National Board of Management, and also to the President of the United States.

MARY MANN PAGE NEWTON,
Acting for Secretary of the Old Dominion Chapter D. A. R.
Richmond, Virginia, November 5, 1892.

WARRENS AND PRESCOTT CHAPTER, Boston, November 22.—Whereas the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution has met with an irreparable loss in the death of its honored President-General, Caroline Scott Harrison; therefore be it

Resolved, That the Warren and Prescott Chapter, of Boston, fully realizing the ardent patriotism and disinterestedness of her who has been their active head, extends to the National Society its sincere sympathy. The members of this Chapter wish to express their appreciation of the dignity, kindliness and simplicity of the departed, of her enthusiastic interest in this Society and of her confidence in the success and extensive influence of the new organization.

Resolved, That the Secretary be requested to send a copy of these resolutions to the President of the United States and to the Vice-President General of the National Society.

MISS REBECCA WARREN BROWN,
Honorary Regent of Massachusetts.
NEW YORK CITY CHAPTER.—A Special Meeting of New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, convened, pursuant to Regent's call, at Sherry's October 25th, 1892, to take appropriate action upon the death of its honored and beloved President, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison.

Regent in the chair; quorum present; meeting called to order. After feeling remarks the Regent asked to be empowered to have transmitted to President Harrison and his family suitable Resolutions (properly engrossed) upon the death of Mrs. Harrison, President of the Daughters of the American Revolution. A Resolution to that effect was offered and unanimously carried.

The Regent appointed the Secretary of this Chapter a committee of one to draft official Resolutions. They read as follows:

Whereas it has seemed good to God, in whom she devoutly trusted, to take into life eternal, where light perpetual may shine upon her, Caroline Scott Harrison, President of the Daughters of the American Revolution and wife of the President of the United States; be it

Resolved, That, as President of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. Harrison has, for her abilities, commanded the highest respect of that organization; for her gracious presence, its loyal admiration; for the dignified loveliness of her character, keen appreciation from her fellow-women, who have regarded her as an epitome of true womanliness.

Resolved, That as words of eulogy seem faint when applied to our President, so the verbal expression of the poignant grief at her loss felt by the New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, seems weak; but the sensibilities of the Chapter are stirred to their depths with the knowledge that a head whose like may not be seen again has been taken from that body of which it is a living part; and with the tender emotion evoked by the thought that, as the earliest Chapter formed in connection with the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the New York City Chapter is, as it were, the first born of Mrs. Harrison's official children, growing to maturity under her fostering care—now mourning, therefore, with peculiar intensity the severing of such a tie.
Resolved, That this Chapter sorrows in twofold manner, as an official body and in individual heart-throbs, as to many members of this New York organization Mrs. Harrison was a personal acquaintance, a beloved friend.

Resolved, That to her husband and to her family be conveyed an expression of the earnest and abiding sympathy of the New York City Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, in this their day of desolation, and that a copy of the foregoing resolutions be properly engrossed and forwarded to the President of the United States.


MRS. DONALD MCLEAN, Secretary.

The Regent reported the sending to Mrs. Harrison ere her death exquisite flowers, that pleasure might be given our President during her life, as well as respect shown after death. She instructed the Secretary to read a touching letter from Mrs. Harrison's niece, acknowledging the flowers and telling of Mrs. Harrison's gratification—they being the last token reaching her from the outside world ere unconsciousness supervened. The Regent also desired to be empowered to send a floral tribute worthy of this Chapter as immediately as possible to the White House.

The resolution was offered and unanimously carried.

Having previously asked Mrs. Pryor to take the chair, the Regent read from the floor, as follows:

"My acquaintance with Mrs. Harrison was short, extending over the past two years, since my connection with this Society. But the affection I felt for her was as strong as if I had known her for many years. I may say it was love at first sight, and I am happy in the belief that my sentiment was reciprocated. Indeed, her sweet, gentle, though strong, nature attracted every one to her.

"It was a privilege to come under the influence of her smile, and I shall consider it one of the bright spots in my life when I had the pleasure of meeting her, and I am grateful to the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution for the opportunity it afforded me to add the words affectionate friend to my honored and beloved President."
Supplementing the written words with the tenderest tribute to Mrs. Harrison as a woman, admiration for her abilities in her public station, the Regent’s sense that the Daughters of the American Revolution had met with grievous loss in her removal from the presidency.

The Regent having resumed the chair, Mrs. Pryor voiced in eloquent words her judgment of Mrs. Harrison’s strength and charm of character and the sorrow of the Chapter at her death, deploring, too, the fact that now is forever silenced that wise advice which Mrs. Harrison had intimated her intention of bestowing upon New York City Chapter in reference to a point probably to be discussed at the next Continental Congress.

Mrs. John Sherwood added her timely and felicitous tribute to Mrs. Harrison’s personality and her expression of the widespread distress felt at her being taken from that earthly life to which she gave dignity and benison.

Mrs. Sherwood moved that a resolution of thanks be tendered Mrs. Doremus for thoughtfulness in sending flowers before her death. Carried.

After the offering and carrying of a resolution that, as is customary in an official body at such a time, an emblem of mourning (a crêpe knot attached to left shoulder by pin of the Society) be worn for thirty days, the meeting adjourned.

[Signed] MRS. DONALD McLEAN, Secretary.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, October 21, 1892.

Dear Mrs. Doremus:

May I ask you to convey to the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution the most sincere thanks from the members of Mrs. Harrison’s family for the exquisite floral gift received last night for Mrs. Harrison, and which was shown to her this morning, and, my dear Mrs. Doremus, your beautiful note accompanying it was appreciated as much as the flowers themselves, and to each and every one came as a tender word from the loyal Daughters of the American Revolution.

M. T. DIMMICK.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The President and his family beg to present to Mrs. Doremus, and through her to the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, their appreciation of the beautiful tribute of flowers and of the tender expression of sympathy with them in their bereavement.
Ladies; we were called together for the first time this year, after our separation for the summer vacation, to perform the sad duty of passing resolutions of sympathy on the death of our beloved and lamented President, Mary Scott Harrison, wife of the President of the United States. It was also resolved at that time that a floral tribute should be sent to the Executive Mansion worthy of the distinguished dead, and worthy of the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mr. Thorley put forth his best efforts to make the most beautiful piece in flowers ever sent from his renowned establishment. His success was complete. I only regret that it was not possible for all of you to view his work before it was sent to Washington.

The crown, you decided upon as the most fitting emblem, was composed of white carnations as a ground work, which when made resembled frosted marble; over this was festooned Lilies of the Valley and Madame Hoost roses; the edges of the arms were outlined with Nephetoes roses, while surmounting the whole was a Star of Parma violets. This beautiful emblem which was set on a veritable bed of Parma violets, which surmounted the foundation of English ivy, was four feet high and three feet eight inches wide. Attached on one side of the base was a broad white satin ribbon, bearing on one end the insignia of the society, and on the other “From the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution,” the lettering in Colonial blue, the official color of the Chapter. In the knot of the sash was held a magnificent bunch of the most perfect white chrysanthemums, one of the favorite flowers of Mrs. Harrison.

A few days before she died I ventured to send a basket of flowers to Mrs. Harrison that she might know that we thought of her, feeling sure it would be the unanimous wish of our Chapter to give her that pleasure. The letter of thanks which came from the White House shows how much the President and his family appreciated this attention.

Resolutions beautifully worded and written by our secretary, Mrs. Donald McLean, were engrossed by Tiffany under the supervision of Mr. Whitehouse (who takes so much interest in the affairs of our society). The parchment was sent to Presi-
dent Harrison incased in a black-leather box lined with violet-watered silk. His acknowledgment of your gift I will read.

I must congratulate you ladies on having expressed your sympathy with the Chief Official of our country in the time of his greatest sorrow in such a liberal manner. The place of honor assigned to your gift shows how much the attention was appreciated. In honoring this noble woman we have honored ourselves.

**Hermitage Association.**

Mayor Sullivan received the following letter from the Ladies' Hermitage Association. In answer to their request he caused the wreath to be sent to the First Presbyterian Church, where it was placed in charge of the Committee of Arrangements.

**Ladies' Hermitage Association,**  
 Nashville, Tenn., October 26, 1892.  

_To His Honor, the Mayor of Indianapolis:_

Dear Sir—On behalf of the Ladies' Hermitage Association I take the liberty of sending to your care a wreath of roses, which we wish you to cause to be placed upon the bier of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison. In sending this token the Ladies' Hermitage Association is impelled by the thought of the womanly worth of Mrs. Harrison and the interest she ever took in woman's work.

We tender this wreath from the precincts of the immortal Jackson, who was similarly bereaved of his beloved companion while his star of earthly honor was in the ascendant. Hoping that a measure of balm may be meted out to the President and his household, that the "consolation of God" may be ever with him. Very respectfully,

Mrs. Mary L. Baxter, Regent.  
Mrs. D. R. Doris,  
Secretary Ladies' Hermitage Association, Nashville, Tenn.  
Louise Grundy,  
Historian Ladies' Hermitage Association.
NATIONAL COMMITTEE

To collect a fund for a Portrait of Mrs. Harrison, wife of the President of the United States and first President-General of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, to be placed in the White House.

MRS. JOHN RISLEY PUTNAM, Vice-President General, Putnam Place, Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Chairman.

MRS. ELLEN HARBIN WALWORTH, Vice-President General, 19 Union Square, New York, Treasurer.

MRS. WM. D. CABELL, Vice-President General Presiding, Washington, D. C.

MRS. H. V. BOYNTON, Vice-President General in Charge of the Organization of Chapters, Washington, D. C.

Honorary Vice-Presidents General.

MRS. THOMAS A. HENDRICKS, MRS. MARGARET HETZEL, Indiana. Washington, D. C.

MRS. DAVID D. PORTER, Washington, D. C.

Vice-Presidents General.

MRS. T. H. ALEXANDER, MRS. STEPHEN J. FIELD, Washington, D. C.

MRS. A. W. GREELEY, MRS. JOHN W. FOSTER, Washington, D. C.

MISS MARY DESHA, MRS. G. BROWN GOODE, Washington, D. C.

MRS. HUGH HAGAN, MRS. F. O. ST. CLAIR, Atlanta, Ga., Washington, D. C.

MRS. MARSHALL MACDONALD, MRS. HENRY BLOUNT, Washington, D. C.

MRS. M. G. DEVEREAX, MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR, Washington, D. C.

MRS. O. H. TITTLMANN, Treasurer-General, Washington, D. C.

Secretaries General.

MRS. GEORGE H. SHIELDS, Recording, Washington, D. C.

MRS. ROSA WRIGHT SMITH, Corresponding, Washington, D. C.
Registrars General.

MISS EUGENIA WASHINGTON, Washington, D. C.
MRS. A. HOWARD CLARKE, Washington, D. C.
MISS CLARA BARTON, Surgeon-General, Washington, D. C.
MRS. M. S. LOCKWOOD, Historian-General, Washington, D. C.
MRS. TEUNIS S. HAMLIN, Chaplain-General, Washington, D. C.

ARKANSAS.—Mrs. C. R. Breckinridge, State Regent, Pine Bluff; Miss Frances I. Bocage, Chapter Regent, Pine Bluff.

CONNECTICUT.—Mrs. DeB. R. Keim, State Regent; Mrs. Elizabeth R. Smith, Honorary Regent, 39 Collins Street, Hartford; Mrs. David W. Northrup, Chapter Regent, Middletown; Mrs. E. J. Hill, Chapter Regent, Norwalk; Mrs. Alfred N. Wildman, Chapter Regent, Danbury; Mrs. W. S. Chappell, Chapter Regent, 11 Channing Street, New London; Mrs. Katharine S. H. Brooks, Chapter Regent, Stamford.

CALIFORNIA.—Mrs. A. S. Hubbard, State Regent, 1912 Pierce Street, San Francisco; Mrs. Henry McL. Martin, Honorary Regent, corner California and Taylor Streets, San Francisco; Mrs. Leland Stanford, Honorary Regent, San Francisco; Mrs. Wm. Alvord, Chapter Regent, 2200 Broadway, San Francisco.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—Mrs. B. W. Kennon, Regent of the District, Tudor Place, Georgetown; Mrs. Elizabeth B. Lee, Chapter Regent Mary Washington Chapter, 1653 Pennsylvania Avenue; Mrs. M. M. Hallowell, Chapter Regent Dolly Madison Chapter, 1409 Corcoran Street.

FLORIDA.—Mrs. J. N. C. Stockton, Chapter Regent, Jacksonville.

GEORGIA.—Mrs. Henry Jackson, State Regent, 111 Capitol Square, Atlanta; Mrs. W. W. Gordon, Honorary Regent, 124 South Broad Street, Savannah; Mrs. Mary A. Washington, Chapter Regent, 524 College Street, Macon; Mrs. W. M. Dickson, Chapter Regent, 494 Peach Tree Street, Atlanta; Mrs. Thomas S. Morgan, Chapter Regent, Augusta; Mrs. M. A. Nevin, Chapter Regent, Rome; Miss Anna C. Benning, Chapter Regent, Columbus; Mrs. Georgia Wilder, Chapter Regent, 93 Charlton Street, Savannah; Mrs. E. A. Hill, Chapter Regent, Griffin; Mrs. E. A. Crawford, Chapter Regent, Athens.
ILLINOIS.—Mrs. Frank Stewart Osborn, State Regent, Chicago; Mrs. Henry M. Shepard, Chapter Regent, 4445 Grand Boulevard, Chicago; Miss Lillie B. Rice, Chapter Regent, Peoria.

INDIANA.—Mrs. Ellen W. Colfax, Honorary Regent, South Bend; Mrs. Helen D. Ames, Chapter Regent, 405 Upper Second Street, Evansville; Mrs. Harriet M. Foster, Chapter Regent, 762 North Penn Street, Indianapolis.


KENTUCKY.—Mrs. S. B. Buckner, State Regent, Rio, Hart County; Mrs. Henry L. Pope, Chapter Regent, 701 West Chestnut Street, Louisville; Miss Elizabeth S. Kinkead, Chapter Regent, Lexington; Mrs. Charles Todd, Chapter Regent, 603 Frederica Street, Owensboro; Mrs. Ann Desha Lucas, Chapter Regent, Paris; Mrs. Warren Powell, Chapter Regent, Paducah.

KANSAS.—Miss Emily L. Caldwell, Chapter Regent, Leavenworth.

MISSOURI.—Mrs. F. M. Cockrell, State Regent, Warrensburgh; Mrs. Thomas O. Towles, Chapter Regent, Jefferson City.

MINNESOTA.—Mrs. R. M. Newport, State Regent, 217 Summit Avenue, St. Paul; Mrs. John Q. Adams, Chapter Regent, 3 Crocus Hill, St. Paul; Miss Margaret A. Cruikshank, Chapter Regent, San Angelo Hotel, Minneapolis.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Mrs. Samuel Eliot, State Regent, 44 Brimmer Street, Boston; Miss Rebecca Warren Brown, Honorary Regent, 140 Beacon Street, Boston; Mrs. Henry P. Quincy, Honorary Regent, 452 Beacon Street, Boston; Miss Annie Warren, Chapter Regent, 63 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston; Mrs. Marshall Calkins, Chapter Regent, 14 Maple Street, Springfield.

MICHIGAN.—Mrs. Fitzhugh Edwards, Chapter Regent, 371 Congress Street East, Detroit.

MARYLAND.—Mrs. A. Leo Knott, State Regent, 919 North Charles Street, Baltimore; Miss Alice K. Blunt, Chapter
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**OHIO.**—Mrs. E. M. Avery, Chapter Regent, 657 Woodland Hills, Cleveland.

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