MARY WASHINGTON.

THE NATIONAL MARY WASHINGTON MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

BY MARGARET HETZEL, SECRETARY N. M. W. M. A.

III.

Early in the year 1889 the whole country was preparing to celebrate in New York City the Centennial of General Washington's Inauguration on April 30th. On the 2d of March of that year the following advertisement appeared in the Washington Post:

The grave of Mary, the mother of General George Washington, to be sold at public auction.

To the ladies attending the inauguration of President-elect Harrison, on Tuesday, the 5th of March, 1889, at 4 o'clock P. M., we will offer for sale, at public outcry, at the Capital of the United States of America, Twelve Acres of Land, embracing the Grave and the material of the unfinished Monument of Mary, the mother of General George Washington.

Colbert & Kirtley,
Real Estate Agents and Auctioneers, Fredericksburg, Va.

To quote from Judge Fauntleroy's opinion: "The record shows the indignant outburst of reprobation with which the citizens of Fredericksburg in public meeting denounced the outrage upon public sensibility." Mr. Shepherd, the then owner of a portion of the Kenmore estate and who had employed these real estate agents, was one of the first to protest, and he also stated that he did not claim to be the owner of the monument nor the land upon which the monument stands. The result was a lawsuit, brought by Colbert & Kirtley against Shepherd for breach of contract and damages. The case was tried and a verdict given for defendant, March 28th, 1891. Appealed by the plaintiff, and the verdict affirmed by
the highest Court of Appeals of Virginia, November, 1892. [See Judge Fauntleroy’s opinion.]

Early in May, 1889, a Virginia woman, shocked by this advertisement, and wearied with the constant and just reproaches of the newspapers for the neglect of the sacred grave, sent the following letter to the Washington Post:

MR. EDITOR: The Post of this morning quotes the Philadelphia Evening Telegraph as saying: “Every patriotic man, woman and child in the United States ought to sympathize with and encourage a movement to rescue from neglect and oblivion the grave of the mother of Washington.” And so, doubtless, they do “sympathize,” but how “encourage a movement to rescue from neglect and oblivion?” how bring about the desired result?

The writer of this would suggest that the Post announce a proposition that every woman, as far as able, give one dollar to the proposed Monument, and that the Washington Post act as Treasurer for the fund, and acknowledge in its columns daily any contributions thereto received, with the names of the donors. * * * One dollar is herewith enclosed as a beginning for the Woman’s Fund.

To which the following response was promptly received:

MAY 17, 1889.

DEAR MADAM: Your suggestion in regard to raising money by popular subscription for a Mary Washington Monument Fund is a good one, and I thank you for sending it to us. Before commencing active work THE POST will send a representative to Fredericksburg and ascertain just what is necessary to be done, and the amount of money required. * * * Your letter and the money enclosed ($1) will be held until such report is made.

Respectfully, etc.,

FRANK HATTON.

Two weeks and more elapsed and nothing more was done at that time by the Post, owing to the editor’s absence and the Johnstown flood, which caught him (May 31st) on his way homeward.

Meantime, at the residence of Mrs. Chief Justice Waite, in the first week of June, a discussion was being held of the suggestion made to the Washington Post to solicit small contributions from women for a monument to the mother of Washington, when Mrs. Waite, who warmly favored the object, said: “But it cannot be done in that way; a few thousand dollars might be raised, no doubt, but never a sum sufficient for the
purpose. That could be done only by an organized movement; an association with agents in all the States." This idea was enlarged upon and adopted, and within a week the National Mary Washington Memorial Association was organized in her house, with a president, three vice-presidents, a treasurer and secretary, an executive committee of seven and a vice-president for each State.

No attempt to solicit funds was made immediately, the Johnstown disaster engrossing public attention and sympathy, and absorbing the funds of the patriotic and humane to the exclusion of everything else. The Association, however, was not idle, but diligently labored during the succeeding months to enlist vice-presidents for the States far and near. Selections for so extensive a work could not be made hastily and without due consideration. Addresses were difficult to obtain and responses often tardily received.

Late in October the Post commenced its good work of calling for contributions and continued it with vigor for many months, during which large sums were subscribed through it, amounting to upwards of $1,000. Marion Harland, through the Home Maker, also supported the cause enthusiastically and effectually.

Early in January, 1890, the Secretary, Mrs. Hetzel, was instructed to go to Fredericksburg, visit the monument, note its situation and condition, ascertain who held the title to the land, and get an option of purchase, if possible, reporting to the Association on her return. On January 13th she went, having notified the Fredericksburg Association of her intention; was met on arriving by their Vice-President, Mrs. Goolrich, and with her drove immediately to the monument; found it the ruined structure now so familiar to us (by the wood cuts freely published), standing ten feet square at its base, sixteen in height, on a commanding eminence in a field of stunted briars, a melancholy spectacle, wholly without protection, the decayed, half-fallen, "worm fence," near affording none. The design was an elaborate one, but defaced by time, riddled by bullets, chopped by vandals, weather-beaten, broken and incomplete. What is left of the monument appeals overwhelmingly to every sentiment of patriotism.
Thence we drove to the courthouse to see the will of the noble mother; then called upon the judge of the highest court of the district, to whom Mrs. Hetzel presented her credentials and instructions. He gave assurance that a perfect legal title could be given to the land, although the situation was such, a public avenue having been opened by the city out to and including the monument, no person could to-day give an option upon it. The "legal advice" of the Fredericksburg Association being called upon, gave the same assurance and information; they promised to prepare an "abstract of title" and forward it to Washington immediately, and also "see the mayor of the city on his return to-morrow," and take steps to have the desire of the National Association to purchase the property laid before the city government.

The Secretary, grateful for the kind reception and facilities afforded her, returned to present her report. A meeting was called for January 25th to receive it, and the president and other officers of the Fredericksburg Society invited to attend. January 25th, 1890, at the residence of Mrs. Admiral Lee, there were present Mrs. General Emory, Mrs. Senator Stewart, Mrs. Senator Vance, Mrs. Senator Cockrell, Mrs. Clifton K. Breckenridge, Mrs. Joseph E. Washington, and others of the Association. Mrs. Lee opened the meeting and the Secretary read her report. Mrs. Smith, President, and Mrs. Thompson, Secretary, of the Fredericksburg Society, having arrived, were introduced to the meeting. Mrs. Smith brought forward a letter from the mayor, a deed of conveyance from the city of Fredericksburg of the monument and the land upon which it stands, to the Fredericksburg Mary Washington Monument Association; also a deed from G. W. Shepherd of an adjoining lot to the same Association, both executed the day previous.

Discussion followed, objections being made to the National Society undertaking to erect a monument upon land which would not belong to them, and over which they would have no control. A proposition was made that the land should be turned over to them upon conditions. The Fredericksburg officers were not able to give any assurance that this would be done. They "would have to consult," etc., and the meeting adjourned without further action.
By the kind labors of eminent members of the Washington Bar a Constitution and by-laws were drawn up and printed, largely increasing the scope and powers of the Association, and a charter obtained from the District of Columbia, signed on the 22d of February, 1890.

A meeting was held on Washington’s Birthday, 1890, for the purpose of formally adopting the charter prepared by Mr. Walter D. Davidge of this city, making the Association a perpetual one, and availing itself of the privileges which the general incorporation laws of the District of Columbia give: The names of the Executive Committee who executed the charter are: Mrs Amelia C. Waite, Mrs. Elizabeth Blair Lee, Mrs. Matilda W. Emory, Mrs. Margaret Hetzel, Miss Maud Lee Davidge and Mr. Reginald Fendall.

By-laws were adopted, and by one of them the title of the real estate of the corporation is to be held in trust for its use by a board of trustees, consisting of the President of the United States for the time being, the Chief Justice of the United States for the time being, and the Governor of the State of Virginia for the time being.

A Board of Managers for the first year was then elected, consisting of the five ladies of the Executive Committee, the President of the United States (ex-officio), the Chief Justice of the United States (ex-officio), and the Governor of the State of Virginia (ex-officio); and Messrs. E. Francis Riggs and Blair Lee.

The first meeting of the Association after its charter was held in the Green Room at the White House, on May 13th, 1890. At 4 o’clock Chief Justice Fuller entered the room and was followed soon after by President Harrison, who after shaking hands with every one called the meeting to order. He said "I desire to express the great interest I feel in this work and my willingness to cooperate in every way possible. I am confident you will all prove able and efficient agents in carrying it on, and I heartily wish you God speed."

Mr. Reginald Fendall presented to the meeting the certificate of incorporation, and the by-laws of the Association.
The election of three officers, a Vice-President, a Secretary, and a Treasurer was then held, and resulted in the selection of Mrs. Amelia C. Waite as the Vice-President, Mrs. Margaret Hetzel as Secretary, and Mr. E. Francis Riggs as Treasurer.

The President, owing to press of business, was compelled to leave the meeting before its close, and the Chief Justice was called to the chair. Mrs. Waite read a letter which she had received from Mrs. James Powers Smith, the President of the Fredericksburg Mary Washington Association, congratulating the National Association on the good work it was doing. Chief Justice Fuller appointed Reginald Fendall, Mrs. A. C. Waite, and Mrs. Senator Blair, a committee to confer with the Fredericksburg Association, with a view to ascertaining the plans of that Association, and to report at the next meeting of the Board.

A few minutes were then devoted to a general discussion of various projects, after which the meeting, which was in every way a most interesting and agreeable one, adjourned.

Those present were: President Harrison, Chief Justice Fuller, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Chief Justice Waite, Mrs. General Emory, Mrs. Admiral Lee, Mrs. Senator Blair, Mrs. Senator Vance, Mrs. Senator Cockrell, Mrs. Senator Dolph, Mrs. Representative Breckenridge, Mrs. Representative Reyburn, Mrs. H. I. Keyser, of Baltimore; Mrs. Pendleton, of Philadelphia; Miss Maud Lee Davidge, Mrs. Claudia Monay, Mrs. J. N. Norton, Miss Susan Rivière Hetzel, Mr. Reginald Fendall, and Mr. Blair Lee.

On June 17th, 1890, at the residence of Mrs. General Emory, a meeting of the committees of both Associations was held for conference, resulting in a proposition by the Fredericksburg committee to convey the monument and land to the National Association on certain conditions; and the meeting adjourned, that the proposition with its conditions might be laid before the National Association. Correspondence followed, but it was not until February 13th, 1891 that a satisfactory settlement of the matter was made and the National Society officially informed that the proposition made by them on the 26th January, 1891, was accepted.
Accordingly, a deed of conveyance to Trustees, the President of the United States, the Chief Justice of the United States, and the Governor of Virginia, ex-officio, Trustees of the National Association, was duly executed and delivered to the President of the Association, on the 18th February, 1891. [The notarial seal was affixed February 23d, 1891].

In September, 1890, an "appeal" to the women of the country for aid was printed, and twenty thousand copies circulated through the Vice-Presidents of States, and much effective work done, and handsome sums sent to the Treasurer during the year following.

This is a "woman's movement," says the first circular issued, "national in its character, for raising the needed sum by such small contributions that no woman in the land need be deprived of the privilege of aiding a cause that must appeal to the heart of every mother and daughter in America.

This will be the first monument ever erected by a woman to a woman; nothing is left undone to raise to the highest plane in this and foreign countries the memory of George Washington; but for years this beloved and faithful-hearted mother, whose protest against the plans of others to give him to England made him ours forever, has but a dilapidated ruin to mark her grave.

"Colonel Lawrence Washington, of Mount Vernon, with whom his little half-brother, George, was a petted favorite, procured for him in 1746, when he was not quite fourteen years of age, a midshipman's warrant in the British navy, and the ensuing winter was passed in joyous preparation by young Washington for entering upon his new sphere in life. The following summer he was on the point of departure in a British ship-of-war lying in the Potomac. His luggage was on board, when his mother's carefully-considered final decision, kindly but firmly communicated, forbade his going—which greatly disappointed her son; but with filial love and ready obedience he acquiesced and returned to his studies.

"Mary Ball Washington, the daughter of Colonel Joseph Ball, of Lancaster, Virginia, was born in 1706; married Augustine Washington, March 6, 1730, and died August 25, 1789, aged 83 years, and was buried on the spot chosen by herself on her own home plantation 'Kenmore,' on the Rappahannock, near Fredericksburg.
"Forty years after, a patriotic citizen of New York, Mr. Silas E. Burrows, presented a handsome marble monument for the spot, the corner stone of which was laid by President Jackson in 1833; that was nearly but not entirely completed, and is now in such a state of dilapidation and ruin as to be irrecoverable.

"Augustine Washington (father of George), died in 1743, and—his body was laid in the family vault in Westmoreland County, Virginia.

"Let every one of her sex, whatever her condition, come with her contribution. She who commands millions, will she not give thousands? She who by arduous daily toil earns a pittance, may she not cheerfully add her mite?

"We would not that this monument be built by a few generous men and women alone; we want the pennies of the poor as well as the dollars of the rich. We would have every woman to share in the proud privilege of associating herself by her contribution in the work of erecting an imperishable memorial to that epitome of womanly virtues and graces—Mary, the mother of our beloved Washington.

"This appeal comes to you from The National Mary Washington Memorial Association, chartered February 22, 1890, in the District of Columbia."

A circular letter accompanied each package of this appeal, giving these instructions:

"You, as Vice-President of your State, are at full liberty to make such plans and arrangements as you may think best calculated to bring this result, organizing juvenile and other auxiliaries according to places and circumstances with a smaller membership fee, or scale of fees, by initiating and encouraging entertainments or the like, at your own convenience. [The lady's membership fee being one dollar, entitles the contributor to the portrait badge.]

"You will please secure the cooperation of your local papers so far as possible.

"N. B.—Enjoin upon your agents to send full enrollments of names of contributors to you, that you may forward them to me for permanent record to be preserved in the custodian's house at the Monument Park.

"MARGARET HETZEL, Secretary."
The secretary in all her correspondence has not failed to remind all our Vice-Presidents and friends everywhere, "that our object is to erect a noble and enduring monument, enclose and beautify a park surrounding it, build a custodian's house, and secure an endowment fund for the future care and preservation of the monument, that it may not again fall into ruin and desolation. A small sum cannot do all this—less than $50,000 would be wholly inadequate, and we propose to reach as nearly that sum as possible."—From a circular issued in May 1890.

At the annual meeting, February 23d, 1891, the President's report is extended and most interesting. "Cordial replies received from Vice-Presidents for twenty-seven States, many of whom have commenced the work with encouraging results," etc.

The Secretary reports, "New Hampshire, Vermont, Illinois, Ohio, Philadelphia, Maryland, Texas, Arkansas, Oregon, Washington, Missouri, New York, North Carolina, West Virginia and Louisiana responded promptly through Mesdames Blair, Dillingham, Trumbull, Massie, Pendleton, Keyser, Keagan, Breckenridge, Dolph, Squire, Cockrell, Lansing, Vance, Faulkner and Story, who are pushing the work with energy and ability."

"California, Tennessee, Mississippi, South Carolina, Alabama, New Jersey and Delaware were not far behind in coming in, and their representatives, Mesdames Hearst, Washington, Money, Lewis, Wheeler, McPherson and Gray are doing most patriotic service in the cause. Quite a number of the States are still unrepresented, but we propose to persevere until not one, however distant or small, shall be passed over in the privilege of contributing their quota, mite though it may be, to this patriotic cause." Closing with "a check for $620 from Mrs. Governor Dillingham, of Vermont, and one of $900 from Mrs. Story, of Louisiana, have just been received, the latter being the proceeds of a Colonial Ball given at Mardi-Gras in New Orleans."

June 10th, 1891, Mrs. Waite leaving for an extended tour on the Pacific Coast, endorsed a letter received from Mrs. Hearst,
of California, announcing that she had forwarded to the treasurer $1,092 collected for our cause in her State.

Meeting of Board, November 14th, 1891.—The Secretary reports having received and forwarded to the treasurer "from Mrs. Lewis, of South Carolina, $589.30, being the proceeds of a Colonial Ball at Charleston; from Mrs. Macon, of Colorado, $228.18, proceeds of a dramatic entertainment in Denver; from Mrs. Adams, of Nevada, $213.35, collected in her State; and August 8th, from Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, as Vice-President of the Daughters of the American Revolution, $776.93, proceeds of a Colonial Ball at White Sulphur Springs, etc., and various other smaller sums from various points—in all $3,160.50, during the past six months."

Annual meeting, February 25th, 1892.—The Secretary reports having received since last meeting of November 14th (in addition to several smaller sums), $1,000 from Mrs. Trumbull, of Illinois, being in large part the proceeds of a Colonial Tea, given at Chicago, which, she reports, has aroused attention in that city and State, which, she thinks, will be fruitful of good results in the near future.

At the same meeting, two weeks' notice having been previously given to the incorporators, as provided in By-Law 34, the following amendment was proposed and unanimously adopted:

Providing for a List of Life Members.

35. The payment of twenty-five dollars by one person at the same time shall entitle the person so paying to an Hereditary Life Membership in the Association, the certificate of which is a medal in the form of a star, with the head of Mary, the Mother of Washington, in the center, the initials of the Association (N. M. W. M. A.) in blue and white enamel upon the five points upon the obverse side, and the Washington heraldic colors on the reverse side.

This Association being organized for perpetuity, these Life Members, and their successors by inheritance, are privileged to aid in caring for the protection and preservation of the grave and monument of the mother of Washington for all future time. These medals are as an inheritance to descend from mother to daughter or granddaughter, and so on in the direct
female line, or failing these, by will or deed, and entitle the inheritor to vote at all meetings of the Association after February 22d, 1894.

No medals will be given out after that date.

By order:

AMELIA C. WAITE, President of the Board.

MARGARET HETZEL, Secretary.

The Hereditary Life Members’ list now numbers forty-seven, and is steadily increasing, being a most important and interesting feature of the Association, providing, as it does, for its perpetuity.

Early in June, 1892, Mrs. Waite left for an extended tour during which much time and travel was spent in search of a design for a monument. Seeing very many and consulting the best artists within reach, she selected three designs to be submitted to the Board of Directors for a choice of one among them, should any prove satisfactory.

In December, a meeting of the Board was called, and the designs submitted.

There are a few requisites that the National Association consider essential in a monument to Mary Washington: Height, durability, and simplicity. They wish it high enough to tower above all surrounding trees; to be always visible from Fredericksburg, and from the amphitheatre of hills surrounding it; to stand above other structures as Washington stands above other men. They wish a Monolith to endure as long as the earth shall move, to be like the obelisks of Egypt, permanent and perpetual, a reminder of the noble mother lying there, and they wish it as simple in form as it is solid and enduring, for that would truly typify the sublime character of Mary, the Mother of Washington.

On January 1 letters were sent to all Vice-Presidents of States, as follows:

"It is desired to decide upon a design and commence the work without delay; although the amount of funds is insufficient to complete our entire work, it is sufficient to warrant our beginning, and we hope the fact that we have begun will so stimulate intent and effort that the whole amount needed
will be secured before February 22, 1894. This can only be done by immediate and vigorous effort.

"It is not only to erect the monument that we have to do; it is to enclose and beautify a park, build a custodian's house, and secure an endowment fund for the future care and preservation of the property. Less than $30,000 more than we now have can not do all this creditably.

"It would be folly to build another monument to fall to ruin by neglect and vandalism."

We greatly regret that neither time nor space allows us to give here details of the admirable work so faithfully and ably accomplished from the first, and during the past year, by other of our Vice-Presidents of States, who have sent large sums to the treasury: Notably, Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, for the Daughters of the American Revolution, representing the New York City Chapter; Mrs. Senator McPherson, for New Jersey; Mrs. Knight, for Maryland; Mrs. Senator Gray, Delaware; Mrs. Senator Vance, North Carolina; Mrs. Senator Squire, Washington; Mrs. Senator Dolph, Oregon; Mrs. Washington, Tennessee; Mrs. Breckenridge, Arkansas, and Mrs. Money, Mississippi.

We hope that through the kind indulgence of THE AMERICAN MONTHLY we may be allowed to do all this in a future number.

It only remains to remind our dear friends of the Daughters of the American Revolution that on the memorable night of October 11, 1890, when their organization was completed, their first act was to introduce a resolution, that we make it our first work to assist in the completion of the monument to the MOTHER OF WASHINGTON, which passed by acclamation, and now to express the hope that they will all (as many have already done) redeem the pledge then so spontaneously and patriotically given.
While the Mayflower was lying in the harbor of Southamp- ton, before starting on her long voyage, there came to Gov- ernor Carver a young man, who offered to cross the seas with the ship's company and serve them for one year as a cooper in their new home. This was John Alden, then twenty-one years of age.

Tradition has it that he went with the colonists for the love of Priscilla Molines, a fair Huguenot, who, with her family, had joined the Separatists. However this may be, his services were accepted, and, as Bradford tells us in his 'History of Plymouth Plantation,' "being a hopful yonge man was much desired, but left to his own liking, whether to go or stay when he came here, but he stayed and maryed here."

The Mayflower had a long and stormy voyage, but at last she cast anchor within Cape Cod, and an exploring party was sent out under command of Captain Miles Standish. Upon the return of this party, and before making a landing with their families and goods upon the shores of their future home, the men of the company, forty-one in number, assembled in the little cabin to make an agreement concerning their life and government in the colony. Of this compact John Alden was the youngest signer, and by this act threw in his lot with the colonists and became one of the Pilgrim Fathers. He was not, of course, a member of the Leyden Congregation, nor, so far as known, was he a Separatist, but he quietly conformed to their religious opinions and led a blameless life among them, though never as prominent in Church as in State.

Early on Christmas morning in 1620, the first boat left the Mayflower for the land. Among the people on board were Mary Chilton and John Alden, to one of whom belongs the honor of being the first to spring ashore upon the memorable rock. The descendants of each claim this honor for their ancestor, but it seems most likely that a strong young man would spring ashore first to steady the boat, nor is it at
all probable that our ancestors, with their strict ideas as to
the submission of their womenkind, would allow one of the
weaker sex to put herself forward in this way.

The landing accomplished, the Pilgrims set to work to build
houses, or rather huts. These were built on each side of a
street running from the water to Fort Hill, and that built by
Standish and Alden was the last one on the right, opposite
Edward Winslow's. The sufferings and privations of that
first winter excite our deepest sympathy, and the fortitude with
which they were borne deserves our respect and admiration.
Cold, hunger, disease, hard labor, the fear of savages, the loss
of their loved ones, all these our forefathers had to bear. What
wonder if they came out of the ordeal somewhat hardened,
and disposed to deal severely with disturbers of their hard-won
peace?

John Alden seems to have attached himself from the first to
Captain Standish, and in spite of the difference in their ages,
their was a life-long friendship, disturbed only for a short
time, and then for the usual cause—a woman. During the
winter Miles Standish lost his wife Rose. Among other deaths
were those of William Molines, or Mullins, his wife, his son
Joseph, and a servant, Robert Cartier, leaving as the only sur-
vivor of this family, a daughter, Priscilla.

The Molines family was of French descent, Huguenots who
had fled from persecution. Historians differ as to whether
this family had lived in England prior to embarking on the
Mayflower, or whether they joined the Separatists in Leyden.
The latter seems more probable, as their servant was a French-
man. In the spring the necessity arose of rearranging the
households and protecting the widows and fatherless, and to
this end all the able-bodied men in the settlement were urged
to marry, Edward Winslow setting the example by marrying
the widow of William White when only seven weeks a widower.
Captain Standish thought seriously upon the subject, and
finally took his friend, John Alden, into his confidence, asking
him to be his ambassador. Of how John Alden sped on his
delicate errand, and of the Captain's wrath at the result,
Longfellow has told us, and Priscilla's coquettish answer to
this wooing by proxy has become a household tale. It was,
indeed, a family tradition before the poet made it famous,
having been handed down from Priscilla herself through two generations to her great-great-granddaughter, who died in 1845 at the age of 101 years. She, Abigail Alden Leonard, often told the story to her children and grandchildren. There was also a great-grandson, who died in 1821, aged 102, making but two lives between the heroine of the story and persons now living. Nor was Longfellow the first to use this little romance as the subject of a poem. The following ballad was published in the New York Rover in 1762:

Miles Standish in the Mayflower came,  
Across the stormy wave,  
And in that little band was none  
More generous and brave.

'Midst cold December sleet and snow,  
On Plymouth Rock they land;  
Weak were their hands, but strong their hearts—  
That pious Pilgrim band.

Oh, sad it was in their poor huts  
To hear the storm wind blow;  
And terrible at midnight hour  
When yell'd the savage foe.

And when the savage grim and dire  
His bloody work began,  
For a champion brave, I have been told,  
Miles Standish was the man.

But oh, his heart was made to bow  
With grief and pain, full low;  
For sickness on the Pilgrim band  
Now dealt a dreadful blow.

In arms of death so fast they fell  
They scarce were buried,  
And his dear wife whose name was Rose  
Was laid among the dead.

His sorrow was not loud but deep,  
For her he did bemoan,  
And such keen anguish wrung his heart—  
He could not live alone.

Then to John Alden he did speak—  
John Alden was his friend—  
And said: "Friend John, unto my wish  
I pray thee now attend."
"My heart is sad, 'tis very sad,  
My poor wife, Rose, has gone,  
And in this wild and savage land,  
I cannot live alone.

"To Mr. William Mullins', then,  
I wish you to repair,  
To see if he will give me leave  
To wed his daughter fair."

Priscilla was his daughter's name,  
Comely and fair, was she;  
And kind of heart, she was withal,  
As any maid could be.

John Alden, to oblige his friend,  
Straightway to Mullins went,  
And told his errand like a man  
And asked for his consent.

Now, Mr. Mullins was a sire  
Quite rational and kind,  
And such consent would never give  
Against his daughter's mind.

He told John Alden if his child  
Should be inclined that way,  
And Captain Standish was her choice,  
He had no more to say.

He then called in his daughter dear  
And straightway did retire,  
That she might with more freedom speak,  
In absence of her sire.

John Alden had a bright blue eye,  
And was a handsome man;  
And when he spoke, a pleasant look  
O'er all his features ran.

He rose, and in a courteous way,  
His errand did declare;  
And said, "Fair maid, what words shall I  
To Captain Standish bear?"

Warm blushes glowed upon the cheeks  
Of that fair maiden then;  
At first she turned away her eyes,  
Then looked at John again.
And then, with downcast, modest mien,  
She said, with trembling tone:  
"Now, prithee, John, why didst thou not  
Speak for thyself alone?"

Deep red then grew John Alden's face,  
He bade the maid good-bye;  
But well she read before he went,  
The language of his eye.

No matter what the language said,  
Which in the eye was rife,  
In one short month Priscilla was  
John Alden's loving wife.

Captain Standish consoled himself with a campaign against the Indians, and John and Priscilla were married in 1623. Longfellow's account of the wedding procession through woods and fields to the new house, with the bride mounted on a snow-white bull, is an anachronism. At that time the whole of Plymouth was within sound of Alden's voice as he stood at his door, and the first cattle arrived in March 1624. It was not until 1627 that there were enough cattle to divide among the colonists, and even then John and Priscilla with their two children owned only four-thirteenths of a heifer called Raghorn, sharing her with the Howland family and some others.

It was also in 1627 that a contract was made to buy the right of the "Company of Adventurers" in the colony. This responsibility was assumed by eight of the leading men on behalf of the colonists. They were Bradford, Winslow, Standish, Allerton, Brewster, Howland, Frence, and Alden.

In 1628 Standish and Alden moved to Duxbury. The Captain had married, several years before, his cousin, Barbara Standish, a sister of his first wife, coming from England. He built on Captain's Hill, and John Alden near Eagle Tree Pond, where some of his descendants still live. With the marriage of Alexander, the eldest son of Miles Standish, to Sarah, daughter of John and Priscilla Alden, the two families were drawn still closer together; and in 1630 we find Alden acting for Miles Standish in the matter of the "Warwick Patent."

We hear nothing of Alden's exercising his trade as a cooper. Probably, by the time there was much demand for his services another had arrived. He was from the first employed by the
heads of the colony as a clerk, as he seems to have been better educated than many of the Pilgrims. He was assistant to every Governor, after the first, for forty-three years; he succeeded Standish as treasurer of the colony, holding that office thirteen years; and was eight times deputy from Duxbury, sometimes holding two of these positions at the same time. In later life he took some part in the rigorous measures against the Quakers, but the sins of the father were visited upon the children, when, in a still more intolerant age, his eldest son, Captain John Alden, of Boston, was imprisoned for witchcraft. John Alden’s house in Duxbury was burned a few years before his death, and he removed to the dwelling of his fourth son, Jonathan, not far distant. Here he died in 1687, last of the signers of the Pilgrim compact.

He left four sons and four daughters. Of the sons, the eldest, John, went to Boston, and became the Naval Commander of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, and one of the founders of the old South Church. His slate headstone is embedded in the wall of the porch of the New Old South. The second son, Joseph, settled in Bridgewater, and married a daughter of Moses Simmons, who came in the Fortune in 1621. David married a daughter of Constant Southworth, Governor Bradford’s stepson, and was one of the last magistrates of Plymouth as a separate colony. Jonathan, the fourth son, was executor of his father’s will, and remained on the Duxbury estate, where his descendants still live, in the old house which was built by his son; and still use the old well which John Alden dug. Of the daughters, Elizabeth married William Paybody, and lived to see her great-great-grandchildren. Sarah married Alexander Standish; Ruth married John Bass, of Braintree; and Mary married Thomas Delano, of Duxbury, son of a young Frenchman named De la Noye, who came in the Fortune. The next generation were scattered over New England, and later wandered even further afield. Sons of the fourth and fifth generation fought in the War of Independence, and the annals of our wars since then have not been without the name of Alden, showing their devotion to the country for which their forefathers labored and suffered.

Alice Wight Alden.
MRS. R. OGDEN DOREMUS.
REGENT OF NEW YORK CITY CHAPTER, DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.
Mrs. R. Ogden Doremus was appointed Regent of the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, January 1, 1892, by the Committee of Safety, and this election was unanimously confirmed by the Chapter at its next meeting, on May 19, 1892. She was also made Corresponding Secretary, and has been performing the duties of both offices until the present time.

Mrs. Doremus, the daughter of Captain Hubbard Skidmore and Caroline Avery, was born in the city of New York, and educated under the care of the celebrated Madam Mears, when the school was at the corner of Broadway and 10th street, where the store of the late Mr. Stewart now stands. She was married in New York to Dr. R. Ogden Doremus, the distinguished Professor of Chemistry, October 1, 1850. The ceremony took place in the South Dutch Church, corner of 5th Avenue and 21st street, the oldest church organization in the city of New York. The original edifice was built by the Dutch within the fortification walls at the Battery.

Captain Skidmore was one of the most daring navigators of his time, a man renowned for coolness and courage. He commanded a ship when nineteen years of age, and became wealthy from shipping interests, being at one time connected in business with his wife's first cousin and brother-in-law, William Van Zandt, son of the merchant prince, Winant Van Zandt. Captain Skidmore was born at Neseguag, Long Island, December 1, 1767, and lived in New York city. He was nine years old when the Revolution broke out. Filled with patriotism even at that early age, he served at a cannon by his father's side (who was with the artillery), carrying powder from the magazine to the gunners, and afterwards served as private soldier in the Revolutionary War. On one occasion he volunteered and proceeded to a fort many miles off, in the night (when he was thirteen years of age), carrying some important intelligence from one of the colonels.
In the French War, while in command of his own ship, he was captured by a Frenchman, and a few days afterwards, in the Gulf of Mexico, he invited the prize officers to take dinner with him, when he plied them freely with wine, and excusing himself for a moment left the table and went on deck and had the companion-way closed, and the hatches put on, and thus secured below so many of the prize crew, along with their officers, as to make complete a recapture. So situated, he carried his vessel into New Orleans, and permitted the chagrined Frenchmen to go ashore. This is one illustration of his skill in strategy.

He was born to command. In February, 1807, Captain Skidmore, while in command of his own ship, the "Mississippi," saved by his own efforts the entire crew and his guests, with the exception of two gentlemen, who jumped overboard to swim and were lost. This was on his return from England when a heavy snow storm struck them off Squan Beach; the ship was a total wreck, but with a rope he swam back and forth through the blinding snow and breakers at midnight. When all were saved, he placed the infant son of Mrs. Natt, of Philadelphia, in his mother's arms and sank upon the beach exhausted, and came near dying. A poem was afterwards written describing the terrible event.

Captain Skidmore was an enthusiastic traveler, and, living before the time when gentlemen sailed their own yachts, he indulged his taste for adventure by commanding one of his ships and visiting all parts of the world, possible for him to reach. Placards in the cases of the old American Museum, corner of Broadway and Ann street, afterward's Barnum's, proclaimed his generosity. Curiosities from every clime were marked as presented by him. He was very fond of France, and imported most of his household effects from that country, such as silver, china, furniture, etc., and adopted the dainty style of French dress. He never gave up the Washingtonian style of clothes and powdered hair. The picture here represented is taken from a miniature, painted in France, when he was twenty-two. His family was a very ancient one. One of the English writers says: "On the roll of Battle Abbey may be found the names of William the Conqueror's commanders,
who went over with him from Normandy in 1066. Among them is the name of 'Sent Scudemore.'"

Grafton's Chronicle says that "Sent Scudemore, was one of William the Conquerer's captains. The name has taken on many changes through the centuries. Lower, in his Dictionary of Family Names, page 307, states: "The name Scudamore is unquestionably Norman, and is said to be derived from the O. Fr. escu d'amor 'the shield of love,' in allusion, probably, to some incident." The family motto sanctions this etymology, being "Scuto Amoris Divini," "Defended by the Shield of Divine Love." Sent Scudamore is also called Godfrey Eskidemore, and Godefridus Escudor."

One of the early writers says: "That the family was anciently of plentiful estate and good esteem appears evident from their early benefactions to the Abbey of Doré, and other religious houses." From 1066, the family comes down through the ages, possessing great wealth and influence and many titles, marrying close to royal families.

The first to establish the name in America was Thomas Skidmore, who, with Ellen, his wife, were among the earliest settlers in New England, as appears by the following extract from the "Early Records of Boston": "John, the son of Thomas Skidmore and Ellen, his wife, born 11th, 2nd, 1643 (meaning 11th day of the 2nd month, April) born at Cambridge." (Farmer's New England Historical and Genealogical Register, vol. 4, page 182. Still earlier than this he appears. "Thomas Skidmore, by Ellen, his wife, had John, born 11th of April, 1643. Thomas resided on the westerly side of Brighton street, Cambridge, North of Mount Auburn street. He removed to Hartford, where he was living, December 6th, 1649." Paige's History of Cambridge, with a map showing where Thomas Skidmore lived. John was residing at Jamaica, Long Island, February 15, 1678-'9, as appears by his will (Recorded in Books, 2, p. 17, Surrogate's Office, N. Y.)-made that day. (Son of Thomas.)"

Captain Skidmore's first wife was Hannah, sister of Vice-Chancellor McCoom, of New York. He was thirty years older than his second wife, Miss Avery, and Mrs. Doremus being the
youngest of all the children, the Captain seemed more like her grandfather than her father.

In summing up the character of Hubbard Skidmore it can be said that he was a scholar, distinguished navigator, philanthropist, and patriot.

Mrs. Doremus' maternal grandfather, Thaddeus Avery, of Mount Pleasant, Westchester County, New York, was born October 19, 1749. Died November 16, 1836.

He was Captain of cavalry during the Revolution and at one time paymaster of the Westchester troops.

On one occasion his house was entered by Hessians, who demanded the money chest they knew him to have in charge. He was taken to the kitchen and tortured with hot irons, they thinking to force him to reveal the hiding place of the chest. Receiving no satisfaction from him when he fainted, they sought his wife, and placing a pistol to her breast, said they would shoot her heart out if she did not tell them immediately where the money could be found. She persistently refused, and was delivered from her perilous position by some officers who heard the shouts of a negro boy the Hessians had bound to a tree, whom they had caught when running to alarm the neighbors.

MRS. DOREMUS' GREAT-GRANDFATHER.

The redoubtable Captain John Underwood was born circa 1600 and early imbibed an ardent love of liberty, civic and religious, by his service as a soldier under the illustrious Maurice of Nassau, Prince of Orange, in the Low Countries. "He was strongly solicited to go with Governor Carver, Elder William Brewster and other worthies, part of the Rev. John Robinson's church, to the settlement of Plymouth and had partly engaged with them as their chief military officer; but Captain Miles Standish, his brave fellow-soldier in the Low Countries, undertaking the business in 1620, he declined." He came to New England with John Winthrop in 1630. He was held in such high distinction that he was appointed one of the first Deputies from Boston to the General Court and one of the earliest officers of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company. "He was sworn freeman, 18th of May, 1630. In
1637, his great friend, Sir Harry Vane, sent him as Commander of the Colony troops to Saybrook, Connecticut; and, with Captain John Mason, destroyed the Indian forts at Mystic and broke the power of the Pequots. In 1638, he was chosen Governor of Dover, New Hampshire, in place of Burdett. Afterward went to the Dutch. In 1644 he was given command of Dutch soldiers and with them, in wars against the Indians, was most successful.

In 1633 he was a representative from Stamford to the General Court of Connecticut.

In 1646 he went to Flushing, Long Island, and later resided in Oyster Bay, Long Island, from which place he was a Delegate to Hempstead, and was made High Sheriff of North Riding, Long Island, by Governor Nicoll. The Matinecock Indians conveyed to him in 1667 150 acres of land, a portion of which is still owned by his descendants.

He died at an advanced age in 1672 and was buried on his estate, Kenilworth, or Killingworth, Queens county, Long Island.

While in England, in 1638, he published a work, entitled "Newes from America," which contains a most excellent account of the Pequot War.

Mrs. Estelle E. Doremus is richly endowed by nature with a graceful and commanding figure, beautiful features, and a brilliancy of complexion rarely seen. While engaged in animated conversation, the changing flashes of color in her transparent cheeks, respond to the sentiment she expresses. She is adorned with a wealth of brown hair, remarkable for its length and sheen—always coiffed in a becoming style. When younger, it was of a lighter hue, and as an admirer expressed it, "Her wavy brown hair, in the sunlight, looked like molten doubloons." Her hands have been models for painter and sculptor. Her taste in dress, in both color and form, has always been artistic. She is a brilliant raconteuse; quick at repartee, and she wields a facile pen.

Her tact in securing representative audiences and premiums on boxes at the Charity Ball, for the benefit of the Nursery and Child's Hospital (which the revered mother of her husband was most instrumental in establishing), inaugurated
entertainments which continue to be successful to the present time. Never have the receipts been as large as when under her management.

In Paris, during the Empire, her receptions were the favored resort of our distinguished American Colony, and of French scientists and army officers. Here, among other musical celebrities, Mlle. Christine Nilsson sang, while yet in her pupilage. Mrs. Doremus' table at the Fair of the Princess Czartoryska, for the benefit of the exiled Poles, attracted American residents in the gay capital. Before the late war, she gave efficient aid to the "Metropolitan Fair."

During the war, in 1863, she was among the most zealous and indefatigable workers for the "Sanitary Fair," which secured $1,400,000 for the sick and wounded soldiers. Her scientific table, with its marvels of the microscope, and other philosophical instruments, always surrounded by the wit and wisdom of the day, added greatly to swell the donations. "Look-ing through a brick," was a fund of amusement.

By a vote for the most popular lady at the French Fair, held in New York for disabled soldiers, during the Franco-Prussian war, she was honored with the Ambulance decoration of the Red Cross, set with diamonds.

Successful performances of the play of "Cinderella," were planned and conducted by her, in 1876, in the New York Academy of Music, for the benefit of the "Women's Pavilion," at the Centennial Exposition, held in Philadelphia. She secured the hearty cooperation of the parents and children of our best families. Nearly two hundred little ones, elegantly attired took part in the representations.

She rendered efficient aid in the performances of the pantomimes of the "Mistletoe Bough," and "Sleeping Beauty," at the Academy of Music, for the Mount Vernon Fund.

She never allowed her charitable and patriotic services to interfere with the duties and responsibilities as a mother of eight children; seven sons and a daughter. Her nursery witnessed her greatest triumphs. She has been for many years a communicant in the South Reformed Church of New York.

Her home during a great part of her married life was located in spacious grounds, with a central fountain. The shade-trees
THADDEUS AVERY,
MATERNAL GRANDFATHER OF MRS. R. OGDEN DOREMUS.
and flowers made it one of the most attractive localities in New York City.

It was the resort of those distinguished in science, diplomacy, literature, art, and especially music. The celebrities of our own land and from abroad always received a cordial welcome at 70 Union Place. It was a veritable salon. Her generous heart was always responsive to charitable appeals.

Charles Avery Welles, writing of an American salon in 1891, says:

The question, "Is a salon possible in America?" has been asked from New York to Washington without response.

When Mrs. John Sherwood read her interesting paper on this subject in New York before the Ladies' Club, December 15, it made a sensation. She desired to apply this lecture particularly to New York society, urging some one to start a salon, forgetting that years ago she was one bright particular star in a salon in this city.

For twenty years as perfect a salon existed at No. 70 Union Place, New York, as any of the celebrated ones of Europe, so graphically described by Mrs. Sherwood. A house, as well as the people in it, has something to do with successful entertaining. The old-fashioned sort of mansion (which was a wedding present to Dr. and Mrs. Doremus from Mrs. Doremus' uncle) sixty feet front, planted in the midst of a little park, had all the air of a country home, in the heart of the city; it was admirably suited for entertaining at all seasons of the year.

The garden was large enough for the Philharmonic Society to comfortably place one hundred musicians with stands and lights, with Herr Carl Bergmann to direct, while they serenaded their president, Dr. Doremus. In this garden also was Christine Nilsson serenaded by fourteen hundred Swedes, who came to do honor to their countrywoman the night she was presented for the first time to New York society, not having yet appeared in public. Here, too, the renowned Dodworth's cornet band, with the lamented Harvey at their head, gave a yearly serenade on Mrs. Doremus' birthday in May, Professor Doremus always playing one piece with them, in compliment to his wife.
Volumes might be written of the fun the young people had in that old garden with the skating ponds and pony circuses; but of the salon inside the house.

What is a salon?

It is not composed of society people alone, invited on a special evening. It must be made up of all sorts and conditions of men, so to speak. Talent is not always allied with wealth, and as wealth does not represent wit and wisdom, nature’s noblemen must therefore find the place of honor in a salon. One night in the week the mistress must always be found at home, then people allowed to drift in at will, having once been properly introduced.

This old house was often termed Liberty Hall, in compliment to the free hospitality offered, for although Wednesday was the reception day and salon evening, every night might be found gathered in the library poets, artists, statesmen, diplomats, politicians, musicians, actors, doctors; science dwelt there, and with magic crucible of goodfellowship all talents were blended into a harmonious potion most agreeable to take. Doses are oftener taken at meals.

Oh! those after-theatre supper parties! Those suppers, how enjoyable they were! Dion Boucicault exchanging wit from one end of the table with the incomparable Judge John R. Brady at the other. The adored Montague singing a sweet song between jokes. Edwin Booth, so dignified, always looking like Hamlet, with a tinge of melancholy, and Salvini, of later date. Tamberlick, the great tenor; Mrs. Scott-Siddons and Adelaide Phillipps.

French was the language of the house, therefore foreigners felt particularly at home. On one occasion a lady asked Prince Alexis Dolgorouky why he did not go more in society. “Oh,” he replied, “je cannois la famille Doremus; c’est assez.”

John G. Saxe, the poet, was a close friend of the family for many years. When he came down from Albany to visit his publishers in New York he generally spent the morning with Mrs. Doremus, submitting to her his manuscripts. “This,” he said one day, “is your sonnet. I want permission to publish it.”
Dr. Fordyce Barker, the renowned and favorite society physician, occupied the north wing for several years. In the south wing was the library and the private chemical laboratories. Here meetings of the faculties of the New York Medical College and of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College were frequently held. Including such men as Dr. Horace Green, E. H. Davis, Dr. Jacobi, E. R. Peaslee, professors in the first of these institutions, and in the latter Drs. Isaac E. Taylor, James R. Wood, Austin Flint and his son, Frank H. Hamilton, George R. Elliott, William H. Van Buren, Lewis H. Sayre, Alexander B. Mott, and W. A. Hammond.

Scientists from other institutions were often entertained here, as Dr. John W. Draper, of the University of the city of New York, President Barnard and Professor Joy of Columbia College, Professors Agassiz and Hosford of Harvard, Professors Silliman and Hunt of Yale, Professors Torrey and Guyot of Princeton, Professor Joseph Henry of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington. The Boston chemists, Jackson and Hays; the distinguished surgeon of Philadelphia, Dr. Gross; Marion Sims of Woman's Hospital fame; Brown-Sequard, Paul du Chaillu, Donald G. Mitchell, "Ike Marvel;" Charles J. Halpin, "Miles O'Reilly."

The army was represented by Generals Tyler, Hawlee, McCook, Fitz John Porter, Hascell, and others.

The orators of the pulpit often honored this cosmopolitan home, such as the Rev. Drs. Mathews, Macauley, Rogers, Dewitt, Tyng, Bellows, Chapin, and Cuyler.

For a time art took possession of the north wing. Fagnani, the favorite portrait painter, there completed a large picture of the hostess for the Academy. One of the members of the Burlingame Chinese embassy showed great interest in this picture, sitting by the artist many a morning watching the process. The eldest hope of the family would invite him into his photographic studio in the adjoining room and take his likeness. Charley said the frightful pockmarks came out beautifully! The Chinese embassy domesticated themselves so thoroughly in the old house that the family told the revered grandmother it would be no longer necessary to send mission-
aries across the sea to convert the heathen when there were so many just at hand.

Many distinguished members of the bar frequented the parlor and the library—Clarence A. Seward, Edwin S. Stoughton, Luther R. Marsh, Governor Tilden and Judge Mathews.

One year, when the family were in Europe, the talented Vaini was given the use of the studios. There he painted pictures of Mr. Clarence A. Seward and one of his daughters, of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Doremus and other members of the family, besides those of a large number of other people; some of Mr. John Cary's family; also the family of Mr. Cyrus W. Field. Here Louis Verhaegen moulded in the clay the bust of Mr. Charles Avery, uncle of Mrs. Doremus. Afterward this Belgian sculptor executed a colossal statue for Mr. Avery's monument.

No children ever had greater advantages than those of this great household; they were not banished to the nursery nor excluded from the table. Early contact with great talent developed talent in them. At six years of age the gifted Clarence recited French poetry at Salvini's knee, and studied the violin with the great Ole Bull. At his death Judge Brady wrote to his bereaved parents: "I consider Clarence the most remarkable child I ever encountered. He is not only a loss to his family, but to the country and to the world." Another child, early lost, Dr. Barker always called "the little Mozart."

Recently, when the house in Union Place was being demolished, Mrs. Doremus went in at the gate, and as she stood sadly by the fountain looking at the falling walls, a laborer glanced inquiringly up.

"This was my home for many years," she said, "take your crowbar and break me a piece of the wall in that room, with some of the decoration," pointing to her boudoir. He brought a big piece in a newspaper, with which she entered a passing car.

A friend said: "What have you there?"

"A piece of wall well seasoned with the best wit and wisdom of New York," she replied.

"You never should have parted with that place," said the
friend, “it belonged to society. We have had more fun in
that old house than in any other in this city.”

In her present charming residence off Madison avenue the
same unrivaled hospitality and the same interchange of wit
and wisdom prevails. This in no way interferes with the
earnest efforts of Mrs. Doremus to develop the patriotic and
historical objects of the Daughters of the American Revolu-
tion, as may be seen in a sketch of the New York City Chapter
recently published in these pages.

At the second Continental Congress, just closed, Mrs. Dore-
mus led the New York delegation with the dignity and earnest-
ness that is characteristic of her in every enterprise where she
has an interest.

M. S. H.

OH! LOVE DIVINE.

DEDICATED TO THE RT. REV. WM. J. KEP, D.D., BISHOF OF CALIFORNIA.

Hail! thou incarnate God.
Hail! thou bright morning star.
Now breaks the perfect day.
Oh! hear the shouts of joy.
Let all creation sing
Our souls shall live through love
Vouchsafed by God above.
Oh, love divine,
Oh, death sublime,
Through which our souls now live and give
Eternal praise to God.

CORNELIA ARMISTEAD CRUX.

Copyrighted, 1892.
EXPEDITION TO QUEBEC, THROUGH THEKENNEBEC VALLEY, UNDER GEN. BENEDICT ARNOLD.*

By Mary Shumway-Lee, Buffalo Chapter, N. Y.

December 27, 1892.

My reason for being very personal in this sketch is, that a common spirit of patriotism pervaded New England. When we have told the story of one or two of her brave men, we have told the story of many.

Captain Jonas Hubbard and Captain Jacob Brown, both of Massachusetts, shared the hardships, we may say the horrors, of the expedition through the Kennebec valley under General Benedict Arnold, in the autumn of 1775.

Both reached Quebec, and both gave up their lives, one on the battlefield on the night of the last day of the year 1775, during the unsuccessful attack upon the city; the other died of smallpox, which raged in the camp the following spring.

Captain Brown was the great-grandfather of my husband. I speak of him on my daughter's account, as she has thus double claim to belong to this Society, both great-great-grandfathers having marched and fought in the same expedition.

I have not had access to much detail of his story, but know that both he and his brother gave their lives for liberty. If the portrait we own of his daughter resembles her father, he must have been made of stern stuff.

Of Captain Hubbard, the grandfather of my mother, the record is fuller, though when questioned by my mother, who hoped to learn many incidents of personal interest, her grandmother said: "Mary, I suffered so much at that time that I cannot talk of it; you must not ask me about it." For such reason, in many cases, doubtless much valuable historical material has been lost.

Captain Hubbard was ensign in one of the three militia companies of Worcester, his native place. When the volun-

* The Daughters of the American Revolution who trace their descent from Colonel John Hardin will be interested to know that he shared the perils of this remarkable march, and of the attack on Quebec, as a Lieutenant in Morgan's Rifle Corps.—EDITOR.
teer company of minute men was raised, he was elected captain in General Ward's regiment; he drilled his men and made what preparation he could for action.

June 15, 1755, Congress adopted the resolution to "appoint a general to command all the Continental forces raised for the defence of American liberty." As we know, Washington was appointed.

July 1, a commission was sent to Captain Hubbard. I will read a copy. The original now belongs to a member of my family.

"IN CONGRESS.


"We, reposing especial trust and confidence in your patriotism, valour, conduct, and fidelity, do by these presents constitute and appoint you to be a Captain of a company in the 3d Regiment in the United Colonies raised for the defense of American liberty, and for the expelling of every hostile invasion thereof. You are, therefore, carefully and diligently to discharge the duty of Captain by doing and performing all manner of things thereunto belonging, and we do strictly charge and require all officers and soldiers under your command to be obedient to your orders as Captain; and you are to observe and follow such orders and directions from time to time as you shall receive from this or any Congress of the United Colonies, or a committee of Congress for that purpose appointed, or Commander-in-Chief for the time being of the Armies of the United Colonies, or any other your superior officer, according to the rules and discipline of war, in pursuance of the trust reposed in you.

"This commission to continue in force until revoked by this or a future Congress.

"By order of the Congress:

"JOHN HANCOCK,

"Attest: President.

"CHARLES THOMSON, Secretary."
Hancock remained for many years the friend and frequent guest of Mrs. Hubbard, one room in her house being called Hancock's room.

Washington hoped to induce Canada to join the other colonies in their attempt to gain liberty, and also thought it wise to divide the British troops by attacking them in Canada, as well as in Massachusetts.

To accomplish this he wished to reach Quebec by a wholly unexpected route, namely, through Maine, by the Kennebec and connecting streams to the Chandière, and thus join the forces under Gen. Schuyler, or rather, Montgomery, upon whom the command had devolved. This army had gone North by way of Lake Champlain; had taken Fort Ticonderoga, and the following November captured Montreal.

Washington wrote to Congress on September 20: "I made all possible inquiry as to the distance, the safety of the route, and the danger of the season being too far advanced, but found nothing in either to deter me from proceeding. I communicated it to General Schuyler, who approved of it in such terms that I resolved to put it in immediate execution." General Benedict Arnold was known as a brave man, one well fitted to lead such an expedition, and he probably did as well as any man could, but the dangers of the way, and the severity of the weather were greater than could have been anticipated or overcome, and every thing conspired against the taking of the city when at last it was reached.

The summons came September 11, and Captain Hubbard, as did so many other minute men, left home never to return. He said to his wife who was left with six sons and one daughter, "Send the boys as soon as possible; do not wait until they can shoulder a musket, send them as soon as they can drive a team."

The party of 1,000 men left Cambridge on September 18th for the Kennebec Valley. For a few days the way was known, and progress was easy; but soon "the brave men turned their faces to the fearful shadows of the uninhabited and unexplored wilderness."

As they were without maps or charts, small parties were sent forward to find the way, and the main body followed in
detachments. Snow fell on the 20th of September, and the weather was unusually severe even for that northern climate.

I condense from a historian, who says, "When they reached the Kennebec, the current was rapid, the bed of the river rocky, and often interrupted by falls; the water entered the bateaux and damaged or drowned the provisions and ammunition. At every portage the boats were to be unloaded and transported upon shoulders. On land it was necessary to penetrate through thickest forests, to scale frightful mountains, to wade through quagmires. The soldiers were forced to carry all their baggage, and advanced but slowly. Provisions began to fail; they ate their dogs."

My mother used to tell, with a little shudder, that a rabbit crossing their path, he was seized, torn limb from limb, and eaten while still quivering. Judge Henry, one of the number narrating the details of the expedition, said: "They boiled their moose-skin moccasins for some time, hoping a mucilage would be made; the poor fellows chewed the leather, but it was leather still; they had no food for forty-eight hours."

As soon as the men reached the Dead river, a branch of the Kennebec, Colonel Enos received orders to send back all the sick, and all those to whom it was not possible to furnish provisions; but this officer returned with all his detachment to the camp at Boston. The army was indignant at this abandonment of his companions. He was tried by court-martial, but he was acquitted, as it was proved that it was impossible for him to obtain food.

Lossing says: "The men under Arnold pushed forward through ice formed upon the water, in which the men waded to push their boats. Seventeen falls were passed, and on a bleak day, marching through snow two inches deep, they reached the Highlands, which separated the waters of New England from those of Canada. A portage of four miles brought them to the Chandière, where the current ran with great rapidity over a rocky bottom; they had no guide; they lashed their baggage and provisions to the bateaux, and committed themselves to the mercy of the stream. They heard
the fearful roar of rushing waters; their boats were overturned in the rapids, but no lives were lost."

This was the character of the river for many miles, but at last a place of safety was reached on October 30.

The expedition left Cambridge September 18th with one thousand men, and reached Quebec November 9th with seven hundred and fifty, "after one of the most wonderful marches on record." "Thirty-two days they traversed the gloomy wilderness without meeting a human being. Frost and snow were upon the ground and ice was upon the surface of the marshes and streams which they were obliged to traverse and ford, sometimes armpit deep in water and mud; yet they murmured not, and even women followed in the train of the suffering patriots. It was an effort in the cause of freedom worthy of its divine character, and the men who thus periled life and endured pain, whatever may have been their course in after-life, deserve the highest praise from the hearts and lips of posterity." This refers to both Arnold and Aaron Burr, who, as a young man of twenty years, took part in the expedition.

In all these hardships Captain Hubbard bore his full part. The spirit of the men can be learned from a letter he wrote his wife while waiting at Fort Western: "I know not if I shall ever see you again; the weather grows severely cold, and the woods, they say, are terrible to pass; but I do not value life or property if I can secure liberty for my children."

The appearance of the Colonial army from such an unexpected quarter caused great excitement, and could an attack upon Quebec have been made immediately, November 15, it might have been successful; but a severe storm caused a delay in crossing the river, and the Colonel in command at Quebec learned of their coming through a letter written by Arnold to General Schuyler, which the Indian to whom it was entrusted allowed to fall into the hands of the British.

A few nights after this a reconnoitering party found everything quiet in the city; but what could 350 badly equipped men, however willing and brave, avail against such a fortress as Quebec? It was afterward learned that one of the gates was
unguarded and unbarred; the troops might have entered unseen.

Arnold, not daring to make an attack, on the 18th moved his troops twenty miles to Point aux Trembles, where they were joined by General Montgomery, who praised them for the courage which had brought them through the wilderness, and gave them warm clothing. This was most acceptable, as they were wearing the single suits of summer clothing they had saved while all their baggage was lost.

Montgomery took command of the combined troops, and on December 2d, in a driving snow-storm, started for Quebec, which they reached in three days. "The snow was deep and drifted; he had only some light cannon, and a few mortars; a feeble ill-clad, ill-fed army." No wonder he was nearly discouraged. But his love of his adopted country, and his fear of the effect upon the people should the expedition fail, decided him, with the advice of a council of war, to make a regular assault upon the town on the night of December 31, 1775.

The troops were ordered to parade in three divisions at three o'clock in the morning: the first and second under Montgomery, by way of the upper town; the third under General Arnold, by the lower; they were to meet at an appointed place.

Montgomery thought his movements unknown, but when he was within forty paces of a battery, a discharge of grape-shot swept the column with terrible effect. Montgomery and both his aids were killed, and the troops fled in confusion. "Ten minutes the battery belched its iron storm into the dim space, but after the first discharge there was no enemy to slaughter."

Arnold, who was leading his men another way, was disabled by a musket-shot in the knee, and carried to the hospital.

The struggle lasted three hours, but after every hope of success was gone a portion of the men surrendered as prisoners of war. Arnold took command of the forces, now numbering 800 men, and entrenched himself three miles from the city.

Montgomery, an Irishman by birth, connected himself with the Army in 1757, and was with Wolfe at the storming of
Quebec in 1759. At the opening of the Revolutionary War he joined the Americans, and was second in command to General Schuyler in the expedition against Montreal and Quebec, but on account of Schuyler's illness soon had full command. He was a brave general, and had he lived the city might have been taken. "His death was a public calamity, for he was beloved by the good, feared by the wicked, and honored even by enemies."

As a matter of personal interest, let me say, that at the same time when Montgomery died, Captain Hubbard was wounded in the heel. He refused to have his leg amputated, saying he could never fight the British with one leg. He lay all the remainder of the night upon the battlefield and froze to death.

His faithful slave, Philip, had accompanied him through the march, and was with him when he fell.

Captain Hubbard said to him: "Philip, you are a free man. You may stay with the army or you may go home."

He chose to go back to Worcester, and was honored and loved by the family for his devotion to his master. Among my mother's recollections of her childhood none were more distinct or more frequently repeated than those concerning this former slave.

Arnold and his forces remained near Quebec until the 1st of April, 1776, hoping to besiege the city, but Colonel Carleton, in command, was confident of reinforcements in the spring and remained quiet. Even after Arnold was joined by General Wooster with the troops which had been before Montreal—they numbered only 3,000 men, of whom 800 were sick with smallpox—they became convinced that all further attempts in Canada were useless, and retreated to their own country, leaving their sick and prisoners, who were kindly treated by Colonel Carleton and finally sent home.

Chief Justice Marshall said of this expedition: "It was a bold, and at one time promised to be a successful effort to annex this extensive province to the United Colonies. The disposition of the Canadians favored the measure, and had Quebec fallen, there is reason to believe the colony would have entered cordially into the Union. Had Arnold been able to reach Quebec a few days sooner, or to cross the St. Lawrence
on his first arrival, or had the gallant Montgomery not fallen in the assault on the 31st of December, it is probable the expedition would have been crowned with complete success. But the radical causes of the failure were the lateness of the season when the troops were assembled, a deficit in the preparation, and still more the shortness of the term for which the men were enlisted."

Mr. Fiske says: "The generalship of Montgomery received the warm approval of no less a critic than Frederick the Great, and the chivalrous bravery of Arnold, both in his march through the wilderness, and in the military operations which followed, was such that if a kind fate could then and there cut the thread of his life, he would have left behind him a sweet and shining memory."
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
MARY SULLIVAN HUBBARD TURRILL,
Member of the Sequoia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, San Francisco, California.


Third Generation—Rev. Richard Mather, of Lowton, Winwick Parish, and of Toxeth Park, England. Came over in the ship "James, Master, Captayne Taylor," in 1635, and settled in Dorchester, Massachusetts. He is buried in Upham's Corner Cemetery. He married, first, Catherine, daughter of Edmund Holt, of Bury, Lancashire, England, September 29, 1624; and, second, Sarah Story, widow of Rev. John Cotton, August 26, 1656. She was the daughter of Richard Hankridge, of Boston, England, and was first married to William Story.

Fourth Generation—The second son, Timothy Mather, born in Liverpool, England, ("the only son who was not a preacher") married, first, January 14, 1684, Katharine,
daughter of Major General Humphrey Atherton (who is buried in Upham's Corner Cemetery; and, second, Elizabeth, daughter of Amiel Weeks.

Fifth Generation—The second son, Richard Mather, born in Dorchester, Massachusetts; married December 20, 1653, Catherine, daughter of Joseph Wise and Mary Thompson, his wife.

Sixth Generation—The third child, Samuel Mather, of Lyme, Connecticut, married, January 1, 1712, Deborah Champion, daughter of Thomas Champion and Hannah Brockway, his wife (she was daughter of Woolstone Brockway and Hannah, his wife), and granddaughter of Henry Champion and Sarah, his wife.

Seventh Generation—The eldest son, Richard Mather, of Lyme, Connecticut; married, May 18, 1742, Deborah Ely, daughter of William Ely and Hannah Thompson, his wife, granddaughter of William Ely and Elizabeth Smith, his wife, great-granddaughter of Richard Ely, of Plymouth, England, "who, being a Puritan, sought New England that he might exercise his religious faith with none to molest or disturb," and Joanne Phipps, of Boston, England, his first wife. His second wife was Elizabeth Fenwick, sister of Colonel Fenwick, of Saybrookport.

Eighth Generation—The eldest child, Mehitable Mather, married in Lyme, Connecticut, September 16, 1761, Major General Samuel Holden Parsons, third son of Rev. Jonathan Parsons, who was married by Rev. George Griswold, December 14, 1731, to Phebe Griswold, daughter of John Griswold and Hannah Lee, his wife, (daughter of Thomas Lee, 2d, and Sarah Kirkland, his first wife), granddaughter of Mathew Griswold and Phebe Hyde, his wife (daughter of Samuel Hyde, of Hartford, and Jane Lee, who was a daughter of Thomas Lee, who left England in 1641 and died on the passage, and granddaughter of William Hyde, of England), also great-granddaughter of Matthew Griswold, of Kenilworth county, Warwick, England, who settled in Windsor and Saybrook, and who, married October 16, 1646, Anne Wolcott, (daughter of Henry Wolcott, of Tolland county, Somerset, England, first settler of Windsor, Connecticut, who married, in 1607, Elizabeth Saunders, daughter of Thomas Saunders, of
England). Major General Samuel Holden Parsons was the grandson of Ebenezer Parsons, who married in Springfield, Massachusetts, April 10, 1690, Margaret Marshfield, daughter of Samuel Marshfield, and Katharine Chapin (daughter of Samuel Chapin and Cicely, his wife), and granddaughter of Thomas Marshfield and Sarah, his wife. He was the great-grandson of Benjamin Parsons, who came from England in 1636 with William Pynchon and Sarah Vore, his wife (daughter of Richard Vore, who came from England in 1636 with Mr. Wolcott and Anna, his wife), and great-great-grandson of Hugh Parsons and great-great-great-great-grandson of Sir Thomas Parsons, knighted by Charles I "for his chivalrous loyalty," about 1632, and Catherine Ratcliffe, his wife, (daughter of Edward, son of Alderman Ratcliffe, of London, England). Major General S. H. Parsons held important civil and military offices, was a patriot of unfailing loyalty, served with distinction during the Revolutionary War, and was President of the Connecticut Branch of the Order of the Cincinnati up to the time of his death.

Ninth Generation—The youngest child, Margaret Parsons, born in Middletown, Connecticut, was married February 10, 1807, by the Rev. E. Huntington to Stephen Hubbard, son of Noadiah Hubbard and Phebe Fairchild, his wife; grandson of Nathaniel Hubbard and Sarah Johnson, his wife; great-grandson of Nathaniel Hubbard and Mary Earle, his wife, great-great-grandson of Daniel Hubbard and Mary Clarke, his wife; and great-great-great-grandson of George Hubbard, who came over from England in the Dorset, Elizabeth Watts, of Hartford, Connecticut, his wife; and great-great-great-great-grandson of George Hubbard, of Glastonbury, England, who died in Guilford, Connecticut, and Mary Bishop, his wife.

Tenth Generation—The eldest, Mary Sullivan Hubbard, born April 29, 1808, married, December 21, 1830, Judge Joel Turrill (of English ancestry), a resident of Oswego, New York, who held various responsible offices in that State and abroad, and who died December 28, 1859.

Written by her daughter,

ELIZABETH DOUGLAS VAN DENBURGH.

CALIFORNIA, February, 1893.
REVOLUTIONARY ANCESTRY OF
MRS. SHADRACK SILL,
Of Silltown, Lyme, Connecticut, a Member of the New London, Connecticut, Chapter,
Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Shadrack Sill, or Mrs. Mary Sill, was born in 1810; was the daughter of Captain Thomas Sill and Mahitable Mathew Sill, granddaughter of David Fithen Sill and Sarah Griswold Sill, a niece of Governor Mathew Griswold, of Black Hall, Lyme, Connecticut. Her grandfather, David Fithen Sill, was lieutenant-colonel of the First Connecticut Continental Line, and served his country during a period of twenty-one years.

Mrs. Sill resides in the mansion built by her father nearly one hundred years ago, and which is situated on land possessed by her ancestors for over two hundred years. Though eighty-two years of age her mind is as vigorous as that of a person much younger. She still remembers her grandfather, though quite young at the time of his death.

John Sill, the first of this name, came from Lyme, England, and settled in Cambridge, Massachusetts, the year of the founding of Harvard College. His son, Captain Joseph Sill, was actively engaged in public service in the Indian wars in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. At Groton, Massachusetts, he "killed two Indians at one shot with his own hands." The Indians became very hostile to him, and fearing he would be murdered by them his friends advised him to remove to the new settlement, called Saybrook, at the mouth of the Connecticut river. That part lying east of the river was afterwards named Lyme. Captain Sill, in 1676, occupied the farm first settled upon in Lyme, and was in possession of lands lying between the two sources of Lieutenary river, a tributary of the Connecticut. His descendants located the homes of their numerous families about sixty rods apart, since which the neighborhood has ever been called Silltown.

David Fithen Sill, at the time of the French wars, received a commission as lieutenant from Governor Fitch, of Connecticut, in the reign of George the Second; was in the service in 1759 on Lake George, Crown Point, and took the first French prisoner at the opening of the campaign. In 1760 he went with the regulars and provincials under Lord Amherst, up the
Mohawk river to Oswego to Osawagatche, now Ogdensburg; was with Commodore Loring, on board of the Onandaga, at the attack at Isle Royal, and went with the army down the St. Lawrence river to Montreal, where the French surrendered to Lord Amherst. At the commencement of the Revolutionary War he was appointed lieutenant in Captain Joseph Jewet's company, Lexington alarm, in April, 1775. Next was appointed captain in Colonel Tyler's regiment May 1, 1775. Such was the feeling on the intelligence of the Lexington fight (so called) that one hundred men were raised in three days in the town, and marched to Roxbury, near Boston, under Captain Sill's command. Afterwards he was commissioned captain 10th Continental regiment under Colonel Samuel Holden Parsons, serving during the siege of Boston; was mustered out of service December 10, 1775, and re-entered in 1776 as captain in Colonel Parson's regiment of Connecticut, as reorganized. This regiment marched with General Washington's command to New York; served in the battle of Long Island, etc. In January, 1777, he was commissioned major 1st Regiment Connecticut Continental Line under Colonel Jedediah Huntington, and promoted to lieutenant-colonel in March, 1778, serving until October, 1780.

He is enrolled as a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, in Connecticut. He was frequently elected to the legislature, and held the office of justice and town clerk for over fifty years. The following obituary notice appeared in the Connecticut Gazette the week after his-death:

"Died at Lyme, Connecticut, January 9, 1813, Lieutenant Colonel David Fithen Sill, town clerk, aged eighty years, an officer in the Army of the Revolutionary War. He possessed a clear head and a sound heart; was brave, almost to temerity; yet prudent as brave. Possessing the frankness of the officer and the suavity of the gentleman, with a mind peculiarly adapted to business, he received all the honors his native town could bestow, and, having lived a life of usefulness to the last, is gathered to his fathers amid the regrets and respects of numerous friends and relatives."

These facts are substantiated by State and National records, "Hubbard's Indian Wars," "Knox's Campaigns," and the genealogical records of the family.
A REVOLUTIONARY DAUGHTER.

To the six honored names which have been presented as the surviving daughters of Revolutionary heroes, will you kindly permit me to add a seventh, in that of Mrs. Sarah Halsey Baker, who now resides in Wyoming, one of the many beautiful environs of Cincinnati, Ohio. She is the youngest daughter of Captain Luther Halsey, and the latest survivor of her own and her husband's family, who was her cousin. Her father entered the army while a student at Princeton College, and served during the entire war; was with Washington at Valley Forge; was a warm personal friend of General Lafayette, and was one of his escort when he visited America, in 1825; he acted as Adjutant to Washington at the Battle of Monmouth, and always stoutly denied the accusations of profanity which were preferred against his beloved commander on that memorable occasion; he was also one of the original members of “The Society of the Cincinnati.”

Mrs. Baker has just passed her eighty-ninth birthday, having been born January 21st, 1804, is still in the enjoyment of all her faculties, and is greatly beloved by a large circle of friends. Her reminiscences of early days are ever a source of pleasure to herself, and of ever-abiding interest to her friends. Her home in Newburgh, New York, was the center of old-time culture, where her father's old army comrades gathered to live again the days and years which tried men's souls. She recalls many incidents of interest among the family traditions, of which the following is one: Her eldest sister was a great beauty, and was married before Sarah was born. Colonel Aaron Burr was a frequent visitor at her father's house, and becoming infatuated with the beauty and loveliness of this eldest sister, and determining to possess a portrait of Miss Halsey, resolved to send an artist to the church where she worshiped, and thus by strategy obtain one; but some friends apprised her of this design of the crafty little Colonel, but nothing daunted she went to church, but so closely veiled that this well-laid scheme of this arch-schemer was thwarted by the wit of a Republican beauty.

 Juliana I. Baker,
 Daughter of the American Revolution.
Maj. Gen. S. H. Parsons to his son, aged nine years:

December 27th, 1776.

DEAR THOMAS:

I have sent two Soldiers Home to live at your House. One understands French, ye other Painting; you may learn something by them. I wish you to remember your Books, be virtuous & manly in your Behavior, a Comfort to your Mother & Family. Leave off all childish Follies & learn to behave with decency & manly Fortitude. Lay aside that Bashful Conduct. A Modest Behavior, with Resolution & Courage will endear you to all your acquaintances. Falsehood & Lies you must always abhor & detest. *Billy will be at home next week. When I shall come Home I can’t tell—but remember if I fall in this War, I shall expect you & all my Sons to Arm in defence of ye glorious cause of Liberty & lay down your Lives in defence of your Country & to avenge my Death if necessary.

Yrs. &c., S. H. Parsons.

*William Walter Parsons, aged fourteen at the above date, a private in the Army, served at Norwalk and on Long Island and other points, and was a prisoner on the ship Jersey, and escaped.
The enclosed letter is from Colonel Levin Powell to his wife living in Loudoun County, Virginia, who managed a large plantation, a number of slaves, and a family of twelve children during her husband's service in the Revolutionary Army.

SUSAN POWELL COTTMAN.

"HAMPTON, Feb. 24, 1776.

"MY DEAR:

"I have now before me your favors of the 3d and 13th, rec'd by Mr. C. with pleasure. In your first letter I hear of the loss of Nan's child. I am sorry for the accident but God's will be done.

"The papers which you mentioned left by Mr. K—— had better not be sent for fear of accident.

"Col. Hendricks does accept of his commission, which I did not believe when I wrote you. With respect to him I am well pleased he does, & took some pains to persuade him to it, but as to my taking his place, it is more than I know of at present, or wish. I had rather serve in the place I now hold with good men placed over me than be raised higher. When I shall be relieved from here I cannot tell, it depends upon the raising of new troops & the force of the enemy. I still expect it will be some time in March, but this is conjecture; don't expect me, until you see me.

"The greater part of our Batallion have enlisted in the Regular service.

"I think we have of Minute Men not over 82 remaining; Captain Harrison, I think, has but five left. Our having so few Minute Men here is one reason why I think we shall soon be relieved & hereafter we shall have no occasion to go further than Alexandria, when in all probability an attack will be made ere long. Since my last letter to you this neighborhood had been honored by the company of great men.

"Gen'l Clinton & Lord Rowden from Boston, with what number of forces is as yet a secret, came into Hampton Roads eighteen days ago. On Thursday last I had the pleasure of conducting the Hon. Richard Corbin, Esqr., on board the Roe-buck Ship of War, Commodore Hammond Commander, at the head of a flag of truce, where I had the pleasure of breakfasting
on the best *Hyson Tea* with the Commodore, Gen'l Clinton, Lord Dunmore & several gentlemen officers. I was received & treated with great politeness by the whole & dismissed the moment I discovered an inclination to go. We had some difficulties to encounter before we got to the ship, having Two Ships of War, the Mercury & King Fisher, three transports and several Tenders to pass before we got to her, the distance hence about 10 miles. The Commanders of these vessels treated us roughly & we were brought to & boarded by every one. When I mention the uncivil treatment received of some of these vessels, I cannot help observing the very different conduct of one of the others, viz: The *Kitty* transport; on board this vessel I found 12 or 15 officers, the most hospitable, kind people I ever met with. It seemed as if nothing would make them happier than making us so. In short, their treatment was so exceedingly kind & polite it induced me on my return to send them a present by another flag, of twenty bushels of oysters, 30 loaves of bread, a Goose & Turkey, being such things as I understood they were most in want of. It grieves me to see men of such sentiments as those engaged in such a cause. I forgot to inform you that I was accompanied with the Flag of Truce—above mentioned—by Capt. Leitch, Capt. Fitzgerald & De Griffith, & we were much pleased with our voyage.

"Whether Gen'l Clinton intends to strike a stroke here or go further I cannot tell, but from everything I could gather when I was on board, their destination is to one of the Carolinas. However, we keep a very good lookout here.

"My brother writes me that the Hatter has run away & desires to know whether he is to give up the *Hatts* which were left in the shop. I would, by no means, keep from a man what was his own. It will be difficult to know who these Hatts were made for. The Hatter had wool from me for 8 or 9 Hatts. If they have not been rec'd the probability is that many of them were made out of my wool; at any rate I ought not to be the only loser. It can be no great inconvenience for the people to wait for my return, which I expect is not far off. I will then do equal justice."
"I am sorry to hear of D. J's misconduct. I shall fully depend upon him to conduct my affairs to the best advantage & in the same manner as for himself; as well with the Miller & Overseer. "Desiring that you will write me when a safe opp'y offers & believe me with love to the family, "LEVIN POWELL."

A SHOWER OF GOLD.

TO THE WILTWYCK CHAPTER, THIS HISTORIC SKETCH IS INSCRIBED BY

MRS. SARA VAN DEUSEN MERRITT.

Standing in the doorway of her cottage, shading her eyes from the noonday sun with her hands, Deborah watched the retreating form of her husband until a bend in the highway hid him from her view.

The ten days' furlough had expired, and David was on his way to join his regiment.

Swifter than a weaver's shuttle had those precious ten days passed to that husband and wife. Almost Deborah's last words to David had been that when the soldiers received their pay, he must not think of sending one dollar of it home. Although the soldiers had not been paid in a long time, still Deborah entreated her husband to bear patiently and uncomplainingly the hardships of a soldier's life, especially hard at that period. Notwithstanding David was a true patriot, yet there were times when the sore need of his dearly earned money, caused the fire of his patriotism to burn low. His encampment was comfortless, his clothing scanty, and rations poor indeed. And, that he could do comparatively nothing for the maintenance of his darling wife, was a twofold grief to him; but he felt that the cause was a just one, and he never lost faith in his commander. Deborah, too, was hopeful and trusting. She was confident that Washington would pay off his troops as soon as he could possibly do so. Had he not even pledged his private fortune for his soldiers' benefit? No, not one dollar need David send home when he received his pay; on the contrary, keep every penny to buy necessaries and comforts
for himself. Never, she had told him, had their garden been so productive, nor had their trees been so laden with fruit. And she was not quite sure she would be able to knit the many pairs of stockings and socks she had orders for. Then, more than all besides, there was her flock of geese. Deborah was an efficient and an extremely prudent woman. Over and over again, when sitting in her cosy cottage plying her needles, had she made her calculations and planned just the way she would spend the money she expected to receive.

An uncle of hers, who lived some fifteen miles distant, kept a grocery store and market combined; and he had engaged to purchase Deborah's flock when the proper time came for it to be sent to market. No, no, not one anxious thought need David entertain about his prudent, cheerful, and patriotic wife, for she was confident that she would be able to buy all the necessaries for herself and for her aged servant, Hilda. And, wasn't the rent for their cottage already secured for at least six months in advance with the money she would receive from the sale of her geese, to say nothing about their downy, white feathers, which would help swell the goodly sum?

Deborah had said all this to David, and much more besides, in a cheery tone; but after she had bade him godspeed, and when his dear form had disappeared from her sight, she sank down upon the floor and burst into a flood of tears, bitter tears. Well she knew that many, many days, weeks and months would pass wearily away before she would see her beloved husband again. "And—and who could tell? she might never see him more.

Truly, that was a sad, sad afternoon for the lonely wife. But when the shades of the setting sun were casting lengthened shadows over the country of Westchester, Deborah, after a heartfelt appeal to Heaven for the success of the American Colonists, and the safety of her beloved husband, rose up to the duties before her. Life was very earnest in those perilous times.

And the first duty which then presented itself to her at that hour, was to lock up for the night her flock of geese in an outside cellar, or cave, in the hillside near the cottage; for at that time Westchester County was overrun with lawless,
marauding British and Hessian soldiers who carried on an indiscriminate pillage. It was their diversion and amusement to make forays into the country, but not from necessity, for those soldiers were well provided for.

Deborah had just driven her flock into the cellar, locked the door, put the key into her pocket, when suddenly appeared in view three mounted British soldiers with shining helmets and waving plumes. Deborah was greatly alarmed, and for a minute she thought her heart had stopped beating. But the first question one of the soldiers asked aroused her, and with a resolute purpose in her look and movement, she placed herself against the cellar door with arms akimbo, determined to defend her flock at all hazards.

"Are there any potatoes in your cellar here?" was the question the soldier had asked.

"No, sir," was her crisp reply.

"What have you in your cellar, then, that will be good enough for the soldiers of your King George III?"

"George III is not my King."

"Ha, ha, we have a revolutionist here to deal with. Why do you revolt from George III, because he is a king?" asked the soldier.

"Not because of his kingship, but because he is a tyrant," she fearlessly answered.

"Have a care, woman, what you say against the monarchy. Do you know that I could thrust this bayonet through your heart as easily as this?" So saying, he thrust his bayonet between her waist and bent arm. Plunged it with such force that the point was imbedded an inch or more in the door.

Deborah never winced, but stood as motionless as a statue. One of the soldiers said, in a subdued tone, "Brave woman, that!"

She was then asked where her husband was. She replied by informing them that he had gone to the defense of his country, America.

"Your husband owes allegiance to Great Britain, for you are British subjects."

"We never pretended to be other than British subjects," she responded, firmly. "Our ground of complaint against
the mother country is not that she has violated our rights as individuals, but our rights as British subjects. These rights have been denied us. For that reason we have thrown off our allegiance to George III. His despotism frees us from being his subjects. We are—" oh, were the fates against Deborah? or did they thereby manifest their scorn and utter contempt for the Red Coats, for suddenly the whole flock of imprisoned geese began to hiss, and hiss loudly.

"Ha, ha, now we have ascertained what it is you are so jealously guarding. Step aside, woman, otherwise a ball from this musket." Deborah did not step aside.

A handsome woman was Deborah; well-proportioned her form, and her great wealth of yellow hair, shiny and silken, was wreathed around her head not unlike a golden aureola.

Whether it was her beauty or her dauntless spirit, or the thought of a wife, sister or loved one far over the sea, is not known; but one of the soldiers, who had taken no part in the conversation, had been watching her with absorbed attention. There was an expression of tenderness and pity in his eyes, very unlike the scowling looks of the others.

He called his comrades aside; and, after a short conversation, the three soldiers mounted their horses and galloped swiftly away. While they were mounting she heard one of the soldiers say, the one who had asked her why she revolted from King George III, that they would have that flock yet.

Had her efforts, then, been in vain? Were her treasures, for she indeed treasured her geese highly, yet to fall into the hands of that predatory band? No, no; there was too great an issue at stake. Her cottage was hanging in the balance. If her flock should fall into their hands, by what other means could she secure a sufficient sum to keep a roof over her head? Let come what would, she then and there resolved what course she would pursue. And to resolve with Deborah, was to put that resolution into practice.

From cottage to cellar, from cellar to cottage during the hours of that moonless, starless night, Deborah and her faithful Hilda stepped hurriedly to and fro, to and fro. And long before the gray dawn was seen coming up the eastern horizon, with her flock of geese neatly prepared for market, and snugly
stowed under some fresh grass, in a wagon borrowed for the occasion, Deborah was several miles on her way to her uncle's. When she arrived there, which she did unmolested, she found the store crowded with customers; and in the crowd she recognized, or thought she did, one of the British soldiers who had been to her cottage the day previous. She explained to her uncle the reason she had brought her geese two months earlier than the time they had agreed upon. Her uncle told her she had done perfectly right, commending her highly for thus defeating the intentions of those barbarous soldiers; and he at once paid her for them in gold. After receiving the money she ran upstairs and partook of a light luncheon which her aunt hastily prepared for her. She had to pass through the store on going out, and while doing so her uncle called her aside, and in a very low tone said a few words to her.

While she was driving slowly homeward, she kept thinking how much she would have to tell David when she wrote him, which she determined to do the following day. Yes, yes, David must hear all about how his darling wife had defended her flock; and would he not be prouder of her than ever?

She had proceeded nearly two miles on her journey homeward, when suddenly a soldier sprang out from a wood, and grasped the bridle of her horse. He then told her that he would rather have had her geese, but as he had not succeeded in getting them, he would condescend to take the money she had received by the sale of them.

"Hand over the gold!" he cried, in a peremptory manner. Deborah did not hand over the gold. He then grasped her arm with the fierceness of a lion, and told her that if she did not give it to him without a moment's delay, he would search her.

"When I was leaving my uncle's store, he said to me that that might be done," observed Deborah, "were I so unfortunate as to meet with some unprincipled Tory or merciless British or Hessian soldier. So he advised me to leave my money with him, and he said he would send it to me from time to time as I required it."

"Outwitted!" angrily shrieked the soldier. Then, muttering something about "losing his wager," he shouldered his musket and quickly disappeared into the thicket.
More and still more would Deborah have to tell David. In short, she was not sure she could write it in one letter. What would he say when he heard all she had now to tell him?

That night, after the windows and doors of her cottage had been securely barricaded, Deborah, with a joyous, smiling face, and a rare song of thanksgiving in her heart, slowly began to uncoil the great twists of her hair. While doing so, one by one the shining gold coins, which she had received from her uncle, and had there deftly secreted, when she was up in her aunt's room, fell over her shoulders like a shower of gold, and went jingling, tinkling down upon the sanded floor.

Although more than a hundred years have passed away since the American Revolution; yet, to-day, Deborah's grandchildren, who are now old and gray, proudly tell how their grandmother, heroically defended her flock at the point of a British bayonet, and how she secreted the golden coins in the tresses of that yellow hair.
CHARLOTTE CHAMBERS.

AND SKETCHES OF MINUTE MEN NAMED IN HER LETTERS.

An accomplished and most charming daughter of Colonel James Chambers, a Revolutionary officer of great merit, who was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, left many interesting letters from her graceful pen, describing scenes which she witnessed. I herewith copy two of them, and will add some notes, telling you who this lady was, and something of her family.

PHILADELPHIA, February 25th, 1795.

MY DEAR MOTHER: When I read your compliments to Mrs. Cadwalader, her soul of sensibility was touched, and the tear of affection swelled in her eye.

* * * * * * *

The morning of the "twenty-second" was ushered in by the discharge of heavy artillery. The whole city was in commotion, making arrangements to demonstrate their attachment to our beloved President. The Masonic, Cincinnati and military orders united in doing him honor. Happy Republic, great and glorious! * * * Mrs. Cadwalader was too much indisposed to attend the ball. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, with Dr. Spring, called for me in their coach. Dr. Rodman, master of ceremonies, met us at the door, and conducted us to Mrs. Washington. She half arose as we made our passing compliments. She was dressed in a rich silk, but entirely without ornament, except the animation her amiable heart gives to her countenance. Next to her were seated the wives of the foreign ambassadors, glittering from the floor to the summit of their head-dress. One of the ladies wore three large ostrich feathers. Her brow was encircled by a sparkling fillet of diamonds; her neck and arms were almost covered with jewels, and two watches were suspended from her girdle, and all reflecting the light from a hundred directions. Such superabundance of ornament struck me as injudicious; we look too much at the gold and pearls to do justice to the lady. However, it may not
be in conformity to their individual taste thus decorating them-
selves, but to honor the country they represent.

The seats were arranged like those of an amphitheatre, and
cords were stretched on each side of the room, about three
feet from the floor, to preserve sufficient space for the dancers.

We were not long seated when General Washington entered,
and bowed to the ladies as he passed round the room. "He
comes, he comes, the hero comes!" I involuntarily but softly
exclaimed. When he bowed to me, I could scarcely resist the
impulse of my heart, that almost burst through my bosom to
meet him.

The dancing soon after commenced. Mr. John Woods, Mr.
John Shippen, Lawrence Washington, and Colonel Hartley
enlivened the time by their attentions, and to them I was
much indebted for the pleasure of the evening.

Next morning I received an invitation by my father from
Mrs. Washington to visit her, and Colonel Hartley politely
offered to accompany me to the next drawing-room levee.

On this evening my dress was white brocade silk, trimmed
with silver, and white silk, high-heeled shoes, embroidered
with silver, and a light blue sash, with silver cord and tassel
tied at the left side. My watch was suspended at the right,
and my hair was in its natural curls. Surmounting all was a
small white hat and white ostrich feather, confined by brilliant
band and buckle. Punctual to the moment, Colonel Hartley,
in his chariot, arrived. He brought with him Dr. Price from
England, who had sought America as an asylum, having given
some political umbrage to his own government. The hall,
stairs and drawing-room of the President's house were well
lighted by lamps and chandeliers. Mrs. Washington, with
Mrs. Knox, sat near the fire-place; other ladies were seated
on sofas, and gentlemen stood in the center of the room con-
versing. On our approach Mrs. Washington arose and made
a courtesy, the gentlemen bowed most profoundly, and I calcu-
lated my declension to her own with critical exactness. The
President soon after, with that benignity peculiarly his own,
advanced, and I arose to receive and return his compliments
with the respect and love my heart dictated. He seated him-
self beside me and inquired for my father, a severe cold having detained him at home.

* * * * * * * * * *

C. C.

PHILADELPHIA, March 11, 1795.

My dear mother: I have but a few moments to spare. Engagements abroad and company at home occupy my time, and such is the variety of Philadelphia, every day brings some new pursuit, and is passed in the perpetual rotation of what is termed pleasure. Everywhere I experience those attentions which render my excursions from the city and my visits in it invariably pleasing.

In a previous letter I wrote of being at the President's and my admiration of Mrs. Washington. Yesterday Colonel Proctor informed me that her carriage was at the door and a servant inquiring for me. * * * After the usual compliments and some conversation she gave me a pressing invitation to spend the day with her, and so perfectly friendly were her manners, I found myself irresistibly attached to her. On taking leave she observed a portrait of the President hanging over the fireplace, and said "she had never seen a correct likeness of General Washington. The only merit of the numerous portraits of him possessed was their resemblance to each other." We dined yesterday at John Nicholson's. There was a large party. * * * We spent the evening at Mrs. Madison's, and Mr. and Mrs. J. have invited a party to dine at Belle-Air to-morrow. Miss Binney and myself, while walking this afternoon with Augustus Muhlenburg and Septimus Claypoole, met General Scott, of Kentucky. He said he had just called on us to propose a party to Gray's gardens. He has an extensive acquaintance, great originality, and is constantly endeavoring to vary and increase our amusements.

* * * * * * * * * *

I must finish this letter to-morrow as the carriage has arrived, and I am engaged to accompany Dr. Bradford, General and Mrs. Neville, and my father to the theatre.

C. C.
CAPTAIN JAMES PATTISON.

In the year 1715 Captain James Pattison, great-grandfather of Miss Chambers, took out a license to trade with the Indians, and located in what was established afterwards, in the year 1718, "Conestogoe Manor," in the present county of Lancaster, in the State of Pennsylvania. His plantation and trading post and store were located near the Susquehanna and Gananeese Indian towns, about four miles south of the present flourishing town of Columbia. In the year 1715 or '16 he married Miss Susannah Howard, whose brother, Gordon Howard (who married Rachael, widow of Captain John Wilkins, ancestor of the Wilkins of Pittsburg), was also an Indian trader, and resided about a mile northeast of old Donegal Church, where the Daughters of Donegal Chapter held an interesting meeting in the year 1892.

Captain Pattison also owned a plantation on the west side of the Susquehanna River, where he kept a large number of "pack horses." Lord Baltimore claimed jurisdiction over the land on that side of the river, but did not take active measures to assert his right thereto until the year 1730, when he commissioned Captain Thomas Cressap a justice of the peace, and gave him a patent for several hundred acres of land and a ferry right, which embraced Captain Pattison's plantation, Captain Cressap's and three of his brothers-in-law, and a number of armed retainers took possession of the land and built a fort. In a little while the Marylanders shot a number of Captain Pattison's horses. This precipitated a conflict between the followers of Penn and Baltimore, and culminated in what is known in history as "Cressap's War."

Before peace was finally declared between the parties Captain Pattison died in September, 1735, and left two sons and three daughters. The second daughter, Sarah, married Captain Benjamin Chambers in the year 1741. Their only child, Colonel James Chambers, married Catharine Hamilton; their second daughter was Charlotte Chambers, the author of above letters.

Benjamin Chambers (grandfather of Miss C.) was born in the north of Ireland in the year 1713. About the year 1730 he and three older brothers settled at Fishing Creek (several
miles above the city of Harrisburg) where they built a grist and saw mill. Mr. Chambers became a millwright, and was frequently employed in Donegal and Hempfield Township to erect mills. It is quite probable that he erected the little stone corn and grist mill at Shawnee Run, now in the borough of Columbia, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, for James Wright and Samuel Blunston, the latter being register of wills and clerk of the courts, and one of the county justices, and surveyor and agent for John, Thomas and Richard Penn. He thus became acquainted with Miss Pattison and the settlers around Wright's Ferry, and Captain Cressap and his retainers. In the month of May, 1736, he and a number of Scotch-Irish settlers from Donegal crossed the river at Wright's Ferry to repel the advance of Captain Cressap and his armed retainers. Captain Chambers seems to have remained at or near Wright's Ferry, aiding the cause of the Penns, until the month of September, 1736, when Justice John Wright and Samuel Blunston, Esqs., employed him to go to a militia muster in Baltimore county, Maryland, at or near the plantation of Colonel Nathaniel Rigby and ascertain the intention of the militia, who were about to invade Pennsylvania.

Captain Chambers rode his horse down to Rock Run, a few miles south of the Maryland line, on the east side of the river, and when questioned by a Marylander as to his business, etc., he declared he was hunting for a runaway servant. He was arrested just before he arrived at the militia camp and held a prisoner until after the muster. Fortunately for him Captain Cressap, who knew him, was absent at Annapolis while he was a prisoner. He escaped and hastened to Wright's Ferry with the news that three hundred armed troops under the command of Colonels Rigby and Hall were about to march to Wright's Ferry. As soon as Captain Chambers arrived at the latter place he hastened to Donegal, where a number of persons were assembled to raise a barn. They armed themselves and marched to Wright's Ferry, and arrived there just in time to repel the advance of Colonel Rigby and his little army, who retreated to Cressap's fort in Connejahela valley. A short time after this Thomas Penn visited Samuel Blunston, his agent, who resided at Wright's Ferry, who related to him the
services of Captain Chambers. Mr. Penn was so much pleased with Captain Chambers, who was probably then in the neighborhood, that he sent for him to meet him at Mr. Blunston’s, and report in person his adventures in Maryland, and in admiration of his services he gave him a tract of land, one of the Penn Manors, at “Falling Spring,” in Cumberland Valley, where Captain Chambers had already settled, and built a mill. During the French and Indian Wars he built a fort and held it against all comers. He founded the town of Chambersburg, now in Franklin county, Pa. He participated in the French and Indian wars, and was an ardent patriot during the Revolutionary War.

Colonel James Chambers, the oldest son and only child by Sarah Pattison of Benjamin Chambers, was born in the year 1742. In the spring of 1775 he raised a company of volunteers in Cumberland Valley, Pa., and in June, 1775, he marched at the head of his company to Boston. He arrived there on August 7, 1775, and participated in the various battles around that place. He drew fifty men from each of the Cumberland county companies and led them in action with great gallantry.

On March 7, 1776, he was promoted to a lieutenant-colonel, in Colonel Hand’s Rifle Regiment, and participated in the battle of Long Island, and on September 26, 1776, he was promoted to colonel of First Pennsylvania Line. He participated in the battle of the Brandywine on September 11, 1777, and a number of other battles, and was ever in the front. He was a brigadier in the campaign of 1794; was associate judge for Franklin county, Pa., and erected Loudoun Forge in that county, where he resided. He was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati. He died April 25, 1805.

Col. James Chambers married Catharine Hamilton. Their second daughter was the author of above letters.

IsaAel Ludlow, Esq.,

A distinguished pioneer settler and surveyor in the Northwest Territory, laid out and became part proprietor of Cincinnati in 1789, and established “Ludlow’s Station” a few miles from Fort Washington, where he owned a large plantation. He made his home and died there. During the spring of 1796
Colonel Ludlow, while on his way to Washington, stopped at Colonel Chambers', at Loudoun Forge, where he met

CHARLOTTE CHAMBERS.

In November of that year they were married. In a few weeks thereafter this accomplished lady left a luxurious home, surrounded by the comforts of life, in the midst of friends, and commenced a journey on horseback over the Alleghany mountains to her new home in the western wilderness. From Red Stone Old Fort she embarked on a flatboat and arrived at Marietta, and from thence she went to Cincinnati. At both of these places she met many distinguished officers of the Revolution. The ladies of these officers called upon Mrs. Ludlow, and the latter lady soon won the esteem and admiration of a remarkable settlement of very distinguished people. Her vivacity and elegant conversational powers placed her in the front rank of society. Colonel Ludlow frequently took Mrs. Ludlow with him when he was on his surveying expeditions to lands settled only by Indians.

Colonel Ludlow died suddenly in January, 1804. After a widowhood of six years Mrs. Ludlow married the Rev. David Riske, a Presbyterian minister of Cincinnati. She continued to reside at Ludlow Station, a beautiful and attractive home. She survived her second husband several years, although she had been an invalid for a long time. Her mother died at Ludlow Station in the year 1818. In the fall of 1820 Mrs. Riske visited a daughter, then living at Franklin, in the State of Missouri. She traveled in a private conveyance overland. She was an invalid, and her friends did not expect that she would survive the long journey. She died in May, 1821, in Missouri.

She kept up a correspondence with many distinguished people and friends until a short time before her death. She left sons and daughters, whose descendants reside in the West.

Captain Thomas Cressap moved from Connejohera Valley to "Old Town," near Fort Cumberland, Md., in the year 1739. He became a very prominent man in the history and development of the State of Maryland. His son, Captain Michael Cressap, raised a company of riflemen and marched to relieve
the patriots at Boston. He was taken sick while on the march, at New York, where he died.

Colonel Thomas Hartley was a distinguished Revolutionary officer. He was born in Reading, Pa., September 7th, 1748. When eighteen years of age he removed to York, Pa., where he studied law. In the year 1788 he was elected a member of Congress, and was re-elected five times. He died in York in the year 1800. The debates of Congress show that he was one of the readiest and most eloquent speakers in that body.

I have extended this communication to a greater length than I first intended, which precludes any further notice of the many prominent persons referred to in Miss Chambers' letters.

SAMUEL EVANS,
Member of the "Sons of the Revolution."
COLUMBIA, Pa., January 18, 1893.

THE TOILER'S APPEAL TO SLEEP.

O sleep; thou tyrant of our quiet hours,
Insatiate still thou claimest more and more,
Till thought is still and all our powers are chained
Within thy prison walls; there thou at will
Dost lead us to and fro amid the haunts
Of monsters strangely wild, grotesquely grim,
Or fancifully fair, yet all unreal,
Short-lived as shadows of a passing cloud.
Back! to thy shapeless house, O sleep, and grant
One hour of freedom to the toiling slave
Whose soul is captive through the live-long day
To stern demands of work; whose heart is held
Firm in the grasp of will, lest it o'er-leap
The barrier's fate hath set to mark its bounds.
The hush of nature in its quiet mood,
Lies 'round this narrow life in such dim hours;
O, let the bounty of full-thoughted peace
Enhance this blessed time that lies betwixt
The tyrant labor and thy chains, O sleep.

E. H. W.
Mrs. Stanhope seemed to have a premonition of impending danger; she was a patriotic and courageous woman, who had entered earnestly into all plans for the liberty of her country; she had encouraged her husband, and helped him in enlisting his company; she had spun early and late to aid in the equipment of the soldiers; but when the command came for her husband to leave, she was thoroughly overcome with grief. She resisted the efforts of her daughter to persuade her to submit to this separation calmly. "My child," she said, "you do not know our danger; your father must not leave us. I know what Indian troubles are; when I was a child my mother and my aunts told me of their sufferings, and of the terrors of such raids. These same dangers are upon us—how can we protect ourselves? Who will care for us when your father is gone? No! John, John! you must not go," she said, turning toward him as Priscilla left the room; "if anything happens to me who will protect Priscilla? Let us go with you; we will not mind the hardship of camps and marches; we can keep in the rear, and we will not be a trouble or a burden; we can work and be a help; we are both strong and willing."

"Why, Mary, my dear," he replied, anxiously, for he was touched by this appeal from one usually so quiet and independent, "where is your plucky spirit that I have boasted about all these years? Surely, it would not be very respectable for two women like you to go tramping around with the soldiers. Here is old Mr. Layton close by, and plenty of men in the valley. If they cannot go off with us they are good for protection here, and they say we are wanted for very short service. I will soon be back, or if not I will find some way to send you and Prissy into Connecticut for a visit till the times are settled. Come, cheer up old lady, and give your old soldier a good send off."
"She spun early and late to aid in the equipment of the soldiers."
With a strong effort Mary Stanhope controlled herself and said: "God bless you, John, and may He give our poor distressed country peace." "Good-bye, my beloved, good-bye; God bless you, and help our child." He pressed her solemnly to his heart and then hurried away to where his company was assembled, as he knew that Priscilla would meet him on the way.

Stephen had come for her, and asked that she would give him a few words in the garden, where they were now slowly pacing back and forth. Stephen was saying: "My darling, my darling, why not give me your solemn promise before we part that you will be my wife as soon as I come back? I was foolish to wait so long, dear Prissy, but I was so sure you loved me, and it was so sweet to leave it like a dream between us two; our love seemed too precious to put in words. But now I am afraid that some one else will come in my place. Oh, Prissy! Tell me, for God's sake tell me, has some one come between us already? You do not answer me—speak; you know my time is short."

"Stephen," she said, "you frighten me; I never thought of this; I do not know whether I want to be your wife. You know very well that you are the very best friend I have, and that I love you; I do not remember the time when I did not love you better than any one but my father and mother—but this that you ask is so different. I do not know, I cannot answer."

"Oh, Prissy! Your heart has been stolen from me. If I had asked you a month or two months ago you would have said 'yes'; is it not so, darling? You have loved me; I know you have loved me." As she remained silent, he added: "You make it easy for me to die for my country, Prissy!"

"Stephen, you are a brave man, and you will feel that it is a glorious thing to die for your country whether you are happy or miserable. I do not think this is a time when we should consider ourselves at all; the freedom of our country is the one thing to think of, to work for, to fight for. You enjoy a great privilege in being permitted to devote yourself to so great a cause; it is noble, it is sacred; and whether you live or die you will be known as a liberator of your country. Oh!
think of us poor women, Stephen, breaking our hearts for you all, and able to do so little, but wait and wait—and pray. Oh, Stephen, I will wait for you, pray for you, and love you—always—but I cannot think of marriage yet, or of any future, except the release of my country from the tyrant."

"But, Priscilla," he urged, "promise me you will not marry, you will not give a promise to any other man."

"No, Stephen, I make no promises to you, and you should believe me when I say my mind is free from any thoughts but love of my country, and sorrow in the separation from my father and"—she hesitated a moment—"and from you; and my mother! my dearest mother, what can I do to console her?"

For the first time the unbidden tears streamed down her cheeks as she added, while she let both hands linger in those that Stephen had stretched out to her: "Good-bye, my friend, trust me, and fight bravely for our country."

She then turned away and hurried toward the spot where she had promised to meet her father.

As he approached her his rigid face took on a stern expression as he braced himself to resist an appeal like that he had just heard from his wife, and from Priscilla, whom he had indulged in every desire, it would even be more difficult to turn away than from her mother, whose will had been so long subject to his own. But Priscilla came forward with a firm and even step and cheerful voice, saying, "Oh, father! what a pity. I am not a son, so that I could go with you; as it is, I will take care of mother, and you must not worry about us."

She threw her arms about his neck and kissed him tenderly, as he said, "Good-bye, my brave girl, you are worthy to be a soldier's daughter, and your father leaves with a lighter heart for your cheering words. But how has Stephen fared with Stephen. He told me he wanted a promise from you before he left? Hey! little girl, did you give it him?"

"No, no, father! I give promises to no one but you until the war is over. You and Stephen serve the country, and then we will talk of other things."

"Well, truly my pet, we have no time to talk of anything now; good-bye, good-bye. Go, cheer up your mother; it will not be long until we are home again. Good-bye."
Stanhope walked rapidly on to the rendezvous for his men, and Priscilla walked slowly back to her home, while muffled sobs shook her frame as the sound of the drum brought forcibly to her mind the danger that lay in the path of her father. It was impossible for her to realize that there was danger in the peaceful valley where the happy years of her youth had been passed. As she reached the door of her home on the rise of ground that overlooked the road, and saw the column of soldiers marching out of sight, a passion of grief overpowered her; she hurried into the house, and her mother took her into her arms while she gave way to uncontrolled weeping. Mrs. Stanhope was too wise a woman to indulge in words of consolation. She pressed the dear girl to her heart and fondled the shining waves of sunny hair in silence, all the violence of her own grief and the anguish of her fears being now subject to the self-control which was habitual with her.

When Priscilla lifted her head, her mother quietly suggested some easy task to be performed, and then the two lonely women went placidly about their household affairs, each trying to sustain the other by a seeming interest in these occupations.

V.

At any early hour they finished the evening meal. Priscilla had placed the last carefully washed plate and cup on its shelf, when she observed her mother replenishing the fire on the broad hearth.

"Why, mother dear, you forget how warm it is to-night; why do you put on more wood?"

"Well, Prissy," said her mother, "we need not be scared, nor believe that any harm will come to us, but you will not mind if I prepare for any trouble that might come; now that father is not here we must try and protect ourselves, don't you think so?"

"Why, yes, mother; if there is really anything to be done, why cannot I do it as well as if I were a boy; indeed, I did wish I was not a girl when I saw them start off. If you had not been here alone, I am sure I should have followed them."
"Very well, Prissy, I am glad you are brave and willing to help me, for now we must be like our grandmother, of whom I have told you so often, when she and the other women held the fort until the men got in from the fields."

"Oh, indeed! I hope we will have nothing like that, mother; I am not thinking of danger to ourselves, but for father, and Stephen, too,"—and she spoke slowly, as if she witnessed a vision that saddened her. "A battle, mother; oh! a battle is a dreadful thing—unless you are in it; then, perhaps, you would not mind; yet, I can understand how one could meet anything for love of country; but for ourselves here it is a false alarm. Captain King says that he has the means of knowing that this place is in no danger at all from the Indians; he says they are fully occupied in New York, and we will not see them here for many a month."

"Indeed, my child, I hope Captain King is right, but it is wise to be ready in such times as these."

"Why, mother, what are you doing?" exclaimed Priscilla, as she watched Mrs. Stanhope go to the gun-rack and take down the long-handled ladle for melting lead for bullets and place it in the hot coals of the bright fire on the hearth.

"I am going to mould some bullets," replied Mrs. Stanhope, quietly, "and I want you to help me.

"I can mould the bullets," said Priscilla; "you know I have often helped father to make them, but I don't see what we want them for; and father took his new rifle—and the bullet-moulds, too," she added, "and all the lead."

"But, Prissy, we have the old rifle—it is almost as long as one of the old pine trees at home in Connecticut, but it would do good service on an occasion, and I have made a good shot with it many a day when I was young. Your father used to be proud to show how I could hit a mark, and what steady nerves I had; and then when we were coming out West through the wilderness, he thought it might serve me a good turn some day to know how to fire a gun. We thought it quite likely we would meet unfriendly Indians on the way; that is the reason we brought the old musket that hangs there; my father carried it in the French and Indian war, and John brought it along for the hired man to use in case of trouble;
but we were fortunate; we had almost every kind of privation and trouble on that long journey, but the good Father in Heaven spared us that distress—the greatest of all—to meet the savage Indian."

While saying this Mrs. Stanhope had taken two guns down from the wall and showed them to her daughter, and then stood them near at hand. Then she went to the cupboard and took a dozen highly polished and heavy pewter teaspoons and laid them on the hearth, while she continued: "I intend to melt these spoons, Prissy, to make the bullets."

"Mother, it is a pity to do that, I do not think matters are so bad—that it is necessary; wait until to-morrow, and, perhaps we can borrow some lead. I know we cannot buy any, but Mr. Layton may have some."

"No, Prissy, if we need it they will need it. I will get out the silver teaspoons in the morning; there is no need to keep them for company now," and saying this she put two of the spoons in the large ladle. They were soon melted down, and the shining bullets rolled out one after another on the hearth. Priscilla became interested in the process, and in a short time they had bullets and powder and guns in readiness for instant use.

"Now," said Mrs. Stanhope, "I shall take one more precaution, my dear, and then we will go to bed, and trust to our Heavenly Father to take care of us. Put a shawl around you, for I am going down to the springhouse and it is always cool in the glen at this time of the night." By this time Priscilla had ceased to argue or protest, the resolute and quiet will of her mother had its influence, and she followed and obeyed without question. The two women went to the stable, although they had already fed the animals before dark.

Mrs. Stanhope went to the stall of "Jack," her favorite riding horse, and leading him by the halter said to Priscilla, "bring my saddle and bridle." "I'll strike a light, mother," she answered. "No," said her mother in as stern a tone as her gentle voice ever assumed, "you can find them, and do it quietly."

When they were brought, Mrs. Stanhope laid the saddle on Jack's back, and handing the halter to Priscilla to hold she
found a large bag, filled it with feed for the horse, and the two women lifted it across the saddle; then leading the horse they walked silently along the narrow meandering path to the large springhouse. Here long rows of shelves held the broad shallow milk-pans of rich milk, and great stone jars were filled with cream for churning. One side of this house had been prepared for storage of grain or other produce, but was now empty. The spring was in so sheltered and secluded a spot that only those familiar with the farm would have supposed that such a place existed. Mrs. Stanhope led the horse in this vacant room, and relieving him of his burdens, fastened the halter to a large spike in the wall. The haystacks were not far distant, and she and Priscilla soon brought enough hay to make a good bed for Jack, and to help out his meals.

When this was done Mrs. Stanhope slipped her arm in Priscilla's and they walked swiftly and silently back to the house. Then Priscilla said: "Mother, why did you take Jack down there?"

"It gives one more chance of escape, my dear, in case of danger." Then she talked of everyday affairs, and Priscilla knew that her mother preferred to answer no more questions.

VI.

Several days passed very quietly after this, and Priscilla gradually lost the feeling of anxiety which had oppressed her in consequence of her mother's preparations for danger. Mrs. Stanhope wore a cheerful aspect in the presence of her daughter, but a close observer would have noticed at times a far-away expression in her deep blue eyes; an anxious attitude of listening in her face, and again a pathetic earnestness in the tones of her voice as she sang, in a low voice, the favorite verse of a familiar hymn, or reminded her daughter of some moral maxim suggested by their work or reading, for they had a long-established habit of reading aloud to each other when sewing or knitting.

One evening Captain King came in, and, after an earnest conversation with Mrs. Stanhope, he called to Priscilla, who was in the garden, to come in, and said: "My dear young
lady, I have to-day had information that gives me some anxiety for your mother and you. Alone in this house. I have been trying to persuade your mother to leave the valley entirely and journey toward Philadelphia, where, in the neighborhood of that city, I can direct you to a safe place, and I will furnish you an escort. She will not listen to this, and now I beg her at least to retreat to the fort. She does not consent, and I wish you to add your persuasions to mine."

"I think you cannot induce mother to leave her home, Captain King, nor does it seem to me suitable that we should do so."

"You are right, Priscilla, quite right," said Mrs. Stanhope, "we may safely follow the example of our neighbor, Mr. Layton. So long as he remains we may do the same; indeed, my husband said we should consult our neighbor before taking any important step."

"Then I shall see him," said Captain King, as he hurried from the door.

Priscilla and her mother talked the matter over, but each encouraged the other to remain where they were.

When Captain King returned, an hour later, it was evident that he had not enlisted the Laytons on his side. He bade the women a sad good-bye, and said: "I yield to you to-night, but I assure you, Mrs. Stanhope, that to-morrow I shall not take 'no' for an answer, but will carry you off to a place of safety, by force, if you do not leave willingly, for you are in danger."

In reply to this earnest appeal Mrs. Stanhope consented to consult her neighbor at once. She and Priscilla went to Mr. Layton's with Captain King, but the old farmer felt secure for the night and said he would see in the morning if it was best for them all to go to the fort; for his part, he thought there was no more safety there than at home, but he was willing to go and take the women.

Captain King now saw the mother and daughter safely home, and, mounting his horse, galloped rapidly off through a by-path in the woods.
Reassured by old Mr. Layton, the two women retired, sleeping together in the high-posted bedstead in Mrs. Stanhope’s large bedroom adjoining the living room.

In the earliest dawn, Mrs. Stanhope was awakened suddenly by a sound of firearms in the distance; she thought that she might be mistaken in the cause of the noise, but she hastily dressed herself and called Priscilla to do the same, forbidding her to strike a light or to open window or door. One glance outside had been enough for her; she saw at once that her worst presentiments were fulfilled, the valley was swarming with British and Indians.

"My dear child," she said to Priscilla, "we will stand by our guns if they come here, and may God protect us."

Priscilla looked through the aperture and exclaimed: "Why, mother, they are British soldiers! Surely they will not attack women alone as we are. Shall we not appeal to them for protection? I am ready and willing to use the guns against the Indians, but these men are different."

Mrs. Stanhope took another survey and answered: "The British have marched off toward the fort; it is the savages, my child, the Indians, who are here, they are in the stable now; have you the powder, there?" she said, as Priscilla seized one gun and handed the other to her mother.

"Shall I fire, mother; they are close at hand?" asked Priscilla.

"No," whispered her mother, "we will wait to see if they pass us by—but if they try to come in we will give it to them."

She had scarcely finished the sentence when two Indian warriors, coming on a run toward the house, threw themselves against the door with great violence to break it open. As they approached Mrs. Stanhope fired through a small hole in the door and one of the Indians threw up his hands and fell wounded to the ground; the other one dropped in the grass and crept away. Others who had followed now moved more cautiously, but both Mrs. Stanhope and Priscilla had opportunity to bring down two more Indians by well-directed shots. This seemed to infuriate the remainder, who now rushed on, and, with tomahawks uplifted, they assailed the door. The stout oak timber offered a
heavy resistance, and the two women, pale and panting with excitement, still kept up as constant a fire from window and door as their firelocks would allow. There was no helpless despairing, no shrieks of terror, but with courage and dexterity they held to their deadly work, wholly absorbed in the effort to drive the foe away if the "stout old timber would only hold out long enough." They gained but a few minutes respite. With a great dash the heavy door fell in, and a fierce warrior, the blood gushing from his wounded leg, seized Mrs. Stanhope by the arm. With one blow of his tomahawk he crushed her skull, causing instant death. At this sight a wild shriek of anguish filled the air as Priscilla sprang to her mother's side. The same savage, although staggering from his wound, turned to the young girl with uplifted weapon, and in an instant she would have shared her mother's fate, but a younger warrior seized the uplifted arm of the savage, exclaiming: "This white squaw for me," and saved her life. He then seized her by the waist, and lifting her from the ground with one arm carried her like a child as he hurried down the path toward the road. Before he reached the roadway a small band of British troops came galloping up, and one, an officer, sprang from his horse and ran toward the Indian who held Priscilla. He ordered the savage to let her go, and made violent gestures to the same effect, but without avail. The Indian turned from the path and ran through the grass, yelling: "More squaw for you," for he was sure that the officer would not fire on him, as he had threatened, while he held the woman in his arms.

The officer, as agile as the Indian and free from any burden, soon overtook him, and seizing him by the throat, raised his sword over his head while he shook him with such violence that Priscilla freed herself from his grasp. Other British soldiers now came up, and Priscilla, dazed and tottering, turned her gaze toward the officer, as he said: "Miss Stanhope, my fears are more than realized," for it was Captain King. "But now, at least, I can protect you. I have strained every nerve to overtake these devils and stop this. I will start you to a safe place and will look after your mother."

Priscilla's tongue literally clove to the roof of her mouth; the terror of her mother's death, before her eyes, seemed to
encompass and possess her to such a degree that she could see and hear nothing else. If she could have described her sensation she would have said she thought she had been killed—that she was in hell with these savages and this traitor, Captain King.

The wickedness and the cruelty of the scene could not belong to this world, and this beautiful valley—she was dumb, shuddering, helpless. The nervous shock had been so great that she had not rallied, and she would have fallen to the ground, but that Captain King took her in his arms and hurried to the gate. Here he gave her to one of his soldiers, who held her before him on his horse. The Captain gave him a hurried but emphatic order and sent him with a squad of men down the road toward his own farm. His mother and sister had been sent to Philadelphia some days before.

At the Stanhope farm the savages were revelling in the abundant comforts of the place. Captain King soon learned of Mrs. Stanhope's cruel fate, and he gave orders to have her body buried. He made an effort to save a few trifles of Priscilla's, which he thought of special value, but finding he could not control the fierce and blood-thirsty warriors, he hurried back to his command.

(To be continued.)
Before the meeting of the Continental Congress an invitation was issued by Mrs. Judge Putnam, chairman of the Portrait Committee, to all members of the committee, national officers and regents, to meet her, assisted by Mrs. Walworth and Mrs. Cabell, at the Arlington Hotel on Monday evening, February 20, 1893.

About seventy-five members of the committee, with a few other guests, assembled in the beautiful banquet hall of the Arlington, where a generous table was spread and handsomely decorated with flowers.

Mrs. Putnam received her guests with the stately affability, which is characteristic of her, making every one feel at ease, yet allowing the meeting to carry its semi-business aspect.

With a few earnest words Mrs. Walworth told the story of the portrait; how it had grown out of a desire in the early days of the Society to express to Mrs. Harrison, by some simple offering, an appreciation of her fidelity to the organization in its first trials; how gradually all propositions were unsatisfactory until the portrait was proposed; how this gratified Mrs. Harrison and her family, and seemed in every way appropriate as a national gift to the nation from a National Society, whose aims are so closely allied with the preservation of the government. She said that there were doubtless a few women of wealth who might be induced to give the whole amount necessary for this portrait, but no gift from a private individual to the government or the Executive Mansion is appropriate. Such gifts should come from the people, and it is therefore as a part of the great multitude, whose interests are in the Executive Mansion, that the Daughters of the American Revolution and their friends offer this historic picture of a notable American woman, to be placed in the White House. It is desired that every Daughter subscribe at least one dollar toward it, but the subscriptions are not limited to this amount. Two hundred dollars was subscribed at this meeting. It was also voted that the picture should be life size and full length, to be painted by Huntingdon, the cost to be twenty-five hundred dollars.
An informal and most agreeable consultation about the portrait was had, and the subscriptions gathered in the midst of social intercourse and good cheer. Among the ladies present, and who were actively interested in the portrait, were: Mrs. Leland Stanford, Mrs. Justice Field, Mrs. General Greely, Mrs. Cropley, of New York; Mrs. Conklin, of Brooklyn; Mrs. Wilbour, Mrs. Shippen, Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Mather, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Lyons, Mrs. Hetzel, Mrs. Hogg, Mrs. Crosman, Mrs. Doremus, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Schuyler Hamilton, Mrs. Avery, etc.

REVOLUTIONARY ANNIVERSARIES.

MARCH.


From the historic house in Cambridge, doubly dear to every American as the headquarters of Washington and the home of Longfellow, the poet wrote of the hero during the siege in his poem "To a Child":

"Once, ah once, within these walls,
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his Country dwelt.
And yonder meadows broad and damp
The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt.
Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread;
Yes, within this very room
Sat he in the hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head."

5th, 1770. The Boston Massacre.

5th, 1776. Dorchester Heights taken by Washington.

Washington exhorted his soldiers to bear in mind the 5th of March.

17th, 1776. Boston evacuated by the British.

[Signature]
ALBEMARLE CHAPTER, Charlottesville, Virginia.—The following announcement has been received:

World's Fair Concert, under the auspices of the Albemarle Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Monday, January 30, 1893, Levy Opera House, Charlottesville, Virginia.

At the request of Mrs. Lacy Preston Beale, Lady Manager for Virginia at the World's Fair, a very successful concert was given in Charlottesville, on January 30th, under the auspices of the Albemarle Chapter, for the purpose of raising funds to help increase the sum found necessary to make Virginia's exhibit at the fair a success.

Talented musicians from home and abroad rendered a number of attractive selections from classical and popular music.

Prominent among the singers was Miss Natalie Loyd Otey, of Lynchburg, who has just been chosen to represent Virginia in the musical entertainments to be given at the Columbian Exposition during the summer.

Many States will have larger and more elegant buildings than ours, but none will be as unique and interesting as the Mount Vernon House, which is to be an exact duplicate of the home of Virginia's first President.

It is the desire of the Lady Manager to furnish the interior of the house exactly as the home of Washington was furnished. Already duplicate pieces of rare furniture have been found in various Virginia homes, but the funds are lacking to pay for their transportation and care.

The proceeds from this concert, amounting to $225, have been given to the Lady Manager for this purpose.

BRISTOL CHAPTER, Bristol, Rhode Island.—A very important and interesting meeting of Bristol Chapter, Daughters
of the American Revolution, was held in the relic room of Burnside Memorial Building. The resignation of Mrs. J. Russell Bullock, Chapter Regent, was reluctantly accepted. Mrs. William Fred Williams was elected to fill the unexpired term. Mrs. Joshua Wilbour, State Regent, presented resolutions which were unanimously adopted, expressing the thanks of the Chapter to Mrs. Bullock for her energy in the formation of the Chapter and her efficient services as Chapter Regent; also a resolution of thanks for a handsome gavel presented by Mrs. Bullock, and made from oak taken from the Reynolds Mansion on Bristol Neck, made historic by the visitation of General Lafayette during the War of the Revolution. It was voted to accept the invitation of Mrs. William R. Talbot to attend a reception to be given in Providence on Washington's birthday.

SEQUOIA CHAPTER, California. — We acknowledge, with sympathetic thanks, the receipt of a copy of the "In Memoriam" pamphlet issued by this Chapter as a "tribute of respect to Anna Maria Lathrop, wife of David Hewes," a life member of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who died August 3, 1892.

A sketch of the organization of every Chapter is desired, and also continued news items of meetings, plans of study, the celebration of anniversaries, etc.

If the regent, secretary, or historian of Chapters will furnish such information we can the more easily avoid errors; newspaper accounts, properly corrected, are very acceptable.

The ancestry of officers and members, which is of special interest, should be carefully prepared for the department of Ancestry rather than this department of Chapters.
The makers of the Constitution of the Daughters of the American Revolution "built wiser than they knew."

While there are defects in this Constitution, and minor complications that demand change and amendment, to be made with deliberation and care, yet as a whole it is, as asserted in an article on the "Plan of Organization" (July American Monthly, 1892), a unique and vigorous declaration of principles and plan of action. This is apparent in the provision for a Continental Congress, and in the practical results brought about by this Congress. The deliberate and conservative way in which these assemblages have been conducted, and the development of thought and action in a legislative direction, which they indicate, give promise of a power and influence which will mark a step forward in the career of women as citizens. It may not be a class clamoring for this right or that privilege, but as Americans, standing on their own ground and owning it by right of inheritance, proving themselves the true heirs of American principles and ideas, such principles and ideas will lead to the acquisition of all human rights by a natural development—so long as these principles are preserved in their purity and singleness of purpose; therefore, we have the assurance of a broad and generous future.

The first Congress, held in 1892, must ever stand as historic, both for the notable women it brought about our distinguished President-General, Mrs. Harrison, and because it marked an era for American women in the exercise of a power that has fructified for years and then entered on its progressive, practical life.

The Congress is composed of Regents, Delegates and National Officers, of which the Presiding Officer and the Recording Secretary are the officers of the Congress, answering to the officers of Chairman or Speaker, and Clerk or Secretary of the House of Representatives. The spirit and action of the Continental Congress is, however, much more in harmony with
that of the old Continental Congress of the thirteen original States, than with that of the present House of Representatives, and it consequently partakes of the nature of a convention as the old Continental Congress did. It is in this way, most directly and really an exposition of the opinions of the people, that is of the Society of Daughters all over the country. Whether the delegates come instructed, as many of them did, or not, they are conscientious in expressing what they believe to be the sentiment of each Chapter. As the organization of the Congress becomes more complete, year by year, the general thought of the Society will be more clearly defined and expressed.

In the first Congress, the Daughters of the American Revolution, from distant parts of the country, met each other and their Board of Management as comparative strangers; all inspired with a common sentiment of patriotism, but still adrift in regard to the practical purposes to be attained. The first Congress gladly sat, as it were, at the feet of the Board of Management to listen and learn from the experience of those who had largely conducted the work up to this point in the history of the Society.

A programme had been duly arranged by the Board of Management for each day and hour of the session. The Congress took an active part in this by means of the interesting historical papers read, representing the various Chapters. It followed the lead of the Board of Management in vetoing the plan for an exhibit at the World’s Fair, and in refusing to consider the subject of linear descent. That Congress was dignified, interesting, and decidedly educational to all who took part in it. Thoughtful women returned to their homes and pondered over the proceedings, and the Daughters throughout the country read the proceedings of the Congress and pondered them, perhaps, more closely than those who had taken part in them. The result of this was the election of delegates and Regents by the various Chapters with a view to the practical working of the Society through the Congress. Hence the meeting of this, the second Congress, was one of earnest activity and overflowing vitality. The spirit of the order was alive and alert; anxiety was expressed to get the Congress
into efficient working order by means of standing committees, to which the various reports of officers and resolutions of members might be referred. The large amount of business to be transacted, and the shortness of the time, prevented this plan from being materialized, and the reports were referred to a committee of the whole as the best substitute practicable under the circumstances. There were many important matters hurried over or deferred as a result of this action, which indicated the necessity for good working committees of the Congress.

The election of officers, in some cases closely contested, occupied a considerable time of the Congress, and the interest in the subject of lineal and collateral descent, deferred until the last day, crowded out other matters that might well have come under the consideration of the Congress. The debate on ancestry was conducted with remarkable dignity, good temper and fairness. The lineals stood their ground upon a very simple assertion of principles, and the collaterals made some eloquent appeals for the sentiment that weighed with them. One argument of great ability was made in behalf of compromise; thus the whole subject was handled with extraordinary force and clearness. The vote was equally forceful and decided—the Congress voting for lineal descent by a large majority, although some delegates instructed to vote for lineal descent had gone to luncheon, believing the vote would come later. The Society is to be warmly congratulated upon the results of this second meeting of the Continental Congress. Every high and noble object of the organization has been reaffirmed, and it has declared itself unmistakably for a straight descent, which will stimulate historical research.*

In the election of Mrs. Stevenson to the position of President-General, the Society has preserved its high national character and presents to the world a typical American woman, of the truest domestic virtues, of the best social position, and the wife of a man who stands preëminent among his countrymen, not only by the elevated position in which they have placed

*Already since the Congress five of the forty collaterals in the Society have searched for and found unquestionable lineal descent to strengthen their papers.
him, but by his personal popularity. The quiet characteristics of his wife are no less appreciated by all good Americans.

All members of the second Congress hold their responsibility for the action of the Society until the elections for the third Congress, and if it is thought wise to do so, they can call for another session of the Congress in the meantime.

A MEMBER OF THE CONGRESS.

KEY TO FIRST CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

4. Mrs. M. G. Devereux. 25. Mrs. Donald McLean.
6. Mrs. Marshall MacDonald. 27. Miss Mary Desha.
10. Mrs. F. O. St. Clair. 31. Mrs. Foster.
13. Miss Lillian Evans. 34. Mrs. Joshua Wilbour.
15. Miss M. D. Everhart. 36. Miss Clara Barton.
17. Mrs. E. Dickson. 38. —
18. Mrs. H. Jackson. 39. —
20. Mrs. R. O. Doremus. 41. Mrs. C. R. Breckinridge.
21. Mrs. M. S. Lockwood.

We would be pleased to have the correct names for vacant numbers in this Key.
At the first meeting of the Board of Management, after the adjournment of the Congress, and on the same day, it was resolved that a committee should wait on Mrs. Stevenson to notify her of her election to the office of President-General of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The presiding officer appointed as such committee Mrs. Walworth, Mrs. Peck, Mrs. Beale, Mrs. MacDonald, Mrs. Boynton, and Miss Washington. In reply to a note from the chairman of the committee asking Mrs. Stevenson to designate a time agreeable to her, the afternoon of Friday, March 3d, was chosen. The committee met at the Ebbitt House, and were conducted to Mrs. Stevenson's drawing rooms. Here were gathered, by an informal invitation, many Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Stevenson greeted the committee very cordially. The chairman, Mrs. Walworth, addressed her as follows:

"We come to you representing the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, who, in their Continental Congress assembled in this city on February 24, 1892, elected you President-General of the Society.

"We ask you to accept this position, the highest in our gift, and we will be honored in consigning the interests of this organization to the keeping of one with an ancestry so illustrious in the records of our Revolutionary struggle, men and women whose high qualities are worthily illustrated in the lives of their descendants. It is with a justifiable pride we point to the distinguished position you occupy as the wife of the Vice-President of the United States, because it proves to the world at large that America honors Americans, and that American principles are perpetuated through the activity and ability of the heirs of the founders of our Republic; for who will deny that the eminent men of our land are assisted, and sometimes guided to such heights by the gentle and steadfast wives beside them."
"To you, madame, the devoted wife and mother, we offer our sympathy in the domestic and social duties that claim your attention, and our active assistance in promoting the objects of patriotism and historical research that appeal to you in the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. We would stimulate the sentiment that marks our national anniversaries and honors our flag; we would revive a memory of the unselfish devotion of our ancestors.

"The active work of this Society is in full accord with the progressive spirit of our country and our age. Holding fast to the stringent principles of our forefathers on the one hand, and reaching out toward the rapid advancement of womanhood on the other, it is our aim to follow the remarkable example found in our National Government, of a union of conservatism and liberality, which is the crowning glory of modern civilization. These objects of our Society we commend to your attention, while we welcome you with enthusiasm as the leader of the Daughters of the American Revolution."

Mrs. Stevenson replied with easy grace, expressing her appreciation of the honor conferred on her, and her willingness to accept it, and to do her part toward a promotion of the noble objects of the Society. Some time was then spent in social intercourse.

At a meeting of the Board of Management, a few days later, Mrs. Stevenson presided during the early part of the meeting, and assumed readily the new duties of her position. After a formal opening of the meeting she said:

"Ladies of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution:

"While it gave me great pleasure to meet the ladies of the Notification Committee, and many others of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, a few days since, and express then briefly my appreciation of the honor which they have conferred upon me, I am gratified to-day more formally to acknowledge the action taken by the assembled Congress on February 24.

"In accepting the office of President-General of this Society, it shall be my earnest endeavor to promote the objects for which it was organized on October 11, 1890, to secure concert of
action, and to gather into closer relationship the women who owe their present exalted positions to the men and women who achieved American independence by deeds of valor and personal sacrifices. The memory of these soldiers and patriots should not be allowed to die; and upon whom should devolve the honor of preserving their historic achievements, and celebrating the memorable anniversaries, if not their lineal descendants—the women of this honorable body.

"That your words and work have touched a responsive chord in the nation's heart is attested by a large membership secured during the short period of its existence. That your officers have been faithful and efficient, cannot be doubted.

"In assuming the duties that your kindness has imposed, I feel assured of your hearty coöperation and cordial support and will beg your kind indulgence.

"Nor can I forget that I stand before you in the place so honorably and so ably filled by Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, your beloved President-General, who now rests from her labors. To you and to your cause she gave her last, her suffering days. With womanly grace and dignity, as well as with feminine tact, she presided, as often as other exacting duties would permit, over your meetings. She brought to your aid the rich and ripe experience of long years in public life and crowned with success the formative (always the most trying and important) period in the history of any organization.

"All honor to her memory as first President-General of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. But it is more especially as dutiful daughter, loving wife, mother and friend, that she will forever remain enshrined in the hearts of the American women."

After conducting the business of the meeting for about an hour, an engagement called Mrs. Stevenson away. She excused herself and retired.
AN UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF GEN. W. T. SHERMAN.

It will be remembered that during the meeting of the Republican Convention of June, 1884, in Chicago, there was a strong sentiment in favor of the nomination of General Sherman for President of the United States. The following letter to Mrs. J. B. Henderson, wife of the ex-Senator from Missouri, explains in a characteristic way his reasons for declining the honor:

912 GARRISON AVENUE,
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, June 5, 1884.

DEAR MRS. HENDERSON:

It was very sweet and good of you to write me the letter of June 4th, all the more as it is so much pleasanter for me to tell you simple things in a way natural, and not constrained as though every paragraph and every word had to be analyzed and accurately weighed "a la * * *." I have answered Henderson's despatches and messages on the instant of receipt, and in the manner asked for; and am in no manner responsible for the hour of delivery. I can start this evening and be in Chicago for breakfast, but I doubt if I can get this letter to you by the United States Post before the day after to-morrow. Chicago, at this, the hour of my writing, is like the scene in Macbeth where the witches were mixing their pot of politics, it made little difference whether the "root of hemlock—dug in the dark," went in before the "S——" or not. So in a few days, when the convention has adjourned, you will care little as to the details—provided the pot boils, and as a candidate there is an average good man. Henderson's speech was good enough, and it was all sufficient that my despatch got there in time. Our young friend Roosevelt can use the material of his intended nomination speech for Sherman at the next, or the next national convention, for some other fellow, no matter whom.

I have been behind the curtain at the White House, and have seen the skeletons in every closet and in every room—
Harrison, Taylor, Lincoln and Garfield. You and I both know the Green Room and the East Room, and know the shallow flattery of the crowd which has gathered there, and will gather there for years—no matter who the occupant may be. I don't want the place. Mrs. Sherman would be simply wretched there, and every time she went to church, or any time a priest entered the walls it would be heralded to the four corners of the world. Lizzie don't want to go there, and Rachel hesitates. My only remaining son would be poisoned and ruined by the place, as so many boys have hitherto been, as—* * * * * * *

With these facts branded in my memory, why should I covet the honor? Henderson said well, the country labors under the "embarras de richesses," i. e., of too many men qualified and willing. There is no war, no conscription, no compulsory process—so I am as fairly out as any freeman should be. Where comes in the patriotism? I am not the only saviour—run Jacob Townsend, with a specific for all diseases—on the contrary, I believe the country is healthy and better not to be doctored at all. I look upon all political parties as pretty much alike, governed by the same selfish rules, and might unconsciously adopt some democratic measure and be admonished by the newspapers having the administration in charge that it was not in the platform. Why, I never read a political platform in my life, and don't believe I will read the one now which has been compounded in the witches' pot in Chicago. I never voted but once in my life, then voted wrong—disfranchised myself; and, if pardoned, will never vote again. This was in California—I had to choose between Fremont and Buchanan. I knew Fremont was not qualified and went it blind for Buchanan—on the mathematical doctrine of probabilities that he might be. If called on to-day to define my position, I would say: "The Star Spangled Banner and the Lord's Prayer."

I'm a pretty subject for a political candidate. "No, I will none of it." Tell Henderson the only candidate I ever had for President was our old friend Spotted Tail, Chief of the Ogallala Sioux, handsome, dignified, and undoubtedly a "Native American." He was killed in a row up at the agency, and I am now a widow, and don't much care who is
to be our next President—Blaine, Arthur, John Sherman, Lincoln, Gresham, Edmunds, Harrison or Joe Hawley—and if this great people cannot choose out of them and must look to the Democratic party, there is T——, J———— and the Devil—of which three I would prefer the latter, certain that we now stand so firmly on a basis of strength (thanks to the brave men who fought in 1861–5) that our fabric of government cannot be shaken.

You may tell Henderson, on the sly, of the existence of this letter, but it would not appear well in print.

Affectionately and with respect,

W. T. SHERMAN.

QUERIES AND REPLIES.

A reply to the query concerning societies with a genealogical basis is difficult as such information is not collected to our knowledge, but we may mention the Society of the Cincinnati, the Sons of the Revolution, Sons of the American Revolution, Society of the Colonial Wars, Society of the War of 1812, Colonial Dames of New York, Colonial Dames of America, Daughters of the War of 1812, Loyal Legion, the Sons of Veterans, Life Members of the Mary Washington Memorial Association. These last are not on a genealogical basis, but the membership goes by descent from parent to child and thus comes somewhat into line with the societies traveling backward.

An answer to the question of the most dramatic event which occurred in the Revolution where women took part was, perhaps, answered by the remarkable narrative related at the Continental Congress by Mrs. Donald McLean in her eloquent address, to be published later.
Pursuant to call, the new Board of Management met; present: Mrs. Cabell, Mrs. Walworth, Mrs. John Risley Putnam, Mrs. Boynton, Mrs. Shippin, Mrs. Hogg, Mrs. Keim, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Dickens, Miss Washington.

On motion, the instructions contained in the resolution offered by Mrs. Walworth to the Congress and passed, viz: "Resolved, That this Congress instructs the Board of Management at its first meeting to create as authorized by the Constitution, Article VI, Section 2, the office of President Presiding, and at the same meeting to elect Mrs. Mary Ellett Cabell to fill that office," were carried out.

On motion of Mrs. Pope, State Regent of Kentucky, Mrs. S. B. Buckner was elected Vice-President General.

On motion of Mrs. Smith*, seconded by Miss Washington, Mrs. Marshall MacDonald was elected Vice-President General.

On motion of Miss Washington, seconded by Mrs. Walworth, Mrs. Colonel A. T. Brackett was elected Vice-President General.

Moved by Mrs. Walworth, that a committee of three be appointed by the chair to wait on Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson to inform her of her election to the office of President-General

* Mrs. Smith's motion was made at the request of the Virginia delegation.
and that the Recording Secretary, officially announce the same to her at once.

On motion of Mrs. Boynton, Miss Lillian Pike was authorized to appear on the floor of Congress, as the Regent of the newly organized Martha Washington Chapter.

The meeting then adjourned.

*February 25, 1893.*

The Board of Management met, Mrs. Cabell presiding; present, Mrs. John Risley Putnam, Mrs. N. B. Hogg, Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Shippen, Mrs. Knott, Mrs. Keim, Mrs. Wilbour, Miss Knight, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Tittmann, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Burdette, Mrs. Dickens, Mrs. Walworth, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Boynton, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Geer, Mrs. Peck, Miss Washington.

The minutes of the previous meeting of the 24th instant were corrected and approved.

Moved that the following gentlemen, members of the Sons of the American Revolution, be elected as an Advisory Board: Mr. A. Howard Clarke, Justice Brewer, Mr. Jonathan Trumbull, General H. V. Boynton, Mr. John Carter Wood, Mr. William D. Cabell, Hon. Marshall MacDonald, General J. C. Breckenridge, General George H. Shields, Judge H. M. Shepard, General Horace Porter, Mr. D. J. Whittimore, General A. W. Greely, Mr. Frank H. Orme. Carried.

On motion of Mrs. Pope, Justice Brewer was elected Chairman.

Moved by Mrs. Lockwood that the Recording Secretary be instructed to notify the newly appointed Advisory Board of their elections.

On motion of the Vice-President in charge of Organization the Board confirmed the election of Mrs. Pope, State Regent of Kentucky.

Moved by Mrs. Shippen that Mrs. Caroline S. McGill, of New Jersey, be elected Vice-President General. Carried.

Moved by Mrs. Hogg that Mrs. Margaret I. Hayes, of Allegheny, Pennsylvania, be elected Vice-President General. Carried.

Moved by Mrs. Walworth that Mrs. J. T. Stranahan, of
Brooklyn, New York, be elected Vice-President General. Carried.
On motion of Mrs. Tittmann nominations for Vice-Presidents General were closed.
On motion of Mrs. Walworth Mrs. Bullock was elected Chaplain-General.
Moved that the Printing Committee be appointed by the Chair. Carried.
The Chair appointed Mrs. Dickens, Miss Washington, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Smith, Miss Jones.
On motion the meeting adjourned.

March 3, 1893.
The Board met. Present: Mrs. Cabell, presiding; Mrs. Smith, Miss Jones, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Tittmann, Mrs. Bullock, Mrs. Geer, Mrs. Peck, Mrs. Keim, Mrs. Lockwood, Mrs. Brackett, Mrs. Bacon, Mrs. Boynton, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Bealle, Mrs. Walworth, Mrs. Dickens, Mrs. Cox, Miss Washington.
The Registrar-General presented the names of forty-six ladies as eligible for the National Society, who were duly admitted.
The Corresponding Secretary presented the resignation of Miss Elizabeth C. Ball, as clerk in the office of the Daughters of the American Revolution.
The resignation was accepted with regret.
Moved that Miss Nannie Ball be employed as clerk for one month at same salary. Carried.
Moved by Mrs. Clarke that the sum of 50 cents be requested from each member for a certificate of membership.
Amended by Mrs. Smith that 25 cents be charged.
Re-amended by Mrs. Walworth that the whole be referred to the Executive Committee. Carried.
On motion, Mrs. Benjamin Butterworth, Mrs. D. Robert Barclay, Mrs. Shields, Miss Dorsey, Mrs. Heth, Mrs. Breckinridge were elected Vice-Presidents General.
A motion by Mrs. Geer that the Board accept Mrs. Walworth's report of the Magazine was referred to an adjourned special meeting, to be held March 7.
The Board then adjourned.
THE SECOND CONTINENTAL CONGRESS
OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

WOMEN AND PATRIOTISM.
[From the Washington Post, February 23, 1893.]

The Second Continental Congress of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution convened at the Church of Our Father, February 22, 1893. High winds, slippery streets, sleet and snow could not chill the ardor of women in whose veins is the blood of the Revolutionary heroes, and the church was well filled. There were but few pews vacant. The church was appropriately and tastefully decorated. Everywhere, in whatever direction the eyes turned, were the national colors. Around the balcony were numbers of banners and tri-colored bunting. The rear of the stage was festooned with national flags. On the stage were a number of potted palms and other evergreens. On the presiding officer's table was a bouquet of red and white carnations.

Just to the right of the presiding officer was a vacant chair. On the top was a wreath of white immortelles and ivy leaves; through the center, on a bar of white, the letters in blue, were the words "In memoriam." This floral piece was a tribute to the late President-General, Mrs. Benjamin Harrison.

It was 11 o'clock when the gavel of the Vice-President General Presiding, Mrs. William D. Cabell, rapped the Congress to order. The session was opened with prayer by Mrs. Teunis S. Hamlin, the Chaplain-General. She asked the Divine blessing upon the proceedings of the Congress and referred tenderly to the loss the Society has sustained in the death of its President-General.

The report of the Committee on Credentials was made by the Chairman, Mrs. George H. Shields.

* The official account of the proceedings of the Congress are not yet in the hands of the Editor of the AMERICAN MONTHLY, but will be duly published. The address of welcome and the response are here given as preliminary to the official reports, etc.
Mrs. Cabell, Vice-President-General presiding, read the following address of welcome:

Ladies of the Second Continental Congress: It is my high privilege—one of the noble functions of the office I have the honor to hold—to convey to you in words the welcome that swells in every heart and beams from every eye in the assemblage of ladies representing that portion of the Daughters of the American Revolution residing in this fair city, the seat of our National Government—the chosen headquarters of our Society.

As I rise to discharge this gracious duty, the natural exultation of such a moment is checked and clouded by the thought that in so doing I take the place of one most honored among us; one who was with us a brief twelve months ago; one who will be with us no more, and whom, in common with all true American women, we deeply mourn. The memorial wreath upon this chair is not needed to remind us that when we last came together under this roof we were welcomed and encouraged and most wisely counseled by her who was then our President, the faithful friend—I had almost said the mother of our Society.

Forgive me, ladies, if for one moment I invite you to turn from the glowing interests of the present to recall the griefs and trials of the past. For gratifying as has been the success of our Society, its noble record is not free from the story of more than one struggle, nor is it unshadowed by that sorrow to which we are born "even as the sparks fly upward."

During the first year of our existence we had much to contend with. A deliberate and wanton attempt was made to destroy our infant organization. Its officers were attacked, its objects belittled, and the assault was at least sufficiently successful to dim its prestige and hamper its progress. During this period every possible effort was made to induce the President-General to withdraw her name and influence from an organization so assailed. But neither calumny nor falsehood nor personal influence could sway the constant soul and calm intelligence of Mrs. Harrison. Wedded to the high objects and patriotic purposes of the Society, she repelled insinuations against its management, openly advocated its measures, warned
us against dangers better known to her than to others, and
gave generously of her time and strength to fortify the foun-
dations of an edifice which she believed would become a temple
glorious to the name of the womanhood of her native land. 
When the stern fiat went forth, removing from the bosom of
her family the faithful wife, the tender mother; from the Ex-
cecutive Mansion, the unspoiled matron who exemplified at once
the dignity and the simplicity of a Republican court, we were
deprived of our beloved leader, our wise counselor, our most
honored head.

During the months that have followed this loss, our Society
has thriven apace. We meet in triumph and gladness to
congratulate ourselves and each other on what has been
accomplished, and to perfect purpose of growth and plans for
development and high endeavor. With hearts full of love for
her who can no longer strive with us "to make her generous
thought a fact;" for her of whom it can be truly said that

Many a poor one's blessing went
With her beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings.

We turn to our noble work, and we bid welcome, thrice
welcome, our sisters and friends who come to unite with us in
the grandest mission ever yet undertaken by the women of a
great, free and prosperous generation—the work of conserving
and hallowing the traditions of an heroic past.

MRS. WILBOUR'S RESPONSE.

In response, Mrs. Joshua Wilbour, State Regent of Rhode
Island, said:

MADAME PRESIDENT: To me is accorded the pleasant duty
of responding to the gracious words of welcome which you
have uttered. It is a privilege, indeed, to express the thanks
of the members of the Second Congress of the Daughters of
the American Revolution to yourself and the National Board
of Management. Kind as has been the greeting, those of us
who were members of the First Congress know that that
greeting was not insincere.
The patriotism which dictated the organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution is so strong a sentiment that it binds us in sisterly affection. Whether we come from the granite hills of the North, the Savannahs of the South, the prairies of the West, or the crowded cities of the center, we love our country with an absorbing love. We think of the States of our Union as "distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea," and say: This was the land of our fathers, and it is our land; be it ever the home of the upright, the brave, and the free!

As we think of the happy auspices under which we gathered last year, we cannot but think of the noble lady who greeted us a year ago. How solemn the visitation which prostrated her on the bed of mortal sickness, and deprived the honored Chief Magistrate of our land of a dear companion. Sympathetically did all the members of our various Chapters hear of the alternations of her disease. Oft did they bow in prayer before the Father of Mercies that He would spare her to her family and to us. And when at last she had gone, we thought there would be one attraction less to draw us to this beautiful city of our annual convocation.

But let us rejoice that it was her privilege to strengthen this organization, pledged as it is to patriotism. Her privilege, I say, for it is a privilege to foster a virtuous love of country. And what a country we have! How broad its extent! From the Atlantic to the Pacific, the magnificent lakes of the North to the tropical Gulf, it is a realm of beauty. How lofty its mountains; how long its rivers; how rich its mines; how fertile its soil! How varied its productions and what sites it supplies for cities and for homes! Does the sun in his daily revolution look down on finer realms on our globe than this heritage of our fathers and mothers?

But must we not recollect that this fair land can only be preserved from blight by the virtues of our people. In this year when we invite the nations of the world to come and see what progress has been made in art and science since Columbus made his daring voyage, the best lesson we can teach them is the dignity, energy and security of a genuine republic.
Said the great teacher to those whom he called around him: “Ye are the salt of the earth.” I may borrow his metaphor. They who love justice, freedom, order and religion are the salt of our land. The patriot wives, mothers, daughters and sisters of the American Revolution emboldened the warriors of their day to persevere in the unequal strife. I trust it is not vanity to say that their mantle has fallen on us. Fain would we foster love of country and love of humanity. We arrogate to ourselves no especial excellence, but we would be false to our ancestry did we not inculcate patriotism. With this conviction we, who represent the Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution, gather in our National Capital, fitly bearing the name of Washington.

This Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution may now be said to be fully organized and established. The amount of work that has been performed in order that the Society might reach its present position, is enormous, and cannot be appreciated by those who have not been intimately connected with the management; and we, whose term of office is now expiring, tender our congratulations to you on all the results accomplished. And to our successors in office we extend our best wishes, knowing they will cultivate the field already planted, and extend, increase and improve upon the work already done.

May an enlarged catholicity mark our actions, and may our love of country and fear of God hallow our hearts. With this wish I respond in behalf of my associates, Madame President, to your courteous welcome.
A handsome pamphlet has just been issued by the Sons of the American Revolution of the District of Columbia, containing the annual address of their President, General Greely. It also has an item about application for membership, which states that the genealogy of members must pass the scrutiny of local and national officers, and of two committees of eligibility and acceptability, and are also published so as to challenge the scrutiny of every one.

The cooperation of the two societies in the District of Columbia is not interrupted by the recent failure of the two national societies to unite, the most cordial relations still existing between them.

The new officers of the Sons of the American Revolution are as follows:

President, Gen. J. C. Breckinridge, U. S. A.
Vice-Presidents, Mr. Justice David J. Brewer, Mr. William D. Cabell, Dr. G. Brown Goode, Hon. George H. Shields, President E. M. Gallaudet.
Treasurer, William Van Zandt Cox, United States National Museum.
Registrar, William J. Rhees, Smithsonian Institute.
Assistant Registrar, Surgeon George H. Penrose, Soldiers' Home.
Historian, Dr. Francis O. St. Clair, Department of State.
Chaplain, Rev. Thos. S. Childs, D. D.
CHAPTER DIRECTORY.

OFFICERS OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION 1893:

**President-General,**
Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson.

**President-Presiding,**
Mrs. Wm. D. Cabell.

**Vice-President-General, in Charge of the Organization of Chapters,**
Mrs. H. V. Boyton.

**Vice-Presidents-General,**

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<th>Mrs. McKee, Indiana;</th>
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<td>Mrs. Walworth, New York;</td>
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<td>Mrs. Putnam, New York;</td>
<td>Mrs. McDonald, Virginia;</td>
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<td>Mrs. Wilbour, Rhode Island;</td>
<td>Mrs. Brackett, U. S. A.;</td>
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<td>Mrs. Beall, Virginia;</td>
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<td>Mrs. Cox, Georgia;</td>
<td>Mrs. Hayes, Pennsylvania;</td>
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<td>Mrs. Heth, District of Columbia;</td>
<td>Mrs. Stranahan, New York;</td>
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<td>Mrs. Butterworth, District of Columbia;</td>
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<td>Mrs. Barclay, District of Columbia;</td>
<td>Miss Dorsey, District of Columbia;</td>
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<td>Mrs. Breckinridge, Kentucky;</td>
<td>Mrs. McMillan, Michigan.</td>
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Miss Eugenia Washington.

**Corresponding Secretary-General,**
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Mrs. T. H. Alexander, Dis-
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Mrs. F. M. Cockrell, Missouri; Carolina;
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Chapter Regent, Miss Ellen Mécum, Salem.
Chapter Regent, Mrs. Robert A. Burnett, 75 Hillside avenue, Plainfield.
Chapter Regent, Miss Henrietta Holdich, 76 Washington street, Morristown.
Chapter Regent, Mrs. Diana Kearney Powell, 1141 Conn. avenue, Washington, D. C., and Cape May.
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Chapter Regent, Miss Kate Batcheller, Saratoga.
Chapter Regent, Mrs. Mary N. Thompson, 313 Delaware avenue, Buffalo.
Historian, Mrs. Burhaus.

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State Regent, Mrs. Mary McK. Nash, Newberne.
Chapter Regent, Mrs. James Martin, Asheville.
Chapter Regent, Mrs. Armistead Jones, Raleigh.

Ohio.
State Regent, Mrs. A. H. Hinkle.

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Treasurer, Mrs. P. H. Babcock, 1694 Euclid avenue.
Registrar, Mrs. George W. Little, 196 Russel avenue.
Historian, Mrs. G. V. R. Wickham, 242 Harkness avenue.

Oregon.
State Regent, Mrs. James B. Montgomery, The Shoreham, Washington, D. C.

Pennsylvania.
State Regent, Mrs. N. B. Hogg, 78 Church avenue, Allegheny City.
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Recording Secretary, Sara O. Burgwin, Hasell Hill, Hazelwood, Pittsburgh.
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Corresponding Secretary, Miss Mary C. Tubbs, Kingston, Luzerne County.
Treasurer, Miss Sallie Sharpe, 25 West River street.
Registrar, Miss Mary A. Sharpe, 25 West River street.
Historian, Mrs. Charles E. Rice, 147 South Franklin street.

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Vice Regent, Mrs. Henry Carpenter, 28 South Queen street, Lancaster.
Corresponding Secretary, Miss Edith J. Slaymaker, 162 East King street, Lancaster.
Recording Secretary, Miss Susan R. Slaymaker, Lancaster.
Treasurer, Miss Margaret J. Wiley, Bainbridge, Lancaster County.
Registrar, Mrs. Hugh M. North, Columbia.

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Secretary, Mrs. Heber L. Smith.
Treasurer, Mrs. A. Harvey Tyson.
Registrar, Mrs. William R. McIlvain.
Assistant Registrars, Miss Mary L. Owen, Miss Anna Rodman Jones.
Historian, Miss Mary Cushman.

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Within the month our Government has passed through the ordeal of a change of administration, and a change of power from one political party to another, yet no difference is felt and none exists in the material interests of the sixty-two millions of people who are governed. Probably the main cause for this early transition is to be found in the fact that we in this Republic are so little governed. Our laws are not less stringent than those of other countries, our partizanship is not less intense, but the laws are limited, within bounds, that leave a large margin for free action, free speech, and free opinion, wherein the ebullition of feeling and prejudice is expended.

Within the month the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution has experienced a more decided change of administration than at any period of its history, and it moves on uninterruptedly, and most prosperously. The law by which national offices are limited to a term of two years was the principal reason for this change of administration. While some agitation and excitement is attendant upon these changes, it must be conceded that the rule is good, and the opportunity thus afforded in so large an organization for the exercise of varied ability and energy is stimulating and wholesome. There are possibly two or three offices in which a longer term than two years would be advantageous; in that of President-General it might be four years, and the office of Registrar could be without limit, as was proposed in November, 1892, in an amendment to the constitution, which was afterwards withdrawn.

The prosperity of the Society increases in a marked degree with each succeeding month as its objects and labors are better understood. It is therefore of importance that every State and every Chapter, where active work and enthusiasm is evident, should send full reports to the American Monthly. Such reports should be written in the form of regular articles, on
one side of the paper and quite separate from an accompanying letter. Proper names, so difficult to have correctly printed, should be written with unusual clearness; when not typewritten, print them with the pen.

The difficulty concerning names reminds us of the Directory; the names of the new officers will be found there, but in the Chapters, notwithstanding the large correspondence and repeated corrections, there may probably be found errors and omissions. If these are promptly corrected by officers of the Chapters (all letters addressed to 19 Union Square, New York) the next month will bring an improved list.

The April Magazine will contain a portrait of the President-General, Mrs. Stevenson, and the official proceedings of the Continental Congress of February, 1893.

While we deprecate apologies and promises, we would yet assure our readers that additional arrangements have been made to secure accuracy in proof-reading, promptness in issue, and above all, greater care in the statement of historical facts. The cordial and continued encouragement received by the management of the American Monthly is appreciated and will lead to more accurate and improved work in its various departments.
ERRATA.

In November number 1893 on page 411 Mrs. Colesby Jones should read Mrs. Walter Jones, wife of an eminent lawyer; a woman noted for her wealth, beauty and influence, and for many years an active trustee of the Washington Asylum.

In the same number there are anachronisms and other errors to be regretted:

Page 387. It is said the troops from Waterloo 1815 were at Bladensburg 1814.

Page 389. The Americans were in an embrasure.

Page 44. The British fleet steamed out of Charleston, 1782.

In the MAGAZINE for January, 1893, the family name of Mrs. Frances Welles Shepard, on page 36, was erroneously spelled Wells.

In the February MAGAZINE, 1893, the name of Mrs. Sara A. Pryor, on page 160, is erroneously spelled Sarah.

In the same MAGAZINE, on page 193, read, His pity gave—not gone.

Page 206. Horn (not born) of Beauty.

Same page. Her grandson (not son) married Obedience Motley, etc.


In February number, page 216. Ellen Vail (not Vair) Orme.

In the February number, on page 192, the father of Mrs. Dallas is called General John Williams, Jr.; it should be Wilkins. Captain John Williams, Sr., should also be Wilkins. Judge Telvanire Dallas should be Judge Trevanion Dallas.

In this March number, on page 285. Bishop Kip (not Kep).

Page 309 and page under the heading, “Miss Chambers,” read eminent (not minute) men.
The Story of Mary Washington.

By MARY VIRGINIA TERHUNE ("Marion Harland"). With numerous illustrations. 1 vol. 16mo, $1.00.

The average American knows so little about the mother of Washington that there ought to be a warm welcome for this book, which Mrs. Terhune ("Marion Harland") has written at the request of the National Mary Washington Memorial Association. She has collected much interesting information by extended research and careful sifting of material, and she writes con amore, "as a reverent tribute to the memory of a woman of marked characteristics, who should be better known and esteemed by her country-women and the nation," and of whom Lafayette said, "I have seen the only Roman matron living at this day."

The book contains a photogravure of an old painting which Mrs. Terhune believes to be a portrait of Mary Ball, afterward the mother of George Washington. It has also eight illustrations, including the Washington homestead, and the unfinished tomb of Mary Washington.


To the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution.

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This very ingenious and useful album is designed by the Rev. Frederic W. Bailey, B. D., of Worcester, Mass. Its purpose is set forth in the preface; the designer found great difficulty in arranging the complicated records of his own genealogy; hence arose this labor-saving method which enables the compiler of ancestral history to simplify the process very materially. The system adopted is carefully explained, but is scarcely more than the easy use of blanks and spaces provided to one's hand.—The Churchman, Sept. 10, 1892.