MRS. JOHN RITCHIE,
STATE REGENT OF MARYLAND.
(Page 442.)
WHAT GENEALOGY IS.

"Are you a Daughter of the American Revolution?"

"I suppose so—I am not positive about it. I have heard incidents of the War of the Revolution related by members of my family, but I did not heed them much."

"What was the name of your grandfather?"

"Porter—his Christian name I do not know."

"I beg you to inform yourself at once, and let me have the pleasure of presenting your claim, if you find one, for membership in the National Society."

"What is the use of it?"

This is a sample of dialogue between Regents and their friends which has in some localities become stereotyped, and gives evidence of the decay of personal, family, and national pride in that great mass of humanity styled "the American Nation."

What is the use of it?

This is the question that confronts us, and it is well to meet and answer it according to our ability.

To the lady in her flower-garden, to the farmer in his fields, to the poulterer in his poultry-yard, to the dog fancier in his kennels, to the Derby-man in his stud, the question seems superfluous. Why should it be asked of a genealogy higher than all these?

The desire to establish descent from a man "made in the image of God," inasmuch as he loved and defended his country, the gift of God to him; to represent gallant, patriot American forefathers and mothers in an association which this very
requisite makes the highest in the reach of American women, is certainly a laudable one.

As soon as our Chapter was organized we began the study of the American Revolution, beginning at Lexington, enrolling the Colonies in the order of accession, and assigning subjects impartially and successively to the members, who prepared papers to be read at monthly meetings.

The effect was instantaneous. We realized how culpably ignorant we had been of the history of our Nation, our knowledge having been limited to that obtained from meager school histories, which preserved the dates of the principal battles and brief biographies of the principal leaders. We realized how imperative was the duty laid upon us as mothers and sisters of the on-coming generations, not to let the beginnings of the grandest Nation now inhabiting the earth be lost in oblivion.

In tracing our lines back to colonial pioneers who braved exile, hardships, and Indian treachery to breathe the air of liberty, or to the ranks of American soldiery who defended the hard-bought refuge from the despotism of an effete monarchy and an insatiate aristocracy, we become unconsciously animated with the spirit that ruled them.

To go beyond this limit in search of ancestors, who spurned us with their noble toes, is to lose the pitch of national American character, and to become hollow reeds, piping the hymns of other nations. We are a Democracy, with Bunker Hill and Washington Monuments for our signal towers.

For us the study of genealogy is a legal duty. The acres of primæval forests, bestowed upon our soldiers as the reward of valor, are defined in our records. These records are the patents of our nobility, and should be plainly familiar to the heirs.

The study of genealogy is, for us, a moral duty. When a name is mentioned, belonging to our children, that has been ennobled by some gallant act of self-surrender or sublime steadfastness, whether by scout, sentinel, or commander, a thrill of unmixed delight will stir and expand their beings, and they will silently resolve to be a not unworthy representative of this line of loyal American gentlemen and gentlewomen, and to do nothing to cast a blur on the family escutcheon.

For us the study of genealogy is a sacred duty. The King
of kings, who yet declined to be an earthly king, must have been well aware of his line of ancestry, reaching back, through forty-two generations, to a man, "made in the image of God," who was a simple gardener.

Doubtless his mother had guided him to it. What women ignore is seldom the object of devotion with men. For this reason it behooves every woman to search the American archives, first, to learn from their pages what sufferings, privations, and fatigues in council and camp supplemented the actual conflict in battle, and then to perpetuate the names of the men and women who shared them, by recording both names and deeds on the leaves of *The American Monthly Magazine* and in the Lineage Book of the Daughters of the American Revolution. **Ellen Harrell Cantrell,**

*Regent for Arkansas, D. A. R.*

**INCIDENTS OF GENERAL WARREN’S LIFE.**

**General Joseph Warren** was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, in 1740. His father was Joseph Warren, a farmer, a man of strict integrity of character, who held several municipal offices to the acceptance of his townsmen. He once said to his son Joseph that he would rather see him die than that he should act the part of a coward. His mother was a woman of most exemplary character. It is said of her that she "appeared to much resemble the mother of Washington in the skill and care with which she infused generous sentiments and virtuous principles into the minds of her children."

Joseph obtained the first rudiments of learning from the public schools of Roxbury. In boyhood he was "manly, generous, fearless, and independent." At the age of fourteen he entered Harvard College, from which he graduated at eighteen. Soon after graduating he won the prize for writing the best poem upon the death of George the Second and the accession of George the Third. He studied medicine for a profession and at the age of twenty-three was settled in practice. He was the contemporary and life-long friend of the Adamses. Samuel Adams was Warren's bosom friend, "and
he leaned upon him as a trustworthy counselor." They labored lovingly together in the great Revolutionary action of Boston and Massachusetts, until Warren sealed his work with his blood, and the heart of Adams poured itself out like water over the early grave of his friend."

Warren was early attracted by the great and exciting events of the time. When England became jealous of her fast growing Colonies, their increase in members and wealth, and began the policy of checking them with oppressive taxation, Dr. Warren took sides with the Whigs, and was ever an active and zealous opposer of the King's arbitrary measures. He undertook a serious examination of the right of Parliament to tax the Colonies. Being occupied days he spent his nights in this investigation. It is related that he devoted himself to the common cause with a zeal extremely prejudicial to his private interests. His pecuniary affairs were neglected and became greatly deranged. "His love of country became the ruling passion of his life, and he labored incessantly to cultivate generous and honest feelings in others and to bring the dispositions that are lovely in private life into the service of the Commonwealth, and so to be the patriot as not to forget to be the gentleman." Dr. Elliot says of him, "That he gained the love of those who lived with him in habits of intimacy while the public voice celebrated his virtues." He adds, "There are persons now living who recollect his polite attentions when they were slighted and wounded by those whose minds were less liberal or more corroded with party spirit."

Much is said of his grace and manly beauty, and the courage that "would have been rash had it not been tempered by self-control."

Warren began to contribute to the press at the time of the Stamp Act and continued these contributions to the close of his life. He used his pen in exposing the policy of the King toward his Colonies, which was selfish and arbitrary. It was said that he had the talent of "seizing the pith of a subject, of making salient points, of imparting his own spirit, and with precision, clearness, and force saying much in few words." Governor Bernard recommended the prosecution of these jour-
nals, but Prime Minister Shelbourne would not listen to his solicitation. Warren soon wrote an article which caused the governor still greater indignation. The latter made every effort to have the printers prosecuted, but without avail. Warren at this time became a member of several clubs formed for the purpose of discussing public affairs. He was greatly interested in promoting public meetings and attended town meetings. He was a member of innumerable committees, of which he was generally chairman. With Adams he assisted in the inauguration of the committees of correspondence by which the Colonies were united and strengthened. He seems, according to the records, to have been an active instigator of events which brought about the destruction of the tea, of which Mr. Frothingham says that he "knows of no Revolutionary deed more worthy of grateful remembrance. Like a decisive battle it influenced the course of events."

Warren was deeply interested in the suffering caused by the "Port Act." On the 26th of June a donation committee was organized to receive and distribute donations to the poor, which were contributed by other Colonies. Warren was an active member of the committee.

On the 6th of August acts were received from England altering the charter and relating to the administering of justice which the patriots called the "regulating act" and the "murder act." There were also sent commissions for thirty-six counselors appointed by the King instead of formerly by election. They were accompanied by minute, determined, and threatening instructions. At this critical moment, when the patriotic leaders were expected to prevent the execution of these regulating acts, Samuel Adams, who was at the head of political affairs in Boston, was called away, and Warren, who was closely associated with him, became the central figure in the management of affairs. It is believed he continued in the practice of his profession to the end of his life. Among his students was Dr. William Eustice, afterwards member of Congress, governor of Massachusetts, and Secretary of War. His amiable character, fine address, and culture won the strong attachment of Dr. Warren. The young student was often by his instructor's side in
times of danger. Dr. Warren was frequently obliged to use his influence to prevent collisions with the troops who were extremely insolent.

In passing through the streets he frequently overheard insulting remarks intended for his ear. On one occasion as he was walking with Dr. Eustice he overheard expressions of this kind. Turning to his friend he said, "These fellows think we are cowards." "I wish I could die knee deep in their blood," and he did!

As the 5th of March approached the patriots designed to commemorate the Boston Massacre. It was openly declared by the British officers that if any man dared to speak of the Boston Massacre it should cost him his life. When Warren heard of the threat he coveted the dangerous honor. When the day arrived the old South Church was crowded. The orator prepared himself to meet violence. He rode in a chaise to a building opposite the church, there put on a robe and entered the church by a ladder at the back of the pulpit to avoid passing through the crowd. It was said of him that "he was a powerful orator because he was a true man and struggled for man's highest rights, a patriot in whom the flush of youth and the grace and dignity of manhood were combined." A large number of British officers were present who it is said were silent during his speech with only an occasional groan when he was applauded. At the close, when it was moved that the thanks of the town be presented to the speaker for this oration on the commemoration of the horrid massacre, some of the officers struck their canes on the floor, others hissed and exclaimed "O, fie!" They partially succeeded in breaking up the meeting which however was soon quieted and business proceeded with. In speaking of this oration Samuel Knapp says, "The scene was sublime. There was in this appeal to Britain, in this description of suffering, dying, and horror, a calm and high souled defiance which must have chilled the blood of every sensible foe. Such another hour has seldom happened in the history of man. Demosthenes and Tully poured forth their fiercest torrents of invective when their enemies were at a distance. Warren's speech was made in the very face of his oppressors resting on their arms and ready to fight. What honors are not due
to him, who undismayed bearded the British lion to show the
world what his country dared to do in the cause of liberty."

Warren was chairman of the Committee of Safety, and always
vigilant and careful. Orders had been received from England
to seize Samuel Adams and John Hancock and take them to
England for trial. These gentlemen were persuaded to retire
to the residence of Rev. Jonas Clark, of Lexington. On the
18th of April Warren was informed that troops were moving,
and suspecting their destination, he immediately sent Wm.
Dawson to Lexington to arouse Hancock and Adams and
place them on their guard. And a little later he sent Paul
Revere, who seems to have been first to arrive there, and who
awakened the patriots and gave the alarm. They also noti-
fied Concord where the Americans had military stores, which
they hurriedly secreted, so that few of them were captured.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 19th, Colonel Smith's
regiment arrived and fired on the company of provincials who
were already gathered at Lexington, a detachment proceeding
to Concord. The Committee of Safety having notified the
militia, their prompt response to the summons caused the roads
leading to Concord to be swarmed with minute men, who drove
the troops back to Lexington "like sheep."

Dr. Warren arrived at Lexington in the afternoon accom-
panied by his two brothers, one of whom was my grandfather,
Dr. John Warren. They all took part in the engagement.
Dr. Joseph Warren took command of the militia, encouraging
his countrymen by his coolness and bravery. He came near
losing his life in this battle—a musket ball from the enemy
came so near his head as to strike the pin out of his earlock,
an ornament which it was the fashion to wear at that time.

"From this time," says his historian, "as he hastened on
to the mount of sacrifice he became more and more absorbed
in the cause of his country. He seems to have lived an age
in the last few months of his life." His contemporaries say
of him that "he filled each of the numerous departments of
life that were assigned him so well that he seemed born for no
other."

It has been always a matter of inquiry and interest to know
where Dr. Warren passed the night of the 16th and the morn-
ing of the 17th of June. Mr. Frothingham tells us, as a matter of history, that the night of the 16th was passed by Dr. Warren at Watertown, with the Provincial Congress, of which he was president.

Dr. Edward Warren, in his history of my grandfather, relates the following: "I, myself, have visited a lady professionally whose mother Dr. Joseph Warren was engaged to attend at her birth. He visited her on the morning of the 17th, and finding her in no immediate need of his services, told her that he must go to Charlestown to get a shot at the British, and that he would return to her in season. But of course he never returned. When he declared his intention of going to Charlestown to take his share in the battle, his friends remonstrated with him, urging him not to expose a life so valuable. He replied with the Latin proverb, "It is sweet and decorous to die for the country."

On arriving at the scene of the engagement he met General Putnam, who offered him the command. Warren declined, telling him that he was there as a volunteer. Colonel Prescott also desired to yield his command to him, which he again declined, saying he would fight under him, and was only too glad to take lessons under so brave a soldier. He asked to be told where the fight was thickest. Prescott wished him to take a position where he would be sheltered. He replied that he had not come there to be sheltered. He took an exposed position and there fought and gave orders to those about him, animating and encouraging them by his bravery. Regardless of himself, he seemed filled with the greatness of the cause he was engaged in. He was seen for the last time by Prescott, sword in hand, endeavoring to rally the militia, when a British officer, recognizing him, wrested a musket from a soldier's hand and shot him.

My grandfather, Dr. John Warren, who was then at Salem, heard the report of cannon which seemed to be in the direction of Boston. He says in his diary: "Soon after we received news of the engagement on Bunker Hill. I was very anxious as I was informed that great numbers had fallen, and that my brother in all probability was in the engagement. At two o'clock in the morning I started on horseback, and when I
arrived at Medford received the intelligence that my brother was missing. I inquired of almost every person whether they could give me any information of him. Some told me that he was undoubtedly alive and well, others that he was wounded, and others that he fell on the field. This perplexed me almost to distraction. I went on inquiring with such a mixture of hope and fear as one who has not felt it can form no conception. In this manner I passed several days, every day diminishing the probability of his safety."

While looking for his brother in this overwhelming anxiety, my grandfather received a thrust from a bayonet, the scar of which he bore through life. It was nine months after this, when the British troops left the field, driven away by Washington's army, that the body of General Warren was found.

Frothingham says of Warren: "His life was characterized by rare singleness of aim. He grasped as by intuition ideas that are fundamental and vital, and he sought by applying them to promote the good of his country. He loved the cause more than he loved his life. He evinced a sound judgment and had clear conceptions of political questions. His integrity, capacity for public service, talent for writing, fervid eloquence, cool courage, promptitude of action, large love for his countrymen, and commanding genius, endowed him with the magic spell of influence, and the power there is in a noble character. His utterances and his work constitute an enduring memorial of his fame. He was not permitted to live long to witness in coming days the greatness of the structure of which he did so much to lay the foundation, but was destined to fall ere he saw the star of his country rise. He dwells in memory as the young, brave, generous, self-devoted martyr."

ABBY WARREN SPAFFORD.

Rockford Chapter.
A SURRENDER.

It was the year 1779, when Fairfield, Connecticut, was in the full glory of summer’s beauty. On one side she rested on sloping hills, green with fields and forest; on the other, bathed in the lapping waters of the Sound; between were squares, outlined by streets bordered with trees that met their leafy boughs in shadows of coolness and rest. The true New England homes were there. The peace of the atmosphere made more distinct the voice of the maiden, Priscilla Burr, singing as she spun her flax, the inspiring words and air of the hymn “Coronation.” Father and mother had left her for defense of country, but her brave young heart had never faltered since she was written motherless. Her sweet voice floated out on the air, fragrant with syringa and lilac, and reached the ever-listening ear of Philip Bulkley. It was a magnet to draw him to the old cottage and see what his heart had from boyhood held dearest, now his betrothed wife. Through all the years that had woven their lives closer together only one barrier had interposed. Philip was a Tory. At first it seemed only a difference that gave zest to life, but now that the battle had no uncertain sound, and had become “the baptism of blood” for “liberty or death,” the fact took on a serious aspect in Priscilla’s mind. As Philip looked across the fields to the Sound, he was startled by the number of vessels from which boats were being lowered filled with men. Hurrying into the cottage he seized the spy-glass and confirmed the dread already in his heart. “Prissy,” he said, “the British are preparing to land here, and it means trouble to you all.” Quickly Priscilla arose and through the glass saw the “red coats.” As the truth burst upon her she felt as one paralyzed, for she knew they were powerless, with their militia defending homes miles away. But the next thought was action. Without a word to Philip, she ran swiftly out of the door, from house to house, telling of the coming invasion, and into the hall of the colonial mansion of Thaddeus Burr, whose hospitality had brought cheer to Washington, Lafayette, and the then loyal Aaron Burr. Mrs. Burr met her in the hall. “Why, Priscilla,” she exclaimed, “you
alarm me," and she took the hands of the terrified girl. Priscilla rapidly told her what her eyes had seen, and the pent-up emotion gave vent in sobs and tears. Mrs. Burr put her arm around her young cousin: "It is no time for tears," she said. "Priscilla Burr and Eunice Dennie have Puritan blood in their veins, and they must never know fear." Inspired by the words Priscilla hastened to her home. The whole town was in confusion; women were digging holes in their gardens and yards, burying treasures; others were dropping packages into wells or hiding them in nature's secret places; some were already starting for the hills. What a transformation an hour had made! Almost exhausted by the nervous strain, Priscilla stopped at her door a moment to think of the first best thing to be done. The cottage was well stored with her handiwork as an expert spinner, looking forward to her coming duties as Philip's wife. He had been watching for her return, and laying his hand on her shoulder, said, "Prissy, my mother's house will be spared and I can save yours; there is some good in a Tory, you know," he teasingly added. It was the match that lighted a smouldering fire. The blood flashed to her cheeks, as she drew herself away from him: "Saved by a Tory," she exclaimed; "haven't I the courage for as much sacrifice as the rest? Better this old house should lie in ashes than saved by the patronage of a servant of a king!"

Her words smote her, as she looked at her lover's downcast face. "Philip," she pleadingly continued, "you know I love you, but honor is immortal," and she entered the door.

* * * * *

Up the long hill that lies back of Fairfield toiled the people; some were overburdened with their heavy load; some were carrying babies, and little ones clinging to them, whilst older groups of children were merry by the way; old men and women were making a tearful pathway, and among them, with bowed head and wearied gait walked their pastor, Rev. Andrew Elliot. The tired mothers sat down on the summit of the hill, and the care of their babes kept them from the despair of others, whose long restraint burst forth in heart-breaking sobs. The old people, whose tears had coursed their furrowed cheeks during the mile ascent, were now calm and passive;
young boys and girls in companionship talked bravely of their
endurance of hardships, and smaller children played soldier
with miniature battles, to the distraction of the nervous, tired
people. The gaze of all was upon the beloved town, as the
smoke of burning homes ascended. Two women stood on the
brow of the hill, apart from the others; one was a middle-aged
woman with a white stern face, seamed with care, the other
was the blue-eyed, fair-haired Priscilla Burr. "Oh, Aunt
Betsy," she cried, "do not curse them, remember Philip."
Unheeding, the older one talked, "I could fight them every
one," and she shook her fist in the air. "Oh God, destroy
them forever, look! Parson Elliot, our meetinghouse is on fire,
God has forsaken us," and she threw herself on the ground.
The scene below was rapidly changing with the approaching
night; dark, heavy clouds were rolling over the town, and
heaven's own artillery was rattling in the distance. It seemed
to those on the hilltop, sheltered by the clear firmament, as
though they were witnesses to the end of all things. They
saw lurid flames shoot up through a flood of rain, and the
angry voice of nature speaking in terrific tones, emphasized
with flashes of dangerous light.
"Oh! my people," spoke the pastor, "God will hear us," and
above all the warfare below, his voice was heard in pleading
prayer as his people stood around him with uncovered
heads. "Rebuild us, oh, God, and grant that generations yet
to come may see the glory of thy latter house greater than that
of the former." In silent prayer they stood, and peace came
with the night.

* * * * * * * * *

Early the next morning Philip Bulkley came walking up the
hill. His face was one of stern resolve. Long was the talk he
had with Priscilla, under the old apple tree on the side of the
hill. Together they sought and found their pastor standing on
the highest peak, looking sadly below. "Parson Elliot,"
Philip said, "I want you to marry Prissy and me." Beyond
expression "the good man" was confounded for a moment,
but with a gesture of dissent replied, "But you are a Tory."
"No," quickly spoke Philip, "all allegiance to a King was
burned out of me witnessing last night's work; a Tory has left
Prissie’s home in ashes, but I am the patriot who will rebuild it on American Independence. Parson, will you marry us now, here, before we go down, for I have surrendered, you know, for life to Priscilla."  

EMILY P. J. PERRY,  
Dorothy Ripley Chapter.

A WOMAN'S COURAGE.

The following incident occurred at the home of my great-grandparents on the maternal side—Edmund Bradley and Lydia (Chedsay), his wife—at the foot of Mullin’s Hill, East Haven, Connecticut. Here, during the American Revolution, a party of officers from a detachment of British troops skirmishing along the shores of West Haven, New Haven, and East Haven, halted at nightfall for food and rest. Their wants being met, Mrs. Bradley, who was alone in the house with her small children, retired to her room, but overheard enough of their conversation to learn that their plan was to plunder and destroy the village the ensuing day, as other places along the line had been devastated. While they slept Mrs. Bradley quietly left the house through her bedroom window, and sped across the meadows and stubble ground to give information to the handful of patriots on guard at Fort Hale, back of Beacon Hill, some two or three miles distant, and now called "Fort Wooster Park," and returned safely unperceived. Well-mounted messengers spread the news throughout the night, and by daybreak the walls of the "Stone Meetinghouse," the appointed rallying place in times of danger, were surrounded by a body of brave, resolute men in defense of their homes, their families, and all that men hold dear. The enemy formed in line on the crest of the hill next day, but the officers seeing with their glasses the preparations made to receive them, withdrew, they having no cannon, and hastily decamped to their boats. Afterwards Mrs. Bradley was called upon and questioned closely as to who had been there at her house on said night, for some one evidently had discovered their presence and knew of their movements. They little suspected it possible she could have left on such an errand.

This historic incident, for prudential reasons, was kept secret for a long period.  

MRS. SARAH UPSON.
THE AMERICAN GENTLEWOMAN AND THE AMERICAN LADY.

The American lady has taken a place of great prominence of late years in the periodicals and newspapers. She is a much discussed character both in this country and Europe, while the American gentlewoman has apparently been almost lost to the recollection of this generation. She does still exist, although so vast a concourse of ladies have scarce left her standing room.

The American gentlewoman of this generation bears a striking resemblance to her ancestors of the last and preceding generations. To comprehend the fundamental principles that underlie her character we must consider by what circumstances and influences it was formed.

Those who colonized this country were in a large majority well born, fairly, and in many instances highly, educated. They comprehended the situation of affairs in the old countries. They realized that their ills were wrought by the political institutions and social conditions, and that it was hopeless to struggle against them there. Wars, revolutions, and resistance of every kind availed but for a short period, when tyranny again was triumphant. There was but one hope and that was to found another nation on the opposite side of the globe. They were an industrious, devout, God-fearing people. They respected themselves, there was no caste or class to recognize or consider, only those were accorded respect who by inherent worth and force had attained honorable positions among them.

The men by their strong right arm conquered the savage and the wild beast and reclaimed the forest to plant orchards, vineyards, and fields of grain. The women were true and fit companions for such men. They created homes and reared children to become men and women to equal themselves in courage, fortitude, and efficiency, and surpass them in culture, refinement, and luxury. When the labors of mother and housekeeper were lightened by the introduction of slavery the women did not become idle gossips and "frivolous butterflies of fashion," they maintained the management of their homes, the direction and well-being of their large families of children and
slaves; they cultivated their minds and made themselves the intellectual companions of the men who founded and governed a nation, and incited their children to become honorable successors to them in estate and influence. When slavery had become a dead institution and wealth and population increased, immigration like a tidal wave swept our shores, hordes of European peasants flocked here and their labor replaced that of the slave, and through it in our households the American lady was introduced to the Nation. Foreign nurses to American children have been potent in removing from domestic and social life the American gentlewoman. Foreign education has also been a powerful ally of the foreign nurse and lady's maid.

The American gentlewoman devotes her thoughts and the greater part of her time to the care of her husband, her children, and her home. Society is not neglected; there is so much enjoyment of it that her intelligence, wit, brilliant conversation, elegance and refinement are the theme of song and story. She governs her nursery, aids her sons and daughters in their studies, directs her domestic affairs and never neglects her husband and his comforts. She cherishes family traditions, the homely ones as well as the brilliant, as she cherishes the family Bible and other heirlooms. She "falls in love" in her young maidenhood and marries the man she loves. She teaches her children to respect their sires and themselves, to fear God and honor the law. Her virtue, modesty, refinement, and courtesy are famous the world around. She was born in America of American parents, educated in America, and dwells in America. Her hospitality is generous and elegant. She never tells her guests the cost of what they are eating and drinking, nor whether the plate that she uses is "real silver;" she naturally considers that her guests take it for granted that she has produced for their entertainment the best she owns and it is a matter of indifference to them whether it be "real" or plated, the compliment is all that they require. She follows no "leader" in social obligations, nor does she confine herself to a "set." She selects her companions for their sympathy in her tastes and enjoyments and the fact of their being her companions stamps their eligibility to social recognition.

The American "lady" as a rule has been the nursling of a
peasant woman, foreign she must have been, as we have no peasants in this country. They could not understand that there was no caste here. People in the land she emigrated from who were rich enough to keep servants, were ladies and gentlemen or lords and ladies, but as there were no lords they must be gentlemen and ladies. So far her reasoning was good, but her practices and teachings were objectionable. The children were taught that "no lady" attended to her children, they were left to nurses, it would rumple pretty frocks to hold and caress infants. That ladies did not look after their houses, servants did that, and really all that ladies did was to spend money in dissipation and display. The writer once heard a nurse telling some children that "very rich people had rag carpets made of silk and satin, and never ate bread, but always plum cake." She had no conception of a carpet other than a rag carpet, but to suit a rich man's house it must be silk and satin rags. It is not surprising that a generation where enormous wealth was suddenly acquired, by the same peasants and their nurslings, should have quite changed our social conditions and established the American lady in the place of the American gentlewoman. She seats herself quite firmly there and discards the traditions of the gentlewoman, her love of home, of husband, and children. She does not "fall in love," but waits decorously to have a marriage arranged for her, and falls in love later with another man and gets a divorce from her husband. Her husband breakfasts, lunches, and dines at the club, unless there is a "dining" somewhere. She leaves her children entirely to nurses and governesses, and her housekeeping to her servants, and devotes herself to charities, teas, biking, and pleasures of every description. She tells the world through the daily papers (as though it was of the least consequence to the general public) where she has been, where she is going, who she entertained, and who entertained her, what she gave her guests to eat, and what it cost, what her table was decorated with, the presents she made her guests (in order to insure an acceptance of the invitation). How her bed chamber is upholstered and the furnishings of her couch, the color and texture of her underclothing. How much money she has (or, more nearly, as in many instances, what she would
like to have), the quarrels she has had with her husband, and other affairs of so private a nature that even a savage would treat them as secret and sacred. All these things the American lady either writes for herself or hires written for general publication. The American lady is always "very rich," and the fact of her having wealth makes her a subject of great interest and importance to all the world—in her own imagination.

The gentlewoman regards her wealth as an adjunct to her station but of no interest to any but herself, and rightly considering that her individual affairs cannot possibly be of universal interest, and by forcing them upon people's attention would render her a subject of ridicule, fails to make such daily communications to the newspapers. Being out of fashion, she apparently has dropped out of the world, but her influence is once more at work and perhaps another generation will see the American gentlewoman reinstated in the American home.

MARGARET H. MATHER.

MARSHALL HALL.

HOME OF ONE OF THE OLD, ARISTOCRATIC FAMILIES OF THE POTOMAC.

MARSHALL HALL, the popular river resort, which lies diagonally across the Potomac from Mt. Vernon—and a mile and a half from the latter—according to actual measurement by John Augustine Washington, presents attractions to the local historian as well as the excursionist.
The mansion at Marshall Hall is older than that at Mt. Vernon by some forty years—it having been built by Joshua Marshall in 1700, thirty-two years before the birth of Washington.

This Joshua Marshall, whose grandfather, William Marshall, came from England between 1640 and 1650 and settled in St. Mary's County, Maryland, bought from the Indians at Piscataway, Maryland, about the year 1690, a tract of land in Prince George's County (now Charles), on the Potomac, and named it "Marshall Hall." It continued to be the home of the Marshall family until 1866, when Mr. Thomas Marshall (now of Gaithersburg, Maryland) sold it; but he retained the old family burying-ground; so a quarter-acre, at least, of the Marshall Hall estate has been owned by the Marshalls ever since the red man transferred it to the family for its equivalent in tobacco.

The original deed of the estate, which was in the possession of the said Mr. Thomas Marshall until 1870, was on a sheet of coarse paper, six by nine inches, and yellow from age, written in a clear, good hand and signed by John his X mark Ackelahama, Emperor of Piscataway! and witnessed by John Hutchinson. The clerk's certificate of record on the back being in Latin.

Mr. Marshall sent this deed in a letter from New Orleans, in 1870—he was collector of customs of that port at the time—to his cousin in Frederick City, Maryland, and it was lost in transit.

The old Marshall Hall mansion was built of bricks imported from England. The interior remains to-day practically unchanged. The frame portion that contained the kitchen department—with the crane and spit and "ovens"—has been removed, and white paint covers the original red of the bricks. The place, as it now looks is, in the opinion of many, less beautiful than it was when used as the Marshall residence, with its extensive front lawn, brilliant gardens, and back town filled with fine, thorough-bred race horses, and negro cabins dotting the plantation. The "long quarter" that held a hundred negroes, principally those who enjoyed single blessedness, has also been removed.
The old stable and carriage-house that stands in the lot at Marshall Hall was built in 1808 from bricks made at the Hall. Negro carpenters and bricklayers on the place erected it.

The Marshall's have the coats-of-arms of the two branches of their family emblazoned on the old Marshall Hall silver and other heirlooms of the place.

One of the coats-of-arms that was used by Thomas Marshall, of Farmington, County Devon, England, A. D. 1525, consists of a shield whose upper part contains three antelopes' heads, erased or torn off. The ground of the upper part is in gold with a red stripe under the antelopes' heads. The lower half is of silver color and contains a millbrand—shaped like a Roman cross—in the center. This millbrand is in silver and black.

The other escutcheon, which was that used by John Marshall, of Headingly, County York, England, member of Parliament for that shire A. D. 1550, consisted of a shield, divided in alternate bars, three black and three silver, with a plate in left upper corner in which are five plumes, and on top a man in armor.

The first birth that occurred at Marshall Hall was that of Thomas Marshall, son of the founder, Joshua. This Thomas Marshall was born January 31, 1694, according to the record in the old family Bible. He was a large importing merchant long before the towns of Alexandria and Washington were built—landing his goods at Marshall Hall. His daughter Sarah, married, February 27, 1752, John Dent, Speaker of the House of Representatives of the old Continental Congress. Mrs. U. S. Grant is of this Dent family.

Thomas Marshall's son, Thomas Hanson Marshall, who inherited Marshall Hall, and General Washington were very intimate, and upon one occasion General Washington wrote him a short note as follows: "Dear Marshall: Is Marshall Hall for sale? If so, name price.—Geo. Washington," and sent it over from Mt. Vernon, and received the following reply: "Dear
Gen.: Marshall Hall is not for sale, but if you wish to sell Mt. Vernon, fix your price and it is mine.—F. H. Marshall.'

There was a friendly rivalry between them regarding their estates—each valuing his own above price.

This Thomas Hanson Marshall had a son, Thomas Marshall, who inherited the Hall, and who served as a surgeon during the Revolutionary War. He lost his eyesight during the War of 1812, and spent the remainder of his days in total darkness.

His office, in the yard at Marshall Hall, is still used as an office by the present owners of the place.

His son, Thomas Hanson Marshall, as well as himself, were breeders of racing stock. He also had another son, Richard Henry Marshall, who studied law under Chief Justice Taney, and lived at Frederick City, Maryland, and was for a number of years Judge of that Judicial District.

At the death of Dr. Marshall's son, Thomas Hanson Marshall, who inherited Marshall Hall, there were two hundred slaves on the estate, and the original two hundred acres had increased to four thousand. It used to be said that the Marshalls could ride six miles to church without leaving their own grounds.

Thomas Hanson Marshall had two sons, Thomas and George. Thomas (the present head of the family) has a son, Thomas Hanson Marshall, and this gentleman has a son, called Thomas Marshall—so we see the name "Thomas, and Thomas Hanson," run alternately through the family.

Mr. Thomas Marshall—now of Gaithersburg—possessed, before he parted with Marshall Hall, portraits, in wood frames, beautifully carved and gilded, of all his family, from his grandfather, the Revolutionary doctor, down to his own children; and also a portrait of his ancestress, Mrs. Hanson, painted in 1750—when she was seventy-five years old—but he lost them by fire, May, 1861, soon after the occupation of Alexandria, Virginia, by Federal troops.

The Marshalls, of Marshall Hall, are of the same family as Chief Justice Marshall, and are also related to the old Kentucky Marshall family, of which Hon. Humphrey Marshall, the Confederate general, and Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, the orator, are members.
PRESERVATION OF HISTORY IN POTTERY.

Mrs. Eleanor Ann Helen Magruder, of "The Rest," Tenleytown, D. C., is the grandchild and namesake of the last Mrs. Thomas Hanson Marshall, of Marshall Hall.

JOHN S. WILSON.

PRESERVATION OF REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY IN POTTERY.

I have been much interested in an article, which appeared in the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE for October, on "A Hint to China Decorators," by Dr. Marcus Benjamin. This is so nearly in the line of my own thoughts on the subject that I venture to send you some suggestions, which I prepared some months ago for the purpose of submitting to some of the patriotic societies of women.

At this late day it is difficult to find, and when discovered, to thoroughly identify, objects of domestic manufacture made in colonial times, and especially is this true of the potter's art. American industries during the Revolutionary era were in their infancy, yet we know that some of them were developed to a creditable degree before the close of the last century, and that wares were produced which, if not artistic, were ornamental and sufficient for the wants of our ancestors. Even before the Revolutionary War there were important manufactories of glass and china in Lancaster and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in New York, Boston, and other places. To rescue such examples of these as yet survive, and to gather them together for permanent preservation, would be a labor worthy the attention of the Daughters of the Revolution. In New York and Boston, between 1769 and 1776, there were important potteries where tortoise-shell ware was manufactured, and it is within the range of probability that some of the canteens, flasks, and other relics found on Revolutionary camping places or battlefields were made at one of these early American establishments.

This is a field which, if properly explored, would doubtless yield most interesting results. The members of your organization who reside in the vicinity of historic spots could unearth many interesting facts in the history of these early manufactures, and perhaps bring to light many a curious relic of American workmanship.
With the inspiring spirit of '76 naturally comes patriotism, a love of our general country, and pride in her manufactures. What could be more fitting than that the Daughters of the Revolution should lend their encouragement to our home industries by patronizing our potters, our glass manufacturers, our silversmiths. In Trenton, in East Liverpool, in Cincinnati, in Boston, and other cities are now produced ceramic wares equal in beauty and quality to the best pottery and porcelain brought from abroad, but the unreasonable prejudice which still prevails against everything of American origin seriously hampers our potters in the proper development of their art. This prejudice must be overcome, and it must be done largely through our patriotic societies of women. It may be asked, how can this be accomplished? The answer is simple. Patronize American potters; learn what they are making; inspire in them an American sentiment by ordering special designs in form or decoration suggestive of American history; plates embellished with portraits of Revolutionary heroes; cups and saucers ornamented with prints or paintings representing events of importance in our early history; pitchers, tea-pots, and vases modeled to commemorate great events and phases of our national progress. In no other manner can facts in history be so thoroughly and pleasantly disseminated among the people than through the potter's art. English potters learned this truth a century ago, and to their liberal use of the historical element in decoration they owe largely their own successes, while they have contributed largely to the fostering of patriotism among their countrymen.

This is a subject well worth the attention of the different Chapters of your organization, and if you can see your way clear to lay it before them as a matter of patriotic duty, the ceramic art in this country will receive an impetus which will soon carry it to the front, and place it on a footing with the art in other countries.

It will always afford me pleasure to coöperate with the members of your Society in this good work, and to place at their service any information which I may possess which will help to identify any pieces of historic pottery or porcelain that may be brought to light.
The editor of the Magazine would also call the attention of its readers to a most interesting paper by Dr. Edwin A. Barber on "The Pioneer of China Printing in America." Under this title Dr. Barber has described the life and work of Edward Lycett, the artist who decorated the exquisite little service of china ordered in Lincoln's second term. Mr. Lycett is now a resident of Atlanta, Georgia. We believe that if he were consulted he would gladly inspire a design which the china decorators of Atlanta could easily reproduce, and which if transferred to pottery would guild a piece of patriotic china. This could be sold as a souvenir of the Atlanta Exposition. In this way the practical inception of the idea set forth in this article could be accomplished.

THE BATTLE OF FORT GRISWOLD.

[Read at the meeting of the Minneapolis Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution on the one hundred and fourteenth anniversary of the battle, September 6, 1895.]

During the War of the Revolution the harbor of New London was a rendezvous for armed vessels of American States. Here they were often fitted and recruited for service. Situated near the entrance into Long Island Sound, this harbor opens its inviting arms to welcome the victor returning with his spoils, or to receive the fleeing fugitive and protect him from further pursuit.

In the summer of 1781 the climax was reached by the capture of the rich merchant ship Hanna. This was a vessel from London, laden with costly merchandise for New York traders and with private supplies for the British officers quartered in that city.

It was probably the most valuable single seizure made on
high seas during the war, and was regarded as a token of good fortune to New London, but, in reality, it sealed her doom and made her destruction sure.

Fort Griswold was situated on high ground, directly opposite New London, the river between being about half a mile wide.

The account of the terrible massacre of brave men at Fort Griswold is a story indelibly printed on the pages of many memories, and will remain clear while reason lasts.

Colonel Ledyard was the military commander of New London district, which included the two forts, Trumbull and Griswold.

The first days of September, 1781, were days of anxiety and alarm to the forts, and inhabitants generally.

Rumors were afloat that Traitor Arnold had threatened to march to New London, and burn the house he was born in.

A suspicious British fleet was lurking near the harbor of New London.

The night of September 5, 1781, Colonel Ledyard and his officers were in consultation at Fort Griswold, and couriers were dispatched through the farming regions and small towns, calling for recruits and warning the people.

At the first dawn Colonel Ledyard went to see the condition of Fort Trumbull, leaving Lieutenant Perkins in command.

No indication as to the point of attack had been made, and hastily giving to the sentinels the signal of alarm, in case of the landing of the enemy, he rode to his home for his breakfast. His house was hidden from sight of the fort and highway by a dense grove, and many women and children, living in more exposed homes, had sought refuge there.

His breakfast was ready, and without removing hat or gloves, he hastily partook of a cup of coffee and the biscuit prepared for him, when three guns were fired.

His waiter, who was on the lookout, galloped to the door, calling out, "The British are landing." Instantly springing to the saddle of his horse, standing at the door, and striking the spurs into his sides bounded away out of sight.

Arriving at the fort he had not long to wait.

Colonel Ledyard was soon on the ground, having ordered the small force under Captain Shapely to spike their guns, and
vacate his post, and join the force at Griswold. This Captain Shapely aimed to accomplish, but, the coming on of the British with a rush compelled the garrison to take to their boats in haste, and a piece of cannon that had been left unspiked was turned against them, disabling one of the boats, which the British captured; the other boats crossed in safety and joined the garrison.

Already a number of farmers had arrived as volunteers; all told they had one hundred and thirty-seven men, a small number to stand against the invading force of two regiments of regular troops.

On landing the regulars lost no time in moving on towards Fort Griswold, halting under the shelter of a woodland knoll. Colonel Eyer, the commander, sent his aid, Captain Beckwith, to demand the surrender of the fort; this was refused. The English commander, on receiving this quick refusal, sent back the messenger, with this savage threat added that, if compelled to storm the fort, martial law would be enforced. This was understood to signify that no quarters would be granted, but the brave response was the same.

"The fort will be defended to the last extremity." Captain Beckwith, receiving this answer, hastily turned away and waving his flag as a signal, the enemy instantly began to move forward in close array. When they came in reach they were met with a well aimed discharge of cannon, and a steady discharge of guns.

Never was a braver defense made, and it told with fatal results upon the enemy. Colonel Eyer and three of his highest officers fell, and the dead and wounded of the attacking force far out-numbered the brave little band inside the fort.

Their loss enraged the enemy and vengeance was the war cry, over the dead bodies of their own soldiers.

They rushed, cut down the guards, and entered the arena. Pen can give no adequate idea of the butchery which followed; his superior officers having fallen, the command had devolved upon the inhuman and ignoble Major Bromfield, and to him Colonel Ledyard resigned his sword in token of submission, saying, "I was the commander of this fort, you are now."

The brutal officer grasped it and plunged it into the brave,
noble, and generous heart. It was done, and Colonel Ledyard, brave as any of the boasted chivalry of England, lay weltering in his gore. The friends that stood near him leaping forward to avenge the blow or to share his fate, fell, overpowered by numbers, defending themselves to the last, selling their lives at a price.

The work was done with the noise and swiftness of a whirlwind. Amid the groans of their victims, resounding cries and shouts were heard, "Cut down the Yankees," "Kill the rebels," "No quarters."

It was all the work of a few moments; the sweep of a fierce vengeance.

After the slaughter had been bidden to cease by a higher officer who appeared upon the scene, the robbing of the dead and wounded followed. The dead were stripped and heaped in a pile; our wounded were left with wounds undressed. When the excitement was at last calmed eighty-seven of our garrison lay dead.

Night had now set in, and the British began removing their wounded to their boats and burying their dead, after which they took our wounded and piled them one upon another in an ammunition wagon; a piteous freight of fainting, groaning, agonized humanity.

A train of soldiers was then ordered to draw them down the hill. The weight pressing heavily upon them, they leaped aside, leaving the wagon to its headlong course. Down it rushed, jolting over stones and hollow places, till it struck against the trunk of an old tree with such force as to throw out a number of the wounded.

This was the act of kindness shown by the British to our soldiers that Arnold referred to in his report of the battle of Fort Griswold.

On returning they prepared to follow out their last order, to destroy the fort. A fire was kindled on the floor of the barracks, and a train of powder from thence to the magazine, just far enough from the fire, as they supposed, to allow their retreat in safety.

When this was accomplished it was near midnight. As the British ships sailed out from the harbor, all eyes were turned
THE BATTLE OF FORT GRISWOLD.

4 1 9

toward the heights, expecting to witness the explosion they had planned. But there was no explosion. Perplexed and mortified at their failure—what did it mean? The fire and smoke from the barracks had drawn the attention of Major Nathan Peters, who had ridden fourteen miles, arriving in the neighborhood just as the British were leaving the fort.

Not a moment was to be lost; seizing a cartridge box and filling it with water many times he succeeded in extinguishing the fire.

The anguish and suspense at Groton that night cannot be told; out of the eighty-seven that lay dead in the fort, pierced with twenty and even thirty wounds, so disfigured that their nearest friends found it difficult to recognize them, sixty were her sons.

Their names are graven upon the monument erected under the patronage of the State of Connecticut, A. D. 1830, in memory of the brave men who fell at Fort Griswold.

Of Colonel Ledyard and his brave men it can be said, in very truth, they were loyal soldiers, faithful unto death.

On April 15, 1861, when the call came from President Lincoln for seventy-five thousand men, fourteen of the descendants of Lieutenant Perkins responded to the call.

Some of you may recall the interview between General Scott and an old soldier, who had fought under him at Lundy's Lane, near Niagara Falls, July 25, 1814.

The old soldier came to the War Department and insisted that he be sworn in. General Scott, not wishing to wound so brave and loyal a man, as he knew him to be, said, "you have done your part, my friend; you are crippled, old, and gray, and we have need of younger men and fresher blood to-day." The old soldier, bursting into tears, exclaimed:

"The very men who fought with us they say are traitors now, They have torn the flag of Lundy's Lane, our old red, white, and blue, And while one drop of blood remains, I'll show that drop is true, So give the young a place to fight, and me a place to die. Now, General, let a place to me be given, Where Washington can see me as he looks from highest heaven, And says to Putnam at his side, or may be General Wayne, There stands old Billy Johnston, who fought at Lundy's Lane."
And when the fight is hottest, before the traitors fly,
When ball and shell are bursting and flying through the air,
If any shell should hit me, and lay me on my face,
My soul will go to Washington and not to Arnold's place.

This was the spirit of 1776 and 1861.

Mrs. Jennie J. B. Goodwin,
Registrar.

OLD GLORY.

Emblem of freedom's most dearly bought land
Where none warlike vigils keep,
Emblem of battles hard fought and hard won,
O token of braves who sleep!

Over the arms of the high and the low
Its sheltering folds are pressed,
Waving over the Blue and the Gray,
In their "windowless palace of rest."

Over the pilgrim of youth's happy morn,
Approaching the rosy steep,
Over the tired, weary traveler of life,
The folds of Old Glory sweep.

Over the mariner thinking of home
Far out on the deep blue main,
The Star Spangled Banner protectingly floats
As he wonders dreaming again.

Over the traveler in cities of old,
Long treading some distant strand,
Fairer than treasures of monarchs of earth
To view is the flag of the land.

-A century older is white-haired time,
A hundred years more the world;
Many a race has been lost in the past,
Since the Stars and Stripes were unfurled.

After the storm and the struggle and strife,
And after the war was o'er,
After the bugle's note called but in vain
The soldier who struggled no more.

When the old sword was hung battered and bent
To rest in its place on the wall,
After the warfare, the goddess of peace
A balm gently spread over all.
OLD GLORY.

Now on the plains are the cities of men,
On fields that with blood were red,
Where friendly battles were fought and were won,
Are flowers in their verdure spread.

Ours is a union from shore to the shore.
"One country, one clime, one land,"
Ours is a banner that floats over all,
One God and one heart, one hand.

Banner of honor on sea and on land,
From the east to the far off west,
Banner of liberty, emblem of hope,
On which the rays of the sun ever rest.

Effie Louise Epler.
INCIDENTS IN THE OUTING OF THE OFFICERS OF THE
NOVA CÆSAREA CHAPTER, OF NEW JERSEY.

SEPTEMBER 20 Mrs. David A. Depue, Regent of the Nova Cæsarea Chapter, having recently returned from a four months' trip abroad, invited the officers of the Chapter and a few friends to luncheon at her country place at Millington, New Jersey. A more delightful spot for a late summer outing cannot be imagined, and it was an ideal September day. The warmth of summer lingered in the air, the haze on the hills hinted of the Indian summer, while the golden rod and asters proclaimed September is waning. Mrs. Depue's place is on Long Hill and commands a view of many miles in every direction, and the whole country is replete with historical reminiscences.

While resting on the lawn in the grateful shade of the trees at the dreamy noontime one of Judge Depue's daughters (Mrs. Ogden) entertained the company with some of the legends and incidents of the country on which their eyes rested. She said:

"Just over there is Basking Ridge and there is Lord Sterl-
ing's old house. The carved staircase of quartered oak brought over from England remains intact, and tradition has it that General Charles Lee, whose headquarters were there, in en-
deavoring to escape from the British, ran in Lord Sterling's house, pursued by a British officer who on the stairs made a lunge at him with his knife, and, missing, cut a nick in the oak stair rail, which was afterwards filled with lead, and it is still shown to visitors. Lee escaped through a window and got away on his horse which a servant had in readiness for him. The bricks in the big chimney were brought over from Holland. The house down the road there with the gables is where General Lafayette once staid over night. The place was
WHAT WE ARE DOING AND CHAPTER WORK.

called Boyle's Mills. The house has been changed somewhat, but the room is preserved in its original condition."

A quorum of the officers was called together, and Mrs. A. F. R. Martin, the Treasurer, was elected to represent the Nova Caesarea Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Atlanta on October 18. Letters of regret were read from Mrs. William S. Stryker, State Regent, Mrs. Shippen, ex-State Regent, Mrs. Revere, Mrs. Cortlandt Parker and Mrs. Carey, Honorary Vice Regents; also Mrs. Howard Richards, the Secretary, and Miss Mary Clark, Historian, most of whom were still sojourning in the country too far distant to come.

The house was handsomely decorated with flags, the verandas, halls, and rooms tastefully arranged with bouquets of golden rod and asters. The floral garniture of the luncheon table consisted of late roses and heliotrope gathered fresh from the garden. The menu was incomparable for the day, combining the substantial and dainty in most delicious fashion. The guests included Mrs. Charles Borcherling, Mrs. Henry F. Starr, Mrs. Sidney R. Ogden, Mrs. Nishwitz, Mrs. William Guerin, Mrs. Sherrod Depue, Miss H. H. Holdich, Mrs. A. F. B. Martin, Mrs. Taft, and the Misses Depue.

Madam Regent Depue entertained her guests with many pleasant incidents of her trip abroad, not the least interesting being her visit at Ambassador Runyon's in Berlin, and her incidental presentation to the Emperor at a military review, which happened in this wise. The Emperor, noticing guests in the Ambassador's carriage, sent an officer to invite them within the lines, and sent an escort of cavalry from his own guards to convey them to his position on the reviewing ground. He graciously advanced to meet them and saluted Mrs. Runyon, who then introduced Judge and Mrs. Depue, with whom the Emperor conversed for a short time in the most affable manner. Mrs. Depue also told of her delightful sojourn at Mr. William Clark's summer home in Scotland and a trip of several days on his yacht. Miss Holdich, Mrs. Sherrod Depue, Miss Francis Depue and others gave amusing descriptions of their experiences in Europe.

A most enjoyable feature of the day's outing was a drive to "The Sentinel Elms," the country home of Mrs. William
Guerin. It is the old Ludlow estate, situated on Long Hill between Sterling and Millington. The name was given the place by its present owner on account of the stately elms at the entrance and on either side of the approach to the house. The main part of the house was built two hundred years ago. In it Mrs. Guerin has gathered her valuable collection of relics of colonial days, mostly heirlooms. The house with its large low-ceiling rooms, open fireplaces and high mantels is especially adapted for the reproduction of a colonial home, and the idea is carried out all over the house. High post bedsteads, old dressers, cabinets, mirrors, antique clocks, rugs, tapestries, and furniture are everywhere seen, and they have such an "at home" look one would imagine they had been there always. In the parlor are oil portraits of Mrs. Guerin's grandmother and great-grandmother in original frames. The paintings are remarkably well-preserved for such old ones. The dining room, freshly papered with blue and white, has ranged around the walls a fine collection of old blue china plates and platters; there are Lafayette plates, State plates, Washington plates, and on the dressers old silver and china of every make during the last two centuries; teapots and cream pitchers of various shapes and colors. I am told that Mrs. Guerin has the finest private collection of colonial relics in New Jersey, or perhaps, in the country.

Mrs. Guerin received her guests as they alighted from the carriages, in a huge Tuscan hat which belonged to her great-grandmother. She had renewed the flowers and feathers, and a quaint, pretty picture she made as she was seated pouring tea, one in perfect keeping with her surroundings. Every dish on the teatable was at least one hundred years old, and the cream pitcher was one that had done service for over two hundred years. As it was passed, fancy ran riot and we tried to picture the scene when it first appeared on the hospitable board, and as thought flashed along the procession of years and we realized how many of the hands through which it had passed had long since crumbled to dust, it was with a feeling of reverence we passed it to our neighbor. On the teatable a floral centerpiece was arranged to represent the Chapter colors—red, white, and blue, being formed of bright red gera-
WHAT WE ARE DOING AND CHAPTER WORK.

niums, the delicate white flowers of the lace-plant, and blue cornflowers. There was a profusion of bunting outside and in the lovely old place, and clusters of golden rod and asters arranged in every niche and corner.

To some who came from several months' sojourn at the seaside this day amid the beauties of field and mountain was a rare delight long to be remembered. A. E. B. Martin,

Nova Cesarea Chapter.

GALA DAYS OF THE SARATOGA CHAPTER.

The week that ushered in the month of September at Saratoga Springs, with its literary fete, floral parade, and battle of flowers, was also a gala one for the "Saratoga" Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Beginning on Tuesday, the 3d instant, event after event followed in rapid succession to the going down of the sun on Saturday evening.

These events, each so full of interest and possessed of so many different characteristics, left the "Daughters" somewhat "a-weary," but with none of their enthusiasm or loyalty diminished in the slightest degree. They rather gathered fresh inspiration from these bright markings, which so fitly commemorated the close of the first year of their existence as a Chapter, and from the presence of the many distinguished "Sons and Daughters," who came from abroad to join in these festivities.

The first of these events was the tea given by Miss Anna M. Jones, Second Vice Regent of the Saratoga Chapter, on the afternoon of Tuesday, September third, in honor of Mrs. Donald McLean, Regent of the New York City Chapter.

Mrs. Walworth and Miss Forsyth, of Kingston, Regent for the State of New York, assisted in receiving the guests. These, included not only many visiting "Daughters," but representatives from many other genealogical societies. Among the former were Mrs. Lend and Mrs. Oliver Crane, of Boston, Mrs. W. Jerome Green, of Utica, and Mrs. Monis, of Richmond. Mrs. Walworth in a few well chosen words welcomed
Mrs. McLean. Miss Forsyth, to whom it is always a pleasure to listen, made a short address, and then the guest of the occasion was introduced.

Mrs. McLean in her usual enthusiastic and magnetic way expressed her pleasure at meeting the members of the Saratoga Chapter, as also others belonging to the great sisterhood of "Daughters." Then, briefly, she told of the work of the New York City Chapter, in the establishment of the chair of history in Barnard College, suggesting that some definite historical work be made the object of all Chapters. Her remarks were warmly applauded.

Over tea and ices "Dames Colonial," Huguenot representatives, Sons and Daughters exchanged greetings and expressed their pleasure that through the medium of the charming and most generous hospitality of the hostess, they had been there brought together.

Upon the morning of the succeeding day, Wednesday, the 4th inst, the members of the Saratoga Chapter, with many of the visiting "Daughters" and a few "Sons," assembled at the United States Hotel. From thence they proceeded in a body to the Opera House for the inauguration of the first Historical Day in Saratoga. Led by Colonel Logan and Mr. and Mrs. Donald McLean, the Daughters presented a fine appearance, with their badges of blue and white ribbon, worn for the occasion across the breast, on their way to the Hall and were the recipients of many compliments thereon.

Upon the platform were seated Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth, Honorary Vice President General of the National Society; Miss Forsyth, State Regent; Mrs. Donald McLean, Regent, New York City Chapter; Miss Batcheller, Regent, "Saratoga" Chapter; Colonel Walter S. Logan, Rev. Dr. Durant, and Rev. Dr. Oliver Crane, these latter members of the Society of Sons of the American Revolution.

The Daughters occupied seats in the body of the opera house, facing the platform. The subjoined article from the facile and able pen of one of our best known "Daughters" gives a most interesting account of the speakers of the occasion:

"At the exercises of the 'Historical Day,' which was so successful a part of the floral festivities, three distinguished
strangers came from a distance to entertain us in Saratoga, and two of our own honored citizens contributed to the interest of the occasion. Yet it is not to the individuals, but the material of the entertainment that I would call attention, and to the purpose of the annual 'Historical Day' in Saratoga. It is a rare occurrence to have three historical addresses on one occasion of such value and interest as those of September 4. There was not a moment's weariness but only enthusiastic attention from the audience as Mrs. Walworth reviewed with graphic skill the dramatic points of the Burgoyne campaign, and then went on to prove that this was but one of many historic events which have occurred in the county of Saratoga; she gave a stirring account of these historic scenes which, she said, began in 1609, while Jamestown was still struggling for existence and Plymouth Rock was unknown, and which continued for more than two hundred years. She also stated that there were other than warlike points of historic interest to be visited in this vicinity, and closed with a promise of generous hospitality from Saratoga and an appeal to strangers to join her citizens in pilgrimages to these places.

"Colonel Walter G. Logan followed with a valuable paper in which he showed that the Saxon soldier displayed his best qualities at the battle of Saratoga, which has been considered preëminently the 'soldier's victory,' as it is well known that there were difficulties among the commanders of the American armies at that time. He claimed that victory was not so essential to the Saxon soldier as to others, for he was endowed with a steady perseverance that ignored difficulty and defeat, thus fitting him specially through the centuries to win the struggle for freedom.

"Mrs. McLean had a remarkable gift for extemporaneous speaking and her enthusiasm was contagious, for she carried the audience with her in a spirited history of the flag, the stars and stripes. This subject appealed to her especially at this time because she had just come from the birthplace of Francis Scott Key, who wrote the 'Star Spangled Banner,' and where they are intending to erect a monument to his memory. She said the flag was first used in the Burgoyne campaign. In
closing, her apostrophe to the flag was received with repeated applause."

Rev. Dr. Durant presented the resolutions for an annual historical day in an address as inspiring and entertaining, which met with a most cordial response. Dr. Crane conducted the meeting with consummate skill and Mrs. Crane led the audience in singing the Star Spangled Banner, accompanied by the piano.

Colonel Logan, Mrs. Walworth, and Mrs. McLean were appointed a committee to cooperate with the local committee next summer in carrying out the plan for a distinctively historical day.

The dawn of Thursday ushered in the day of days for Saratoga and her thousands upon thousands of visitors, attracted thither by its fame, that of the Floral Parade and Battle of Flowers.

In line with the many floats illustrative of varied scenes in the biography and the romance of all ages, which formed a portion of this gorgeous pageant, came one bearing upon its sides, upon a blue background, the words wrought in white flowers, "Daughters of the American Revolution." It represented graphically the surrender of Burgoyne to Gates in 1777, in the forest in front of the tent of the victorious commander. There seemed a poetic justice in the fact that General Gates was represented on the occasion by Philip Schuyler, of Saratoga, who is a lineal descendant of General Philip Schuyler of the Revolution, whose magnanimous transfer of his command to Gates was one of the dramatic scenes of that remarkable campaign. General Schuyler submitted with a noble heroism to the injustice inflicted on him, but time has enhanced his fame and proved his supreme devotion to his country. It was fitting that his descendant and namesake should receive the sword of the captive Burgoyne. Mr. Schuyler is also a grandnephew of Chancellor Walworth. General Burgoyne was represented by George S. Andrews, whose ancestors, William and Miles Andrews, father and son, fought bravely at Bunker Hill, Long Island, and through the Revolution. One of them served on the staff of General Sullivan. Robert Mayhew, who impersonated General Morgan, is also the descendant of Revolutionary ancestors, and of Thomas Mayhew, the first
Governor of Martha's Vineyard, and who died in 1682. Thus were the Daughters of the American Revolution most fortunate in securing the assistance of true sons of the Revolution. The 'Daughters' gathered the flowers and decorated the float with their own hands, in their patriotic zeal and endeavor to emphasize the historical features of Saratoga.'

The float was drawn by four horses caparisoned with blankets of blue, studded with white asters, with rosettes of the same at their head.

The body of the float was draped in the blue and white colors of the Society, and the wheels trimmed in radiating stripes of the same, the hubs encircled with garlands of white flowers.

A driver and postilion in Continental uniform completed this historical representation of the Saratoga Chapter. One which served to accentuate in no small degree to the thousands of onlookers the interest in matters patriotic and historical, not only of the local organization, but of the whole band of loyal "Daughters" now outstretching from the east to the far west.

At four o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the 7th inst., "A distinguished company assembled in the historic parlors of Mrs. Walworth at a reception given by her to the Daughters. The guests of honor were Miss Batcheller, Regent of the Saratoga Chapter, and Miss Knight, of Providence, who was Regent of the State of Rhode Island, and is now Vice President General.

"Among the 'Daughters' from a distance were: Mrs. Jerome Greene, of Utica; Miss Fannie Jones, of Charleston, South Carolina; Miss Moore, of Newark, New Jersey; Mrs. Andrews, of New York City; Mrs. Morris, of Virginia; and Mrs. Crane and Mrs. Loud, of Boston. Among the prominent guests were the eminent historian, Dr. Edward Eggleston, and Mrs. Eggleston, Colonel Walter Logan, Representative Patterson, of Tennessee, Judge Howe, Mr. Hutchins, and Rev. Dr. Crane, who said he had been present in these rooms, in the north wing, when Daniel Webster argued a case before the chancellor. Rev. C. A. Walworth, whose recent book, 'Glimpses of Life in an Anglican Seminary,' have excited so much interest, was also present.
The rooms and piazzas were tastefully decorated with flowers, draperies, and historic mementoes; among these last were some quaint pieces of silver which had been buried during the Revolution, the embroidered flag of a Continental regiment, and several original and unpublished letters from General Washington, owned by Mrs. Colonel Balch, formerly the property of her great-grandfather, Major Talmadge; there were also *fac similes* of the commission in the Provincial Army of John Walworth, granted by King George in 1747, and of the Revolutionary order book of Major Benjamin Walworth, the father of Chancellor Walworth; also portraits and relics of Mrs. Walworth's heroic ancestors, the Hardins of four generations, while the tattered flag and sword of Governor Bramlette, the war governor of Kentucky, and the father of Mrs. Corinne Walworth, brought the historical interest to the present generation.

This entertainment brought to a close the festivities of a week long to be remembered by the members of the Saratoga Chapter.

A week of quiet and much-needed rest followed. Then on Tuesday, the 17th inst, the "Daughters" assembled at the hospitable mansion of General George S. Batcheller, upon the invitation of his daughter, Alice Katharine Batcheller, Regent of the Saratoga Chapter, to meet Mrs. John W. Foster, President General of the National Society.

This act of graceful hospitality gave the members of the Saratoga Chapter an opportunity to present their respects to their new President General, one highly appreciated by them. As Mrs. Foster was upon what she termed a "flying trip," there was only time for an hour of social converse and the interchange of felicitations. Mrs. McKee, who has recently returned to town, lent much interest to the occasion by her presence.

On Thursday, the 19th inst, the members of the Chapter assembled at the Athenæum for their first annual meeting and for the election, or reëlection, as it proved, of officers for the ensuing year.

Mrs. Walworth, in the first paper of the day, gave an inter-
esting account of the organization of the National Society and of the formation of the "Saratoga Chapter."

This last owes its existence entirely to her persistent zeal and untiring energy. A fact thoroughly appreciated by its members now that they are a part of the body corporate. An expression of their high appreciation of her enthusiastic efforts in their behalf was unanimously passed at this meeting.

Then in behalf of the President General of the National Society and of the Regent of the State of New York she presented, in well chosen words, the Chapter with its charter. This was received by the Regent, all standing, while the afternoon sun touched into freshened glory the Stars and Stripes, which floated near.

The reports of the officers and the unanimous reëlection of the officers of the past year followed.

This closed the first page in the year book of the Chapter; a page glowing with interest and enthusiasm; a page replete with incidents both stirring and patriotic.

Located at this great shrine of healing waters; bearing the name so synonymous with victory and freedom, the doings of this Chapter may be found of more than mere local interest, therefore we submit the same for the benefit of our sister Daughters.

EMMA E. RIGGS CAIRNS,
Corresponding Secretary.

BENNINGTON CHAPTER.—One of the pleasant features of the day was the banquet given by the local Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at the residence of Miss Katherine J. Hubbell, beyond Bennington Centre. The ancestors of the hostess were among the earliest settlers of the town. Her paternal grandfather took an active part in the battle of Bennington. Her grandmother, who reached the advanced age of nearly ninety-five years, being blest with unimpaired sight and hearing and with her mind unclouded to the last, retained a vivid recollection of seeing General Washington as he rode at the head of his troops at the close of the Revolutionary War, her early home being in Connecticut. The house was decorated with flags and streamers. Upon each side of the walk leading from the gate to the house, were
large spinning wheels, upon the porch were flax wheels, reels, and chairs which had been in the family for more than a hundred years. The parlor, where the guests were received, was decorated with a profusion of flowers, the American flag taking the place of portieres in this and in other rooms. The banquet, which was quite elaborate, was served by Linsabaugh, of Troy, New York, at one p.m. The tables, two in number, were spread in the dining-room; covers being laid for twenty-four guests. The flowers were red and white in oldfashioned blue dishes. There were many quaint and very ancient pieces of china upon the tables, priceless from association. Eighteen members of the Chapter were present, with six invited guests. Mrs. Jesse Burdett, of Arlington, the State Regent, being one of the guests. Mrs. Harrison I. Norton, Regent of the Chapter, presided at one table. At her right was Mrs. Burdett, at her left, Mrs. Seymour. Mrs. Valentine occupied the other end with Mrs. Godfrey at her right, Mrs. Merrill at her left. Miss Hubbell, the hostess, presided at the other table, Mrs. Cushman was at her right, Mrs. Scott at her left. Mrs. Abbott occupied the other end, Mrs. Colgate at her right, Miss Elmendorff at her left. The favors were decorated cards, in one corner being a picture of a colonial beauty. After the viands had been disposed of came the post-prandial exercises. Mrs. H. B. Valentine had charge of the toasts. These exercises lasted one hour and were interesting to all present; they are given as follows:

"The Daughters of the American Revolution feel a profound pride in their organization. When, in her travels, one meets gracious and dignified women (are they not all gracious and dignified?), wearing the blue and white badge of the Order, she unconsciously lifts her head higher as she confesses: 'I, too, am a Daughter.'

"Pride is a plant which lives and thrives and grows bulky on the very lightest and slightest nourishment, on the most uncongenial soil. Of all growing in the soul's garden, it is the one hardest to kill. When starved and trampled by the feet of cruelest destiny, it buds and blossoms still with irrepressible vitality and vigor. Therefore it seems impertinent for one to ask: 'Of what are the Daughters proud?' It is not because, as is generally conceded, they carry on their faces the unmistakable stamp of nobility. Not always the pink and white outside loveliness, but a better, deeper beauty, that of noble souls. Nor is it because of the well known fact that in intellectual gifts they are so superior to the members..."
of the thousand and one organizations which their weaker sisters affect. Pride of beauty and pride of intellect have no place in truly great minds. It is not in any attractions of their own that our Daughters take pride. They go back three or four generations, tracing their backward way, often by obscure and difficult routes, rejoicing with exceeding joy when they find at the other end a plain farmer or mechanic, perhaps, of little education and less social knowledge, from whom they can claim lineal descent. Why? Because through these plain men our country was made free. The blood which was sent by quickened heart beats through the veins of those sturdy yeomen who fought at Lexington and Ticonderoga, and Bennington, is our blood, diluted, it may be, with a finer, but weaker strain, yet still thrilling at every heart throb with a deep, undying love for the beautiful country their valor won for us. Ours is, indeed, a noble heritage.

"If we claim a right to puff ourselves up with pride over those who died a hundred years ago, why may we not go back three hundred and fifty years and inquire what kind of an ancestry gave to the world such men as those who fought at Bennington? Seeing no reason why not, I offer, as the first toast, 'Our Pilgrim Fathers,' and call upon one who seems to have more than her rightful share of Puritan blood (as all who are privileged to enjoy her acquaintance are only too well aware), to tell us what manner of men they were, Miss Katharine Hubbell."

Her response was just what would be expected from a woman with her acquirements and education.

"Is it strange that the sons and daughters of men like these were endowed with spinal columns of such stiffness and straightness that the high, straight backed chairs which we now and then bring out to decorate our halls were the only comfortable seats for them? I offer as the next toast, 'Our Own Revolutionary Forefathers,' and ask Mrs. Jessie Scott for a response."

Mrs. Scott's response was full of facts and was very interesting.

"Whenever we read or hear of the brave deeds of the men who gave us the right to belong to this patriotic order, we are inclined to ask: 'What were the Forefathers doing then?'"

"When our Fathers turned away,  
From the homes which smiling lay,  
On the hill and mountain glen.  
When they cast the bullets bright,  
And took their guns to fight,  
What were our Foremothers doing then?  
When they left the scythe and plow,  
With the horse, and pig, and cow,  
With the turkey, duck, and hen;"
Left their gardens to the weeds,
While they followed Glory's lead,
What were our Foremothers doing then?

When the cattle cried forlorn,
For their need of hay and corn,
Looking vainly for the men,
Who took their burdens up?
Who provided bit and sup?
What were our Foremothers doing then?

Who harvested the grain,
Who fed the hungry train
Of Mother's little men?
Of little maidens, too,
And the noisy barnyard crew?
What were our Foremothers doing then?

Who held the scythe and plow?
Who milked the lowing cow?
And fed the duck and hen?
Who carded, dyed, and spun,
Rising before the sun,
Working till day was done?
What were our Foremothers doing then?

"There is no absolute proof that the doctrine of reincarnation is true,
but an argument strongly in its favor is that, now and then, one appears
unto possess a spirit so like those of old that we are forced to believe it the
same. Mrs. Kate Root is strongly suspected of having inherited one of
the souls laid by about the year 1790, and we will ask her to reply to the
toast to 'Our Foremothers.'"

The response by Mrs. Root was full of interest and contained
many happy allusions to the past.

"With such an ancestry, how can we wonder that we are what we are?
And being what we are, it seems wise that we should join ourselves to-
gether, publishing to the world the fact of our high descent."

Mrs. Burdette, State Regent of the Daughters of the American
Revolution, being called on to answer to the next toast, "The
National Order of the Daughters of the American Revolution,"
gave an interesting sketch of the origin and growth of the
Order:

"The spirit of '76 has not died out of Vermont, and nowhere does it
cintillate more brightly, more belligerently than in Bennington. If any-
where there are Daughters of the American Revolution, certainly the home
of Ethan Allen and Seth Warner should furnish its quota. So we toast
'The Bennington Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution,' and ask our Regent, Mrs. Norton, to reply."

The response was one of the happy affairs of the occasion:

"The last of our toasts was to have been 'The Daughters of the American Revolution of the Future.' No one had imagination sufficient to portray her; each one who was asked declared the new woman to be beyond her powers of fancy. The Toastmistress rested her tired head on a ruffled down pillow and dreamed. And, lo, she saw a mighty crowd, well badged with white and blue, who held their heads in sturdy pride, as all the Daughters do. Emancipated from the tyranny of man, and looking eagerly for new wrongs to right, and new fields to conquer, Woman had turned upon her former leader and sternest oppressor, Fashion, and ground him under her heel. Her will was now law, and each one had a will and taste of her own. The result may be imagined. No more high collars and big sleeves for stout women, no more low necks and clinging robes for thin ones. As they went their independent way, men dodge aside to let them pass, shrinking into corners, and making themselves as inconspicuous as possible while the motley crowd swept by. In short dresses and long ones, divided skirts and bloomers. In softest silks of far Cathay, in stiffest cloth of India. With hats and bonnets, great and small, turned up before, behind. Their shoes were pointed as a sword, the toes were broad and wide; the heels were high, the heels were low, they buttoned, clasped, and tied. All were young, and fresh, and fair, for wrinkles had gone by; age had not touched their shining hair, twisted both low and high. On bicycles and tricycles, walking with manly stride; in soft electric carriages, and palanquins beside, they traveled on, and passed from view, through automatic doors; and the Toastmistress lifted her head, and thanked Providence that she could not hope to live to see the full development of the stock joke of this decade, 'The Coming Woman.'"

The occasion was one long to be remembered by those who participated in it. The weather was perfect.

CUMBERLAND CHAPTER (Nashville).—This Chapter was the second one organized in Tennessee. Mrs. Ida T. Eart has been its Regent for two years. One of its charter members is Miss Jane Thomas, ninety-six years old, with intellect as bright as in younger days; can walk a half dozen blocks without being in the least tired. We are justly proud of her. Our Chapter meets once a month. The meetings are exceedingly interesting, papers are read by different members of the Chapter, and with recitations and music constitute the programme. The Historian, Miss Mary Duval, read two papers; Mrs. Minnie McKenzie read one, on "The Battle of King's Mountain," that I wish
every Daughter could have heard. Several of the members of this Chapter had ancestors who fought in that—said to be the decisive—battle of our independence. Mrs. Florence Drillard is now Regent of the Cumberland Chapter. Our last meeting was at the home of our State Vice Regent, Mrs. Ida T. Bart. The house was decorated with American flags, making her beautiful home even more lovely, small vases contained from two to three of the loyal little flags. After an interesting programme had been rendered, delicate refreshments were served. Several members were added to the Chapter, among them a niece of Mrs. President Polk—Mrs. G. W. Fall. We also have the honor of having Mrs. Joseph Washington, of Washington City, and a National Vice President General, as one of our charter members. The next meeting will be in October, and called by the Vice State Regent, the Regent being abroad, and will not return for six months or more. This Chapter will endeavor to get every member to subscribe for our Magazine.—Mrs. Mary C. Davis, Secretary.

LAFAYETTE CHAPTER (Atlantic City).—A Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution has been recently organized in Atlantic City, New Jersey, with seventeen charter members, one of whom, Mrs. Mary Cordery, of Absecon, is the daughter of a Revolutionary soldier. The new Chapter is called the Lafayette, and is already in a flourishing condition. The officers are, Regent, Miss Sarah N. Doughty; Registrar, Mrs. J. Kay Pitney; Secretary, Miss Mary Emma Bing; and Treasurer, Miss Eliza Scott Thompson.—Mary E. Bing, Secretary.

THE CAMPBELL CHAPTER had a very interesting meeting at the residence of the Regent, Mrs. James Stuart Pilcher, on Thursday, September 26, at Nashville, Tennessee. Mrs. Robert Morris read a most instructive paper on the "Mero District." Four papers have been read before this newly formed Chapter. Miss Mary Sevier Horr gave a sketch of the life and times of General and Governor John Sevier, her great-great-grandfather. Mrs. Nannie Smith Berry one upon the history of the Hamilton and Washington districts, as surveyed by her ancestor, Colonel
WHAT WE ARE DOING AND CHAPTER WORK.

Daniel Smith. Mrs. Mary Hadley Clare read a sketch of the life and work of General James Robertson, the soldier and patriot of pioneer days in Tennessee.

The proposed work before the Chapter for the winter is to make a study of prominent men and women who assisted in making our great Commonwealth and in settling the western country. We then hope to study the manner, habits, and customs of the aborigines of our State. We now have twenty-three members and our Chapter was organized only nine months ago. We are trying to work up an interest in the Centennial Exposition of our State, which will be held in Nashville next year.—MARGARET C. PILCHER, Regent, D. A. R.

SEQUOIA, CHAPTER.—A large and enthusiastic meeting of this Chapter was held at the residence of Mrs. Emily S. Barstow yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Colonel A. S. Hubbard drew the attention of the meeting to an article published in a recent issue of The Call relative to the misuse and desecration of the American flag, and offered the following preamble and resolution, which were unanimously endorsed and adopted:

WHEREAS, When we reflect that a woman's mind conceived and a woman's hands modeled the original pattern of the American flag, it seems specially appropriate that as a body of American women, daughters of heroes, organized to perpetuate the memory and spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence, we should leave no stone unturned in our efforts to uphold and reverence the flag unfurled amidst scenes of hardship during the War of the Revolution, the flag that waved at Valley Forge, the flag we love above all others to honor; And whereas, The Society of Colonial Wars of Illinois, at a meeting held in Chicago, February 23, 1893, adopted the following resolution, presented by Captain Philip Reade, U. S. A.:

The Society of Colonial Wars in the State of Illinois solicits its representatives in Congress and the Senate to pass a bill which shall provide that any person or persons who shall manufacture or use the national flag, or a pattern thereof, either by printing, painting, or otherwise attaching to the same any advertisement, for private gain, by public display or distribution, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be fined in a sum not exceeding one thousand dollars, or be imprisoned for a term not exceeding one hundred days, or both, at discretion of a district court of the United States.

And whereas, It solicits in support of the proposed enactment, the co-
operation of every military, loyal, patriotic, and hereditary society in the United States; therefore, be it

Resolved, That Sequoia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of San Francisco, California, is in full sympathy with the movement inaugurated by the Illinois Society of Colonial Wars and endorsed by the societies of the Sons of the American Revolution, the Sons of the Revolution, Regular Army and Navy Union, and by other patriotic societies, and pledges its active cooperation in this movement to permit no desecration or misuse of this most sacred emblem; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of this, under seal of the Chapter, be forwarded to the Governor of the Society of Colonial Wars of the State of Illinois.

DONEGAL CHAPTER.—Upon my motion at the June meeting of this Chapter, at the home of Miss Walker, a charter member of the National Society, it was decided to mark the graves of Revolutionary soldiers in the county with flags, such as used by the Grand Army of the Republic. I was given charge of the project, with power to select assistants. My father made a list of those supposed to be buried in the old church yards. The time was limited, so we were not able to reach all in Lancaster County, as some of the old churches had no Daughters residing in their vicinity. One hundred flags were distributed among the following churches, to be placed on the graves on July 4, by Miss Margaret Wiley, Donegal; Miss Fitzgerald, Columbia; Rev. Robert Gamble, Pequea; Miss Clark, Lancaster; Miss Woods, Leacock. The work was quite interesting, and we hope by another year to do it more thoroughly.—LILLIAN S. EVANS.

MERION CHAPTER was recently entertained by Mrs. Deborah M. Cresswell, at her residence at Overbrook. A literary and historical programme preceded the tea. The Chapter tendered a vote of thanks to J. M. Munyon for his kindness in having their historic gavel mounted in silver. This gavel is made of a piece of the original floor of Lower Merion Friends’ Meetinghouse, built in 1695, whose bi-centennial celebration began yesterday and continues to-day. Miss Margaret B. Harvey read her “Ode for the Bi-centennial of Lower Merion Friends’ Meetinghouse, respectfully dedicated to all descendants of Cambrian sires.” Mrs. Cresswell displayed her fine collection of Revolutionary silhouettes and autographs, and also the fam-
ily Bible of William ap Edward, which came over in the ship Lyon, August, 1682. Mrs. Cresswell is a descendant of William ap Edward, also of Thomas Ellis, the first Pennsylvania poet, and Register General under William Penn. The table presented a bewildering array of colonial china and silver. The centerpiece consisted of a square of yellow satin, covered with creamy lace, upon which was a large bowl of dark-blue and yellow majolica, filled with a gorgeous mass of wild sunflowers.

CAMP MIDDLEBROOK CHAPTER.—On September 17 the members of this Chapter, with a few friends, were guests at the hospitable home of Mrs. E. F. Spaulding, in New Bound Brook, the house being patriotically decorated for the occasion.

After a warm welcome had been extended to each visitor, and all were comfortably seated, "America" was sung, accompanied on the piano by Mrs. Mershon. Annual reports were read by the Regent, Mrs. Olendorf; Registrar, Mrs. F. V. D. Voorhees; Secretary, Mrs. Mason, and Treasurer, Mrs. W. J. Taylor.

The Vice President, Mrs. H. M. Hamilton, rather surprised the Regent by asking for the privilege of making her report, which was not usual. In a few well-chosen words attention was directed to the efforts put forth by Mrs. Olendorf in organizing the Chapter two years ago, and her successful regency since that time. As a token of their appreciation of her untiring zeal, on behalf of the members, the Regent was presented with a sparkling diamond set in her society pin, which had been borrowed ostensibly for another purpose.

The recipient was so completely surprised that she could say nothing and left the room until able to regain control of her feelings.

Brief remarks of a complimentary character were made by Rev. Messrs. Dally, Mershon, and Goodrich, after which refreshments were served by the hostess, who had provided most lavishly in variety, excellence, and quantity.

The annual election of officers followed with the result as given below: Regent, Mrs. Henry M. Hamilton; Vice Regent, Mrs. C. Howard Perry; Registrar, Mrs. George Stryker; Sec-
One new member was elected and three applications for membership were received.

**MUSKINGUM CHAPTER (annual report).**—During the past year our membership has increased from seventeen to thirty-two—three of whom were out of town members. Regular monthly meetings are held except during the summer months, and a literary and musical programme, arranged at the beginning of the year, is carried out at the meetings.

On Bunker Hill day an interesting programme was carried out at a special meeting, held at the home of Mrs. Minerva Nye Nash.

At the annual meeting, held at the residence of Mrs. Brush, on October 11, 1895, two amendments to our by-laws were made. The limit of thirty resident members was entirely done away with, and the annual meeting is hereafter to be held in the spring, instead of October. A new rule was made regulating the annual election—how it shall be conducted, &c. During the year we have, as a Chapter, contributed to the Mount Vernon Association $5, and $5 to the Francis Scott Key Monument Fund.

Our Chapter was not represented at the Continental Congress in February last.

Our Chapter is enthusiastic and interested, and a new Chapter is in progress of organization here. A Chapter has also been formed in Zanesville of the Sons of the American Revolution, the Rufus Putnam Chapter, No. 1.

The old officers were reelected to serve until the spring election.

The Board of Management consists of all the officers of the Chapter, and also Mrs. Thomas S. Black and Miss Julia Munson.—**FANNY RUSSELL BRUSH, Regent, Muskingum Chapter.**

**CAROLINE SCOTT HARRISON CHAPTER** held its "annual meeting" on Monday afternoon, October 7, at the residence of Mrs. J. R. Carnahan, in Woodruff Place, one of our most charming suburbs.
Owing to the removal from the city of our Regent, the meeting was presided over by our Vice Regent, Mrs. Kate Rand Winters.

After the reading of the minutes of our last meeting the retiring officers and the chairman of the entertainment committee presented their yearly reports, which were approved.

Our State Regent gave a brief account of what had been accomplished in Indiana last year.

Before proceeding to the election of officers for the ensuing year the resolutions on the death of Miss Churchman were read and approved, and ordered recorded in the minutes, and it being the one hundred and eighteenth anniversary of the second battle of Bemis Heights, the entertainment committee had prepared a short literary programme, consisting of a historical paper by Mrs. Ella Lyman, followed by a conversation by Mrs. C. C. Foster and Mrs. Fanny R. W. Winchester.

The annual election of officers resulted as follows: Regent, Mrs. C. F. Sayles; Vice Regent, Miss Katharine Merrill; Registrar, Mrs. Kate Noble Dean; Treasurer, Mrs. George W. Sloan; Secretary, Mrs. Sue Hatch Perkins; Historian, Mrs. Fanny R. W. Winchester.—FANNY R. WILDER WINCHESTER, Historian.
THE STATE REGENT OF MARYLAND.

Mrs. Ritchie, elected at the Congress of 1895 State Regent of Maryland, is the widow of Hon. John Ritchie, of Frederick City, Maryland. A man distinguished alike for his great mental gifts and his high moral tone and for the fidelity with which he discharged the numerous public duties of his life. He represented his district in the United States Congress and at the time of his untimely death in 1887 occupied a seat upon the bench, being a member of the Court of Appeals of Maryland and chief justice of the Sixth District of the State.

Mrs. Ritchie is the daughter of the late Judge William Pinkney Maulsby, of Maryland, and his wife, Emily Contee Nelson, daughter of Roger Nelson, from whom she derives her eligibility to the Daughters of the American Revolution. The Maulsby family came to this country in 1699, with William Penn, on his third voyage. They were all Friends or Quakers, of English blood and lineage. They settled in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, and made their home there, buying property which still belongs to a female branch of the family, being owned by Miss Corson and Mrs. Thomas Hovenden, her sister, wife of the celebrated painter, and an artist herself of no less merit than her famous husband.

Descendants of the first settlers found their way down to Maryland, where all Ritchie’s ancestors for several generations
have been born. She is descended from the legal profession on every side. Her grandfather, General Israel David Maulsby, was one of the most distinguished lawyers of his day, an eloquent and polished orator, and tried public servant, having represented his county in the State Legislature twenty-nine times. He was one of the volunteer defenders of the city of Baltimore when it was besieged by the British in 1814 and was one of those who made it possible for the "Patriot Poet" to see the Star Spangled Banner still waving "in the dawn's early light." His wife was the daughter of John Hall, an officer of the Revolution. She was a woman of unusual strength of character and force of intellect. Mrs. Ritchie's maternal ancestors came to this country in the latter part of the seventeenth century, locating first in St. Mary's County, Maryland, but later coming up into Western Maryland. The first patent issued to John Nelson for several thousand acres of land bears date 1725 and was subsequently reissued with additions in 1728. It embraced vast tracks lying along the Potomac river and taking in what is the present site of the town of Rockville. On the banks of the Potomac Roger, the youngest son of Arthur and Lucinda Nelson, was born in 1759. He was sent to college in Virginia while very young. When the war for independence came on, his youthful heart was fired, and he left college without going through the formality of receiving permission from anyone, and enlisted, or at any rate, joined, the body of cavalry under Colonel William Augustine Washington, a cousin of General George Washington. Roger Nelson served with Baylor's company of dragoons through the New York campaign of the early part of the war, through the Jersey and Pennsylvania campaigns, and was ordered south to assist General Lincoln in the defense of the city of Charleston, South Carolina. This was unsuccessful, and he was among the number taken prisoners in the early part of 1780. All these prisoners were, however, exchanged before very long and Roger Nelson returned to his father's home near Point of Rocks, Frederick County, Maryland, still a mere boy. But these were his country's darkest days, and though he had seen the horrors of war and tasted the terrors of the prison ships, he had no mind to leave to others the task of achieving his country's independ-
ence, so when more troops were called for he came forward and his commission as second lieutenant, Fifth Regiment, Maryland Line, bears date July 15, 1780. From then on to the end he fought in every battle the Maryland Line was engaged in, which is saying *everyone*, for history records what an arm of defense the Maryland Line was to General Greene, as it had ever been to General Washington. Severely wounded and left for dead on the field of Camden, with *eighteen* wounds on his young body, he was taken prisoner, but was soon after exchanged and recovered in time to be in at the fight at Cowpens, having been transferred to the picked body of cavalry commanded again by Colonel William A. Washington. At Guilford Court House, Hobbirks' Hill, Ninety-Six, and Eutaw Springs, he was in the thick of the fight and present at the surrender of Yorktown, October 19, 1781.

After the peace he returned to his home, studied law, and married. Losing his wife by death while yet a young man, he removed to the town of Frederick, then, as now, a legal center, and on February 2, 1797, married his second wife, the daughter of John Harrison, of Prince George's County. Mr. Harrison, with his two brothers, had come to this country many years before from England, and all his love and zeal was for the land of his adoption. He gave freely of his means to the cause of independence, though it militated against his own interests. His wife was one of the three daughters of Alexander Contee, who came from Barnstable, England, in the latter part of the seventeenth century, settled in Prince George and Charles counties, and filled many positions of trust and importance. Of French descent, the Prince of Conti was the youngest son of that branch of the house of Bourbon of which the great Conde was the eldest. The arms of the family now hang in the Guild Hall, London; bearing the motto, "Pour Dieu et mon Roi" ("For God and my King"). Catharine Contee and John Harrison transmitted to their daughter, Elizabeth Harrison, qualities of heart and mind which made her a fitting helpmeet, indeed, to the heroic officer who, having so nobly done his duty in his youth to his country, now gave himself up to the practice of his profession—the law. He was appreciated and honored by the community in which he lived, by the State, and by all
with whom his public life threw him in contact. He represented his district in the Congress of the United States for many years, where he made a brilliant record. Adams quotes from his speech in his history of the United States. When the prosecution of Judge Chase was decided upon, General Nelson was appointed one of the counsel to prosecute, but though his political views were diametrically opposed to Judge Chase's, he declined the proffered honor, saying, that "Judge Chase had rendered meet services to his country, that he deserved better treatment at her hands."

Of all the children who survived General Nelson perhaps none were more gifted than the mother of Mrs. Ritchie. Of brilliant intellect and cultivated literary taste and ability, she was an authoress from the time when it was rather unusual for a woman to have her productions accepted and paid for to the date of her premature death in 1867. Of Judge (and Colonel) Maulsby's services to his State and country it is hardly necessary to speak, they are so well known. The youngest man who ever sat in the Senate of his State, up to his death in his eightieth year his efforts for the public good and for the welfare of those to whom he was related by blood or association never relaxed. No duty ever appealed to him in vain. Painful as it was to oppose his friends of his own section, a Democrat by heredity and conviction, he yet believed it was for the best good of the South, as well as of the whole country, that the Union should be preserved, and so he accepted the command of a regiment and fought through three years of the Civil War as a colonel in the Union Army. None but a Southern man knew what this meant to one who loved the South and her whole people as he did. What he was as a father, a grandfather, and a great-grandfather, no words can express. Mrs. Ritchie was born in Westminster, Maryland. While a child her family removed to Frederick, and here her whole life has been passed, save when she was a pupil at St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, New Jersey, where she was educated. Marrying very young she became the mother of a large family of daughters and sons. While she has been a devoted mother, and striven to do her full duty to all her children, both as men and women, as well as babies, she has never apprehended that
the discharge of a mother's duties relieved a woman from all others, and so has tried not to neglect other family duties, nor the social and semipublic ones her life has devolved upon her. Commissioned three years ago, by our lamented first President General, Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, Regent of the Frederick Chapter, she entered upon the work of organizing the Chapter with enthusiasm, and was rewarded by success. In 1894 she was elected a Vice President General of the Society, and 1895 Regent for the State of Maryland. She was a member of the State Committee on Woman's Work for the Columbian Exposition of 1893 and did good service in that cause. She is a member of the Academy of Political and Social Science and one of the Executive Committee of the Frederick Historical Society, to whose annals she has contributed several papers. She is one of the founders and one of the Board of Management of the Key Monument Association. Governor Brown, a few months since, commissioned her as a member of the Maryland Committee for the Cotton States Exposition to meet in September in Atlanta, Georgia. She has also been appointed a member of the Colonial Relic Committee.

The crushing shocks and sorrows of the last few years have robbed her, perhaps, of some of her natural gayety and buoyancy of temperament, but she is yet interested in all that concerns her friends and the community where she has lived so many happy years, and which so delighted to honor her husband, and responds with pleasure to any demand made upon her. Whatever of patriotism and ability Mrs. Ritchie or her daughters are gifted with they owe to influences under which she and they were reared, to the lessons inculcated, the sacrifices witnessed, and the blood and spirit—inherited of three generations, who hesitated not to offer "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor" in their country's need. In her character Mrs. Ritchie manifests the traits to be expected from her inheritance, courageous, gracious, and courtly, she represents the typical Maryland woman; her appearance is at once prepossessing and commanding, her beauty noble and dignified; she is distinguished for her patriotic spirit, and her zeal has resulted in the establishment of a most prosperous Chapter in
Frederick, and rich contributions of history illustrate our records. Mrs. Ritchie resides in the old colonial mansion, built by her uncle, Hon. John Nelson, an eminent jurist. The house is unchanged. The royal hospitality of the older times is still maintained in this delightful, quaint old mansion, characteristic of the time in which it was built. The visitor’s reception is most warm and hospitable, and the Daughters of the American Revolution receive always fourfold in kind and cordial greeting when they meet to commemorate an anniversary day of Liberty, and to sing the “Star Spangled Banner,” the symbol of American Independence, and our hearts beat in sympathy with the patriot, Daniel Webster, as we “Behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic streaming in luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing in all its ample folds as they float” over the grave of Francis Scott Key, in Mount Olivet Cemetery, for to Frederick is given all that remains of her gifted son, who stands transfigured upon the annals of his country as the author of the anthem, the “Star Spangled Banner.”

HENRIETTA MARIA WILLIAMS,
Historian Frederick Chapter.

THE MUZZY FAMILY IN THE REVOLUTION.
[Read before a meeting of Katharine Gaylord Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.]

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION: It is a great pleasure for me to be able to present to you to-day the name of my husband’s family in this most honorable connection. Indeed, I am not sure but that any mother among the Daughters of the American Revolution would rather present an ancestor for her daughter than for herself. I find my own family names in Lexington, Downes and Clarke, but have not yet established a claim to them. The family of Muzzy was early here, however, and have always born a prominent part.

There are records which show that for eighteen different years there has been a selectmen in Lexington by this name; and they have also held many other offices, constables, assessors, tithing-men, members of various committees, etc. In prepar-
ing our papers we have all noticed how family names were handed down from generation to generation. Amongst the early Muzzys were Benjamin, Amos, John, and Isaac. Abraham Muzzy came to this country as passenger on the ship "John and Mary," in 1634. Each of the succeeding three or four generations contained a Benjamin. The Benjamin who was born in 1657, and died in 1732, was a landholder in the center of the town in 1692, and one of the largest taxpayers in the place. He was also a slaveholder, as is shown by his will. He is recorded as giving "as large a sum as any other man," namely, two pounds, towards building the first meetinghouse, which stood at the junction of the Conford and Bedford roads. In 1711 the inhabitants of the precinct agreed to buy land near the meetinghouse for a public common, and pay for it by subscription. The land in the center, owned by Benjamin Muzzy, was selected. Let us hope that there was no wire pulling here, yet the historical fact remains that upon the committee to purchase this land was Benjamin himself, as well as two kinsmen of our historian, Francis Bowman and William Munroe. A paper was drawn up and circulated, and various sums from ten shillings down to one shilling were subscribed. Benjamin righted matters with his conscience by giving ten shillings toward paying for his own land, while his two sons, Richard and John, gave seven shillings sixpence more. The Bowmans and Munroes also contributed. The deed for this land is so curious that I must take time to quote a word from it. Dated June 4, 1711. It gives "to the said inhabitants and their successors forever, a certain parcel of land, by estimation one acre and a half, more or less *** bounded northly by the said Muzzy" (meaning obscure!) "as the fence now stands, and elsewhere by highways!" No chance for litigation there! In January, 1713, a second meetinghouse was erected on this common; which stood until 1793, or through the Revolution. It was here, then, upon this land once owned by Benjamin Muzzy (sixth great-grandfather of A. J. Muzzy and of his sister, Miss Hattie Muzzy, a member of our Chapter), that the battle of Lexington was fought; which, as Hudson says, "was one of the most important events in the history of the world."
In our town library is a book called “Reminiscences and Memorials of the Men of the Revolution,” by Rev. A. B. Muzzy, grandson to one of the Lexington heroes. A. B. Muzzy lived in Lexington, knew many survivors of the war, and received his information from men who were there. I quote from him in regard to the men “who stood in that deadly breach in Lexington:” “Though they were the day before but an obscure band of yeomen, yet thereafter * * they were to be the germ of a nation’s birth. Their number was small, but their spirit was great.” Yet it is a fact that these men whom we so honor were believed, at that day, by a great many English of the masses, to be a race of Indians, or negroes, or of mixed blood! Or even supposing they were white, they were considered as peasantry only, and the British soldier boasted that “Five regiments of regulars could easily march across the continent.” Imagine, then, the little surprise party in store for them at Lexington and Concord! At Lexington, “Too few to resist; too brave to flee!” Standing—a pitiful handful of noble intrepid souls—farmers only, not uniformed, rabbit or fox guns, bullets molded by the wives at home maybe, standing before ten times their number of drilled and well-equipped regulars, standing under two fires, and then only dispersing because they had absolutely no chance whatever and it were suicide to remain! Talk of heroism! But as has been well said, the secret was here: “While the British soldier went out to meet a parcel of ragged farmers, the Col- onist went out to meet his God!” There were about one hundred and thirty men in Captain Parker’s company, old and young; but, owing in part, to a scarcity of muskets, only about sixty stood at any one moment in the ranks before the seven hundred British soldiers. Of this number were four by the name of Muzzy. Isaac, who fell that glorious morning; his father, John; his brother, Thaddeus, and his cousin Amos (grandfather to the A. B. Muzzy before referred to—the author). It is uncertain whether Amos was in the affair at the green or not, as will be seen later. But it is certain that he took part in the events of the day.

Carry yourself back in thought to that little village of seven hundred inhabitants that lovely spring morning. The trees
were in bloom, we are told. It was not yet sunrise. Paul Revere had come and gone. The villagers had not rested thereafter, we may be sure. The author of "Reminiscences" tells us from the lips of those who were there of the fear that overcame them, the hiding of the treasures, the retreat of many to the woods. No sleep for wives and mothers and sweethearts, while husband and son and lover, with gun in hand, went out to possible death; and the regulars were on the march toward their homes.

I think, Daughters of the American Revolution, that the worn n of the Revolution could have told you what suffering and enduring meant. Then,

"In the chill before the dawning,
Between the night and morning,"

came swift death to eight brave souls, who, but the day before, had tilled their fields, and talked only of far-off, possible war. It was over in twenty minutes. Then the regulars passed on exulting. An easy victory, to be sure! They changed their mind before another daybreak. It does not require much imagination to see the thronging villagers as they crowded, horror-stricken, to the green, where lay their friends and neighbors—commonplace men but yesterday—martyrs and heroes to-day, "by whose death liberty was born," to hear the mourning, to feel with them the heart-shrinking with which they realized that this was war; and that war was at their hearthstones, holding in its misshapen hands results that no one could name. Bring this home here to Bristol to-day, if you would know what it means!

Isaac Muzzy was son of John and grandson of John Muzzy, this latter the first innholder in Lexington. It is probable that Isaac's home may have been at this inn, as it has always been kept by some one of the family, up to the present day (as near as I can ascertain). Being unmarried, he would have been likely, in those days, to have lived with the old people. He was thirty-one years of age and a church member. This first innholder, John, grandfather to Isaac, is the fifth great-grandfather of my husband. Amos Muzzy was one of the third generation who had owned and occupied the same estate in
Lexington, at the time of the war. It is still owned by the sixth or seventh generation.

A. B. Muzzy gives some interesting tales of that eventful day, as told him by the survivors. He says: "The motives of the Colonists were high and pure, and pacific to the last hour. They formed a company only for self defense. My grandfather (Amos Muzzy) was apprehensive of a conflict. On the 18th, he saw a few men on horseback riding past his house at dusk, and as the wind blew back their coats, he noticed uniforms and swords underneath. This aroused suspicion, and early next morning, he, with another man, was sent to gather intelligence of British movements. This fact would lead us to suppose that he could not have been on the green, although he took part in the day's doings. He stopped at Arlington, at a tavern called the Black Horse, where the Provincial Committees of Safety and Supplies usually met. While here the enemy arrived, and he narrowly escaped being made prisoner. When the British troops finally passed his house on their way to Concord, his wife left the house, taking her two sons, to go to the neighbors. A foot-weary soldier had fallen behind the column, and as the sun was rising, he met and saluted my grandmother. 'Good morning, madam, the King's troops are paying you an early visit this morning!' Her reply in the custom of those days was from the scripture * * she said, 'Come ye peaceably?' The soldier said, 'Ah, madam, you have carried the joke rather too far with his majesty!' When the troops came straggling back from Concord, after their repulse there, they entered her deserted house, and broke a large mirror (which is now in Lexington's Memorial Hall), demolished a beaufet with much valuable crockery, besides doing other damage. The house was evidently used by the soldiers to dress their wounds, as the floor was stained with blood. Bullet holes were in the walls." A. B. Muzzy also writes that forty years after he took two bullets from a partition which was undergoing repairs. The British burned, pillaged, destroyed, and even murdered non-combatants in their reckless retreat. The Muzzy name appears upon the records throughout the Revolution. It is also to be found in the French and Indian war, and again in the War of the Rebellion.
Isaac Muzzy's name is one of the eight inscribed upon the Lexington Monument, and we find it perpetuated in Bristol today in the person of Henry Isaac Muzzy, whose father and grandfather were both called Isaac. I may be pardoned, perhaps, in this connection, if I give a little fact which may be set down as a curious family coincidence. The battle of Lexington at which Isaac Muzzy died, occurred Sunday, April 19, and the son of Amos Muzzy, who took part in the battle, was nine years old that day, while my own little daughter's birthday occurred Sunday, April 19—one hundred and ten years after. Sixty years after the battle the remains of those who fell at Lexington, and had been buried apart from the rest in one large grave, were gathered together, sealed in an airtight box, enclosed in lead, and then in mahogany, and were reinterred with appropriate ceremonies. Three volleys were fired above the grave, reminders of the two fatal volleys sixty years before.

In 1824 Amos Muzzy, John Muzzy, Francis Bowman, and six others were appointed to investigate and present to the public such facts relative to the Lexington Alarm as might be supported by undoubted testimony. This was done, and the statement substantiated by affidavits of persons then living who were present at the alarm.

Florence E. D. Muzzy.
LETTER.

To His Excellency, John Hancock, Esquire, Governor and Commander in Chief in and over the Commonwealth of Massachusetts: May it please your Excellency—We the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas, Court of General Sessions of the Peace, and Sheriff for the County of Barnstable, take this earliest opportunity to address your Excellency with our most sincere and hearty congratulations on your appointment by the free and almost unanimous suffrages of the inhabitants of the Commonwealth, to the high and important station of Chief Magistrate of the same. An event which from their knowledge of your abilities, unshaken attachment to, and of the great share you have had in establishing the freedom and independence of the United States; at the same time it diffuses joy and universal satisfaction among all ranks of people in the Commonwealth friendly to its liberties, excites terror in its enemies on finding at the head of this Government a gentleman whose former exertions they so much dreaded as to pronounce a proscription by the British Government. From the excellent Constitution under which we are now placed by the general approbation and choice of those who are to live under it, the present happy arrangement of the principal departments in the Commonwealth, and your abilities, we contemplate with pleasure a wise and righteous administration of government so as to secure and promote the civil and religious liberty and happiness of the Commonwealth in general, and the individuals who compose it, and are particularly pleased with the agreeable prospect of transmitting to posterity a Constitution.
which will preserve inviolate their rights and liberties and induce them to recollect with gratitude and honor the memory of him whose successful exertion and sacrifice of private interests in order to retrieve, establish and secure the freedom of his Country, have justly merited the applause, esteem and confidence of his countrymen, as well as excited the admiration of their enemies.

We beg leave to assure your Excellency that in our several departments in this County we will do all in our power to promote peace, good order, and a due execution of the good and wholesome laws of this Commonwealth, and contribute what we can to render your administration easy to yourself and happy to the people over whom you preside.

BARNSTABLE, ss:
December Tenth, 1780.

LETTER.

NEW FAINE, Aug. 5, 1776.

DEAR GENL—
I have omitted writing to you through forgetfulness only, respecting a Review of your Brigade this fall—This fall is the time prescribed by Law for that tour of Duty, it was performed by me two years since—I think it but reasonable that the Brigadier Genl should at this time take it upon themselves—I wish you to confer with the commanding Officers as to the time—I issue the necessary Order.

I am Dear Genl with
Perfect Esteem
Yours

Genl Brownson.

ISAAC TICHENER.
GIDEON BROWNSON

Brigadier Genl 5th Brigade
2d Div

Sunderland,
Vermont.

Sent by Mrs. Burdette.
EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK.

The December number will contain a full account of the meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Atlanta, together with the speeches made, and fully illustrated.

BOOK NOTICES.

WOMEN OF COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY TIMES, Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.

Under this general title Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have in preparation a series of volumes (the first of which is now ready), and the aim of which is not only to present carefully-studied portraits of the most distinguished women of Colonial and Revolutionary times, but to offer as a background for these portraits pictures of the domestic and social, instead of the political and other public life of the people in successive periods of national development. The product thus includes a series of closely-connected narratives, vivid in color and of the highest social and historical value, of the manners and customs, the ways of life, and the modes of thought of the people of the Puritan, the Knickerbocker, and Cavalier sections of the country from the days of the earliest Colonists down to the middle of the present century. In the painting of these scenes use has been freely made of documents usually ignored as trivial by the historians or the biographer—old letters, wills, inventories, bills, etc., from which have been gleaned many curious and interesting details of the daily life of the women of Colonial and Revolutionary days. In addition to these, diaries, memoirs, autobiographies—in fact, all sources have been drawn upon for material to add to the truthfulness and attractiveness of the picture.

In carrying out this project, special pains have been taken to select as the subjects of the volumes representative women who will be accepted at once as types of the best that their age had to offer, and whose careers throw light upon the social customs of their day. Thus, Puritan England under James I is graphically depicted in Mrs. Earle's "Margaret Winthrop," the heroine
of which did not come to New England until some years after her husband, the governor. In striking contrast with the hardships which Winthrop and his followers endured in the second quarter of the seventeenth century in New England is the lavish hospitality extended later by the landed gentry of Virginia, as shown in the lives of Martha Washington and of "Dolly" Madison; while the official and kindred functions over which these ladies presided in Philadelphia, New York, and Washington form a brilliant chapter in the history of American social life. The part leading Boston women played in the patriotic movement culminating in the Revolution is indicated in Miss Brown's life of Mercy Otis Warren, while various aspects of Knickerbocker life, both the town life that centered in Bowling Green and the manor life of the valley of the Hudson, will receive adequate treatment. The authors of the volumes thus far announced are writers who have made special studies of the field of Colonial and Revolutionary manners and customs, and who will be recognized as peculiarly competent to treat of these themes.

The publishers have endeavored to give the volumes a rich and handsome dress,—crimson linen, with gold lettering on the sides and backs, gilt tops, flat backs and rough edges; with a special quality of paper, and with exceptionally painstaking presswork. Each volume will have a frontispiece portrait or facsimile reproduction.


The daughter of Sir John Tyndal, a man of character and influence in Essex County, England, Margaret Winthrop forms a theme of uncommon attractiveness for Mrs. Earle's book. Manor life in England in the time of the first Stuart King, especially that which reflected the Puritan spirit of the day, is graphically painted; and a suggestive contrast is presented between the manners and customs of Puritan England as they affected the country housewife and lady of the manor, and those
of Massachusetts in their relation to the wife of the governor of the Colony. Mrs. Earle’s genius for constructing vivid pictures from materials that would have no meaning or value to most biographers is conspicuously shown in this entertaining book. In the lack of an existing portrait of Margaret Winthrop, the frontispiece is a facsimile reproduction of a beautifully written letter from Margaret Winthrop to her husband.


Miss Seawell has done a notable work for the young people of our country in her excellent stories of naval exploits. They are of the kind that cause the reader, no matter whether young or old, to thrill with pride and patriotism at the deeds of daring of the heroes of our Navy. The present volume contains two exceptionally interesting stories of our Navy, written for boys, but which will be of equal interest to girls as well as older readers. The first story tells of how a young fellow, who hated study and had never been made to go to school, learned the lesson of self-control, and by a series of disgraceful failures to pass his examinations for Annapolis learned by experience that the important things of this world are accomplished only by the hardest kind of work. The success which came to him afterwards shows how thoroughly and well this lesson was learned. The second story deals with a famous incident of the English occupation of Newport, Rhode Island, during the Revolutionary War, when General Prescott was captured in his own house by a handful of Americans. An important part in this incident was taken by a boy. What he did and how he did it is fully told in the story. His service in the young American Navy is the natural result of his love for the sea and his ardent patriotism.

Notwithstanding Miss Seawell’s assertion that “all men possess genius in some form, and no woman has ever possessed it in any form,” and “that the power to create is entirely lacking in women,” she has the courage to keep trying, and, in my judgment, with marked success.
Young People's Department.
EDITED BY
MARGARET SIDNEY.
THE CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

We have so many contributions this month that it is impossible to get them all in. We must first take those that have been waiting so long for publication, and we will do our best to keep up with the times, and be fully alive with fresh items. Meantime let all young people send on reports from Societies, and questions and answers for the Question Box.

A VISIT TO WAYSIDE.

By Frances Bacon Hamlin, Chaplain National Society, Children of American Revolution.

There are few homes in New England around which cluster more of interest than Wayside, Concord, Massachusetts, the present home of Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, the President General of the Children of the American Revolution.

The house itself is a study, having been begun in colonial days, and added to by the successive owners that have from time to time occupied it. It is situated under a ledge to protect it from the cold northern exposure, upon the thoroughfare that leads out of old Concord; and along which the bold rider came tearing, over one hundred years ago, in his midnight ride, to warn the town of impending danger.

We are not informed just what part the occupants of this house had in the actual struggle of the Revolution. We only know that they could not have witnessed the thrilling scene enacted before its very doors without an active sympathy with the issues at stake, and we must pass this part of its history by, with a sigh, that we know so little!

While this revolutionary period of its history gives it a halo as a house, its more recent occupants sanctify it as a home, and it is possible that the interest of the present generation in it is most aroused by the love and admiration given to them.

The first interest centers in the fact of its being the home of Bronson Alcott and his illustrious daughter; then came Hawthorne, who built into it his thoughts and his visions, and whose daughter, Rose, sold it to Daniel Lothrop, the husband of its present occupant.

The world knows all about the Alcotts, and Hawthornes, and is constantly paying its homage to them, and the publisher, Daniel Lothrop who almost created the children's literature of the present day, and whose
life-work was first to originate, then to enlarge and improve it, also receives that tribute of praise and appreciation which little children, and their lovers, must ever give to one who has been so greatly their benefactor. Mrs. Lothrop, as Margaret Sidney, has long been known to the children through her books for them, and now she is to be much more widely known as the President of the Children of the American Revolution.

"The Daughters" would have thought that they had chosen well could they have been at Wayside on the 17th of July.

The visitors to the Christian Endeavor Convention in Boston, six thousand of them, paid a visit to old Concord. Some three hundred came on bicycles. Fifty or sixty guides had been provided to show the visitors the places of interest dear to every true American.

Mrs. Lothrop gave them the crowning pleasure of the day, by opening her house to them. The Concord Society of the Children of the American Revolution, the first organized, were invited to come to the grounds at ten o'clock. The visiting Junior Endeavorers were invited to join these children. The lawn is laid out in the form of an amphitheater, with a background of evergreen as thick as the native forest. Here the children were ranged around the semi-circular piazza, with hundreds of the senior Christian Endeavorers listening to their exercises. Each child held a little flag, and the whole Society had previously learned America and several other of our patriotic songs. They waved their flags and sang their songs before and after the speakers, which Mrs. Lothrop had provided for the occasion.

Mrs. Lothrop began the exercise by first telling the children why she had called them together, and bidding them do all in their power to welcome the visitors, who were to come and go that day, and introducing to them the Chaplain of the National Society of the Children of the American Revolution, Mrs. Teunis S. Hamlin, of Washington, who was her guest for the occasion. The little ones waved their flags in acknowledgement of the introduction, and in love and loyalty to their President. Rev. Dr. Hamlin led them in prayer, and then the Chaplain was honored by being asked to make the first address. In a few brief sentences she congratulated them upon their organization, and explained what it really meant. That it was not only that they, who were descendants of the patriots, and who had inherited their right to belong to the organization, should be true lovers of America, but that they should be instrumental in teaching true patriotism to other children, whose fathers had found here a home in "The Land of the Free, and the Home of the Brave." This was followed by addresses from Rev. Mr. Tewksbury, of Concord, whose little daughter is the direct descendant of Miles Standish, and the youngest child in the Concord Society; Rev. G. R. Alden, Dr. Teunis S. Hamlin, of Washington, and Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, of Lexington, Massachusetts, who was one of the founders of Roberts College, Constantinople. In the address of the latter he gave an account of a walk he took when a boy
of nineteen. It had been his patriotic ambition to walk from Boston to Concord, over the same route taken by the British on the night before the battle of Concord.

His walk was very tiresome and exhaustive, and when he reached the end, "he had great sympathy" for the British soldiers, who not only "had to walk it before the battle," but "were driven back over it the same day on the run!" He said, one could not imagine how everybody hated the British in his boyhood, which was well in the early part of the century, as he is now eighty-five.

In the meantime the hymn written for the Children of the American Revolution had been sung. After the benediction, Mrs. Lothrop invited the Society to each take a Junior Endeavorer and help them to the refreshments she had provided for them on the lawn.

The delegates from the Christian Endeavor Convention had been gradually coming, and the hostess and her guests hastened to receive them, shaking the hand of each as they passed in line. Only thirty at a time could go into the tower, Hawthorne's study, two flights up, which was built by him, and used as his study. The house had been thrown open from kitchen to "tower," so no idle moments were spent by these modern Pilgrims.

Thousands passed through the house that day, and as each name was given, and the place of residence, you were convinced that such an infusion of patriotism had never been given before, for every State in the Union was represented, and nearly every town.

It was hard to tell which claimed most interest, the writers and poets who had lived in Concord, and passed away, the historic houses and incidents, or the living poet who received them. Often one would hear, "Are you really Margaret Sidney?" It was delightful to see the joy expressed by these young people in seeing one who had written so much for them, and who by her hospitality was uniting patriotism and Christianity in its broadest sense.

Mrs. Lothrop is giving up cherished plans for herself and her little daughter to organize the Children of the American Revolution. If given the hearty cooperation of the "Daughters," she will bring about some very practical results, as she feels it a duty put upon her conscience, to awaken people to the necessity of educating the young in patriotic lines. She has won for herself, by this one day of unselfish hospitality, the gratitude of the "Christian Endeavor Convention of '95," who came to Boston sixty thousand strong, and which has for one of its objects good citizenship, which is only another word for patriotism. By thus bringing the Christian and civic organizations together, she has illustrated in a very practical way what it is to live for "God and native land." The writer, in closing, can make no better wish for the Daughters than a day at Concord, nor for the Children than a day at Wayside, and an hour with its hospitable patriotic mistress.
EXERCISES

IN CONNECTION WITH THE PLACING OF A TABLET ON THE TREE UNDER WHICH WHITFIELD PREACHED.

On Tuesday, September 3, the two Societies of the Children of the American Revolution, the William Latham, Jr., of Stonington, and the Samuel Ward, of Westerly, Rhode Island, held most interesting and impressive exercises in connection with the placing of a tablet under the "Whitfield Tree." This has always been unmarked; it stands midway between Stonington and Westerly on the old "Post Road."

The day was perfect, and all the public spirited people of the vicinity turned out to do honor to the occasion and to the Children of the American Revolution.

Judge Wheeler wrote the inscription, which was of wood and painted under the supervision of Orlando Smith, Jr., historian of the Westerly Society.

It commemorates the preaching of Rev. George Whitfield under the tree in 1747, when the concourse was so great that the throng could not get into the church.

Rev. Mr. Burrows, of the Road Church, Stonington; Rev. Mr. Woodrow, of Westerly; Judge Wheeler, Miss Grace Wheeler, who wrote an original poem for the occasion, and many others, took part in the exercises. A greeting by telegraph was received and read from Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, the President of the National Society, Children of the American Revolution, and the children sang patriotic songs with great earnestness and enjoyment. It was a most important and beautiful occasion.

[We hope to hear of many historic spots marked by our societies. Do not wait to do the work in marble and bronze, but set about it at once.—Ed.]

REPORTS OF SOCIETIES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 10, 1895.

My Dear Mrs. Lothrop:

On Bunker Hill Day steps were taken to form a Society of the Children of the American Revolution at the Force School.

More than thirty enthusiastic boys and girls responded to the call for a meeting, and after Mrs. Alexander, Vice President of the National Society in Washington, had explained the plan and purpose of the Society, it was decided to organize at once.

Accordingly Mrs. Breckinridge (wife of General Joseph Cabell Breckinridge), was chosen President, and Miss Fairley, teacher of the eighth grade, Vice President.

Other officers elected from members of the Society were as follows:

Recording Secretary, Lucy Hayes Breckinridge; Corresponding Secre-
tary, Marjorie Fenton; Registrar, Elsie Pearce; Treasurer, Scott Dudley Breckinridge.

It was decided to name the Society, the first formed in the District of Columbia, "The National Capital Society of the Children of the American Revolution."

The desire of the Society being to go to work at once, a meeting was called for the following Saturday at the residence of Mrs. Alexander, and although only three days intervened between the organization of the Society and this meeting, so great was the enthusiasm of the children, that a most delightful programme was carried out.

Miss Louise Starkweather, who won the medal awarded last winter by the Sons of the American Revolution for the best essay on some subject connected with the Revolution, and competed for by all pupils in the school of Washington who desired, was present and read her most delightful essay on "The Situation of the American Forces at Trenton."

An original story, a true incident of the Revolution, written by Helen Hayden Hayes, a member of the "Capital" Society, entitled, "Circumstances Alter Cases," was also read, while several shorter contributions, notably a well-written story of the Flag, by Elsie Pearce; a reading, by Miss Mary Randolph Ball, and a recitation, by Miss Le Breton, helped to pass a delightful evening.

The next meeting was held June 28, at the home of General Breckinridge, where a most enjoyable evening was spent.

Parke Hutchinson read the Declaration of Independence. Miss Hawes' stirring "Liberty Song" was played by Mrs. Breckinridge, and it was decided to learn it at once to sing at future meetings.

Plans for the summer were discussed and work laid out. It was also decided that the Society should attend in a body the Fourth of July celebration by the Sons and Daughters at the Washington Monument.

Then after enjoying cake and lemonade the meeting adjourned to meet again October 17, at the Force School.

General Breckinridge was present at the organization and at both meetings held and greatly aided the officers of the Society by his wise and practical suggestions.

The organization is already a most delightful one and the enthusiasm of the children and their willingness to work refreshing to see. As an illustration of this: At the last meeting a question was asked which one of the boys, a bright little fellow of twelve, could not answer. His reply was "I do not know, but I will go to the Capitol Library tomorrow and find out:" and this spirit is characteristic of each member of the Society.

But ought we not to expect great things from children who have, as have three of our members (the Recording Secretary and her brothers), by direct descent the blood of nine distinguished officers of the Revolution flowing in their veins?
The watchword of our Society shall be Macaulay’s famous saying: “A people which takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything worthy to be remembered by remote descendants.”

FRANCES S. FAIRLEY,
Vice President National Capital Society, C. A. R.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Sept. 1, 1895.

MY DEAR MRS. LOTHRUP:
It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the organization of our Society of Children of the American Revolution on August 22. We have enrolled the names of twenty children, all of whom are lineal descendants of Revolutionary ancestors. The meeting was called for 3 p.m. Although the afternoon was intensely warm, the children enjoyed themselves very much. We sang several patriotic songs. I read them your letter in the July Magazine, and told them that you were the lady who wrote the Five Little Peppers, and they were well acquainted with you at once. We have not elected our officers yet, but will do so at our next meeting, which will be on the third Friday in September. It is our intention to have our meetings twice a month, but on account of the annual reunion of the Grand Army of the Republic, which meets in our city the second week in September, we have deferred our meeting until the 19th of September. I gave the children the questions in the July and August Magazine to answer, and requested them to return the answers to the Magazine. After partaking of sherbet and cake, the little folks were invited to go out on the lawn, where they remained until 7 p.m., when they returned to their homes. Any suggestions from you will be most acceptable. I expect to return to my home in Louisville by the 15th of September.

HARRIET BULKLEY LARRABEE.

THE regular meeting of the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, will take place in the Bill Memorial Library on September 6, at 2.30 p.m.
After the usual business has been transacted the Chapter will receive and entertain the local Societies of the Children of the American Revolution in Fort Griswold at 3.45.

Groton, August 24, 1895.

PROGRAMME.

Celebration by the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution of Groton and Stonington, at Fort Griswold, September 6, 1895, at 3.45 p.m.
1. Music—"Star Spangled Banner!"
2. Address—Welcome to the Children of the American Revolution.

4 Chorus.—The National Hymn of the Children of the American Revolution.


8. Solo and Chorus—"Columbia the Gem of the Ocean."


DEAR MRS. LOTHROP:

Enclosed you will find a copy of the piece told by one of my little children, Priscilla Dixon Loper. The child is only eight years old, and she read it very prettily.

Trusting that we may meet again sometime,

Yours cordially,

H. E. NOYES,

President Wm. Latham, Jr., The Little Powder Monkey, Society.

Stonington, Conn., August 19.

My grandfather was almost nine years old on August 9, 1814, when the British came to destroy Stonington. The ships came near the harbor about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the admiral sent word to the people that they must get all the women and children out of the village, as they were going to fire cannon at the houses, and burn Stonington. Then my grandfather was sent with his little brother and sister up to their cousin, Charles H. Phelps (my great-grandfather stayed in the village to help fight the British).

When my grandfather and the party he was with landed from the boat they had brought the valuable furniture away in, up to Lambert's Cove, they were at the big rock, on the "Old Post Road." The road was filled with people who were getting out of danger. My grandfather joined the crowd, and as it was dark he followed the man he heard walking in front of him. Suddenly he heard a whizzing noise and everything lighted up, and right in front of his face he saw a big picture of himself, and he thought he was dead, and in the other world. Then he heard a crash, the man in front of him having thrown down a big looking glass he was carrying on his back when the shell that made the search light sank in the mud.

My grandfather told me just what I have said to you about the battle of Stonington.

PRISCILLA DIXON LOPER,
Aged 8 years. Stonington, Conn.
OUR QUESTION BOX.

Who originated the phrase "Not worth a Continental," and what does it mean?  
MARY LEE MANN,  
Washington, D. C.

Why were the British called "Red Coats?"  
M. THERESA BURNHAM DODGE,  
Billerica, Mass.

Who said "Millions for defence but not one cent for tribute?"  
RACHEL TUCKER,  
Billerica, Mass.

It is said by some people that Hawthorne's "Old Stone Face" represented historical characters. Is this so? And who are Mr. Gathergold, Mr. Stony Phiz and Ernest?  
THRON J. DAMON,  
Old North Bridge Society, Concord, Massachusetts.
IN MEMORIAM.

MILDRED MADDOX.

There is genuine sympathy expressed by the many friends of Mrs. Virginia Knox Maddox over the death of her pretty and promising daughter, Miss Mildred Maddox. She passed away at Los Gatos on Friday last, the victim of a very severe cold, having attained the age of only nineteen years. She had everything in the world to live for, including a charming home, a devoted mother, and a pleasant abundance of the goods of this world. Some three years ago, while attending school in San Francisco, Miss Maddox was attacked by anemia, and, with the hope of checking the disease, she was sent to Norwood Institute, Washington, where, under the influence of the colder climate, she improved rapidly. Thinking to complete the cure, her mother took her to New York where she was placed as a pupil in the institution of the Sister of the Church, an Episcopal order, and there it seemed as if she had quite recovered, until last spring a severe cold undid all the previous good, fastening pleurisy and other complications on her system. Miss Maddox promised a charming womanhood. She was a pretty, amiable, and singularly unselfish girl, and she bore the sufferings incident to her illness with a degree of patience as rare as it was beautiful.

MRS. ELIZABETH LITTLE TOPP.

Mrs. Elizabeth Little Topp, wife of the late Colonel Robertson Topp, of Memphis, Tennessee, died at her home, June 4, 1895. She was an honorary member of Dolly Madison Chapter in Memphis, and two of her daughters, Mrs. Wm. Farrington and Mrs. I. McD. Massey, are among our most active members. Her ancestry was distinguished, both in
Colonial and Revolutionary history. The record of her lineage will be found in the October number, 1893, of the AMERICAN MONTHLY, going back as far as Robert II, King of Scotland. Her husband, Colonel Robertson Topp, was one of the oldest and most prominent citizens of West Tennessee. Mrs. Topp resided in Memphis for nearly sixty years, and her beautiful home was the center of social life in the city. In her death one of the links uniting the Memphis of to-day with that of the past is broken, and there is general sorrow in the community. She was an earnest member of Calvary Episcopal Church. She leaves a large family and a host of friends who mourn her loss. Mrs. Topp was a woman who took an active interest in current events and she was especially anxious for the perpetuation of the records of American history in the work undertaken by the Daughters of the American Revolution. While extreme age and ill-health prevented her often participating in our deliberations, she was one of the oldest, ablest, and most intellectual representatives of ante bellum aristocracy. Let us keep in fresh remembrance her virtues and excellencies.
Therefore, be it resolved, that our Chapter extend to her bereaved family our condolence and heartfelt sympathy.

Verily, of her it might be said: "Her children rise up and call her blessed."

M. R. M.

MISS HARRIET CARTER.

Miss Harriet Carter, a member of the Crawford County Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, died of typhoid fever at Atlantic City, August 16, 1895. Miss Carter was a great-granddaughter of James Sullivan, Governor of Massachusetts. He was a brother of General John Sullivan, and was very prominent during the Revolution, subsequently holding many positions of trust. Miss Carter was a graduate of Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania, and had for eleven years been connected with the Chautauquan Magazine, published at Meadville, as one of its editors. She was a woman admirable in all her relations to society and life, and will be greatly missed.
MRS. HOPE POTTER [MUNRO] WALKER.

A second time the Bristol Chapter is called upon to mourn the death of an early and esteemed member. Mrs. Hope Potter Walker, who entered upon the heavenly life August 17, 1895, was the daughter of Hezekiah Munro and Elizabeth Bradford Fales, his wife, of Bristol, Rhode Island, and granddaughter of Nathaniel Fales and Elizabeth Bradford, his wife. Nathaniel Fales, her maternal grandfather, served as a private in the Rhode Island Land Militia during the Revolutionary War. He was also Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for Bristol County, being annually elected to the same office for the years 1776, 1777, 1779, 1780, 1781, 1782, and was Deputy for the years 1777, 1778, 1781, 1782, 1783. She was also the granddaughter of Hezekiah Munro and Hopestill Potter, his wife. Her greatuncle, Colonel Simeon Potter, of Bristol, Rhode Island, was a volunteer at the burning of the Gaspee, in Providence River, June 10, 1772. He was a loyal patriot, a man of wealth and commanding presence, and rendered efficient service to his native town at the time of the bombardment of Bristol by the British, October 7, 1778. Mrs. Walker was born June, 1810, and was the widow of Gilbert Walker, whom she married April 24, 1831. Possessing unusual force of character and intelligence, united with a firm Christian faith, made perfect through severe trials, she lived to a good old age respected and beloved, and dying bequeathed her ample means for the support of a Home for Aged Women in her native town of Bristol, Rhode Island, for which charity many will yet arise and call her blessed.

ANNA LINDLEY CHURCHMAN.

Miss Anna Lindley Churchman, daughter of Francis McClintock and Anna Churchman, and a descendant of Alexander McClintock, who died three days after the battle of Brandywine from wounds received there, was born April 20, 1865, and died July 29, 1895, after a short illness, of typhoid fever.
At a called meeting of the officers of the Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter to take action on her death, the following resolutions were offered and approved:

Whereas, Miss Anna L. Churchman, a member of the Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, has endeared herself to our Society by reason of her many lovable qualities;

And whereas, She has been suddenly taken from among us, we desire to preserve in some permanent form an expression of the great loss which we have sustained. Miss Churchman was so unobtrusive in her goodness, of such a retiring disposition, that only those who knew her best realized how completely her life was given up to others. She was so sweet and gentle that we felt as she passed by "that something beautiful had gone that way." Her example is one that we should strive to emulate. We will miss her kindly sympathy in all our future meetings. She was a worthy descendant of brave ancestors, and in a quiet way performed her part in life's battle with clearness of spiritual vision, earnestness of purpose, high sincerity, and nobility of spirit: Therefore be it

Resolved, That this inadequate tribute be spread on the minutes of our Society, and that a copy of the same be sent to Miss Churchman's family.

It was ordered that with the copy of the resolutions a large bouquet of lilies, tied with blue and white ribbons, be sent (as an expression of sympathy) to the house on the day of the funeral.

MRS. IDA ELIOT [SHELLECK] SNIVELY.

[This notice has been delayed by the personal bereavements of Mrs. Anne Law Hubbell, Historian of Philadelphia Chapter.]

Mrs. IDA ELIOT [SHELLECK] SNIVELY entered into rest January 24, 1895, at her home, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. She was the wife of the Rev. Summerfield E. Snively, M. D., of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and daughter of Alfred De Forest and Ruth Margaret Selleck, late of New York City.

Mrs. Snively was an enthusiastic member of the Philadelphia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, although suddenly called to her eternal rest less than a year after her admission to the Society; but she did honor to the memory of her Revolutionary ancestry, three of her great-grandfathers having fought in the cause for liberty. In the accompanying extract from a note addressed by her husband to the ladies of our Chapter, in recognition of the resolutions of sympathy
passed by them, on receiving notice of her unexpected death, he adds his testimony to the deep interest she felt in promoting the historical researches of the Society.

MRS M. C. THORNTON,

**Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, etc.**

**DEAR MADAM.—** Please express to the Philadelphia Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution my earnest appreciation of their kind and sympathetic action. Mrs. Snively was a most devoted member of the organization, and greatly interested in everything appertaining to its success. * * * * * * Mrs. Snively's last appearance in public was the reading of a historical paper before your Order. With renewed thanks for your kind thoughts,

Believe me, very sincerely yours,

S. E. SNIVELY.

The meeting to which allusion is made in the note was just four days prior to her decease.
OFFICIAL.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER GENERAL, D. A. R.,

FROM JUNE 1 TO OCTOBER 1, 1895.

June 1, 1895, cash on hand, .................. $1,433 16
Initiation fees ($619) and annual dues ($1,493), .... $2,112 00
Stationery and blanks, ........................ 31 45
Interest on Government bond, .................. 75 00
Souvenir spoons, ................................ 20 50
Sale of one thousand dollar bond, ............... 1,157 00

Total, ........................................... $4,829 11

DISBURSEMENTS.

Lineage Book.
Expense, $544.59; less receipts, $8.00, ................ $536 59

Directory.
Expense, $621.90; less receipts, $41.00, .............. 580 90

Magazine Account.
For June, July, August, and September: Expense, $1,099.79; less receipts, $609.15, ........ 490 64

Current Expenses.
Office rent for four months, ..................... $348 00
Salary of curator from May 20, .................... 260 00
Incidental office expenses, ....................... 35 00
Flag and pole, .................................. 6 30
Office furniture, ................................ 14 00
Stamped envelopes for office use, ............... 22 00
Advertising and press clippings, ............... 11 48
Clerk and postage for issuing back certificates, ........ 60 00
Clerk for Secretaries General from May 3, ........ 246 48
Clerk for Registrar General from May 15, ........ 135 00
Clerk for Treasurer General from May 22, ....... 120 00
Engraving certificates, ........................ 168 00

33
Engrossing certificates and charters, ........................................... $133.45
Postage for issuing two thousand certificates, ................................. 120.00
Printing five thousand application blanks, ................................... 60.00
Printing constitution, list of officers, &c., .................................... 118.25
Mailing-tubes and seals for charters, ............................................ 13.40
Binding application papers, .......................................................... 27.00
Postage and incidentals for active officers, .................................... 143.29
Stamping stationery for active officers, ......................................... 30.50
Postage for State Regents, ............................................................ 8.40
Stamping stationery for State Regents, .......................................... 31.25

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Total</th>
<th>$2,112.30</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Balance, cash on hand October 1,</td>
<td>$3,720.43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>1,108.68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>$4,829.11</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**PERMANENT FUND.**

Cash on hand in bank June 1, 1895, ........................................... $273.36
Interest on Government bond, on note, and in funds in bank, ........ $58.05
Charters, .................................................................................... 65.00
Rosettes, $72.58, less expenses, $41, ....................................... 31.58

**LIFE MEMBERS.**

- Mrs. Mary K. Hancock, through Venango County Chapter, .......... $12.50
- Miss Mary E. Hancock, through Venango County Chapter, .......... 12.50
- Miss Ella C. Hancock, through Venango County Chapter, .......... 12.50
- Mrs. W. R. Warren, through Western Reserve Chapter, ........... 12.50
- Mrs. Eliza W. Eaton, through Louisa St. Clair Chapter, .......... 12.50
- Miss Emma T. Smith, through Saratoga Chapter, .................... 12.50
- Mrs. J. F. Mauphin, through Great Bridge Chapter, ............... 12.50
- Miss Richardson, Lime Rock, Connecticut, ......................... 25.00
- Mrs. Reuben Tyler, Wyoming, Ohio, ....................................... 25.00

Total ........................................................................................... $137.50

Cash on hand, October 1, 1895, .................................................. $565.49

Respectfully submitted. .............................................................. Bell M. Draper,
Treasurer General.

October 3, 1895.
Since the 1st of June second notices have been sent to all delinquent members at large, 1,149 letters have been mailed, and the regular work of the Treasurer General is up to date. She regrets to state that owing to the unexpected magnitude of the work, the new record books are not yet quite completed; but takes this opportunity to thank the Chapter Treasurers each and all for their kindly interest and valuable assistance; also the clerks in the office, and especially the clerk of the Secretaries General, without whose voluntary aid it would have been impossible to carry forward the work during the absence of the Treasurer General in August.

Realizing that while the current expenses of the Society continue month after month, the greater portion of the annual dues is received in January and February, the chairman of the Finance Committee, at the request of the Treasurer General recommended, and was authorized to invest most of the current fund in United States Government bonds, until such time as it should be needed, thereby gaining interest on money otherwise lying idle in the bank, and at the same time relieving the Treasurer General from responsibility. The wisdom of this action is proved by the fact that $150 have already been received in interest, the first time since the establishment of the Society that interest has been received on the current funds, and thus far it has been necessary to cash only one of the bonds to meet current expenses.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

COLONIAL DAMES AND GOODWIVES.

By Alice Morse Earle, editor of "The Diary of a Boston School Girl of 1771." 1 vol., 12mo, $1.50.

Contents: Consorts and Relicts; Women of Affairs; Double Tongued and Naughty Women; Boston Neighbors; A Fearful Female Travailier; Two Colonial Adventuresses; The Universal Friend; Eighteenth Century Manners; Amusements and Accomplishments; Daughters of Liberty; A Revolutionary Housewife; Fireside Industries.

This is another valuable sheaf from the field which Mrs. Earle has cultivated with great intelligence and admirable skill. It deals with characteristic features of Colonial times, especially those which related to the women.

Sold by booksellers. Sent postpaid by HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., Boston.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Vol. 1 of the Third Series. Price, $5.00.

Ready for Delivery.

Central Pennsylvania Biographical and Genealogical History to be found nowhere else. Address.

M. W. McALARNEY,
Harrisburg, Pa.