Monmouth Monument.
THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

[Read before Watauga Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Memphis, Tennessee, July 22, 1896.]

While unworthy of much attention as a military exploit, it deserves special observation on account of the interesting chapter of events of which it may be regarded as the culmination. Coming as it did after the disasters and privations of the winter at Valley Forge, and the contemptible cabal against the power of the Commander-in-Chief, this battle served to emphasize the greatness of Washington and his marvelous hold over the minds of his troops and the masses of the people; this battle is also memorable as the scene in which that much berated personage, the new woman, first appeared, for then in bold brave Molly Pitcher did the American woman first come to the front. To appreciate fully the difficulties under which our Nation’s chief then labored, a glance at the conspiracy to which Brigadier General Conway gave his name is necessary. It is success that makes an understanding great and decides whether a conflict be a rebellion or a revolution, and it is simply because this great conspiracy was a failure that it is now belittled by many historians who seem desirous of passing it by as a political movement of but little importance. When we consider, however, that Washington’s opponents were prevented from passing a bill for his deposition by only one vote, that of Gouverneur Morris, who was hastily summoned from camp by the friends of Washington, we appreciate the magnitude of the attempt against Washington. The success of the Army of the North culminating in the surrender of Burgoyne’s magnificent host naturally reflected great honor upon General Gates. Puffed up with pride at his achievements, which though performed under his
command, were really due to the dashing brilliancy of that unhappy traitor Benedict Arnold. Gates conceived the idea of supplanting General Washington as Commander in-Chief of the Continental forces. A variety of causes contributed to tender this design practicable. As a contrast to the victories of Saratoga (Washington's exploit, a series of unsuccessful engagements and retreats seemed poor and insignificant in the extreme. The citizens of Philadelphia, as well as those of New Jersey, were dissatisfied because Washington had not been able, with his insufficient and ill equipped forces to prevent the British troops from occupying the ground in Jersey and Pennsylvania. Moreover the certainty that Washington would scorn to set himself openly in the field of politics against so underhand a scheme rendered yet more probable Gates's expectation of success. Moving his own quarters near to those of Congress, Gates set about forming a party to carry out his plans. Generals Conway and Meffin were his two principle co-conspirators. Washington, entirely ignorant of these designs, remained at Valley Forge, sharing the hardships with his army, while General Gates feasted with Congress. The first intimation that Washington received of any plot was a letter written him by Lord Sterling. Gates had received from Conway a communication to the following effect:

"Heaven has certainly determined to preserve the country; otherwise a foolish general had already wrought its destruction." Elated with the success of his efforts, Gates communicated this passage to Wilkinson, one of his aides; Wilkinson in turn told it to one of Sterling's officers, and thus the news reached Washington. The Commander-in-Chief immediately wrote to Conway in regard to the letter. The astonished Gates, hearing of the letter, knew at once that his plans were exposed. So he endeavored to push them through hurriedly before measures could be taken to checkmate his moves. To facilitate his scheme he circulated a report that Washington intended to resign. Washington, however, was notified of this rumor and promptly stopped it, by sending a letter to a friend, in which he said that he would maintain his position while the good of his country seemed to demand it, but would resign when, and only when the majority of the people, not any one
partisan faction, seemed desirous of another leader. This
declaration of Washington, combined with the activity of his
friends in summoning his supporters in Congress to rally to his
aid, frustrated the design of Gates’s partisans to present their
bill to Congress and dealt the death blow to their schemes. The
bill referred to was one setting forth the incompetency of the
leader and requesting him to resign. It was Gates’s original in-
tention to present it on a certain day and he was assured of so
much support that he felt certain to carry through his measure.
The friends of Washington in the meantime having received the
intelligence of the plot, at once set about making a canvass of
his supporters. This canvass brought to light the fact that
one vote was lacking to save Washington. In order to obtain
the necessary strength messengers were sent to Gouveneur
Morris bidding him to hasten at once to Congress. There was
much fear, though, that the message would arrive too late and
the friends of Washington were in despair. At this crisis Rep-
resentative Deane who was lying critically ill, having heard of
the danger which menaced Washington, summoned his physi-
cian to his bed side.
"Sir," said he to the doctor, "can I be carried to Congress?"
"Yes; but at the risk of your life," answered the physician.
"Will I die on the way," said Deane.
"No; but the effect may kill you," was the answer.
"Very well, then," said Deane, "I will go."

He was in earnest, for the letter was prepared and he was
ready to start when the news of Gouveneur Morris’s arrival was
announced. The appearance of Morris on the scene showed
the Gates faction the uselessness of their scheme, which they
consequently abandoned. Can we wonder that with such in-
stances of devotion as that of Deane before us Washington suc-
cessfully triumphed over his enemies. How great Gates’s in-
fluence had been previous to this set-back may be judged from
the fact that he had already succeeded in having a board of
war appointed, in which he and Conway were the dominant
spirits. After this cabal had been crushed Washington set
himself to work to stimulate his soldiers and to fill vacancies
in their ranks. By June he was in command of eleven thou-
sand troops ready for active service. The alliance between
the French and the Americans made it imperative that the British should evacuate Philadelphia. On the 17th forces set out from Philadelphia on their march through New Jersey. Washington sent bodies of troops to the front to harass and check the British retreat. On the 27th of June Washington determined to attack the English Army. The majority of the war council were unfavorable to such a step, but Washington seeing the necessity and opportunity remained steadfast to his purpose. Lafayette was sent to reënforce the troops at the front, Lee having refused the command. When Lafayette was well under way, however, Lee, seeing that great honor might be won in such an attempt, petitioned for the command which he had rejected. Washington sent Lee with reënforcements to Lafayette. Lee, of course, as superior officer, assumed command as soon as he joined Lafayette. Lee's orders were to attack the British unless there were weighty reasons to the contrary, and maintain his position until the arrival of the main body. Lee attacked as commanded, but as soon as the battle was well under way, fearful that his troops could not withstand the British advance, he ordered a retreat. While the Americans were thus retiring from the field the main body under Washington came up. Shocked and astonished beyond measure at this disobedience of orders Washington rode up to Lee and reprimanded him in no gentle terms. Stung by the reproach Lee faced about with his troops and renewed the attack. The main body under Washington also advancing the engagement became general. The British were beaten back slowly until midnight closed the conflict. At midnight the British silently withdrew, leaving the greater part of their baggage behind them. Lee's action in this battle has received the sharpest criticism of many historians. Indeed, some of them putting together the facts of his easy capture by the British, his conduct on the battlefield, and the temerity which he manifested in many of the councils of war, allege that he was at this time a traitor at heart, or else acting with Conway and Gates so as to bring discredit upon Washington.

These charges, however, seem to have but slight foundation. His capture can easily be laid to his boldness, his subsequent caution to the lesson taught him by the punishment of too
THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH. 349

great a daring. Nevertheless his conduct at Monmouth cannot escape our censure, for at the time when he ordered the retreat Wayne's infantry and Morgan's riflemen were really driving in the lines of the enemy. Had he acted with a touch of his old-time daring and made a charge with his whole line he would certainly have been ably aided, as he was, by the approach of the main body to administer a crushing blow to the British forces.

The loss of the Americans in this battle was but slightly less than that of the British, but the fact that the raw American troops had met British veterans on the open field and successfully withstood their attack when the numbers were really equal, did more good to the American cause than a decided victory would have done. In this battle was also seen one of those heroic actions which prove that women may and do lay aside the fabled weakness of their sex when warring for homes and firesides. During the heat of the engagement Molly Pitcher employed herself in carrying water to the artillerymen. Her husband, who was serving as No. 1 on his piece, being wounded, orders were given to remove the piece from the field. But brave Mollie, hearing the order, threw aside her bucket and seizing the rammer served the piece herself throughout the entire engagement. She was presented for her valor with a sergeant's commission and placed upon the half pay list. She was ever after known as Captain Molly and was a great favorite with the soldiers.

On one occasion, it is related, while Molly was washing clothes in the camp the commander himself stopped and addressed her.

"Good morning, Molly," said he, "isn't this life of inactivity becoming wearisome?"

"Indade and it is," said Molly, "and I am pining to be back at the front and get another crack at them Redcoats."

"But how about your petticoats, Molly," said the general.

"Faith, your honor knows," Molly replied, "that I would not serve in any corp save the artillery and I relies on the smoke to hide my petticoats."

Thus we see that Molly must have had a craving for bloomers.  

Anna Semmes Bryan.
THE WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

[Paper given Minneapolis Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, at Minneapolis, June 14, 1897, by Jennie J. B. Goodwin, Registrar.]

Many brave deeds are recorded in history of the women of the Revolution—and many deeds of heroism were performed which have not been preserved and remain a matter of tradition known only to their descendants. History has well demonstrated the fact that in their daughters, as well as their sons, we found no lack of bravery or patriotism. The yoke of foreign power must be thrown off. The chains of British tyranny broken—at any cost. The cry, "God save our country and her sons," was wrung from the hearts of many mothers as their loved ones went forth to battle in its defense. It has been said that our victory was due much to woman's courage, wisdom, and endurance. The courage of the women of those days was shown in the wife of Colonel Bratton when confronted by Captain Christian Huck, a British officer at the head of his company, who rudely demanded—"where is your husband?" "In Sumpter's army," was her prompt reply—finding he could not by flattering words gain the knowledge he wished, he then resorted to threats to force her to disclose the place of her husband's retreat, which she firmly refused to do, even after he had ordered a sharp reaping hook placed at her throat, held by a brutal soldier. Captain Huck was known to be an unprincipled officer at the head of four hundred cavalry and was often heard to say that God Almighty was turned rebel, but if there were twenty Gods on their side they should all be conquered. Again when Major Ferguson, a British officer of the Seventy-first Regiment, camped at the plantation of Captain Dillard (who was in Colonel Clark's regiment), Mrs. Dillard learned from their conversation that they knew where Colonel Clark was encamped and intended to surprise him that night; she hastily prepared supper for Ferguson and his officers and while they were eating she stole from the room, bridled a young horse, and without a saddle rode to the encampment of Colonel Clark and warned him of the impending danger. In an instant every man was at his
post prepared for the enemy. Day had not yet dawned when Colonel Dunlap, with two hundred picked mounted men fell upon the camp of Colonel Clark and was greatly surprised and disconcerted when they found the Americans fully prepared to meet them. The conflict raged desperately for fifteen minutes, the British were repulsed with great slaughter and the survivors hastened back to Ferguson to give the news of their defeat; and here I will record the name of Ellen McDowell, who, when her husband was secretly making gunpowder in a cave, burned the charcoal for that purpose upon her hearth and carried it to him; some of this manufactured powder was used in the battle of King's Mountain.

We read that the brave Mary Knight secreted from the British troops her brother (General Warrel) in a hogshead for three days, the house being searched at four different times by the troops anxious to secure the price placed upon his head; again her courage is shown in relieving the suffering (as far as it was in her power) of Washington's troops at Valley Forge by cooking and carrying by herself provisions in the depth of winter, passing the outposts of the British in the disguise of a market woman. One of the most touching acts of bravery was performed by a young girl, Elizabeth Zane, who volunteered to procure a keg of powder from a house that stood about sixty yards from the gate of the fort, which was surrounded by the enemy within rifle range; nearly all their garrison had been killed, only twelve (including boys) were left, and their stock of powder was exhausted; she insisted that no one else could be spared as well as she, and knowing who should seek it must become a target for the savage horde without, the blood thrills as we picture her on so dangerous an errand. With a stout heart she leaves the fort, with the swiftness of an arrow she reaches the house, emerges again with the keg of powder in her arms and skimming the ground reaches the gate of the fort amid a shower of bullets in safety.

I may, without fear of criticism, record here that old, old story of the brave Emily Geiger, the daughter of a German painter in Fairfield district, who volunteered to take a message for Major Green to General Thomas Sumpter when none of his men seemed willing to undertake the hazardous service. The
boldness of the not over eighteen year old girl delighted Major Green and he accepted her offer. With his usual caution he communicated the contents of the letter to Emily, fearing she might lose it on the way. The maiden mounted a fleet horse, and crossing at Camden ferry passed on toward Sumpter's camp, passing through a dry swamp. On the second day she was intercepted by British scouts as an object of suspicion coming from Major Green's army, and was taken to a house on the edge of the swamp and confined in a room. With proper delicacy they sent for a woman to search her. No sooner was she left alone than she ate up Major Green's letter piece by piece. Not finding anything to warrant their suspicion she was released and reached General Sumpter's camp in safety, communicated Major Green's message, and soon the British were flying before the Americans.

In recording a few instances connected with the women of Vermont during the Revolution it is necessary to state some of the difficulties under which the inhabitants were laboring at that time, struggling with privations and inconveniences attending a new settlement, remote from old towns and ready market, and what was worse than all this, Vermont was not an acknowledged State, owing to three conflicting claims of three grants set up by the State of New York, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, no two of them could agree who should have them, yet all could agree to oppose in Congress the admission of Vermont into the Union as an independent State. The British were fully aware of the excited state of feeling in Vermont in regard to this subject, and as Vermont was rejected by her sister colonies they entertained strong hope that they could detach her from the common interest of the Colonies and bring her to espouse the cause of the mother country. Thus Vermont had a difficult part to sustain in the great drama which was being enacted, standing as she did between two or more fires, which required all the courage and physical power of both the men and women during the entire war. The tilling of their new farms was left to the women, who in many instances had known naught of much hardships and danger.

In 1777 it was reported that Burgoyne was to send out three
detachments of his soldiers to the Connecticut Valley; one to Newberry, one to Royalton, and Chestertown, New Hampshire. The news spread like electricity through the entire country. Those who had remained true to their country’s cause expected to feel the vengeance of these enemies. Men, women, and children were fleeing from their homes not knowing what moment they might be overtaken by the British. The sight of these women with their crying children was enough to effect the stoutest heart, says Wallace. When the news reached Newberry of the expected attack of the British the wife of Colonel Johnston prepared for them. The colonel had a raft moored on his land which bordered the Connecticut River (that divides New Hampshire and Vermont). Unaided, she took what stock she could at a time on the raft and towed them to the New Hampshire side, going over and back several times, till all were beyond the reach of the hungry Briton. Leaving the little ones to care for each other she then took a spade, went into the garden and dug a hole large enough to bury her silver and other valuables; returning to the house she gave the children their supper and put them to bed. She then reloaded her pistols and waited for the coming of the enemy. The British on learning that Newberry was informed of their intended attack, changed their plans and went to Royalton and burned the place. Not long after the burning of Royalton—when Colonel Johnston was away with a company of men engineering a road through the wilderness to cut off the British troops—a noted Tory knowing of this persuaded some lawless men of the place to go with him and make a raid on Colonel Johnston’s house. On arriving at the place they broke open the door and all filed in. Mrs. Johnston was sleeping with her children with her pistols on a stand at the side of her bed. On entering they raked open the bed of coals (there were no matches made at that time) and taking the tongs drew out a coal which they blew until it was a red heat, then placed the wick of the candle to it. As soon as lighted the ringleader seized it; but no sooner had he taken it in his hands than Mrs. Johnston sprang from the bed and blew out the candle and prevented him from lighting it again, while he called to his men (with a broad nasal twang) to get him a candle, a candle. The
men knowing who they had to contend with fled and left their leader. Mrs. Johnston seizing the tongs drove the Tory out of the house giving him such advice as he most needed, and she afterwards said if he had troubled her more she would have given him a candle that would light him to eternity.

Few had the muscular ability to do what she did, or having it would not have dared to use it. She was an expert with her needle and it is said both physically and mentally great. In a letter written by Mrs. Walter Davis, of Danville, Vermont, August 11, 1895, she said, "if Hephzebath Johnston was living at this time she would be called a strong-minded woman." She had more pluck and determination than any other woman I ever read or heard of. If the history of her life could be known, when surrounded with her large family of little children, her husband away in the service of his country, they would say the remarkable person in your ancestry would be your great-grandmother. In writing Colonel Robert Johnston's service in the Revolutionary War, let her stand by his side an equal, if not more. When the alarm had somewhat subsided at Newberry Mrs. Richard Wallace traveled out six miles to their little farm to see to the crops. She found the oats ripe for harvesting. There was no one to help her, for every man that could be spared was in the army. Nothing daunted she took a scythe and mowed them; when dried, gathered them in bunches and stacked them. In like manner she went out and gathered her corn and potatoes. She then went to work clearing some ground and when her husband returned from the army she had cleared and sowed one acre of wheat; having during his absence traveled, going to and from the river seventy-two miles.

On June 17, 1782, the British made a bold effort to take prisoner General Jacob Bailey, of Newberry. The general was warned by a friend who passed directly before him letting fall a piece of paper on which was written "the Philistines be upon thee, Sampson." As soon as he could, without suspicion, he went to the river and passed safely over to the Haverhill side. The guards of the Bailey house consisted of Captain Fry Bailey, commandant, and seven men. The enemy was not discovered until they were within a few rods of the front door. Being over-
powered by numbers and knowing how useless it would be to resist, the guards disappeared in all directions, but there was one of the household who displayed greater courage and presence of mind. It was Sarah Fowler, a servant girl, who, with Mrs. Bailey's babe in her arms, remained upon the ground undismayed at the sight of loaded muskets and bristling bayonets and repeatedly extinguished a candle which was lighted for the purpose of searching the house. Not succeeding with the candle, one of the company took a fire brand and attempted to renew the search. This the dauntless maid struck from his hand and strewed the coals around the room, which was too much for British blood to bear, and he swore by a tremendous oath that if she annoyed them any more he would blow out her brains, showing at the same time how he would do it. She then desisted as she had good reason to believe he would execute his threat. Mrs. Bailey during the time was concealed in the currant bushes in the garden. The British, greatly disappointed in the main object of their pursuit, proceeded on their way back to Canada.

The sun was fast setting when Ann Story and her boys, having finished the toils of the day sat enjoying the cool evening air, when one of her sons informed her that the woods on the opposite side of the river seemed alive with folks running, with white clothes on. She went to the river to ascertain what it all meant and discovered it to be a small company of Americans urging forward their smoking and jaded steeds. Hastily bringing from the sheltered nook her boat, she rowed to the opposite side of the river. "God bless you," Mrs. Story, "for your timely aid," exclaimed Captain Selden. He then told her they were being pursued by the British and had two young women under their care and their only hope of escape was to find refuge at her abode. She immediately tendered them the use of her boat and the protection they sought. On their arrival at the cabin she disclosed to the Captain a trap door; descending a short ladder they reached a narrow passage several rods long (cut through solid earth), which led to a room twelve feet square, and on removing a block disclosed another passage leading to the river bank. As soon as possible the work of barricading began. Mrs. Story showing them how, by removing a block here and there, they were provided with a temporary fort.
Their only hope in case they were not able to withstand the attack of the British, was to place several kegs of powder in such a manner that when lighted it would cause an explosion which would be most disastrous to the enemy on entering the house. Everything being in readiness, Mrs. Story insisted that all should take food and their much needed rest, while she, with shot gun in hand, stood guard. The rest was of short duration as the British had with them a large band of Indians, who on reaching the river swam across, and in a short time had rafts for the enemy to cross on. The attack was made at dark, and was met with the courage of true Americans. They soon found that the worst might be expected. Captain Selden explained to Mrs. Story that the explosion Captain Hendee had planned was all that was left for them—if successful, she would be the only loser. "I leave it to you and my God," she replied; "I am a coward when it comes to exposing my children." The plans were quickly carried forward. Captain Selden ordered all to seek the safety of the underground room, saying that the way must be kept clear for him, and holding the torch to light the train firmly in his hand waited until the enemy was full upon the fatal spot. "They flee," cried the British officer. "Charge!" In the next instant the fatal plot was revealed to the British, all too late to retreat. The explosion did its deadly work, but those sheltered in the underground room of Ann Story were unharmed. So, in the great struggle of our country for freedom, woman proved herself man's helpmate, as God intended her to be. Not hers to bear the musket, wield the sword, or charge with bayonet upon the field of battle, but a true patriot, wife and mother was woman, who in thousands of instances in times of danger has performed astonishing deeds of heroism that has won for woman a place of honor in the history of our Nation.

Bryant says:

What heroes from the woodland sprung,
When through the fresh awakened land
The thrilling cry of freedom rung,
And to the work of warfare strung
The yeoman's iron hand.

Then marched the brave from rocky steep,
From mountain river swift and cold,
ADDRESS.

The borders of the stormy deep,
The vales where gathered waters sleep,
Sent up the strong and bold.

As if the very earth again
Grew quick with God's creating breath,
And from the sands of grove and glen
Rose ranks of lion-hearted men,
To battle to the death.

The wife whose babe first smiled that day,
The fair fond bride of yester eve,
The aged sire and matron gray,
Saw the loved warriors haste away
And deemed it sin to grieve.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BY JOS. HANSEL MERRILL BEFORE THE FRANCIS MARION CHAPTER OF THOMASVILLE, GEORGIA, APRIL 19, 1896.

Daughters of the American Revolution: I assure you I appreciate highly the honor of addressing you to-day, the first time you have met to celebrate a revolutionary anniversary, and that anniversary the first event in that momentous struggle, judged by its results, of modern times. No doubt there are many, who being ineligible to membership in your Order, would say to you, in the language of the English officer to the minute men assembled at Lexington, "Disperse you rebels;" rebels against the socialism and populism of the times; you who would set a high standard for society, as your ancestors would set a high standard of sturdy, independent manhood and womanhood for the enlightenment of the world.

As the seventy "minute men" of Lexington were the advance guard of that army, small in numbers but great in soul, which achieved American independence and made possible a government of, by, and for the people, so may you hope to be the advance guard that will make possible a society of pure lineage, of lofty aspirations, of generous impulses; exalting only what is pure, true, and good; where high character shall have its proper recognition and no virtues go unrewarded.
A British major stirring his liquor on the morning of the battle of Lexington said, "So will I stir the Yankee blood before night." And so he did. Stirred it till in its ebulition it threw off, and out, and away from our shores the scum of an effete aristocracy, a degenerate monarchy, a truckling servility and feeble dependence, and when that blood was again cool and clear it showed to the world the grandest courage, the truest heroism, the purest patriotism it had ever known. Such is your ancestry whose praises you love to sing.

Proper pride of ancestry is a stimulus to a noble life, but it is a sentiment to be dealt with carefully. Most heathen tribes venerate and deify their dead, and the greatness of the departed is magnified in direct proportion to the distance from which he is viewed. Unlike material things, which seem smaller in the distance and larger close at hand, these immaterial, often purely mythical virtues, seem greater in the eyes of each succeeding generation, till they have attained such huge proportions as to obscure the faults that accompanied them, until the person is regarded as the embodiment of all the virtues which shone in him in life, no matter to how limited an extent. We all understand that Shakespeare was ironical when he makes Mark Antony say over Cæsar's body, "The evil that men do lives after them, but the good is oft interred with their bones," so the idea that our natural inclinations are to forget vices and exalt virtues in the departed has the endorsement of this great master of the human heart.

The tendency then is often to overestimate the dignity and importance of our ancestors, and it is therefore on this side we need to be careful in considering them to guard against error. There is no wicked irreverence in setting for ourselves even a higher standard than that we find was our forefathers. Except we excel them the world will not progress along the various lines of civilization. As we hope for our children to succeed where we have failed, so will our ancestors, looking down upon us from the battlements of glory, hope for us to excel them. Except we do this we shall have wasted the points of vantage given us by their attainments and make them valueless. Our great and good and perfect ancestors are like the "golden days" of the past of which Macaulay says, "They
are like the mirage of the desert, and if you chase them they will recede to the regions of fabulous antiquity."

Even should ancestral greatness be as real as it seems, we should be mindful of what the Great Teacher said to the Jews who boasted their descent from Abraham as a guaranty of their entrance into heaven. As this was of no value in the religious world, where the individual concerned was not himself meritorious, neither will your ancestor’s revolutionary glory be of value to you in this age, this country of dollars and democracy. The requirement is that you stand on your own merits, not that of your ancestors. In fact, because of an illustrious ancestry more will be required of you. “To whom much has been given, of him shall much be required” is a truth that has resounded through all time, applicable to every interest of man. The blood of illustrious ancestors coursing in your veins demands of you illustrious deeds. Boasting of your ancestry before your fellows is as unwise as boasting of your wealth to the tax assessor. Prove yourself worthy of your distinguished progenitors before you herald their achievements, else having set that standard for yourself you may fall short of your own measure, be found wanting when weighed in your own balance.

It would seem then this is no help, no means of promoting your success in life; not a reliance for assistance in bread-winning or reputation-making. For such it is verily a broken reed to lean upon, sinking sand to stand on.

And what about our boast of our democratic institutions, our republican form of government, our ridicule of France for trying to mix aristocracy and republicanism? What do your fellow citizens, who are not and cannot be Sons or Daughters of the Revolution, say to you who lay claim to this distinction? How do they feel to you because of it? Sallust tells us elevation is dangerous and exacting; the more a person is exalted the more generally he is observed, the greater the number of eyes by which he is scrutinized. Should you not be careful lest you excite envy, jealousy, hatred? You may give rise to the suspicion that you would be above, separate, and apart from your fellows; that you feel like the Pharisee, who, gath-
ering his mantle about him said, "Stand aside, I am holier than thou."

I have mentioned these ideas not to prejudice you against your Order, not to make you think of turning back after putting your hand to the plow, but to call your attention to the responsibilities and obligations you have taken upon yourselves, in this land of liberty and equality.

Having pointed out some of the thorn-producing plants that grow along the path of the Daughters of the American Revolution, let us turn our attention to the lilies and the roses, the violets and chrysanthemums, lest you class me as one only finding evil instead of good.

A new nation is somewhat akin to a new broom in the effectiveness of its work. The ambitious, energetic, brave young men of Europe are going to South Africa to-day, and before we all die of old age it is likely the sturdy German and English populations of the various colonies there, will, remembering their ancient Saxon kinship, unite forces and at some opportune time invite Germany and England to mind their own business and stay at home, while they set up housekeeping on their own account under the name of the United States of South Africa.

Half to three quarters of a century ago Australia was the bourne of the adventurous spirit seeking a fortune; and the spur of necessity, which grows rife in a new country, has so sharpened the wits of these people that they have given to the world the solution of the two greatest and most perplexing problems of our political and business life, the means of securing a full and honest ballot and an inexpensive, accurate, and convenient method of transferring titles to real estate.

Something more than a century ago the French people threw off the yoke of their aristocratic oppressors and as emphatically a new people in the enjoyment of liberty of thought and action as Australians or Americans astonished and terrified the world with their energy, their inventions, their achievements.

This brings us back, in glancing at the history of the world, to the time when the men and women whom you especially venerate set the example to the world of a government, organized and managed by a people for the benefit of themselves. It
is the virtue of the women of this period that you should make your own. This, I take it, is a prime object of your organization. These women were not perfect; in some matters far inferior to the women of to-day, but they had those rugged, sturdy, brave, enduring souls whose courage, strength, and intelligence were potent factors in the great events of their time!

Macaulay tells us that each generation of people, while blushing with shame or roaring with mirth at the vices or follies of those that have gone before, hugs with delight to its own bosom other vices and follies equally as grievous and ridiculous, so let us not throw stones lest our own houses should prove, on inspection, to be of glass, for it might be possible that with the acquisition of wealth, and accompanying refinements of thought and feeling, and ease, and luxury of living we have lost some of the vigor and lofty aspiring qualities of these progenitors; there might prove to be the difference between them and us that there was between the children of the mission school in the suburbs and those of the aristocratic private city school. On being asked the question "What do you intend doing when you are grown," the fact was developed that each of the former had conceived a purpose which was to stimulate and guide her life, while it had not occurred to the other that there was anything for them to do.

Those Dames of 1776 each had a thorough conviction that there was "work for her to do," and right grandly did she do it. Their thrift and economy at home, whereby they made something out of nothing and did without a great many things they were obliged to have, enabled their husbands and stimulated their sons to lay broad and deep the foundations of the greatest nation the world has ever known. The world has yet to know a great man, I mean a truly great man who did not have a great mother; a woman with a soul brave and strong enough to pass triumphantly through the storms of life; rising superior to all emergencies and conquering all difficulties; it is such a woman who trains the embryonic man so that in his maturity he may found empires. The Spartan mother taught her son to win his battles or be brought home on his shield; so did Roman matrons in the days of the Republic, and the stars of greatness of Greece and Rome did not pass their zenith and begin their
decline till Grecian and Roman mothers had forgotten such duties and given themselves over to reveling in luxury and considering only their own enjoyment. "Tis a great truth that "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." There lies your power and your responsibility; make use of the one and appreciate the other.

I say then to you, study the lives and characters of your revolutionary mothers; learn the motives which actuated them, the thoughts which guided them, the principles which sustained them, and strive to return to the vigor of their thought and action. It is necessity which develops strength and discovers resources, while the possession of a competency is the most paralyzing factor in the experience of the human family. This is why nations lose their glory and their power when they become rich. And now while our Nation is fast becoming the richest on earth let it be your duty, emulating the virtues of the women of American colonial times, to bring into play the forces then dominant, to see to it that every child of your training, boy or girl, has a purpose in life. And let me say here, by the way, that nothing conduces so surely to human happiness as the consciousness of having within ourselves the capacity to take care of self under all circumstances. Wealth may be swept away in a night, however secure it may seem, but what cares he or she who has left the power to create it again. Stimulate the youth of the country to high and noble ideas of citizenship, teaching them that there is no human standard with which they should be satisfied, to self-denial and work, work that right and justice and love may triumph and dominate all things.

No, ladies, in becoming Daughters of the American Revolution you have not donned a badge to be flaunted for show, as an empty honor, to dazzle the eyes of the later arrivals on this continent, but, like that noble society calling themselves "The King's Daughters," you have taken upon yourselves an obligation, a pledge of which your lives must be worthy. Great have been your advantages, let your achievements be alike great; let the thought of your noble ancestry stimulate you to noble life; let not the family history, looked up in succeeding
ages, find this generation a bare connecting link with no distinguishing glory.

Napoleon, before the battle of the Pyramids in Egypt, told his troops, "Reflect, that from yonder monuments forty centuries look down upon you." It was a suggestion worthy of Napoleon; it won the battle. You, by your organization, have called the noble sires and dames of our colonial times to witness your lives; let the thought of such spectators nerve you to win your battles and enable you to say with Longfellow:

"Lives of great men oft remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

OBSTACLES TO D. A. R. WORK IN THE SOUTH.
[By Mrs. Annie White Mell, Regent Light Horse Harry Lee Chapter, Auburn, Alabama, 1897.]

The South possesses five of the thirteen original States that took part in the War of the Revolution—Maryland, Virginia, the two Carolinas, and Georgia. It would then seem probable that a large per cent. of the members of the Daughters of the American Revolution would be Southern women. But on the contrary these five States were entitled to scarcely more than eighty delegates to the great Continental Congress of February, 1897, which would have numbered nearly eight hundred members if all its authorized delegates had been present. Chapter Regents in the South know that this great deficiency in our numbers does not proceed from indifference or lack of patriotism in our women, but from the great difficulty in proving the two important points in our admission papers: the line of descent, which should be strictly scrutinized, and the ancestor's service, which should be carefully verified. Our Chapter Regents and Registrars are expected to possess the instinct of a greyhound in following a genealogical trail and a memory truly phenomenal for names, dates, and localities in order to efficiently assist the anxious candidate in searching for the truth in the dim and misty past.

This article is written to explain why our Society does not
grow more rapidly in the South and also to suggest that the officers should be less exacting in the rule strictly requiring printed or official proof of the ancestor's service, when other proof can be obtained of nearly equal importance.

Southern families from early colonial days have been famous for their pride of birth and devotion to ancestral traditions. A large proportion of the first settlers were men of good birth, younger sons of excellent families, who came over in search of fortune, and immediately became prominent in the affairs of the southern colonies. Descendants of this ruling class have clung persistently to their traditions of family distinction and even in poverty and misfortune have been sustained by their pride of birth. "Colonel Carter, of Cartersville, Virginia," is a strongly drawn character not much exaggerated, and even the independent, sturdy Georgian is secretly proud of his "colonels" and receives good naturedly the newspaper jokes concerning them.

Is it not strange and inconsistent, then, that the South, so full of noble families, whose names have been honored for generations, and with a past crowded with illustrious deeds and a history rich in everything romantic and thrilling, should be appallingly deficient in public records of colonial and revolutionary days?

How little has been published and what a vast, obscure, almost untrodden field for the historian and genealogist? Not only the aristocrat, full of pride of lineage, but the yeoman, self-made and rejoicing in his own abilities, were sadly neglectful in writing and preserving public records.

It has been said that the South has always been "too busily engaged in making history to find time to record it," and Thomas Nelson Page gives as a reason that "proud, independent of dominant spirit, accustomed to lead and command, the Southerner recognized no tribunal that had power to pass upon his acts, recognized no necessity for records, when there was no one higher than himself to whose approval to submit them."

The publications of the Southern History Association for January, 1897, contains a valuable contribution by Dr. Stephen B. Weeks entitled "The Promotion of Historical Studies in the South." He gives a list of the colonial and revolutionary
records which have been collected and published by the Southern States governments.

Maryland and Virginia have been more fortunate in preserving records than the other States and have published a few volumes. Besides the State work, the *William and Mary Quarterly* and the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography*, and the *Lower Norfolk, Virginia, Antiquary* are carrying on the work of history and genealogy with much success. Within the past few years North and South Carolina have been collecting and publishing records also and are manifesting much interest in rescuing from oblivion the remains of their valuable archives. Georgia is the only Southern State that has done nothing towards printing her colonial and revolutionary history; and she possesses no register of her troops in the Continental Army. "In the last hundred years Georgia has spent less than ten thousand dollars in the compilation of her history and not a dollar for its publication."

Heitman’s *Historical Register* gives the number of troops furnished by these five Southern States during the Revolution as 137,000, almost half of the whole number contributed by the entire thirteen States.

Not more than one-tenth of these names can be found registered. Compare these meagre and incomplete records with the splendid system of the New England States. Church and town and county and State records are well nigh perfect. These provinces were settled by men thoughtful, earnest, far seeing, of accurate, systematic business habits; very different from the careless, easy going cavaliers of the South. When these Puritans selected a spot for a future town, almost before a tree was felled they formed their municipal government, appointed their "selectmen, listers, pounders," etc., names sounding oddly in Southern ears, and the clerk was ready to record every event in the history of the new town. No wonder that hundreds of genealogies are published in the North and that the New England *Historical and Genealogical Magazine* can build itself into a mountain of volumes and that the Daughters of the American Revolution of New England are numbered by thousands.

I can recall but one such instance of faithful record in the
South, that of Midway Church, Liberty County, Georgia. This Congregational church originally emigrated from Boston to South Carolina in 1696, bringing their systematic methods with them. They removed in a body to Georgia in 1752. Their records while in South Carolina were unfortunately destroyed in the Colonial wars, but from 1752 until the late Civil War, a period covering more than a century, their records of birth, baptism, marriage, and death were full and accurate. They have been recently published, and are a mine of wealth to the Georgia genealogist. "The Sons of Liberty County are the moral and intellectual nobility of Georgia." (Stevens Hist. of Georgia.)

In South Carolina there are no State marriage records, as no license is required, and the minister may or may not inscribe the names of the wedded couples on his church books, as he has time or inclination. In Connecticut the marriages can be traced back from son to father, to grandfather, &c., to the earliest history of the Colony. Imagine the contrast in work for the genealogist.

Furthermore the majority of our archives, scarce, brief, and meagre as they were, have been lost or destroyed by the frequent wars that have devastated our unfortunate country. We have rushed from one war to another with scarcely breathing time between. When State houses, court houses, churches, and other public buildings were repeatedly robbed and burned there could be no continuity of record. Every war that has afflicted this country has been especially severe within the borders of the South. The Revolution swept bare the shores of Georgia and South Carolina and rushed over North Carolina and Virginia, laying waste to the country. In the War of 1812 British vessels of war were constantly upon the Georgia and Carolina coasts robbing and destroying property. Hostilities among the Indians were frequent. The Spaniards aided the Florida Indians in harassing our Southern borders, and the tribes of North Georgia and Alabama annoyed our pioneers; fire and pillage accompanied them. These troubles were so recent as to be easily remembered by our older inhabitants, who often speak of the distressing times before the Indians were removed to the reservation. Only a few years of peace
were given us when the great Civil War engulfed us in almost total ruin. The destruction of the public and private records of the South in that war cannot be estimated.

Turning in disappointment from our own imperfect sources of information we seek assistance from Washington from the headquarters, the Record and Pension Office, but find little to aid us in that department. We are repeatedly told in Heitman's Historical Register that "the records of Georgia and the Carolinas are very meagre, few and far between, owing no doubt to the constant and arduous campaigns in those States in which the regiments participated, with frequent loss of all their baggage and records, most of them captured by the enemy in the frequent battles, raids, and skirmishes." No wonder then that nine-tenths of the names of our soldiers were not registered.

And there were so many devoted patriots who were never enrolled at all; minute men of whom Mr. Randolph said that they were "raised in a minute, armed in a minute, marched in a minute, fought in a minute, and were victorious in a minute." Partisan Rangers who rode boldly and furiously with Screven and Sumter, Rudolph and Marion; and those volunteers who fought when the enemy was near in defense of their homes and families, who took their guns to the fields and ploughed and worked their crops full-armed, ready at a moment's warning to repel the cruel attacks of British and Tories. Where will we find printed records of their service?

And those who were killed in battle or died in prison or from disease left no names for the pension list. Those who had means and held positions of influence scorned to apply for pensions, and their names too are absent.

The history of the Revolution shows the South to be brave in battle, wise in council, prodigal of men and supplies, with a country ravaged by the enemy; yet because of her gallantry and misfortunes we must suffer from injustice and struggle under these difficulties. We must appear to the world to be cold, indifferent, and unpatriotic, when we are filled with ardent love for the country defended and guided by Washington, Lee, Jefferson, Harrison, Henry, Moultrie, Sumter, Marion, Rutledge, and other innumerable Southern patriots and heroes. Although we have few printed records we have many traditions of our
revolutionary ancestors, beautiful and thrilling stories that have never been published; for we scorned, in older days, publicity in print and the ostentation of "personals." We have relics that have been reverently handed down from generation to generation, and that have withstood the wear and tear of emigration to our new States and the hurried "refugeeing" of our Civil War. We have tombstones in our family burying grounds on the old plantations which bear testimony to the deeds of heroes; we have family Bibles and scrapbooks and albums, old newspapers with obituary notices, family trees stained with age and cherished with the greatest pride, but all are of no avail without printed or official record of service. I know a family which preserves reverently an old Continental uniform worn by a brave ancestor whose name has not yet been found on the rolls or in any printed history. Another family guards among its choicest treasures an old miniature, exquisitely painted, of a noble face and youthful figure dressed in the Continental uniform. It is the likeness of a young Frenchman who came with Lafayette to our assistance and was captured by the bright eyes of a South Carolina maiden, married and settled in that State. His descendants knew his history, but he is another unpublished hero.

Another family possesses a relic of priceless value to them—a piece of silver with an inscription which relates that it was presented to their gallant ancestor (an orderly under General Sumter) after the battle of Guilford Court House, North Carolina, by General Sumter as a memento of bravery in action. But his name has never been in print and his descendants are also debarred from our Society. There are many similar instances that could be cited and it is true that a large per cent. of those who have a right by birth to join our Society are prevented by lack of printed or official record.

Another serious obstacle to the growth of our Society in the newer Southern States is the great difficulty of clearly tracing the lineage, a very important work and one that should be carefully executed. In many instances emigration has destroyed the memory of the links in the family history. The pioneers of Alabama and Mississippi were too busy attending to their daily needs, wrestling with Nature in her sterner
moods, defending their homes and families from savages and foreign enemies to think often of family traditions and too busy to make family records. The motto of families in these newer States is not "Fuimus" as often as "Sumus" or "Erimus." A faint memory remains to the present generation of some indistinct family legends related by a grandmother, who vainly endeavored to impress upon the heedless youthful mind the story of past glories and distinctions. We are living now in too rapid an age for young people to listen to or remember traditions of the past. Family pride is instilled but family history is forgotten.

How often do we meet those who reply to the question, "Would you not like to join the Daughters of the American Revolution Society?" with the answer, "Nothing would please me more, and I am sure I can join for my ancestors were Thorntons, or Harrisons, Cockes or Prestons, Willises or Lewises away back one hundred years ago in Virginia." Family pride is still very strong, but the Christian name of this remote ancestor of distinguished lineage cannot be recalled, and then begins a weary genealogical puzzle, searching into the ramifications of these immense families, for lineage cannot be accepted upon tradition; it should be clearly and positively accurate. Southern ladies of good blood and old school training shrink from the idea of proclaiming ostentatiously their claims to position. The exclamation is instantly, "Do you mean to say, my dear, that I must prove that I am a lady?" It seems indelicate to the reserved, proud woman, conscious of her birth and breeding, and the Society appears to her full of clamoring pretentious persons eagerly showing chapter and verse to prove their claims.

But accurate lineage should be strictly demanded, or our Lineage Books as they are published will reveal many errors, and will be quickly criticised by genealogists. Careful research will reveal many forgotten lines and answer many puzzling questions. Southern genealogists have already been wonderfully successful in tracing out the confusing complications of family lines, and the lineage in time will not be so difficult to prove.

Yet as long as such importance is attached to official or
printed records, Daughters of the American Revolution work in the South must necessarily progress slowly, for our sources of information are so meagre and limited. Can nothing be done towards replacing our lost records? Can we not draw information from private sources and contribute our quota to the history of our country in furnishing many names forgotten until now for filling the blanks in the revolutionary roster? It seems to me we could have no nobler or more interesting work than that of rescuing these forgotten heroes from oblivion. Can we not enter a plea for greater value to be placed upon relics and traditions? When these belong to families of the highest merit, well known to the Chapter Regent and if necessary endorsed also by the State Regent, could not some special effort be made to admit these descendants of true patriots? Nothing is more beautiful than their heroic lives and devotion. Our American Monthly is full of articles eloquent with enthusiasm and admiration for the heroes of the Revolution; patriotism is most beautifully expressed, reflecting the sentiment of every Daughter of the American Revolution; we unite in honoring them, and can we not unite in rescuing them from complete oblivion? Let us search for these names and relate these histories that are now unknown. Let us avail ourselves of material that is eagerly accepted by every historian commendably desirous of obtaining fresh truths. Let evidence of every kind be carefully examined; inscriptions in country churchyards and old plantation family burying grounds; old letters, diaries, family Bibles, and other old family documents exhumed from the dust of garrets and the recesses of chests and cupboards; clippings from old publications carefully preserved in family scrap books; honored traditions handed down in families of position and influence, and from every other source that would be accepted by a truthful historian.

Then will our roll of honor successfully supplement the roster of the War Department and render illustrious the name of many a hero who has been unknown to the public for more than a century, but whose memory has ever been revered and honored by his descendants and their friends.
THE CAPE FEAR SECTION DURING THE REVOLUTION.

The very mention of the Cape Fear region calls to memory Campbell's matchless line:

"For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight."

For thus it is ever as the years roll on, one historical event creates another. The defeat at Culloden, in 1746, of Prince Charles Edward Stuart and his Scotch Highlanders led to the settlement of the Cape Fear section by these same sons of Scotland, who accepted, from the House of Hanover, full pardon under the great seal upon condition of emigration to America. None, however, were permitted to embark without taking a solemn oath that they would be good and faithful subjects of King George, and many were given commissions as officers under the Crown on half pay. They were thus in allegiance to a King, it must always be to a King, for in their estimation he was "the Lord's anointed, and to rebel against him was the same thing as to rebel against the Lord himself." It was also one of their characteristics to obey implicitly each and every superior officer and never to break an oath. Let us keep these traits in mind in our judgment of the events we are about to consider.

All the Scotch of the Cape Fear were not thus bound, some had been born in this country and were emigrants from Pennsylvania or New Jersey even before 1729, while many came after that date; still others had crossed the boisterous ocean of their own free will in the hope of greater freedom for mind and body in a peaceful land and a sunny clime.

At the breaking out of the Revolution this band of North Carolina Scotch-Americans covered the present counties of Cumberland, Bladen, Sampson, Moore, Robeson, Richmond, and Anson. The oath-bound settlers were the most numerous, and for reasons just given remained loyal to the King. The others were almost to a man Whigs. Throughout the entire struggle these two parties were in arms, oftentimes neighbor against neighbor.
Historians very generally overlook the minor details, forgetting that the result of the smaller fights really lead up to or prevent the great battles, as the case may be, a state of affairs more than ordinarily true of this part of North Carolina during the struggle for our independence.

When the British were driven from Boston in the winter of 1776 they went first to the Chesapeake, but eventually headed for North Carolina, expecting to be joined by troops from New York, Sir Henry Clinton to be commander of the whole. Almost at the same date Sir Peter Parker's fleet sailed from England with orders to anchor at the Cape Fear. The elements delayed these reinforcements so that they did not arrive until April.

This attempt to transfer hostilities to North Carolina was made at the instigation of Governor Martin, the last of the royal appointees. He was a fugitive on Johnson's Island, though he afterward took up his abode on the ship "Cruise," just off the coast. He made the British authorities believe that if they could concentrate forces at the mouth of the Cape Fear and march up through the country they would be joined by the Loyalists, with which it abounded, and victory in that colony would be certain. He was accordingly given power to commission and arm the leading Tories and order a general muster in that region.

In the meantime the Whigs were not idle. They had already met in convention at Hillsboro and formally organized, divided the province into six military districts and made every preparation for war; they also set the governor at defiance by burning the communication which he sent ordering them to disband. Now that the Whigs were fully officered, troops gathered, and when nearly two thousand Tories, under General McDonald, attempted to make their way to the shore to join Governor Martin and the expected armament, they were confronted at Cross Creek, now Fayetteville, by the Whigs under General James Moore.

General McDonald was afraid to make an attack, and finding the Whigs were raising on every side, suddenly turned in another direction in the hope of reaching Wilmington unmolested. General Moore sent Colonel Lillington, with two hundred and fifty men, to head him off at Moore's bridge, twenty miles from
Wilmington, where it was expected he would be joined by Colonel Caswell with eight hundred men from Newbern.

This was accomplished, and Caswell made the Tories believe he was camping on the same side of the creek with them by leaving camp fires, while in reality he had crossed the bridge and removed all the planks save two smooth round girders, which he greased to increase difficulty in crossing.

As General McDonald was ill Colonel McLeod took the command, and fell upon what he supposed was Caswell's camp, but all too late he found the foe on the other side of the narrow stream. Not to be baffled he selected the bravest of his men, and boldly made for the slippery logs, which were immediately raked by cannon and rifle balls. Colonel McLeod and Captain Campbell fell just as they landed, the former declaring with his last breath that America should not be free; then a brief but fierce struggle ensued. The entire Tory camp was captured, General McDonald and eight hundred and fifty men were made prisoners, while fifty were killed or mortally wounded. Among the prisoners was Major Allen McDonald, the husband of Flora McDonald, the famous protector of Prince Charles Edward Stuart during his disguise and flight to France. This intrepid woman was with the Tories at Cross Creek, using every endeavor to further the cause of the King. After the defeat she only waited long enough to secure her husband's release, when together they left America forever, after a residence of only about a year, glad, as she expressed it, to be rid of the "backwoods rebels."

The battle of Moore's Creek occurred February 27, 1776, so that when Clinton arrived from the Chesapeake, where he had been assisting Lord Dunmore, who had just been defeated at Great Bridge by the Whigs under Colonel Howe, he was met by chilling news; this was in March, and as he was momentarily expecting the fleet from England, he waited until it came, April 18, 1776.

Martin's maneuver to obtain aid from the four points of the compass had been frustrated by the encounters at Great Bridge and Moore's Creek, which cut off help from the North and South, and the discovery of a plot to arm the slaves was stopped by the Committee of Safety of Pitt County. The negroes, it is
said, were to have been joined by a horde of Indians from the West. These disasters led to a conference of the British commanders, which resulted in the departure of the ships to Charleston, South Carolina, after they had made a raid upon the plantations a short distance up the river, more especially upon that of Colonel Howe, who was absent from home. This was done as a retaliation for his victory in Virginia. Clinton and Cornwallis went in person with the detachment sent to his house and were a party to the murder of the three women whom they found there.

With a knowledge of these events, who will be so rash as to say that this scheme for the subjugation of North Carolina was not broken up by the valor of the small patriot bands, whose deeds have been detailed. Yet historians have spoken of their exploits in words few and misleading.

The Tories were much chagrined at defeat in open fight, and ravaged the Cape Fear, headed by a desperado of base and obscure origin, named David Fanning, who, to the shame of the British, was given a commission as colonel. The story of their cruelties to men, unoffending women, and children passes belief. Their movements were always in secret and when supposed to be miles away these unrelentless murderers were often just at the door. They would behead, burn, and hang by the wholesale; heads were cleft open by one stroke of the sword, so that half would fall on each shoulder. And why! The victim was a Whig.

There were, it is true, a few skirmishes when both sides were in battle array, but these were small and insignificant. The decisive contest was at Elizabethtown, September 29, 1781.*

*Wheeler, the historian, says the battle of Elizabethtown was fought in July, 1781, while Fanning's "Narrative" states that he encamped at Elizabethtown in the first days of September, 1781, before the battle. Mr. Hamilton McMillan, of Red Springs, North Carolina, who has furnished several items for this paper, says that he is in possession of an old letter written by Colonel Sampson, and dated Sampson Hall, North Carolina, September 19 (old style), 1781. This letter was published in University Magazine about 1860. The writer informs his correspondent that a messenger had arrived late at night with the news of the battle fought that morning. New style would make this date September 29, 1781.
Cornwallis had come up from South Carolina and met Greene at the battle of Guilford Court House in March preceding, but his much talked of victory placed him in such adverse circumstances as to be in reality a defeat. He fled to and occupied Wilmington for a little over two weeks, when he found it best to leave North Carolina, and by May he was in Virginia, where he spent the summer skirmishing on the banks of the James until he was finally hemmed in at Yorktown, and met the defeat which virtually ended the conflict.

But the British Major Craig remained at Wilmington all summer, and he encouraged the Tories to carry on their guerilla warfare with increased vigor.

With the exception of a letter written in 1845 by Robert E. Troy, Esq., and which has since appeared in The Robesonian, of Lumberton, North Carolina, no correct account of this battle has been printed. The historians, while acknowledging its importance, have deplored their inability to obtain exact data. Wheeler says, "This action produced in North Carolina a sudden and as happy results as the battles of Trenton and Princeton in New Jersey," yet he gives but a meagre description of the momentous event as sent him in a letter which contains many inaccuracies.

Mr. Troy's article tells the story as detailed to him by James Cain, a participant in the fight, and from it I quote freely, for I am the fortunate possessor of a copy of the document, as well as much other information for this article, through the courtesy of Mrs. Mary M. Harris, of Westbrook, Bladen County, North Carolina, a lineal descendant of the hero, Colonel Thomas Robeson, Jr., who, with his brother, Captain Peter Robeson, did such service that Wheeler says of them "Robeson and Irwin were the Percys of the Whigs, and might justly be called the Hotspurs of the Cape Fear."

In the summer of 1781 four hundred Tories under Colonel Slingsby occupied Elizabethtown, while at Brumpton, only four miles away on the same river, Colonel Fanning commanded five hundred more. Quite a number of their men were "singed Tories," or those who acted from compulsion and not from choice or principle. These two bodies of Tories pillaged, burned, and insulted to their heart's content, for the Wh
under Colonel Thomas Robeson, Jr., numbered only one hundred and eighty, and felt themselves too weak to defend their homes or make an attack on the Tories in a body. Captain Peter Robeson's house had been burned by the cruel Fanning, and his wife and infant of a few days old turned out of doors on a bitter night when the ground was covered with snow.

The situation was most desperate, both Robesons had seen much service, they had been officers at Moore's Creek, Raft Swamp, and Stuart's Creek,* near Davis Bridge, Cumberland County, but for the present they felt that "discretion was the better part of valor," and hesitated before attacking when so greatly outnumbered. In fact, Colonel Thomas Robeson's command had expired and the force would have been under the command of Colonel Thomas Brown, if he had not been wounded in a skirmish with the British near Wilmington, and so rendered unfit for service. Colonel Brown and the Whig soldiers requested Colonel Robeson to take command of this forlorn hope.

For three weeks did these brave one hundred and eighty Whigs hide themselves in the swamps seeking reinforcements and endeavoring to cut off stray bands of Tories. They encountered no Tories and gained no recruits. They then marched through Duplin, Johnston, Wake, and Chatham Counties, and part of Cumberland, hoping to increase their number. They were kindly received and found many friends, but although three general musters were called, they could not find one man willing to face what appeared certain death.

At the end of this tour of six weeks they were in Duplin County with only seventy-one men, the others having deserted or obtained leave of absence upon one pretext or another. They were mounted on emaciated horses, the bones of which were almost protruding through the skin. Few had a change of clothing, and the elbows, knees, and shoulders of nearly all were without covering. In this condition they arrived at the house of Gabriel Holmes, a firm patriot; and then and there Colonel Robeson announced his intention to return home and

*Captain Peter Robeson was in command at this fight, the Tories were completely routed. Hundreds of dead lay unburied until the women of the county covered the bodies with sand just where they lay.
scatter the Tories or perish in the attempt, and asked all who were willing to accompany him to step forward, and all but one responded. This brave band, worn out, half starved, and with but scanty ammunition, marched forth early one morning to attack the four hundred, that with nearly three times their present force, they had felt too weak to face.

They were goaded on by despair, for at every resting place during their fruitless march they were met by horsemen who told of fresh atrocities committed upon their defenseless families. They must conquer or die; they could no longer live in this distress.

After two days of hard marching, through an unfriendly and desolate country, they found themselves at dusk on the river opposite Elizabethtown. They had partaken of no regular meals in that time, and the horses were forced to subsist on what they could get by grazing during occasional halts. The early hours of the night were given to rest, but a short time before day, just as the moon ceased to give her light, on the morning of September 29, 1781* , they arranged to make their attack.

One man was left with the horses, and the other sixty-nine were divided into three companies of twenty-three each. They then undressed and fastened their clothing to their heads; each man grasped his gun by the barrel and turned the breech up so as to keep the lock out of water, then plunged in the stream, which was breast deep for the tallest, while the short ones with difficulty kept their heads above water.

They were to make assault on three sides, but not to fire until fired upon by a Tory sentinel. Then all were to rush furiously upon the sleeping camp, the watchword "Washington," to be continually shouted, whilst the commander gave orders to fictitious companies to advance.

So well was this plan carried out that the Tories fled in wild disorder, imagining that Washington and all his host was upon them. Most of the Tories fell headlong into a deep gorge,
which is still pointed out to the passengers on the boats which ply the Cape Fear as the "Tory Hole."

When the conflict ended the day was dawning. None of the Whigs lost their lives, and only four were hurt, while Godden, one of the Tory leaders, was dead, and Slingsby, the other, mortally wounded, and seventeen of their men killed.

A grand-niece of Colonel Brown says: "Aunt Brown often related to us the circumstance of Colonel Brown being wounded and at his home the night of the battle. Next morning, knowing nothing of it and walking to his landing, he saw a rowboat going down towards Wilmington, and from the boatmen he learned of the battle, and that they were taking Slingsby to the doctors. Colonel Brown seeing his condition urged their return to (Slingsby's) home, about seven miles above, but he died in the boat before reaching there."

The power and spirit of the Tories was completely gone after this most courageous and successful encounter on the part of the Whigs, and they made very little further effort to plunder or murder on the Cape Fear, and in their fright at the sudden power the Whigs had gained some of them fled for protection to Wilmington, which was then in the hands of the British under Major Craig. For many years afterward stories were current of the experience of these terror-stricken Tories in their wild flight, for many of them ceased not to run until they reached their homes. All who were not dead or wounded fled; no prisoners were taken, but much valuable booty fell into the hands of the Whigs.

One man ran into the nearest thicket, then rushed wildly on until he reached his home in Robeson County, only stopping to beg food at the houses of his Tory friends. As he went he told how the entire Continental Army, headed by Washington, had suddenly surrounded them. He felt sure he was the only man not killed, for he had to make his way through rank after rank of the American Army. His comrades lay prostrate in every direction, and he was forced to walk over their dead bodies to make his escape. Cannon boomed incessantly; he ran before one, but it only snapped at him, otherwise he would not have been there to tell the tale.

The dauntless Whigs felt like pushing their success further.
Major Craig was still at Wilmington, so a few of these invincible patriots, joined by kindred spirits from the County of Brunswick, thirty in all, encamped on the river a few miles above Major Craig’s force. The British commander resolved to exterminate these intrepid men by a sortie in such superior number as to make no doubt of the death of the entire band, for his orders were to show no quarter, all were to be killed. Unfortunately for him these commands were overheard by the Tory who was to be the guide, and he felt he could not be a party to the butchery of his neighbors. He, therefore, pretended to be lost, trusting that the noise of their tramping through the woods would arouse the Whigs.

A party of Major Craig’s Highlanders were in ambuscade at a bridge thrown over Hood’s creek, near the Whig encampment, waiting to cut off all possibility of retreat, when the slaughter should begin. So much time was taken up by the guide in leading the attacking party from swamp to swamp that the defenders of the bridge grew impatient, and one of them blew a blast from a bugle. This alarmed the Whigs, and three or four of their number were sent to the bridge to reconnoitre, but in attempting to cross one was killed by the party in ambush, but the others escaped unhurt. As soon as the firing began the Whig camp dispersed without molestation, for the guide was still misleading his comrades.

As a reward for services to their country Bladen, the native county of the Robeson brothers, was divided, and the new county given the name of Robeson. This empty honor was all that was bestowed upon them. Colonel Robeson paid his men from his own private funds.*

*Mr. Hamilton McMillan says: “In May, 1868, I examined the papers of Colonel Thomas Robeson, then in possession of his grandson, the late Jno. A. Robeson, of Bladen. Colonel Robeson paid off his command and took notes from the soldiers with the promise of repaying him if the United States ever rewarded their services. These notes amounted to eighty thousand dollars, and I have preserved the names of many of the recipients. The notes were burned in 1868, when the residence of Jno. A. Robeson was consumed by fire.” They appear to have been taken to prevent the men from being paid twice, for Colonel Robeson made no claim himself against the Government, and exacted a promise from his children that none should ever be made. His wishes in this respect have been carried out by succeeding generations.
The brothers were not only brave, but true to their word, be the cause a public or a private one. A certain John McPherson, who had been on the Tory side, wished to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, but feared the vengeance of the Whigs. Peter and Thomas Robeson believed him to be sincere and promised him protection. In 1783 he went to Elizabethtown and took the oath. Immediately the Whigs gathered in a goodly force with the intention of putting him to death. The two Robesons guarded him for twenty miles, and until his pursuers gave up the chase. Colonel Robeson rode by his side and Peter acted as rear guard.

They were of Scotch origin, descendants of Andrew Robeson, the first who bore the title of chief justice of Pennsylvania. Their father, Colonel Thomas Robeson, Sr., came to North Carolina in the first half of the eighteenth century.

From the colonial records we glean that Thomas Robeson was in the Assembly from 1773 to 1776, and a member of both the Hillsboro and Halifax conventions, also one of a committee appointed by Provincial Congress, November 25, 1776, to consider ways and means for apprehending and bringing to justice the Tories of Bladen County. Two cousins of Thomas and Peter, named William and John Robeson, were members of the Committee of Safety of North Carolina, and Mrs. Harris writes that all of the name in that State were Whigs, not one Tory.*

Bartram B. Robeson, a lad of seventeen, served under his father, the colonel, in the battle of Elizabethtown. Thomas Robeson's plantation known as "Walnut Grove" is on the Cape Fear, sixty-four miles above Wilmington, and is still occupied by a descendant of the sixth generation. His brother

*Their kindred in the North were equally patriotic, save one who left the country, while his only brother served as an officer on the Whig side. Mrs. Eliza Yorke Hoopes, of the Philadelphia Chapter, is a descendant of Captain Edward Yorke of Robeson blood. His residence on Arch Street, Philadelphia, was pillaged and most of its contents burned by the British. During the time of the greatest suffering of the soldiers for want of clothing, he came home on a furlough in such a ragged condition that his own children did not know him. His wife made trousers for him out of her white satin wedding gown, and a coat from a blanket, using the old fashioned rose embroidered ends for the tails.
Captain Peter Robeson's home was on a high bluff just opposite.

As we read of these, and similar horrors of war, does it not make our hearts rejoice that we live in times of peace? It has been said and truly, that the chief aim of our organization is to collect history, written and unwritten, and thereby to so enthuse the youth of our land that they may have an undying love for their country. But is this all? Shall it not be our endeavor to make patriotic citizens of the rising generations who shall so wisely steer the ship of state that our differences shall be few, but should an unavoidable one arise, then let a Court of Arbitration make the decision. Even now the question is upon us, and our British cousins are asking us to join them in abolishing war. Shall our Government turn a deaf ear, and the Daughters of the American Revolution look on without a protest?

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth; They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of truth; Lo! before us gleam her camp fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be, Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the future's portal with the past's blood rusted key."

SUSAN STROUD ROBESON.

VIRGINIA DURING THE REVOLUTION, AND ON HER OWN SOIL.

"To-day the world like a pilgrim band, At the shrine of Columbus bends the knee. Because at the touch of a magic wand America sprung from the broad blue sea."

But centuries four have rolled between, and in one backward glance we would count the events of these years. More than forty generations have come and gone since England's first colony was planted on Virginia soil. Kingdom's have been overthrown, dynasties have disappeared, but steadily the Nation has grown until now she takes her place along with her maturer sisters, no whit the inferior. But all these years were filled with human suffering, patient or impatient, with fighting, rebellion, and at times starvation. Experience had
taught her men, all along the line of centuries, that nerve and courage were necessary in the manhood of Virginia.

Her governors and members of the House of Burgesses were fast becoming men of sturdier purpose. The grand old blood of their English ancestry had come to them pure, and it was the more vigorous for the transplanting. A century in developing all the manly traits had not been in vain. And these were the men who fought for American liberty.

Prosperity in Virginia had brought about oppression from England, and a feeling that her colonists must support, to a large extent, the nation. The Stamp Act was the fuse touched to powder which burst the chains of the colonists asunder. Wide spread discontent is caused by years of oppressive acts and to enumerate these is not here needed. But long and fierce battles were to be fought before England should acknowledge this country free. "Little as he himself knew it, Washington had kindled, in the Virginia wilderness, a flame which set all Europe ablaze; for in the death-blow given to De Jumonville was the first blow struck in that great war known in American history as the French and Indian War, and in European history as the Seven Years' War; a war in which England and Prussia fought on one side and France, Spain, Austria, Russia, Sweeden and Poland on the other; a war in which Frederick the Great laid the foundation of the German Empire of to-day; a war which lost France every foot of her boundless American possessions; a war in which Clive began the construction of that mighty Indian Empire whereof the Queen of England is now the Empress; a war which prepared the way for the independence of the United States of America." Such was the opening of this new world which now holds place among great nations. In 1755, a council of Governors was held in Alexandria to form three expeditions against the French and Indians.

The English had greatly angered the French by cruel and barbarous treatment of the little colony of Arcadia which had been ceded to England in 1713. For a time the French had much success in battle until William Pitt brought his powerful mind, to bear upon this great question, each day growing more potentious. He studied the geography of America and
decided the points it seemed best to hold. This belongs to other history but is used only as a stepping stone to the Revolution.

Washington, the central figure in the Revolution, was also the same in these previous wars. It was with Braddock he won the confidence of his countrymen, and when he pushed forward and planted the English flag within Fort Duquesne, his return to Williamsburg was with great eclat. These years of training were all for the great end, his country's good. Without them he could not have gained, with his raw armies, the mastery over his polished foe. In November, 1758, the French and Indian War being over, he took leave of his officers and resigned his commission.

And now between these years and those to follow, so replete with suffering and yet finally with glory, let us draw a curtain and place within its folds a peaceful picture.

On a previous journey from Winchester to Williamsburg, he had met, at the home of a friend, the young widow, Martha Dandridge Custis. There was little time to tarry, even in such company, but one historian relates that his horse stood tied at the rack for a whole day long awaiting his departure. Be that as it may, a whole day spent thus is not always thrown away, and his resignation was followed by his marriage a few days afterwards, January 6, 1759, at the old colonial church, St. Peter's, New Kent County, about four miles from the White House, Mrs. Custis's residence on the Pamunkey, and from her home the Presidential mansion in Washington takes its name. So even great men sometimes have their weaknesses.

Shortly after this event they removed to Mt. Vernon, Washington's own home on the Potomac, and years of peaceful country life followed.

During this calm before the great storm, then no bigger than a man's hand, yet so soon to break in fury upon the unconscious colonists, Virginia's men were steadily growing in strength with which to battle with its fury. They rested only to fight the better—they studied only to prove their rights. Virginia is said to have rung the alarm bell and to have given the signal for the Revolution. To name her statesmen only shows her worth to the country in this emergency.
son, Pendleton, Mason, Randolph, and Lee, all these and a host beside. The Constitution was framed and by them the Declaration had been written, and they handled the reins of government with masterly strength. She gave her statesmen, her soldiers, her all, and the war may be said to have been begun and ended on her soil, yet not one genuine battle was fought within her borders. Who would have believed the planter could so soon have become the orator, the soldier and the President.

An outline of the whole war is necessary to understand Virginia's part in it. The fighting in 1776 seemed all in New England and thither Virginia's quota of troops was sent. Battle and suffering followed, chiefly in northern States, some victories but many defeats. In March, 1779, the Stamp Act was repealed. During the spring of this year there had been plundering and marauding all along the southern coasts and millions of dollars worth of property had been destroyed. The campaign of 1780 opened with gloomy prospects. Money had depreciated so that $100 was about equal to one of specie.

Suffering and repulses were everywhere. Dissatisfaction as to Washington's ability was heard. In the South, Charleston and Camden had both been taken by the British and they were generally victorious. The South seemed hopeless and the North penniless. The traitor Arnold had undertaken a raiding party and passed up the James River to Richmond, burning and destroying as he went. There are even now in Virginia old portraits pierced by his vindictive sword. Until 1781 Virginia had played a small part in the active war, except by furnishing food for the army, as well as brave and willing recruits, not to mention her wise heads in command.

Lafayette, who had cast in his lot with Americans from a love of liberty and a sense of right, had come to Philadelphia at his own expense and Congress had accepted his services. Washington foresaw that Virginia would be an important point to protect and sent Lafayette to this field. Cornwallis having been successful in South Carolina, moved northward against Lafayette, took Norfolk and entrenched himself around Williamsburg, because so protected a position and nearly surrounded by water. From this point he sent the raider, Tarla-
tan, up through Virginia, to Petersburg, Richmond and even as far as Charlottesville. Virginia history is filled with stories of his depredations, the old stairway balustrade at Carter's Grove, built in 1710, bears the gashes cut by Tarlatan's saber. About this time the French vessels under DeGrasse, on their way from the West Indies to help New York, arrived in York River with seven thousand men. As soon as Lafayette ascertained Cornwallis's position he sent dispatches to General Washington in the North, who now hastened to this point. His dispirited and disheartened army was greatly cheered at Philadelphia by the arrival of French money with which Washington cancelled some of the debt to his weary, suffering men. In the later years money had still further depreciated and was now worth only one thousand to one.

It is needless to comment here on the recent past and the close resemblance to it in this.

"Gold so scarce that the treasury quaked,  
If a dollar should drop in the till."

The forces from the North together with the French, who had blocked the river and cut off all retreat to Cornwallis, forced him to surrender at Yorktown, October, 1781. And so Virginia presents to history two great panoramas, on which appear the noblest chieftains this country knows, and even the world has none nobler.

Yorktown may have been the scene of fallen pride, of angry acknowledgment of defeat, of bitter disappointment, but Cornwallis was faced by a generous foe, a Christian gentleman. They did not realize the war was over, but it was virtually so, and Virginia's weary soldiers had come home to rest.

The campaign of 1782 was spiritless, with little or no fighting anywhere. At Paris a treaty was signed which gave to America "Independent and satisfactory boundary, with rights to the fisheries on the banks of Newfoundland." England accepted these terms November 30, 1782.

On December 4 Washington made his farewell address to his officers and again retired to private life. During all these years of hardship and barely won battles Washington had reached his goal. His pathway had been ever onward, and hero that he was his career was progressive and successful, to be at last
crowned by, his grateful country with honors more than he had ever dreamed. Honor to the soldier, honor to the ruler, honor to the Christian man. If Virginia had done nothing else, she had given the leader of the Nation, the framer of the Declaration, and countless heroes of equal courage and manhood.

The American world is dotted thick with figures in marble and bronze of Washington. A century has sung his praises. He stands first in the Nation's honor, crowned by a Nation's gifts, nor will his name decrease so long as the world lasts.

MARIA PENDLETON DUVAL.

AN OUTLINE OF THE SIX NATIONS OR THE LEAGUE OF THE "IROQUOIS."

The Confederacy now under consideration was called by the French! The Iroquois, the English The Six Nations. They called themselves, Ho-de-no-sau-nee, people of the "Long House," of which the Mohawks guarded the eastern, the Senecas the western door. They were composed of five distinct nations, or tribes. The Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and the Senecas.

The Iroquois were a powerful nation much more advanced in civilization, if such a term can be used, than the tribes around them. One writer says, who lived near them, and knew their history personally for many years and who carefully preserved their ancient legends, that their form of republican government, exercised through their Confederacy, had so much power as to hold many of the surrounding nations under tribute. They controlled a vast territory and much of it at a great distance from their seat of government.

In 1647 they could muster many thousand men well armed and equipped. Their ancient government was not only republican in form but also in principle, continues this author. A general council was composed of representatives from the different tribes in the Confederacy, the number from each tribe being fixed according to the number of persons therein. The Mohawks having nine, Oneidas nine, Onondagas fourteen, Cayugas ten, and the Senecas eight, making a council of fifty.

"The government I am describing," says he, "was that which
existed prior to the Tuscaroras being admitted into the Confederacy. The representatives were elected by the *viva voce* votes of both men and women of the tribe that sent them, and were always selected indiscriminately from among the sachems and chiefs of the tribe. The women were entitled to vote upon the election of all officers.

If this is correct, and we can scarcely doubt history, they in that respect at least were more advanced than we in our century of progress and civilization. Our brave foremothers, as well as fathers, faced the dangers of the new country and assisted their husbands in planting the colony, sharing their joys and hardships, and though even the power behind the throne, they never had a voice in the welfare of their country.

Nor have we, in the closing days of the "Nineteenth Century," but we have attained the glorious privilege of banding together our organizations of various numbers, making them bands of steel, unions of strength for the cause of "liberty," until to-day women, as a race, are powerful factors for civilization in the World's history.

This council selected a sachem as presiding officer, who thus became the head sachem of the entire Confederacy. The laws made by the General Council constituted the Supreme Code, by which the Confederacy was governed. In their own tribe, the chiefs chosen as representatives to the General Council constituted with the other chiefs of the tribe the National or Tribal Council, and their presiding chief was the head chief of the tribe. All the sachems or chiefs held their offices during life, or good behavior. There were many other chiefs besides those mentioned. Each tribe was divided into eight clans having two head officers, a sachem and a chief, who constituted the medium through which all laws and orders were conveyed to the people. So that each tribe had always eight sachems and eight chiefs. The clans were named alike in every tribe, respectively: hawk, bear, turtle, deer, snipe, and heron, and a picture or other representation of the animal or bird for which it was named was the "Totem" of the clan.

This author, who judges the Indian question from a friendly standpoint, says:

"Where, even in these days of advanced civilization, will
we find a better or higher type of representative government
than that of the ancient Iroquois. Among them was no periodic
scramble for office, no dividing of political spoils among the
wire-pullers and workers of the successful party. Birth gave
an advantage, but merit was the only consideration that se-
cured the chieftancies."

"It seems to me," says James C. Strong, "that some en-
ligh tented republics of to-day might well take a lesson in pure
government from these untutored savages." The long house
in which they lived as one family, to the defense of which
all rallied as one man, was entrusted to the care of the Onond-
gagas, who gained peculiar honor as "keepers of the council
brand."

The Mohawks, who were so terrible to their foes, lay along
the south side of the Mohawk nearly to its head, with their
principle castle at Canajoharie. It was probably they who
fought with Champlain. The Oneidas lived at the head of this
valley, with their chief castle ten miles northwest of Whites-
town; the Onondagas where Syracuse and its Salt Springs
now are; the Cayugas on the shore of that lake, and the Senec-
as, who were much the most numerous, savage and untract-
able, in the valley of the Genesee and that neighborhood.

While this beautiful valley a few years since we visited
Portage and her world renowned "Glen-Iris," the scenery and
falls of which are second only to those of the great Niagara.
There we roamed through the lovely Seneca Indian village,
preserved in its former state of beauty, and gazed in wide-eyed
wonder at the many relics gathered and preserved of a race
long since forsaken and almost forgotten; there we sought
shelter within their council house, in the hollow of a great
tree on the banks of the smiling face of "Silver" Lake, where
a branch of Chautauqua circle meets annually. There, too,
not many rods away stood the fac simile of the old revolu-
tionary cabin, the home of our forefathers, where was collected
those sacred relics we now prize and seek so much, the old
andirons, pewter pots, platters, spinning wheels, kettles, mugs,
money, swords, seals, and chairs of dignified state and sanc-
tity, upon which we laid our hands in loving reverence, scarcely
withholding the tears as we stood in silent awe. To those
whose souls were in touch with the memory of that period there was much to interest and feast the eye upon, much that blended and responded to the highest and noblest desires that breathe within us. Pardon this digression caused by the thought of the Genessee Indian.

The Iroquois had no written language, but bequeathed their history from generation to generation by memorized tradition. Every great fact of sufficient importance to remember was associated with a belt or string of wampum where they could, by looking at the beads and shells upon it, of various colors and their position in the belt, convey to the mind the ideas with which they were associated.

These tribes had made some progress in agriculture. The journal of De Nouville, who commanded a French expedition against the Iroquois in 1687, speaks of large villages, especially among the Senecas. He counted three hundred and twenty-four in four villages and destroyed 1,200,000 bushels of corn, besides great quantities of beans, squashes, and other vegetables in these four villages alone. Some authorities differ in regard to these accounts, claiming their numbers were not so large.

When a council was desired of the Confederacy they sent very "fleet runners" of great endurance to members of the tribes. In sending these swift messengers, only a short time was required to convene a council. When assembled the first thing upon the programme of the council was to smoke the calumet, or "pipe of peace." The practice was symbolic among all the tribes. The bowl of the pipe was made of finely wrought stone, the stem two and a half feet in length, made of strong reed and decorated profusely with feathers and shells. The head sachem began by taking a few whiffs, then passing it to the next person on his left, who, after drawing a few whiffs, passed it on to the one at his left, and so on around the circle, until it came again to the sachem, who quietly placed it upon the ground at his right side. If anyone refused the calumet his action demanded immediate explanation.

Councils were sometimes held in the special interest of the women of the Confederacy. They were the workers, those who tilled the soil, dressed the skins, wove wampun belts, did
all household drudgery, yet the fact remains of their being treated with consideration, and oftentimes equality. They elected themselves officers styled women's men, whose duty was to look after the interests of the women. When a private matter was considered they called a council of their clan, but if a matter of general interest then a council of the nation, but if the opinion of the women of other nations of the Confederacy was deemed necessary a general council was then called, as readily, and quite as a matter of course, as one for the consideration of men. In their councils they were called upon to recite their grievances and to speak upon any subject the council had been called upon to consider, but the men decided the matter by a vote among themselves. Had we time and space there are many incidents that could be mentioned of the beauty, bravery, courage, shrewdness, and devotion of the Indian women, who, though treacherous upon the warpath, yet history records it, never betrayed a friend. If once you gained the gratitude of the dark-eyed dusky women they would risk any danger, at the peril of their own lives, to save the life of the white man. The line of hereditary descent came from the female line. Descriptions of their "affairs of the heart" and marriages are intensely interesting, also the minute details of their domestic life. One amusing incident is as follows: As in other tribes the Iroquois man could have more than one wife if he so desired, but on account of the ease with which any marriage contract could be dissolved this seldom occurred. The Indian who valued the peace of his wigwam knew better than to jeopardize it by the presence of two or more wives. He displayed much wisdom in knowing that his comfort and happiness was much more assured with one at a time.

A missionary was once talking to an Indian in regard to the sin of such easy separation, and received this reply: "You marry white woman, she know you have to keep her always, so she scold, scold, scold, and no cook your venison. I marry squaw, she know I leave her if she no good, so she no scold, she cook my venison and we live long and happy together.

Physical training was given the warlike and terrible Iroquois as soon as they could walk, and a boy's first plaything was a bow and arrow. He was also taught to endure the greatest
THE SIX NATIONS.

suffering and torture without complaint. As athletes they were straight and noble in statue. A great artist once seeing the painting of Apollo Belvidere exclaimed, "He is as straight as a Mohawk;" from this comes the expression, "as straight as an Indian." As an athlete he dared not fail in what was expected of him.

Against their own race they were invincible, and with good reason they had fought and conquered the Hurons of the lake, the Illinois of the far west, the Delawares of the Pennsylvania, the Tuscaroras of North Carolina, who afterwards united with them; there have been seven or eight tribes credited to them but no credence is given to this report. So completely had they overcome the New England Indians, that at the cry of Mohawk these people would run like sheep before wolves. In their universal dominion they have been compared to the Romans, only they showed more wisdom, in holding their conquered as vassals, exacting tribute of them instead of weakening themselves by armed occupation of conquered countries as the Romans did. They termed those whom they conquered "women," not allowing them to buy or sell land and making them subservient to their will, demanding of them great respect. In the war of the American Revolution they sided with the English, being their faithful allies against the Colonists until subdued; also joined the English against the French.

To the Mohawks the Massachusetts Congress despatched the wise and humane Samuel Kirkland, who had lived among them as a missionary, to prevail with them at least to stand neutral and not assist their enemies. He voted them presents, and the Stockbridge Indians promised to entreat the Six Nations not to take part in the war. At the north the King relied upon the Six Nations and the order to engage them was sent in his name directly to the Indian agent, Guy Johnson. "Lose no time," said he; "induce them to take up the hatchet against his Majesty's rebellious subjects in America. It is a service of great importance and use the utmost diligence and activity." No wonder then with their numbers, strength, organization and prowess, that the English Colonies wished to be on good terms with the Iroquois. How the Governors
came from Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, to Albany to treat with them, since none knew better than the English Governors that without peace no white settlements could be safely extended into the wilderness country. Thus the dominion of the Iroquois was admitted. Their national policy was shaped by what they believed their interest to be, and no people used it to better advantage. They call themselves Ougue-Houwe, that is men surpassing all others, and instilled into their children this feeling, which has given them the courage which made them so terrible to all the nations of North America. Intellectual training came next, not from books, but through debates in the council and at the wigwam. "Think before you speak," was their maxim. Every word had its weight and every speaker a respectful hearing.

The Iroquois believed in a state of future rewards and punishments, that in the other worlds the good are separated from the bad, and their experience caused them to look upon the whites as bad, and they rejoiced in the hope and faith that they should find there a blessed country which no white man's foot would ever profane. This feeling made it difficult for the missionary to convert them.

An old chief, being solicited upon his death bed to accept the Christian religion, expressed the deepest feeling of his race when he said: "No get white man's religion, then when die, go where white man go, no want to." They believed they would recognize each other in the life beyond the grave.

They were a very imaginary and superstitious people, believing in good and evil omens. One of the strongest of these was the significant importance which they attached to dreams. So great was this that they believed if one had a clearly defined dream that it must be realized if possible; if not, dire calamity would follow. Sir William Johnson, an English baronet, had settled among the Mohawks and had great sway over the Iroquois.

He had a fine coat, highly ornamented and decorated, to impress them with his greatness. This he wore on state occasions. One day the head chief of the Mohawks, who was called by the whites "King Hendricks," came to Sir William and told him that he had dreamed that Sir William had given
him that coat. Sir William knew what this meant, and realizing that the dream must be fulfilled, and so, not to weaken his influence among them, immediately gave him the coat. Not long afterwards Sir William sent for the chief and informed him that he had just had a very realistic dream to the effect that the chief had given him such and such, naming a valuable tract containing some thousand acres. The chief saw at once that he was beaten at his own game, and for the moment hung his head, then slowly raising it, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes, said, "Well, Sir William, I will give you the land, but please don't dream again." This chief joined the English in the war with the French, and was killed in battle in 1755, at the age of seventy.

One example of their shrewdness will suffice. An Indian being taught the use of gunpowder wanted to know of a white man how to get it. The man gave him some gunpowder and told him to plant it, that he would have all he wanted. He did as he was told, and after waiting and waiting until patience ceased to be a virtue for the gunpowder to grow, he realized the white man had played him a trick. He never forgot it, and some time after this, when the man sold him goods and wanted his pay the Indian said, "I pay you when gunpowder grows."

Here is a beautiful Iroquois legend of how the "Six Nations" sprung into being through the promptings of Hiawatha, a sage and patriarch among them, and bound themselves by a solemn league ever after to "stand for all, and all for one."

HIAWATHA, OR THE ORIGIN OF THE "ONONDAGA COUNCIL FIRE."

Tarenyawago taught the Six Nations arts and knowledge. He had a canoe which would move without paddles, it was only necessary to will it to compel it to go. With this he ascended the streams and lakes. He taught the people to raise corn and beans, removed obstructions from their water courses, and made their fishing grounds clear. He helped them to get the mastery over the great monsters which overran the country, and thus prepared the forests for their hunters. His wisdom was as great as his power, the people listened to him
and followed his advice gladly. There was nothing in which he did not excel, good hunters, brave warriors, and eloquent orators. He gave them wise instructions for observing the laws and maximums of the Great Spirit. Having done these things, he laid aside the high powers of his public mission, and resolved to set them an example of how they should live. For this purpose he selected a beautiful spot on the southern shore of the lesser lakes, which is called "Tioto" (cross lake) by the natives of this day. Here he erected his lodge, planted his field of corn, kept by him his magic canoe, and selected a wife. In relinquishing his former position as a subordinate power to the Great Spirit he also dropped his name, and according to his present situation took that of "Hiawatha," meaning a person of great wisdom, which the people spontaneously bestowed upon him. His words and councils were implicitly obeyed, the people flocked from all quarters for instruction and advice. Those prominent in following his precepts, he favored, and they became eminent on the warpath and in the council room. When Hiawatha assumed the duties of an individual at Tioto, he carefully drew from out the water his beautiful talismanic canoe, which had served for horses and chariot through the Iroquois territories, and it was carefully secured on land, and never used except his journeys to attend the general councils.

He was a member of the Onondaga tribe and chose the residence of this people in the shady recesses of their fruitful valley as the central part of their government. After the termination of his higher mission from above years passed away in prosperity, and the Onondagas assumed an elevated rank for their wisdom and learning among the other tribes, and there was not one of these which did not yield its assent to their higher privilege of lighting the general council fire. Suddenly there arose a great alarm at the invasion of a ferocious band of warriors from the north of the great lakes. As they advanced an indiscriminate slaughter was made of men, women, and children. Destruction threatened all alike, the public alarm was extreme. Hiawatha advised them not to waste their efforts in a desultory manner, but to call a general council of all the tribes from the east to the west.
He appointed the meeting to take place on an eminence on the banks of Onondaga Lake; accordingly all the chiefs were assembled at this spot.

The occasion brought together vast multitudes of men, women, and children, for there was an expectation of great deliverance. Three days had already elapsed, and there begun to be general anxiety lest Hiawatha should not arrive. Messengers were dispatched for him to Tiota, who found him in a pensive mood and to whom he communicated his strong presentments that evil betided his attendance. These were overruled by the strong representations of the messengers, and he again put his wonderful vessel in its element, and set out for council, taking his only daughter with him. She timidly took her seat in the stern with a light paddle to give direction to the vessel. The grand council, to avert the threatened danger, was quickly in sight, and sent up its shouts of welcome. As the venerated man approached and walked up the ascent a loud sound was heard in the air, as if caused by some rushing current of wind. Instantly the eyes of all were directed to the sky, where a spot of matter was descending rapidly, and every instant enlarging in size and velocity. Terror and alarm were the first impulses, and they scattered in confusion.

Hiawatha, as soon as he had gained the eminence stood still and caused his daughter to do the same, deeming it cowardly to fly and impossible to divert, if attempted, the designs of the Great Spirit. The descending object now assumed more definite aspect, and as it came down revealed the shape of a gigantic white bird with wide extended and pointed wings, which came down swifter and swifter with a mighty swoop and crushed the girl to death. Not a muscle was moved in the face of Hiawatha, his daughter lay dead before him, but the great mysterious white bird was also destroyed. Such had been the violence of the concussion that it completely buried its head and beak in the ground. The bird was covered with beautiful plumes of shining white feathers. Each warrior stepped up and decorated himself with the plumes, hence it became a custom to assume this kind of feathers on the war path, but a greater wonder ensued. On removing the bird not a human trace could be discovered of his daughter—she had vanished. The father was
disconsolate, but aroused himself and walked to the head of the council with a dignified air, covered with his simple robe of wolf skin, taking his seat with the chief warriors and counsellors, listening with attentive gravity to the plans of the different speakers. One day was given to these discussions. On the next he arose and said: "My friends and brothers, you are members of many tribes and have come from a great distance. We have met to promote the common interest and our mutual safety. How shall it be accomplished? To oppose these northern tribes singly, while we are at variance often with each other is impossible. By uniting in a common band of brotherhood we may hope to succeed. Let this be done and we shall drive the enemy from the land. Listen to me by tribes: You, the Mohawks, who are sitting under the shadow of the great tree, whose roots sink deep into the earth, and whose branches spread wide around, shall be the First Nation, because you are warlike and mighty. You, the Oneidas, who recline your bodies against the everlasting stone, that cannot be moved, shall be the Second Nation, because you always give wise council. You, the Onondagas, who have your habitation at the foot of the great hills and are overshadowed by their crags, shall be the Third Nation, because you are all gifted in speech. You, the Senecas, whose dwelling is in the dark forest, and whose home is everywhere, shall be the Fourth Nation, because of your superior cunning in hunting, and you, the Cayugas, the people who live in the open country, shall be the Fifth Nation, because you understand better the art of raising and making houses. Unite, you 'Five Nations,' have one common interest and no foe shall disturb or subdue you. You may place yourselves under my protection and we will defend you; we desire the alliance and friendship of all. If we unite the Great Spirit will smile upon us, and we shall be ever happy and prosperous. If we remain as we are, we shall be subject to his frown. These are the words of Hiawatha, I have said it, and am done." The next day the plan was considered and adopted. Considering this to be the accomplishment of his mission to the Iroquois, the patron of this rising confederacy gave them wise counsel and then announced his withdrawal to the skies. He went down to the shore and assumed
his seat in the mystic vessel, sweet music was heard in the air at the same moment, and as if cadence floated in the ears of the wondering multitude it arose higher and higher in the air, till it vanished from sight and disappeared in the celestial regions inhabited only by Owaynes and his hosts.

Who and what these people are whom the French call Iroquois, and who claim themselves to have come up out of the ground, no one knows, but without any superiority of the one over the other their union has continued so long that Christians know nothing of the origin of it. And it is a memorable fact that the Iroquois were so strongly impressed with the wisdom of their system of confederation, that they publicly recommended a similar union to the British Colonies in the important conferences at Lancaster in 1774. Canassatego, a respected sachem, expressed this view to the commissioners of Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland. "Our wise forefathers," said he, "established union and amity between the Five Nations. This has made us formidable; this has given us great weight and authority with our neighboring nations. We are a powerful confederacy. By observing the same methods our wise forefathers have taken, you will acquire fresh strength, and therefore I counsel you, whatever befalls you, never to fall out with one another."

No grander words have ever been spoken. They sound the keynote of the country's success, and while the fires of a burning, unquenchable patriotism live within us, yet we feel a touch of sorrow for the doom of the red man, for through his death we were born. As Daughters of a glorious Revolution we should continue to broaden and develop the way our forefathers paved, knowing, in this enlightened era, that not through war, but in organization, from strong bands of union, will emerge the grandest climax of the Nation's history. War, though honorable, in all its details is terrible, and while such men as Patrick Henry fought for "liberty or death," may we and coming generations settle our difficulties of lands, property, religion, suffrage and all moral privileges by the brain, the "God-given intellect of man," that we may reach the heart through his love for humanity, and not by the hatchet or the sword steeped deep in the blood of the race. The toma-
hawk and hatchet are long since buried and the sword and gun
lying idle while the flag of the Union waves over us all.

And as we are calmly smoking the calumet, in fancy roseate
dreams we hear the voices of unborn millions singing in tri-
umphant victory, as they step upon the rock their Pilgrim
Fathers trod, 'America, thou art richly born, with nations
from every clime, and when battle-scarred, bleeding and torn,
marched onward, ever onward in the ranks of time.'

Thus, nobly born America, rear thy victorious banner
abreast, for great is thine heritage in the morn that progress
mounts her golden crest. America! Oh, America! so greatly
born, from north to south, east to west thy praises ring, for in
day of our glorious era thou art queen over all the rest.

FLORA CLARKE HUNTINGTON.
WHAT WE ARE DOING AND CHAPTER WORK.

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION OF WINDSOR, CONNECTICUT, MEET ON HISTORIC GROUND.

On Thursday, June 11, the members of the Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth Chapter, spent a delightful afternoon at the Ellsworth homestead, the occasion being a picnic, which was held instead of a regular meeting. The party were welcomed by the hostess, Mrs. Frederick Ellsworth, who now resides at the homestead. The house was prettily decorated with flags, bunting, and Chinese lanterns. The ladies gathered in the stately drawing-room, where a life size oil painting of Chief Justice Oliver and Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth adorns the high wall. After a few words of welcome by the Regent, Mrs. N. S. Bell, and a response by the State Regent, Mrs. Sarah T. Kinney, the following paper, which had been prepared by the Historian, Mr. Jabez H. Hayden, for this occasion, was read by Miss Mary L. Webb.

The organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution, not only take note of revolutionary events and localities, but of events and localities which preceded the Revolution. I have ventured to sketch the history of this historic spot, which you have selected for the meeting place of your Chapter to-day.

Two hundred and sixty-one years ago a vessel coming up the Connecticut was seen by the pioneers of the "Three Towns," who had but recently arrived from Massachusetts, to prepare for the coming of their families the next year, and by the Plymouth Company which had already been settled two years on Plymouth meadow in Windsor. That vessel was fitted out in England by a party of "Lords and Gentlemen" who had procured from the English government a patent of the Connecticut Valley, on which they proposed to found a colony and to govern it in person. It is supposed that Sir Richard Saltonstal, one of their number, visited the Connecticut River in 1631, a time when it was known he was in New England.
This vessel was fitted out largely at his expense. It had twenty workmen on board under the charge of Mr. Francis Stiles, to locate between the "Plymouth Trucking House and the falls."

So their lordships knew of this broad, open meadow which extends from this point more than two miles along the river, rich, open ground—once the planting ground of the Indians, who were now dead, swept off by the ravages of small-pox. Mr. Ludlo says of this meadow, in the summer of 1635, that it was "void of inhabitants." (I have not space to produce the proof to show that every acre of land within the original limits of Windsor was bought for a valuable consideration of "all the Indians which lay claim to it.") Mr. Ludlo and the Dorchester pioneers were apparently disappointed to learn that the Plymouth Company had secured the Indian title to this meadow, and learned from Jonathan Brewster that they (of Plymouth) proposed "to remove to it as soon as they could and were able." Mr. Ludlo and his men were, July 5, 1635, idly waiting, with some of their party "seeking a place above the falls." The Plymouth Company protested against the lords and gentlemen entering upon their premises as they had against Mr. Ludlo and the Dorchester pioneers. But when the lords and gentlemen's pioneers attempted to take possession of the great meadow, Mr. Ludlo and his men (seeing the Plymouth people were to lose it) claimed a better right than the others. Saltonstal says, "they discharging my men, casting lots upon that place where he (Stiles) proposed to begin work, notwithstanding he often told them what great charges I had been at in sending so many men to prepare a house against my coming and inclosing ground for my cattle." Mr. Stiles and his party came to this spot where he built a house and sat down and waited further orders from the patentees in England.

Now the Dorchester men commenced building "cellars," shelters with all possible dispatch, and hurried on their families to be in actual possession, when further orders were received from the patentees in England. Governor Winthrop's Journal under date of October 15-25, 1635, says that "about sixty men, women, and children went by land to Connecticut with their cows, horses, and swine, and after a tedious and difficult journey arrived there safe."

It appears evident that these were Dorchester, Windsor people, for there is no apparent reason for any other Massachusetts settlers coming to Connecticut in the beginning of winter. When these people arrived here the river was closed with ice, and their vessel with supplies had been wrecked, but they supposed it was frozen in the river below. It was too late in the season to retrace their steps, and they were almost out of provisions. A few families remained here, but the main body set forth down the river, hoping to reach their winter's supply of provisions, but they found them not. At Saybrook they found a vessel which took them back to the bay "in five days, which was a great mercy of God, or they would have all died, as some did." The few families which
remained passed a fearful winter, a part of their food consisting of acorns, and most of their cattle died.

But the lords and gentlemen's pioneers, the Stiles's families, and the workmen, remained here that first winter. Mr. Saltonstal, writing from England in February, says: "My provisions, which cost above five hundred pounds are now (I hear) almost spent."

Many women and children of the Stiles families arrived here early in July and were probably the first white families to become settled in Connecticut—unless possibly Jonathan Brewster had his family with him on Plymouth meadow, where they could have been better housed and provisioned than any of the first comers from Dorchester were. When the lords and gentlemen learned of the failure of their expedition under Stiles, through the earlier arrival on the ground of the Massachusetts men, they sent over Sir Henry Vane, with the ultimatum, "that either of the three towns gone thither, should give place on full satisfaction, or else sufficient room must be found there for the Lords and their companies." Negotiations were kept up several years and it is probable that it was during this controversy that Cromwell and Hamden took ship to come to Connecticut, but were taken from on shipboard by the English government and refused liberty to leave England—to become later on distinguished leaders in the Parliament army. Hamden was one of the patentees of Connecticut. In Mr. Saltonstal's letter of instruction to Governor Winthrop, Jr., "our governor then," respecting the treatment of Stiles and his men had received from the Dorchester men he gives a reason why the company, the patentees, did not "send a general letter," it was lest it "might perhaps breed some jealousies in the people, and so distaste them with the Government."

The question forces itself upon us at this point, What would have been the effect upon the three towns and all the subsequent history of the colony and the country if our Government had not been superseded by "the first written Constitution?" (1639.) It is possible there would have been no Revolution of 1776 and no plan for the organization of the Daughters of the American Revolution in 1896.

The controversy between the Windsor people and their lordships seems to have ended before 1640, at which time the first records of "men's lots" were dated, and at that time the Stiles families stand on an equal footing with the families which came from Dorchester.

Francis Stiles had "granted" him the lot on which you meet to-day, eighteen rods wide; his brothers, Henry and John next south, their lots extending through the meadow to the river. Francis remained here but a few years. Henry was accidentally killed at a "training." John remained here, succeeded by his descendants. An old Stiles house was standing just south of this yard, since my own recollection. Francis Stiles's lot passed into the hands of the Saltonstal family, then to the ownership of a Mr. Davison, of Boston, from whom Josiah Ellsworth bought it March 31, 1865, and it has remained in the family to the present day.
Chief Justice Ellsworth died four years before I was born, but I lived only a mile from the Ellsworth Place, and my father, who knew him well, taught me that the public character of the Chief Justice was second to no other public man, save General Washington, and he (the Judge) so sympathized with the best elements of the society about him in private life that all were familiar friends, over whom he exerted a happy influence by his unostentatious manner of life and his oracular wisdom.

I early learned to look upon this spot where the Chief Justice used to live with a degree of reverence and about which there seemed a sort of historic halo, which I was then unable to investigate.

Major Martin Ellsworth, the second son of Judge Ellsworth (the eldest son, Oliver, died before his father), resided here during my early life, and his two eldest sons were of the same school age as myself, and with them and their father I was familiarly acquainted, and then had abundant opportunities to verify all the anecdotes of the Chief Justice which are now afloat.

I would now prize the opportunity to ask that boy Martin himself all about his going to Hartford with the invitation to General Washington to visit his father's home. The date of our version of the story spoils some of the most interesting parts of it; another date which relieves the difficulty has been suggested, but the difficulty of the last date seems to be to find historical evidence that Washington was in it. I once saw Martin's own account in print, many years ago, but I cannot find it now.

The Judge left many wise and pithy sayings, which tradition has preserved. I will close with one which has special reference to this historic spot, and was uttered near the close of his life.

"I have visited several countries, and I like my own the best. I have been in all the States of the Union, and Connecticut is the best State in the Union. Windsor is the pleasantest town in the State of Connecticut, and I have the pleasantest place in the town of Windsor, and I am content, perfectly content, to die on the banks of the Connecticut."

The State Regent then read a very interesting paper, showing the relation of the Chapters to the National Society. Following this, Mrs. Horace Ellsworth read two letters, written by the Chief Justice Ellsworth, to his twin boys, William and Henry, while he was Prime Minister to France in 1800. (These were printed in the October number of the Magazine for 1894.) After this a sketch of General Washington's visit to this historic home was read as follows:

General Washington was in Hartford, Connecticut, and the Honorable Oliver Ellsworth, one of the most prominent men of that time, and who was a few years later appointed Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court by Washington, sent his son Martin to him, with an invitation for dinner. It was with much trepidation young Martin under-
took to appear before so august a personage. But when ushered into the presence of General Washington, he "found him dressed in a red dressing gown, with black palm leaves, just like father's," as he reported on his return home, his tear vanished. Most elaborate preparations for the entertainment of the distinguished guest were made. "All the mahogany and silver polished till it shone again." The children were banished to the nursery with strict injunctions as to quietness and good behavior, that the serenity of the guest might not be disturbed.

The appointed hour came, and General Washington was shown to a room up stairs while his hosts awaited him in the drawing-room. Some time passed and he did not appear. The expectant guests were surprised and Madam Ellsworth alarmed by an unprecedented uproar in the nursery. Mr. Ellsworth at last decided to investigate the disturbance, and going softly up the stairs found the great man with the children, indulging in a frolic. Soon he took the two-year-old twin boys on his knees, William Walcott Ellsworth, who afterward became Governor of Connecticut, and the to-be Honorable Henry J. Ellsworth, and sang to them the song of the Darby Ram.

As I was going to Darby,
Upon a market day,
I spied the biggest ram, sir,
That ever was fed upon hay.

CHORUS.—Oh, ho-ky dinky Darby Ram,
Oh, ho-ky dinky da,
Oh, ho-ky dinky Darby Ram,
Oh, ho-ky dinky da.

He had four feet to walk, sir,
He had four feet to stand,
And every foot he had, sir,
Covered an acre of land.—Cho.

The wool upon his back, sir,
It reached to the sky,
And eagles built their nests there,
For I heard the young ones cry.—Cho.

The wool upon his tail, sir,
I heard the weaver say,
Made three thousand yards of cloth
For he wove it in a day.—Cho.

The butcher who cut his throat, sir,
Was drowned in the blood,
And the little boy who held the bowl
Was carried away in the flood.—Cho.
The Regent then read the following letter, sent to the Chapter by Miss Ann M. Benton, the oldest own Daughter in the State of Connecticut, aged ninety-nine years, April 15, 1896.

To the Abigail Wolcott Ellisworth Chapter. — Greetings: “O, give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name, make known his deeds, among the people.

When our fathers were but few in number, yea, very few, and strangers in the land.

When they went from one kingdom to another people; He suffered no man to do them wrong, yea, he reproved kings for their sake.

We have heard with our ears, O God; our fathers have told us what work thou didst in their days in the time of old.

The Lord has done great things whereof we are glad.

We will not hide these things from our children, showing to the generations to come the praises of the Lord.

Our fathers trusted in thee; they trusted and thou didst deliver them.

So we, thy people will give thee thanks for ever, we will show forth thy praise to all generations. Praise ye the Lord.”

ANN M. BENTON.

After a short business meeting the ladies enjoyed visiting the different rooms, admiring the antique furniture and the many relics. They then adjourned to the dining-room, where a liberal collation was served. As they entered the room each was presented with a boutonierre of forget-me-nots, tied with a white ribbon, the colors of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution. Among the invited guests from Hartford were: Mrs. E. H. Curtis, a great-granddaughter; Mrs. Henry and Mrs. William Taintor, wives of great-grandsons. From Windsor, Mrs. Elihu Geer, a great-niece, and Mrs. A. M. Wilson, a great-great-niece, of the Judge and Mrs. Ellsworth.

The table was graced with the china used at the time of General Washington’s visit. The party left with many expressions of enjoyment, and pronounced the picnic a grand success.

MARY E. HAYDEN POWER,
Registrar.

WALLACE HOUSE, SOMERVILLE, NEW JERSEY, OPENED.

The Wallace House, Washington’s headquarters in 1778-9, Somerville, New Jersey, was formally opened to the public on June 17, by the Revolutionary Historical Society of New
Jersey. The exercises were held under the beautiful trees in front of the house, and at three p. m., with prayer by Rev. H. B. Wright, rector of St. John’s. The band played “America,” the audience singing the hymn. A handsome flag was presented the Society by Rev. Theodore Shafer on behalf of four Councils of the Junior Order of United American Mechanics, of Somerset County. Rev. Mr. Shafer spoke eloquently of the flag and its teachings. President Stevens accepted in a brief, appropriate speech and handed it to representatives of the Councils, who raised it to the top of the pole while the band played the “Star Spangled Banner.” The pole was also the gift of the Councils. President Stevens made an able address, giving a concise, unquestionable history of the house, and its occupancy by General and Lady Washington, which was received with marked enthusiasm. Hon. J. J. Bergen then made a brief speech and read some notable affidavits, convincing proof of Washington’s life in this famous house. Rev. G. S. Mott, of Newark, delivered his address on the Stars and Stripes, full of patriotic fervor and historical facts from the time that the red cross of St. George was hoisted over the Mayflower, in 1620, to the present date. The interest was clearly shown by the close attention given. The Rev. Whitney Allen read his original poem on the Battle of Bunker Hill, which this date commemorates, and the exercises closed with patriotic selections by the band. A collation was then served by the ladies of Somerville and vicinity.

As you enter the house wonderful restorations are noticed. The grand old halls, first and second floors, under the care of General Frelinghuysen, Jersey Blue, and Camp Middlebrook Chapters, Daughters of the American Revolution, have been artistically decorated, the walls covered with tapestry paper, reproduction of “ye olden days,” the paneled woodwork so glossy white. These halls are to be a picture gallery above and an armory below. Already portraits of colonial ancestors, flintlocks, swords, sabres, stiletto, powder horns, &c., used in the War of the Revolution, adorn the walls. The Washington room, under the care of Mrs. R. F. Stevens, is in colonial buff, and contains many valuable relics. A quaint piano, one hundred and fifty years old, given by Miss Anna L. Dayton,
of Trenton, daughter of the late William L. Dayton, minister to France, an elegant mahogany desk, by Mrs. Washington Roebling, also old mahogany table and chairs, by Mrs. E. B. Gaddis. Among many pictures of interest, a declaration in Washington's own handwriting, "To the friends of America in the State of New Jersey," in which he gives instructions to the colonists and asks their assistance for the militia.

In the General Frelinghuysen room, where are found the old blue tile around the ancient Franklin, with hand-wrought brass and-irons, the walls are covered with paper of a white ground and delft blue colonial wreaths, to harmonize with the tile, the woodwork white. These decorations were the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Weast. On an old desk is an antique brass lamp about two hundred years old, similar in style but far more handsome than Washington's lamp, given by James Yard Elmendorf, a descendant of Sobieski, king of Poland, a grandson of General Frederick Frelinghuysen, and he also traces his ancestry back to 1442. Mr. Elmendorf has given many valuable revolutionary relics; Misses Kate and Sarah Frelinghuysen, daughters of General Frelinghuysen (John) have given a magnificent mahogany table and many historical relics, while a great-granddaughter, Mrs. A. L. Cornell Hardwicke, has given a portrait in oil of her revolutionary ancestor. Many more have given rare gifts. A bowl of 1776, with the motto, "Here's better times to us," from which Washington ate mush and milk while on his way from Princeton to Norristown; a blue and white homespun coverlid "under which Washington slept" in the Van Doren house at Millstone; a mahogany wine chest and colonial chairs which are thought to come from Colonel Fords, now Washington's headquarters, Norristown; a settee and drawing-room chairs from headquarters, Peekskill, N. Y., on which Washington, Lafayette, and Rochambeau sat; flint and bullet from the sunken British prison ship; engravings of George and Martha Washington abound; a ruffled linen shirt made from a scarf given to Minert Van Nostrand for his services as bearer at the funeral of General Frelinghuysen, 1804, according to the old Dutch custom, and the long linen stockings worn with knee breeches on the same occasion are interesting, as Van Nostrand served three years as drummer boy under Washing-
His daughter-in-law, Sarah F. Van Nostrand, recently dying at the age of one hundred and five years, being the oldest member ever admitted to the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Lord Sterling room, in buff and blue, is fitted up with the utmost painstaking by President Stevens. The Nova Cæsarea Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Daughters of the Revolution have each beautiful large rooms. Some priceless books have been given, and more contributions of all sorts are constantly being offered. I am able to mention only a few of those already there. Rare laces, spinning wheels, pictures worked in silk, china. To be appreciated must be seen, and the house is always open from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. (Sunday's excepted) for the reception of visitors, and an obliging guide to attend them. To this Society, and especially to its untiring and patriotic President, not only the State of New Jersey, but the whole United States, owe a debt of gratitude for the preservation of this historic landmark. The officers are Richard F. Stevens, President; Mrs. George Hodenpyl and Miss E. Ellen Batcheller, Vice-Presidents; Earnest E. Coe, Treasurer; William Pennington, Corresponding Secretary; Frank B. Lee, Recording Secretary, with a Board of Trustees thirty-two in number, and a membership of over four hundred prominent men and women. The souvenir of the occasion was a dainty cup and saucer of fine china. The cup having on the outside a picture of the house and inscription "Wallace House, Washington's Residence, 1778-1779." The saucer, divided with six colonial wreaths, has the names of the six generals encamped round about and names of their encampments at that period.—E. E. Batcheller.

Mary Wooster Chapter, in Danbury, Connecticut, draws much of its inspiration from its own ancient and historic environment. Some of the members trace their descent, generation after generation, from the founders of the town in 1684—and many claim their revolutionary lineage from the defenders of the town in 1777. To this place, through the wilderness, came our ancestors, here they made homes, planted the soil, established a church, founded a town—lived, loved and died. In
peaceful possession of the land, "the struggle for life, and the struggle for the life of others," went on. The little town was nearly a century old when the dark days of the Revolution came, and that terrible April Saturday, when the torch of the British laid in ashes the home of every patriot here. To-day we live and move before a background of historic scenes. The busy life of the city rushes along the way whence Tryon marched with two thousand men. We come and go along the very ground of his retreat—over the hills toward the sunsetting—to the little plain where Wooster rallied his brave two hundred men, and fell himself as he led them on. The place where his noble life went out, is here. His last resting place is ours to cherish. The showers and sunshine of April fall upon the laurel wreath that we place upon his tomb. From yonder upland where the hospital stood, we may turn to the valley where the army stores were destroyed, and yet on, just over the southern slope, to Putnam's camp, where crumbling, moss-grown barracks, tell the pitiful story of '79.

Such are the historic landmarks that surround the Daughters of the American Revolution in Danbury. By the evidence of things seen, their patriotism is kindled and their hearts animated to honor and perpetuate the past.

Thus inspired, the Mary Wooster Chapter was united in the desire to establish a historical room, and this has been the object of their endeavors for many months. To accomplish it there was need of money. The woman's edition of the Danbury News, the first paper edited by a Daughters of the American Revolution Chapter, furnished the first substantial sum. Then there followed generous gifts from two interested women outside of the Chapter. Later a colonial tea and fine collection of relics, with a loan exhibit of old portraits and miniatures kept the public in touch with the project, and added to the treasury. In such ways have we achieved it.

The historical room was formally opened to the people in August. With appropriate ceremonies we dedicated it to patriotism and the historic past.

From the well appointed room of the Mary Wooster Chapter one enters the historical room, and breathes at once an atmosphere of by-gone days. Some fine antique furniture
adorns the room, and the walls are hung with curious old prints and papers, deeds and commissions. Cases are provided for old books and documents and various relics worthy of preservation. Whatever will perpetuate a knowledge and veneration for the growth and history of the town and the nation will there find a place.

It has been said that history is the essence of innumerable biographies, so these historical relics reveal to us the spirit and character of our ancestors, and tell of their ways and their work.

The Mary Wooster Chapter is honored by the membership of Miss Maria Osborne, one of the few who can now say, "I am a daughter of a revolutionary soldier." Miss Osborne, though nearly ninety years of age, is one with us in all our aims. She is active in body and mind, gifted in speech, always bearing herself with that quiet dignity which marks the gentle woman.

So, in the possession of our own delightful Chapter rooms, the opening to the public of a historical room, and the acquisition of an "original" daughter, the Mary Wooster Chapter, of Danbury, feels that it has accomplished much that is worthy of interest and record.—Maria Starr Hough, Historian.

Chester County Chapter (Pennsylvania), though only about three years old, has already made for herself a record that compares favorably with any Chapter in the land. With a membership over the half hundred mark in a "Quaker" locality, their assembling is commented upon by the press throughout the State. The Keystone of the arch, Pennsylvania, is ceded the hub of the original States. National holidays are properly observed, and as they come and go each one seems more glorious than its predecessor. This year the "Fourth" was celebrated at "Poplar Shade," the elegant suburban home of the Beales. Mrs. Horace A. Beale, Vice-Regent, repeated her invitation of two years since, and included not only an escort for each Daughter, but all the "Sons" of the locality with their wives, making a large assembly. Our national emblem appeared wherever it could be placed, with a large flag floating majestically from the tall staff on the lawn.
Even the horses stepped "martially" with tiny flags tucked in their harness. The luncheon served was *au fait*, and while all complimented the hostess for its elegance, the service also was admired. Tri-color ribbons were tied upon each piece of silver, the width varying with the size of the article. A short business meeting was held, interspersed with music. The director, who is also accompanist, Mrs. Ida Futhey Brinton, is an accomplished pianist and vocalist, and each meeting a new selection is produced. "The New Hail Columbia," by Lind-Chadwick; "O Glorious Emblem!" (the story of the flag), by Thomas O'Neill, and an original song to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia" was sung upon this occasion. The latter was handsomely prepared as a souvenir to the hostess and a copy presented to each one present.

DEDICATED TO MRS. HORACE A. BEALE.

Many years have vanished since the day of Freedom's birth,
When the dear old bell gave out the news to all the earth,
How it rang for freedom then, but now its voice is still
Safe be its haven forever.

Hurrah, hurrah, we claim the jubilee!
Hurrah, hurrah, our flag is ever free;
Sing it out at "Poplar Shade," the sound shall reach the sea,
May Daughters of our sires live forever.

Colonial days are over and our fathers are at rest;
We laud their works and keep this day that e'er they loved the best.
With stars and stripes above us, we now pledge our vows anew,
Columbia, our Country forever.

Hurrah, hurrah, it echoes from afar,
Hurrah, hurrah, the loyal D. A. R.,
Sing it with a spirit that no alien threat can mar,
Columbia and Freedom forever.

MARY INGRAM STILLE, No. 474.

A second rendition of the last was requested and the familiar tune made the echoes ring.

The ancestral paper of Mrs. Henry C. Pennypacker, of "Moore Hall," was read by that lady, depicting the life and heroism of Colonel Jacob Morgan. The interesting sketch closed with the presentation of a beautiful polished hand cabinet made of the wood of a cherry tree planted by this illus-
trious ancestor and which stood until within a few years. A gilt plate tells the dates and names and the chamois-lined receptacle will enclose the Liberty Bell that calls the Chapter to order. It was received by a deputized member with gratitude, her remarks expressing the favor with which these little episodes are held. Two more of the many good things which emanate from Pennsylvania are the State flag and book-mark, the former being displayed and the latter endorsed. The Regents of the State and Philadelphia being the only possessors of the flag, Mrs. Hogg loaned hers for the occasion.

Miss Anderson, on behalf of the Valley Forge committee, reported an appropriation from the State of $60,000, awaiting the signature of the governor. This brought applause. Resolutions endorsing President Judge Joseph Hemphill, for his ruling, requiring all aliens to be educated in the American language so as to interpret the Constitution of the United States before naturalization is granted, were unanimously endorsed. An adjournment from the drawing-room to the lawn was made necessary that all might hear the orator of the day, John J. Pinkerton, Esq. His eloquence in recounting the story of the Revolution commanded close and sympathetic attention, and the lessons to be learned to-day for pure politics and temperate living were stored for active use. The social feature of this Chapter’s meetings is marked and like a clan they are bound together for the principles espoused by their founders.

IRONDEQUOIT CHAPTER (Rochester, New York).—The Irondequoit Chapter has had occasion each year of its existence to bless the founders of the Chapter for their choice of the 14th of June as Chapter ‘day, and to rejoice that in the patriotic calendar could be found a day in the “leafy month of June” of such bright possibilities for celebration as that which commemorates the adoption of our national flag. This year our day was marked by exercises of peculiar interest in connection with the presentation of a flag and staff to the University of Rochester by the Rochester Chapters of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution. It was well, we thought, for the two Societies thus to join hands in bestowing a gift upon our own institution of learning, and the cordial
and enthusiastic response to our offer, on the part of students, faculty, and trustees, confirmed our feeling that the plan was in full accord with our avowed objects and aims. Dr. Lattimore, acting president of the University, in a letter addressed to the ladies in charge of arrangements for the day, spoke of the promised gift as "the most beautiful and thoughtful service ever rendered to the University," and added "I interpret this noble gift as the expression of your serious conviction that American colleges should be nurseries of patriotism, and I am sure that the sight of the starry flag floating over the campus and dominating the college halls will be to all our students an inspiration to a deeper love for our native land."

At four o'clock on the afternoon of June 14, a goodly throng was gathered upon the campus. There were members of the various patriotic societies in Rochester, representatives from many Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution throughout the State who had been invited by the Irondequoit Chapter to participate with us in our celebration, and many others whom the common sentiment of patriotism and interest in the college had drawn together. On a raised platform were seated the speakers of the occasion, the officers of the Rochester Chapters of Daughters of the American Revolution and Sons of the American Revolution, and, as guests of especial honor, our beloved State Regent, Miss Forsyth, of Kingston, and our honorary member, Mrs. Louisa Rochester Pitkin, daughter of Colonel Nathaniel Rochester, a revolutionary soldier. On the front seat in the audience and on either side of the newly erected flag staff sat the Sons of the American Revolution and the Children of the American Revolution who were to assist in raising the flag.

The programme of exercises consisted of patriotic music by the college students, an invocation pronounced by Dr. Lattimore, the address of presentation on behalf of the Sons and Daughters by Mr. J. P. Varnum, one of the Sons, the acceptance by the president of the board of trustees of the college, whom we all love and revere, Dr. E. M. Moore, and the oration of the day by Prof. William C. Morey. Each spoke eloquent, earnest words which could not fail to impress and elevate all who had the privilege of hearing them. When the flag, released
from its sheath and drawn upward, floated out grandly to the breeze, every heart in the assembled audience must have thrilled at the sight, and it was with real fervor and hearty accord that the pledge of allegiance was given and the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung.

In the evening the Sons and Daughters with their wives and husbands and the guests from other Chapters were most delightfully and hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Rufus A. Sibley, at their residence, and the following morning a pleasant and profitable informal conference of all Daughters of the American Revolution officers present was held at the home of Mrs. Frederick P. Allen, Miss Forsyth presiding.

CAPTAIN JONATHAN OLIPHANT CHAPTER (Trenton, N. J.) was organized by Mrs. S. Duncan Oliphant at her residence, No. 248 West State Street, May 12, 1896, and named in honor of her great-grandfather, Captain Jonathan Oliphant, who served in the War of the Revolution. Captain Jonathan Oliphant was of distinguished Scotch and Quaker ancestry; his paternal grandfather, Duncan Oliphant, who emigrated to these shores early in the seventeenth century, being a member of the well-known Scottish family of that name. On the maternal side he came of good English Quaker stock, his mother being a daughter of William Lee, one of the early settlers of Burlington County, New Jersey. He married, June 25, 1764, at Friends' Meeting House, Burlington, New Jersey, Mary Shinn, the daughter of Thomas Shinn, a man identified with the early colonial history of New Jersey and judge of the Court of Common Pleas and Quarter Sessions for about twenty years and until his death.

At the breaking out of the war between this country and Great Britain in 1776 Jonathan Oliphant was residing with his wife and children upon his plantation, Oliphant's Mills, Amwell Township, Burlington County, New Jersey. From old records and family legend we learn that he was a large land owner and mill proprietor, prominent in colonial affairs and captain of a company of colonial militia. At the outbreak of hostilities he took his own company and all available men in his community to the assistance of the province of New Jersey,
pledging his estate to its last dollar and dissipating a large fortune in equipping, putting, and maintaining men in the field at the beginning and during the Revolutionary War.

It is said that the oldest male person left upon his estate was his eldest son, a lad of ten years, and that this child, with the assistance of his mother, her serving women, and the women among her tenants, kept the mills going day and night to provide for women, children, and animals that would otherwise have perished for want of food in the absence of master and men fighting for life and liberty.

Captain Jonathan Oliphant and his company joined the Second Burlington Regiment. He remained in active service until retired for disability, April 9, 1777, and died at his homestead, Oliphant's Mills, at the age of sixty-five.

There being a large number of the descendants of Captain Jonathan Oliphant, together with a numerous family connection, resident in New Jersey and other parts of the United States, it occurred to Mrs. S. D. Oliphant that it would be well to form a family Chapter, making eligible to its membership the lineal descendants of Captain Jonathan Oliphant, and in addition to these, those who are connected with the family by marriage and those born Oliphant, though not descendants of Captain Jonathan, yet having right through some other ancestor, to become a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution Chapter. Accordingly this was done, with the result that at the first meeting an organization was effected of eighteen members and one honorary member.

Since then our number has increased to twenty-nine. Our members reside in several different States and while some of them are so far off they cannot meet with us, they observe the days we celebrate and are with us in spirit.

We have had two business meetings and one commemorative meeting, and at the close of the latter were most delightfully entertained at dinner by the Regent, Mrs. S. D. Oliphant, and at which a number of invited guests were present. Our meetings, it must be confessed, partake very much of the nature of the family reunion, with "our sisters and our cousins and our aunts and our male relatives joining us" at the closing festivities, and for whom our patriotic exercises have
as great an interest as for ourselves. But in that respect at least, they are delightful, and serve to make acquainted those who were hitherto strangers, and to bind together more closely the ties of kinship, as well as to stimulate interest in the patriotic deeds, and to reverence the memory of those who fought to perpetuate the self government of this country, and whose self-sacrificing acts made it possible for us to enjoy our present blessed privileges. And while we enjoy so much the social side of our meetings, we do not neglect the prime motive which has banded us together. At all of our meetings, which are opened with prayer, patriotic and historical papers are read and discussed, and we attend, whenever practicable, all other meetings held in the interest or under the auspices of the Daughters of the American Revolution, thus keeping in touch with all the State and National organizations having the common interests at heart.

We are highly favored in having for our Chaplain the Right Reverend Leighton Coleman, Bishop of Delaware, who has kindly consented to act in that capacity, and who, we are proud to claim as one of our number in more than one respect, his mother being an Oliphant of the Scottish branch. Our last meeting was held at the home of the Regent, May 15, 1897, and at which we celebrated, with appropriate exercises and speeches, the reception of our charter, the possession of which we value most highly as the legal evidence of our right to exist as a Chapter. At the close of the meeting the Chapter was elegantly entertained at luncheon by the Vice-Regent of the Chapter, Mrs. Hughes Oliphant, at her lovely old colonial residence on the opposite side of the street, and whose spacious grounds slope down to the banks of the historic Delaware.

There were many invited guests present, chief among whom was the State Regent, Mrs. David A. Depue, who was the guest of honor. The luncheon table was set in the form of a T and lavishly decorated with red, white, and blue flowers from the home garden. On one side of the table ran lengthwise a cluster of red, white, and blue ribbons tastefully arranged at the ends with loops and streamers. Stretched diagonally the length of the table was a broad ribbon of the Chapter colors, viz: the Oliphant plaid, which is the clan plaid of the Oliphants in
Scotland. This is a very effective decoration, as it is a handsome plaid of dark blue and green with narrow bias of black and white crossing, making an uneven plaid. Mr. and Mrs. Hughes Oliphant received their guests and entertained them during luncheon in a most charming manner.

After the dainty luncheon had been partaken of and while the company were still seated at the table, interesting exercises were held. A biographical sketch of her ancestor, Colonel Nathan Gallup, was read by Mrs. David Oliphant Haynes, of New York, and a brief history of the Chapter by the Historian was, in the unavoidable absence of its author, read by Mrs. Samuel C. Allison, of Jersey City.

Mrs. David A. Depue, the State Regent, being called upon for a speech responded fittingly, expressing her pleasure and gratification at being present on this occasion and complimenting the Chapter on its unity as a family and its progress as a Chapter. She said that she was pleased to see such a happy family.

The Chapter Regent was then presented with a very handsome silver mounted ivory gavel by her husband, General S. D. Oliphant. In beautifully expressed language he made the presentation, his speech full of patriotism and historic reminiscences, charming his hearers in spontaneous and hearty applause and receiving in return the grateful thanks graciously expressed of our much loved Regent.

The company then repaired to the lawn and piazzas and after a season of mutual social intercourse dispersed to their homes filled with pleasant memories of this never to be forgotten day.— SARAH R. OLIPHANT FALKINBURGH, Historian.

QUEQUECHAN CHAPTER (Fall River, Massachusetts) held its regular monthly meeting January 12 in Mt. Hope Hall, the Regent in the chair. Delegates to the Continental Congress were chosen. The Regent, Mrs. Mary J. C. Neill, and Mrs. Cornelia W. L. Davol, with Mrs. Mary G. Deane and Mrs. Phoebe H. Grafton as alternates. Interesting articles were read by Mrs. Annie F. Henry, Miss Mary E. Flint, and Mrs. Emily J. Coburn, after which there was time for social intercourse.
On January 6 the Chapter held an informal gathering in commemoration of Washington's wedding day in the large parlor of the Mellen House. Among a number of invited guests present were the Regent and Vice-Regent of the Lucy Cobb Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Taunton, Massachusetts.

The parlor was tastefully decorated with flags and flowers. After a few words of welcome by the chairman of the Literary Committee an article on Robert Ellery, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was read by Mrs. Phoebe H. Trafton. Mrs. Mary Hartley followed with an account of the wedding day, taken from the *American Monthly Magazine*. Miss Sara Shepard read the poem, "A Memorable Wedding Day," which was kindly sent the Historian by Mrs. Janier Le Duc, of the New York Chapter, also "A Monument to the Soldiers," by James Whitcomb Riley. The Vice-Regent, Miss Mary D. Holmes, read an account of Washington's visit to Lexington, November 5, 1789, as written by Sarah Monroe to her friend, Mary Mason, an interesting and spicy letter. Miss Mary H. Bassett gave a piano recital and sang also a duet, "I Love Thee," with Miss Holmes. A banjo club of four young boys furnished very enjoyable and patriotic music, the guests joining them at the end in singing "America."

Light refreshments were served during the evening by the young ladies, assisted by the gentlemen present. It was a most social gathering, and a pleasant beginning of the new year.—Cornelia W. Lincoln Davol, Historian.

The Susanna Hart Shelby Chapter (Versailles, Kentucky) has but little to report in the matter of work for the current year, other than the addition of six new members and the transfer of two others, viz: Mrs. C. D. Chenault, who has organized and has been made Regent of the Boonesborough Chapter at Richmond, Kentucky, and Mrs. Joseph A. Humphreys, who has removed to Lexington, connecting herself with that Chapter. About half of our members, unfortunately, are non-residents. Among the others, absence and illness have made the attendance at our monthly meetings necessarily small during the winter. It has been suggested, however, that our
energies be chiefly directed for a time to cooperation with the Boonesborough Chapter in the erection of a monument or suitable memorial to mark the interesting and historic spot upon which the old fort at Boonesborough stood—the first to be established in the wild domain to be known ten years later as the State of Kentucky. In the defense of this fort many lives were sacrificed by the Indians, among them Captain Nathaniel Hart, the father of Susanna Hart Shelby. Susanna Hart was married in that fort to Isaac Shelby, who became the first Governor of Kentucky, and to both of whom this Chapter is a memorial.—REBECCA T. HART, Regent.

COWPENS CHAPTER last May offered a gold medal to the young lady of Converse College, Spartanburg, who should write the best essay on some noted South Carolina heroine of revolutionary fame. Seventeen pupils from the junior and senior classes competed for the prize. The medal was awarded to Miss Leslie Strode, of Virginia. Her subject was Emily Geiger. A delightful evening was enjoyed by the Daughters of the American Revolution as well as a large audience of townspeople on the occasion of presenting the medal by Dr. James H. Carlisle, of Wofford College, who gave us a most interesting talk on Emily Geiger, the subject of the essay. The college chapel was gaily decorated with flags and flowers, an anthem was rendered by the Choral Club, a patriotic poem entitled "Emily Geiger's Ride" was read by Miss Nellie McGhee, after which "America" was beautifully sung by choir and audience.—MISS C. M. ZIMMERMAN, Historian.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD CHAPTER was organized in August, 1896, twenty-six giving in their names at the first meeting called, and, receiving their application blanks, they at once set to work to fill them out. Three or four dropped out later, as they encountered difficulties, but others came in and filled up the ranks. Our meetings were held at the home of Mrs. Caroline F. Warren, who became a Daughter of the American Revolution three years previous and who had been duly appointed Regent to form a Chapter in Edgartown, Massachusetts. Associated with Mrs. Warren in the work here was Mrs. Harriett M. Lothrop, of Concord, Massachusetts.
Mrs. Warren at once appointed officers for the Chapter, and the work progressed rapidly. Twenty-six names were sent to the Registrar General August 29, followed very quickly by six more, so we started with thirty-two charter members. Since then our membership has increased to fifty.

Camden Chapter held its regular quarterly and literary meeting at the home of Mrs. Nancy E. Edic, the Chapter Historian, Tuesday afternoon, February 16, 1897. In the absence of the Regent, Mrs. Mary Ella Conant, Mrs. Emma S. Frisbie, Vice-Regent, presided. The exercises opened in the usual way, all repeating the Lord's Prayer. As the Regent and some other members of the Chapter expected to be absent on Washington's Birthday the programme was in keeping with that event. The house was very prettily trimmed with flags, and a large picture of Washington graced the wall. The following was the programme: Singing, "America;" "Footprints of Washington," Mrs. Lois S. Kendall; Report of Loan Exhibit at Sing Sing, Mrs. Nancy E. Edic; Sketch of "Joseph Hopkinson," Mrs. Caroline Harvey; singing, "Hail Columbia; "How Washington's Birthday was made a Holiday," Mrs. Mary J. Strong; vocal solo, "My Lady's Bower," Miss S. Lucy Miller:

Our Chapter has now twenty-six members, with two "real Daughters," Mrs. Harriet A. West, whose father was a brother of Ethan Allen, and the other Mrs. Mary M. Baldwin. Mrs. Baldwin was with us on this occasion. Mrs. Frisbie, in a few well-chosen words, in the name of the National Society and also of Camden Chapter, presented Mrs. Baldwin with a beautiful souvenir spoon. Mrs. West had been presented with one a few weeks before, and her grateful letter of acknowledgment was read. We now have four more applications in, which will make our number thirty. After the programme Mrs. Edic served the ladies with tea and wafers, during which time a pleasant social session was enjoyed.—S. Lucy Miller, Secretary.

The Rebecca Bryan Boone Chapter (Newport, Kentucky) held its monthly meeting on June 14, Flag Day, at the
residence of the Regent, Mrs. James Arnold. The room was appropriately draped with our freedom's emblem. Our Chapter is quite young, being only seven months old, and numbering only sixteen members, but we have taken up the work of repairing Boone's monument in the cemetery at Frankford, Kentucky, it having suffered from vandal hands during the late Civil War. The Chapter, by special invitation, was addressed on the subject by Mr. Farney, the artist, of Cincinnati. He is much interested in the repairs, giving many valuable suggestions and offering to procure appropriate designs for the panels from a brother artist without expense. He pledged his support and assistance till the work was completed. A resolution was offered and unanimously passed, that we request the schools of Kentucky to observe October 22 as Boone's day by reading extracts from his life and the teachers recounting some of his marvelous adventures in the unbroken wilderness that baptized his chosen State as the "dark and bloody ground;" also that each child be requested to contribute a penny toward the fund. The Chapters throughout the State are requested to assist us in securing the cooperation of the teachers. After the reading of a paper, "Our Flag," and a selection from the Magazine, "How the Capital came to the Potomac," our hostess's dainty luncheon was much enjoyed. We separated enthused in our work.—HISTORIAN.

ELIZABETH CLARKE HULL CHAPTER (Ansonia, Connecticut).—On April 19 the Elizabeth Clarke Hull Chapter, Ansonia, Connecticut, was most delightfully entertained at the home of its Vice-Regent, Mrs. Dana Bartholomew. Prominent among the fifty or more guests were the State Regent, Mrs. Kinney; State Chaplain, Mrs. Bulkeley; Mrs. Coffin, wife of ex-Governor Coffin; Mrs. Wilcox, Vice-President of the National Mary Washington's Memorial Association, and the Regents and representatives of eleven neighboring Chapters. The beautiful parlors, most tastefully decorated by the hostess with flags, festoons of smilax with knots of red ribbon and large bouquets of red and white carnations, presented an inspiring appearance to the gathering Daughters who met to celebrate the one hundred and twenty-second anniversary of the
battle of Lexington. A dainty lunch was served at one o’clock to the out-of-town guests, then sociability reigned until three o’clock when the meeting was called to order by the Regent, Mrs. William J. Clark, and a charming programme given. A double quartette of ladies from Bridgeport sang most delightfully. Recitations were given by Miss Munger and Miss Swift, a piano solo by Miss Allen, of Hartford, and a paper on the “Causes of the Revolution and the Battle of Lexington” by the Historian. These were warmly received, as were also the appropriate words of Mrs. Kinney recalling the events of the day. Mrs. Wilcox gave a short account of the National Mary Washington Memorial Association, especially gratifying to the four members of the Chapter who are life members of the association, by the statement of the large amount Connecticut has contributed toward the memorial fund. The programme over, delicious ices were served in the form of American eagles surmounted by small shields and tiny silk flags. The Chapter badge, made from wood taken from the old frigate “Constitution,” appeared for the first time at this meeting. It is a reproduction in miniature of the steering wheel of “Old Ironside,” hand-carved, suspended by a blue and white ribbon from a curved silver bar bearing the name and location of the Chapter in letters of blue enamel. The charter, in an exquisitely carved frame of the same precious wood, and the gavel, the gift of Mrs. Theodore P. Terry, were conspicuous objects of interest on this memorable afternoon.—FLORA A. TERRY, Historian.

LUCY KNOX CHAPTER (Gloucester, Massachusetts).—The regular monthly meeting of the Lucy Knox Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Gloucester, Massachusetts, was held with the Regent, Mrs. Allan Rogers, on Tuesday evening, December 8, 1896. Interesting papers on “The Boston Massacre” and “Samuel Adams” were presented by the Historian, Miss Mary E. Wilder, and Mrs. Mary L. Clark, and readings of the “Burning of the Gaspee” and the “Boston Tea Party,” by Mrs. Rogers and Mrs. Lindberg. Refreshments were served during the social period which followed.—GENEVA W. PROCTOR, Secretary.
OLD NEWBURY CHAPTER.—Since the organization of the Old Newbury Chapter, June 17, 1896, four meetings have been held at stated times—the second Tuesday of each month—when carefully prepared papers have been read and conversation enjoyed. The Chapter was first entertained in October at the house which was formerly the residence of Miss Hannah Flagg Gould, a poet of considerable note in the first half of the century and whose father fought in numerous battles during the Revolution and was in command of the main guard at West Point when Benedict Arnold's treachery was discovered.

Captain Gould's experiences undoubtedly furnished his daughter with incidents which she has made the themes of many of her poems. "The Scar of Lexington" commemorates a bullet wound which he received at that battle and "The Rising Monument" is a poem which was printed on white satin and sold at a fair held in Boston to help raise funds toward the erection of that high and historic shaft which celebrates the battle of Bunker Hill. Another of Miss Gould's poems, written in a semi-humorous vein, describes the pulling down of the leaden statue erected in New York in honor of George III and later melted and run into revolutionary bullets which were used against his majesty's troops.

At this meeting, one of the few women to be admitted to the Suffolk bar, Miss Elizabeth Smith, gave a paper on the "Homes of Women of Revolutionary Times," which was listened to with evident satisfaction and later conversation was enjoyed and simple refreshments served. An agreeable feature of the November assembly was the singing of a hymn dedicated to the Daughters of the American Revolution by its composer, Mrs. J. B. Peet, formerly of Newburyport.

Mrs. Forbes, a member of the Mercy Warren Chapter, of Springfield, but whose ancestral home, where she now resides, is within the limits of "old Newbury," read a comprehensive and carefully written paper, showing much research, on "The Early Settlements in America and Specific Acts of British Parliament which Led to the American Revolution." Later tea with its accompanying sociability brought the meeting to a close.

In evidence of the friendliness which prevails between the
local Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution and Daughters of the Revolution the Nathaniel Tracy Chapter, Daughters of the Revolution, was invited to the December meeting. After singing "Our Western Land" by a chorus, an essay, written by the president of the Historical Society of old Newbury, Mr. William Little, on "Newbury During the Revolutionary Period," was read. This was composed of extracts from the town records and anecdotes illustrating the patriotism, self-reliance, and capabilities of Newbury men and women. These were portrayed with feeling and fidelity and one experienced a thrill of gratitude and pride at the truly wonderful resources and courage shown by ancestors who made our Nation possible. After the singing of "America" by the united gathering the customary lunch and social hour was enjoyed. The January meeting was occupied principally with business relating to the national organization and local Chapter, but an interesting incident was the presentation of a souvenir spoon to Mrs. Lydia (Lowell) Pendar, whose father, Paul Lowell, was a soldier of the Revolution. The decorations have been simple but effective and appropriate, for who of us can gaze upon the American flag without inspiration and pleasure in the thought that it was designed by a woman. The Old Newbury Chapter now numbers forty-five, mainly younger women full of life and enthusiasm, with a sprinkling of older women sufficient to give it stability—an ideal blending of ages.

—HARRIOT WITHINGTON COLMAN, Historian.

JUDGE SAMUEL MCDOWELL CHAPTER (Cynthiana, Kentucky).—Although our Chapter was organized but one year ago with the required twelve members our growth has been (all things considered) quite rapid, as we have almost doubled our membership during that time. The enthusiasm manifested by our members, the interest that has been taken in perpetuating the deeds of our forefathers who formed this great Republic of America for us, and the just pride that is felt in those ancestors who fought for our liberty and imbued us with that spirit and love of everything American, leads me to believe that our growth will continue to increase quite as rapidly in the years to come. Let us continue the attendance at our
meetings with the same zealous spirit that has heretofore characterized us, and let us feel proud in the knowledge that, while we cannot make America, as our forefathers did, we, as daughters of those valorous fathers, by our example as mothers of a coming generation, can create in our descendants that love of home and America, and implant in them such a feeling of pride and glory in their country that they will realize it is to their mothers, as Daughters of the American Revolution, they owe that homage and respect due them, as safe and sure guides and keepers of America. I wish to impress upon you the importance of sending a delegate to the Continental Congress at Washington. While we are as a single Chapter but a small part of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, still, as a part of that body, we should have our proper representation, and through this delegate express to the parent body our wishes. I would suggest that our Chapter take the necessary steps to put ourselves on record as favoring the resolution offered by Mrs. Foote on December 3 (and carried). This resolution as adopted, allows delegates to choose their State Regents (after February first) whenever and wherever they see fit, but the election shall not be complete until announced at the annual meeting. I would like to ask each member of the Chapter to take upon herself the enrolling of a new member and I would also recommend that our Chapter contribute to the building of the Continental Memorial Hall at Washington, either by a subscription or some form of entertainment. In conclusion I wish to thank the officers and members of this Chapter for having complimented me by re-electing me as your Regent, and for the uniform courtesy and consideration shown me as an officer of the Chapter, and for the hearty cooperation and enthusiasm with which you have entered into any plans conducive to the welfare of our Society, both in a business and social way.—Mary Casey Reynolds, Regent.

Dorothy Quincy Hancock Chapter (Greenfield, Massachusetts) celebrate February 22.—The hospitable home of our Historian, Mrs. H. W. Kellogg, on Highland Avenue, was opened to the Daughters of the American Revolution and their
WHAT WE ARE DOING AND CHAPTER WORK.

The house was charmingly decorated with the national colors and flag. The stairway was draped with the colors, while in the reception room pictures of Washington and his birthplace were surrounded by the national colors and a beautiful bouquet of roses. There was on exhibition a piece of wood from his barn, also an ancient paper with the notice of Washington's death. After the reading of the report business was allowed to have no place in this festive gathering. The programme of the afternoon was opened with a piano solo by Miss Bertha Walcott. Master Henry Kellogg read an original composition on Washington's fight with the Hessians. "The True Washington" was the subject of the essay read by Mrs. Caroline C. Furbush, which was a most interesting paper on the character of Washington, showing a most careful study of various authorities from a large and impartial standpoint. A charming piano solo was given by Mrs. Kellogg, which was followed with reading by Miss Edith A. Stratton of selections from "Rules of Behavior," written by Washington at the age of thirteen years, also a poem published in the September American Monthly, 1896, "Put None but Americans on Guard To-night." The programme closed with music by Miss Walcott. Interspersed through the exercises were many spicy anecdotes of Washington told by the members of the Chapter, not the least of which was one sent by Mrs. Maria A. D. Pike, one of the real Daughters of the Chapter, who is ninety-four years old. Refreshments were served at the close of the exercises. A huge birthday cake, surrounded by the flag and smilax, held the post of honor, while Washington's favorite punch was served. The Chapter is greatly indebted to Miss Walcott for her piano recitations, which were most charmingly rendered. A striking illustration of the progress made since the time of Washington was aptly illustrated by Mr. Kellogg, who entertained the company with selections of band music from the graphophone. After a social half hour the company dispersed, all agreeing that they had spent a most delightful afternoon.—Edith A. Stratton, Secretary.
ANNA WARNER BAILEY CHAPTER.—On the afternoon of June 17, the one hundred and twenty-second anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, a reception was tendered by the members of the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, to the State Regent of the Connecticut Society, Mrs. Sarah T. Kinney, of New Haven, at the home of Mrs. Lorenzo D. Baker, on Broad Street, Groton. Carriages met the out-of-town guests at the ferry, and everything possible was done to make the occasion pleasant and memorable.

The house is well suited for a reception of this kind, being set well back from the street, shaded by handsome trees; and surrounded with a spacious vine-clad veranda. Large United States flags greeted the visitors at the entrance to the house, and the interior doorways were also draped with the national colors. The balustrade was decorated with blue bunting dotted with stars, and throughout the house ferns and daisies met the eye at every turn.

A notable feature of the decorations was the luncheon table, set by the chef of the new Hotel Mohican, at New London. Red, white, and blue flowers were gracefully strewn upon the board, and the centerpiece was an elaborate vase of ferns and daisies.

The reception began at 3:30, more than one hundred and fifty members of the Society and their friends being in attendance. Mrs. Kinney, the State Regent, received, with Mrs. Baker, in the drawing-room, assisted by members of the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter. The members of the Lucretia Shaw Chapter, of New London, were present as the guests of their sister organization, and among those in attendance from distant points were: Mrs. H. G. Bourne, of New York; Mrs. R. J. Sherman, Vice-Regent of the Buffalo Chapter; and Mrs. William Kincard, of the Minneapolis Chapter. The pleasure of the occasion was enhanced by the excellent music of Bailey's guitar and mandolin orchestra. Among the selections rendered was the Chapter's hymn, "For Home and Country."

Previous to the reception an executive meeting of the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter was held at the home of the Regent, Mrs. Clara B. Whitman. Mrs. Cuthbert H. Slocomb entertained Mrs. Kinney during the remainder of her visit at Groton.
WHAT WE ARE DOING AND CHAPTER WORK. 427

The reception was thoroughly enjoyable, the weather being perfect and nothing occurring to mar the pleasure of the occasion.—Mrs. Ira H. Palmer, Historian.

OMAHA CHAPTER (Omaha, Nebraska), Daughters of the American Revolution, held the last regular meeting of the season on Monday afternoon, June 7, at the residence of Mrs. H. S. Jaynes, the Chapter Regent. The spacious rooms and halls had been prettily decorated with flowers and flags and as each member had the privilege of bringing a friend whom she knew to be eligible for membership the meeting was more social in character than has hitherto been customary. The report of the committee appointed to outline the plan of study and entertainment for the coming year was read by Mrs. Elizabeth Haas Lowrie and met with the cordial approval of all present. Mrs. T. A. Creigh read an interesting paper entitled "The Mothers of the Revolution," which she had prepared for the occasion. Recitations and a delightful musical programme were followed by refreshments.

Preliminary steps toward the organization of Omaha Chapter were taken June 29, 1896, by thirteen members of the National Society, residents of Omaha. In the autumn two more Omaha women were admitted to membership in the National Society and the Omaha Chapter applied for a charter. The interest aroused has been wide-spread and the work contemplated by the Chapter is comprehensive, instructive, and thoroughly in harmony with the aims and objects of the Society. A loan exhibition is to be one of the features of the Chapter work in the autumn.

The Nebraska Society of the Sons of the American Revolution celebrated the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill by giving a lawn party at the home of one of its members, Mr. H. S. Jaynes. Mr. L. D. Richards, president of the Nebraska Society, addressed the meeting and an interesting programme of music and recitations was followed by refreshments. The Sons had gallantly invited their sisters of the Omaha Chapter to be present and the occasion was one long to be remembered.

—Ellenore Dutcher.
COLUMBIA CHAPTER (Columbia, South Carolina) have had many pleasant meetings, both social and business, during the past season. They have now disbanded for the summer, but at their last meeting they elected the officers for the coming year and inaugurated on a sure footing two important movements in regard to erecting monuments to an illustrious hero and heroine of revolutionary fame. Some years ago a bill was passed through the United States Senate to appropriate $40,000 for an equestrian statue of General Francis Marion to be erected in Columbia, South Carolina. The bill did not pass the House, but the Daughters of the American Revolution having taken it in hand will endeavor to get it through at the next session of Congress. They could not work for a nobler cause than perpetuating the memory of this grand old revolutionary hero. The Columbia Chapter have also determined to erect a shaft of native granite to the memory of Emily Geiger, who lived within a few miles of Columbia and is now lying in an unmarked grave in the old burial ground of her family.—A. I. ROBERTSON, Secretary.

SARAH BRADLLE FULTON CHAPTER.—It has been the custom of the local Grand Army of the Republic Post on each Memorial Day to decorate the grave of General John Brooks, a revolutionary soldier, as well as the graves of their comrades in the Civil War, in the old burying ground in the center of the city. This year the graves of eight more soldiers of the Revolution, hitherto unknown, or at least unthought of, were appropriately marked with laurel wreaths and flags, placed there, as cards to the wreaths bore witness, "by the Sarah Bradlee Fulton Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution." The resting places also of members of the Provincial Congress, of Mrs. Abagail Brooks, and Mrs. Fulton were similarly marked for having rendered efficient aid to the Continental cause. One wreath designated the common grave of many of General Stark's men, whose bones were dug up half a century ago in various places when the ground was being prepared for the erection of buildings, and properly reinterred here together. In the immediate vicinity of this old burying ground the New Hampshire soldiers camped in 1775, and many
were brought here to be buried after the battle of Bunker Hill. In two other cemeteries graves were also decorated, and the committee to whom the work of locating the resting places of soldiers of the Revolution was intrusted have reason to believe that they will find many more.

The Chapter held its last meeting June 7 with the Registrar, Mrs. J. O. Goodwin, who entertained the members with a fine spread at the close of a very interesting programme. The hostess read a paper on "Medford in the Revolution," and Miss Jessie Dinsmore one on "Our Flag." A grandson of Mrs. Fulton, for whom the Chapter is named, who is ninety-one years old, was an honored guest, and delighted the company with a spirited speech, in which he told of his hasty retreat when a child from an ugly old gander, and of his grandmother's command to face about, with the words, "Never turn your back on an enemy." The widow of one of Mrs. Fulton's grandsons, ninety-three years of age, was also present. Both of these aged people have vivid recollections of their heroic relatives, and Mrs. Fulton owns the punch bowl from which Washington was served when he called on Mrs. Fulton, and which was exhibited at the Historical Society festival last fall.

June 15 this Society and the Daughters held a strawberry festival at the headquarters of the organizations, and a delightfully social evening closed the meetings of both till October. June 17 several members of the Chapter attended the first anniversary exercises of the Bunker Hill Chapter.—ELIZA M. GILL, Historian.

VALLEY FORGE CHAPTER (Norristown, Pennsylvania) — At the regular meeting of the Chapter in February, which was quite an interesting one, it was decided to give a tea on the second Monday in March. Accordingly the Valley Forge Chapter gave a delightful reception at that time from three to six o'clock at the home of Mrs. McInnis. Mrs. Elwood M. Corson and Mrs. J. A. Strassburger, with hostess, arranged for an appetizing menu consisting of salads, ices, etc., Mrs. Strassburger presiding at the coffee table. The Chapter is to be congratulated on the success of the first social entertainment and
in having a member who so generously and gratefully tendered
the use of her spacious and beautiful home with its artistic deco-
rations and harmonious furnishings. Nearly seventy-five mem-
bers and guests were present. Those from a distance were:
Mrs. Herman Baer, of Somerset, Pennsylvania; Mrs. John
Laurens Dawes, of Pittsburg, and Mrs. Charles H. Marple,
of Omaha, Nebraska.

The Valley Forge Chapter is in a very flourishing condition.
We have thirty-two members, two of whom are real Daughters.
We expect to have fifty members before next Congress. Our
members took a lively interest in the late Congress, two of the
Chapter members besides the alternate and Vice-Regent being
present. We are anxiously looking forward to the nineteenth
of June, our Chapter day. We always spend that day at
Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge. It was on this
day Valley Forge was evacuated by the British, and hence
think it a very fitting day for our Chapter day. Our meetings
are usually very interesting ones. The Regent decided to have
papers read on some historical subject or ancestor at each
meeting, which has proven very interesting as well as beneficial.
We sincerely trust you will hear more of the Valley Forge
Chapter in the very near future.

CATHERINE SCHUYLER CHAPTER.—The second meeting of
the newly organized Chapter of the Daughters of the American
Revolution was held at the residence of the First Vice-Regent,
Mrs. Wm. F. Jones, in Wellsville, Tuesday afternoon, July 27,
1897, to commemorate the battle of Stony Point and its hero,
Anthony Wayne.

The first session of the new Chapter, which was held on June
12 with the Regent, Mrs. Hamilton Ward, at Belmont, was one
of organization, and upon the kind invitation of Mrs. Jones was
adjourned to meet at her home on July 27 for a luncheon at
two o'clock and a business and literary meeting at a later hour.

The luncheon was served outside the house in a hall which
stands beneath the shadows of grand old pines that, could they
speak, would tell many interesting tales of bygone days, for it
was through these grounds the old Indian trail passed, and on
the river bank, back of where the residence now stands, was their camping place.

The hall presented a beautiful appearance, decorated as it was with rich red, white, and blue, and from the wall, looking down upon the gathered guests, were war scenes and the portraits of revolutionary soldiers, while the faces of George and Mary Washington look smilingly upon the descendants of colonial patriots. Even Betsy Ross, the maker of the National flag, appeared to smile approval.

The luncheon table was prettily arranged; red and white carnations, surmounted by smilax, resting at intervals on the snowy linen. The menu was exceptionally choice and dainty and the twenty-eight guests discussed it with evident appreciation, to which Mrs. Ward, joined by all, gave expression in a toast to Mrs. Jones, the hostess.

On adjournment to the parlors, Mrs. Ward, the Regent, called the Executive Board together for the election of new members, six of whom were duly admitted on certificate from the National Society. Tasteful decorations in the national colors enhanced the beauty of the room where the business meeting now convened. The brave features of Anthony Wayne appeared on the mantel draped about with ribbon in the patriotic colors. By the side of the captain's portrait rested a small Continental flag. Red and white flowers lent their charm and fragrance to the scene. An earnest prayer by the Chaplain, Mrs. E. W. Chamberlain, was followed by the reading and approval of the minutes of the first meeting, the adoption of by-laws, and minor business.

The matter of selecting the Chapter name was then introduced, Mrs. Jennings, of Belfast, suggesting the name of Anna Stewart Church, and Mrs. Jones, of this place, proposing Catherine Schuyler. It was remarkable that both of these gentle-women were ancestors of the well-known Church family, of Belvidere. Catherine Schuyler was the grandmother of Judge Philip Church, and the wife of the famous General. Of the two excellent suggestions for name, her's was adopted because of an active connection with the valorous deeds of the Revolution and the association of her descendants with modern life in Allegany County.
The meeting's literary feast was presented by Mrs. Jones in an interesting genealogical paper, by Miss Miriam Thornton, in an essay on the capture by Wayne of Stony Point, and an informal talk by Miss Tryphena Chamberlain on traditions handed down by one of her ancestors who was at the battle of Stony Point.

During the meeting regrets were read from Mrs. Frank Smith, whom temporary ill health and heavy roads kept at home. Miss Angelica Church also sent a letter expressing regrets at her inability to attend.

The afternoon's pleasure was concluded by happy anticipations of an August meeting at the home of Mrs. Frank Smith, at Angelica, who has invited the Chapter there for its next session.

The following is a list of charter members of the Chapter—Mrs. H. Ward, Regent, Belmont; Mrs. W. F. Jones, First Vice-Regent, Wellsville; Mrs. F. S. Smith, Second Vice-Regent, Angelica; Mrs. Enos W. Barnes, Secretary, Wellsville; Mrs. E. W. Chamberlain, Chaplain, Belmont; Mrs. Helen Hatch, Wellsville; Miss S. S. Jennings, Treasurer, Belfast; Miss Alice Reed, Registrar, Belmont; Miss M. E. Thornton, Historian, Wellsville; Miss M. F. Dobbins, Assistant Historian, Wellsville; Mrs. T. E. Morris, Librarian, Belmont; Miss Angelica Church, Hornellsville; Mrs. Henry Gilpen, Hornellsville; Miss T. T. Chamberlain, Belfast; Mrs. Chauncey Macken, Wellsville; Mrs. James Thornton, Wellsville; Miss Gertrude Thornton, Wellsville; Miss Gertrude Barnes, Wellsville; Mrs. N. J. Bush, Rushford; Mrs. A. J. Benson, Rushford; Mrs. Frank Greene, Hammondsport, Steuben County, New York; Mrs. Frank B. Church, Wellsville.

The entire membership in the Chapter is now twenty-eight, including Mrs. E. W. Chamberlain, the Chaplain; Mrs. Gillette, of Cuba; Mrs. E. B. Hall, Mrs. W. C. Ross, Mrs. F. B. Church, Mrs. A. S. Brown, Mrs. J. M. Carpenter, and Mrs. J. G. Wilson, of Wellsville.

In addition to the Chapter members who were present, Mrs. William Bruce and Mrs. F. C. Scoville of other Chapters, and the prospective Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. Thomas L. Smith, Mrs. I. N. and Mrs. I. W. Fassett,
and Miss Gertrude and Miss Helen Jones were guests.—Mrs. E. W. Barnes, Secretary.

Heber Allen Chapter (Poultney, Vermont) was royally entertained Saturday afternoon, January 16, by Mrs. D. D. Woodward, Mrs. George W. Henry, and Mrs. J. E. Seeley, charter members of the Chapter, at the elegant home of Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Woodward at Granville, New York. Mrs. F. B. Barrett, our efficient Regent, presided. After the reading of the Secretary’s report, singing of that inspiring hymn “America” by all of the Daughters and a short order of business, the time was given to a “feast of reason and a flow of soul” which was short and pithy. We were very happy in having with us our honored State Regent, Mrs. Jesse Burdett, of Rutland, whose cordial manner added not a little to our enjoyment.

The Heber Allen Chapter, of the Daughters of the American Revolution, has a short existence of not quite six months and that in name only, for there were many obstacles to overcome, but stout hearts with unfailing determination to succeed accomplished our object, and two weeks ago we received our charter, on which are enrolled fourteen charter members, three of which were transferred from the National Society at Washington. We now have twenty nine members and more to follow, one life member whose papers will be passed upon at the next meeting of the National Board. The officers as enrolled stand, Regent, Mrs. F. B. Barrett; Vice-Regent, Mrs. B. G. Rice; Registrar, Mrs. Elijah Ross; Historian, Miss Mary M. Tuttle; Treasurer, Mrs. Albert Bessey; Secretary, Miss Helen Hosford; Executive Committee, in connection with the officers, Mrs. G. W. Henry, Mrs. D. D. Woodward, Miss Lorraine Perry.

Heber Allen, in honor of whom the Chapter is named, was buried in the old burying ground at East Poultney. During his life he held responsible town offices. He was the first town clerk of Poultney. The inscription on his tombstone reads: “This grave contains the remains of Major Heber Allen, who, with his brother, assisted in the struggle for the independence of this and the United States. He was one of
the earliest settlers in this town and died as he lived, and as expressed by his brother Ethan, 'the noblest work of God,' on the tenth day of April, A. D. 1782. Aged thirty-eight years."—FRANCES A. HEWITT RICE, Vice-Regent.

DEBORAH SAMPSON CHAPTER was organized at Hotel Belmont January 25, with twenty-one charter members. The meeting was called to order at three o'clock and opened by singing 'America.' Mrs. Joseph H. Neal, Regent of the Fall River Chapter, was present and assisted the duly appointed Regent, Mrs. Lucy A. Spurr, in organizing. The following officers were appointed by the Regent: Vice-Regent, Mrs. Rebecca Boomee; Secretary (both Recording and Corresponding), Mrs. Hettie R. Littlefield; Treasurer, Mrs. Allie V. Kingman; Registrar, Mrs. Clara Atwood; Chaplain, Mrs. Lucy C. Howland; Historian, Mrs. Olive H. Lincoln.

The first business of the meeting was to make Mrs. Lydia French, mother of Mrs. Lucy Howland, an honorary member and also honorary Regent. The Deborah Sampson Chapter is very proud of this member, as she is a real daughter of one of the heroes of Bunker Hill. There are also two granddaughters and several great-granddaughters. A very able paper was read by the Historian, Mrs. Lincoln, on the life of Deborah Sampson, who donned male attire and served in the Revolution till twice wounded and her sex discovered. Honorable mention of this woman soldier is made in Niles's 'Principles and Acts of the Revolution.' A very nice lunch was served by the ladies, and the Chapter then adjourned to February 22, at which meeting Washington's farewell address was read.—HETTIE R. LITTLEFIELD, Corresponding and Recording Secretary.
SARAH BRADLEE FULTON.

BORN IN DORCHESTER, 1740—DIED IN MEDFORD, 1835.

[Written by Helen Tilden Wild, Secretary of the Sarah Bradlee Fulton Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and read on the evening of the presentation of charter, January 26, 1897.]

The names of the men who served in the Revolutionary War are carefully preserved in the archives of the State, but the women who, through all those sad years, endured hardships and loss and who toiled in the hospitals and at the spinning wheel for their country’s cause, have long been forgotten. Only here and there a woman’s name is found on the honor roll of revolutionary days. Among the women of Medford, Massachusetts, whom history has remembered, Sarah Bradlee Fulton has a prominent place. We have been proud to name our Chapter for her, honoring with her all the unknown, loyal women who worked and prayed in this dear old town of ours for the cause of liberty.

Mrs. Fulton was a member of the Bradlee family of Dorchester and Boston. In 1763 she married John Fulton, a cousin of Robert Fulton, the inventor of steamboats; and nine years later they came to Medford and made their home there. Her brother, Nathaniel Bradlee, lived in Boston at the corner of Tremont and Hollis Streets. The old house is still standing and occupied by his descendants. His carpenter’s shop, and his kitchen on Saturday nights, when friends and neighbors gathered to enjoy his codfish suppers, were meeting places for Boston’s most devoted patriots. From this shop a detach-
ment of Mohawks who "turned Boston Harbor into a tea-pot" went forth to their work of destruction. In the kitchen Mrs. Bradlee and Mrs. Fulton disguised the master of the house and several of his comrades and later heated water in the great copper boiler and provided all that was needful to transform these "Indians" into respectable Bostonians. Nathaniel Bradlee's principles were well known; and a spy, hoping to find some proof against him, peered in at the kitchen window, but saw two women moving about so quietly and naturally that he passed on little dreaming what was really in progress there.

A year and a half later Sarah Fulton heard the alarm of Paul Revere as he "crossed the bridge into Medford Town;" and in a few days after the town became the headquarters of General Stark's New Hampshire Regiment. Then came the battle of Bunker Hill. All day the people of Medford watched the struggle with anxious hearts. Brothers and sons were there—dying, maybe, just out of their reach. At sunset the wounded were brought into town and the large open space by Wade's Tavern, just opposite Mrs. Fulton's home, was turned into a field hospital. Surgeons were few, but the women did their best as nurses. Among them the steady nerves of Sarah Fulton made her a leader. One poor fellow had a bullet in his cheek and she removed it. She almost forgot the circumstance, until years after he came to thank her for the service.

During the siege of Boston detachments of British soldiers often came across the river under protection of their ships, searching for fuel in Medford.

One day a load of wood intended for the troops at Cambridge was expected to come through town, and one of these parties of soldiers was there before it. Sarah Fulton, knowing that the wood would be lost unless something was done, and hoping that private property would be respected sent her husband out to meet the team, buy the load and bring it home. He carried out the first part of the programme, but on the way to the house he met the soldiers who seized the wood.

When his wife heard the story she flung on a shawl and went in pursuit. Overtaking the party she seized the oxen by the horns, and turned them around. The men threatened to shoot
her, but she shouted defiantly as she started the team, "Shoot away!" Astonishment, admiration, and amusement were too much for the regulars and they unconditionally surrendered.

Soon after, Major Brooks, later the governor of Massachusetts, was given dispatches by General Washington with orders to send them inside the enemy's lines. Late one night he came to John Fulton and asked him to undertake the trust. He, on account of ill health, was unable to go, but his wife volunteered. Her offer was accepted. A long, lonely and dangerous walk it was, to the water side of Charlestown, but she reached there in safety, and finding a boat rowed across the river. Cautiously making her way to the place she sought, she delivered her dispatches and returned as she came. When the first streaks of dawn appeared, she stood safe on her own doorstone. In recognition of her services General Washington visited her.

It is said that according to the fashion of the day, John Fulton brewed punch in the General's honor. The little silver-mounted ladle was dipped in the steaming potation and the first glass from Mrs. Fulton's new punch bowl was sipped by his Excellency. This was the proudest day of Sarah Fulton's life. The chair in which he sat, and the punch bowl and the ladle were always sacred, and are still treasured by her descendants.

On his visit to this country after the Revolution, General Lafayette was her guest, and we can safely say he was seated in General Washington's chair, served with punch from that same bowl, and entertained with the story of that memorable visit.

Sarah Fulton was never afraid of man or beast; so she told her little grandson once, she "never turned her back on anything."

Her strength of mind was matched by her strength of body. After the Revolution she made her home on the old road to Stoneham, which, at the first town meeting after her death was named Fulton Street in her honor. Her house was nearly two miles from the church, but at the age of eighty she was in the habit of taking the long walk every Sunday.

Her home was always hospitably open, especially to the chil-
dren of her brothers. If they could leave the luxury of their own homes and come to Medford for a visit their happiness was complete.

She saw grandchildren and great-grandchildren grow up around her, and in the atmosphere of their love and reverence she spent her last days. One night in November, 1835, a month before her ninety-fifth birthday, she lay down to sleep and in the morning her daughters found her lying there with a peaceful smile on her face—dead. They laid her in the old Salem Street Cemetery and there she sleeps among her old friends and neighbors. Patriotism, courage, and righteousness were her possessions, and may we, the Sarah Bradlee Fulton Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, receive a daughter's portion.

DAUGHTER OF THE REVOLUTION.

On Friday, the 30th of April, 1897, the ninety-third birthday of the oldest woman in Chester, Vermont, Mrs. Mary Brown Wells Burdick, was quietly celebrated. Mrs. Burdick was born in Bradford, New Hampshire, April 30, 1804, residing there about twenty years.

She was married in 1823, to Josiah Wells, who died at the age of sixty-four.

Two years after her husband's death she was married to Job Green Burwick, who died twenty years later.

She says my father was of English descent. His name was William Brown. He was a revolutionary soldier and fought at the battle of Bunker Hill. I well remember hearing him tell about helping to load the cannon with chain-shot at the Bunker Hill battle, and as the British soldiers came up the charge mowed them down like grass before a scythe.

My mother's name was Sarah Campbell; she was of Scotch descent. There were eleven children of us, and I am the only one living.

Mrs. Burdick is a granddaughter of Alexander Campbell, who came to this country in 1728, and was settled in Hawkee (now Danville) in this State. Mrs. Burdick has read the Bible through nine times and is now nearly through it again.
Her health is remarkably good; but from the effects of rheumatism she is obliged to use crutches.

She is great aunt of Hon. C. L. Brown, of Morris, Minnesota, a member of the board of directors of the Minnesota Society, Sons of the American Revolution.

One of her daughters is a member of the Samuel Ashley Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Samuel Ashley Chapter Mrs. Burdick's name was brought up as a real Daughter, and a unanimous vote taken to have her application made out and forwarded to the National Society as a member of the Chapter, at the Chapter's expense.

Mrs. Mary Ashley Smith,
Historian Samuel Ashley Chapter, D. A. R.
CURRENT TOPICS.

The Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution is not only a National Society, but from the following from the New York Sun it might be international. There are no better records of verification than those of pensioners and the men who served in the War for Independence seem to be well scattered over the earth, and it is almost a verified fact that a soul that has once breathed the air of independence will always carry with him the aura of Liberty:

"There are now on the pension rolls nearly 4,000 persons living abroad. About $600,000 a year or nearly $2,000 a day, Sundays and holidays excluded, is sent out of the United States to other lands. There are 12 American pensioners in Belgium, 8 in Holland, 665 in Great Britain, 601 in Germany, 85 in Mexico, 61 in France, and 79 in Switzerland. There is one American pensioner in Egypt and he gets $120 a year from the United States Government. There are two in the Kingdom of Siam, six in Turkey, and one in the Azores. There is one American pensioner in Finland. Another resides in Ecuador. Another resides on the Island of Madeira. There are two who give their official address as Seychelles Islands, and they seem to be pensioners of rather more than usual importance, for they get $324 a year each. There are two American pensioners in the Transvaal, 10 in Spain, 24 in Austria, and one in Comora Islands. There are two American pensioners in Algiers and one in Corea. The latter can afford to have a good time, as pensioners go, for he receives $360 a year, which is a considerable sum in Corea. There are 20 American pensioners in Hawaii and six only on the island of Cuba, while there are six also in distant New Zealand and 13 in China. The country which contributes the larger number of pensioners to the Government list is Canada, with a total of 1,889. There are 29 in Italy, 18 in Denmark, 37 in Norway, and 44 in Sweden. In Russia the total number of pensioners is only six. There is one pensioner of the United States in Venezuela, and he cannot be said to rank very high on the scale of recognition for he receives $42 a year. There are three American pensioners in the Argentine. There is one in Roumania. There are nine in Chili and 24 in British Columbia. Alaska contains 28, or did before the Klondike craze; but the 28 American pensioners in Alaska receive less yearly than the 24 in British Columbia."
CURRENT TOPICS.

LAST month we gave a full account of the Nashville Exposition by Mrs. Mathes; other communications have come to us too late for insertion in the next number.

The Cumberland Chapter sends a cordial invitation to all Daughters everywhere to attend the grand celebration on October 19, the day set apart for this Society to celebrate the surrender of Cornwallis.

THE privilege of presenting the first official State flag to the State of Connecticut was given to the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, of Groton and Stonington. The flag committee were met at the Hartford railway station by Assistant Adjutant General Landers and escorted to the office of Adjutant General Haven, where the flag presentation took place. Mrs. Cuthbert Harrison Slocomb was introduced to Governor Cooke by the Adjutant General, who briefly stated the object of the gathering and then in a clear forceful manner addressed the Governor. Mrs. Slocomb's address reached the Editor too late for this number of the Magazine, but as she is always known to say the right thing at the right time and in the right manner—we will assure our readers that she did honor at this time to the State of Connecticut, to the Anna Warner Bailey Chapter, and to her Society, the Daughters of the American Revolution. The address will appear in a later number of the Magazine.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. L.—The origin of native races has baffled the erudition of historians. The continents and the islands of the sea have been peopled before the historian's arrival, from whence no man knoweth.

The native races of Northern Asia and the American Indians, both north and south, are classed as belonging to the same mongoloid variety of the human race. As the centuries go on it seems to be more and more of a problem whether America was originally peopled from Asia or Asia from America.

How long the continent had been peopled before the advent of Columbus is unknown. We know he first called them
Indians, but ancient remains, such as the mounds in the Mississippi Valley, the pre-historic copper mines south of Lake Superior, the shell mounds, etc., all attest to the fact that an Aboriginal people, or two Aboriginal peoples, had existed in what is now the United States for an indefinite period, extending over hundreds, perhaps thousands of years. Our ancestors found these races divided into different tribes, speaking different dialects.

G. W.—The lighting of streets by gas in the United States was first introduced in Baltimore in 1816.

B. A.—I am correct. The steamboat is a creation of this century. Robert Fulton's steamboat, Clermont, made its first trip on the Hudson, from New York to Albany, August, 1807.
Young People's Department.

EDITED BY

MARGARET SIDNEY.

MAY WHITNEY EMERSON, ARTIST.
REPORT OF THE JOSEPH COGSWELL SOCIETY, MANCHESTER, N. H.

Madam President and Children of the American Revolution: The Joseph Cogswell Society of the Children of the American Revolution was organized in Manchester, New Hampshire, February 22, 1896.

Fifty young people were present, eager to have their names enrolled as descendants of revolutionary heroes. The officers elected were: President, Mrs. Z. Foster Campbell; Vice-President, Miss Dorothy Branch, and Master Harry Ellis Straw; Secretary, Jennie B. Harmon; Treasurer, Mary E. Carpenter; Registrar, Edith Johnston; Corresponding Secretary, Mills Gove Sturtevant; Historian, Bertha Jones.

Our name was chosen in memory of a New Hampshire boy, who at the age of twelve or thirteen years entered the Revolutionary War. At the close of the war he studied medicine and was assistant surgeon at West Point. He with seven brothers served with distinction and fulfilled an aggregate term of service of more than thirty-eight years, said to have been the longest rendered by any other family in the country.

As far as possible our meetings are held on historic anniversaries. Exercises consist of roll call, salute to the flag, singing patriotic songs, with recitations and papers appropriate to the day we celebrate.

Since organizing five meetings have been held, the average attendance being forty-five.

June 17 was celebrated by a lawn party at the residence of the President, Mrs. Campbell. A short programme was rendered, and the "Field Daisy" adopted as Society flower. Lunch was served from a table spread under trees and flags, and the afternoon rounded out in a social manner.

At present we have sixty-six members who are ready and willing to speak or read and take pride in having neatly written papers tied with red, white and blue ribbons or decorated with small flags, which show their interest and patriotism."

The Joseph Cogswell Society is the first and only one in the Granite State, but we sincerely hope ere long many more will join our ranks.

It seems fitting that where there is a Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution there should also be one of the Children of the American Revolution. Our Secretary being obliged to move from the city, resigned her office which will be filled by Mabelle Darrah. All children are invited to attend the meetings for their hearts may be throbbing with patriotism though their ancestors were not of revolutionary fame.
I feel much encouraged at the progress made in one year and trust the coming one will be equally prosperous, and shall use all my efforts to make the meetings both instructive and interesting.

Respectfully submitted by MRS. FOSTER CAMPBELL,
President of the Joseph Cogswell Society, Manchester, N. H.

REPORT OF THE FORT WASHINGTON SOCIETY, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Madam President: Last year the Fort Washington Society, Children of the American Revolution, was reported to you as four months old, strong and healthy, and full of the enthusiasm of youth. This year it comes to the second annual meeting of the National Society, sixteen months old, and as full of energy as in the beginning. We have not undertaken any great work in the way of marking historic places, but have employed our time in the study of American history. Twenty-three papers have been written concerning revolutionary heroes and the battles and incidents in which they have figured. We have continued our subscription to The American Monthly Magazine and have answered a number of questions asked in the Young People's Department. By invitation of the Ohio Society of the Sons of the Revolution we assisted in the memorial service held in Dr. Curtis Church on the anniversary of the battle of Lexington, marching in a body carrying our flag aloft. We did number seventy-seven, but time would not await our pleasure and Ella Garretson Strunk was introduced to the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Cincinnati Chapter straightway claimed her for their own. We send you today a hearty greeting, and with it a song of thanksgiving for the gentle, lovable, ever-wise woman, who carries us always in her tender heart. "May she live long and prosper."

Respectfully submitted,

MARGARET C. MOREHEAD,
President.

REPORT OF THE "ADAM DALE" SOCIETY OF MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

[Read by Mrs. T. J. Latham, State Director.]

Madam President and Members of the Children of the American Revolution Convention: Adam Dale Society, the first organized in Tennessee, begs to submit to your honorable body the following report for 1896:

Accepted with many misgivings the honor conferred upon me, and after some personal work in this line, I called the first meeting for organization December 14, 1895, in my own home. We had a generous response, delightful programme of vocal and instrumental music, and short talks upon the good to come from the movement, by the State Promoter, the Regent of Watauga, the Historian of Watauga, and others of the Daughters of the American Revolution. There was great enthusiasm apparent, and when the opportunity for membership came we enrolled forty-six names, and in several instances the names of every child in a family.
Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle, one of the gifted Daughters of Tennessee, and prize winner of the Centennial Ode, who had been appointed Vice-President, was present and assisted in organizing. The name was decided upon, from incidents in the lives of several children and young patriots, given by different persons present. The story of the service of a boy of Maryland, who enlisted at fourteen, in a company of boys to check the approach of Cornwallis, appealed so to the young people that by vote they decided to name their Society in his honor "Adam Dale." To their delight it proved to be one of the ancestors of their President and also of the Regent of Watauga, who had given the sketch. The officers were selected from the children present, several of whom in their efficiency and faithfulness to duty, grown people could well emulate, notably, Joseph Malcolm Semmes, Marie Louise Person, Birdie Winchester Powel, and Jean Keller Anderson, the youngest officer enrolled, and one whose work is unexcelled.

We resolved to take our first steps toward good citizenship in our homes, that by obedience to the laws governing there, by acknowledging in childhood the right of our parents and teachers to guide and control, we believe, that when manhood is reached, respect for law and order will be second nature.

Further, we resolve to be, rather than to seem. To avoid hypocrisy and deceit and to meet duty with an unruffled front. It meeting with unanimous approval we adopt as a motto the two little words, "I'll try," which has proven to us a pillar of strength, as to try to do a thing is usually half the battle. We accepted all of the articles of the constitution and decided upon a line of work based upon Article 2.

We hold monthly meetings and open with the Lord's prayer in concert and close with the national hymn or Star Spangled Banner. At roll call we respond with patriotic quotations or sentiments, giving the author, which gives each one a feeling of pleasure and importance, even the tiny ones responding, for which idea we are indebted to Watauga Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Our members range in age from one day to seventeen years. After the routine business we have read (to perpetuate the deeds of our own ancestors), an application duplicate, then papers on the subject for the day, written by members, sometimes one or two papers, at others, several for example. At the March meeting a symposium of five papers, first, on the causes of the discontent that led to the Revolution, and others on some of the leading projectors of the war, Patrick Henry, James Otis, Samuel Adams, and Benjamin Franklin. At the February meeting we had a Washington morning and were honored by being allowed to see and take in our hands the sword that once belonged to, and was used by, Washington. It was en route to the Atlanta Exposition, and our worthy State Promoter, Mrs. Mathes, gave us the pleasure. Many of the children took it reverently in their hands and expressed some fitting sentiment. In May, to aid a worthy cause and in the line of honoring our forefathers and young American manhood and patriotism, we engaged in an undertaking at one
of our theaters that was literary and patriotic. Our gross receipts were one hundred and fifty-two dollars.

The Daughters of the American Revolution formed box parties, and in compliment to them our curtain went up on the "Seal of the National Society." The lights were arranged for best effect, and while the maiden sat at her spinning wheel, a tiny tot recited the "Ode to the Daughters of the American Revolution," by Martha Jennings Small, in the July, 1895, number of the Magazine. The play was called "A Tourney of Letters," written by a Southern Daughter of the American Revolution. Every letter stood for what it claimed to be, the best word. We substituted "Liberty" in place of "Love," and crowned it the greatest word. The seal was perfect in proportion and detail. There was the rim, the lettering, the stars suspended, the flax-wheel, and the demure little "Priscilla" (Ida May Stirling), in costume of gray with white kerchief and cap.

Jean Anderson, the Registrar, tendered the Society a delightful valentine party in the evening in celebration of her birthday.

Washington's birthday was celebrated jointly by Adam Dale Society, and the Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Confederate Memorial, and the Historical Associations. From this can be seen the far-reaching influence of the Daughters of the American Revolution as it obliterates party lines and draws all who have the good of the country at heart (all true Americans) into one common brotherhood. We had a Fourth of July celebration with Edward Mosely; the Declaration of Independence was read, etc.

We have on our books ninety-one names, but count as members sixty-eight, as this number have papers in that have been signed by the officers. Of the others some have paid their dues and think that this gives them membership; others have apathetic parents who hold them back. We have two honorary members, one in recognition of unflagging interest and aid—Mrs. Keller Anderson; the other, Mrs. E. O. Bayliss, a member of the Hermitage Chapter, who, after attending a meeting, asked the privilege of full membership, as she desired the pleasure of our meetings, etc. We held ten monthly meetings, three at the home of the Registrar and four at the home of the President.

We believe in high aim, and the sense of duty done should be its own reward, but from time immemorial wiser heads than ours have adopted and followed the plan of prize-giving. So as an incentive to greater effort, prizes were offered for the best historical work and promptness and regular attendance at the meeting. The papers to decide the first were passed upon by a committee of Daughters of the American Revolution and the prize awarded to Marie Louise Person. The second prize was won by Jean Keller Anderson, never absent or tardy. Lilla Bell Horton missed only one meeting, so she, too, was rewarded, each receiving a Children of the American Revolution badge. The first prize was a copy of "The Five Little Peppers."

We have not lost sight of the "Stars and Stripes" nor the salute to
the flag. The members wear tiny ones as badges. Delicacy alone has prevented our having one, as a friend in open meeting promised to present a handsome one to the Society.

The officers for 1897 are: President, Mrs. Thomas Day; Vice-President, Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle; Second Vice-President, Birdie Winchester Powell; Recording Secretary, Mary Alice Thomas; Corresponding Secretary, J. Malcolm Semmes, Jr.; Registrar, Jean Keller Anderson; Treasurer, Ada Theresa Polk; Historian, Marie Louise Person; Librarian, Belle Moncure Perkins. It is a sore disappointment to us that we are unable to have a delegate to this Convention, more especially as to us has come the honor of responding for Tennessee to the greeting from the National Society.

Trusting that the seeds of patriotism and good citizenship so wisely sown may quicken, blossom, and yield an abundant harvest of perfect fruit, I have the honor to be the President of Adam Delie Society.

Respectfully submitted, 
MARY ROBERTSON DAY. 
President.

REPORT OF BELTON ALYN SOCIETY, GALES FERRY, CONNECTICUT.

I have to report the organization of a Society of the Children of the American Revolution at my residence in this place, called the Belton Allyn Society, and No. 13 in the State of Connecticut, on January 23. Seventeen children presented their application papers at that time; they were approved and were sent to the Registrar of the National Society at Washington, where they were accepted and the duplicates returned to me, and they were filed with Registrar of local Society, February 4. The Secretary of this Society will enter no separate report as we have been organized so brief a time. Respectfully submitted,

MRS. NANNIE ADAMS MOLTHROP, President,
MISS ALICE HURLBUT, Secretary,
Belton Allyn Society, C. A. R.

REPORT OF THE WASHINGTON HEIGHTS SOCIETY, NEW YORK CITY.

NEW YORK, February 10, 1897.

The Secretary of the Washington Heights Society, Children of the American Revolution, New York City, respectfully reports that the Society was formed a little over a year ago by consent of the National Board at Washington, District of Columbia, by Mrs. Ferdinand P. Earle, with four members. The first meeting was held on the 22d of February, 1896, Washington's birthday, at the old historical mansion known during the Revolutionary War as the Morris House, and occupied by General Washington as his headquarters at the battle of Harlem Heights from September the 16th to October the 25th, 1776. This house is now the residence of the President of the Washington Heights Society, Children of the American Revolution, and its headquarters. The next meeting was held on the 17th of October, the anniversary of the surrender of
General Burgoyne at Saratoga. Thirty-one members were present. A very interesting paper was read by Master Taylor, patriotic songs were sung, and recitations by the members present. The last meeting was held on Saturday, February 6, being the one hundred and nineteenth anniversary of the Treaty of Alliance with France. An interesting address was made by the President, followed by the ceremony of saluting the flag and reciting "Our Flag of Liberty," composed by Mrs. Daniel Lothrop. Officers for the ensuing year were elected, recitations and patriotic songs finished the exercises of the day. About fifty members were present.

Respectfully submitted, VICTOR DE LA MONTAGUE EARLE,
Secretary Washington Heights Society, C. A. R.

Reports continued in next number.

NOTES.

We are glad that so many Societies began their autumn meetings early in September. There is nothing like starting at once, together with the school work, the work and the pleasure of the patriotic Society. The "Old North Bridge Society," of Concord, Massachusetts, held its first meeting September 3. And this Society voted to hold three meetings in September to plan and to start the season's work. After these three meetings they will meet monthly. Did any Society hold its autumn meeting at an earlier date?

How many Societies are getting ready to report on their work on the Constitution of the United States? "Hold up your hands." There are as many ways of using the book recommended at our annual convention, "Facts I Ought to Know About the Government of My Country," as there are Societies.

One way is: Have a constitution committee, a new one every meeting. The members of this committee take their books and select and send to the other members questions they wish them to answer at next meeting, or some subject connected with the Constitution and our National Government that must be looked up and reported on. No one must refuse to obey this notice.

This committee is changed each time, so that as many members as possible may serve on it during the season.

Another way: Choose thirteen members to represent the thirteen original colonies. Let these thirteen select the rest of the members to represent those colonies. Let each colony, beginning at the commencement of our history, study everything of importance concerning that colony that led up to the Revolutionary War and the making of the Constitution. Let them have little ribbon badges with the name Massa-
chusetts, Virginia, Georgia, Connecticut, etc., so that all may keep in mind who the others are. Then if the colonies choose to personate in their studies and reports some man who was famous in helping to make the Constitution, or in the history that led up to it, so much the better. In this way an intelligent idea will be given the Society of the causes and conditions that produced the Constitution.

Still another way: There were thirty-nine signers to the Constitution. Select as many members to personate those men. If there are more members let them be a committee to help the signers. If any one who is a signer does not show proper interest in the subject, he or she must drop to the committee work, and his or her place to be taken by the one on committee who has done best work.

And yet another way: Take the questions and divisions as shown on first eight pages of the book up to the Declaration of Independence; then from the fourteenth to the eighteenth page. Let these be the subjects for the meetings, the President allowing a young member occasionally to preside. When the Constitution is reached, invite some State Promoter who is versed in it, or some teacher or historian to speak to the meeting on the subject. Let these divisions and questions be given out to members. If any one can bring in any historical documents or books that touch upon the subject, these will be of great assistance.

There are numberless ways of studying this subject. Each Society must study it in the way best suited to its needs. Remember the Society or member who presents at our next Annual Convention the most thorough knowledge of the subject will receive the prize for same.

Be sure to send in your application papers as soon as possible to avoid the rush as the autumn advances.

The charter has been delayed because of several changes in the design. The greatest care is exercised that it may be a perfect piece of work worthy of the Society. We feel sure that all members will be pleased with it. It will soon be ready.

Question Box omitted this month to make room for reports.
IN MEMORIAM.

MISS VILLA C. CUSTIS.—The Dolly Madison Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Washington, District of Columbia, has met with a sad loss in the death of its Historian, Miss Villa C. Custis, who was killed August 20, in crossing a railroad track whilst out driving. Miss Custis was a woman of strong character and individuality, full of life and brightness, a truly lovely nature; "to know her was to love her;" her constant thought was to help others by word or deed. Taken in "the twinkling of an eye," she was fully prepared for "the Master's call." An only daughter, she was the light and sunshine of her parents' home; the father and mother so sorely stricken have the heartfelt sympathy of all. Each one of her many friends feel the sorrow and loss as personal words cannot express all she was to those who knew her. She has left a never to be forgotten memory.

"What tho' the future's shadows fall
Dark o'er her fate, seen darker through our tears,
Our God will give her back to us once more,
He will restore the vanished golden years.

MRS. PAULINE M. ORSWELL AND MRS. HANNAH N. SLAMM.—Within the last four weeks the Martha Vineyard Chapter has lost two of its charter members by death. Mrs. Pauline M. Orswell died on January 22, 1897. At its next meeting, February 6, the Chapter passed resolutions expressing our sorrow for the loss sustained.

Mrs. Hannah N. Slamm died in Seattle, Washington, on February 16. Only a month ago she left us to join her husband, Captain J. A. Slamm, R. C. S., who is on that station. We have missed her bright presence from our meetings and missed her talent in music which she so freely used for our pleasure. Our hearts mourn over our loss.—MARIA T. PEASE, Historian.
MRS. PAULINE M. ORSWELL, a charter member and Vice-Regent of the Martha Vineyard Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, having been taken from us by death, the Chapter desires to give expression to the regard in which she was held by its members. Her untiring devotion to any cause she espoused was known to us all. Her never-failing interest in our aims and work we duly appreciate. Her readiness to bear her part and her desire to do all in her power as presiding officer to make our gatherings pleasant were clearly manifest. Her cheerful, hopeful views were a source of encouragement to us. So it is, that we, in the midst of our grief over losing her, yet count ourselves favored to have had her associated with us and adopt the following resolutions:

Resolved, That as a Society, we express our sorrow over this sad event which has deprived us of a valued co-worker and friend.

Resolved, That we extend to her son our sincere sympathy in his irreparable loss.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions shall be sent to her son, that they shall also be published in the Vineyard Gazette, and shall be entered upon our Chapter records.

CHARLOTTE S. COFFIN,
MARY W. WORTH,
MARIA T. PEASE,
Committee on Resolutions.
OFFICIAL.

HEADQUARTERS NATIONAL SOCIETY.
902 F St., Washington, D. C.

OF THE

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

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1897

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HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER.

Any woman is eligible for membership in the NATIONAL SOCIETY DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, who is of the age of eighteen years, and is descended from a patriot man or woman who aided in establishing American Independence, provided the applicant is acceptable to the Society. Family tradition alone in regard to the services of an ancestor, unaccompanied by proof will not be considered.
All persons duly qualified, who have been regularly admitted by the National Board of Management, shall be members of the National Society, but for purposes of convenience, they may be organized into local Chapters (those belonging to the National Society alone being known as members-at-large).

Application Blanks and Constitutions will be furnished on request by the State Regent of the State in which you reside, or by the "Corresponding Secretary General" at headquarters, 902 F street, Washington, D. C.

Application should be made out in duplicate, one of which is kept on file at National Headquarters and one returned to file with a Chapter should one be joined.

The application must be endorsed by at least one member of the Society. The application, when properly filled out, should be directed to "Registrars General, D. A. R., Room 52, 902 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C."

The initiation fee is One Dollar; the annual dues are Two Dollars.

The sum (Three Dollars) should be sent by check or money order, never by cash, to "Treasurer General, D. A. R., Washington, D. C."

No application will be considered until this fee is paid. If not accepted this amount will be returned.