HONORING A SOUTHERN POET’S MEMORY.

BY GEN. J. GRANT WILSON, D. C. L.

At the recent commencement exercises of the University of Virginia there was unveiled in the chief hall of the venerable institution at Charlottesville, founded by Thomas Jefferson, a finely executed portrait of John R. Thompson, accompanied by appropriate memorial services. Thompson was graduated at the University in 1844, afterwards studied law there, and settled in Richmond, his native city, with every prospect of success in his profession. But he had always been an ardent lover of literature, and a keen student of it, and these proclivities became more dominating after he had completed his education. Accordingly, in 1847, he accepted the editorship of the Southern Literary Messenger. This monthly was a power in its day, accomplishing not a little in fostering a literary spirit among the younger race of southern men, such as John Esten Cooke, Philip Pendleton Cooke, Paul H. Hayne and Henry Timrod. To Edgar A. Poe, Thompson was an unfailing friend, bearing with his foibles with the patience of a martyr, and bringing out of his uncontrolled life some of the poetical fruit worthiest of preservation.

During my first visit to Virginia in 1859, it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of Mr. Thompson. He was then editing the Messenger, and was generally recognized as among the most graceful poets and versatile writers of the South, who was a welcome guest in the best society of Richmond. "The circles of our felicities," writes Sir Thomas Browne, "make short arches." Who shall question the wise
axiom of the stout old knight of Norwich? My fortnight of enjoyment in the capital of the Old Dominion was at an end, and on the following morning I was to take my departure for New York. "Remain another day," urged Mr. Thompson, "and we will go and see old Blandford." Assenting to his pleasant proposal, we started on an early train on the following morning for Petersburg. Blandford was then but a suburb of the since long-bleegured city of Petersburg, the glory of the place long since passed away. More than a century ago, when Petersburg was in its infancy, Blandford was a populous town, the centre of the fashion and refinement of that district of the country. The principal object of our excursion was to visit the remains of the ancient church, among the most picturesque and interesting ruins in the United States. The edifice is cruciform and built from large brick brought from England. Its exact age is unknown, but from the dates to be seen on the tombstones surrounding the church, is believed to have been erected before the year 1725. This colonial edifice has recently had a new roof put upon it in the exact style of the original, but it is no longer used, having since been dismantled of its interior decorations, and also of its doors and windows. Many of the moss-covered monuments and tombstones were almost hid from view by the luxuriant ivy and other creeping vines with which they were covered. We dined that day with Charles Campbell, the historian of Virginia, and a contributor to the Southern Literary Messenger, who before our departure from Petersburg presented us to a venerable Scotch lady, who showed us the manuscript book kept by Robert Burns when an exciseman. Her husband attended the same school in Dumfries as the poet’s sons, and Burns, it appears, lived next door to her husband’s father, and was in the habit of stopping for Geordie Ritchie every morning when accompanying his sons to school, one of the lads being usually mounted on the poet’s back! Sad to say, the precious excise book with the poet’s beautiful bold signature at the foot of each of its two hundred quarto pages was, as Thompson told me, lost or stolen during, or immediately after, the siege of Petersburg. This most interesting memorial of Robert Burns
was a gift from his widow to her husband's friend and neighbor, the elder George Ritchie.

I may perhaps be permitted to recall an incident of my sojourn in Richmond. Following an introduction by Mr. Thompson to Henry Wise, then Governor of the "Old Dominion," came an invitation to dine. Among the many guests at the Governor's table were Judge Conrad and John G. Chapman, the artist, two of his most intimate friends; Bishop Meade, of Virginia; Governor Washington Hunt, of New York, and other prominent gentlemen attending the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church then in session in Richmond. The dinner had not progressed far when the butler announced that a military company just returned from Harper's Ferry, was drawn up in front of the mansion for the purpose of presenting a number of John Brown pikes to the Governor. When Wise excused himself to answer the summons, the bishop said, "Very well, we will all go," whereupon we rose, following the Governor to the front door. The captain of the Richmond Blues (or Grays), in a few well chosen words presented the trophies, and was followed by Wise in a fiery address, in the course of which he gave his impressions of John Brown: "They are mistaken who take him to be a madman. He is a bundle of the best nerves I ever saw cut and thrust and bleeding and in bonds. He is a man of clear head, of courage, fortitude, and simple ingeniousness. He is cool, collected and indomitable, and it is but just to him to say that he was humane to his prisoners, as attested to me by Colonel Washington and Mr. Mills, and he inspired me with great trust in his integrity as a man of truth. He is a fanatic, vain and garrulous; but firm, truthful and intelligent. His men, too, who survive, except the free negroes with him, are like him. He professed to be a Christian, in communion with the Congregational Church of the North, and openly preaches his purpose of universal emancipation, and the negroes themselves were to be the agents, by means of arms, led on by white commanders. Colonel Washington says that he was the coolest and firmest man he ever saw in defying danger and death. With one son dead by his side, and another shot through, he felt the pulse of his dying son with one hand and held his rifle with the other,
commanding his men with the utmost composure and encouraging them to be firm and to sell their lives as dearly as they could." After two score years the remains of these men were removed and reinterred with appropriate ceremonials in the Adirondacks in August, 1899, around the grave of their stalwart leader at North Elbe.

When the Civil War came, Thompson was the Tyrtaeus of the cause that he believed to be the cause of right and justice. As early as December, 1860, he wrote to me, saying: "You have no idea of the extent of the feeling that prevades the South on the subject of the sectional issue now made up. A breaking up of the Union into two or more divisions is, I fear, inevitable, with what dangers to peace and civilization God only knows. I need not say to you that I deeply regret (apart from the fearful alienation of North and South) that we cannot have the pleasure of seeing you in Richmond this winter. Another visit from you would be exceedingly gratifying to me, and I hope we may yet meet in Virginia, where there are many who remember you most kindly. You will find our little town greatly improved since October, 1859." During the war he gave, like his friend William Gilmore Simms, all his energy to the Southern cause, and, on its termination, pursued for several years a literary life in London, a calling which his acquaintance Thomas Carlyle humorously described as "an anarchic, nomadic, and entirely aerial and ill-conditioned profession." A few years later he came to New York and became associated with Bryant as the literary editor of the Evening Post. He made many acquaintances in his new home, and among his old friends his great personal worth caused all political differences to be forgotten. Unlike his contemporary Simms, of South Carolina, Thompson never alluded to the "lost cause."

For several years his continuously failing was a subject of solicitude on the part of many of Thompson's attached friends. On his part, he never bated one jot of heart or hope, but worked on manfully, continuing almost to the last to frequent the society of congenial spirits and to enjoy passing public amusements. Among the latest of his always gracefully written notes, not unlike the character of Thackeray's dainty calligraphy, there is one before me running as follows: "I cannot
take my thanksgiving dinner with you as you so kindly and hospitably propose, because I have promised to go to New Haven. As according to Sir Boyle Roche, a man cannot be in two places at once, barring he were a bird, you will see that it will not be ‘possibly possible’ that I can render myself in Kirkpatrick Place. Regretting, my dear General, the circumstance of the ‘invitation anterieure,’ I am, with compliments to,” etc.

Early in March, 1873, by the advice of his physician, Mr. Thompson went to Colorado, with the vain hope that a change of climate would benefit his health; but he grew rapidly worse, and after a sojourn of several weeks, he returned to New York, where he died on the last day of April. His remains were removed to Richmond, and rest by the side of his mother’s grave in Hollywood Cemetery. Before his death he confided to a poet friend the duty of collecting for publication his numerous contributions to American literature of prose and verse, of which he was singularly careless. He did his literary work well, and then, as Schiller says, “cast it silently into everlasting time.” He never took the trouble to preserve or gather together his numerous poems and essays. A work of his entitled “Across the Atlantic, or European Episodes,” announced for publication in New York in 1856, and described by Dr. R. W. Griswold as “a fresh, graceful, and brilliant work,” was burned after being in type, together with the manuscript, of which there was no duplicate, adding another to the long list of calamities of authors. He was an accomplished linguist as well as a good classical scholar. His translations from Beranger and other continental poets are admirable, and exhibit his mastery of more languages than one.

During his residence in England, Mr. Thompson was welcomed in the best London literary society, and he continued to enjoy correspondence with many of its representatives after his return to this country. With Bulwer and Browning, Carlyle and Dickens, and Tennyson and Thackeray, he was on terms of fellowship. His collection of literary treasures was at one time among the most interesting in the United States, but many of these were destroyed in the burning of Richmond at the close of the war. Among the treasures of a New York private library, is a manuscript copy of the “Sorrows of Werther,”
framed with an engraving of Lawrence's fine portrait of the famous novelist. It was written for Mr. Thompson when Thackeray made his first visit to Richmond, almost half a century ago.

A favorite New England author writes from Edgewood in June: "Though I could not claim a very intimate acquaintance with Mr. Thompson, I met him several times—some fifty years ago—and have only the pleasantest recollections of his courtesies, his geniality and his many accomplishments. It was, I think, in 1849, at Washington, that he asked me to contribute a paper to the *Southern Literary Messenger* (of which he was the editor); the outcome was "A Bachelor's Reverie," sent to him a month later, and subsequently forming the first chapter of the little book which, under a kindred title, has had considerable popularity. I am glad to see that the University of Virginia is honoring the memory of so worthy a graduate."

Of Mr. Thompson, William Cullen Bryant wrote, "He died of a pulmonary disease, whose slow and insidious but painful approaches he bore with a cheerfulness and fortitude that we have never seen surpassed. Up to within a few weeks of his death he continued his literary duties, frequented the society of his friends, and enjoyed the passing amusements. Not unaware of the certainty of his fate, he yet seldom gave way to despondency, or lost his interest in the great movements of life. It was because his character and tastes had rendered life agreeable to him in so many ways (despite the dark clouds that war and disease had gathered over it), that he desired to live; and no less because he had properly estimated its ends and issues that he did not fear to die. He went away reluctantly, for he left behind him some that were dependent upon him, and many that loved him well; but he went away peacefully, knowing where he had placed his trust for the future, and that the passage which we who gaze upon it from this side call death, is to those who gaze upon it from the other side the dawn of a larger and nobler activity."

*New York, September, 1899.*
IN recalling to the Daughters of the American Revolution those historic spots in Ohio which are worthy of preservation or marking, one is at the outset troubled with the difficulty of selection. The mere thought of the prehistoric mounds that dot our hills and valleys excites a strong desire to talk persistently of them until steps are taken to preserve all that are now left from future demolition. The accounts of old Indian trails, burying and battle grounds, and village sites carry one's fancy a willing captive to an almost fabulous past which is only the more enticing because all traces of it are fast passing away. There are also alluring vestiges of the French occupation of the Mississippi Valley, legends of Fort Junandat, of French Margarets, and of French Town, which, if studied diligently would vividly recall the days when two great European monarchs were playing a watchful game of hazard for the American wilderness. Nor did the Revolutionary War pass without leaving its mark upon these western forests; through the trackless woods Colonel George Rogers Clark forced his way to the Shawnee towns; on the Tuscarawas ninety Christian Indians were massacred by the exasperated American frontiersmen, while in the north Colonel Crawford and other heroes were losing their lives in the open struggle against the British and their Indian allies. But the signs of this remote past are few and must be set aside for the more tangible records of our immediate ancestors. Of these there are many, for facts do not become traditions in a single century, nor have the log dwellings and fortifications of our great-grandfathers vanished entirely from sight.

The early history of the State of Ohio naturally begins in Marietta, the first American settlement in the newly opened Northwest Territory. At the mouth of the Muskingum River, the present site of Marietta, on the western bank there stood as early as 1786 a United States fort which was named for General Josiah Harmar. For four years troops were stationed in it, at first to ward off squatters from the Virginia shore as well as to protect the Government surveyors in their perilous
work, and later to guard the interests of the new colony which the Ohio Company planted within gunshot of its walls. On the 7th day of April, 1788, Rufus Putnam with his band of forty-seven pioneers landed on the eastern bank at the mouth of the Muskingum, while the 19th day of the following August saw the arrival of the first women and children. On the 9th day of July the territorial governor, Arthur St. Clair, reached Fort Harmar, and on the 15th day he was inaugurated with all the pomp and ceremony possible in those western wilds. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the account runs, he crossed the Muskingum in the government barge accompanied by the officers who were stationed at Fort Harmar, and by the territorial secretary, Winthrop Sargent. In a bower on the bank of the river he was received by General Putnam, by the judges of the territory, and by men who were prominent in the new colony. After the Secretary had read the Ordinance of 1787 and also the commissions of the Governor, the judges and the secretary, Governor St. Clair was formally welcomed by General Putnam and three times cheered by the assembled company.

Happily for the emotions of a reverent posterity the location of the bower has been remembered and thus we are able to look upon the birthplace of civil government in the west with a satisfactory degree of certainty. In Marietta's most beautiful park there stands a low granite monument with a bronze tablet attached which reads:

Near this spot, July 15th, 1788, General Arthur St. Clair, of the Revolution ary Army and President of Congress, 1787, was inaugurated first Governor of the Territory of the United States Northwest of the River Ohio.

On this ground stood Centennial Hall of the celebration, July 15th to 20th, 1888.

This stone was erected by the New Century Historical Society, an organization of Marietta men and women which, though hampered by scant means, has been able to mark simply but permanently the exact spots in the town upon which many of the important historical events have occurred. The Society has thus perpetuated the landing place of the forty-eight pioneers as well as that of the equally courageous
Pioneer women; it has also marked the site of Fort Harmar and that of the southwest blockhouse of Campus Martius.

This was the oddly scholastic name given by the soldier founders of Marietta to the most important of their stockaded enclosures. The fort was built upon a plain that overlooks the Muskingum River and which is now in the heart of the town. It was one hundred and eighty feet square with blockhouses at each corner, the spaces between being filled by log dwellings, comfortable structures two stories high with brick chimneys and single roofs. At one time Governor St. Clair occupied the southwest blockhouse as a residence; the one at the northwest corner was devoted to public worship and the holding of courts, while the other two were used by private families and by the directors of the Ohio Company. As a matter of course the life of the Marietta pioneers centered in this strong stockade even before the Indians openly showed their hostility, and here it was in September, 1788, that the first civil court in the Northwest Territory was convened. For that day and place the ceremonies were quite imposing, so much so that the Indian spectators grunted a warm approval of the gay little procession of army and court officials that marched from the mouth of the Muskingum to the court room in the fort. The exact site of this room is definitely known and today it is the hope of the New Century Historical Society that it may be marked by something more fitting than a small granite stone. This is one of the few historical sites in Marietta that can still be purchased at a moderate cost, and surely no other surpasses it in importance, indicating as it does the beginning of equity and justice in America's great west.

Much interest is also attached to the Rufus Putnam house, an old-fashioned clap-boarded dwelling which is said to enclose the southeast blockhouse of Campus Martius. Though the house is sadly delapidated from many years' use as a tenement, it requires no great effort of the imagination to see it as it once was, one of the best and most comfortable houses in the town. The old well, the spreading elm trees and the smokehouse doubtless look as they did in the early part of the century, while within the house, the quaint stairway and paneled
cupboards still give proof of the builder's taste. Across the street from the Putnam house a giant elm sheltered a squat little building, the office of the Ohio Company, in which the surveys of their purchase were platted and recorded. It was erected presumably in 1788, and in it Rufus Putnam did much of his work as Surveyor General of the United States, a work of no small compass as the maps and records which still exist can amply testify. That these two relics of Marietta's early days must shortly give way before her rapid increase in population is a painful probability. To the ladies of the town who have for ten years maintained a relic room it has long seemed most desirable that the Putnam house should be preserved not only as a fitting repository for their relics, but as the best memorials to its first owner; the land office would, perhaps, be a better memorial to the founders of the State; but certainly either building would be deemed by every thoughtful person a most interesting witness of the past.

During the five years of the Indian war the Marietta colony and its two offshoots in the adjacent country were almost dormant. Though the settlers in the south were engaged in no real battles with the Indians, they were constantly harassed by stealthy attacks of small hostile bands with the result that each colony lived in its stockade. The Marietta people found safety in Campus Martius, Fort Harmar and the Picketed Point, a stockade at the very mouth of the Muskingum, whose site should certainly be marked. The sites of Fort Frye at Waterford, of Farmers' Castle and of two other stockades at Belpre are still known to the older residents of Washington County.

A peculiar sentiment attaches to the site of another stockade and village which was located on the Ohio River four miles below the mouth of the great Kanawha. I refer to that little group of fortified cabins which Rufus Putnam built for the French immigrants in 1790. Surely no settlement in the west was ever made with more ardent anticipations and more heart-breaking disappointments than that which finally became Galliopolis.

In addition to these stockades which were mere havens of
refuge for the settlers during the Indian war, there were other forts within the present boundaries of our State that were used as military posts, and from which aggressive campaigns were led. At Cincinnati, Fort Washington was both a shelter for the settlers and a base of supplies and preparations for the Harmar, St. Clair and Wayne expeditions. It was built in the fall of 1789, nearly a year after the arrival of the founders of Cincinnati, just outside the village limits on what is now Third Street east of Broadway. A substantial structure of hewn logs, two stories high and enclosing an acre of ground, it was the most extensive and important post then in the territory. It had more than a local significance for it was the first of a line of forts that, before the Indians were finally subdued, connected the Ohio River with Lake Erie. The second of these frontier posts, Fort Hamilton on the Great Miami, was built in 1791 by General St. Clair when he so confidently undertook to avenge Harmar's great defeat of the preceding year. Fort Jefferson, in Drake County, was never finished by St. Clair, for in less than a month of his beginning it, his army had been annihilated on the headwaters of the Wabash. Not until three years had passed, years of greatest labor and hardship for Wayne's intrepid army, did the line of American forts reach to Lake Erie. Fort Greenville, in Drake County, served as winter quarters in 1793; on Christmas his men re-occupied St. Clair's gruesome battle ground by repulsing two thousand Indians and building Fort Recovery. July and August, 1794, saw two more American strongholds in the forest: Fort Adams on the St. Mary's River, and Fort Defiance at the mouth of the Auglaize, gave warning to the Indians of the steady advance of their enemies. With his superfluous baggage stored at Fort Deposit on the Maumee, Wayne, on the 18th of August, won his great victory at Fallen Timber under the very walls of the British Fort Miami, one of those outposts which covetous England had established upon our soil in spite of the Treaty of 1783. Without here forcing a doubtful combat with the English the American general marched seven miles nearer the mouth of the river where, on the present site of the city of Toledo, he speedily built Fort Industry. On his comparatively easy homeward march Wayne stopped at Fort
Greenville and there followed up his victory by negotiating with thirteen tribes of Indians his famous and effective treaty.

These western campaigns might be regarded as the last act in the Revolutionary War, for it was through their successful prosecution against the Indian allies of the British that the latter were forced to conform to the territorial stipulations of the Treaty of Paris. Strange then, and unjust it is that the sites of these forts and victories should be left unnoticed and unmarked. Whether or not those in the lower Maumee Valley have been saved to posterity through the recent efforts of Toledo's citizens I cannot say. Let us hope that some society or individual has or soon will succeed in perpetuating the entire line from the Ohio to the Lake for all time to come.

In the peaceful years subsequent to Wayne's treaty many settlements were made in Ohio, settlements which are now towns not without historic interest. There is Chillicothe, with the site of the first state-house; Athens, with its old university endowed by the Ohio Company's ministerial lands; and Zanesville, important because it was built upon Zane's national road. But the story of these and other towns has to do with peace and there yet remains for our consideration the vestiges of another war in which Ohio had no small share. During the war of 1812 the banks of the Maumee, as in the days of Wayne's campaign, were the scene of much hard fighting. The British were again encamped in Fort Miami, while the Americans under William Henry Harrison, established themselves across the river in their new Fort Meigs. Twice in the summer of 1813 did the British and their Indian allies attack this American works, only to be repulsed. With a like result they charged upon Fort Stephenson (now Fremont), where with a force of one hundred and sixty men the youthful Major Croghan drove back his thirty-three hundred assailants. The story of this victory is hardly less stirring than that of Commodore Perry. Both commanders were young men, less than thirty years of age, and both fought with the daring and persistence of great patriots. It is needless to give the details of Perry's triumph. We all know the story, how with his fleet of nine vessels and fifty-four guns he conquered the British fleet of six vessels and sixty-three guns, and was able to write to Gen-
eral Harrison after three hours only of desperate fighting, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." Moreover, most of us have visited Put-in-Bay Island, have gone into the cave where Perry stored his ammunition, and have noted the enclosure on the shore in which are unmarked graves of valiant men. Unmarked are their graves, and within the limits of our State, the graves of twenty-five hundred other heroes who sacrificed their lives in the maintenance of the rights won for them by their soldier fathers in the Revolution. With such silent witnesses there can be no question but that Ohio, of all States, owes her very being to the successful outcome of our two wars with England. She was won by the blood of revolutionary soldiers from British possession, she was founded by officers of the Revolution, and she was saved for America by the heroes of 1812. From us who are reaping the reward of their labors mere justice demands that in every possible way we should perpetuate their memories.

R. W. Buell.

CELEBRATION OF THE "IMPROVEMENT OF THE ANCIENT CEMETERY AND WIDENING OF "GOLD STREET" BY THE RUTH WYLLYS CHAPTER, D. A. R., OF HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

[Last month we gave space for the celebration exercises attending "Ye gifts of land to ye Town of Hartford," by Ruth Wyllys Chapter. In this number we gladly give the account in detail of the great work, practically completed. May the magnificent result accomplished by the Regent and her compeers be an object lesson to every Daughter.—Ed.]

Nearly three years ago the Ruth Wyllys Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, began to consider the care and restoration of the old Center Church burying ground, so called, although the town of Hartford and not the Center Church, were the owners of the property. It was generally known that the burial place was neglected, but few had taken pains to ascertain to what degree. The Rev. Dr. Leon W.
Walker, of the Center Church, had read and published a stirring appeal on the subject.

The editors of the local newspapers had written articles, illustrated by wood cuts, which for the moment were considered exaggerations, but were found to be pictures only too true in reality, of the existing conditions in the cemetery. But it was not until the Regent of the Ruth Wylys Chapter, Mrs. John M. Holcombe, assisted by Miss Mary K. Talcott, Registrar, and Mrs. W. H. Pelton, chairman of the Cemetery Committee, began her close investigations and with unhesitating pen and voice made known through every available channel to the descendants of the noble company buried in the old ground, the desecration and decay of the burial place of their ancestors, that the people of Hartford, and those families scattered all over Connecticut and in every part of this wide country were awakened to a sense of duty and patriotism and impelled to immediate and effectual steps toward the restoration of the burying ground. It appears as if the historic fame of the old cemetery were forgotten. For it was the burial place of all Hartford's dead from 1640 until 1803. Lying within its walls were the ashes of those men who under the leadership of the Rev. Thomas Hooker and John Haynes journeyed with their families to the banks of the Connecticut in June, 1636, to found a new Commonwealth, men to whom not only the State of Connecticut, but the whole United States, owes the development of the idea of constitutional freedom in its form of government—men, first on earth, to assert the principle that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." It is conceivable that in these days it could be written of the last resting place of such men and women, to whose memory no honor is too great to pay, as was in an editorial in The Hartford Courant as follows: "Gold Street itself has for years been one of the black spots in the city, dark, dirty and disreputable. Back of Gold Street's dirt and squalor, sprinkled indeed with it, holding its garbage, airing its soiled clothes, the home of its cats and dogs, has been lying in all conceivable neglect the oldest burying ground in the city, the resting place (if they could rest there), of the remains of the men and women who made Hartford and Con-
necticut, and whose far-sighted statesmanship and high Christian character have stamped their impress on the national government and life."

When the Ruth Wyllys Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, began the work of redemption they did not plan far much beyond a restoration of the decaying monuments and gravestones, the clearing of the yard and about the labor usually required in the old cemeteries. But as they went on, the fact lay before them that the worst possible condition had arrived in the burying ground and only the complete re-

![Gold Street, Hartford](image)

moval of all that had brought them about could be of lasting good. The stones themselves were crumbing to pieces, the cause of which Mrs. Holcombe explains in an article in The Connecticut Magazine: "Large trees undisturbed had grown to such a size as to create a dense shade and these with the shut-in situation of the grounds produced great dampness and singular decay in the stones. When monuments of like age in open country grounds only become covered with moss suffering the obliteration of epithets, perhaps, the stones in the
old Hartford burying ground, owing to the dampness mentioned, have disintegrated and many have fallen to pieces.” The Regent was told as she says by those experienced in such matters that nothing could save those stones already far advanced in decay. But the Caffal process has wrought wonders, and to-day many stones which were apparently doomed to destruction now stand erect and so restored that they are almost a true image of their fresh and perfect youth.

The old trees could be easily removed, but the tall wretched tenements on the southern boundary shutting out light and air were obstacles of magnitude. To remove these buildings it would be necessary to buy them and also the frame houses occupying sites at either end of Gold Street. And all that was to be done must be done quickly. Experts showed that many of the gravestones would not last another winter. The building of a business block across the main street entrance to Gold Street was imminent and would have barred the whole improvement.

A great opportunity was before the Chapter. Its members looked to their Regent and she proved herself the woman for the opportunity. A Gold Street Committee was formed in
the Chapter. This committee met on April 16, 1897, and gave Mrs. Holcombe full authority—in fact that of a committee of one—to act according to her judgment and to use the names of its members as signatures when necessary to forward her plans. The plans of the Regent were deeply and carefully laid and when presented to the city officials and business men of Hartford met with with ready approval and support. What it has meant to carry these plans to their full completion is a story which only the Regent herself can tell. And some time it will probably be told by her. A great labor of itself alone was the willing burden of correspondence taken up by Mrs. Holcombe; communicating with the descendants so far as known of the families buried in the ancient cemetery; preparing circulars, and articles for newspapers and patriotic magazines to reach those in distant States who might be among the unknown; appealing to the readers of local journals, on the ground of duty to those who, though not of their own blood, were the creators of the atmosphere of freedom which is theirs to-day. The Regent's plan for raising money was a success—in the Chapter, in the Center Church, by pri-
vate subscription, in response to letters to descendants. And
in the Common Council a vote was unanimously passed to
widen and pave Gold Street after the buildings were removed.
Thus the success of an undertaking costing eighty thousand
dollars was assured. Bravely, untiringly the work was carried
on and by June, 1899, Gold Street was cleared from end to
end of its old rookeries and lay transformed into a broad, beau-
tiful street worthy of its connection as a highway with the old

Wadsworth Athenaeum and its Washington elm on the east,
and with Bushnell Park and the stately capitol on the west.

The Chapter celebrated with rejoicing the completion of
their work. Invitations were issued to all who in any way
had aided them in the widening of Gold Street or in the im-
provements in the cemetery, to a reception in the Wadsworth
Athenaeum on the 7th of June. The use of the picture gal-
lery in that historic building, the Art Society's studio and the
historical room was kindly loaned to the Daughters and these
rooms with flags, State and Chapter insignias, were fittingly
decorated for the occasion. From 4 until 6 o'clock on the
afternoon of the reception the rooms were thronged with an
interested company. One could fancy approval smiling in the faces looking down from the walls of the gallery, portraits, some of them of the men and women lying over there in the ancient burying ground or revolutionary patriots, ancestors of many a one present.

The 17th of June was set apart for the jubilee celebration in the cemetery itself. It was a red-letter day in the civic annals of Hartford. A platform was erected in the shadow of the old Center Church walls, which is a part of the eastern boundary of the Cemetery, for the speakers, the committee and city officers. Chairs were placed on the ground to seat a large number of guests. The day was clear and beautiful and the great trees in the enclosure waved their branches proudly over the flags and shields of the thirteen States decorating their trunks, and warm sunlight and summer breezes filled all the old place as if in triumph over the close of the reign of cold and darkness.

While the people were hurrying long before the hour appointed to their places, the music of Cott's Band sounding over all the hum of voices and the Putnam Phalanx in colonial uniform was marching with fife and drum to form in line, the Daughters had gathered in the parlors of the Center Church and with glad hearts and faces drew their Regent to the front and presented her, by the hands of the chairman of the Reception and Celebration Committee, Mrs. William H. Palmer, with a superb silver loving-cup, a token of their appreciation of her good leadership, her executive ability, her patient hope and courage and all the other qualities which had made her work in the Chapter a marvelous success. After the presentation and a few brief heartfelt words of acceptance from Mrs. Holcombe, the members of the Chapter filed into the cemetery, along the line of their military escort, saluting its colors, to their places on or near the platform.

The exercises which then followed were of the highest interest.

The fitting and impressive invocation by the Rev. C. M. Lamson, pastor of the Center Church, and the singing of the doxology by the whole great company were the opening. Then
Mrs. Holcombe presented, with a graceful, earnest speech, the deeds of the lands on Gold Street to the Mayor of Hartford, the Hon. Miles B. Preston. The Mayor received the deeds with a dignified and able speech of acceptance. Then the history of the ancient burying ground was told by Prof. Williston Walker, son of the veteran minister whose presence on the platform was an inspiration and a benediction. Then a thoughtful study of the first stir of revolutionary ideas in America, by Mr. Arthur L. Shipman, and an eloquent speech by the Hon. Henry C. Robinson closed the addresses. The Rev. Francis Goodwin offered a benediction and again the audience united in singing “America.” The last notes had scarcely died away when the old Center Church bell, in which is cast the one brought to Connecticut by Thomas Hooker and his associates in 1636, rang, true as ever, out the old gloom, in the new light.

The full significance of this day cannot be wholly measured, along so many lines does its influence diverge into the future. That band of men and women buried in the old churchyard proved well the power of the love of country and of freedom. Their descendants as truly proved the power of the love of kindred and ancestors and the love of their home and city. What such an agency will accomplish in the future is beyond the saying. It is the quality which builds better than it knows.

The Ruth Wyllys Chapter has yet much to do in the detail of restoring the stones in the ancient cemetery. Three hundred and more are untouched. A most comprehensive statement by Mrs. Holcombe of the whole work has been published in The Hartford Courant of July 18, 1899, the reprinting of which is earnestly recommended to the Editor of The American Monthly.

Harriet E. Whitmore,
Historian.
"LAFAYETTE" ACADEMY.

MR. JOHN R. SHARPE, of Lexington, Kentucky, owns a rare and valuable pamphlet, entitled:


This school was established in 1821, by Josiah Dunham, A. M., and included among its pupils girls from ten States besides Kentucky. In 1825 the enrollment reached 135, with nine "Instructers" and fourteen "Visiters." Among the latter were, "Hon. Henry Clay, LL. D., Hon. W. T. Barry, LL. D., John Bradford [who established the Kentucke Gazette in 1787], Robert Wickliffe, Rev. Pres. Holley, LL. D." [of Transylvania University].

It seems fitting that the readers of the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE should have a glimpse of Kentucky patriotism as it appeared in ye olden time, and this can best be given through extracts from the pamphlet:

"At 4 o'clock P. M., the General's arrival was announced. He was attended by a military escort, and a numerous retinue of distinguished individuals, among whom was the Governour of the State [Gen. Joseph Desha], Governour Carroll, of Tennessee, Col. G. W. Lafayette, M. Le Vasseur, the General's Secretary, &c., &c. He was received by Col. Dun-
ham, the Principal, under a beautiful Arch erected in front of his house, on which was inscribed:

Lafayette in America,
at home with his Children
Welcome Lafayette; Vivi Lafayette.

The General was then conducted into the Academical Apartment, where upwards of a hundred pupils were handsomely arranged to receive him, and where a brilliant circle of Ladies had previously assembled to witness the scene.

Order of Exercises.

I. Grand March, on the Piano.
II. Address of the Principal of the Academy to Gen. Lafayette. [Address omitted here.]
III. Strike the Cymbal; as adapted to the reception of Lafayette, by Mrs. Holley, and sung by the Pupils, accompanied with the Piano by Miss Hammond. [Poem omitted here.]
IV. Address * * * * * * in behalf of the Pupils of the Lafayette Female Academy, by Mary McIntosh for the Committee. [Omitted here.]

Committee: Mary McIntosh, of Georgia; Piety L. Smith, of Mississippi; Kezia G. Campbell, of Alabama; Eliza P. Bain, Mary Harper, Annie E. Gatewood, Jane Cooper, of Lexington.

V. New "Auld Lang Syne," composed and sung by the Pupils, accompanied by Miss Nephew on the piano, with the "Variations."

We hail thee, chief of former time!
Who now, in life's decline,
Hast left thy genial native clime.
For scenes of auld lang syne.

Chorus.

Our friend of auld lang syne has come,
Our father's friend lang syne;
We welcome him to Freedom's home,
Our friend in auld lang syne.

Our father's oft to us have said,
'Twas Heaven's wise design
Moved thee to give them needful aid,
In days of auld lang syne.

They've told us oft, when Freedom's foes
Did 'gainst their rights combine,
And they to brave resistance rose
In days of auld lang syne:
That thou did'st swear, that Freedom's cause
In every land was thine;
Then fought and bled for Freedom's laws,
With them in auld lang syne.

And thou hast come again to be,
While waning life is thine,
Where once thy blood, for liberty,
Did flow in auld lang syne.

Sure it must grieve a manly heart,
A feeling heart like thine,
To find so few, who took a part
With thee, in scenes lang syne.

But we, their Daughters, ne'er forget,
While laurel wreathes we twine,
To twine the fairest for Fayette,
Who fought for us lang syne.

Then welcome to our happy land!
Our blessings shall be thine,
Since purchased thy generous hand,
In days of auld lang syne.

VI. Lines written by one of the assistants and spoken by Miss Sarah L. H. Prentiss.

[Copied in part].
Read in Fame's immortal story
Bright with golden letters set,
High upon the scroll of Glory,
"Washington and Lafayette!"

VII. Lines in French, Addressed to Gen. Lafayette. [Omitted from the programme, but given in French and English in the pamphlet.]

VIII. Volunteer Address to Gen. Lafayette, by Miss Maria Brown Duncan. [Omitted here.]
IX. Poetical Address to General Lafayette, by Miss Caroline Clifford Nephum. [Omitted.]
X. "Buds and Flowers." [Song; omitted.]
XI. General Lafayette's answer to the Principal of the Academy.
Amidst the eminent testimonies of National blessings, and accomplished improvements, which are to be admired, on this beautiful and happy spot, no instance of them can be more gratifying to the eye and to the heart, than to be introduced to this Female Academy, where you have been pleased to welcome me, in terms, which claim
my liveliest gratitude. Your observations, are so correct, with respect to the happy result of Republican Liberty, and so flattering, in the expression of your kindness to me, that I shall only add the tribute of my sympathies, in the former part of them—of my acknowledgments for those that are personal—still more feelingly on account of your affecting family allusions; and my grateful sense of the honour conferred upon me, by the association of my name with this so very interesting Academy.

XII. [His] reply to Miss McIntosh's Address:

I want words to express to you, how much I am delighted, with your kind welcome, and the amiable testimonies of your kindness, to the Friend of your Forefathers. They will never be erased from my heart; they will be daily shared, by my family, at LaGrange. Well may this heart, old, but warm in its feelings, palpitate, at the sound of your patriotic and affectionate accents.

I beg your charming Committee, your Instructors, and all of you, Young Ladies, to accept my tender acknowledgments; and, you have authorized me to add, my paternal blessing!

Lafayette said that the more he had seen and heard in the Lexington Female Academy, the more sensible he was of the honor conferred upon him; and offered his thanks, wishes and blessings to the interesting Institution, which he was proud of the right to name, "The Lafayette Female Academy."

At the close of the exercises, Gen. Lafayette "took each pupil affectionately by the hand, as he did every one present, each being introduced individually by name. The decorations of the Academy were peculiarly appropriate and striking." Refreshments were liberally distributed to the whole company by Mrs. Dunham.

"The Editor of the Reporter, after giving a very handsome account of the Exercises of Transylvania University, which consisted of Addresses, Odes, and Poems in English, French and Latin, and which for their sentiment, purity, and elegance, would certainly have done honour to our oldest Universities, further says:

Such a literary reception has not, as far as we remember, been given to Lafayette in any of the colleges of our country. This, and the admirable exhibition at Col. Dunham's Female Academy, highly interesting to all, and eminently honorable to the Institution and its Principal, unquestionably gave to the old Hero a higher idea of the real advancement of our state
of society in the West, than the extrinsick show, or anything else, which he has witnessed.”

MARIE C. N. LYLE.

OUR FLAG.

[Written for the North Shore Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Flag Day, June 14th, 1899, by Laura Dayton Fessenden.]

WHAT does it mean, to you, and to me, this star-spangled banner, this flag of the free?
Why do we cherish the white and the blue, the forty-five stars, and the crimson too?
Does it take us back through a hundred years? Do we hear again the huzzars and the cheers
That followed the wake of the thirteen stars, on that azure field, crossed with ruddy bars?
For through winter’s cold, and summer’s heat, with sweat-bathed brows, or blood-stained feet,
The Patriots charged and the Red Coats ran wherever this flag led that valiant band!
Does this banner whisper to you, and to me, “I led your sires to liberty?”
Do we think, as we gaze on these colors fair, and these stars, shining out in this bright June air,
How, by this flag’s power Black Bondage fell? How it broke the charm, and scattered the spell,
Of Spanish darkness? Gave joy for tears, sunshine for shadow, and courage for fears?
Let us say, “Dear flag, thou hast made many free;” let us thank the All Father on bended knee
For this flag, that has led us all the way from Valley Forge to Manila Bay.
And, may every Daughter be loyal and true to Old Glory, her stars, and her red, white and blue.
WHAT WE ARE DOING AND CHAPTER WORK.

PAUL REVERE’S RIDE COMMEMORATED.

On the 19th of April, 1899, the Paul Revere Chapter, Boston, Massachusetts, commemorated the famous midnight ride of Paul Revere, when he announced the coming of the British troops to Concord and Lexington, the outcome of which proved to be the first bloodshed in the Revolution. The exterior of historic Christ Church was decorated with red, white and blue streamers from ground to roof, while Old Glory waved freely in the morning wind. Within the time-honored walls, that since 1723 had guarded the coming and going of many worshipers, festoons of blue and white bunting hung gracefully, giving the venerable edifice a youthful appearance. The chancel was a bower of palms, while Easter and calla lilies bloomed in profusion on the pulpit and reader’s desk.

The Committee of Arrangements who had planned and executed this tasteful display and secured the talented men and women who participated in the exercises were Mrs. William H. Alline, Mrs. Edward B. Kellogg and Mrs. Charles S. Thayer. The Regent, Mrs. Edward E. Holbrook, acted as presiding officer at the meeting. After the invocation by Rev. Thomas Van Ness the choir, consisting of Mrs. Eleanor Fox-Allen, soprano; Miss Elvira Leveroni, contralto; Mr. W. S. Hawkins, tenor, and Mr. George Tyler, bass, rendered “Old Glory,” was written for the Paul Revere Chapter by Col. W. H. Clapp, U. S. A.

At the conclusion Mrs. Holbrook introduced Governor Wolcott. In the course of her remarks she said: “It is a matter for rejoicing that the past year has been one of perfect harmony.” She touchingly referred to those who had died during the year and closed with the words, “let us plant our standard high and lift ourselves and others to it. The organization is not a house filled with pegs upon which to hang our family memories. It is a vital force, moving us to deeper reverence.
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for the past, and I believe it is to have a vast influence in the promotion of good citizenship.”

Governor Wolcott was heartily welcomed as he arose to speak. He referred to the historic church and the spirit that prompted the holding of services within its sacred walls. He spoke of the 19th of April, on which the first blood was shed for American liberty, comparing it with the 19th of April, 1861, when the first blood was spilled in the Civil War. He referred to the 19th of April, 1898, when Congress declared that “the people of Cuba were of right, and ought to be free and independent, and demanded the immediate withdrawal of the Spanish troops from the island.” In closing, the Governor said: “These so-called patriotic societies have the power to do a work of infinite benefit, and I am glad that these days are observed in this manner, and the graves of the heroic dead fittingly decorated for the observation and instruction of the passersby.”

The “Promise of Life” was then sung by Mr. Hawkins, which was followed by an original patriotic poem entitled “A Messenger” by the Chapter Historian, Mrs. Carrie Hale Russ. The poem is as follows:

Within these walls, as runs the oft-told story,
The spark of freedom flashed with thrilling light,
Fierce conflict ending in our nation’s glory—
Beheld the signal here that fateful night.

Within these walls, within this tall old steeple,
The spirit of the past holds ceaseless sway;
The chiming bells proclaim to many people:
“The past, the past abides with you to-day.”

Immortal shades, that speak thus in the pealing
Of ancient anthem or remembered song,
Ring out a message fraught with holiest feeling,
A message to be heard through centuries long.

Re-echo through this land we love so dearly!
Reverberate through every loyal heart!
With sweet vibrations swell your story clearly,
Declaring to the world a higher art.
Than gleams within the armories of the ages.
In every clime on this revolving sphere,
Mars blood-red brand appears on history's pages,
While torn and bleeding wounds cause sorrows drear.

Long generations hear the roll of thunder
That bursts with deadly boom, on memory's ear.
The cruel deeds that tear men's forms asunder,
Their mighty monuments about us rear.

A century ago those lanterns lighted
A flame that burned away the wrongs of time,
For that one spark the chaff and thorns ignited
In conflagration potent and sublime.

All this we leave a century behind us,
While we gaze on to centuries ahead,
Progressive minds must for the future find us
A whiter ray than in the dark years fled.

Then waxen tapers burned for freedom's torches,
Each circling halo hovering near its source,
To-day the lightning chained, the pencil scorches,
The waiting carbon gleams with magic force.

Then chiming bells, brave bells, so clearly ringing,
Swell out that holy lesson, told of old,
"Peace and good will" with truest meaning bringing,
Unto responsive hosts the truth unfold.

Miss Harriet Shaw played the "Patrol" on the harp and responded to an encore with "Fair Harvard." Gen. W. W. Blackman was then introduced and gave a most interesting address, referring to some very interesting and amusing personal incidents in the Civil War. Mrs. Fox-Allen sang the "Star-Spangled Banner," and she was followed by the Rev. Thomas Van Ness. His closing words were: "We must make freedom and liberty not merely a local idea, but an universal idea for all men. Then the time will come when patriotism will be co-extensive and stand for the brotherhood of all the world."

The exercises closed with the singing of "O Gladsome Light," the reading of "Paul Revere's Ride," by Mrs. Alice Kent Robertson, the singing of Rudyard Kipling's "Reces-
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sional” by the quartet, and the pronouncing of the benediction by Mr. Van Ness.—Mrs. Carrie Hale Russ, Historian.

SARAH BRADLEE FULTON CHAPTER.—On February 22d, according to their custom since their formation as a Chapter, the members of the Sarah Bradlee Fulton Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Medford, Massachusetts, held a public meeting to celebrate Washington’s birthday. Members of the Historical Society and other invited guests assembled in the vestry of the Unitarian Church and were welcomed by the Regent, Mrs. Mary B. Loomis. A resume of the work done for the past two years was read by the Secretary, and vocal and instrumental music gave a pleasing variety to the program, but the chief interest centered in the address on “Washington in New England,” by Abram English Brown. Mr Brown is the author of several books, and a diligent and successful searcher in the records of the past. The three visits of Washington to this region were graphically described, and his friendship for Gen. John Brooks, a native and resident of Medford, was fittingly referred to. Mention was also made of Col. Isaac Royal, a Tory who at the opening of hostilities fled from the country, leaving a fine estate in Medford, to which he was not permitted to come back. The original letter, which Royal wrote, begging for permission to return to his home, was shown by Mr. Brown and was viewed by many with great interest. The three finely-written pages of foolscap were as clear as when penned by the self-exiled man.

The March meeting was held at the rooms of the Historical Society and was an especially interesting one. The Chapter had no delegate present at the Continental Congress, but a member who was in Washington at that time was present at several sessions, and brought to this meeting a most complete and excellent report of the doings of the Congress. An original paper, “A Business Man of Long Ago,” describing one of Medford’s merchants in colonial times, was given by one member, and another read the poem “Anna Black.” The subject of this poem was a belle whose portrait is in the collection of the Bostonian Society, the home of this Society being in the Old State House, Boston.
At this time it was voted to purchase the dismantled summer house formerly on the Royal estate, as the Chapter deemed it too fine a specimen of colonial architecture to be destroyed. Plans have been kept so that any time the columns, windows and finely-carved parts can be put together and be surmounted by the time-honored figure of Mercury, that for so many years gracefully balanced itself on the summit of this summer house in the old-fashioned garden with its wide box-bordered walks.

It was also voted to hold a loan exhibition in the mansion of the Royal estate, and a committee of fifteen, with the Regent as chairman, was appointed to arrange for all details in connection therewith. Although this was considered a great undertaking, the members individually and the sub-committee appointed from the general committee began work immediately with an enthusiasm which foretold a splendid success, which a few weeks later was happily realized. The pleasant and satisfactory work done during the next few weeks is now looked back upon by the Daughters as a cherished reminder of what loyal Daughters can accomplish when banded together in a common cause.

The April meeting was held at the home of a member. There was a large attendance and the usual program was omitted that the whole evening might be given to the discussion of plans for the coming exhibition, and the hearing of reports of committees. Everything gave hint of most favorable progress in the matter, and the cordiality of those who were asked to loan historic articles and family treasures gave fresh impulse to the busy workers, who later in the evening were entertained by their hostess, with a collation.

On Patriots’ Day, the much-talked-of loan exhibition was thrown open to the public in the old Royal mansion. For the first time the whole house was open for inspection, and the charmingly arranged and decorated interior with its wealth of colonial furnishings and valuable relics was a source of never ending delight to the crowds of enthusiastic visitors who thronged there each day. The visitors’ book showed that the guests came from far and near, and bore the names of many distinguished people. Large delegations of Daughters of the
Revolution and of our own Order were frequently seen, and two thousand visitors were in attendance. Scarcely a person left without expressing the delight experienced in being privileged to view so much of historic interest and value, and in being so cordially received and entertained by the members of the Chapter, most of whom were in attendance every day and evening for the ten days the exhibit was held.

A great many of the Chapter were dressed in costumes of the revolutionary era, and some of the gowns had been handed down from one to another descendant for more than one hundred and thirty years. Particularly noticeable were two descendants of the woman whose name the Chapter bears, gowned in brocaded silks once worn by her, one being her wedding dress. Each member wore a badge of the National Society ordered for the occasion. The spacious rooms and halls presented evenings a novel and charming effect, illumined as they were by scores of candles.

There was every conceivable article to appeal to the varied tastes of the guests, and frequently large sums were offered for heirlooms which the owners prized too highly to part with for money.

The chaplain of the battleship "Iowa," who visited the house, being in attendance at the meeting of the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the American Revolution in Boston, was delighted with the collection, and many came again and again, loth to go away from the place. The spinning of one of the elderly ladies was always an attraction to young and old, and the tables for the sale of souvenirs, china and refreshments, were well patronized.

The exhibit showed Medford's wealth in antique goods of all kinds, few articles belonging out of the city, and the gracious manner with which the old families and others loaned their treasures was a source of gratification to the committees and a proof of the esteem in which the Daughters' work in this city is held. Insurance was placed on all the property and watchmen employed night and day, and the Chapter feels rewarded for the same by the verdict of the community. It is the universally expressed opinion that we gave the public a most instructive and noteworthy entertainment, up to the standard
of what the work of the Daughters of the American Revolution should be.

The Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the American Revolution held its annual meeting in Boston, April 19th, and in the circular sent out for the call of this meeting gave a notice of our exhibition; and this was but one instance of kindness received on all sides.

So noteworthy a house as the Royal deserves some mention here, although it has been prominently brought before the public in its immediate vicinity by local historians. Its authentic history dates back to the time when the estate was purchased by the heirs of Governor Winthrop by Lieutenant-Governor John Ussher, and later by Isaac Royal, the elder, who came here from Antigua and remodelled the house after an English nobleman's in the island from which he came. About a year later he died, and his son, commonly called Colonel Isaac Royal, became master of the estate and added much to its splendor and magnificence. He lived in great style, kept a dozen or more slaves, which his father had brought with him from the West Indies, owned many horses and a fine chariot, the only one for miles around. The brick slave quarters are still standing, and the immense fire-place in the cook-room tells of the good cheer that prevailed in one place "When we were under the king." He entertained lavishly, and the wealthy families of like standing as himself in the vicinity of Boston were often his guests.

The house is of brick, sheathed in wood on all but one side; three stones high, a wide hall running through from east to west, between two fine entrances, the west door facing a paved courtyard, and beyond this was a beautiful garden, now in ruins, in the center of which on a large terrace mound stood the octagonal summer house, topped by the figure of Mercury. A story was told among the very youthful dwellers in the vicinity that exactly at midnight this figure stepped down and walked about the garden, and this tradition was fondly believed till the time when fairy tales are no longer credited. From the east entrance to the highway to Boston stretched another fine garden shaded by beautiful elms, said to have been brought from England and planted by Col. Royal. The estate comprises five hundred acres or more, and here until the time of
the trouble between the colonies and the mother country Colonel Royal lived, lord of the manor. In the interior the rooms are large on each floor, some elaborately carved and panelled, with recessed windows, and formerly there were tiled fireplaces in every room, and probably shutters to every window, though now but a few of these latter remain. In one chamber commonly called Washington's chamber, the carving is especially fine, and in one shutter is a star shaped opening, small in size, said to have been made to admit the beams of the rising sun. On the first floor there is another finely carved room, and in a second until a few years ago were rare leather hangings; the fire-back in the kitchen was of ample size and bore the king's arms. The stair-case is of elegant design and has an easy tread, as befitted the people who passed up and down in leisurely grandeur.

History has called Colonel Royal a timid, faint-hearted man, for at the opening of the disturbances that precipitated the Revolution he fled from the country, going to Halifax and thence to England, and though he longed to return and wrote a most pathetic letter asking permission to do so, his request was not granted, and he died in England in 1781. He had a great fondness for his adopted land, but he could only foresee utter annihilation for the colonies if they engaged in a struggle with the mother country. He had occupied high positions in the colony, being one of the Governor's Council for over twenty years; had served in town offices here and in Charleston, within whose bounds his estate was once included, and had been in many ways a generous benefactor in both places. When the library of Harvard College was burned he contributed to the purchase of another, and founded the professorship of law there that bears his name. Consequently his house and lands, having been confiscated by the government, suffered no damage in the years they were the property of the State, for the people had a liking for their Tory friend, who, except in his allegiance to King George, was a model neighbor and citizen. He gave proof that he harbored no resentment by making provisions in his will two years before his death in favor of the clergymen and schools of Medford, and bequeath-
ing to the church—a silver cup, which required an especial act of legislation before it could be accepted. A beautiful silver plate, bearing his name, his gift to the First Parish church, was kindly loaned for the exhibit by the Unitarian Society, now owning it.

After the battle of Lexington, Medford was a rallying point for many of the Continental soldiers; here the New Hampshire men camped, and General John Stark took up his headquarters in the deserted house. Later General Charles Lee had his quarters in the house, and named it "Hobgoblin Hall." It is rumored that it proved too luxurious an abode for those who had pledged themselves to a soldier's lot, and that Washington ordered both officers to remove from the place. For many a month, however, the stairs over which fair women in rustling brocades and high-heeled slippers had tripped, now resounded with martial steps and the clang of swords.

Previous to the battle of Bunker Hill, tradition says, Stark held a council with his generals in the summer house. During the Revolution, after the removal of the soldiers, the house was occupied by Colonel Richard Carey, of Charlestown, and was again the scene of social gayeties. Since then the house has had a varied experience, and though the grounds have been cut up into building lots and something of decay has crept into the once stately dwelling, it stands now in the midst of a fair-sized lawn and remains a good example of colonial architecture.

At the meetings in May and June the usual programs were omitted and the former meeting was devoted to hearing reports of the loan exhibit committees and settling accounts. The expenses were very heavy, but two hundred and seventy-five dollars were made, which the treasurer was empowered to deposit in a bank till such time as the Chapter should decide to put it to use in the prosecution of its work. The latter meeting was a social one at the home of a member and closed a very profitable year in the history of the Sarah Bradlee-Fulton Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.—ELIZA M. GILL, Historian.
WYOMING VALLEY CHAPTER.—The following is from the able editor of the genealogical page of Wilkes-Barre Times:

[It seems important at this time when the Wyoming Valley Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution are about to mark the site of Fort Durkee and Fort Wyoming, that in this column should be printed the information which was, after long and careful research, furnished by the late Sheldon Reynolds to the Government in a work entitled, "The Frontier Forts within the Wyoming Valley, Pennsylvania." The editor has been led to this decision by the lack of general information upon the subject, which information can be had by purchasing from the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society a copy of the entire work.

It is the purpose of the Chapter to also mark other forts, among these Fort Wilkes-Barre and Forty Fort.—Editor of the Wilkes-Barre Times.]

FORT DURKEE.

In April, 1769, soon after their arrival in the disputed territory, the Connecticut people set about the building of a fort for their better protection. They chose a site now within the limits of the city of Wilkes-Barre, on the river bank between the present streets, South and Ross. Here they built of hewn logs a strong block house surrounded by a rampart and intrenchment. It was protected on two sides by natural barriers, having on one side the Susquehanna river, and on the other, the southwest side, a morass with a brook flowing through it and emptying into the river near by the fort at a place called Fish's Eddy. The size of the enclosure is not known, but it was probably of one-half an acre in extent, as any place of shelter in time of danger of less space would be of little use. The fort was looked upon as a strong military defence, both from its manner of construction and the natural advantages of its position. Near to it were built also twenty or more log houses, each provided with loop holes through which to deliver the fire in case of a sudden attack. It was named Fort Durkee in honor of Capt. John Durkee, one of the leaders of the Yankee forces, and who had seen service in the late war with France, and afterwards, as a colonel of the Connecticut line on the continental establishment, he served with merit throughout the Revoltionary war. While this fort was erected as a defence against the Indians, and doubtless served that purpose, there is no evidence that it ever sustained an attack from that quarter. It was, however, one of the strongholds that played a very prominent part in the contest with the Proprietary government over the disputed jurisdiction and title to the Wyoming lands, known as the first Pennamite war, beginning in 1769 and continuing two years. Shortly after this period the name of the fort disappears from the records: whether it was dismantled or suffer-
ed to fall into decay is not known. Miner's history of Wyoming, page 265, makes a last reference to it in these words: "The whole army (Gen. Sullivan's) was encamped on the river flats below Wilkes-Barre, a portion of them occupying old Fort Durkee." (June 23, 1779). If the fort was at that time in a condition to serve any useful purpose, it is difficult to understand why the people of the town were at such pains to build in 1776 a fort for their protection on the Public Square, inasmuch as Durkee was a much stronger place and quite as convenient, or how a work of this importance escaped destruction at the hands of the enemy after the battle of Wyoming.

The brook mentioned above as forming one of the safeguards of the fort, has long since disappeared. One branch of it had its rise near the place known as Five Points, and the other branch in the Court House Square; the latter flowed in a southerly direction, emptying into a marsh at a point near the Lehigh Valley railroad. The stream leaving the marsh crossed Main street near Wood street, and took a northerly course to Academy and Rivet streets, where it was spanned by a bridge, thence it flowed into the river at Fish's Eddy. There has been some question in respect to the location of this fort. The principal evidence in favor of the site as stated is two fold; the land on the southwest side of the stream and morass was low land, subject to overflow upon every considerable rise of the river, and therefore of a nature wholly unsuited for a work of the kind. Hon. Charles Miner, whose recollection of events happening prior to the beginning of this century was clear, says in effect, that Durkee was located sixty rods southwest of Fort Wyoming, and that the remains of the latter fort were in a tolerable state of preservation in the year 1800. The site of the latter fort is well known and the distance of sixty rods in the direction indicated, fixes the location of Durkee as given above.

FORT WYOMING.

Fort Wyoming was located on the river common, about eight rods southwest of the junction of Northampton and River streets in the city of Wilkes-Barre. It was built in January, 1771, by Capt. Amos Ogden, the able leader of the Proprietary forces, and one hundred men under his command. The purpose of its erection was the reduction of Fort Durkee, the stronghold of the Yankees, and like Durkee it became an important factor in carrying forward to an issue the controversy alluded to. In 1771 it fell into the hands of the Connecticut people. It was not built, as is apparent from the statement just made, as a defence against the Indians. But seems to have been used for that purpose in 1772 and 1773 and later. It was this fort doubtless that is mentioned in the records of those years, as "the fort in Wilkes-Barre" where constant guard was required to be kept. After this time, it passes out of notice; no account has come down to us of the manner of its destruction or other disposition. It is reasonable to
suppose that it was not standing in 1776, as the people would have made use of it instead of building a fort in that time of need. This fort gave its name to a successor, built on the same site in 1778, and which became an important post during the period of the war.

**WILKES-BARRE FORT.**

Wilkes-Barre Fort was located in the public square, Wilkes-Barre, and occupied the ground now in part covered by the court house. It was built in pursuance of the vote of the town meeting of August 24, 1776, though owing to circumstances before narrated it was not finished until 1778. The court house and jail of Westmoreland county were also located here, and this place seems to have been selected for the building of the fort with the view of protecting these buildings by enclosing them within its walls. The walls were of a double row of logs set upright in a trench, in the same manner as those of Forty Fort were constructed, and reached to the height of sixteen feet above the ground. The structure contained an area of about one-half an acre, and was in the form of a parallelogram, with flanking towers at the angles, and was provided with a single gateway opening toward the river, northwest. The sides were pierced with loop-holes to enable the garrison to deliver its fire without exposure; and one four-pound gun was mounted on the rampart, but, inasmuch as there happened to be no suitable ammunition, it served as an alarm gun only. Barracks or huts were built along the walls within the works, which, together with the room afforded by the public buildings, were sufficient to shelter the occupants. The work was surrounded by a ditch. The water supply was taken from a spring either within the enclosure or near at hand.

A large number of women and children were crowded into this shelter on the eve of the battle, with but a handful of men for their protection. The necessity of a large garrison was not so pressing in this case, perhaps, as in some others, owing to the muster of the militia at Forty Fort, three miles north, on the opposite side of the river, and directly in the line of the advance movement of the enemy. A few of the survivors of the battle made their escape to the Wilkes-Barre fort, bringing word of the battle. During the night plans were made for flight; and on the morning of the 4th many of the occupants of the fort set out, empty-handed on their long and perilous journey through the wilderness. On the same day the savages were in possession of the fort; there seems to have been no formal surrender, as the articles of capitulation of Forty Fort included this also. During the day the fort was abandoned, and a band of savages seeking plunder entered it and set it on fire, reducing to ashes both the fort and public buildings.

The commendable work of the Daughters of the American Revolution of marking historic spots in the historic Valley of
Wyoming was continued June 14th in a manner full of patriotic enthusiasm. The occasion was the marking of the sites of two revolutionary forts in this city, both on the river bank. Each consists of a simple block of untrimmed red mountain stone suitably inscribed, a bronze tablet setting forth the facts. The exercises were held on the river common at the foot of Northampton street. The Fort Durkee monument was not completed, but the other bore this inscription:

This stone marks the site of Fort Wyoming. Built by the Proprietary forces January, 1771, captured by the Connecticut settlers the same year, and used as a defense against the Indians. Rebuilt in 1778 and became an important military post during the Revolutionary War. Erected by the Wyoming Valley Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, June 14, 1899.

The weather was of the most propitious kind. While the day was hot and the sun was beating down fiercely, the trees afforded ample shade and refreshing zephyrs floated up from the river. A platform had been erected, and it was decorated with flags and bunting. Stretching along between it and the river was a rope, from which were suspended a dozen or more large flags. Several hundred seats were provided for the several patriotic societies, the whole enclosed in a line of ropes. Patriotic and other airs were played by the Plymouth Band.

Occupying seats on the platform were the presiding officer, Mrs. Katherine Searle McCartney, Regent of the Wyoming Valley Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution; Mrs. Judge Rice, Mrs. Richard Sharpe, Mrs. Judge Woodward, Mrs. Sheldon Reynolds, Mrs. Dr. Corss, Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Harrison, of Philadelphia; Judge Rice, Judge Harding, General Paul A. Oliver, Benjamin Dorrance, Captain Calvin Parsons, Hon. Charles A. Miner, Alexander Farnham and Rev. Dr. H. H. Welles. In the audience were the Children of the American Revolution.

The exercises opened with the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," and prayer was offered by Rev. Henry H. Welles, D. D.

Mrs. McCartney made the opening address and it was full of patriotic sentiments. She said it was fitting that on the an-
anniversary of the adoption of the Nation's flag the Daughters of
the American Revolution should mark the sites of the first
forts used by the early inhabitants of this settlement. She paid
a glowing tribute to the memory of Zebulon Butler, Nathan
Denison, Benjamin Shoemaker and John McDowell, whose
descendants are members of the Wyoming Valley Chapter.
Mention was made that the mountain stones for the monu-
ments were the gift of General Oliver. Credit was given to
George H. Butler for the principal assistance in carrying out
the arrangements for the occasion. Instead of the hostile
troop of 1769 against Wyoming, Philadelphia sent for this oc-
casion two distinguished women, Mrs. Thomas Roberts, State
Regent, Daughters of the American Revolution, and Mrs.
Charles Custis Harrison, Regent of the Philadelphia Chapter.
Mrs. McCartney's address was given without manuscript,
and did her great credit both for diction and for delivery.
Miss Euola B. Guie, one of the teachers in our common
schools, and a member of the Daughters, recited an original
poem. Possessing a strong, well modulated voice, and a
splendid delivery, her poem was one of the star features of the
occasion. It was a study of the evolution of the American na-
tion. The singing of the patriotic airs was led by Mrs. Freud-
enberg.

Ex-Judge Garrick M. Harding made a brief address, recall-
ing some of the incidents connected with the British and Indian
invasion of 1778. He had learned the story from the lips of
his grandmother (who he said was the great-grandmother of
Madame Regent McCartney). Judge Harding told how the
expedition approached Wyoming. It did not follow the river
all the way down, but left it at Sutton's Creek and went up
behind the mountain, near where the Wyoming camp ground
now is. This threw the settlers off their guard and they were
unprepared for the invasion. He mentioned the old Sullivan
road and said he believed he was the only living man who could
now trace it. He says Sullivan's army did not come into Wy-
oming Valley, but by way of Bowman's spring.

Benjamin Dorrance followed with some thoroughly earnest
and patriotic utterances. He said in part:
Wherever remains a place of sacrifice, a memory of brave deeds, of suffering, of tears shed, of agony endured in the cause of liberty, there should be raised a monument, that future generations may pause and to the young recount the deeds so memorialized.

Our country is so young in its possibilities not only of greatness but of civil corruption, that any act of any citizens, leading to greater honor, purer lives, higher aspirations shall not die, at its doing; the longer it is remembered, the greater its influence, and this deed done by you, oh, Daughters of the American Revolution, will live so long as there remains in the breasts of your descendants the same lively sense of patriotism which prompts you to raise these monuments to the deeds and suffering that were part of the throes which hallowed the birth of a nation; a nation destined to take its place at the head and maintain its lead.

So long as these stones may last, and the book of record grows larger, your footsteps on the sands of time will be recorded, never to be wiped out while man shall grow.

Your whole duty is not done, though by you had been marked every spot of historic interest throughout all our broad land.

Do your duty by your children and they will know the story their country; you will teach them those lives were freely given, that the blood that was shed was holy; that to be worthy descendants of such men and women they must lead honest lives; that when the time comes if ever they must give up their lives for the land; teach them to say with every prayer, "God bless and save our country."

Honorable Charles E. Rice, Chief Justice of the Superior Court, gave an address which thrilled and electrified his auditors. He was interrupted with frequent applause. In the course of his remarks he said:

Those rough hewn stones, dug out of the mountain that overlooks this beautiful valley, have been well chosen, and well placed. They typify the rugged character of those early settlers who fought and held its possession against all foes. I am not "to the manor born," but I am sure that I voice the sentiments of all patriotic citizens, who revere their memory, who appreciate their services and character, and who enjoy the heritage they left, when I say that they are under a debt of gratitude to the Wyoming Valley Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, for their disinterested and well directed efforts to perpetuate the memory of those early settlers by marking these and other historic spots.

Two accusations have been made against the people of this country—one that they are too much given to that self-glorification, which has come to be known as spread-eagelism; the other that they are sordid in their aims and impulses, devoting their energies and aspiring above all else to advancement in material things, and lacking in what, for
want of a better term, is denominated sentiment. That is to say, that they are a practical, not a sentimental, people, that as to any proposed action the controlling question with them is, "will it pay?"—not is it a noble, unselfish or patriotic thing to do?

A sordid, unimaginative, practical people, lacking in noble sentiment, whose controlling passion is gain.

What is the flag to them? Let the pages of the history of our Civil War answer; let the history of the Spanish-American War, scarce yet written, answer. From fever-stricken camps, from dusty plain, where columns of marching men are swinging along under a tropical sun; from hastily dug trench, where in alternate heat and chill, they lay, expectant of the hour when they shall charge up the heights and strike a blow for their fellow men, or perchance yield up dear life as a sacrifice, worthy to be made for a noble sentiment; from almost impenetrable thicket, where many an ill-fed, but stout of heart, Northerner and Southerner, Union man and ex-Confederate, college-bred and unlettered, foreign born and native born, white and black, but American soldiers all, are pushing on up the hills; from the captured heights, where waves their victorious flag; from the far-off Orient, where men are wading swamps and swimming rivers, under the enemy's fire, to open the way for their comrades on the other side; sounding forth loud, clear and exultant; in the booming of Dewey's guns at Manila, and echoed and re-echoed by the guns of the victorious fleet at Santiago; from every place where the American soldier and sailor has carried the flag comes back the answer that thrills the heart and lifts the soul out of the cheerless environment of material things, up into the clear life-giving atmosphere of noble and exalted sentiment.

Under its sweet and unrestrained influence let imagination be carried back to the time which these rough hewn stones have been planted to commemorate. Think of the sublime courage, of the self-denial, of the privations, of the perils, and with them all of the undaunted hopefulness of pioneers of those times.

All hail to the men who planted these outposts of civilization in the Wyoming Valley. All hail to the men who defended them with their lives against cruel savage and foreign oppression. All hail to the women who upheld their hands in all those early struggles, who shared their hopefulness and at the same time their toil and their privations, sacrifices and their perils.

The interesting exercises closed with the singing of "My Country, 'tis of Thee," the band accompanying.

ANNE BREWSTER FANNING CHAPTER, of Jewett City, Connecticut, has recently closed its second year of existence, with an exceedingly good record. It has been the aim of the Chapter from its first organization to not only develop a pa-
trotic spirit, but also to develop universal sympathies and world-wide interests. The Chapter was organized in June, 1897, with fifteen members, including one Real Daughter. The Chapter has since increased to twenty. It is the custom at each meeting for the members each to prepare and read an essay on some revolutionary subject, the subjects being selected and assigned by a committee appointed for the purpose. The first year's course of reading consisted principally of history of a local nature pertaining to the Revolution, the second of revolutionary and colonial history combined, and the third is of a broader nature, taking in more of the really important events of the war. The reading of the papers is usually followed by a general discussion on some current topic. The result of our literary endeavors has been some really fine papers. Although the Chapter is still quite small, yet it is not deficient in patriotism. When it became evident that the late Spanish-American War was unavoidable the Regent called a meeting to consider the best method for raising money. For this purpose it was decided to give a lawn party at the home of one of the members. All had a pleasant time, and quite a sum was realized, which enabled us to contribute both money and hospital supplies. Contributions have also been given for the preservation and marking of historic spots in our vicinity. Several lectures have been given as a means of increasing our revenue. One lecture was by Jonathan Trumbull, of Norwich, President of the Connecticut branch of the Sons of the American Revolution, and one by Miss Larned, the Historian of Windham County. Last Washington's birthday was observed in a particularly interesting manner. Mr. Daniel Phillips, a resident of the town, and well versed in local history, prepared and read for our benefit a paper on the town's early settlement and revolutionary history. The hall was appropriately decorated with flags and bunting and music and recitations added to the attractions.

One of our pleasantest social events was a reception at the home of our Past Regent, Mrs. H. C. Partridge, given in honor of the State Regent, Mrs. Sara T. Kinney. Mrs. Partridge was assisted in receiving by her three daughters, the Misses Annie, Mary and Emma Partridge. Dainty refresh-
ments were served in the dining-room and the house was
tastefully decorated. The house is an old colonial mansion,
once a famous tavern, in the time of the Revolution. Its ample
proportions and general style of architecture show that it was
an inn of no small pretentions in the days of the old stage
couch. The record still exists of a grand reception once
given within its walls in honor of General Lafayette, who was
stopping at the old inn soon after the close of the Revolution.
Captain Charles Fanning and his wife, Anne Brewster Fanning,
received the General with great enthusiasm; the two
soldiers having been firm friends and comrades during the
war. It is said that Lafayette in his impulsive French manner
threw his arms around Captain Fanning exclaiming "God
bless you, my old friend, Captain Fanning." How could his
greeting with Madame Fanning have been less cordial if
less demonstrative, for she is described as a woman of strong
patriotism and great personal attractions. On the wide lawn
in front of the house stood until quite recently an ancient tree,
from which in the past swung the old sign of the inn and
which was also used as a general hitching post. From pieces
of the venerable tree and a portion of the oaken stairs, which
were at the birthplace of Anne Brewster Fanning, has been
constructed a most artistic frame for the charter.

We take pleasure in knowing that the past two years have
been both pleasant and profitable, and that our Chapter has
increased in interest as well as in numbers.—Miss ELIZA W.
Tiffany, Registrar.

JEFFERSON CHAPTER (St. Augustine, Florida), was started
by Mrs. William F. Shine, a great-granddaughter of Thomas
Jefferson. Before it was thoroughly organized the death of
Mrs. Shine occurred and all further activity in the Society
was at a standstill for many months. Then mainly through
the interest and exertions of Mrs. Thomas Mayhew Woodruff,
who had long been a member of the National Society, the
old members of the Jefferson Chapter met at Mrs. Woodruff's
with the State Regent, Mrs. Ambler presiding, and decided to
reorganize. It was proposed that the name of the Chapter
be changed to the Maria Jefferson Chapter in honor of Jeffe-
son's daughter, which suggestion was at once adopted, all regarding it as a most fitting tribute to the memory of our first Regent, who also bore the name of Maria Jefferson. The Society started with twelve charter members. Many more have joined since. We began a course of reading with a most interesting account of the "Private Life of Thomas Jefferson," printed only for his family. It was loaned by his great-granddaughter, Elizabeth Epps, who is an honorary member of our Chapter. The declaration of war with Spain soon put an end to our regular work and the Chapter at once offered its services to the National Society and volunteered to respond to any demands made upon it. All other interests were pushed aside. Studies of the past forgotten in the absorbing demands of to-day, comfort bags and bands were at once made and donated to the St. Augustine companies of militia, then on the eve of departure for Tampa. A Commissary Committee was appointed to send supplies to the soldiers in camp, which was done while the urgent need lasted. Later, pajamas, pillows, pillow-cases, handkerchiefs, etc., were sent to the hospital in Jacksonville in response to an urgent appeal received by our Regent. At the close of the war our efforts to assist the soldiers being no longer needed, we as a first step towards the advance of patriotism to which we are pledged, petitioned the School Board that on Washington's birthday the children of the public school here should be given a holiday and also that they be especially instructed in regard to his life. Both requests we were successful in obtaining. On Washington's birthday the Regent entertained the Chapter at a lunch. The table was beautifully decorated in red, white and blue. Appropriate quotations written on dainty cards bearing the insignia of the Children of the American Revolution lay at each corner. Afterwards papers commemorative of the day were read. During the summer meetings have been suspended owing to the absence of so many of our members. A special meeting was called in August for the purpose of sending to our Regent resolutions of sympathy in the great loss she has sustained in the death of her husband, Major Thomas Mayhew Woodruff, who died of yellow fever while on duty with his regiment at Santiago.—ANNA CALDWELL EVERETT.
WARREN CHAPTER (Monmouth, Illinois).—Perhaps a word in regard to the work of a small Chapter on the prairies of Illinois will not be without interest to the readers of the American Monthly.

Since our organization in April, 1897, we have much to record, but the present articles will deal only with events of the past few months.

Death has many times come near us, but has never entered our ranks. A beloved son of one of our number, and in a few short weeks her husband were called home, leaving her alone in her double bereavement. Another member, in an equally brief period, lost husband, daughter and promising grandson, just reaching manhood. Still another mourns the loss of a mother, near and dear; another gave back to “him who gave” a sweet little daughter of four years. With these we mourned and sympathized, drawn into closer friendship by afflictions’ bond.

March 18, 1899, was the date agreed upon to hear the report of the representatives of the Chapter to the Continental Congress, Mrs. Ida Carey Burns, Regent, and Mrs. Effie Lewis Besler, having returned the day before from Washington. Though it was Saturday night, and a stormy one at that, the character of the meeting drew out a large attendance. The cozy home of Mrs. Edwina B. Randall, one of the Board, is well fitted for such gatherings, and the evening was greatly enjoyed. Informal in character, it partook the nature of a surprise for the delegates, who were expecting nothing more than an ordinary business meeting. Lovely refreshments were served, a very complete and lengthy report rendered, and at a late hour, which might have been later, had the Sabbath not been so near, the Daughters found their various ways home in the dark and mud and rain, utterly unconscious of these disturbing features, because the evening had been so delightful.

July 6, A. D. 1899, will live as a letter day in the memories of the Daughters of Warren Chapter. In response to a summons, expressed in rhyme, from our Regent, Mrs. Ida Carey Burns, “each with a privileged best friend” we met at her pleasant home for the regular monthly session and a
lawn fête, with a quilting as divertissement. Our invitation was for the whole day, “to be from form and fashion free,” and in the enjoyment of sunshine, flowers, grand old trees and a delightful company. We placed a rose-colored mile stone in our Chapter annals. After the usual monthly order of business, an elaborate luncheon was served on the lawn, where our national emblems were everywhere profusely in evidence. At its conclusion we surprised our hostess with a literary feast at which the Vice-Regent, Mrs. Amos Dean, led as toastmistress. A letter of greeting and encouragement from the State Regent, Mrs. Talcott, was read by Mrs. Brooks. Mrs. Sexton spoke for “Our Society;” Miss Belle Rankin recalled reminiscences of “Our Grand Mothers’ Quilt,” and Dr. Cynthia Skinner expressed the pleasure of “Our Guests.”

Not until the sun was low in the west did we say our “vailes” and then made them “au revoir,” feeling that such a delightful occasion must be followed by a larger social life for our Chapter.

Mrs. E. C. Randall, member of the Board of Management, and her sister, Mrs. J. H. Hanley, Secretary, beautifully entertained the Chapter at the residence of Mrs. Hanley, West Broadway, August 8, in honor of Mrs. G. W. Besler, a member of the Chapter, who will leave for her new home at Reading, Pennsylvania, in a short time. The home was beautifully decorated, the colors used being yellow and green, this idea prevailing in the cut flowers, candelabra, in the menu and costumes of those assisting. At the plates were dainty baskets containing bon-bons as favors for each guest. The menu was choice and heartily enjoyed by all present. After proper attention had been given to the lunch, the ladies assembled on the porch to have their pictures taken in remembrance of those from out of the city: Mrs. Phirman Edwards, of Galesburg; Mrs. J. E. Johnson, of Denver; Mrs. McKinney, of Aledo; Mrs. Nora K. Raburn, of Roseville, and Miss Ellen Phelps, of Atlantic, Iowa.—Lucy E. Kidder, Historian.

PRUDENCE WRIGHT CHAPTER.—On Wednesday, August 16, nearly fifty ladies, members, with a few invited friends, participated in the field day exercises of the Prudence Wright
Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, visiting historical houses and places in Pepperell. The meeting was called at 9 o'clock a. m., at the Isola Place, from which the party walked to the Prescott homestead, where they were met by Mrs. Prescott, the wife of the present owner, William Lingee Prescott, and kindly shown through the house, which has been in the family for so many generations. The house, which has been added to and enlarged by the different generations, with its rich old-fashioned furnishings, is in a fine state of preservation. The rooms visited on the lower floor were the dining-room, library and parlor, each containing rare pictures and curios. Proceeding up the quaint stairway to the second story the chambers, with their high-posted, canopy-topped beds were seen, and the large room, once the study of the historian, William H. Prescott, now used as a nursery, the walls of which were hung with pictures.

Master William Prescott, of the sixth generation from Col. William, and his sister, Miss Edith, served cake and lemonade from the veranda, and several refreshed themselves from "the old open bucket" at the nearby well.

Returning to their carriages the party started on their drive through East Pepperell, Main, Canal, River and South Streets, stopping on the way at the memorial stones of Prudence Wright and Jacob Sims, the last being incorrect, as the name should read John instead of Jacob, and the date is twenty years later than it ought to be. A pleasant stop was next made at the old brick hostelry on the "bay road," now a private residence, owned and occupied by that "fine old Irish gentleman," Mr. John Hayes, who, with his daughter, kindly allowed the company to visit the hall in the third story of the house which was famous for pleasant merry-makings in its earlier days, the walls being decorated with the original paintings of landscapes, trees and houses. A musician's stand, two large fireplaces and a seat around the hall complete its arrangements.

A box lunch was next enjoyed in the woods near the neighborhood, after which a Chapter and Board of Management meeting were held, reports of previous meetings read and Chapter business transacted. The Regent, Miss Mary L. P. Shattuck, informed the Chapter that there was a bridge across
the Nashua River at the present covered bridge as early as 1743; a road from Pepperell Centre to Groton in 1774; that the first white child born in town was named Samuel Shattuck, his birthplace being the old house on River Street. Starting for home, the party next visited the Dane place, built by and formerly the home of Captain Edmund Bancroft, of the Provincial Congress. The large chestnut tree, upwards of twenty-one feet in circumference, at the corner of Bancroft and Townsend streets, under which is a third memorial stone and where the eight British officers who were quartered in the vicinity with colored servant and dogs, could meet on their parole of honor; the large boulder near W. B. Page's, which, although not lettered, is as much a memorial stone as either of the three mentioned, it being the place from which Jonathan Bancroft, afterwards Colonel, with his younger brothers, Thomas and Luther, succeeded in calling back their brother Edmund, later Sergeant, who had just started for Maine with the news brought home by their father, Captain Edmund, that the regulars were at Charlestown. Only a few minutes had elapsed between the starting of the son and the return of the father, who was the courier that brought the news to Northern Middlesex and Hollis on the memorable 19th of April, 1775.

The last stop made was at the large oak tree near the home of Miss Jewett, a marked tree when all around was forest, the scar of the blaze being plainly visible a few years ago.—Lucy Bancroft Page, Historian.

Mary Clap Wooster Chapter.—The members of the Mary Clap Wooster Chapter recognize that one object of the organization is to find out and mark historic spots. Last year the caring for our sailors and soldiers took our time and thought. This summer the placing of a tablet on the site of the home of General David and Mary Clap Wooster has been accomplished. The Finder school building stands where their house stood. On this building a bronze tablet was placed June 24th, with appropriate ceremonies. After prayer by Rev. Dr. Lines, the tablet was presented to the city by our Chapter Regent, Mrs. Champion, who spoke of the aim of the Society "to protect historic spots and to erect monuments to perpetu-
ate the spirit or the memory of the men and women who achieved American independence." The tablet was accepted by the Mayor in behalf of the city. The company then adjourned to Trinity Chapel and listened to the reading of two historic papers, one by Mrs. Knous, showing the condition of New Haven between 1745 and 1769, the years mentioned on the tablet. Mrs. T. W. T. Curtis’s paper on "The Chapter Heroine," was read by Mrs. Cady. Among the guests were our State Regent, Mrs. Sara T. Kinney, the Regent, and three ex-Regents of the Mary Wooster Chapter, of Danbury; other invited guests were the descendants of General and Mrs. Wooster, residents of the city, the officers of the New Haven Historical Society and of the Sons of the American Revolution, the ministers of the three historic churches on the Green, the superintendent of schools and the Board of Education. Everything associated with this program was, as far as possible, of a historic character. The gavel used by the chairman was made from a banister taken from the staircase of the Wooster house. The block was fashioned from oak taken from the house in Danbury, in which General Wooster died.

Such a service has been held for three years under the auspices of the Mary Clap Wooster Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, on the morning of July 4. Center, United and Trinity Churches have been opened for these services. This year it was held at Trinity Church, which was well filled. The exercises were prayer, singing and short addresses by clergymen of different denominations. The interest and attendance has increased each year. While our Chapter is not alone in holding these services, they are not held generally throughout the State.—ANNA G. P. RODMAN, Corresponding Secretary.

OMAHA CHAPTE, of Nebraska, celebrated the battle of Bunker Hill June 17 by a lawn fête at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Yowle. Mrs. Yowle is the State Regent in Nebraska. The Chapter entertained as guests the Council Bluffs Chapter, of Iowa, and the Sons of the American Revolution and their wives in Nebraska. It was a brilliant affair and the success with which it was planned and carried out was
due to the hearty coöperation of the entire Chapter with Mrs. Yowle and the Board of Management. The extensive grounds were decorated with large flags and the verandas draped with them. Electric lights and Chinese lanterns were used for lighting and the moon, added its radiance to make the evening ideal. An orchestra stationed on the north veranda rendered both patriotic airs and classical music. Mrs. Dr. Dorward recited two selections, one patriotic, the other humorous. Mrs. Troup, the Regent, gave a short address, after which Mr. Webster and Mrs. Daniells, of the Sons of the American Revolution, talked informally of the battle of Bunker Hill and the causes that led up to it. Refreshments were served later, and the guests went home feeling that they had passed one of the most delightful evenings in the history of the Chapter.—ELMA L. JAYNES, Historian.

FREELOVE BALDWIN STOWE CHAPTER.—Once again the friendly doors at the beautiful summer home of Mrs. Mary Hepburn Smith opened wide to receive Freelove Baldwin Stowe Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, guests from numerous other Chapters in the State and personal friends. The day was all that could be desired, and combined with the pleasures, which were so kindly given by the hostess, will long be remembered by all who were present. The spacious residence was profusely decorated with flowers, and an unusually beautiful arrangement of flags. Maresi, of New York, catered and the blue and white, the colors of the Daughters, was exquisitely carried out in the table decorations, even to the immense flower piece in the center, candelabra, etc. It was the seventy-fourth anniversary of Mrs. Smith's birthday, and she was the recipient of many congratulations, loving tokens and kind wishes for many happy returns of the day.

A double quartet of ladies from Bridgeport, who are all members of the Mary Silliman Chapter, added greatly to the pleasures of the afternoon, by their beautiful singing, which was willingly and pleasantly given. After one or two selections had been given, Mrs. Smith welcomed all her guests in a very graceful little speech. The honored and much-loved State Regent, Mrs. Sara T. Kinney, was present, and as usual
won all hearts by her witty and apt remarks. Doctor Anderson, of Waterbury, was called upon for a few remarks and very pleasingly responded, referring to our hostess as still young, one who was so constituted that she could not grow old, and predicting for her a ripe old age many years hence.

But the one feature of the afternoon was yet to come. Ever since the formation of the Chapter, in 1896, Mrs. Smith has put her heart into it, giving most freely and generously towards everything, which has placed the Chapter foremost among those of the State. It was not forgotten by the members, rather it was thoroughly and heartily appreciated. It had been suggested many times that something of a substantial nature be presented to Mrs. Smith as a loving reminder from all those who so thoroughly appreciated her many kind deeds and unfailing liberality. This 27th day of July was considered a most fitting time to present her with a loving cup. It was elegant and rich in design, standing nearly twelve inches high. The insignia of the Daughters made separately and fastened to the cup surmounts the following inscription:

Presented to
Mary Augusta Hepburn Smith,
Regent
Freelove Baldwin Stowe Chapter,
Daughters of the American Revolution,
Milford, Conn.,
July 27, 1899.

Mrs. George W. Tibbals, the Vice-Regent, succeeded in attracting Mrs. Smith's attention when she was in a most fortunate position for all to hear and see, presenting the cup to her with the following words:

"Madame Regent: One year ago, as Daughters and friends, we assembled here at your bidding, and wished you well along your journey of life. By a kind providence and again at your bidding, we find ourselves, one year later assembled here still wishing you many happy returns of this, the anniversary of your birthday. Surely time has tenderly and caressingly left its impress upon you, and lovingly passed you by, for while you boast of having passed the three score years and ten limit, the usual allotment of mankind, you are still young, you cannot grow old, because your heart is young. As we review the past three years and more, and unusually pleasant relations existing between us as Regent and Daughters, our hearts go out to you..."
with affection and gratitude. We are well aware that we have a prestige in this little world of “Daughters” in Connecticut which could not possibly have been ours but for your unfailing liberality. Seeking to impress our appreciation upon you, we wish to make you Regent for life.

“We would not add one care thereby, rather, we would lighten those which naturally befall you; but so long as the name of Mary Hepburn Smith has existence, we ask no other to head the roll of Freelove Baldwin Stowe Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. But this was not enough. We wanted something tangible, something real, an everyday reminder to you of our affection and all that you have been to us, of all that you are still to us.

“Just here I am reminded of a remark which you made, a few days since, to the effect that because your invitations had been sent out on your birthday they were in no wise suggestive of presents, a fact which was thoroughly understood by us all, yet you will remember that anniversary days are very appropriate for expressions of sentiment and affection. You have been heard to boast that your Daughters had always proven most obedient. Don’t you know, Madame Regent, that too good children are said to be very short lived? Wishing to avoid any unpleasant results we all agree in having the fun of disobeying you just once. I can’t even say we are sorry, for on the contrary I know we are very happy in this act of disobedience, but in the words of children of younger years, I will say, ‘We won’t ever do it again.’

“A loving cup! Is not the very name more expressive of all that we feel than any words of mine could possibly be? Will you accept it, Madame Regent, from your Daughters as a token of affection, esteem and appreciation? It is filled with tender, loving thoughts, kind wishes and bright, happy memories. We have one request to make. It is that when in the course of time you will have done with it, it be understood that your daughter, Mrs. Warren A. Conover, is to receive it, as from her generous hands we have been the recipient of much kindness.

Once again, Madame Regent, we congratulate you upon having acquired the art of descending the hill of life beautifully and gracefully, and our sincere wishes are for many happy returns of this anniversary day.”

Mrs. Smith was visibly affected, but soon found words to express her appreciation, assuring them that it would always be cherished, because it meant so much to her. Later it was filled and passed to every person present, Mrs. Smith passing the cup herself.

One other pleasant feature was the solo singing by Mrs. Sturtevant. Her voice is especially adapted to the darkey
melodies, several of which she gave in a most telling manner. Among those present from out of town were: Mrs. Stephen Kellogg, Mrs. Griggs and Miss Crosby, of Waterbury; Mrs. Pinney, of Derby; Mrs. Watson J. Miller, of Shelton; Mrs. Samuel R. Weed, Norwalk; Mrs. Kinney, Mrs. Darling and Miss Baldwin, New-Haven; Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Thompson, also of Mary Clap Wooster Chapter, New Haven; Mrs. Anson T. Downs and Miss Downs, New York; Miss Cornish, New Bedford; Mr. and Mrs. Henry G. Thompson, Dr. and Mrs. Anderson, temporarily at Woodmont; Mrs. Strowbridge, of Stamford. Regrets were received from Mrs. Manning, our President General, who deeply regretted that the many guests who were at her home in Albany would prevent her being present on this special occasion. The few who met Mrs. Manning in the spring at Stamford, deeply regretted her absence.

It has been learned that Mrs. Smith intends to have the name of every Daughter who contributed towards the loving cup engraved upon the two sides where there was no inscription—truly a loving and beautiful act of appreciation.

An Ohio Conference.—When the Regent for the State of Ohio called together representatives of the various Chapters, it was not for the purpose of holding a caucus, nor to organize an institution, for State's rights to a thoroughly American is entirely subsidiary to our Nation's laws, and as for having a beginning it almost seems superfluous to our old State, so foremost in the ranks of doing her full share in all the great work of our country, that it seems as though she must always "have been."

On the evening of the 8th of June the hospitable doors of Judge Granger's home were thrown wide open to admit the chosen representatives of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and from floor to ceiling, in library, sitting room, both drawing rooms and hall, hung in graceful folds our glorious flag, accentuated by flowers of every kind, doing homage and asking in hostage that reverence and love, which we as Daughters are so proud to render and making a fine back ground for the brave men and fair women assembled on this gala occasion.
Graciously our charming hostess presented her friends, first to Mrs. John Murphy, of Cincinnati, Regent of our largest Chapter, who in turn introduced Mrs. Frank Wilson, of the same city, who in a few selected words had told us of the noble work done in her city of spreading broadcast in her sunny parks the books containing the words of all our Nation's songs and of the deeds of love performed in far-reaching charity.

Next in turn came Mrs. Andrew Squires, Regent from that fine Cleveland Chapter that has presented portraits of General Washington to all the kindergarten departments of the public schools and is supporting a chair for the purpose of lectures on American history in her woman's college. By her side stood Mrs. Avery, also from Cleveland, whose untiring devotion and practical woman's work with both brain and hand has kept every board under her part of our great platform solid and secure. Then Mrs. Moss, from Sandusky, who has held her Chapter in her own home from its birth, giving it that untiring care that insures success in all its undertakings. And lastly in line stood Miss Reese, from Lancaster, and Mrs. Harry Probasco, from Cincinnati, Mrs. Granger's guest.

With such a line and such an object it scarce seems necessary to add that all went merry as a marriage bell, and when each one knew the other and had acknowledged the relationship that holds this great family, they turned with one accord to the piano and the "Star-Spangled Banner" rang out from two hundred happy throats, and "gave proof through the night that our flag was still there," and each and every one as long as life existed in this grand country of ours would

"Run our lovely banner high,  
Morning's crimson glory,  
Field as blue as God's own sky  
And every star a story."

For "our cause it is just," and this be our motto, "In God we trust." And our emblem, like the north star, which neither man nor nation can pull down, will wave in the proud freedom over the land of the brave—"The flag that never knew a king—freedom's constellation."

Following this great chorus Miss Anna Allison Jones, in a clear, rich contralto, sang the "Battle Hymn of the Republic,"
and the solemn hush in the "silence that speaks" that followed
told its story, for that assemblage as one soul, felt he had
"sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat," and
responded "Oh be swift my soul to answer him—Be jubilant,
my feet; our God is marching on."

Then a little ballad "Hush You," both music and words of
which were written by Miss Conrade, most delightfully sung
by Miss Jones called forth an encore entitled "When Melindy
Sings," brought in a dim way to our minds:

"If you want to drive away sorrow
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away—Look away—in Dixie land."

Then Miss Florence Pinkerton's fine rendition of "Hail Co-
olumbia" kept the patriotic spirit at its highest pitch. She was
followed by Miss Van Voorhis, who concluded the program
by three interesting selections most charmingly given. One
from "Timothy's Guest," "The Village Choir" and "The Vil-
lage Dressmaker." In benediction it was proposed we might
all sing:

"When Johnny comes marching home again
"We'll give him a hearty welcome then.
"The men will cheer, the boys will shout
"The ladies they will all turn out, and we'll all feel gay,
"When Johnny comes marching home again
"And let each one perform some part
"To fill with joy the warrior's heart
"When Johnny comes marching home."

And each one did perform some part in sincerely thanking
our charming Regent for launching on this troublous sea this
tiny bark in the shape of our first State Conference, brought
into existence under such delightful circumstances, making
its issue a forgone conclusion, and its progression a success
and with one accord we revive the old-time accolade and bid
our conference arise and thank our progenitor.

The parting toast in bidding our kind host good night was
the quoted toast of our friend from Texas, who voiced us all
in saying:

"Here's to the United States, bounded on the north by the
Aurora Borealis; on the east by the rising sun; on the south
by the chain of Equinoxas, and on the west by the day of judgment."

**Martha's Vineyard Chapter.**—The third annual meeting of the Martha's Vineyard Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Edgartown, was held on Saturday evening, August 5th, at the summer home of its Regent, Mrs. Caroline F. Warren, of Boston. The meeting was called to order by the Regent, and after the introductory chorus, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," the Chapter was addressed by Mrs. Warren. An interesting account of her visits to other Chapter meetings, the State Convention and National Congress, Daughters of the American Revolution, at Washington, was included in the address. Throughout all her remarks there was that spirit of loyalty and devotion to the advancement and success of the Martha's Vineyard Chapter, which has characterized her every action both in the formation and continuation of this branch of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution. That this interest has been appreciated by the members, conclusive evidence was manifested by her reelection for the office of Regent for the ensuing year, which will be the fourth year she has been appointed to that office. The following officers were elected for the next year: Regent, Mrs. Caroline F. Warren; Vice-Regent, Mrs. Fannie A. Deane; Secretary, Mrs. Mary L. Ferguson; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary W. Worth; Registrar, Miss Harriet M. Pease; Historian, Miss Maria T. Pease; Chaplain, Mrs. Harriet R. Shepard. At this meeting two new members were received, Mrs. Elizabeth N. Smith, of Rockland, and Miss Gertrude E. Bigelow, of Boston, making the total membership of the Chapter fifty-nine.

During the evening words of appreciation of the manner in which the retiring Vice-Regent, Mrs. Charlotte S. Coffin, has conducted the business of the Chapter in the absence of the Regent, Mrs. Warren, were expressed by many members, and it is only at her own urgent request that the Nominating Committee consented to omit her name from the list of officers nominated.

Mrs. Harriet Milford Stone Lothrop, perhaps more widely
known as "Margaret Sidney," the authoress of many fascinating books for children, and who is now so well known as the organizer of the Society of Children of the American Revolution, was present on this occasion as the guest of Mrs. Warren. Upon invitation of the latter, Mrs. Lothrop gave a pleasant and entertaining address to the Chapter, in which she spoke of her own prophecies concerning Chapter work in Edgartown and how she might, looking at the present results, well say, "I told you so," to the Regent. She also paid a graceful tribute to the love for and interest in the Chapter felt by Mrs. Warren. An earnest appeal for the Continental Memorial Hall was made by Mrs. Lothrop, and was not in vain, quite a sum being voted and contributed for the purpose.

The various annual reports of the officers were of interest, as usual, and were given in the early part of the meeting.

After the business meeting Mrs. Warren invited the ladies to remain for a social hour, during which Mrs. Hedden rendered most delightfully a song entitled, "The Call of My Country," Mrs. Mary T. VanDeursen acting as accompanist.

Ices, cakes and other refreshments were served in the tastefully decorated dining-room. The table with its patriotic colors in ribbon decoration, its candles shaded in the red, white and blue, and the sideboard surmounted by handsome flags produced a most charming effect. The parlors also were adorned with the folds of the silken flags, a noticeable arrangement of Old Glory being that upon the table in front of the Regent while presiding.

Miss Marion Fisher, of Abigail Adams Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Boston, and Miss Elizabeth Mayhew, of Buffalo, were guests of the Chapter.

Chemung Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution enjoyed a delightful informal breakfast at the Country Club August 29 at 12 o'clock, in observation of the anniversary, August 29, 1779, of General Sullivan's victories in this county. The members were privileged to invite a certain number of guests and about sixty ladies were present. The long tables were very prettily arranged with a large cluster of pink and white carnations and many other brilliant blo-
soms and fruit pieces. After the breakfast Mrs. Elwood
Crocker sang two songs in a charming manner and Mrs.
Harry Payne delighted her hearers with two clever recita-
tions. Those present were: Miss Park, Dr. Marian McMas-
ter, Mrs. Slee, Miss Slee, Mrs. Julia Diven, Mrs. Buchanan,
Mrs. Porter, Miss Mabel Rose, Mrs. Rose, Miss Mary King,
Mrs. Charles Pratt, Mrs. Theron Wales, Mrs. Hitchcock, Mrs.
H. H. Hallock, Miss Dow, Mrs. Payne, Mrs. Harry Payne,
Miss Esther Payne, Miss Goodwood, Miss Fanny Reynolds,
Mrs. Henry Clark, Mrs. Clay W. Holmes, Mrs. Henry, Mrs.
W. C. Buck, Mrs. Judson, Mrs. Floyd Shoemaker, Mrs. Seth
Winner, Mrs. J. Leslie Gregg, Mrs. Barton, Miss Margaret
Grey, Mrs. Stephen Gray, Miss Clara Covell, Mrs. Cornelius
Mather, Mrs. Downs, Mrs. N. J. Thompson, Mrs. F. C. Rich-
ardson, Miss Julia Bush, Mrs. J. J. Bush, Miss Egerton, Miss
Baldwin, Mrs. William Gerity, Mrs. Harry Brooks, Mrs.
Ingraham, Mrs. D. C. Robinson, Mrs. Crocker, Mrs. Bailey,
Miss Joslyn, Mrs. H. M. Lovell, Miss Fitch (Margaret), Mrs.
Comfort Bennett, Miss Edith Glines, Miss Catherine Mc-
Knight, Cläre M. Howes, Florence Wyckoff, Miss White.

Bennington Chapter.—A supper and reception was given
in Benvenue library in the western part of the town by Ben-
nington Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.
The room in which it was given was finely decorated with flags,
flowers and ferns and the table was invitingly spread. The
guests were received by Mrs. L. A. Graves, Regent of the
Chapter, assisted by Miss Kate J. Hubbell. The hours were
from 4 until 8 o'clock, the first two being devoted to social
chat. The invited guests were members of the Tichenor Club,
Sons of the American Revolution, and of the Battle, Monu-
ment and Historical Association. Rev. Philip Schuyler said
grace. Sixty-one persons sat down to the tables. After
ample justice had been done to the supper, came the post pran-
dial exercises, presided over by Mrs. A. B. Valentine, who
in calling to order, made a few remarks applicable to the time
and place. These toasts were then offered: “The men who
fought our battles,” response by Dr. Lyman Rogers; “The
Daughters of the American Revolution,” Dr. F. S. Pratt; “The
Sons of the American Revolution," Miss Jennie M. Valentine; "The past of Bennington," Rev. M. L. Severance; "The future," Harrison I. Norton; "The Aim of the Daughters of the American Revolution," Miss Kate J. Hubbell, Miss Anna C. Park and others. Colonel Olin Scott and Mrs. Amos G. Draper, of Washington, also spoke. It was some time after the official hours when the gathering broke up, and it will long be remembered as a red letter day by those who were present. Among those present were Mrs. Jesse Burdett, of Arlington, State Regent; Mrs. Draper, of Washington, District of Columbia, ex-Treasurer General; Mrs. Hawkins, of New York; H. L. Stillson, Registrar of the Grand Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution, of Vermont; Miss Elmdorf, of Bellows Falls; Rev. Russell, and others. Miss Hubbell, during her remarks, announced for the first time the generous proposition of Miss Mary Sanford, namely, the gift of a building to be erected near the monument on the Bigelow lot, said building to be used as a museum of the valuable relics which are in different parts of Bennington, and also to be a place of interest and instruction, not only to the present generation, but to the young people who will remember the noble deeds of the heroes of '76. The members of the Daughters of the American Revolution were overwhelmed with gratitude at this noble gift, which came at such an opportune occasion.

Peace Party Chapter; of Pittsfield, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, has held three very interesting meetings this summer. One to commemorate the capture of Fort Ticonderoga by Colonel Ethan Allen, was held at the residence of Mrs. Marshall Crane Dalton. The day was exceptionally fine, which brought a large attendance who were well rewarded by hearing Mr. Rollin H. Cooke's paper on the passing of Burgoyne's army through Berkshire after its capture at Stillwater. This was of unusual interest, containing much unwritten history and odd bits of information. The second, a coaching trip to the studio of Mr. Daniel French, at Glendale, who was then finishing the model for the statue of Washington to be presented by the Daughters of the American Revolution to the city of Paris. The position of Washington was one
of exceptional beauty as with sword uplifted and face turned toward heaven he received inspiration for the many dark hours of his experience. In commemoration of the battle of Bennington, at which so many from this section were present, the Berkshire Chapter, Sons of the American Revolution, invited us to dine with them. Many of the after-dinner speeches were not only witty but of a nature to be long remembered by those present. So many rare occasions have added to the general interest in our work and to our numbers.—HATTIE A. STEVENSON, Historian.

DONEGAL CHAPTER, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was most beautifully entertained in May by Mrs. Robert M. Slaymaker, Miss Slaymaker and Mrs. Frank Fon-Dersmith. Quite a number of invited guests were present. The spacious home was handsomely decorated. The meeting was opened by singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and Miss Yost read her essay on "Benjamin Franklin," for which she received second prize, the gift of the Regent, Mrs. J. H. Wickersham. Miss Sheaffer won the first prize offered by Donegal Chapter for the best essay on "Benjamin Franklin," which she read at the April meeting of the Chapter, held at the home of Mrs. John A. Coyle. Mrs. William Heitshu gave a very interesting account of our visit to Columbia. The Chapter attended an entertainment given there by the Witness Tree Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. Miss Susan C. Frazer read a most instructive article relating to our revolutionary heroes. Miss Martha B. Clark had the essay for the afternoon subject, "Thomas Mifflin." It was much enjoyed by all. Miss Gieger sang two solos in a most charming manner. After the meeting an elegant luncheon was served. Quite a number of new members have been added to the Chapter.—MARGARET SLAYMAKER, Historian.

HETUCK CHAPTER.—The ever hospitable home of L. B. Wing was thrown open for the third anniversary of Hetuck Chapter and as one entered the hall "Old Glory" greeted the eye on all sides. A more appropriate mode of decoration could not have been chosen, and, aided by bright flowers and foliage,
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gave the rooms a decidedly festive appearance. Each Daugh-
ter had the privilege of inviting one guest, who were received
by the Regent, Mrs. William W. Neal, and Mrs. Wing. The
Solid Four orchestra enlivened the scene with gay music and
during the evening a tasty buffet lunch was served, presided
over by Miss Alice Wilson and Miss Nellie McCune. A no-
ticeable feature of the table decoration was a tall vase filled
with branches of cherries, underneath which was a miniature
hatchet tied with the national colors.

[The following is the additional report of Iowa, sent in by Mrs.
Cooley.—Ed.]

Elizabeth Ross Chapter (Ottumwa, Iowa).—The work of
this large and enthusiastic Chapter has been along lines prac-
tical, philanthropic and patriotic. Having reached the dis-
tinction of being entitled to two representatives in the National
Congress, the enthusiasm of numbers in the Chapter has in-
creased the power and inspiration of the work, while the pres-
ence of a Daughter, Mrs. Merrill (descended from Joseph
Burnham, of Ipswich, Massachusetts), adds to its celebrity. The
foundation work which put our Chapter on such a firm basis
in the beginning was done by our first Regent, Mrs. Alice C.
Mitchell, to whose labors in our behalf we owe so much.
Under the guidance of Mrs. W. R. Daum the Chapter has a
record of still further growth and success. Contributions to
the Continental Hall have been made and other sums given to
various projects advanced by the National Society. Pictures
have been given to the schools and encouragement given to
the pupils in the study of American history. The work of love
for our own soldier boys was entered into with such zest as to
warm our hearts anew with patriotic love and loyalty to the
country and its principles for which they fought.

The field for our work as a Chapter widens with the years,
and objects toward which we may turn our efforts are con-
stantly appearing. Our membership is largely represented at
the Chapter meetings.

May Flower Chapter (Red Oak, Iowa), Mrs. Benjamin
B. Clark, Regent.—To have omitted this Chapter's report in
the Iowa roster would be an omission of a record of work ac-
accomplished that argues well for the smaller Chapters of our State. In the public schools three prizes were offered for the best essay on the services of General Layfayette. The grammar and primary schools were encouraged in their work of collecting pictures by prizes of casts for the best selections. Patriotic anniversaries have been celebrated by the Chapter and much interest in local work for the soldiers has given zest to the spirit of patriotism in our local Chapter members. We have found that a definite work as an object for our efforts as a Chapter has added enthusiasm to our meetings and that sustained effort in the direction of the schools has increased local pride in their support.

The membership increases slowly but valuably and in the new members we have added great strength for future efforts.

Stars and Stripes Chapter (Burlington, Iowa), Cate Gilbert Wells, Regent.—It is hard to give an adequate idea of the fervent spirit of patriotism with which this Chapter seems imbued. Live, progressive growing by the accretion of valuable members this Chapter is proving itself a force for patriotic stimulation in the community. The membership is twenty-nine. The meetings are at the homes of members and inspiring programs wholly patriotic are regularly enjoyed. Chapter Day was celebrated by the presentation of the charter. February 22 by a banquet. The anniversary of Concord and Lexington was fittingly celebrated, and last but not least, Ancestors' Day, which provided us with a unique entertainment at the home of the Registrar, Mrs. Bent. The Chapter contributed $25 to Chattanooga hospital; two large boxes of linen to Santiago, and two boxes of luxuries to Iowa troops in southern hospitals; money donations to the Franco-American monument fund. Locally the Chapter has given a flag staff for the library building and helped in its interior decorations.

There are three standing committees who, with the Regent, outline the work for the half year. The Current Topics Committee with a Revolutionary Lore Department furnish most entertaining programs with a resumé of a chapter from Fiskes' American Revolution; a review of the important articles in the American Monthly Magazine; a sketch of the Chapter work in progress or planned for by the committees. The Chap-
ter has given the American Monthly and Spirit of ’76 for two years past to the public library. The Regent of Burlington accepted the hospitality of Ottumwa Chapter on Flag Day and began the delightful plan of reciprocity between Chapters which the State Regent has so often urged as the best stimulus to growth and interest in local Chapters.

Friendly relations were established at the State Federation meeting of clubs in Burlington between the local Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and the club women, and the presence of the State Regent, Mrs. Cooley, as one of the speakers at the State Federation united the work of the two associations as had never been apparent before. Mrs. Peck, Regent of Davenport; Mrs. Cooley, Dubuque; Mrs. Daum, of Ottumwa, Regent; Mrs. Cogswell, appointee of Cedar Rapids Daughters of the American Revolution, were guests of the Chapter at a reception given the visiting Daughters of the American Revolution.

The retiring Regent, Mrs. Wells, has done so much for the Chapter that it stands on a firm basis, equipped for a future of activity and progress which shall find it preeminent among Iowa Chapters.

Clara A. Cooley,
Ex-State Regent of Iowa.
ANCESTRY AND BIOGRAPHY.

A REAL DAUGHTER.

When the cry "To Arms!" was heard in the days of the American Revolution, Richard Knight, a lad of but eleven summers, bravely stepped into ranks, as drummer boy, in the Sixth Pennsylvania Regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Josiah Harmer.

He appears as drummer and fifer in Captain Thomas Bull's company and as a private in the company of Captain Walter Finney of the above-named regiment; having been transferred to Captain Bull's company in October, 1778.

When Richard Knight entered the army he enlisted for the entire period of conflict, and was one of the youngest and bravest soldiers in the annals of the war. Having safely passed through the first great struggle of our country, he stands again in the forefront of the second conflict in 1812. His name now appears as captain in the First (Kennedy's) Regiment of Pennsylvania militia, and continues on the roll until December 5, 1814.

To-day this hero stands before the world as a man who always met the enemy bravely, and who helped to solve some of the most momentous problems of our Government.

Richard Knight was married three times, and at his death, January, 1850, in his eighty-third year, left a family of five—three sons and two daughters. Annie Knight, whose picture appears in this number, was born in Liverpool, Pennsylvania, March 23, 1843, and is therefore the youngest "original" Daughter in the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. On November 25, 1863, at Selins Grove, Pennsylvania, she was married to Mr. B. F. Gregory, of the First National Bank, of that place. Two sons have blest this union. The older, Harry Knight Gregory, born December 4, 1865, is now one of the most prominent lawyers in the New Castle, Pennsylvania, bar, and Forrest Eyer Gregory, born April 27, 1868, now in business in Williamsport, Penn-
ANNIE KNIGHT GREGORY, Youngest Real Daughter.
sylvania. The Conrad Weiser Chapter of Selins Grove, Pennsylvania, of which Mrs. Gregory is Treasurer, feels justly proud of having enrolled among its members the youngest Real Daughter.

The above-mentioned Chapter, although small in number, is a most enthusiastic one. During the past winter we have met once a month, at which meeting, in connection with the Chapter business and social part, a regularly prepared program of historical work was rendered. The occasion of the presentation of our charter was a red letter day in the history of our Chapter. At that same time a beautiful gavel, made of wood from Mount Vernon, was presented to us by Mr. Roscoe North, and the dainty souvenir spoon, which is given to every "original" Daughter, was presented to Mrs. Gregory, by our Regent, in behalf of the National Society. We are trying most earnestly to instill in the minds of those with whom we come in contact a deeper, truer appreciation of all that our noble forefathers have done for us, and to teach the rising generation that the love of country, next to the love of God, is the most sacred and ennobling emotion of the true American heart.

EVA SCHOCH SCHROYER,
Secretary Conrad Weiser Chapter.
LAURA E. R. SCHOCH,
Regent.

A TRIBUTE.

The beginning words in Marguerite Dickins's pleasing book "Along Shore with a Man o' War" are: "When I joined the United States Navy by means of a marriage certificate, I found that a properly equipped sailor carried the Spanish language in his mental kit, so I acquired it."

How during the years following her "joining" her moral kit got to be "well found" in the memory of those good acts which woman can best extend to stricken apprentice boy, to bereaved mother telling of the last hours of her loved one, or giving sympathetic assurance of his tender laying away, of these things it is not my purpose to speak here.
But it is with something of a woman's pride of sex that I would recall what I may characterize as her keen diplomatic ability and her savoir faire, for it seems to me that in these also we have reason for pride.

Congress in the Fifty-second session, the year prior to the retirement of President Harrison and the advent of President Cleveland, had voted to extend an invitation to the Duke of Verauga and his family to be the guests of the Nation, he being the lineal descendant of Columbus.

With an incompleteness of legislation perhaps not unique, Congress had contented itself with something of the "come and bring all your folks" sort, which, however, was officially and more formally transmitted and accepted. Still the ways, means, plan and scope of what should form the reception had shrunk in interest with the retirement of the previous administration; the legacy it left to the new administration seemed to be of the nature of the gift of a white elephant. Since the invitation to Lafayette none had been given out by the National Government, and he was "just a man alone," receiving in barouche or on war steed the military and civic homage of States, cities and towns. But the Duke and Duchess had with them a young lady daughter, a youthful son and the Duke's younger brother. They were "Grandees of Spain," ennobled some four hundred years; were of a nation noted as severest sticklers at niceties of etiquette and they came to visit Uncle Sam, the most unconventional of hosts. They knew French, but hardly any English. Of a historic family, they combined dignity with affability; guests charming to entertain, because themselves charmingly alert to please and be pleased. On the Secretary of State (Mr. Gresham) devolved theoretically the reception and entertainment of this party which we had invited to visit us and give eclat to the celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America.

The State Department was not fitted with personnel which in Mr. Gresham's judgment could fill best the requirements of the situation, and addressed itself to the Navy Department (the Duke was himself a Spanish Admiral), and Commander Dickins speaking Spanish fluently and believed to be persona grata, was detailed to the needed duty. But Commander Dickins,
fill he never so well the requirements of an officer and a host, could not fill the needed role of hostess. Mrs. Dickins, however, a gentle and refined woman, much travelled, knowing also Spanish, as well as several other languages, was the ideal of an elegant hostess, and it was a fine sense of the fitness of things which prompted Secretary Gresham to virtually clothe Mrs. Dickins with like State authority as her husband and assume as at the charge of the Department, needed frais d'entretien.

Thus it was that from the moment the Duchess entered the door of the Waldorf Hotel with her family, awkwardness of the situation was dispelled by the extended hands of this little American woman, and the, so to speak, official address of welcome delivered in the Duchess's own vernacular, the welcome of seventy millions of her countrymen who had asked the visit of a stranger, then made not a stranger.

To those who would say that all this was but the exercise of purely social functions and indicated but the every day ability of a well-bred woman, which in exercise developed into the tact of bringing our foreign guests into contact with desirable acquaintances and warding off the undesirable, to such I would submit that to my mind there was running a political vein through the whole affair, starting with the first inception of the idea of the invitation, itself a national novelty (save in the Lafayette instance). Besides there were indications of wire pulling in the interest of the Chicago Exposition. The act through which the idea of the invitation became a thing accomplished, had gone through Congress in slip shod way and the duty of interpreting and executing it had devolved on the new administration of politics differing from that of its predecessor.

There were, too, "women in the question." Besides the ducal party who were in the delegated charge of the Dickins's Mr. Gresham had on his hands the little Spanish King's aunt, the Princess Eulalie, and both parties were under the watchful eye of the Queen Regent in Spain, or more nearly the Spanish Embassy at Washington, interpreters of punctilious etiquette; while over all soared the American eagle, whose plumage should not be ruffled. Here were elements of revolt, of fault-
finding, of mutiny harder to cope with than any of ship's deck, for three masters were over that Columbian party on its outing, the Spanish home government, Spanish royalty on United States soil (Eulalie) and the great-hearted, enthusiastic American people, sometimes perhaps more curious than considerate.

It was into this condition of affairs, easily susceptible to become confused and unpleasant, that our friend came with something of the wisdom of the serpent, certainly with the harmless-ness of the dove. With gentle voice and quiet mien she governed without governing; directed well, successfully.

I am conceited enough to feel that diplomacy of the manliest type would have been dashed on the rocks when this woman poured oil on troubled waters the easier to hold course between them. Of course, thus passing, she passed unobserved; but I am fain, as one then in a position of near spectator, to renew my remembrance of the wisdom she displayed as this my tribute to her memory.

M. E. W.
CURRENT TOPICS.

[Will Chapters sending reports to the Magazine not only give the name of the Chapter, but also name of city or town and State where located, and sign writer's name. Write on one side of paper only, and be especially careful to write plainly all proper names.]

THE VALUE OF OUR LINEAGE BOOKS.

In the recent report of the Registrar General to the National Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Miss Hetzel made these remarks:

"The slur cast upon this Nation ten years ago that we were a mongrel tribe, the descendants of the outcasts of Europe has been abundantly and entirely disproved by the records of this Society. The descendants of the heroes of the American Revolution can prove their true Americanism in spite of a hundred years of foreign emigration."

These sentences are full of meaning when we consider what has been accomplished in eight years by the work of this Society. During this time Americans have learned to be proud of pure patriotic American blood and they have been taught the value of the history of the individual. Ten years ago genealogy was a subject rarely discussed; most people had only a dim and hazy idea of their own grandfathers. Pride of lineage was ridiculed as contrary to true American principles. Natives of New England, Virginia and South Carolina, the sections supposed to be most devoted to aristocratic pride of birth, soon found their listeners unsympathetic if not distinctly bored when the subject of family glories was introduced. While all acknowledged that honorable parentage was a thing to be proud of, very few took any interest in his family history. Ancestral trees, seals, coats of arms, etc., went out of fashion with the law of primogeniture soon after the Revolution.

After one hundred years of this course of action the United States seemed well on the way to be the one civilized and enlightened nation on the globe that paid little attention to records of individual histories and that recognized no special
value in genealogies. This indifference was lamentable in view of the truth that history is made up of single fragments, bits of individual experiences which fit harmoniously together making like a mosaic, a grand and beautiful picture. We need to feel this individual responsibility, to realize that the upright life of the most humble citizen, who performs his duty faithfully, honestly and intelligently, is contributing material aid to the honor and prosperity and therefore adding to the glory of the history of our country. Every child well taught or influenced for good by teacher, preacher, friend or parent will bring honor to our Nation; every crop raised, every dollar made in honorable business will add to our prosperity; every wise and just legal decision, from the humblest justice of the peace in the old fields and backwoods of the country to the silk-robbed Chief Justice of the United States in Washington, gives strength and solidity to our form of government.

The enthusiastic student of history then recognizes the value of the individual and is interested in family history and genealogy. These truths are earnestly proclaimed by the Daughters of the American Revolution Society and in eight years they have made the study of family history a subject to be proud of and openly discussed.

No one laughs at their enthusiasm now, except those who are ignorant and prejudiced. Historians and scholars generally throughout the country recognize the value of their work. They have already amassed a wonderful amount of interesting information. The first eight volumes of Lineage Books have been published and are unique contributions to genealogical lore. Public libraries throughout the country are subscribing for them and they are already widely consulted and quoted. They are thoroughly democratic; the lineage is as carefully drawn of the poorest ditcher or blacksmith who dug a trench or forged a bolt for Washington as that of the lordly French nobleman who made our cause his own.

All Daughters of the American Revolution Chapters should possess these Lineage Books. One volume contains the names of the Charter members. Volume II ends with National No. 2000; Vol. III includes the third thousand and so
on up to the last volume published, which completes 9000. The lineage of each member is printed and it is thereby safely and surely recorded for all future reference. Each volume is doubly indexed; one contains the names of the members, the other called "The Roll of Honor," contains the names of all the revolutionary ancestors mentioned in the volume.

The Roll of Honor is especially valuable to Chapter Registrars. Frequently after searching histories, biographies, old books, magazines and pamphlets for the name of some revolutionary individual whose descendant desires proof of services, his name will be found on the Roll of Honor of our Lineage Books; some other descendant from a far-away section of the country has already proved his services and given him immortality. This occurs so frequently that Chapters owning these books will find the labors of their Registrar much lightened, for these publications will constitute the finest genealogical dictionary in the country.

It is much to be regretted that funds cannot be more freely appropriated for clerical work and publication. At present only two volumes of one thousand names each are published yearly; our roll of members is increasing at the rate of several thousand each year and it is easily seen that the Lineage Books will fail utterly to keep up with the growth of the Society, which now numbers more than 28,000. The preparation of these books is necessarily slow and involves much clerical work; all doubtful points are investigated and carefully verified; sufficient appropriations should therefore be made to ensure the publication of the vast quantity of material on hand up to the present year. The Society should be aroused to the importance of this and unanimously agree at the next National Congress to make arrangements for more speedy publications, so that these records may be placed in the hands of every Chapter at an early date, and each member have the pleasure of owning the volume which contains her lineage and bequeathing it an honorable legacy to her children.

MRS. ANNIE W. MELL.

Auburn, Alabama.
Chapter day of the Sons of the American Revolution at Elmira, New York, was celebrated by Newton Battle Chapter at Pine Cliff cottage, Bohemia, the occasion being the 120th anniversary of the battle of Newtown. The members of the Chapter and invited guests assembled during the afternoon and the dinner was served at 6.30 p. m. under charge of Captain “Zeke” Smith, William Payne and their assistants. The menu included a marvelous brand of clam chowder, broiled lobsters and chicken, potatoes, green corn, steamed clams and dainties to match. At the conclusion of the dinner President Dewitt took the chair as toastmaster and simply made things hum.

His introductory address was replete with things witty and eloquent. Brief addresses were made by W. C. Peebles, of the Gazette; John Moore, of the Telegram, and J. R. Joslyn, of the Advertiser. Judge G. L. Smith spoke eloquently in honor of the soldiers of 1861-65, closing with an appropriate poem. Grove P. Rawson spoke of the importance of the battle of Newtown and closed with a poem by Bret Harte, “Parson Caldwell,” very ably recited. Colonel Fred. P. Fox, who is soon to leave Elmira on account of his promotion, was enthusiastically toasted and responded appropriately, followed by a poem from the Caboose Committee touchingly read by the President. Dr. T. A. Wales spoke interestingly of the work of the Chapter, past and future, and made suggestions likely to bear fruit hereafter.

Theodore Sawyer, of Waverly, the Hon. J. M. Diven and J. Scott Baldwin added to the charm of the entertainment. Colonel E. M. Hoffman spoke effectively of the volunteers in the Spanish War. After the speaking was over there was a concert by a string band, with popular songs. The celebration was unanimously voted one of the most successful in the history of the Chapter.

Among those present at the gathering were President Sutherland Dewitt, Theodore Sawyer, of Waverly; Frederick Van Dyne, of Troy, Pennsylvania; Frederic Seybel, of Geneva; the Hon. G. L. Smith, the Hon. J. M. Diven, Judge H. L. Gardner, F. P. Fox, J. A. Secor, Colonel E. M. Hoffman, C. E. Vinton, W. Y. Ellett, J. Henry Clark, Lorenzo Howers, J. Scott
CURRENT TOPICS.


CORRESPONDENCE.

ARLINGTON, VERMONT, August 11, 1899.

My Dear Mrs. Lockwood: May I be allowed a few lines in the Magazine, to tell of the good deeds of one of the “Daughters,” here in this quiet corner of the world? About three years ago, at a reception given in Peru, Vermont, casual mention was made of the fact that General Stark encamped in Peru, August 6, 1777, on his way to Bennington. The seed of historical information, so thoughtlessly sown, was planted in fertile soil. The next morning a woman, and also I am happy to add, a “Daughter” (Mrs. Hapgood, a member of the George Taylor Chapter of Easton, Pennsylvania, who spends her summers in Peru, said to two of her friends: “Let’s have a monument on the site of the encampment of General Stark, which shall serve as a landmark to commemorate the past, and as an incentive to fresh patriotism in the future.” Her proposition met with immediate favor. These three people have labored in season and out of season until at last enough money has been pledged to enable them to feel justified in laying the corner-stone of a handsome granite monument, which will be completed and dedicated next year.

The date of the laying of the corner-stone was set for Monday afternoon, August 7th; and as we are summering in Arlington, only twenty miles away (a town rich in historical lore, which I wish I had time to write about), we decided to accept the invitation to be present. As we drove up the valley of the Battenkill, the views of the mountains and fertile valley made us echo the saying of one of our party that in Vermont the Creator had combined beauty and sublimity in equal proportions. This feeling was only intensified as we ascended the Green Mountain Pass, and looked down upon an amphitheatre, ten miles wide, completely hemmed in with mountains wooded to the top. On descending halfway, on the other slope of the mountain, we found the little hamlet of Peru presenting an unaccustomed aspect of activity. Flags were flying; teams had come in from the surrounding country, and the one little tavern was filled to overflowing with the sudden influx of hungry guests.

While awaiting our turn at the dinner-table, we were shown a book of the old town-records, in which mention was made of a town-meet-
ing called to decide the advisability of “investing a part of the minister money in a lottery ticket in the city of Troy in the state of New York.” At a later date, the records show that it was decided to “invest $7.00 of the minister money in a lottery ticket,” etc. The result of the investment is not given.

Shortly after dinner, the teams bearing the corner-stone, which we had passed on our way up the Green Mountain range, slowly approached, and one and all repaired to a knoll, overlooking the village, where the monument about to be erected will be easily seen for miles around. The corner-stone bears the following inscription, cut on a bronze tablet:

Encampment of
Gen. John Stark
August 6, 1777,
while on the march with 1000 men
from Charleston, N. H., through the
woods to the battle-field at Bennington.

Erected August 7, 1899,
by the Sons and Daughters
of Vermont.

Appropriate exercises were held; a box containing various relics of the occasion (among them being a history of Peru, now out of print, which I tried in vain to induce the owner to give to the Daughters of the American Revolution Library instead) was deposited in the corner-stone; addresses were given by Hon. J. K. Batchelder, Dr. Burton, Rev. Samuel Warren and other natives of Peru; the President of the Association, having discovered that I was a descendant of one of the men who accompanied Stark on that famous march, and was also a former officer of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, called upon me without a moment’s warning to follow them. If I succeeded in holding the attention of the audience, it was simply because as I stepped upon the platform I resolved that the Society whose only representative so far in the town, had done so much to honor it, should not be disgraced by any faint-heartedness of mine.

After singing the Star Spangled Banner, the audience scattered in groups, and acquaintances were renewed, many of them after an interval of thirty or forty years; lemonade, made with water from the spring which refreshed Stark’s men, was sold for the benefit of the monument fund, and “summer girls” in light, airy costume dispensed it to the thirsty throng. A number of ladies eager to hear of the scope and aims of the Daughters of the American Revolution assembled in one group; blanks were distributed, and a general desire was expressed that before the completion of another year a
Chapter might be formed, which should participate in the dedicatory exercises.

As we reluctantly turned our faces homeward, and took our last lingering looks at the mountains, lit up by the setting sun, we longed to be able to share with others the inspiration derived from the day, and felt that the lessons learned there, would last in our memory for many a year to come.

Very sincerely yours.

Bell Merrill Draper.

Mrs. Julius H. Caryl, Historian Washington Heights Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, who has been spending her winter in Europe, writes as follows:

"On the 22d day of February, I waved "Old Glory" from the top of Mount Vesuvius so enthusiastically, that my donkey "Garibaldi" by name, became unmanageable, because of the excitement caused by the stranger lady. After considerable petting and coaxing, assuring him that many years ago I had visited the same; had climbed Vesuvius and waved the same flag, he became very docile and quiet. I drank a "good health" to the Washington Heights Chapter and to all my friends at home.

On April 6, I placed four bouquets on the Tomb of Lafayette, which it situated in the grounds of the Dames Blanches convent, Paris. The first I tied with our National Colors, the ever glorious red, white and blue, in commemoration of his visit to America in 1824. The second I placed in the name of the Washington Heights Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, Mrs. Ferdinand P. Earle, Regent; this was tied with the Daughters colors. The third I placed in courtesy to the Saratoga Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, whose hospitality I enjoy during my summer sojourn at the springs. The fourth was placed in compliment to Dr. Walker, a good American citizen. I carried the "Stars and Stripes" with me, waving it on the slightest provocation, without regard to time or place. In my patriotic fervor two flags were sacrificed to the cause. I have had a most glorious trip, and when I shall have returned to the land of Freedom—after crossing ten times—I return to my dear native land, a better American than ever before.

E. H. B. Fay.

The resting place of the first Treasurer of the United States below alluded to, will appear in next month's issue:

Scranton, Pa., August 28, 1899.

My dear Mrs. Lockwood: I will enclose a clipping that would seem to be of interest to every "Daughter" in the land. The smaller notice is a part of an article I wrote for a short lived woman's paper
published in Scranton; the printer made such horrible work on the same, I could not take any pride in sending it to my most intimate friends; there is quite a discrepancy in dates. For mine I am indebted to "Matthews" history of Wayne County, Pennsylvania.

I thought perhaps you could give mention of this "neglected grave," in the Magazine, and in that way, get the attention of those who could and would do something to remedy the forgetfulness of others.

Just a word for the Magazine. I read every line between the covers, and in my isolated condition, find it invaluable and intensely interesting. I read the proceedings of the Daughters of the American Revolution Congress in regard to it with fear and trembling, that they may discontinue its publication.

We have a city of over one hundred thousand, and still there is not enough interest in the Daughters of the American Revolution to organize a Chapter, hence my isolation from the Society of those interested in the work. So do not let the Magazine go.

Yours truly,

MRS. E. L. WALTER.
CURRENT HISTORY.

The whole civilized world has been horrified at the verdict against Dreyfus by the court-martial at Rennes. Dreyfus has been sacrificed to screen the military authorities set over him, and France, not Dreyfus, is disgraced in the eyes of the world. We look for the turning of the next page in her history.

One of the most important items of news for the month on the world's chart is that a firm alliance has been formed between China and Japan. The Japanese will set themselves up as the great teachers to the Chinese of organization and adaptation to the world's best methods to become masters of modern industries and modern warfare.

The partition of China will undoubtedly receive a check, and her northern neighbors' advance will make haste slowly, when this most natural alliance gets down to work.

The Alaskan boundary question, it is rumored, is in a fair way of settlement. The United States and England could have no better opportunity than this to show to the "powers" that they were in earnest when they so strongly advocated arbitration at The Hague. Says Jonathan to John: "It takes two to make a quarrel."

"The Half Year With Aguinaldo," by the Hon. John Barret in the September Review of Reviews, is the most dispassionate and candid statement that has yet appeared on the insurrection in the Philippines. We recommend its careful reading by all who are willing to listen to the facts as they have appeared to an eye witness. It might also be salutary to the over prejudiced.

We print with pleasure the following on John Paul Jones, written by Marion H. Brazier (Marion Howard). We are sure all who have read "Richard Carvel" will be glad to have memories re-touched of "plucky" Paul Jones:
JOHN PAUL JONES.

The Dewey of the American Revolution was unmistakably Paul Jones, the plucky commander of the "Ranger," and the terror of the foe on the high seas.

After the great victories were ended, he went to Paris to live, and there he died July 18, 1792. The National Assembly sent twelve members to honor "the memory of Paul Jones, admiral of the United States of America—a man who has well served the cause of liberty." In the funeral discourse over him it was said "The fame of the brave outlives him; his portion is immortality."

He was buried with full honors despite rumors to the contrary; but the American people—at least this generation—while appreciating his services, have allowed his bones to lie in a somewhat obscure cemetery in Paris all these years, unrecognized, unmarked and out of the beaten track of the average tourist.

Within a few years there has been a revival of interest in all that pertains to the incidents and the participants connected with that memorable epoch in history—the American Revolution.

Members of the various patriotic societies have sought out and suitably marked the graves of men and women in this and other lands who aided the cause of liberty, and there are few unmarked graves in this country. They long ago began to honor the memory of Marquis de Lafayette in the Picpus Cemetery in Paris, and his grave bears a marker of the Massachusetts Sons of the American Revolution, a flag placed there by an American citizen and usually flowers.

The grave of Paul Jones has been sought by travellers far and wide, with most discouraging effects. The original register showing his death and burial was destroyed by the Commune, and few knew of the existence of the certified copy recently found in the possession of a French antiquary.

Since Dewey's victory it became the determination of many persons to find the remains of Paul Jones, and if possible to have them removed to this country. The State Department also ordered further search and very recently that effort was rewarded by the important discovery.

To Mr. James G. Johnson, of Louisville, Kentucky, is due the credit of finding the copy of the funeral register, now in the possession of Secretary John Hay. Jones is described in the register as "a commodore in the United States service; aged 45; died at 42 Ru de Tournon of dropsy of the chest, and in the sentiments of the Protestant religion." The funeral was a state function, attended by the clergy and other representatives of the Protestants of Paris and by Colonel Samuel Blackburn, United States dragoons, and ex-Mayor James Montflorence, of North Carolina. With this data Mr. Johnson
will be enabled to verify his discovery. The grave has been found, and Ambassador Porter will see that it is suitably decorated.

Paul Jones came to this country from Scotland, where he was born in 1747, and landed when about 13 years of age. He was an adventurous lad, the son of John Paul, a thrifty Scotch gardener. The reason for the adoption of Jones has never been clearly explained. That he had no wish to sink his identity is evidenced by the retention of his original name. In his early career he signed himself John Paul Jones. Afterwards he changed it to J. Paul Jones, and when he became the hero of two nations and all Europe resounded with his fame his cards read simply "Paul Jones."

There is no record of his having attended any school except that of the village parish. He had a strong passion for reading and writing, and may be said to be self-educated. He made two voyages at sea when 12 years old in a slaver, but detesting the business he quit it. He returned once to Scotland, but was treated coolly by his friends and neighbors. Being of a high-strung, sensitive temperament, he resented this treatment, and never after felt other than indifference, if not hatred, toward his native land.

December 22, 1775, was made the beginning of the American Navy, and from this point the true history of Paul Jones begins. He was then 28 years old, of middle height and about the build of Admiral Dewey. His manners were easy and dignified. He had a persuasive way with sailors, also with the ladies, with whom he was a great favorite. When he wished to enlist a sailor he had simply to walk up and down the pier with him for awhile, and he never failed to get his man.

At the outbreak of the war with the mother country, Jones hastened from his Virginian home to Philadelphia and obtained his commission as senior first lieutenant in the infant navy of the colonies. His first duty was on the "Alfred," Commodore Hopkins' flagship, and on this vessel he hoisted the famous rattlesnake flag bearing the words "An Appeal to God" over the pine tree and beneath it and the snake "Don't tread on me."

Jones's first command was a little sloop-of-war, the "Providence," and his conduct during the cruise and later in command of a small squadron in 1776 won great favor in Washington.

June 14, 1777, Congress adopted the present Stars and Stripes as the national banner, and in the resolution was embodied another, that John Paul Jones be given command of the "Ranger," which sailed out of Portsmouth, New Hampshire Harbor, three months later bearing aloft the first official "Old Glory."

History tells of the exploits of Jones and his plucky ship in capturing the "Serapis," which practically settled the question of America's supremacy on the sea.

In November of the same year he sailed for France, where he met Ben Franklin, which resulted in a deep and lasting friendship. Jones
began a study of the theory and technique of his profession on a large scale. He grasped the theory that naval warfare is a great and far-reaching science, and he put it into practice.

He foresaw the use of torpedoes, and experimented boldly with very primitive ones. He fully understood the influence of sea power upon history, and a century and a quarter ago said: "In time of peace it is necessary to prepare and to be always prepared for war."

It is Jones who advocated the establishment of a naval academy and a supplementary course for officers closely resembling the naval war college, and advocated the constant study and practice of fleet evolutions.

These were the days when Britannia ruled the waves with a vengeance, but without "tactic." The French commanders listened, and later put into practice his suggestions.

With the gallant ship "Ranger," Jones sailed out one day to attack H. M. S. "Drake." His answer to the "Drake's" hail was in these bold words: "This is the American continental ship 'Ranger.' We wait for you and beg you will come on. The sun is out little more than an hour high and it is time to begin." The fight, as Paul Jones describes it in his journal for the King of France, was "warm, close and obstinate." It lasted one hour and four minutes, when the "Drake" struck with her captain and first lieutenant both mortally wounded, forty-two men killed, her ship dismasted and totally disabled. The "Ranger" lost nine men. It has been the custom among historians unfriendly to Jones to belittle this engagement; as a matter of fact she was among the best of the British fleet and was well officered. Jones then sailed back to France and gave the command of the "Drake" to Simpson, also the sword of the dead captain.

Tuesday next celebrates the 120th anniversary of Jones's sailing from Groit, France, with his squadron of six ships, which led to the capture of the "Serapis" a few weeks later—an event familiar to all Americans.

In Portsmouth, New Hampshire, is a club named for Paul Jones composed of members of the Sons of the American Revolution. It was organized December 15, 1896, and has enrolled in its membership Mayor William O. Junkins, the Hon. Frank Jones, the Hon. L. Frisbee, Postmaster Leavitt, Henry B. Plant and Morton F. Plant of New York, and many eminent men.

The objects of the club are six in all—First, "To associate congenial men, whose ancestors sustained the colonies in the Revolutionary War." Second, "To inculcate patriotism in the members and their descendants." Third, "To collect and preserve records and history relating to the American Revolution." Fourth, "To mark the graves of revolutionary heroes." Fifth, "To commemorate and celebrate events in the history of the American Revolution, especially the leading events in Paul Jones's life." Sixth, "And other historical and patriotic purposes."
The name of Paul Jones has been honored in this city by the formation of a Chapter in the Daughters of the American Revolution, the only one in the State named for a naval hero. It was the result of Dewey's victory at Manila, and bids fair to be especially active in the movement to bring to America the remains of Jones. The founder of the Chapter (and writer of this article) has a letter from Admiral Dewey expressing his appreciation of her patriotic work in honoring Jones. Inclosed in the letter was a piece of one of the Olympia flags flown during the famous battle. This Chapter purposes to unite with the Paul Jones Club of New Hampshire in patriotic work concerning their namesake.

A movement has started to secure through the United States Government the remains of Jones from France and to bury them in Arlington. Statesmen, professional and business men are a unit in demanding that this revolutionary hero be placed in our national cemetery.

Vice-President Hobart writes from Hotel Champlain:
"I am in entire sympathy with the suggestion that the bones of John Paul Jones, the naval hero of our revolutionary conflicts, shall be brought to this country and buried with the honors due to his exalted patriotism and splendid services to the land of his adoption. It is an enterprise appealing to the sentiment of national pride and gratitude. It should and doubtless will receive the heartiest response of the American people."

The universal feeling among patriotic men and women in Boston is that his bones have lain too long in an alien land and every effort will be made to secure the consent of the French government of an early transfer.

There will be nothing wanting in the reception given to the remains of this hero if the body comes here to New England or elsewhere. New Hampshire may work for the honor, as it was from that port Jones sailed when he made his famous captures.

A burial at Arlington seems appropriate to all. He fought for the very existence of our starry banner, and it is therefore proper that his body should lie protected on our soil and a suitable monument erected to his memory.
Daughters of the American Revolution.

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Young People's Department.
EDITED BY
MARGARET SIDNEY.
YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

According to promise in the September installment of this department of the Magazine, the following account has been prepared of the presentation of the splendid banner by Mrs. E. P. Smith to the Red, White and Blue Society of Washington, District of Columbia:

It was a beautiful day in April when the National Officers of the Society, the officers and members of the Red, White and Blue Society and their friends assembled by the invitation of Mrs. E. P. Smith in the spacious parlor of the Hotel Cochran. The immediate object of their assembling together was to take part in and to witness the presentation of the banner by Mrs. Smith to the Society. As the guests came into the drawing room all eyes instinctively turned to the tall, white-veiled staff bearing the splendid gift. Mrs. Smith, assisted by Mrs. Lothrop, the National President, received the Society and friends, and then a patriotic and musical program followed. Recitations, readings and selections on the piano and the violin were rendered by the members of the Society. Edwin Porter Brereton, who played finely two piano solos; Carol Gillis Sawyer, who recited with admirable effect James Whitcomb Riley's "Old Glory," and Didama Steever, who rendered with great expression "Barbara Frietchie." Grace Potts sang some charming songs, accompanying herself on the mandolin. Altogether it was a fine example of what a Society can do by way of arranging and carrying out a program.

The program of this afternoon was preceded, as are all the meetings of the local Societies, by the salute to the flag, and Mrs. Lothrop requesting that the entire company should take part in this exercise, it was a most interesting and enjoyable feature of the occasion. The salute includes the poem written for the Society by the National President, and adopted for that use by a vote of its National Board. It is entitled "Our Flag of Liberty," and was recited on this occasion by request by Margaret Lothrop, the Secretary of the old North Bridge Society, of Concord, Massachusetts. This part of the exercises being concluded, Mrs. E. P. Smith made the address of presentation; an eloquent appeal for patriotism on the part of the young people, and with earnest expressions that the banner she had taken such pleasure in planning and arranging for their use, might lead their minds and hearts up to more and deeper love of their country and their flag. She then presented the banner in the name of Edwin Porter Brereton, a charter member of the Red, White and Blue Society. And the beautiful emblem was unveiled and stood forth in all its beauty.

Mrs. Lothrop, the National President responded for the Red, White and Blue Society, by reason of the illness of the President of the Society, Miss Elizabeth F. Pierce, and she begged the Society
in heartfelt words to be guided by the same spirit of devotion to their country as had inspired the gift, to hold the banner and what it symbolized ever near to their hearts, and to grow each day more loyal to their Society and to their flag. Then the whole assembly arose and burst forth into “America” in hearty accents that rang through the spacious drawing rooms.

The banner is a splendid piece of work and made of heavy silk, the face of it being blue, on which is hand painted the spirit picture “The Spirit of ’76,” that so electrified American hearts when it was first exhibited at the centennial at Philadelphia in 1876. It is the well-known painting of the old sires, but filled with young blood, who steps forth in the battle, leading probably to death, and drumming with firm and determined hand. On either side is his son and his grandson, the one fifing nobly to the old man’s stirring drum-taps, and the lad furnishing a second to that grandsire’s noble drumbeats. The artist did his work well on the banner, reproducing beautifully upon the silken face each lineament and every detail of color with rare good taste. It was discovered by one who studied the banner well that up in the upper left-hand corner of the cloudlike effect of the shading around the figures, stood out as if painted there by design an exact profile of George Washington, and immediately it was remarked by all who looked at it; yet it was by accident the brush of the artist thus shaded that noble outline. The reverse of the banner was in stripes of heavy red silk, interspersed by white bands of the same material. The inscription was: Presented to the Red, White and Blue Society of Washington, District of Columbia, Children of the American Revolution, by Edwin Porter Brereton. The banner was edged with heavy gold cord and tassels. The staff was oaken and everything in the way of detail in finishing was carried out most beautifully. After the hymn “America” had been sung, the color-bearer, Tell Stever, took the staff and bore the handsome emblem for the first time before the Society, who followed him proudly through the long drawing rooms.

A handsome spread of refreshments was served and there was music, and then their dear patron saint had the floor cleared for dancing, careful to omit nothing that could give pleasure to her youthful guests.

Saratoga Floral Association Peace Jubilee,
Floral Parade and Ball, September 5, 1899.

My Dear Mrs. Lathrop: It will no doubt interest you to learn that the Bemis Heights Society of Children of the American Revolution had one of the most beautiful exhibits in the recent Floral Parade at Saratoga, September 7th. I enclose you a slip taken from one of the newspapers and it was very encouraging to hear people say that more interest would be felt in such work if it was brought before
the public more. We have had several applications since our Society was seen on their coach.

Yours most cordially,
JEANIE LATHROP LAWTON,
President Bemis Heights Society.

THE PATRIOTIC CHILDREN.

Mrs. George P. Lawton entered a float for the Bemis Heights Chapter, Children of the American Revolution. The float was a four-in-hand coach drawn by four white horses. The entire effect was white. The coach was banked with hydrangeas with just enough of laurel in the background to relieve the white, forming a most pleasing combination. The running gear was decorated in the same manner. On either side of the coach in scarlet letters of immortelles appeared the words “Children of the American Revolution.” Twenty-two members of the Society rode on the coach. The masters were attired in white duck suits and caps and the misses in white dresses. All wore on their left shoulders the Society colors, red, white and blue. Seated in the cutter was the color-bearer, who carried the flag. The coach was drawn by four white horses. The driver and two leaders wore white duck suits. The children who rode in the coach were the Misses Natalie Kennedy Colcord, Mary Clement Hamilton, Aimee Lathrop Gunning, Grace Lohnas Hayden, Edna Luzette Finch, Emily Sterrett Pennfield, Gertrude Elizabeth Hodgman, M. Stanley Searing, Florence Whittlesey Fish, Jessie Fannie Humphrey, Mable Louise Haskins, Louise Holmes Waterbury, and Masters Daniel Lathrop Lawton, Joel Sanford Harvey, Harris Putnam Pierson, George Herbert Evans, William Joseph Younglove, Harry M. Levingston, Jr., Reynolds Finch, Judson Harvey Stafford, Jr., Philip Colburn Kneil, Webster Colcord.

LONG HILL COTTAGE, EDGARTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS,
September 5, 1899.

Dear Mrs. Lothrop: You will wish to know, I am sure, about the Children’s meeting. It was a beautiful afternoon, clear and bright, and we held it on the piazza as we had planned. We had a very pleasant meeting, not wholly useless, I am sure. For one thing, the desire to have a silk flag of their own (not a large one), was expressed and all seemed ready to work for that this winter. Of course it will not be expensive, and they can easily get it, but it gives them a little purpose.

Mrs. Fisher, the President, had prepared some questions relative to Parson Thaxter and those led to a very interesting and informal talk and naturally awakened further interest to look up for next time, things suggested by the questions which we could not answer. I was very much pleased with the readiness with which the girls re-
sponded. Grace had a story to tell us about a little revolutionary girl, but on account of a swollen face could not talk, but the others told incidents they knew connected with children. We had refreshments and a peanut race for part of our good time. One thing seemed sure, the girls enjoyed it and said the others would be sorry they did not come when they knew what a good time we had. So I felt the afternoon had accomplished something if it had made them feel that the meetings of the Society were good times to be really enjoyed. Margie Worth was out of town.

It seems to me the Society can easily and healthily grew, not in numbers only, but in strength and usefulness. Raida is very ready and quick to respond to suggestions, I think, and I shall write to her as Secretary, hoping in that way to keep in close touch with the Society.

Sincerely yours,

GERTRUDE E. BIGELOW,
Vice-President Edgartown Society.

6 CENTRE STREET, CAMBRIDGEPORT.

My Dear Mrs. Lothrop: In answer to your inquiry as to what our work would be for the coming year, would say that the first meeting of the season will be October 7th, at which a beautiful picture entitled "Birth of Our National Flag," will be presented to Mrs. Austin C. Wellington to be hung in the room dedicated to her parents in our home for aged people. The picture is framed in dark oak and bears a plate which is engraved as follows: Presented by Cambridge Society, Children of the American Revolution, to the Fisher Memorial Room, Home for Aged People, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1899. The subject for the afternoon will be: "The Famous Men to Whom America has Given Birth."

We have five pictures we intend to have framed and give to the different public schools.

The Society has sent six dollars to Philadelphia toward the purchase of the "Old Flag House."

They are going to have a sale some day in November; the date is not fixed yet.

The preparing and reading of the lineage papers will be continued; one paper to be given at each meeting. This is a simple outline of some of the work proposed. If we are successful at our sale, then we shall be prepared to do some things that we can only dream of now. With best wishes,

ESTELLE H. WESTON,
State Director for Massachusetts.

September 18, 1899.
IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. HARRIET C. SHELDON.—The Ann Story Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution has met with a great loss in the death of Mrs. Harriet C. Sheldon, one of its charter members, who took great interest in the success of the Society, was helpful in the organization of it, and one of the committee who framed its By-Laws. She was also one of the committee on the tablet recently erected in Memorial Hall to the memory of the revolutionary soldiers buried in the town and city of Rutland. She was a woman much beloved and highly esteemed, prominent in social life; a warm-hearted, open-handed Christian woman possessing great strength of character. Her influence extended in many ways as she was sought to fill a prominent place in the charitable and other organizations of this city. While helping in every walk of life, she was most faithful to the service of her church. Till laid aside by sickness, she was a zealous member of our Chapter, always showing a spirit of true patriotism. Failing in health these last few months, she ever presented a cheerful courage as to herself and a warm interest in all that pertained to her friends, sending loving messages to them to the last. The end came suddenly and quietly on Sunday morning, September 18th. As the bells were tolling for morning service she loved so well to attend, her spirit joined the “choir invisible.”

ABIGAIL FOOTE LOOMIS.—At East Hampton, Connecticut, on the 6th day of June, 1899, Abigail Foote Loomis entered into rest. She was in the 101st year of her age and a Real Daughter of the American Revolution. At a meeting of the Board of Management of Wadsworth Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, held on June 22, 1899, the following minutes were presented:

On the sixth day, June, 1899, this venerable and esteemed member of our Chapter entered into rest at her home in East Hampton, in the 101st year of her age. Her long and active life was full of good works, and in its evening time lengthened beyond the ordinary. She of her advanced age, it was impossible for her to be present at our was permitted to enjoy the ministrations of loving children and friends to whom her presence was an inspiration and blessing. By reason
meetings, yet there were none who did not know and esteem her
goodly ways and lofty patriotism. And so with love and affection,
and in appreciation of her long and useful life, in sympathy with those
more closely related, and who also mourn her departure, we place
upon our records this tribute to her memory.

**Harriette C. Pearce,**
Secretary.

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**MRS. ELIZA KNIGHT BEAN.**—The Lydia Cobb Chapter,
Daughters of the American Revolution, of Taunton, Massachu-
setts, has been called upon to mourn the loss of one of its
four Real Daughters, Mrs. Eliza Knight Bean, of Norton,
widow of the Rev. Samuel Bean, having died on the 25th of
June, in her 85th year.

Sixty years ago, in the early days of Wheaton Seminary,
Mrs. Bean, then Miss Knight, was principal of that pioneer in-
titution for the higher education of women and throughout a
long life her interest in the same cause never faded.

Mrs. Bean was the daughter of William Knight, who enlisted
at Hubbardston, Massachusetts, upon the earliest call for
troops, and had the honorable and usual record of six years' 
actual service in the army of the Revolution.

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**MRS. EMELINE C. FRENCH.**—

*WHEREAS,* Our Heavenly and all-wise Father has called unto him-
self our beloved friend and co-worker, Mrs. Emeline C. French.

*Resolved,* That in her death, the Old South Chapter, Daughters
of the American Revolution, sustains the loss of a member, whose
services to that organization were of great value, a woman of singular-
ly fine character, whose aspirations were ever to help and comfort
all who came within her influence. The spirit of her noble ancestors
lived again in her.

*Resolved,* That the remembrance of her faithful ministrations to
others, shall prove an incentive to our greater efforts in behalf of all
those, who may have a claim upon our sympathy and assistance.

*Resolved,* That we extend to her husband, Mr. George E. French,
and family, our sympathy and assurance of our appreciation of her
hearty cooperation in all the interests of our Chapter.

MRS. MABEL SARVIN APOLLOONIO,
MRS. E. DEBORAH SMITH,
MRS. SARAH WHITNEY BROOKS,
MISS NAOMI HINKS COOKE,

Committee.
OFFICIAL.

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1899.

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