MRS. ADLAI E. STEVENSON,
Honorary President General.
MRS. ADLAI E. STEVENSON,
Honorary President General, N. S. D. A. R.

Mrs. Letitia Green Stevenson was the second president general, following Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison. She was elected to the high office in 1893, again in 1894, as the term at that time was only one year. After the administration of Mrs. Mary Parke Foster of Indiana, Mrs. Stevenson was again chosen chief over the society which had grown under her reign to great importance and power. Mrs. Matthew T. Scott now holds the high position and we have the unique record of two sisters, members of the same chapter, elevated to the same high position as president general of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution. They are descended from Joshua Fry, who was famous and foremost in the Virginia Colonial wars, and whose grandson Joshua Fry entered the Continental line of Virginia at the age of fifteen. Among other Revolutionary ancestors were James Speed and Dr. Thomas Walker. Mrs. Stevenson was upon the platform during the nineteenth continental congress and addressed the great assembly.

She is the wife of the Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, vice-president 1893-7; special commissioner to Europe in 1897.

ADDRESS TO THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS,
April, 1910
By Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, Honorary President General, N. S. D. A. R.

President General. It is my privilege, my pleasure, and my great honor to present to you to-day, a woman who, from
the very inception of the Society, has been a devoted friend and, I might also say, Mother of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

I have the pleasure to present to you Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, former President General of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Stevenson. Madam President General, National Officers and Daughters: From a full heart I thank you for your kindly greeting.

However, lest you fear an exhaustive review of the past, which is secure, and of the future, bright in its promise, I cannot better relieve your apprehension, than by referring to the oft repeated answer of Mark Twain, when asked what he was going to speak—ABOUT.

His prompt and apt reply was, ABOUT a minute—and that’s about my limit, ladies.

After an absence of twelve years from the meetings of the Continental Congress, I find in to-day the fulfillment of long cherished hopes.

Into each life there comes an hour of supremest satisfaction and joy, and this hour, to me, is the happy culmination of hope long deferred.

As I stand in this Valhalla—the Palace of the Immortals—the matchless achievement of patriotic American women and by the side of our honored President General—my sister—do you wonder that my heart swells with pride, and that my thoughts revert to the early days when a small but earnest band of women gathered in the little Church of Our Father to hear their first reports, to discuss further the means and ways by which the interests of the organization could be best advanced, the American Monthly Magazine placed upon an enduring basis and to stimulate interest in the Continental Hall, which then seemed but a far away ignis fatuus.

Since then, the sun has shone upon your every effort, the objects of the National Society have been carried out both in the spirit and in the letter of the Constitution, and the work has broadened and expanded until it embraces about every effort that pertains to the advancement and uplift of mankind.

To tell the story of all you have accomplished through the
perfectly organized and efficient work done in the several states, as the delightful reports which have come to me through the courtesy of many of the State Regents attest, would take time without limit, and tomes of ponderous volumes.

It is to me a narrative of wondrous charm and beauty, of intense interest, of inestimable value, and as the years go by, will prove a beacon light to oncoming generations.

So I pray you, abate not in one whit of your ceaseless endeavors to promote every branch of the many and varied ramifications which now make up the work of the National Society.

From this great assemblage, I miss many faces, once bright with patriotic love and enthusiasm and gracious in their welcome when it was my privilege to preside over the meetings of the Continental Congress.

In imagination these loved and cherished friends pass before me in battalions—the young, the gay, the mother, the maiden, and yet they are not here in body, but their pure spirits may even now be rejoicing with us in all the splendor of your magnificent achievement.

Peace be to their ashes, and eternal rest.

"Death is another life. We bow our heads,
At going out, we think and enter straight
Another golden chamber of the King's,
Larger than this we leave, and lovelier."

My minute has gone and so must I, with the parting wish that all may be well with you each and every one. (Applause.)

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OPENING OF ADDRESS OF MR. THOMAS NELSON PAGE

Nineteenth Continental Congress

The President General. It has been said by one of our most noted Southern writers that every man who contributes to the common good of mankind is one of the chosen people; and the fundamental law is to do good to all.
Ladies, I have the honor to introduce to you one of the chosen people, the author of Marse Chan, Meh Lady and John Marvel, Assistant, who will explain to us one section of the fundamental law. (Applause.)

MR. THOMAS NELSON PAGE. Ladies: Your president in her able, eloquent and truly noble address has struck the keynote of your great association; that patriotism is above politics—as being the foundation of all that this country is and stands for among the nations and people of the earth.

She also said something gracious about believing that men have really a useful place in the universe. I hope I know my place, which is always to do what your distinguished and patriotic president requests me to do—her request being equivalent to a command. For this reason I am here, and in the outset I wish to express my obligations for the double honor she has done me, first in according me the privilege of appearing before you at all, and second in assigning to me so important a subject, and one which is so near to my heart as the movement to aid the Southern mountaineers.

As I face this great body of patriotic women assembled in congress to deliberate on matters of import to the welfare of our country, I cannot forbear the reflection that when this government was first established two great parties emerged from the population, both of which were equally patriotic. The sole contention between them being what was the best principle on which to establish the government—that is, best for the people. Two parties shall exist; but the contention between them has become, not which principle is best for the people, but which is best for the party, the welfare of the people having become, apparently, somewhat a secondary reason. Ladies, you stand today where those two parties stood at the inception of this government. The principles on which you have hitherto stood have related exclusively to the welfare of the people. The divisions in your ranks have been merely personal. As one who, looking back, finds that the chief influences for good in his life have come from women, I cannot testify my friendship for you and my hope for your future more strongly than by adjuring you to maintain as your foundation principle and your sole foundation principle—
the welfare of the whole people of this country. Do not, I pray you, let any other motive, whether personal or sectional or political, enter into your action or your deliberation. The field for your activities is as large as this country. Yes, as large as that far reaching horizon in which the interests of this country extend—that is, as wide as humanity. Stand together, address your united forces to any question in the world, and you will bring its proper solution. The subject which I lay before you this morning at the request of your honored President General, whom I have pride in serving as the best type of the American gentlewoman, high minded, wise and filled with enthusiasm for the destinies of our country, is one of the most appealing in our land.

The address of Mr. Page was on the “Mountaineers of the South,” and will be found on page 677 of the June issue of the Magazine. This work is dear to the heart of our President General and is being taken up by chapters all over the land. Mr. Page’s address will be read with interest by Daughters everywhere. The coming year will show increased interest in this work.

ADDRESS OF THE HON. MORRIS B. BEARDSLEY,
President of the Sons of the American Revolution
Before the Nineteenth Continental Congress.

PRESIDENT GENERAL: But laying aside all thought of sex distinctions, we to-day salute the Sons on an equality with the Daughters. Some of the Sons, doubtless, are attending to these patriotic duties as the representatives of wives or mothers who had no time to give to them, because upon their shoulders are resting family or social responsibilities too heavy to be delegated to any one else. Others are worthy of all praise because of the steadfast way in which they are, “each in his small corner,” performing faithfully the patriotic duties incumbent upon them as men.
But, pleasantries aside, you know, Mr. President General, that the Daughters are always not only willing and ready, but anxious to co-operate with the Sons in their every effort to instill into the minds and hearts of this generation pride and reverence for those sublime, patriotic principles, to advance which, both of our great organizations have been called into being.

For one especial and noble work, with which you have recently invited us to co-operate with you, I want to make most cordial acknowledgment. I refer to the Memorial to Congress, which, at the request of the Sons, has been sent out by the Daughters in reference to the attempt which is now being made to abolish the Division of Information of the Bureau of Immigration of the Department of Commerce and Labor, by rescinding the law known as Section 40 of the Immigration Act."

The rescinding of this Act, we are aware, would hopelessly cripple the great work the Sons have been doing so successfully, in behalf of immigrants, who come to our shores, ignorant of conditions in a strange land and a strange language, not knowing which way to turn to find employment—often the prey of unscrupulous agents, and often segregated in great cities to their own injury and to the detriment of interests which might, through this Division of Information of the Sons, find them prompt and lucrative employment.

I think we cannot over-estimate the value of this work on the part of the Sons, printing and distributing leaflets in fourteen different languages, for the elementary instruction of these strangers, as to our institutions, laws and forms of government; finding them homes and employment, and helping to make good citizens out of them, instead of becoming a menace. I am thankful to be able to tell you that from all parts of the country most gratifying reports come from Daughters who have enlisted heart and soul in this effort to continue this great work the Sons have so patriotically inaugurated. I have the honor of introducing to you the Hon. Morris B. Beardsley, President General, Sons of the American Revolution.

MR. BEARDSLEY. Madam President General, Madam
Honorary Presidents General and Daughters of the American Revolution: One year ago you dedicated this magnificent Temple of Liberty.

The building of it had been the goal towards which for years your efforts had been directed, and in its beautiful completion it represented the proud realization of your fondest dreams.

My distinguished predecessor, Judge Stockbridge, brought to you on that occasion the greetings of your brother society, and the coincidence that the grand woman who at that time presided over you, our loved and admired friend, Mrs. McLean, and the very able man who was our chief, were both Marylanders, gave a romantic touch to that feature of the program.

Last October, Madam President General, you made your first visit to my native state. You came to the meeting of your Daughters. The brightest of skies looked down upon you. The autumn tints still lingered in the landscape, and it seemed as if the winter king had withheld his blighting touch that you might see how beautiful is a fall day in New England, and that Dame Nature might be at her best when she joined us in your welcome. And do you remember the scene in that old historical church? rich in patriotic traditions, and filled with its great audience of such women as can be found in no country but ours.

There I met you, and you extended to me the invitation to come to this Congress and present our greetings.

I bring these greetings, the hearty congratulations and the sincere best wishes of the great Society whose representative I am, most gladly.

Between our Societies there has always been the utmost cordiality and harmony. I need not to assure you of that. Every good woman feels sure of the love of her husband, but it's mighty pleasant to tell her of it.

Organized at the same period, under the impulse of the same patriotic wave, for like noble purposes, working along similar lines and for common ends, there could but be complete sympathy between us.

That you have been more successful in recruiting members,
and have a longer list of achievements to your credit, has not excited our jealousy. You are our admiration even if you are our despair.

Were we to try to rival you it would be like the lark who rises high into the azure blue pouring out his song to the angels; then flying higher and higher still singing as he goes, until his little heart breaks because Heaven is still so far away.

We receive some reflected glory, for are you not our wives, our sisters, and our sweethearts?

Then it is but following the record of the ages. A great orator has said: “In all history, fame and wealth, power and art, song and chivalry have bowed to women.” And no influence has been so constant, so potent as her gentle power. Her finer preceptions earlier sensed the ideals and pointed the way to the fields where man’s greater strength has accomplished noble results.

She has been ever patient, ever faithful—

“Last at His Cross, and earliest at His Grave.”

We are striving to perpetuate the memory of the men of the American Revolution. They were worthy of it. But we know that they owed much to the women of that period, and equal justice should be done to our Revolutionary mothers, as well as fathers. Some of us, while we are dependent entirely upon what we read for our impressions of the women of the period that we commemorate, can remember the heroic spirit manifested by the women on both sides in the Civil War.

In the Hall of the Boston Latin School stands a statue. It is a memorial of the boys from that school who fell in battle. The central figure is that of a woman, the mother of heroes.

Viewed from one side in profile the face is weary with a heavy grief; viewed from the other side it is illumined with a calm joy; viewed from in front these emotions are blended, and there seems to look out from the marble that conflict of feeling that makes the mystery of the human heart, weeping in joy, smiling amid tears, as a loyal mother might feel in the death of her sons dying in their youthful prime that the nation might live.
ADDRESS OF THE HON. MORRIS B. BEARDSLEY.

To such a mother Lincoln wrote, "I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom." And there are thousands upon thousands of such noble women all over our land who would be equal to any sacrifice should the crisis come. Of such is your own great society largely composed. I have naught but admiration for you.

If I could stand by the cradle of a babe, and her guardian angel would permit me, I would not wish for her riches, or honor, or high social position, but that she might grow to be such a woman, examples of which I see before me, women of grace, of purity, with that womanly charm which we men do so love, and so using their talents that they are a power in every good undertaking, co-workers with us, uplifting, encouraging and inspiring us.

To your great society, standing without a peer, soon to number a hundred thousand of the fairest, noblest women the sun ever shone upon, I bring the greetings of twelve thousand splendid men.

We are to hold our annual congress soon in the city of Toledo, Ohio. Madam President General, will you not visit us there that we may show you the warmth of our greeting.

Extra copies of the Proceedings of the Nineteenth Continental Congress can be ordered of the curator, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C. The price is fifty cents; postage seventeen cents extra.
RESPONSES TO THE ADDRESS OF MRS. MATTHEW T. SCOTT, President General
To the Nineteenth Continental Congress, N. S. D. A. R.

The address of Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, President General, will be found on the first page of the May issue of the Magazine. Below are given the responses.

RESPONSE BY MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP.

THE PRESIDENT GENERAL. We will now have responses from ladies from the four corners of the earth.

Nothing has touched the hearts and imagination of the American people like the voyage of the little Mayflower, tossing for more than two months on the vast unknown sea toward an unknown shore.

A great American orator has summed up in a single sentence—familiar in our ears as household words—the results of that heroic voyage and landing: "Here are Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, and here they will remain forever." To-day it is our privilege to hear the message New England brings us, from the lips of that distinguished woman, who, descendant of those great founders of a nation—herself the embodiment of all that is sweet and gracious in New England womanhood—has the still prouder distinction of being the founder, mother and nurturer of that splendid organization, "Children of the American Revolution." Ladies, I have the honor to present to you Mrs. Daniel Lothrop, of Boston. (Applause.)

MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP. Madam President General: I bring to you the greetings of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, her sister states of New England, and that adjoining section of our great republic that I was invited to represent at this time. Around this area clusters Colonial and Revolutionary history, and sacred traditions, closely allied to history, till it is permeated with them, and the air is more vital to the soul than that given out by our pine-clad hills to restore weary nature.
You are greatly honored, Madam President General, in that we stand to-day for the first time within our own building delivered into our hands as a completed structure. I felicitate you on this significant occasion, and in taking it as my theme for this response I would sound the note it is most important for all of us who are assembled under your leadership to recognize.

The note, expressed by this structure in its completed beauty, is high and clear. It rings with clarion call, not only to service, that we are in no danger of forgetting. Every Daughter of the American Revolution, I am proud to say, is glad to serve in the call of patriotism. The note to be sounded here is the American Home.

Home for our organization? Naturally, in the completest sense of the word, is this splendid building. Let us go farther with our thought and lift it out of the material to the lofty and possible ideal. Let us see in it the abiding place—the home of an infant republic that we women are to govern well—a replica of the great constitutional fabric that is upreared and sustained to hold this nation together. Three controlling forces are there in the supreme system ordained by God to govern His universe, Justice—that mighty power that safeguards all interests interwoven with the life of the republic. Closely following is the Divine quality of Sympathy, that recognizance of the needs of each citizen of the republic for a warm, protecting hand, where Law—the process of Justice—would express only severity. Completing the three is Love, the greatest of them all; for Love is the fulfilling of the Law. Justice, Sympathy, that recognizance of the equality, or the Brotherhood of Man, Love—These three govern God’s universe. Let them govern our world set apart in this Temple of Patriotism, erected by us.

For we are a small world in ourselves. A body, numbering nearly 80,000 souls, is no mean portion of our nation. We are, by the nature of our work, set apart for a special service to this country. God has placed his seal of approval upon our work, and we are dignified by it, and blessed by it, and what we enact in this Hall of Justice, of recognizance of the equality of all, and of love, will issue to the advancement, of not only
patriotism, but the welfare and progress of womanhood and childhood.

As the building in its white strength stands a monument to defy Time's cruel thrusts, so it speaks of the American womanhood working within it to the solution of problems for the betterment of the whole people.

It is too late in this advanced day to say that woman's part in the system of the economy of the forces of right and order in the Republic is mean and insignificant. It is granted by all as a self-evident fact that her power is unlimited, and her strength unexhausted when called to confront the great questions of the day. She it is who, first working in the home, radiates from it on every side an illuminating strength that makes her a powerful factor in the world's progress. Grant this as we must, and we are forced to allow, that judging by the present, we can set no limit to the greatness of the work that she shall render in the future for her country.

But it must begin, for this is her kingdom, in the Home; then let her, not forsaking her duty there, bring the Home up to be the lever by which she shall move the world. God save our American Home!

Within it, Madam President General, we realize the very crown of our value as a Republic is set. This is the child. Shall we desert him, and bestow our care and thought and devotion on the baubles that the passing days and years bring? Shall we cast him aside for a slighter regard than we give to these? The crown of the American Republic is the child set in the American home.

All the future weal or woe of the Republic rests on him. But upon us women is placed the responsibility of training him to be equal to his task. God alone knows what awaits the American girl and boy. We might well tremble did we see the duties and responsibilities which they cannot evade. Either they will serve this Republic, or they will let slip into other hands the glory of her service. The downfall of many nations has come because trained hands of clean patriotism were not ready for their task. Shall we have this question to answer—"American mothers, rich in patriotism and pure love of
country, why did you desert the needs of the child, the richest heritage your country could put into your hands?"

Madam President General, you have recognized this eternal truth, old as God's governing power in the world, that the child should be the first object of care and devotion; that a lofty patriotism cannot be attained if the child is neglected. You have shown your belief in this truth during this past year by your gracious helpfulness and encouragement to the Children of the American Revolution, whom the Daughters of the American Revolution, in an early Congress, promised to love, to cherish and to help forward in every way possible. As the founder of this national society, the natural training-school for the Daughters of the American Revolution, and devoted to the interests of the children of the American home, I thank you for this encouragement and helpfulness. Every child in the society loves you for it. Every member in its ranks is uplifted the higher toward what we workers in their cause aim for them, because you have put forth a helping hand out of a heart of love.

Our Temple of Patriotism, its beautiful doors shall continually open wide in this capital of our republic, to the peoples of all nations, who pass in and out this fair city by the Potomac. Written in marble and carved in stone, it records the first structure raised in any country, for such a purpose, by woman's hand.

Yonder, across the swelling green fields, matchless in luxuriant verdure, flows the beautiful river. In silent grandeur, like the man it commemorates, rises the tall shaft to the Apostle of Liberty. Hither our Temple of Patriotism flashes invisible signals of loyal response to him who served this country in her hour of peril. What Washington has saved, we must protect and conserve!

To the republic, therefore, we dedicate ourselves anew this day. The Stars of Liberty are above us; beyond them stretch the eternal years of God in which we may rejoice for the work done within these sacred walls, our Temple of Patriotism.

(Applause.)
RESPONSE OF MRS. JOHN R. WALKER.

The President General. It is the genius of the American people to fulfill the prophecy that westward "the star of empire takes its way."

This morning a rarely gifted and brilliant Daughter of Missouri, whose silvery tongue has so often charmed and stirred our patriotic assemblages, brings us a word of cheer from the region that plays the role of keeper of the gate to the Rocky Mountains.

Ladies, I have the honor to present to you Mrs. John R. Walker, formerly Vice-President General and Honorary State Regent of Missouri. (Applause.)

Mrs. John R. Walker. Madam President General: But a few years ago, our Revolutionary forefathers were to many of us as mythical as King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Americans, in the struggle for material things, had forgotten, or never knew, the name of the ancestor who
fought, even died, that they might “inherit the land”—this fair, free land; this sweet liberty dearer than life itself. I tender most grateful homage to our founders—those women—three of them are with us to-day, Mrs. Walworth, Miss Desha and Mrs. Lockwood—(applause) who conceived the thought, and gave life to this most glorious organization, the Daughters of the American Revolution.

It has saved the nation from the basest of all charges— ingratitude. For twenty years, the patriotic women of this organization have consecrated their talents and energies to restoring to life and family the names of the forgotten—as well as every other line of patriotic work. To-day we crown our efforts by the completion of this memorial; it speaks in enduring marble of the gratitude of posterity.

The Revolutionary forefathers took up the work begun by their fathers and laid the foundation and reared the framework of a government which was the surprise, and has become the admiration and wonder of the entire world; pioneers in their labor, without a model; the one central thought, God the source of all law, for their guide, they looked to Sinai and the original law-giver. “Giants were they in heart, who believed in God and the Bible.”

The Huguenot brought with him the French contention—\textit{all men are created equal}; the divine right of kings a sentiment to be trampled under foot; the English colonist—\textit{all men are born free}; thus was evolved in the wilderness of America the mighty principles of the Declaration of Independence, and our Constitution. Their high resolve to establish justice, and to secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and to posterity. The full recognition of all they have done for us, and all we should do for them, develops with our development. Our creative period furnished us with models for the youth of the land that no other time nor country in all history can give us—our Washington first among the Immortals; Jefferson, our apostle of Liberty, the very embodiment of the spirit of the American Republic; John Marshall, great expounder of Constitutional Law, who made fast as it were the work of the soldier and the statesman through his decisions on the fundamental questions; Patrick Henry, intrepid soul whose fiery
eloquence stirred the hearts of men until his cry of liberty spread like a conflagration; Samuel Adams, John Adams, Joseph Warren, an archangel, with flaming sword, defending right and defying wrong. To these and the long list of master spirits of the Revolution we dedicate this memorial—but not to these alone but to all of those to whom we owe the proud title, Daughters of the American Revolution—your ancestor and mine.

The broad national spirit expressed by this memorial is more to us than the splendor of its marble, or perfection of architecture; this work of united effort, a united purpose, has more than all else re-united us as a people. What else, with our dreadful Civil War fresh in memory, could have afforded common ground? Our great, beautiful monument at the nation's capital, in memory of the patriot from the North, the patriot from the South, we bequeath as a legacy to future generations. I would carve above its portals “Peace on earth, good will toward men.” A war involving principle, hundreds of years afterward, excites the most passionate interest and feelings, but the sentiment of the world at last favors war as the last resort of nations. “The time has come to sheathe the sword, and spare mankind.” The magazines and newspapers are filled with rumors of war and preparation for war, offensive and defensive—vast expenditures of money for more destructive engines for the slaughter of men. Let the womanhood of the world cry out against it.

The Daughters of the American Revolution are earnest, thoughtful, able women; their influence without limit, it has even been exerted in the cause of justice, of mercy, and love of humanity. With all strength of mind and tenderness of heart let us help this movement toward universal peace. It is no longer a dream—the Peace Court at The Hague is an epoch in international law. The nations of the earth are yet quivering from the horrors of the war between Russia and Japan; the heart sickens at the spectacle presented of the undying hatred of the human heart; the blood hound thirst for blood in its brutal frenzy, sacrificing her young men, the hope of a nation, and all for what? One more island, perhaps. Progress is retarded, effort and ambition paralyzed, with death every-
where, desolated homes everywhere. Ambition cannot feed on sorrow; hands are folded, are listless and lax from weariness of heart; sorrow is a leaden weight. The Italian mother wails, “If your flag takes all heaven with its white, green and red, for what end is it done if we have not a son?”

Let the mother of this day rear her sons to be good citizens rather than soldiers, teach them to battle for good laws and social conditions, and to be courageous in the fight, daring to do right in both the political and business world, thus honoring his birth-right and making his country better for his having lived rather than dying a cruel and untimely death. To give patriots to our country we must rear patriots, train Americans for America. Daughters of the American Revolution this is our work. We stimulate our boys by keeping before them the strengthening influence of the example of their Revolutionary forefathers. They have great work before them, a great problem to solve.

The Jewish dramatist Zangwill says: “To think that the same great torch of liberty, which threw its light across all the broad seas and lands into my little garret in Russia, is shining also for all those other weeping millions of Europe; shining wherever men hunger, or are oppressed; shining over the starving villages of Italy and Ireland; over the swarming, stony cities of Poland; over the ruined farms of Roumania; over the shambles of Russia—What is the glory of Rome and Jerusalem, where all races and nations come to worship and look back, compared to the glory of America, where all races and nations come to labor and look forward!”—“America, great charity of God to the human race.” In this hour of exaltation of spirit, a paen of praise, a song of rejoicing in the heart, let us dedicate ourselves anew to this work of patriotism—“Let all the ends thou aimst at be thy God’s, thy Country’s, and Truth’s.”

Madam President General, the leadership of this great society has become almost overwhelming in its labor and responsibility; recognizing your preëminent fitness, we placed this burden upon you, but, in doing so, assumed our share of responsibility. Our greatness is measured by those we exalt to high place, and we honor ourselves in honoring
you. (Applause.) Your thorough knowledge of this work of patriotism, your long devotion to it, your broad outlook, lofty principle and magnificent courage, inspire absolute confidence; in every emergency we feel so sure of you. Your brilliant mind and dignity of bearing command our respect, and the magnetic influence of your sympathetic heart—drawing to you high and low—our love. All, all of your many gifts are freely devoted to our service—you do not dominate, but serve. What do we owe you in return? The absolute loyalty of every chapter and individual Daughter of the American Revolution (applause). Unqualifiedly, joyfully, I tender my own, and that of my state, Missouri. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT GENERAL. Of course, ladies, I am very much touched by this expression of kindness. I am very thankful for it.

RESPONSE OF MRS. S. B. C. MORGAN.

To-day comes to us, through one of the fairest, ablest and noblest Daughters of the Southland, greetings from its “Empire State”—Georgia. Georgia! the youngest of that little family of colonies, but as bravely standing with the rest for her baptism of fire in the Revolution.

Georgia, with its tender memories and rich historic lore. Georgia, land of Oglethorpe and Watson and Berien and Sidney Lanier, Habersham, Clarke, Nancy Hart—where Wesley preached the glad tidings—where Light Horse Harry Lee and other heroes—the roll call would consume our time—sleep.

Ladies, I present to you the former vice-president general and Honorary State Regent of Georgia, Mrs. S. B. C. Morgan, of Savannah.

MRS. MORGAN. Our Honored President General, our Ex-President Generals, who give us so much pleasure in being with us; Members of the National Board; Members of the nineteenth meeting of the Continental Congress—ladies, sisters: There is one verse of the song adopted by the South as its national air in the 60's with which the general public is not familiar; the words run thus:
RESPONSES TO ADDRESS OF MRS. SCOTT.

“This world was made in six days,  
And finished up in various ways;  
They then made Dixie trim and nice,  
And Adam called it Paradise.” (Applause.)

“This Dixie land,” this “Paradise of ours”—and yours, too,  
when you make us glad by coming to us—sends you greeting,  
speaks to you in the soft soughing of the breezes in the  
aromatic pine tops, in their chanting echoes of foregone things,  
amid the long gray moss festooning

“Those green-robed Senators of mighty woods,  
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars;”

in the intoxicating perfume of the Magnolia grandiflora,  
wafted to you above beds of violets, and across lily-buds, lying  
in indolent grace o’er lacing the bosom of placid waters; in  
the beauty of queenly roses, dogwood blossom, spicy eglantine,  
billowy stretches of golden rod; in the odor-freighted honeysuckle, climbing higher and ever higher to throw its  
fragrance further afield; in the exquisite completeness of that  
crowning glory of southern woods—the yellow jessamine—  
throwing its drapery of golden bells o’er tree and shrub, oft’  
entwining with Cherokee rose and clusters of Lady-Bank—  
“making the earth like a garment of God;” in the rich and  
radiant fruit of orange grove, with its love suggesting flower—  
offering its store of honey-sweets—that the drowsy note of  
that robber-lover, the humming bee, may delight your listening  
ear; in the ecstatic song of the mocking bird, as he well nigh  
bursts his palpitating throat, as in warbles and trills he brings  
you dreams of Elysian fields, where music and moonlight and  
satisfied longing are one; in brooks, babbling and cooing to  
sunny skies; in the gurgling note of the silver stream on its  
way to mate, with the sea; and in yet another sound, making  
vibrant the air—like the long continuing peal of cathedral  
organ, after the master’s hand has ceased to press the key—it  
is the greeting in the rush of the mighty waters of Tallulah in  
their deep and rocky chasm bed. Hear you not the message in  
the melodious echoes from the “Red Old Hills,” from the  
rhododendron-covered mountain side? Feel you not the
tribute of the flowers in the fragrance-laden zephyrs that kiss your cheek and brow?

Thus in its varying seasons, in sound, color and odor, the South opens wide its heart to you—that South that cradled the Republic, that sounded the first clarion-call to liberty; the South, rich in achievements, hallowed by sacred memories; the South, that has made so much history and written so little; the South—the birthplace of Washington, of Jefferson, of Marshall, of Davis and of Lee, and of Jackson, of Maury, of Edgar Poe, of Sidney Lanier, and of dear "Old Uncle Remus;" also, mark you, the birthplace of Lincoln, of Grant, of Farragut, of Thomas; the South—that has arisen from the ashes of desolation and girded up it loins, and in its many-sided nature—with its fields of fleecy cotton, of waving corn, with its rich veins of silver and of gold, its iron mines, its coal deposits, its phosphate beds, its marble and granite quarries, its mills and its factories, now directs the attention of the world to the fact that it not only has done but is doing, not only has made history, but is making itself felt as a prime factor in all the busy markets of the nations.

The South sends this Congress greeting, sends you love bountiful and affectionate; bids me tell you that the "latch hangs on the outside of the door," lift it and come and sit beside our hearth-stone, break our bread, see the environing panorama as Nature embroiders her carpet with green leaves and myriad-colored flowers, with butterflies trembling in ecstasy above them.

You will not count the time as lost that you sit beneath the shade of trees and guess the secrets the birds are telling to the wide-spreading branches.

To you, dear and honored Madam—our President General—I bring an especial message of regard, and thank you for your gracious words of welcome; the South assures you of the pleasure your visits gave to the state conferences and the individuals fortunate enough to have you as their guest; it wishes you to know how profoundly your dignity, your patriotism, your earnestness, your intelligent handling of the various questions that appeal to our organization, impressed our men as well as our women. The South appreciates the difficulties that
have beset the administration of your high office, and it views with pride and approbation your successful demonstration beyond a peradventure that a woman may perform a public duty and remain essentially womanly; it recognizes your honorable effort to "mete out even-handed justice" and to demand and to show that courtesy which is surface Christianity.

It views your course with pride as the representative of our order, the embodiment and exponent, through and by our suffrages, of that sense of propriety, truth and altruism which have been the controlling stars of our organization, and which, so far, have guided us to an enviable position in the world of human endeavor.

It pledges you its continued fealty and support—as not only due to your great office, and your fine and successful efforts to upbuild our organization, but which is due ourselves, for in honoring our President General, we honor the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, we honor each individual member thereof, and show our ability to meet a high moral obligation. (Applause.)

Sisters in patriotic purpose, I bring you a promise of the South's oneness and active coöperation with you in every good effort to increase the power and enlarge the field of usefulness of the national society; it promises to keep step with you in an onward march toward peace and progress. It emphasizes with all the earnestness that word and act can convey its conviction that if we hope to continue to mean something for country, for humanity, for God, it must be by and through love, respect and loyalty to each other.

It is recorded of Pericles that before he addressed the people he always prayed the gods that he might say no word that could offend; in a like spirit, I humbly follow the example of this great pagan; if I seem over-zealous, it is because I love the society and am absolutely faithful to the principles and purposes on which and for which, it was founded.

First, I want to say that the Daughters of my state, and I think I can speak for the South—believe the Constitution should be so amended as to provide for the election of a state regent in her own state by a state conference, or otherwise if the state holds no conference, and the announcement of her
election made at the next meeting of the Continental Congress thereafter. This is due the dignity of a state, and harmonizes with the “eternal fitness of things.”

I venture to say that no other organization in our country can boast of so many open browed, highly cultured, well placed women, who bear about their personality such an unmistakable hall-mark of distinction, of good birth, as are to be found in the membership of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution. These blessings are but lent to be used for the good of others. They carry with them heavy responsibilities. A little handful of women here in Washington, nineteen years ago blew upon the live coals on the altar of American patriotism and kindled a flame, and year after year we have come from the North, from the South, from the East and from the West, and, by devotion and unceasing effort, have fed the fire until the blaze had shot above our country’s horizon and illuminated the souls of liberty-loving people in other climes. And in this—our heritage from noble sires—“this land of the free and home of the brave,” we have, shoulder to shoulder, putting aside all thought of the differences in our country’s past, taking no note of sectional bias, remembering not whether we stood for Democratic or Republican principles, we have pressed forward where there was need for woman’s intelligence, woman’s sympathy, woman’s sense of purity, of justice, righteousness and mercy. Freely we had received, so freely did we try to give. The legend on the obverse side of the Colonial seal of Georgia might well have been emblazoned on the blue-and-white banner of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution—“Non sibi sed aliis”—“not for ourselves, but for others.” To show our harmony and coöperative spirit in the years past, we could have quoted the lines of Rudyard Kipling:

“*The Colonel’s Lady and Judy O’Grady*
*Are sisters ‘under the skin.’”

And we were Daughters of the American Revolution, “under the skin,” no matter from what section of the Republic we hailed. So far we may well believe we have won our way into the regard and esteem of the world about us; we have become,
to an appreciable degree, a dynamo of power from which has irradiated currents of force that have made for the success of many of the moral, spiritual and, in some instances, the material questions that have agitated our common country.

"We surely builded on a rock!"

The sentinel on the outer wall scents no danger, and cries aloud “All’s well.” *Is all well with us?* If there is danger, “Search within thy tents for the cause, O Israel.”

Many organizations, that once seemed firmly established and working for commendable ends, have disintegrated and vanished from human ken, because personal ambitions, thirst for office, a craving for place as a social or political advancement, a desire to pay back a perhaps fancied affront, jealously and inharmony among its members, a disregard for authority, a smarting Northumberland spirit, under Henry’s failure to reward, ate into and dissolved their vitals. Will the time ever come in our Society’s life when these pitiless elements will beat on our so-seeming solid rock and destroy it, destroying with it our high hopes, our beautiful ideals, our tremendous labors? “Angels and ministers of grace defend us.”

Ibsen says, “Women must solve the problem of humanity.” Now let us show through these our initial efforts towards that larger and fuller life that we recognize that our Daughters of the American Revolution government should show the con-vined virtue of the membership, that our politics should be our religion in action!

A fresh young delegate comes to this Congress, perhaps at great personal inconvenience and expense, but full of a budding enthusiasm, looking forward with pride to being one of this great aggregation of representative women. Let us be especially tender with her, for upon these young souls depend the perpetuity and usefulness of our organization; she must be made to feel that the air is vitalized by patriotism, that the bond that connects us with each other is fine and strong; we must imbue her with an added respect for law, order and authority. She must drink in through every pore the fact that the security, prestige and honorable standing of our society depend on the quality and texture of its membership.
She must go back home with her enthusiasm in full flower and fragrance, that her life may be broadened and ennobled through her presence at this meeting. She must be made to feel that our society is the great university for the training of the best type of American citizenship.

I have over-stepped the time limit, pardon me, Madam President.

Before I say a final “good bye,” let me clasp hands with you in a grasp close and warm, and let us pledge each other and our own souls that “to-day” shall be better than “yesterday” for our country and womanhood, and “to-morrow” shall be infinitely better and sweeter than either—because of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution. (Applause.)

And this is the message I bring you from Dixie. (Applause.)

RESPONSE OF MRS. MARY WOOD SWIFT.

THE PRESIDENT GENERAL. I give you, Daughters of the American Revolution, the latest bride to come into our family from our Spanish neighbor. This bride of the “splendid forties” of the Pacific Coast we have taken to our bosom as one of the family—adopted as an equal among all the rest, looking level into our eyes as a sister state with all the dignities and privileges and rights and duties of the oldest of the sovereign states of the union.

(Congress rises.)

THE PRESIDENT GENERAL. I am going to ask the courtesy of the house for a distinguished woman, one who has come here from California to bring the greetings of our great western border. Through the courtesy of this lady the gentlemen have been allowed to take her place upon the program. I want you to listen to Mrs. Swift.

MRS. SWIFT. Madam President General and ladies of the Nineteenth Continental Congress: It is just four years ago to-day that I stood on this platform for a special purpose. I have not very much voice this morning, because I have just arrived here after a week’s illness in Chicago. When the announcement of the great disaster in California was made
just four years ago to-day, I was here on this platform, and as I sat here this morning, looking into the faces of many who were here at that time, I could not help but remember the sympathy that was extended to me then. I was encouraged during that time by our beloved President General, Mrs. McLean. She is here to-day on the platform.

I have no set speech this morning, but I thought I could say to you in the five minutes that have been allotted to me all I have to say.

I was very glad to hear of the mountaineers in Virginia who so much need our assistance. I want to add my voice to the suggestion that we should now do something for the future citizenship of the United States of America.

Of course, you know, I have come a long way over the mountains to bring you these greetings. I also bring you greetings from the National Council of Women of the United States. That is the largest organization of women in the country. I wonder if it has ever occurred to you that our organization is one that will last. We have a fundamental principle which will endure as long as we have a country. Our organization will continue to live when all other women’s organizations have been forgotten. We will always have something to do.

In California we have a flag law. We have passed a flag law, and we not only have passed it, but we are enforcing it. Out there the Sons help us. I wonder if it has ever occurred to you that the Sons will help you. The Sons have helped us. Anything they say, they will do.

I bring you greetings from California, Oregon, Washington and from the Great Northwest. The only mountains that I know of in the country are the Sierra Nevadas, but we have no mountaineers to take care of in that country.

I also bring you, Madam President General, the loyal and loving greetings from California, from San Diego to Siskiyou, from the Sierras to the sea. (Applause.)

Best wishes for the American Monthly Magazine.—Miss Margaret S. Mosby, Dallas, Texas.
OLD HADDONFIELD

James L. Pennypacker

For two hundred and nine years Haddonfield has sat here beside the old "King's Highway" and looked out through her little windows upon the world. Dear old mother, quaint in lace cap and kerchief and apron, she has watched and wondered and perhaps sighed a little to join in the hurly burly; but with settled purpose, she has kept the hearth-fire bright, the kettle boiling and the floor sanded and with simple dignity she has lived the passing years.

With simple dignity, too, and old-fashioned hospitality she has welcomed her casual or expected guests.

And her guests have been many and varied.

To her came the Indian and found an open door and food and medicine. To her came the Quaker preacher, on his mission of love from Old England, passing by way of Jamaica, the Carolinas, Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania on his journey to the New England. To her came frequent visitors from neighboring parts. John Smith, in his journal under date first month twenty eighth 1748 "Burlington, John Smith," who afterward married Hannah, daughter of James Logan, says "After dinner Rachel Pemberton, Hannah Logan, William's wife and I, with Chally, went over the river and to Elizabeth Estaugh's, who received us very courteously and entertained us very kindly."

Haddonfield early became the center of the county life and one of the active centers of the Colony. Here, a hundred years before Camden began to be, were supply stores and tanneries, smithies, wheelwright shops, grist mills, a Meeting House, and taverns. Wagons laden with farm products or sea products came long distances to barter for pins and lace and calicoes and "osnabrigs"—came and received a hearty welcome and returned. For to this day no street crosses our Main street in the mile and a half of its length. Numerous roads come in at varying angles and here at our Main street they stop.

And the heart of hearts of this scene of friendly and business hospitality was this Old Tavern, The Indian King. With its hospitable porches, its numerous sleeping rooms, its ample ball-
room, its great stable-yard and sheds which stabled often over forty vehicles at one time, its dining room, and of course its bar (no doubt many of you ladies have looked in vain to-day for the bar) it gave a comforting welcome and a parting cheer to the guests who came and went.

And what interesting guests The Indian King has entertained. The passing stage-coach traveller from many a distant land. The rough fisherman or, it may be pirate, from the shore,—the farmer with his oxteam bearing the odor of the stable on his boots,—the prim Quaker family from the city, stopping for dinner on their way to relatives in Evesham,—Rafinesque, the famous naturalist, who went afoot through Haddonfield to Egg Harbor,—John Woolman, the spiritual Quaker preacher whose Journal published first in 1774 is one of the living books to-day and stands second on President Eliot's much discussed five-foot shelf of classics,—Miles Sage, the American vidette who wounded with thirteen bayonet stabs was carried to bed and nursed back to health in one of these sleeping rooms,—"Drover" Anthony Wayne who wrote from Haddonfield a detailed military letter to Washington at Valley Forge,—Dainty Dolly Madison,—and Governor Will Livingston and the first Assembly and Council of Safety of the State of New Jersey.

Throughout most of its existence the "Indian King" was an active tavern. There came a time, some thirty years ago, when under local option laws it lapsed into a boarding-house and ice-cream saloon, and again later into a tenement house. Fortunately the spirit of hospitality which so long breathed within these walls has been re-awakened and again the Old Tavern becomes a center of the village and county and state interest. In this awakening, New Jersey Daughters of the American Revolution have borne an important and interesting part, and the State of New Jersey is glad, through its Commissioners, to give to you, here, among the first, a most cordial welcome.

It is well that the State of New Jersey has bought and cared for this building. It is well for us to breathe the inspiration and the call to patriotism of this historic spot. New Jersey, lying between two great cities of the greatest Commonwealths, feels
the constant strain of alien influences, and we cannot too often
gather together on occasions like this and sing "Jersey Land
My Jersey Land."

On the twentieth day of next September, the anniversary of
the day on which the bill was here passed substituting the
word "State" for the word "Colony" in all public writs and
documents, the formal opening of the Indian King will be
made. The commissioners, with an advisory committee of
delegates from the various patriotic societies of the state, have
begun to arrange for these opening exercises. It shall be a
day of dignity and patriotism and united spirit for all Jersey-
men.

We invite you, Daughters of the American Revolution, to be
with us then, and then again, as now, we will give you a warm
welcome to the hospitality of Haddonfield and the Indian King.

THE "INDIAN KING" AND ITS CONNECTION WITH
THE REVOLUTIONARY HISTORY OF NEW
JERSEY

Mrs. J. Fithian Tatem

In 1750, Haddonfield, which had then been an established
settlement for nearly half a century and, although small, a
decidedly thriving one, welcomed the erection of a new tavern
house with much pleasure, for in those days the country inn
held a much more important and honored place in the life of
the community than to-day. In that year Mathias Aspden who
had purchased the property of Timothy Matlack some five
years before, laid the foundations and reared the walls of the
building in which we are met to-day. In its early history its
lot was that of the average village inn, although its location on
the King's Highway, the principal thoroughfare through West
New Jersey, and only a short ride from the neighboring city
of Philadelphia, then the metropolis of the country, made it
without doubt the centre of the social life and activity for miles
around. At that time Haddonfield was the most important
settlement in what is now Camden county and was also one
of the best known towns in the whole Province of West Jersey.
It is therefore not to be wondered at that the Legislature of the Colony then in session in the northern part of the State, in January, 1777, hearing rumors of an advance of the British which might make it decidedly unpleasant to continue in session there, adjourned to meet at Haddonfield on the 29th of that month. On that day they met in this building, but because they lacked a quorum, which prevented the transaction of any business, they adjourned until the following day when the message of Governor Livingston was read to the members of both houses of the Colonial Legislature. The last few weeks had shown the silver lining to the cloud, which, during the previous year, had hung like a pall over the cause of the patriots, and the Governor congratulated the members upon the then very recent victories of Trenton and Princeton which had forced the British troops to abandon the occupation of a large part of the colony.

The Legislature transacted routine business, much of which had to do with matters relating to the war, which was then waging. The salary of the Governor of the colony was fixed at 600 pounds per year, and that of the Chief Justice at 300 pounds per year; the members of the Council or Upper House of the Legislature at 10 shillings per day, and the members of the House of Assembly at 8 shilling per day.

At the same session of the Legislature the speaker laid before the house a letter from John Hancock, dated January 31, 1777, which was accompanied by a copy of the Declaration of Independence, which had been ordered by the Congress to be sent to each state, and that document was spread at length upon the minutes of the proceedings of the Legislature.

Within these walls on the last day of February, 1777, Governor Livingston in an impassioned address to the members of the Council and Assembly spoke as follows:

"The rapacity of the British is boundless, their rapine indiscriminate, and their barbarity unparalleled. They have plundered friends and foes. They have committed hostilities against the professors of literature and the ministers of religion, against public records and private muniments, and books of improvement and papers of curiosity, and against the
arts and sciences. They have butchered the wounded asking for quarter, mangled the dying weltering in their blood, refused to the dead the rites of sepulture, suffered prisoners to perish for want of sustenance, violated the chastity of women, disfigured private dwellings, and in the rage of impiety and barbarism profaned edifices dedicated to Almighty God."

This same Governor Livingston a few days later here recommended that there be created a board consisting of a president and twelve members to be known as the "Council of Safety" which should have power to fill vacancies in office, to correspond with the Congress and with other states, to transact business, both civil and military, to apprehend all persons suspected of dangerous designs against the colony and commit them to jail, to examine witnesses, and cause laws to be passed and enforced, and also, to summon the Assembly and to call on the militia of the colony to carry out its orders. In other words, this Council of Safety became virtually the governing body of the colony during the recess of the Legislature. On March 18, 1777, the Council of Safety was duly organized and consisted of the following members:

"William Livingston, John Cleves Symmes, William Paterson, Nathaniel Scudder, Theophilus Elmer, Silas Condict, John Hart, John Mehelm, Samuel Dick, John Combs, Caleb Camp, Edmund Wetherby and Benjamin Manning." It held its first meeting in this building on that day, and also met here repeatedly in the months of May, June and September of the same year.

In May, 1777, the Legislature of the colony then in session in this building, received the report of a special committee which had previously been appointed to design and procure a seal, which should be in keeping with the importance and dignity of the colony. It was then that the Great Seal of the State of New Jersey was presented by this committee to the Legislature and formally adopted by it.

The Legislature remained in session until June 7th, when it adjourned for the summer recess and reconvened in this building in September 3d, after which it remained in session here for about three weeks. On September 20th, a bill was passed, which provided as follows: "Whereas, in the 15th
section of the Constitution of New Jersey, it is directed and
dominated that all commissions shall run thus: ‘The Colony of
New Jersey to A. B. &c. Greeting,’ And Whereas, since the
framing of the said Constitution the Honorable Congress have
declared the United Colonies, Free and Independent States:
Be it therefore enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that from
and after the publication of this act all commissions and writs
which by the Constitution are required to run in the name of
the Colony, shall run in the name of the State of New Jersey.”

On September 24th, the Legislature adjourned to hold its
next session in Princeton.

During the period of the Revolution and until about 1790,
the tavern was kept by Hugh Creighton, and bore the name of
the “Indian King.” Creighton was a man of much prominence
and frequent reference is made to him in the annals of that
period. It was then that Mrs. Dorothy Payne Todd made
frequent visits to the village inn kept by her uncle, which
visits and the friends made among the village folk, she always
remembered with much interest and pleasure, when as Dolly
Madison, she presided over the household of the fourth presi-
dent of the United States.

During the century after the “Indian King” passed out of
the possession of mine host, Creighton, many changes were
made, especially in the interior of the building, to adapt it to
the requirements of its successive owners. The first public
recognition of its historic importance was the placing of a
tablet on the front wall of the building by the Haddonfield
Chapter some ten years ago. Shortly thereafter a movement
was started which resulted in its purchase by the State of New
Jersey in 1904. The room in which the sessions of the legis-
lature were held was restored, and in 1908 an appropriation
was obtained for the purchase of an adjoining property and
the complete restoration of the building. A commission, spe-
cially appointed by the governor, now has charge of the build-
ing, and a formal opening thereof is planned in the near
future.

In recognition of the interest manifested by the members of
the Haddonfield Chapter in this historic building, the commis-
sioners, on behalf of the State of New Jersey, its present
owner, have generously designated the room in which we are now met as a meeting place for our chapter. It seemed fitting, therefore, that the chapter should place in this room, as a part of the permanent furnishing thereof, something which should testify to our continued interest in the building and should, at the same time, have of itself some historic significance. We have, therefore, caused to be made and placed in position, a mantle and mirror made from the wood of the frigate Augusta.

To a gathering of New Jersey "Daughters" it is unnecessary to give any detailed account of the Augusta or its historic interest. Suffice it to say, that she was a British frigate of sixty-four guns which took part in the battles of Fort Mercer and Fort Mifflin, October 22, 1777. After a most furious engagement, the Augusta blew up, whether by accident or from a shot from one of the forts is unknown. It may be noted in passing that Hugh Wynne, lying in prison in Philadelphia, is said to have heard the noise of the explosion. From that October day until very recently the Augusta lay at the bottom of the Delaware, from which resting place a part of her timbers were rescued a short time since, mainly through the untiring efforts of Miss Matlock.

The silver plate upon the mantle bears the following inscription:

"The wood of this mantle, submerged in the waters of the Delaware River for 130 years, was a part of the British frigate, Augusta, sunk by the Americans off Red Bank, October 22d, 1777. Erected by the Haddonfield Chapter, "D. A. R."

The mantle was unveiled by Mrs. Henry D. Moore, the first regent of the Haddonfield Chapter.

The Arkansas Daughters under Mrs. Katharine Braddock Barows, the state regent, have taken up the work of educating the mountain white girls of that state. One of the first to respond to the urgent appeal sent out for help was our honored president general.
MOLLY AIKEN

Mrs. Charles C. Abbott, State Regent, New Hampshire

(Delivered before the Molly Aiken Chapter on the unveiling of the memorial in her honor.)

It was probably about the year 1766 that James Aiken came from Londonderry to Antrim, but he did not bring his family with him. He returned to Londonderry, but in August, 1767, he arrived with his wife and children and they took up their lives in a house he built for them on Carter hill.

Mr. Aiken paid the Masonian proprietors about nine cents per acre for his land, or about $15 for the 160 acres he took for his farm—a very small sum as it seems now, but of vastly greater importance in those early days.

Here, in the humble cabin, whose inmates were often in peril from bears and wolves, and constantly enduring the most wearing labors and hardships, the first white child in this beautiful and historic old town was born. This was in the early part of 1768 and we learn that the Aikens had already lost a son since coming to this place. We cannot refrain from dwelling for a moment upon the plight of that mother with her young babe Polly, as we call her. Her heart bleeding from the loss of her son, her home, a rough cabin in a little clearing in the wilderness! No neighbors, no woman to minister to her when her little one was born; it surely seems as if her lot were a hard one!

But this brave woman had neither the time nor the spirit to complain. She was one of that noble band of pioneer women who learned how to live their lives just as fearlessly as their more talked-of husbands, and who served their country by their firesides just as truly as did those husbands on the field of battle.

The years passed, filled with care and hard work, but lightened with many joys and blessings, several more children came to Deacon Aiken and his wife, they built themselves a new log house, and Polly grew to be a dainty little maid of seven.

This was in the memorable year 1775 and rumors of the growing discontent of the Colonies had long been current in the little settlement. Early in the spring of that year, news of
the unsuccessful raid made by General Gage upon the military
supplies at Concord, Massachusetts, reached the ears of the
settlers here.

No call to arms was needed, as if in response to our great
clarion blast the men of this place with men from Deering,
Greenfield, Bennington and Hancock, began at once to congre-
gate in Deacon Aiken’s barn.

Isaac Butterfield, of Greenfield, was chosen as captain of the
little band and they started immediately for Lexington, not
even returning to their homes to bid farewell to their families.

Antrim has a proud record of service, every man who was
able to bear arms, but two, marched out that day, and one of
those followed the next day. And here again was a time when
the women were called upon to show a spirit of patriotism
equal to that of the men.

Mistress Aiken gave four men to fight for the independence
of her country, and she must have spun and woven, and baked
and brewed, with a heavy heart many times, and the care of
her little children must have been a difficult task for one
woman’s hands.

Before the close of that struggle which we call the War of
the American Revolution, the little Polly must have grown to
be almost a woman. It seems strange to think of it in this
way, but that young girl was destined to be a sort of con-
necting link between the two greatest periods of our American
history. She grew to womanhood in the midst of the stirring
events of the American Revolution when our great and revered
General George Washington, the founder of this Republic, was
its president. She lived to witness the progress of the first
years of the Civil War, when Abraham Lincoln, the preserver
of this Republic, was its president. Who shall say what feel-
ings surged in the heart of that aged woman of over ninety
years when she saw the structure of that great nation which
her own father had helped to rear, tottering as if to its
overthrow. It must have been a great grief to her, and we
find ourselves wishing that her life might have been prolonged
even a few years longer. She died in 1863.

This beautiful banner of the free, the stars and stripes, as
we love to call our glorious flag, floated over those troops, too, and inspired them and cheered them on to victory.

The madam regent and members of Molly Aiken Chapter are to be congratulated on bearing the name of the first white woman who lived in the lovely old village of Antrim. The example of Deacon Aiken and of his wife and their daughter, Polly, is a source of inspiration even down to this very day.

One branch of the work of our great National Society of the daughters of the American Revolution is that of preserving and marking historic places which concern the story of the early days of our country's existence.

In placing this handsome memorial on the site of the home of Molly Aiken, you are conferring a real favor upon your townspeople and upon the public. This marker will be observed and its inscription read by many a passer-by who would otherwise have gone on in ignorance of the interesting facts which it records.

I accept this memorial as the state regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution in the State of New Hampshire, and I wish to thank you for it not only in the name of the Daughters, but of those many other persons who will see and admire it in all the years to come. Such a tribute to a lifelong past reminds one that

“To live in the hearts we leave
behind is not to die.”

Molly Aiken and the men and women who lived in her time, as well as all other patriots, obeyed the injunction of our great New Hampshire statesman, whom I love to quote, Daniel Webster; he admonished us all to

“Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country, and by the blessing of God may that country itself become a vast monument, not of oppression and tyranny, but wisdom and liberty, and peace, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever.”

With best wishes for the continued success of “our” American Monthly Magazine.—Mrs. Gerald L. Schuyler, Regent, of Denver Chapter.
REBECCA CALHOUN PICKENS

Rebecca Calhoun, the wife of General Andrew Pickens, was born in the year 1745. She was the daughter of Ezekiel Calhoun, who resided in Hopewell Meeting House, Calhoun Settlement, Abbeville District, South Carolina, and grew up under the education common at that period in a frontier settlement. Her father was an intelligent gentleman and possessed what in those days was considered an independent estate. In 1761 the settlement made on Long Cane, Abbeville District, was nearly broken up by an Indian massacre and many of the best citizens were murdered. At the Long Cane Bridge, near Calhoun Settlement, Ezekiel Calhoun with his young and interesting family escaped to the Waxhaws on Broad river. It was there that General Pickens became acquainted with Miss Calhoun. He afterward went to Calhoun Settlement and married her in 1763. She was considered very beautiful and attractive and tradition says it was the largest wedding ever known in that section of the country. As was the custom in those days of simplicity and cordial hospitality all were invited from far and near to join in the festivities—which, it is said, lasted three days without intermission. The beauty of the bride was the theme of all tongues. She had extensive connections of the highest respectability and the hospitality of her parental home was proverbial. The bridegroom was in the full flush of joyous manhood, and was not of the kind that said never a word and stood dangling his bonnet and plume, but was "so faithful in love and so dauntless in war," and on this great festive occasion all were contented and happy. Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again, "and all went merry as a marriage bell." Rebecca Calhoun's wedding was long talked of as a great event in the neighborhood and old people used it as a point of time to reckon from, while lads and lassies gained their first emotions of love from that joyous occasion. She was remarkable for the elasticity of form, with delicate and fair complexion and with girlish playfulness that never deserted her even in old age. Pure was her heart as the dew-drop. Bright rose her morning star, and not a cloud hung
around it. Ah! how little did her young heart know of the trials and dangers that lay before her in the future!

During the perilous scenes of the Revolution her devotion and fidelity cheered and sustained her gallant husband amid all their difficulties and made his home ever bright and clear, even through the blood and carnage of those terrible days. The frontier settlements of South Carolina had not only to encounter the British in their invasion from the seacoast, but the savages from the mountains and the Tories in the neighborhood of their homesteads. It was literally war to the knife and hilt to hilt. Neither night nor day were they safe—their houses were burned by the Tories and their children often massacred by the Indians. Mrs. Pickens was on many occasions compelled to abandon her residence, near where Abbeville Court House now stands, and to secrete herself and her children for days, while at these times she and her infant family were supported by their faithful negroes. She endured all this with a fortitude that never failed. True to her country, she never forgot she was a soldier's wife. Before the breaking out of the Revolution, General Pickens had built a block-house near his residence, as a place of refuge to the settlement in case of danger from the Indians. Into this the inhabitants were often driven and many a youthful warrior received there the first training that made him a soldier in the cause of his country. It was on these occasions that Mrs. Pickens exerted her powerful influence upon those who were forced to gather around her husband's standard. After General Greene was forced to fall back from Ninety-Six and retreated over the Saluda river on his way toward North Carolina, it was generally supposed that South Carolina would soon become a conquered Province, as the British held Ninety-Six, Granby, Camden and Charleston, with all intermediate country. Many Whig families, fearing to remain, fled to Greene's camp, to follow and claim the protection of the retreating army. Among those were the family of General Pickens, who was then with Greene's army. It was supposed, of course, that General Pickens would provide for their safety, but he immediately sent them back to share the common suffering of their country, and thereby show that the struggle was not over and that the spirit
of resistance was undying. Mrs. Pickens, with Roman fortitude and the devotion of a true woman, met the difficulties of the situation and sustained herself and her children throughout and amid those perilous times that fell upon her home and the whole country.

With elasticity of spirits, remarkable even in one of her sex, she had the peculiar faculty of government over her children, who feared and loved her. Her sons often spoke of her in after life; her house was the delight of the young people, and her playful spirits enlivened their evening sports. She had three sons and six daughters, her sons graduated at Princeton and Brown Universities and two of them became members of the bar. One of them was lieutenant-colonel in the Tenth Regiment, United States army, in Canada during the War of 1812, and before the termination of that war he was chosen one of the colonels in a state brigade raised in South Carolina for the war. Judge Auger was the general and Colonel Drayton the other colonel. This son was, in 1816, chosen governor of South Carolina.

The brother of Mrs. Pickens, Colonel J. E. Calhoun, was a very eminent lawyer and also United States senator from South Carolina. John C. Calhoun was her cousin.

She was a member of the Presbyterian Church. She died in 1815, and a marble slab marks the spot by the side of her husband, where her earthly remains repose, in that sweet and hallowed vale that surrounds the Old Stone Meeting House of Pendleton. In all the genuine dignity that becomes a woman, in love and affability of deportment, in gentleness and kindness of disposition and manners, Mrs. Andrew Pickens had few equals—while in all the pure and high virtues which adorn the female character, she had no superiors.

Mrs. S. Bleckley,
Cateechee Chapter, Anderson, S. C.

On page 734 of the June issue the Thomas Polk Chapter is given as the Thomas Peck Chapter, a mistake which does not appear in the body of the article however.
DEDICATION OF A MONUMENT TO GENERAL WARREN AND THE REVOLUTIONARY HEROES OF WARREN COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA, BY TIDIOUTE CHAPTER, JULY 4, 1910

Tidioute Chapter is to-day resting upon her laurels, enjoying a well earned rest, reviewing the work of eighteen months and congratulating herself upon the eminent success attending her efforts.

A perfect day was the first thing to ensure the success of the ceremonies. Promptly at eleven o’clock the stirring music of the band summoned the last dilatory members of the audience.

Library Theater was beautifully decorated in the national colors. On the stage, surrounded and overhung by flags and bunting, sat the members of Tidioute Chapter, the president of the day, the Honorable H. H. Cumings, the speakers and the ministers.

The Rev. Mr. Conway, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, gave a feeling and patriotic prayer.

Mrs. May G. Eaton, chaplain of the chapter, then read in gracious and pleasing manner a paper written by Mrs. C. J. D. Walker, vice-regent of the chapter. The paper had been read by her at the Warren County Historical Society. It gave a brief outline of the founding and history of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution: The growth of the society, the work they have been doing and what has been accomplished, not forgetting to mention the grand Memorial Continental Hall in Washington, District of Columbia, and the growth and work of the Tidioute Chapter.

Patriotic spirit as well as natural endowment and thorough training were manifest in the singing of Miss McNett, Mrs. Trushel and Mr. John G. Smith, each fairly thrilling their hearers.

The oration of the day was by the Honorable Charles Warren Stone, on the “Life and Character of General Joseph Warren.”
Monument to General Warren and the Revolutionary Heroes of Warren County.
Joseph Warren was born in Roxbury, Massachusetts, June 11, 1741, the oldest of four sons. While the genealogy of the Warren family runs back through commoners, knights and earls to William, Earl of Warren, who came to England with William the Conqueror, and married Grundada, his daughter, General Warren’s immediate ancestry were distinctively of the common people. His father was a farmer, his grandfather a carpenter and his great-grandfather a mariner. They were, however, men of intelligence, uprightness, high character and exemplary and useful citizens. His mother was a woman of exceptional force of character. The accidental death of her husband when her oldest son was but fourteen years of age left upon her the responsibility for the training and education of four sons, and the skill, fidelity and efficiency with which she met this responsibility are attested by the eminence and usefulness which all these sons attained. She lived to be ninety years old.

At the age of fourteen Warren entered Harvard College, and after a creditable course of study graduated with honor four years later. In college he was recognized as a young man of rectitude of purpose and conduct; of exemplary habits, of manly bearing, of personal courage and of generous, independent disposition.

Soon after his graduation and at the age of only nineteen he became master of the Roxbury grammar school at the princely salary of “ninety-three pounds, nine shillings and five pence a year, he to board himself.” Warren retained this position for the year, and there is extant his letter to the school authorities directing them to pay the balance of his salary, thirteen pounds, to his mother and her receipt for the same, a suggestive evidence of filial devotion and care. About the time of leaving school he joined the Masonic fraternity and became zealous in promoting its interests, and rose to its highest honors, being at the time of his death grand master of the Continent of America.

Warren pursued the study of medicine under the direction
of Dr. James Lloyd, an eminent physician of Boston. In due time he settled in that city for the practice of his profession. At the age of twenty-three he was married to Elizabeth Hooton, described in the newspaper notice of the marriage as "An accomplished young lady, with a handsome fortune." She seems to have been but fourteen years of age, but to have possessed accomplishments of a high order and a character worthy to share her husband's aspirations and fortunes.

* * * * * * * * * *

He speedily became so absorbed in championing the cause of the people that his pecuniary affairs became neglected and greatly deranged. He wrote for the newspapers, attended public meetings, made speeches, served on committees, drafted resolutions and addresses to the governor and the ministry, and became a recognized leader of the people.

On the evening of the 5th of March, 1770, the friction between the people and the soldiery quartered in their midst culminated in the firing by the troops on the citizens, and the killing of five unoffending and unarmed men. Warren was quickly on the ground, ministering professionally to the wounded, guiding and restraining within orderly and peaceful limits the resentment of the outraged and inflamed populace. He was a leading spirit in that historic town meeting of the next day and of the committee appointed by it which finally extorted from the reluctant governor an order for the removal of the troops. He was also one of the Committee of Safety which kept watch and guard until the troops left the city.

* * * * * * * * * *

In May the Provincial Congress had advised the occupation and fortification of the hills around Boston, including Bunker Hill, and on June 15th the Committee of Safety joined in this recommendation. At the council of war Warren and Ward opposed the immediate occupancy of Bunker Hill, as we had "no battering cannon," and but a small supply of powder; but the more impetuous and less prudent counsels of Prescott and Putnam prevailed, and at about nine o'clock at night on June 16th, the gallant Colonel Prescott, uniformed in his "calico frock," which has gone into history, marched at the head of a
thousand men across the neck to Charlestown, on to and over
Bunker Hill, and threw up a redoubt on Breed's Hill, nearer
Boston. Later he was joined by Putnam and Stark with their
commands.

It is recorded that “Warren passed the night in the transac-
tion of public business” at Watertown, where he had presided
over the sessions of congress during the day. In the forenoon
of the 17th, suffering from a severe nervous headache, he had
thrown himself on a bed at General Ward’s headquarters in
Cambridge, when word came that the British were landing in
Charlestown. Warren immediately rose, declaring his head-
ache gone, and announced his purpose of joining the troops
on Bunker Hill. To the protest of Elbridge Gerry and
others against his risking a life so valuable, he answered:
“Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.” “It is sweet and be-
coming to die for the country,” and started across the cannon-
swept neck to Charlestown. Both Putnam and Prescott ten-
dered to him the command when he reached the fortifications,
as he had a few days before been elected a major general by
congress; but this he declined, only asking to be directed
where the onslaught would be the fiercest, and was told it
would be the redoubt. Thither he went, armed with sword
and musket. He was received with cheers by the soldiers,
wearied with their night’s work, but still standing at their posts.
It is said, “His character and conduct and presence greatly
animated and encouraged his countrymen. His heroic soul
elicited a kindred fire from the troops. His lofty spirit gave
them confidence.” The situation now became dramatic in the
extreme. The gathered farmers in their everyday clothes and
with their trusty muskets, stood in the redoubt and behind the
rail fence awaiting the onset. The flower of the British army
in their red coats and gay uniforms, veterans of many a cam-
paign, formed for the assault; the ships of war in the harbor
were bombarding the patriots’ lines, and the British batteries
on Copp’s Hill and elsewhere kept up a constant cannonade on
their works. Across the harbor the roofs and hills of Boston
were crowded with interested spectators. In perfect alignment
and with steady tread the British veterans moved up the hill,
firing as they advanced; not a sound came from the patriot
lines. They had been directed to reserve their fire till they
could see the whites of the eyes of the British soldiers, and
nerved to self-control they stood grimly at their posts. When
the British line was within eight rods came the order "Fire!"
and a sheet of flame burst from the patriot lines before which
the veteran soldiers staggered and fell. The colonists were
marksmen, and loading and firing as rapidly as possible, each
man as best he could, they soon forced the royal troops to
retreat in disorder. Out of reach of the farmers' rifles they
were rallied and formed for a second assault. Meantime the
British set fire to the town of Charlestown, and the flames
consuming the houses and climbing the tall spires of the
churches added to the awful grandeur of the scene as the
British troops again moved to the attack. The cannon from
the men-of-war and British batteries roared uninterruptedly,
endeavoring to cover the British assault. Again the patriots
reserved their fire until the British were even nearer than
before, and again before it the British ranks melted away and
the survivors quickly retreated. General Gage meantime had
sent strong reinforcements from Boston. It is said that in
some way the British had learned that the powder of the
Americans in the redoubt was exhausted, and a third time they
charged the hill. There were not fifty American soldiers who
had bayonets; their powder was exhausted. Hurling stones
at the advancing British, they clubbed them back as they were
slowly forced to retreat. The British were too exhausted by
their efforts and too much staggered by their losses to pursue,
and the battle of Bunker Hill, the most far-reaching in its
influence and results of any in our history, was ended, and
Warren was dead, shot as he was leaving the redoubt among
the last of the Americans.

At the close of Mr. Stone's address, Mr. Cumings introduced
Mrs. Alexander, regent of Philadelphia Chapter, who spoke
briefly, outlining the work and some interesting incidents of
her department, teaching patriotism to children.

The exercises in Library Theater closed by the audience, led
by the band, singing "My Pennsylvania," composed and dedi-
cated to the chapter by Miss Nancy C. Morrow, of Tidioute.
Rev. A. B. McCormick, of New Castle, then pronounced the
benediction, after which the chapter and friends marched to the monument. Mr. Cumings introduced Mrs. Cumings, regent of the chapter, who presented the monument to the town in a gracious and charming manner.

_Mr. President, Mayor Eaton and Citizens:_ We have come together in this beautiful park on the banks of the fair Allegheny, on this one hundred and thirty-fourth anniversary of our nation’s birth, to revere and honor the memory of those heroes who fought for American independence in the War of the Revolution.

Our organization is one to which we belong, not only by choice, but by virtue of our blood; by virtue of our ancestors; because of the men who fought and won the battles for independence.

It is our sublime privilege, as it is our endeavor, to keep green the memory of the distinguished men of the past, who, as great soldiers or statesmen, achieved their country’s triumph and shaped her policy; of the sailors and the soldiers who carried the muskets in the ranks, who have made it possible for us to throw open our doors to the poor and oppressed of all lands, and say, “Here is an asylum where you may enjoy liberty, and freedom of conscience, and the right of individual ownership of property.” The call has been heard over the globe, and from civilized and uncivilized peoples of the earth has come a stream of immigration which has populated our plains and valleys.

No nation has ever achieved greatness that did not cherish the deeds of its ancestors, and we feel it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to conserve the memories and traditions of ours.

She then stated the objects of the society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

We have taught the unthinking people of our country that without a reverence for the past, without public records of those who founded our nation and endured the hardships of the pioneer, we could never be a truly great people. Never again will a hero be forgotten; or the soldier who gives his life for his country, lie for a century in an unmarked grave. Our society is nearer the heart and pulse beat of the govern-
ment of the United States than any other organized body of women.

The Tidioute Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, at their annual meeting in November, 1909, resolved to erect a boulder bearing a bronze tablet containing the names of those men who had fought for American independence, and who are buried in Warren county. This stupendous work was placed in the hands of several committees who have nobly risen to the demands necessarily placed upon them, and to the members of these committees, and especially the chairmen, I extend my warmest thanks and hearty appreciation. Their interest and untiring energies, and the difficulties they have met with and overcome, deserve the highest praise; and I wish to express my thanks to everyone who has assisted in this work.

Thinking that the people of Warren county were not familiar with the organization and work of the Daughters of the American Revolution, we planned a Patriotic Day, and accordingly a patriotic program was given in the Library Theater in April of 1909. The citizens were enthusiastic, and the contagion was quickly felt by the chapter members, who became more enthusiastic, so ways and means were discussed. The regent proposed a "Tag Day," and the wonderful success of that day is known to you all. In consequence, our modest boulder and tablet grew in proportion when, at the regular meeting held in May, 1909, our efficient and faithful treasurer, Miss S. J. Everson, proposed that a bronze portrait statue of General Joseph Warren, one of the heroes of the battle of Bunker Hill, should surmount the boulder. After further deliberation between the committees, the boulder gave place to the beautiful monument you now see.

Unless one has had experience, it is impossible to appreciate the hours and days, in season and out of season, early and late, spent by our faithful registrar, Mrs. Cowen, and Miss Morrow, in the work of research, and as a result of their zeal, we present to you the names of sixty-six heroes whose graves have been located, and whose Revolutionary services have been verified. Our work is not yet finished, for there are names of more men whose services are yet to be proven; and we antici-
pate placing these names, in the near future, upon a tablet in the blank space on the opposite side of this monument.

And now, in behalf of the Tidioute Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, with the good wishes of its one hundred and fifteen members, I, as their regent, present to the citizens of Warren county, through you, Mayor Eaton, this monument, trusting it will ever fulfill its mission of being an object lesson in patriotism to the present and future generations, and that it may prove an incentive to the boys and girls in our schools to study the life and achievements of General Joseph Warren, and the lives of other men, who, like him, have given themselves to their country.

Mr. Eaton replied, voicing his pride in Warren and the pleasure it gave him to see added to her advantages and her beauty this point of interest and adornment. As Mr. Eaton finished his speech, the Misses Abbie Cumings, Lalla May Hunter and Eleanor Walker pulled the flags draping the statue, which slowly fell away, permitting the radiant sunshine to illuminate the stately bronze figure, revealing all its splendid beauty. Every heart swelled and thrilled with patriotic pride and a spontaneous burst of applause greeted the figure of the brave young soldier who gave so much, even to life itself, for the freedom and liberty he loved.

As the applause died away the audience was hushed to stillness in the soft summer air while the voice of Rev. Father Sieverding fell in benediction on the bowed heads.

The Board Room of Memorial Continental Hall stands to-day a visible token of the patriotism and loyalty of Mrs. John T. Manson (formerly Mrs. Benedict), a member of the Mary Clap Wooster Chapter, of New Haven, Connecticut. She gave six thousand dollars for its finishing and furnishing in memory of Washington’s private secretary and her own great-grandmother, who gave her entire fortune to the patriot cause.

This room is decorated in Colonial white and gold, hung with satin draperies of blue embroidered with military gold braid. The lighting is in keeping with the beautiful effect. The furniture is of solid mahogany of a special design.
The editor desires to correct the error which gave as a picture of this room the cut engraved on page 674 of the June issue of the Magazine.

MY PENNSYLVANIA

Composed and dedicated to Tidioute Chapter, D. A. R.,
by one of its members, Nancy C. Morrow.

(Air—"Maryland My Maryland")

We hail the grand old Keystone State,
My Pennsylvania!
Our father's love for her was great,
My Pennsylvania!
Their sacrifice, on every hand,
For her, is known in every land;
Proud is her history. Let it stand.
My Pennsylvania!

Pennsylvania's hills are grand,
My Pennsylvania!
Rich gifts they send throughout our land,
From Pennsylvania!
They rise majestic from the plain,
Their beauty far exceeds their gain;
As freemen's soil they will remain,
In Pennsylvania!

Pennsylvania's streams are wide,
My Pennsylvania!
They all were once the Red Man's pride,
In Pennsylvania!
The broad Ohio you'll find there,
The Susquehanna, Delaware,
And Allegheny, too, so fair,
My Pennsylvania!

Pennsylvania's Daughters are true,
My Pennsylvania!
They love their state and nation too,
My Pennsylvania!
The birthplace of Old Glory must,
Preserve a nation that is just,
Whose motto is, "In God We Trust,"
My Pennsylvania!
HYMN OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

We are the daughters of New Hampshire,—
Daughters of the brave and true;
We love our country and our flag,
Our own red, white and blue;
"Old glory" is our emblem
And our faith is ever new—
Our trust is marching on.

Chorus.
Glory, glory, hallelujah;
Glory, glory, hallelujah;
Glory, glory, hallelujah;
Our trust is marching on.

We are the Daughters of the Granite State,
Our hills and mountains strong
Are like the loyal men of old,
Who fought against the wrong.
The Lord of Hosts was with them—
And we sing the victor's song;
Our strength is marching on.

Chorus.

Words by Mrs. Samuel F. Patterson, Concord, N. H.

THE INDUSTRY OF OUR FOREMOTHERS

Eva Letts Keys

You knew well the story, which redounds to their glory,
How in days of tribulation, O mothers,
E'en thru war and its sequel, naught could equal,
The heroism of our foremothers,
So you bade me to-day, in brief resumé,
To recall for your pleasure, O mothers,
Some pictures small on memory's wall
Of the industry of our foremothers.
They, at length, were discovered, by cobwebs well covered,  
Thru a carefully made introspection,  
And I would give at this time, in measured rhyme,  
An alluring ideal retrospection,  
But memory would chide me, and truth would deride me,  
So must truthfully inform you O mothers,  
That, though altruistic, sternly realistic, and not idealistic,  
Were those views of the industry of our foremothers.  
From those pictures small on memory’s wall,  
I brushed the cobwebs, O mothers,  
Then did those dim views illuminate to carefully discriminate,  
Some to eliminate, others reserved to combine and delineate,  
As the industry of an average foremother.  
For, were the wolf at the door, lack of plenty in store,  
To enumerate her duties would make one dizzy,  
If with many slaves troubled, one’s duties were doubled,  
She must both work and manage to keep servants busy.  
So combine those pictures small, reserved on memory’s wall,  
And portray for your pleasure, O mothers,  
A picture realistic, perhaps not artistic,  
Of the industry of an average foremother.  
When this odd view I complete for you  
Believe you’ll exclaim too, with me,  
‘Though I couldn’t be she, I she wouldn’t be,  
I’m thankful that I was not she.  
For then scant attention was given to invention,  
Her labors to lighten as ours, O mothers,  
Storks too, now so rare, were then housed with care,  
And brought many treasures to foremothers.  

So this is the picture, I delineate, O mothers,  
As the industry of an average foremother.  

She must knit, embroider and sew, lest her children should go,  
Poorly clad to her shame and discredit,  
Keep house spotlessly clean, not a speck to be seen  
Lest a gossip should spy round and spread it.  
She must rare doughnuts make, bread and pound cake bake,  
With all kinds of pies in a primitive oven,  
While working look neat, always dainty and sweet,  
Our forebear was never a sloven.  
Her jellies and jams, spiced pickles and hams,  
Must equal the best in creation;  
Her garden productions cause grocery reductions,  
With supplies for poor and parson’s legation.
The yet dreaded "washday" must regularly hold sway,
    Garments rivalling snow in their whiteness;
While candlesticks, silver, glass and great andirons of brass,
    Must glitter with burnished brightness.
She must find time to do her patchwork, too,
    In every conceivable pattern.
Keep rope-corded, high posted curtained bed,
With hid trundle bed, immaculately spread,
    Lest her neighbors should call her a slattern.
She must make in crude mold, in numbers untold,
    Tallow candles for household consumption,
By their dim, sputtering light, teach her children at night,
    That to speak, ere addressed, was presumption.
She must teacher be in the Rule of Three,
    Though nouns were to her prepositions,
And settle disputes, in childish pursuits,
    Use the switch oft to solve propositions.
She must see that her boys had Sunday corduroys,
    That her girls were admired for their dressing;
Teach each one to work, no duty to shirk,
    Lest she spoil them with too much caressing.
Then she must wedge in some time to spin,
    And weave all material necessary,
For blanket, counterpane, quilt, sheet, trousers, shirt,
    And neglect not her poultry and dairy.
She must pile linen high for the time by and by,
    When trousseaus should be forth coming;
My! I've an ache in my back when I think of that stack,
    Which surely kept poor fingers humming.
Loud would sound her praise on great feast days,
    As she spread forth the viands for hunger appeasing,
And pioneer hospitality became a charming reality,
    When she vied with her neighbors in pleasing.
And those merry days, filled with both work and plays,
    Proved the basis of much organization,
For the contest in log rolling, house raising, husking bee,
    Apple paring, spelling, singing glee, or the gossipy quilting bee,
    Gave glimpses of duty and strength in fraternization.
She must play the harp and spinet, dance the stately minuet,
    With a grace all others excelling;
But they didn't despise her, nor even criticize her,
    When she manufactured her own spelling.
For though there were hours with ambition rife,
    'Twas not a strenuous life;
No struggling against odds for the higher education,
No isms or isics, no schisms or physics,
    Ever ruffled that nature of calm consecration.
And though she would both seek and share information rare,
   In the club where her liege lord presided,
Yet wholly testamentary, elementary, or complimentary, and not par-
   liamentary,

   Were the laws there which questions decided.
When her new bonnet came, she must lend the same,
   To every poor saint, without sinning,
And then go to church to see 'round her perch,
   Crude facsimiles at her grinning.
And in high family pew, in prominent view,
   Wedged back on the seat as little Jack Horner,
Would she sit there and wonder if her head in its plunder,
   Resembled that of a scarecrow of a sister in the "Amen Corner."
Were a new carpet wanted, then heroically undaunted
   Would she tear rags and sew them together,
Then work like a beaver to spin warp for the weaver,
   And dye rags in sunshiny weather.
For the pain that disturbs, she would cure many herbs,
   Then prescribe as a skilled physician,
And often through life use the lancet and knife,
   Show the skill of a nurse in addition.
True, there were no known bacteria to eradicate,
   No recognized germs to contaminate,
No locomotor ataxia to afflict her with heart palpitation,
   No discovered pellagra or tonsilitis, hook-worm or appendicitis,
   To throw her at times into hysterical agitation.
In hog-killing time, ere the matin chime,
   Would she rise to multiplied duties,
See the sausage seasoned right, the lard rendered white,
   Leaving cracklings for soup "perfect beauties."
She must see that the soap be not allowed to rope,
   Made with lye from the ash hopper dripping,
The beer would she brew, the Metheglin too,
   Keep children and servants from sipping.
She must see the fruit dried and the cellar supplied,
   Every spring give each goose its plucking;
Through all, hold her tongue, lest her misdeeds be rung,
   By gossips who needed a plucking.
All this she would do with altruistic view,
   Her own heart felt wants oft suppressing,
That there might arise, when she left for the skies,
   A household to give her a blessing.
And I fain would ejaculate as I thus enumerate,
   Those altruistic views, O mothers,
My! My! how we would hollow, if we had to follow,
   The industry of our foremothers.
REVOLUTIONARY RECORDS

This department is intended for hitherto unpublished or practically inaccessible records of patriots of War for American Independence, which records may be helpful to those desiring admission to the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution and to the registrars of chapters. Such data will be gladly received by the editor of this magazine.

THE LAST SURVIVORS OF THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE.

*Furnished by the Rev. Anson Titus, West Somerville, Mass.*

(Continued from the August American Monthly Magazine.)

It has been estimated that in the War for Independence there were nearly two-hundred and thirty-two thousand enlistments, about one-half in the Continental Lines and one-half in the regular militia. Very many of the enlistments were for short terms, and in the militia of the several Colonies, many men served on different alarm occasions. But by generous allowance we may say there were one hundred and seventy-five thousand different men who served as patriots. It is well known that the existing rolls of the Revolutionary War are far from perfect. There was no uniformity between the several Colonies, and in each Colony, as well as in the Continental Army there was no uniform system of keeping rolls and rosters. The good being accomplished by the several patriotic societies, will compel a more systematic compilation and publication of military services of the patriots of the Revolution. Ancient rolls are coming forth from unexpected places, and from hidden corners of our State and Court Houses.

It was a most beautiful scheme in the mind of the Congress which devised the census of 1840, to include a census of the pensioners of the government, that is, their names, ages, residences and to whom the pension could be payable. That census of 1840 is one of the most valuable State documents ever devised and published.

Not all patriots received a pension. Many of them were favored in this world’s goods. Many sons and daughters cared for their parents in their age and thus they did not get enrolled in this now honor roll of the nation.

Cobb, George, Phelps, Ontario Co., New York, May 2, 1840, a. 80 years.

Coffin, Nicholas, d. Lincoln, Maine, Feb. 15, 1850, a. 85 years.

Colburn, Joseph, married 1780, Elizabeth Wyman, who died Feb. 16, 1841, a. 83 years; he died September 10, 1841, a. 80 years, a pensioner.

Cole, Daniel, d. Lafayette, N. Y., May 6, 1840, a. 83 years, native of Rhode Island.

Cole, Simon, Captain, d. Boxford, Mass., Dec. 9, 1843, a. 81 years, 5 months and 9 days, a pensioner.

Coles, Asa, d. Great Barrington, Mass., May 17, 1839, a. 85 years, a pensioner.

Coles, Jesse, d. Albany, New York, Jan., 1839, a. 83 years, was at battle of Horse Neck, was a captain.

Collins, Daniel, d. Harmony, Maine, Feb. 2, 1851, a. 94 years, a pensioner.

Collins, Thaddeus, d. Rose, New York, Sept. 4, 1828, a. 66 years, from Longmeadow, Mass.

Combs, John, d. Warren, Mass., Sept. 17, 1848, a. 91 years, 1 month, 21 days, a pensioner; married 1798, Eunice Shepherd.

Cone, Jared, Major, d. Columbia, New Hampshire, March 7, 1842, a. 83 years; born in Bolton, Conn., April, 1759; enlisted at 16 years, was with Colonel Scammel when he was slain; through large part of the war; even to Yorktown; was eminent in civil and military affairs; settled in Columbia, 1809; he was married and had twelve children.

Cook, Lemuel, d. Lewiston, New York, Nov. 24, 1839, a. 79 years; a pensioner.

Cook, Robert, d. Scituate, Mass., March 18, 1831; married, 1777, Judith Daman, who died May 30, 1845, aged 84 years, 8 months and 27 days; a pensioner.

Cooper, John, d. New York City, Oct. 16, 1838.

Copeland, Amasa, d. Pomfret, Conn., August 18, 1852, a. 94 years, and 7 months.

Cowles, Ezekiel, Esq., d. Farmington, Conn., about September —, 1850, a. 94 years, was at Bunker Hill.

Craig, Abijah, d. Auburn, Mass., May 16, 1836, a. — years, married, 1786, Susan Phipps, who died Jan. 12, 1847, aged 92 years; a pensioner.

Crooker, Noah, d. South Woodstock, Vermont, May 24, 1847, a. 86 years.

Cross, Caleb, d. Vassalboro, Maine, Jan. 27, 1843, a. 96 years; a pensioner.

Culver, John, d. Lyme, New Hampshire, Apr. 15, 1852, a. 91 years; a pensioner.

Curtiss, Isaac, d. Williamson, New York, Feb. 10, 1849, a. 94 years, 6 months; a pensioner; from Massachusetts.
REVOLUTIONARY RECORDS.

Cutler, Oliver, d. Medfield, Mass., Aug 25, 1852, a. 91 years.
Dalymple, James, born in Boston; d. Marlborough, Mass., July 5, 1847, aged 90 years and 1 month; a pensioner.
Damon, Joseph, d. Reading, Mass., Feb. 18, 1843, aged 84 years.
Damon, Luther, d. Scituate, Mass., Jan. 16, 1842, aged 86 years; a pensioner. His wife, Alice, died Aug. 13, 1848, aged 73 years.
Danforth, Thomas, d. Norton, Mass., Dec. 20, 1845, aged 85 years; a pensioner. His wife, Betsy, died Jan. 23, 1831, aged 60 years.
Daniels, Nathan, d. Nov. 24, 1841, aged 94 years, Franklin, Mass., a pensioner.
Dairs, John, d. Westminster, Vermont, but was long resident of Rockingham, Vermont, about Dec. — —, 1838, aged 80 years; a pensioner.
Davis, Joshua, died Canton, Maine, Sept. 4, 1847, aged 87 years, 6 months; at battle of Princeton and Trenton; and on the Hudson River; buried in Hartford, Maine.
Davis, Thomas, d. Lancaster, Mass., May 14, 1840, aged 87 years; a pensioner.
Davis, Timothy, d. Framingham, Mass., Feb. 7, 1826, aged 66 years; married Betsy Flagg, who died Feb. 13, 1855, aged 96 years, a pensioner.
Davy, John, d. Hampshire Co., Virginia, about Dec. — —, 1838, a. 103 years, 1 month and 17 days; a drummer with Wolfe at Quebec, 1759; also in Revolutionary war.
Day, John, buried Winchendon, Mass., April 12, 1841, a. 88 years, a pensioner; married 1771 Elizabeth Joslin, who died August 20, 1829.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM JAMES JOHNSTON, A REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER, TO GENERAL WILLIAM H. HARRISON.

Sir: I, an old Revolutionary Soldier, am very happy to make an acquaintance with your Hon. I do inform you that I first enlisted as a Continental Soldier in the Revolutionary war in the month of May, 1777. I was attached from the 14th Virginia Regiment to Gen'l. Washington's life guards, where I continued in that guard out '77, '78, '79 with Gen'l. Washington and old Col. Benjamin Harrison, who, I am told, is Col. your Father. I am now not flattering you for there is several old persons now living, who have heard me say, 50 odd years ago, that old Col. B. Harrison, Gen'l. Washington's secretary
in the Revolutionary war, ought to be ranked with the cleverest fellow that was ever born in American land; his match never was yet found in this world. There was a Col. Lawrence in Gen'l. Washington's family, if he called one of the guard and he spoke before his hat came off, he would go at and down him on the ground. Many a time Col. B. H. has passed the sentinel, and when the sentinel presented his arms to the Col., he has told me several times if there was none but the family, not to take that trouble for him, tho' if there were strangers about, he would wish them to know that we knew our duty. I have seen Col. Harrison call some guards to do something to his marqueer, and it would look like every man was sorry it could not be him, and when they were done, he would tell his long, black negro servant to give the boys a good dram and it would soon be done. I have told many a time ago that when old Col. B. Harrison died he was sure of Heaven. Some would say to me, "Why, do you think his own good works would carry him there?" No," said I, "he had no molten image to worship, he and Geo. Washington both prayed day and night to the living and true God to forgive them their sins and to teach them the best way how to proceed to save their freedom and independence. If I had time I could inform you of many passages while I was in the family with old Col. B. H. Whenever we were pushed tight, the most of G. W.'s life guards would always volunteer to assist our poor Americans. I was in Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth battles, and Guilford battle, and the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, Virginia. There I got very much injured in my knee, and there I lost all my valuable papers, and when all the Americans were called on to apply to the auditor of their own state and he would issue to them the interest warrant for the depreciation of our paper money, but I lost all, till in the year 1836 I sent to the legislature of Virginia, and they ordered to have my land bounty from the Va. state, 100 acres, issued.

I have since sent for my 80 dollars in bounty and my U. States bounty in land, tho' have never got it yet. I stated in my writing that I was much injured at the surrender of Cornwallis, that I was never able to do military duty ever since that time. The auditor wrote me stating that as I was not able to do military duty till the war ended, I was not entitled to it. I wrote back to him that I expected we had hung his father for being a Tory. A hundred generations will never forget the Revolutionary army. As yet I have never received one thing in the world that was due me, except my Va. land bounty. Though there were several old soldiers living when the act passed, May the 15, 1828, then I was put on the pension of the U. States, now they tell me I can't locate my Virginia bounty only in the state of Ohio, therefore, I beg the favor of you to try to sell it for me, as I am told it will sell there for one dollar and a quarter, and if so, you will please let me know by a line, and I will send it to you immediately. I
have sent to the war department, Washington City, for my 8o dollars
bounty, and also my U. States bounty in land, tho' I have never ob-
tained anything in all my life, only my Va. bounty in land. There
are two old soldiers yet living that will say that I strove as hard as any
other soldier in America to save our independence. I beg the favor
of you to try to sell my Va. land bounty, and if you can sell, please
write me a line and I will send you the land warrant, as I am told it
is obliged to be located in Ohio state. If you should write to me,
direct the letter to Leatherwood Store, Henry Co., Virginia, and I will
be sure to see it. There are a number of people, since they have heard
you were candidate for the P. of the U. States, has applied to me to
know if I was acquainted with the Harrison family. I told them they
are blessed with sense and honesty, which is the thing that will bless
the American independence. I have been about some time, and I have
never seen a man but what will vote for you.

You must excuse my horrid blunders and sorry writing for I am
getting very old and infirm. I believe I have not told you that I was
put on the pension list under the act of May 15, 1828.

I am,

Very respectfully,
Your Obt. Servt.,

JAMES JOHNSTON, SEN.

June 25, 1840.

N. B. The auditor wrote to me if I was not able to do duty as a
sound man to the war ended, I was not entitled to bounty nor land.
You know if a soldier had enlisted for during the war, and was ordered
into battle and was to have his brains shot out the next day, he would
be as entitled to bounty for enlisting as if he had served 50 years.
If no rogue has got it by forgery, I will get it yet.

I was born in Charlotte County, Virginia, though have been living
50 odd years on Turkey Cock Creek, in Henry County, Va.

J. J.
The Council of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay

To Joseph Thaxter, Gentleman, Greeting.

We, being informed of your exemplary life and manners, and reposing especial trust in your abilities and good conduct, do by these presents constitute and appoint you the said Joseph Thaxter to be Chaplain of the Regiment whereof John Robert-son, Esq., is Colonel, raised by this Colony to reinforce the American Army, until the first day of April next. You are therefore carefully and diligently to inculcate on the minds of the soldiers of said Regiment as well as by example as precept the duties of religion and morality and a fervent love to their country and in all other respects to discharge the duty of a Chaplain in said Regiment observing from time to time such orders and instructions as you shall receive from your superior officers according to military rules and discipline established by the American Congress, in pursuance of the trust reposed in you for which this shall be your sufficient warrant.

Given under our hands and the seal of the said Colony at Watertown, the twenty-third day of January, 1776, in the Sixteenth Year of the Reign of his Majesty, King George the Third.

By command of the Major part of the council.

PEREZ MORTON, D. Secty.

Joseph Thaxter was born at Hingham, Mass., May 4th, 1744. Ordained pastor of the church at Edgartown, Martha’s Vineyard, November 8th, 1780. Died July 18th, 1827.

The Rev. Joseph Thaxter took part in the engagements of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill, and conducted the religious exercises at the laying of the cornerstone of the Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1825, he being then the eldest surviving chaplain of the Revolutionary War. His prayer on that occasion is appended.


O Thou who rulest in the armies of Heaven, and doest whatsoever seemeth to Thee good among the children of men below, we desire at this time to remember Thy loving kindness to our pious ancestors, in rescuing them from a land of intolerance and persecution.
We thank Thee that Thou didst conduct them in safety through the mighty deep to this then howling wilderness, that Thou didst protect and defend them when few and helpless. We thank Thee that by Thy blessing on their endeavors and labors the wilderness was soon made to blossom like a rose. We thank Thee that Thou didst animate them with an invincible attachment to religion and liberty; that they adopted such wise institutions. We thank Thee that they so early established our University, from which have flowed such streams as have made glad the cities of our God; that Thou hast raised up of our own sons, wise, learned and brave, to guide in the great and important affairs, both of Church and State. May Thy blessing rest on that seminary and continue it for a name and a praise as long as the sun and moon shall endure. We thank Thee that by the wisdom and fortitude of our fathers every attempt to infringe on our rights and privileges was defeated, and that we were never in bondage to any. We thank Thee that when our country was invaded by the armies of the mother country Thou didst raise up wise counsellors and unshaken patriots, who, at the risk of life and fortune, not only defended our country, but raised it to the rank of a nation among the nations of the earth. We thank Thee that Thou hast blessed us with a Constitution of Government, which, if duly administered, secures to all, high and low, rich and poor, their invaluable rights and privileges. We ask Thy blessing on our President and Congress, on our Governors and Legislators; on our Judges and all our civil officers. Make them, we beseech Thee, ministers of God for good to Thy people. Bless the ministers of the Gospel and make them happy instruments in Thine hands of destroying Satan's Kingdom and of building up the Redeemer's. We thank Thee that in Thy good providence we are assembled to lay the foundation of a monument, not for the purpose of idolatry, but for a standing monument to the rising and future generations, that they may be excited to search the history of our country and learn to know the greatness of Thy loving kindness to our nation.

May the services of this day be performed under the most profound awe of Thy glorious Majesty, and be an acceptable sacrifice. We thank Thee for the unparalleled progress and improvement in arts and sciences—in agriculture and manufactures—in navigation and commerce, whereby our land has become the glory of all lands. We thank Thee that the light which came from the East, and has enlightened this Western world, is now reflected back; and that the nations of Europe are now learning lessons of wisdom from our infant nation. We pray Thee that these rays may be spread and shine with greater power until the rod of oppression shall be broken throughout the world, and all mankind become wise, and free, and happy.

We humbly ask and offer all in the name of Jesus Christ, our great and glorious Mediator, through whom be glory unto God the Father now and forevermore. Amen.

(Furnished by his great-granddaughter, Mrs. Kalista Thayer Holbrook, Yonkers, N. Y.)
REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS BURIED IN HOLLIS, NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Ball, Ebenezer; Bailey, Andrew; Bailey, Capt. Daniel; Bailey, Daniel; Bailey, Joel; Blood, Daniel; Blood, Josiah, Jr.; Blood, Jonas; Blood, Solomon; Blood, Elnathan, Jr.; Brown, Abel; Brown, Elphilalet; Bruce, Josiah; Burge, Ephraim.

Chamberlain, Samuel; Chamberlain, Wilder; Clapp, Capt. John; Colburn, James; Colburn, Nathan; Colburn, Lieut. Robert; Colburn, Robert Jr.; Conant, Lea. Josiah; Conrey, Samuel.

Don, Capt. Ruben; Don, Stephen.
Eastman, Caleb; Eastman, Lieut. Amos; Eastman, Jonathan, Esq.; Emerson, Capt. Daniel; Emerson, Lieut. Ralph.

Farley, Lieut. Benjamin; Farley, Caleb; Farley, Christopher; Farley, Joseph; Farley, Lieut. Ebenezer; Farley, Benjamin; Farley, Stephen; Fletcher, Samuel; Flagg, Capt. Jonas; French, Timothy; French, Silas; French, Joseph; Fox, Dr. Jonathan.

Gould, Abijah.
Hale, David Esq.; Hale, Col. Dr. John; Hale, Dr. William; Hardy, Aaron; Hardy, Lieut. Jesse; Hardy, Phineas; Hardy, Phineas Jr.; Hobart, Jonathan; Holt, Fifield; How, Ephraim; How, Joseph.

Kendrick, Capt. Daniel; Kendrick, Daniel, Jr.; Kittridge, William. Lawrence, Oliver; Lawrence, Timothy; Leeman, Nathaniel; Lovejoy, Asa; Lovejoy, Daniel; Lund, Ephraim.
Mooar, Daniel; Messer. Benjamin; Mooar, Jacob; Merrell, Daniel. Nevens, Joseph.
Parker, Ens. Benjamin; Parker, Maj. Benjamin W.; Parker, Eleazer; Parker, Lieut. Levi; Parker, Jonathan; Patch, Thomas; Phelps, John; Phelps, Nathan; Pierce, Richard; Pierce, Solomon; Pool, Dr. Jonathan; Pool, William; Powers, Samson; Proctor, Moses.

Read, Samuel; Read, Capt. William; Rideout, James; Rogers, Capt. Solomon.
Sanderson, Benjamin; Shed, Ebenezer; Smith, John; Spaulding, Jacob; Shattuck, Zachariah; Spaulding, Silas.

Taylor, Jonathan; Tenney, Capt. William; Thurston, Moses; Twiss, Asahel.

Youngman, Nicholas.
REAL DAUGHTERS

MRS. ELIZABETH ANN LOCKWOOD SECOR.

Another “Real” Daughter Gone.

Early on the morning of April 1, 1910, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Lockwood Secor, at her home, “Walnut Grove,” near Carrollton, Greene county, Illinois, entered the eternal rest. Mrs. Secor was one of the very few remaining “Real Daughters of the American Revolution,” a member of the Lady Sterling Chapter, Seattle, Washington, which she joined at the solicitation of her grand-niece, Mrs. Carrie Uncles Valentine, of that city, and at the time of her departure she was almost ninety-two years of age, having been born in Belmont county, Ohio, July 26, 1818. She was the youngest of thirteen children born to Judge David Lockwood and his wife, Rebecca Thomas, whom he married at Cape Cod, Massachusetts, April 5, 1792.

David Lockwood was a descendant of the Lockwoods of Staffordshire, England, through Robert Lockwood, who came to America in 1630 and settled in Watertown, Massachusetts, and it is said that one hundred and fifty-six men of this family served in the War of the Revolution. The records of the War Department at Washington show that this David Lockwood served in both army and navy and that some years after his honorable discharge, he was granted a pension on account of this service, which was thereafter paid him during his life. He died November 27, 1840, and thereafter his widow was pensioned until her death, May 6, 1853.

Soon after their marriage David Lockwood and his wife moved to and settled in “Dillie’s Bottom,” Belmont county, Ohio, where they established their home and spent the remainder of their lives, theirs becoming one of the most prominent families of that part of the State. Their old house, well preserved, still stands and is occupied by some of the family connection.

Elizabeth Ann Lockwood, the youngest daughter, spent her
early life in the home of her parents, being educated in the best schools of the day. On December 2, 1841, she was married to Elijah J. Secor, whom she met while he was passing through Ohio on a stagecoach trip to the home of his boyhood in western Pennsylvania, he having moved, some eight years before, with his parents to western central Illinois. During that winter she, with her husband, went to Greene county, Illinois, where they established their home, and in a few years their industry rewarded them with the ownership of a good farm to which they were able to add, as the years passed, so that they could take advantage of the best facilities of the growing country in the rearing and educating of their children, eight of whom came during the years to bless their home.

Perhaps more than the average of the commonly-called good things of life came to Mrs. Secor and her husband. They were uniformly prospered and were always among the leaders in the social and religious affairs of their neighborhood. Only
once in their almost fifty-four years of life together did calamity call at their door. In April of the year 1870, their house was burned, and in July of the same year another house, fixed up for a summer residence, was destroyed, with all its contents, by a fire caused by a stroke of lightning which killed their oldest son. But even this heavy blow of sorrow was received in faith as having its beneficent purposes; for both Mrs. Secor and her husband were strong, consistent believers in the teaching that “All things work together for good to them that love God.” The sturdy fortitude which made her father a staunch patriot of the Revolution characterized the life of Mrs. Secor and enabled her to meet all the stern duties of a long life with the simple courage of the Christian soldier, and thus she conquered in life’s battles and left to her children, four of whom yet remain, a heritage of which they may well be proud.

Her husband preceded her into the rest land by some fifteen years; and as age crept on apace her eyesight began gradually to fail until for some few years before the end she was almost totally blind. Othewise her faculties were wonderfully preserved. Even when her physical powers were so enfeebled by the weight of years that she needed assistance in moving about, her mind was as clear and her perception as acute as though she were in middle life. By the fidelity of her life and the sincerity of her Christian faith she was enabled to vanquish the threatening foes of enfeebling age and enter triumphantly through the valley into the bright beyond.

Her four remaining children, Mrs. Rebecca T. Robinson, Olathe, Kansas; Mrs. Eliza J. Davis, Marshall, Missouri; James L. Secor, St. Louis, Missouri, and Arthur T. Secor, Carrollton, Illinois, have thrust upon them a grave responsibility with the inheritance of sterling worth, which they can well meet only by carrying on, as did their mother, emphasized by a similar life on the part of their father, the duties and obligations of life’s course, as they come, in simple, faith-filled fortitude and courageous patience. In this way only may the great qualities of head and heart which, operating in our forefathers, laid so well the foundations of our country’s greatness, be carried on into the third and fourth generations to build it and keep it great, and ever greater.
WORK OF THE CHAPTERS

Chapter reports should not exceed three hundred words.

Dorothy Ripley Chapter (Southport, Connecticut).—An instructive paper from which the following is quoted, was read at the Pequot Library, in Southport, by Mrs. Howard N. Wakeman, on the occasion of the public school celebration of the anniversary of the “Battle of Lexington.”

The principal object of the patriotic society which the Dorothy Ripley Chapter represents, the Daughters of the American Revolution, is the preservation of history, chiefly by marking historic sites, in which Connecticut especially abounds.

During the seventeen years of the society’s existence much along the line has been accomplished throughout the entire country, and now many of the chapters are turning their thoughts and energies toward educational work, believing that in seeking to uplift their fellowmen they are honoring their ancestors in the noblest way.

One of the most interesting as well as productive features of the work has been the education of the mountaineers in Kentucky and Tennessee who were Patriots during the Revolution and Unionists in the Civil War.

Southport chapter has for several years given a scholarship to a young boy, in Maryville College, Tennessee, and reports of his progress, both moral and intellectual, have been most gratifying.

In a number of large cities lectures have been given in several foreign languages for the benefit of immigrants in order that they may become familiar with our laws, for in many instances the breaking of those laws with the terrible resultant consequences has been owing entirely to ignorance.

We are most fortunate in Southport, not only in our board of education, whose untiring efforts have done much to raise the standard of the school, in our superintendent, Mr. Edward J. Graham, but in our principal, Miss Mary McGarry, and her assistants, who have in every way, and with utmost patience,
sought to bring to bear upon these little children committed to their charge those influences which go toward the upbuilding of character which is the supreme achievement in life.

The Dorothy Ripley Chapter has for a number of years been interested in the Pequot school and has manifested its interest in various ways.

Printed copies of our national hymns have been given for daily use.

Prizes have been offered for best essays upon historic subjects and in order that the school rooms might be made attractive plaster casts and pictures for mural decoration have been given.

**Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter** (Indianapolis, Indiana), closes the year with three hundred and five members and fifteen applicants. Of those who have joined the past year, twelve have been life members. At the business meeting in May, Mrs. R. O. Hawkins was unanimously re-elected as regent for another year. Her report was of much interest. She gave a complete list of gifts of Indiana chapters to Continental Memorial Hall. The State has contributed to the building and furnishing funds $6,373.63. Of this amount $3,553 was given by Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter. Gifts from Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter have been: Colonial clock, in memory of Mrs. Harrison, first president general; Colonial sofa, in honor of Mrs. Charles Warren Fairbanks, honorary president general; Mrs. R. O. Hawkins, regent of the chapter, presented a silk flag with D. A. R. standard; Captain Wallace Foster, of Indianapolis, presented a framed picture of Betsey Ross making the first flag; Miss Cora Curry, of Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter, donated a cover for the clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Brock, of Chicago, donated a tiger skin rug. The chapter has presented five flags to five school teachers. On June 14th, Flag Day, four more flags were given to public schools in the city.

Memorial Day committees on decoration of the grave of Mrs. Harrison, also decoration at Monument Place, carried out their usual custom on this day. The chapter was invited to attend a memorial day service at the First Baptist Church.

At the April meeting, the Franklin Chapter, of Franklin,
Indiana, were guests. Mrs. Charles Warren Fairbanks addressed the chapter on this occasion. Her talk was of her recent tour around the world and contained many interesting incidents of her meeting with Daughters of the American Revolution chapters in different places. In April Mrs. William Cumming Story was the guest of Mrs. Charles Kregelo, a member of Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter. Mrs. Kregelo gave a reception for Mrs. Story which was attended by prominent Daughters of the American Revolution women from different parts of the State.

Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter was invited to attend a Flag Day celebration of the Kik-the-we-mund Chapter, of Anderson. About twenty members represented the chapter.

For the AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE the chapter has eleven new subscribers and one advertisement.—CARRIE L. A. WYNN, Historian.

**Richmond Chapter** (Richmond, Indiana).—During the past year, seven members were added to the roster of the chapter, making a total of thirty-four, with seven officers, Mrs. Walter H. Bates as regent. Commencing in October, six business meetings were held, the regular February meeting being supplanted by a bridge whist, which was attended by fifty ladies. As each one paid thirty-five cents for the privilege of playing, a small sum was realized. During the holidays, ten dollars' worth of Red Cross stamps were sold. The same amount of money was given to supply a table cover for the mahogany table given by the chapter to the Indiana room in Continental Hall. In April, 1909, death claimed one of our most efficient members, Mrs. Howard A. Dill, and floral tributes and memorial letters were sent to the bereaved family. The fifth annual meeting, with its election of officers, was held in May, and Miss Bertha Grace Robie was unanimously elected regent for the coming year.—ALICE NORRIS ROBIE, Historian.

**“Spirit of ’76” Chapter** (New Orleans, Louisiana).—At this close of the sessions of Chapter “Spirit of ’76,” reaching from October, 1909, to June, 1910, the historian has the pleasure of
recording the fact that ten new members have been added to our roll.

Soon after assembling last October a historical program was arranged consisting of sketches of the discovery of the Mississippi river, the early history of Louisiana and incidents in our State during the time of its settlement.

Our regent, Miss Virginia Fairfax, by the exercise and union of energy and opportunity, was able to obtain from the Interchangeable Bureau of Lectures the one entitled "Our Flag, Its History and Growth." The bureau is a department of our National Society with headquarters in New York.

Through the co-operation of our school board the lecture was delivered in four of the public schools and also at the Kingsley House playgrounds. It was beautifully illustrated and both entertaining and interesting. Mr. Conniff, the assistant superintendent, who delivered the lecture, was so pleased with the plates that the school board purchased copies in order that the lecture may be given next year in all the schools.

Your historian desires to call your attention to this effort most especially, because there are some critics, among the enthusiastic workers in civic reforms and plans, who carp at our patriotic societies as being only interested in the dead and so it seems well to make it plain that to preserve high ideals of honor and patriotism is as much a service to the living as it is a memorial to those long passed away and after all is said and done everything goes back to inspiring the children through the schools.

On February 22d we enjoyed a luncheon at the St. Charles Hotel. A delightful social afternoon was spent there. Mrs. E. C. Longmire was a successful toastmistress and several sprightly toasts were given and brief papers read by the regent and several members and guests.

The chapter was fully represented by regent and delegate at the state conference held in Shreveport and the National Congress in Washington, District of Columbia, in April. Our annual contribution of $25 was sent to Memorial Continental Hall. Also a handsome chair to be placed on the platform of Continental Hall, representing "Spirit of '76" Chapter in the furnishing of the beautiful hall.
After the return from Washington the local election took place, our regent, Miss Fairfax, having been elected state regent. Mrs. E. C. Longmire was elected as her successor.

And now in laying down the office of historian of Chapter "Spirit of '76," I hope and wish for it that—

"Victory may perch on our banner,
Whenever we champion the Right."

DORA R. MILLER, Historian.

**Lucy Jackson Chapter** (Newton, Massachusetts,) is a harmonious and enthusiastic group of women. In addition to their gifts toward Continental Hall—the column and bronze doors which Massachusetts gave—they give a scholarship to the Martha Berry school, at Rome, Georgia, and at the last meeting celebrated "tablet day." The regent, Mrs. Arthur P. Friend, of West Newton, told of the unwearied efforts of the committee chosen to find the authentic historic spots where the chapter could place tablets.

The old Powder House at Newton Centre, and a very old homestead at Waban, where eight generations have lived—the old Woodward house—have been marked in that way, and at the last meeting the chapter presented to the city of Newton the granite stone which marks the spot of Roger Sherman's birth, on Waverley avenue, Newton—what is known as "the old Skinner place." The inscription on the stone reads:

"Near this spot was born, on April 19, 1721, Roger Sherman. Self-taught scholar, eminent judge, member of Continental Congress, signer of the Declaration of Independence. A true patriot.
Erected by the Lucy Jackson Chapter, D. A. R. 1910."

The mayor of Newton, Mr. Charles E. Hatfield, accepted the stone for the city of Newton, and spoke in the highest praise of the work the chapter is doing to cultivate patriotism and allegiance to our dead heroes.

The orator of the day, Mr. Roger Sherman Warner, then spoke impressively of the life and deeds of his ancestor, Roger Sherman—one of the framers of the Constitution of the United States.
The members of the chapter feel grateful that it has been left for them to commemorate the birthplace of this distinguished patriot.—Frances Meserve, Historian.

Molly Aiken Chapter (Antrim, New Hampshire), dedicated on Memorial day a beautiful bronze tablet set in a huge boulder, which marks the site of the home of the woman for whom the chapter was named. At one o’clock the chapter members with its guests, Mrs. Charles Clemence Abbott, state regent, and Mrs. Abbie J. Grimes, regent of Eunice Baldwin Chapter, of Hillsboro, marched to the boulder.

The members of the Grand Army of the Republic in Antrim attended the exercises in a body, and greatly aided the chapter by their presence.

The exercises were opened by the strains of the “Star-Spangled Banner,” played by the band. Colonel E. C. Paige, president of the day, introduced Mrs. Franklin G. Warner, regent of the Molly Aiken Chapter, who took charge of the dedicatory exercises. Mrs. Warner spoke briefly of the formation of the chapter a little more than a year ago, of its rapid growth, and of its work to procure this tablet and have it erected to perpetuate the memory of a brave and loyal woman.

The tablet was then unveiled by Mrs. Sarah Hadley, the oldest member of the chapter, who has lived on this historic spot many years, and who very kindly deeded to the society the land upon which the boulder stands. The boulder was draped with the stars and stripes and after the unveiling Mrs. Hadley made a few appropriate remarks and placed a large laurel wreath upon the boulder. Prayer was offered by Rev. Warren R. Cochrane, D. D., the honored historian of the town.

Mrs. Warner then introduced the state regent, Mrs. Charles Clemence Abbott. Mrs. Abbott in her easy, graceful manner, delivered an eloquent address. “America” was sung by all present. The bugle call was sounded, and the “Battle Hymn of the Republic” played by the band, which concluded the exercises.

The tablet bears the following inscription:
On this site stood the home of the first settlers of this Village. 
Dea. James Aiken 
and wife
Molly McFarland Aiken.
He was one of Rogers’ Rangers in the French and Indian War. 
A Revolutionary Soldier 
From His Home.
Every man in Antrim except one marched in response to the 
Lexington Alarm. 
1769-1910.
Erected by
Molly Aiken Chapter, 
D. A. R.

In the lower right hand corner of the tablet is the D. A. R. 
insignia.—Mrs. Viola Bass Deacon, Historian.

Gouverneur Morris Chapter (Gouverneur, New York), has sixty-six members, and is a wide-awake and progressive chapter. Our regent, Miss Dean, has been indefatigable in her efforts in making the monthly meetings instructive, patriotic and interesting. A brief mention in the “year book” gave the subject for each meeting, and we have had many delightful surprises at these meetings. One of the subjects was “Our new Possessions” Alaska, Porto Rico, Guam, Hawaii, and the Philippines—the “surprise” was that we were received by “Uncle Sam” and “Miss Columbia,” who introduced us to five standing ladies, who were dressed to represent these countries—and later on to tell us about the countries which they represented. At another meeting the subject was “Indians of New York State.” We were received by squaws dressed in blankets, beads, and feathers. After the meeting, we were invited into the dining room and received tea from a squaw in a wigwam. As one of our regular meetings occurred on Hallow’e’en night, we were greeted by an old witch in a dimly lighted room, decorated for the occasion. After our chapter work was finished we were treated to cider out of a pumpkin punch bowl, and roasted marshmallows over candles and sang hallow’een songs. These “surprises” have greatly added to the pleasure and interest of the meetings—as no one would wish to stay away—thinking she might miss some delightful treat.
Washington's birthday was observed by a military whist and Colonial ball given to the public. Our charter day we had a box picnic for the chapter members, on a spacious veranda, beautifully decorated with flags and flowers. The boxes were numbered, and each member was given a number to find among the boxes—which were placed on small tables. And each lunch box was a delightful surprise to the finder! which was greatly enjoyed with merry talk, and fine music from an orchestra. This picnic was a very delightful affair.

In patriotic work, the chapter presented a bronze tablet of "Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech," to the high school—money has been given to the Berry Mountain School of the South—and a prize for the best essay for the high school. A free lecture has been given to the public and in many ways we have endeavored to further the cause of patriotism—and the principles for which our ancestors fought and sacrificed so much. We yearly send delegates to the national and state conventions and keep in touch with their work. This winter our chapter was presented with a flag with the original thirteen stars—this flag is hung out during each meeting.

Gouverneur Morris, for whom our chapter is named, once owned a tract of land near here, and built a stone hunting lodge on this land. The plan has been suggested that this old "Hunting Lodge" be moved to Gouverneur, and remodeled into a chapter house for our use.—EMILY HAGAR YORK, Historian.

Hetuck Chapter (Newark, Ohio).—The regular monthly meetings have been well attended and full of interest, the programs being historical or patriotic in character.

The Board of Public Service having presented the chapter a lot in the beautiful Cedar Hill Cemetery, we are hoping to erect therein a suitable monument to the memory of the Revolutionary soldiers buried in the county, the nucleus of a fund for that purpose being already collected.

During the state encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic held in this city in June, 1909, the chapter attended the convention of the Women's Relief Corps in the commodious auditorium of the new high school building, and the
regent, Mrs. S. C. Priest, in a few well-chosen words extended
to the ladies a sincere welcome to our city, assuring them of
our interest in all they have accomplished in the past, and ex-
pressing our good wishes that success might attend all their
future undertakings.

On Washington's birthday we had the pleasure of having
with us Mrs. Herbert M. Backus, ex-state secretary, who read
an interesting and instructive paper on "Historic Sites marked
by Ohio Daughters of the American Revolution." This
pleasure was shared by the ladies of the Granville Chapter, who
were also guests on that occasion.

Following the custom inaugurated last year, Memorial day
was fittingly observed by the chapter by decorating the graves
of all the Revolutionary soldiers buried in the county.

At a special meeting, to which all the women's clubs of the
city were invited, were favored by a stirring address by Mrs.
C. A. Seibert, state superintendent and corresponding secretary
of the Ohio Florence Crittenton League, who presented the
vital social problems in such a sincere, forceful manner as to
inspire in her audience the desire to help solve these problems,
along the lines indicated in her discussion of the subject.

We deeply regret the loss of Mrs. Angelina Cox Sites, who
has passed beyond our mortal vision; but she has left with
us a record of kindly deeds and loyalty to our chapter, and we
lovingly cherish her memory.

In May, 1910, when it became necessary for the chapter to
choose new officers, Mrs. S. C. Priest, who had held the office
of regent two consecutive terms, was not eligible to reëlection,
the by-laws prohibiting longer service. Mrs. Rose Wilson was
elected regent, and we are expecting the ensuing year to be as
pleasant and profitable as the past.

The last meeting before the summer vacation was the annual
picnic, held at the "Old Fort," one of Ohio's historic spots.
The afternoon was much enjoyed by the members of the
chapter and their guests.—NELLIE E. ARMSTRONG, Historian.

Tioga Chapter (Athens, Pennsylvania), which met with
such a loss last September in the death of its beloved regent
and founder, Mrs. Charlotte Marshall Holbrooke Maurice, has
been occupied the past few months in expressing in deeds as well as words, their appreciation of her faithful work.

With Mrs. Howard Elmer the first vice-regent as acting regent, the work of the chapter has been continued along the usual lines. Shortly after the death of Mrs. Maurice a beautiful memorial service was held; later, a memorial was compiled by Mrs. Louise Wells Murray, a warm personal friend of the deceased and the chapter historian. This contained three pictures of Mrs. Maurice, sketch of her life, Revolutionary ancestry, addresses given at the memorial service and letters and telegrams received from state and national Daughters of the American Revolution officers. These booklets had been given to the chapter members, relatives and friends and are highly prized by all.

In her memory we have donated a year’s part scholarship in Miss Berry’s school; placed a bronze tablet in the chapter’s room at the Spaulding Museum-Library and are planning a memorial to be placed in Continental Hall. We have again given prizes for historical essays to the pupils of the Waverly, (New York) and Sayre and Athens (Pennsylvania) high schools, and as more pupils entered the contest than ever before, the prizes amounted to forty-six dollars. Flag day was quietly observed with an appropriate program as follows: Vocal solo, “The Flag is There,” Mrs. Richard Blackmore; reading, “The Fairest Flag That Flies,” Mrs. Cora Fitch Smith; solo, “Song of the Flag,” Mrs. Ellsworth Gamble; reading, “The Story of the Flag,” Mrs. Louise Wells Murray; poem, “Old Glory,” Mrs. Howard Elmer; reading, “How the Star-Spangled Banner Came to be Written,” Mrs. Louise Wells Murray; solo, “The Battle Hymn of the Republic,” Frederick C. Hess; song, “The Star-Spangled Banner,” Mrs. Blackmore and chapter; Songs, a. “The Sword of Bunker Hill; b. “Tenting on the Old Camp Ground,” Mr. Hess.—Miss Mary E. Finch, Historian.

Chautauqua Circle

Service, by preserving the natural resources of this country, by educating the immigrant to a love and reverence for the flag, and by instilling true patriotism into American homes,
was the keynote of the addresses delivered by the representatives of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Daughters of 1812, and the National Society of Patriotic Women of America, in the exercises of Patriotic day, held July 13th at the Amphitheater. The speakers emphasized the fact that these organizations are reverencing the memory of the fathers of the nation by doing practical work to insure the successful future of the country. Those on the program were: Mrs. Matthew Scott, of Bloomington, Illinois, president-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution; Mrs. Joseph S. Wood, of Mt. Vernon, New York, New York state regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution; Mrs. J. Heron Crosman, of New Rochelle, New York, founder and president of the National Society of Patriotic Women of America, and ex-vice-president general, Daughters of the American Revolution; and Mrs. A. B. Wiles, of Chicago, Illinois, vice-president general of the Daughters of 1812, and a prominent Illinois Daughter. Among the guests was Mrs. Joseph King, vice-state regent of New York.

The program of the day started with a luncheon given in honor of Mrs. Scott at the Hotel Athenaeum at noon. At 2 o'clock the members marched to seats reserved for them in the Amphitheater, to listen to a musical program of a patriotic nature, which preceded the speeches.

Bishop Vincent presided and welcomed the members, saying that it was a great pleasure to meet this body of women representing all parts of the republic and all the fundamental ideas of the republic. "We seek to blend the patriotic and religious here," he said, "and believing that you stand for these two things I welcome you a thousand times to Chautauqua." He then introduced as the first speaker Mrs. Matthew Scott, the president-general of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

After thanking the resident members of the organizations for the courtesies she had received, Mrs. Scott told briefly of the purpose and work of the Daughters of the American Revolution. There are now about 80,000 members and the number is increasing. The society was born of noblesse oblige and its
members seek to honor their country as the faithful men and women did who served their country in time of war.

With the dignity and strength of the organization growing as it is there is an opportunity to benefit the country. We work for the mother and for the child, for the former who molds the character of the child, and for the child who is the future citizen of the state. Patriotism counts as much in making good citizens as in saving the country from bad ones. The Daughters of the American Revolution realizes its responsibility of Americanizing the foreigners who come to the United States. It seeks to train youth to good citizenship.

The mountain whites are receiving attention from the society and the anti-child labor cause finds a strong helper in this organization. As the forefathers of the Daughters of the American Revolution fought to save the country, just so the members of this organization feel that it is their duty to lead in saving the country through conservation of national resources. The men are too busy to take the burden and it is for the women of the land to take the initiative in such matters.

Mrs. Joseph S. Wood, the state regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution for New York, spoke a few words of greeting after Mrs. Scott. It is my privilege, she said, as the state regent of 9,000 members of the Daughters of the American Revolution in New York to bring greetings to you at this time. I have the honor to bring to you the best wishes of New York members of this organization.

Bishop Vincent next introduced Mrs. J. Heron Crosman, founder and president of the National Society of Patriotic Women of America. She gave an outline of the work of this organization. Immigration as it now exists spells obligation. It was to help in the problem of caring for the immigrant that the organization was founded. At first it was intended to confine the work to New York City, where the immigrant problem seemed to demand most attention, but at the request of Bishop Potter it was decided to make it a national society and to spread our work over the country wherever there was need of it. That the duty of caring for the immigrant is a national one is obvious, since we are all descendants of immigrants. Unfortunately these later comers are not as intelligent
a class of people as were our own forefathers, but it is our duty to do what we can to make the immigrants of the present time acceptable as citizens. We have stations in New York where we gather the children into groups of about twenty and teach them about their new mother country. We hire young law students from the university to go to these stations and give the children talks on the flag. The result is that the little foreigners are learning to love the American flag better than any banner in the world.

The last speaker was Mrs. A. B. Wiles, vice-president general of the Daughters of 1812. This organization is like other patriotic societies in encouraging the study of American history, in the marking of historic spots, and in the making of citizens. The difference between us and the men's organizations is that they lay the stress on the war while we lay stress on the purpose of the war. The only difference between us and the other women's societies is that we commemorate the first thirty years after the Revolution, those stirring years when the constitution of the United States was written, then were the violations of American rights by the British on the seas, which resulted in war.

In addition to the members of Chautauqua Circle (which is composed of members of chapters elsewhere, but is not a chapter itself) there were many visitors here for the day.

**Daughters of the American Revolution Meeting on the High Seas**

On board the steamer *Ionian* of the Allan Line, Montreal to Glasgow, was held an interesting meeting of ten Daughters of the American Revolution. It had been intended to hold the meeting July 4th, but it was postponed until all could be present, and was called on the morning of July 7th by Mrs. Pearl Strawn Trumbo, regent of the Illini Chapter, of Ottawa, Illinois. Beside this lady there were present three of her chapter members, Miss Fannie Green, Miss Hattie Green, and Miss Lucy M. Armstrong, together with Mrs. W. C. Smyser, regent of the Sterling Chapter, at Sterling, Kansas; Mrs. Wm. S. Krebs, of the George Rogers Clark Chapter, of Oak Park,
Illinois; Mrs. Sue C. Springer, of Newman, Illinois, member at large; Miss Helen Wheelock Taft, Deborah Wheelock Chapter, of Uxbridge, Massachusetts; Mrs. W. S. Wood, regent of Muskegan Chapter, Muskegan, Michigan, and Miss Berry Wood of the same place.

A pleasant, informal meeting was held, with Mrs. Trumbo in the chair, each member giving a report of the work of her chapter and its special interests.

Particularly worthy of mention was the work done by the Sterling Chapter in placing the first marker on the old Santa Fe trail, and their share in converting the ground surrounding Pawnee Rock into a public park.

A great work was also accomplished by the Illini Chapter in marking with a huge boulder the spot made memorable by the first Lincoln-Douglas debate.

The Muskegon Chapter reported much interest in the Berry school at Rome, Georgia. Also a steady growth in the sales of Pinehurst tea. Handling this tea serves not only to bring a small but steady income into their treasury, but to bring into favorable notice a purely American product.

At the patriotic concert given in the large dining saloon the night of July 4th, among the toasts given was one to “The Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution.” Standing under the draped flags of the three countries, England, the United States, and Canada, Mrs. W. S. Wood, regent of the Muskegon Chapter, replied, giving a brief outline of the work and aims of these two organizations.—Alice M. Wood (Mrs. W. S.), Secretary pro tem.

Texas Daughters

One of the most satisfactory and charming pieces of “chapter-work” was the testimonial-reception, given by the Lady Washington, April 5th, in honor of Mrs. Seabrook W. Sydnor, retiring state regent.

In the receiving line were representatives from different chapters over the state.

At half past nine adjournment was made to the dining room
for the program, the special feature of which was the presentation of the Daughters of the American Revolution insignia, an exquisite specimen of the jeweler's art, set with diamonds and suspended from a gold bar bearing this inscription in blue lettering, "Presented to Ella Hutchins Sydnor, State Regent,

Mrs. Seabrook W. Sydnor.

by Texas Daughters of the American Revolution." Mrs. John M. Bennett, of San Antonio de Bexar Chapter, chairman of the testimonial committee, made the presentation.

Her address expressed in beautiful and touching words the affectionate esteem which prompted the gift she pinned on the honoree.

Mrs. Sydnor never appeared to better advantage. Though deeply touched by the many proofs of loving consideration shown her she exhibited great self possession.

In all her responses she had at command the very language seemingly requisite to gracefully express her gratitude and appreciation.

Space will not permit a full account of the delightful function which would include many eloquent addresses and re-
sponses, beautiful sentiments beautifully expressed, since in these days women are accustomed to "speak in public." A magnificent bouquet of red and white roses sent by Mrs. M. E. Bryan, for the United Daughters of the Confederacy, was presented by Miss Katie Daffan. Another of our gifted women, Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, George Washington Chapter, Galveston, brought no flowers but those of rhetoric, but her impromptu address on patriotism was a marvel of eloquence.

As is well known, Mrs. Sydnor has for years led the ranks of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Texas and in this term of office she has shown herself to be a most faithful and capable leader. A noble type of Southern womanhood, and in her official capacity prudent, patient and magnanimous.

Almost instinctively, and doubtless unconsciously to herself, she has lived the golden legend:

"I will be true for there are those who love me,
I will be pure for there are those who care,
I will be strong for there is much to do,
I will be brave for there is much to dare,
I will be giving and forget the gift."

The Lady Washington Chapter recently passed resolutions expressive of the love and admiration they bore to Mrs. Sydnor and these resolutions were enthusiastically adopted by the ladies assembled on this occasion. They called attention to Mrs. Sydnor's splendid executive ability, to her untiring zeal, her mental training, all of which fitted her for any office in the gift of the National Society. They pledged themselves to work for her preferment in high office, and wished for her many years of happy usefulness in the cause to which she has devoted so much time and labor in the past. (From report sent by ANNE E. YOCUM, State Secretary.)
STATE CONFERENCES

HADDONFIELD CHAPTER IS HOSTESS FOR THE NEW JERSEY DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The annual spring meeting of the Daughters of the American Revolution convened at Haddonfield on Wednesday, May 11, 1910.

The morning session was held in the First Presbyterian Church, a handsome edifice built as a memorial to the memory of Mr. Gilbert Moore, son of Henry D. Moore.

The decorations were the Star Spangled Banner, palms and huge pyramids of spring flowers, the national colors being emphasized in the mingling of the pure white snow drop, scarlet tulips and blue iris.

The sun refused to show its brilliancy, but the soft light transmitted through the richly stained glass flooded the auditorium with translucent beauty.

The organ under the touch of Mr. Hare pealed forth the prelude, the invocation being offered by the Rev. William Allen.

The regent of the Haddonfield Chapter, Mrs. William D. Sherrerd, in a fitting and graceful manner welcomed the convention; Mrs. William Libby, the state regent, responded, expressing great pleasure in visiting a town so replete with Colonial and Revolutionary memories.

Mrs. Libby introduced Miss Ellen Mecum, of Salem, the recently elected vice-president general National Society. Miss Mecum, thanked the Daughters for her present official position and spoke of the beauty of the church.

Letters of regret from Mrs. Scott, president general, and Mrs. Donald McLean, honorary president general National Society Daughters of the American Revolution, and Mrs. Charles Sardley, state vice-regent were read.

A report in regard to the chandelier and radiators to be placed in the New Jersey room, Memorial Hall, Washington,
District of Columbia, was made by Miss Ellen Matlack, regent
of Ann Whithall Chapter.

A spirited discussion as to whether the workmanship should
be English or American resulted in the matter being referred
to a committee of five regents, with Miss Matlack as chairman.

“Historic Haddonfield,” an address by the Reverend Frank
Smith, pastor of the Baptist Church, gave a glimpse of this
ancient and historic town from its settlement under Elizabeth
Haddon to its present day of steam cars, trolleys, automobiles
and all other modern conveniences for private and public com-
fort, tracing the old “Indian Trail” until it was lost in the
ancient and aristocratic name of the “King’s Highway,” to
give place to the modern practical name of “Main St.”

Mr. Smith said, that whether it was Longfellow’s imagina-
tion or a reality, that Elizabeth Haddon, with sweet Quaker
simplicity proposed to John Estaugh, her life and character
gave evidence, that she was not only capable, but brave enough
to take the initiative in asking for an “Adam to her Eden.”

In closing his address, Mr. Smith pictured the Hessians
under Col. Donop, in their foreign uniforms and speaking
their strange language, being quartered upon the inhabitants;
of the appearance of “Mad Anthony Wayne’s” marauders
and the flight of the “Red Coats” through the “King’s High-
way,” after the British evacuated Philadelphia, which closed
for Haddonfield the drama, but not the tragedy of war.

After the singing of the Star Spangled Banner, the guests
adjourned to the Church dining-room, for luncheon.

The convention assembled in the afternoon, in the “Old
Tavern,” which since its purchase and restoration, by the State,
has resumed its original name of the “Indian King.”

After visiting each room, the guests assembled in the West
room, on the first floor. Mr. James L. Pennypacker, on behalf
of the State Commissioners, welcomed the guests to this room,
which has been graciously granted by the commissioners to the
Haddonfield Chapter, for their Chapter Home. Mr. Penny-
packer spoke of the association of the inn with the names of
many historic characters. (His address will be given on
another page.)

Mrs. G. Fithian Tatem, vice-regent of the chapter, gave a
most interesting account of the earliest history of this "Old Tavern," with the Colonial and Revolutionary history of New Jersey. (Her address will be on another page.)

The most charming feature of the program was the unveiling and presentation of the mantel and mirror, in this Daughters of the American Revolution room of the "Indian King," by Mrs. Henry D. Moore, founder and first regent of Haddonfield Chapter, assisted by Miss Sara Collings and Mrs. Samuel Borton.

The brass plate on the mantel recites the history of the wood, from which the mantel was built.

"The wood of this mantel, submerged in the waters of the Delaware River for over one hundred and thirty years, was part of the British frigate Augusta, sunk by the Americans off Red Bank, New Jersey, Oct. 22, 1777,"—"Erected 1910, by the Haddonfield Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution."

The tablets for the mantel and door were presented to the chapter, by Mrs. Henry D. Moore and her daughters, Mrs. G. Fithian Tatem and Mrs. William D. Sherrerd.—MRS. MARY C. FURBER, Historian.

Arkansas Daughters

The Helen Dunlap School.

On the crest of the Boston mountains at Winslow, Arkansas, on a ten acre plateau is the Helen Dunlap Memorial Industrial School for the education of southern mountain white girls, it is the only school of its kind in Arkansas, and was started several years ago by Bishop William Montgomery Brown.

The building has seventeen rooms, but as it was originally built for a summer hotel, instead of being plastered the interior is merely canvased and papered, consequently it is very cold in winter, an effort is now being made to raise sufficient money to thoroughly repair the building, install a furnace, etc. The institution is wholly maintained by popular subscriptions, and an urgent appeal has been made to the Daughters of the
American Revolution by Mrs. Katherine Braddock Barrow, state regent of Arkansas, for assistance in this noble work.

Many of these mountain girls of Arkansas are of good Revolutionary ancestry, but lack of education and opportunity for generations amid wretched environment has naturally resulted in the grossest ignorance concerning the commonest necessities of life. Training is given at the Helen Dunlap School, not only in the three r's, but also in sewing, cooking, good housekeeping, and the basic principles of good living. These girls are amenable to good influences, and those who have finished the course and returned to their humble homes have vastly improved the conditions there. These mountain girls marry young too, and with the training which the Helen Dunlap School affords, they are better equipped to start the new home.

Our President General, Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, has given a generous personal contribution to the Helen Dunlap School, and it is hoped that many Daughters of the American Revolution chapters will respond to this appeal. Contributions for the Helen Dunlap School may be sent to Mrs. Katherine Braddock Barrow, State Regent of Arkansas, 1309 Arch street, Little Rock, Arkansas or to Bishop William M. Brown, 1222 Scott street, Little Rock, Arkansas.

The year book of the Letitia Green Stevenson Chapter, Bloomington, Illinois, Mrs. John C. Ames, regent, has for its motto, “Our object is to...foster, true patriotism and love of country.” This chapter has furnished two chiefs to our great society, sisters, Mrs. Adlai Stevenson, and Mrs. Matthew T. Scott. This is something unique in the history of the Daughters of the American Revolution; the work of the chapter this year is “A study of Illinois.”

“Not without thy wondrous story
Can be writ the nation’s glory—Illinois.”
“The type of character we seek to produce is that which
The patriotic day at Chautauqua was a great success. Mrs.
Matthew T. Scott, who made the principal address, received
the Chautauqua salute, an honor rarely given and never unless
first started by Bishop Vincent. Her address was received
with great appreciation. The Chautauqua idea was carried out
to have all patriotic societies represented.

Mrs. Eli Trott, president of the Chautauqua Circle, Daugh-
ters of the American Revolution, certainly has great cause to
be pleased with the success of Chautauqua patriotic day.

“I have just forwarded money for the renewal of my subscription
to the American Monthly Magazine, which I have grown to feel
is indispensable, especially to a regent.”—Mrs. George F. Tuttle,
Regent of Saranac Chapter, Plattsburg, N.Y.

The year book of the James Madison Chapter, Hamilton, N.Y.,
Mrs. William F. Langworthy, regent, presents a varied program.
Some of the mottoes are, “The battle is not to the strong; it is to
the vigilant, the active, the brave.” “Courage is the source of patriot-
ism.” “O nation great, state linked to state, in bonds that none can
break.”

Personally I feel that I could not get along without the Magazine,
and read it from cover to cover each month, getting a great deal of
good each month from it.—Alice Bradbury Steele, Regent, Colonial
Daughters Chapter.

Mrs. John M. Graham, state regent of Georgia, has appointed Mrs.
S. M. Dean, Palmetto, Georgia, chairman of a committee to work up
interest in the American Monthly Magazine.
Inquirers are requested to observe the following suggestions:

1. Write plainly, especially proper names.
2. Give, when possible, dates or approximate dates, localities, or some clue to the state in which the ancestors lived.
3. Inquiries for ancestors who lived during or near the Revolutionary period will be inserted in preference to those of an earlier period.
4. Enclose stamp for each query.
5. Give full name and address that correspondence when necessary may be had with inquirers.
6. Queries will be inserted as early as possible after they are received, but the dates of reception determine the order of their insertion.
7. Answers, partial answers or any information regarding queries are urgently requested and all answers will be used as soon as possible after they are received.
8. The Editor assumes no responsibility for any statement in these Notes and Queries which does not bear her signature.

Mrs. Amos G. Draper, Editor,
Genealogical Department, American Monthly Magazine,
Kendall Green,
Washington, D. C.

Attention is called to rules 3 and 4.

ANSWERS.

1603. GOODWIN.—The genealogy of the Goodwin Family of Hartford, Conn., compiled by James J. Goodwin in 1801, has brief notes on other Goodwin Families in America, in which one page is devoted to the Goodwins of Pa., and N. Y. Abraham, b. in 1750 settled in Luzerne Co., Penn. Benjamin, Richard and Abraham are believed to have been brothers, the two first mentioned settled at Goodwin's Point, Tompkins Co., N. Y. The north part of the town of Exeter, Luzerne Co., Pa., was the scene of the celebrated battle of Wyoming, fought in 1788. Alice P. Goodwin, 16 Peabody Place, Franklin, N. H.

1638. (3) BOWEN—BOGGs.—Mrs. H. C. Valentine, Bellefonte, Pa., has the record of two Andrew Boggs, one serving in Colonial Wars, and one in the Rev. If F. E. E will correspond with her she may be able to be of assistance.

1638. (5) CONGER.—A "Conger Department" was published in the Genealogical Exchange, 217 W. Utica St., Buffalo, N. Y., for some
time. The 30 issues containing the data can be procured for $1.62. Write the editor, Mrs. Natalie Fernald, at above address.

1641. PATTERSON—TAGGART.—Through the courtesy of Rev. Anson Titus, to Raymond Ave., West Somerville, Mass., the two following items are given. Mr. Wm. D. Patterson, Wiscasset, Maine, has much material concerning not only the Patterson Family, but concerning all families on the Maine Coast. Mr. Patterson is Vice-President of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society for the state of Maine.

1642. CHAMBERLAIN—GALUSHA.—Benjamin may be of Newbury, Vt., a town adjoining Thetford. (See History of Newbury, p. 509.) Frederick P. Wells, author of the History of Newbury, at Newbury, Vt., might be able, for a slight enumeration, to make special research; and as he is on the ground and familiar with sources of information, would be apt to find the record, if any had been preserved.

Mrs. K. D. Hurley, 2008 Nob Hill, Seattle, Washington, also answers this query, as follows: In the annual report of the Chamberlain Ass. for 1902, the following statement is made in regard to Benjamin Chamberlain. "John Chamberlain lived in Hebron, Conn., from 1739 to 1764, when he removed with his family to Thetford, Vt. He and his sons, Benjamin and Abner were the founders of the town and parish of Thetford. Abner was a lieutenant, and in 1777 was chosen a delegate to the Colonial Convention held at Windsor." This association reports the accession in 1903 of a copy of the town records of Thetford, 1763-1830. The cor. secretary of the ass. according to the latest report, is Miss Abbie M. Chamberlain, 6 Exeter Park, Cambridge, Mass.

1644. BOYD—YOUNG.—John Boyd, b. 1690 near Edinburg, Scotland, removed to Antrim, Ireland, with his father, and thence to America when twenty-five years of age, and d. 1750. In 1714 he m. Jane Craig who was b. Scotland, 1695. Among other children they had John, b. 1716, m. in 1744, Lady Elizabeth Young, and d. 1758. They had among others John, who remained single; fought at the battle of Brandywine, and was killed at the battle of Germantown. Further information can be had by addressing Samuel Craig, Wapakoneta, Ohio.

1645. PARKS—DOXIE.—A very good genealogy of the Park, Parke and Parks Families of Mass., was published in 1909 by Frank S. Parks of Washington, D. C. He resided at that time at 2104 H. St. I do not think the genealogy makes mention of the Doxie Family. Mrs. Harriet E. Park Keyes, Farmington, Maine.

1652. BOZERZ.—This name should be spelled Bogert, and it is hoped that anyone who knows any facts concerning Ort Bogert, of Dutchess Co., N. Y., a Rev. soldier in 1780, will send the information to this Department.—GEN. ED.

1660. HARDIN.—Miss Mamie J. Parsons, Defiance, Mo., writes that information about Benjamin Hardin may be had by writing Mrs. L. B. Shields, Columbia, Mo.

1666. PRICE.—Mrs. H. C. Valentine, Bellefontee, Pa., furnishes ans-
wers for the two following queries. Dr. E. C. Price, 1002 Madison Ave., Baltimore, Mr., is a grandson of a Mordecai Price who was a Friend at the time of the Revolution, and may be able to answer L. J. W.

1668. (5) DOUGLAS.—A copy of “The Douglas Family” was recently bought from Jos. McDonough, “Old Book Man,” State St., Albany, N. Y., reduced from $15.00 to $7.50 for the two volumes.

1671. MOORE.—Miss Winnie Lynch, 1720 Quintard Ave., Anniston, Ala., will be glad to assist A. M. W. if she will write her, giving all the facts in her possession regarding William Moore.

1693. EVANS.—In the answers in the August number, a reference was made to “Jesse Evans, husband of Lydia Valentine.” This was a mistake, and should have read “A Jesse Evans, probably the husband of Lydia Valentine,” etc. In the History of Fayette Co., Penna. appears an interesting article on the discovery of iron ore west of the Allegheny Mountains, which states that July 11, 1780, Benjamin Johnston procured a state warrant for land, 150 acres of which he locates “where an old deadening and sugar camp was made by Mr. Charles Harrison, situate on the waters of Yohogania to include a bank of iron ore.” The first iron furnace of record was patented to Wm. Turnbull, of Pittsburgh, July 13, 1789, and was situated on Jacob’s Creek. Spring Hill Furnace was built by Robert and Benjamin Jones, Welshmen by birth, who located about 1794 and the following advertisement appears in the Western Telegraph (then published at Washington, Pa.) Oct. 13, 1795: “Springle Hill Furnace, Ruble’s Run, Fayette Co., Pa., within three miles of the river Cheat, near the confluence with the Monongahela. For sale ................. and salt kettles of the first quality.” Nov. 8, 1799, the property was leased for three years to Jesse Evans, a son-in-law of Robert Jones, who later bought it, and operated the iron-works until 1831. He d. in Uniontown, Aug. 15, 1842. It might be well for 1693 and 1730 to examine into this Jesse Evans Family further.—Gen. Ed.

1696. TURNER.—Anyone desiring information in regard to the descendants of Kerenhapuch Norman Turner, a Revolutionary heroine, might write to Miss Janie Hubble, College St., Springfield, Mo., who entered the D. A. R. on that record.—Gen. Ed.

1713. (3) ASH.—Among the manuscript abstracts of wills found in the Penna. Hist. Society Rooms at Philadelphia, is one of Mary Way of West Caln, Chester Co., which was dated Dec. 23, 1875, and proved Feb. 10, 1786. She was the widow of Peter Whitaker, of East Caln, who d. Mar. 26, 1759, making her his executor; in 1767 she m. Jacob Way, of Pennsburg, (who mentions in his will the contract made at the time of their marriage in regard to the Whitaker property,) In her will she mentions her dau. Rachel, wife of Joseph Ash, her son, John Whitaker, her grandsons Peter and Phineas, John Jr., and Reuben Whitaker, her granddaughters, Hannah Whitaker, Mary, dau. of Joseph Ash, and Mary, dau. of Phineas Whitaker.—Gen. Ed.
1774. Payne (Paine).—Solomon Payne (W. F. 2160) was b. Sept. 26, 1760, and married Nov. 30, 1797, Mrs. Mary Whitney, who was b. Aug. 20, 1765. She was his second wife, and he was her second husband. Their four children were Solomon L., Electa, Josie C., and Eleazer. He entered the service in 1776 in Jonathan Burgess' Co. (N. Y.) In May, 1777, he re-enlisted for three years in Sherburn's regiment, under Lt. Zadoc How and Abijah Savage, and was honorably discharged May 1, 1780, at Morristown, N. J. In 1782 he re-entered the service, and was made sergeant in Daniel Allen's Co., Canfield's regiment of state troops, and continued in service until the close of the war. His original commission as sergeant, signed by Samuel Canfield, Lieutenant-Colonel commanding at "the garrison in Stamford," July 3, 1782, is on file in the Pension Office. He d. Aug. 17, 1844, and his widow applied and received a pension until her death. He moved to Rootstown, Portage Co., Ohio, before Aug. 31, 1826, "to be with his children who resided there."—Gen. Ed.

1775. Besse—Conant.—According to the Conant Genealogy, Abigail (not Mary) Conant m. David Besse, Jr., and both her husband and father were in the Revolution. William Conant (S. F. 34252) received a pension under the Act of 1785 for disability. He was wounded in the battle on Lake Champlain, "had one arm shattered and a ball laid open my bowels and left a burst." He was also wounded in the leg, still he pursued his occupation as a cooper "as well as possible under the circumstances." In 1820 he applied for additional pension under Act of May, 1818, which was allowed. At that time he presented a schedule of his property as follows: No real estate; possessed "six chairs, iron and crockery ware, 1 Bible, 1 axe, 1 hoe, 1 adze." His pension was paid up to July 28, 1827, date of death, when last payment was made to John Fearing, attorney for David Besse, Administrator. He was a resident of Wareham, Mass., all his life. David Besse (or Bessie), Jr., was a private in Capt. John Gibbs' Co., Col. Ebenezer Sprout's regiment, which marched to R. I. on an alarm Dec. 10, 1776. Roll dated Wareham, Mass. Archives, Vol. II, page 2. He was still living in 1784, when he subscribed towards the erection of a meeting-house.—Gen. Ed.

1813. Smith.—According to Prowell's History of York Co., Vol. I, p. 339, James, son of John Smith was b. in the north of Ireland, emigrated to Penna. in 1729, settled in Chester Co., then York Co. (where his father d. in 1761). His eldest brother, George, studied law at Lancaster, but was drowned in 1740; his next younger brother Arthur, was a farmer and moved to Western Pa. before the Revolution. James settled at York, was a delegate to Congress in 1775, Signer of the Declaration, and in 1782 was made brigadier general of Penna. militia. He m. in 1752 Eleanor (dau. of John) Armor of New Castle, Del., and d. at York, July 11, 1806. His widow d. July 13, 1818. His children were Margaret, b. 1753, who m. James Johnson, and had issue; (her grandson Dr. William Johnson was a prominent physician of
York) Mary, who m. James Kelly and d. at York in 1793; Arthur, who d. unm. George, b. 1769, who d. unm. and James, who m. but d. without descendants. There are, therefore, no descendants of James Smith, the Signer, by the name of Smith.—Gen. Ed.

1814. Cutts.—According to Mass. Archives, Vol. IV, p. 345, Thomas Cutts of Kittery was 1st lieut. and captain during the Revolution. And according to "Old Kittery and Her Families," Edward Cutts served on the Committee of Safety for that town, and was senator at the General Court 1780-2, beside filling many other places of honor and trust. He m. in 1758, Elizabeth Gerrish, (who d. 1810) and d. Jan. 24, 1818.—Gen. Ed.

Queries.

1798. Replogal.—Reynard Replogal was a private in Bedford Co., (Pa.) militia, as appears from an alphabetical list of Soldiers of the War of the Revolution who received Depreciation Pay for services rendered, (See Pa. Archives, Fifth Series, p. 249). Can anyone tell me the dates of his birth and death, and name of wife?—W. E. H.

1799. Phelps.—John Phelps, b. Hartford, Conn., 1728, resided on Grassy Run in Springhill Twp., Fayette Co., Pa., from 1780 to 1796. Where did he live during the Rev. and what was the name of his wife?—S. A. M.

1800. Tate.—Was Thomas Tate, (brother of the two Revolutionary soldiers, Wm. and James Tate), who m. Jane, sister of Gen. Wm. Campbell, in the Revolution? If so, give official proof.

(a) Davis—Harmon—Watson.—James Davis m. Levisa Harmon, and was the son of Robert Davis who m. Dolly (or Polly) Watson. They lived in southwest Va. Did either of them serve in the Revolution? There is the record of a Robert Davis, who took part in the battle of King's Mountain. Was this the one referred to above?

(3) Harmon.—Parentage of Levisa Harmon, who m. James Davis, desired, with all genealogical data. There was an Adam Harmon (or Harman) living in the same part of the state with the Davises. Can anyone give me the names of his children?

(4) McCarty.—Enoch McCarty m. Eleanor ———, tradition says her name was Morgan. Can any proof of that statement be found. Was Enoch the son of James McCarty, and did either of them have any Rev. service?

(5) Buckner—Thornton—Madison.—Rev. service desired of Francis Buckner, 'who m. (1) Elizabeth Thornton; (2) Lucy Madison.

(6) Thornton.—Parentage of Elizabeth Thornton desired, and Rev. service, if any.

(7) Thornton—Fitzhugh.—Rev. service desired of Anthony Thornton, who m. Susannah Fitzhugh. He was from "Ormsby," Caroline Co., Va., and was alive in 1778.

(8) Fitzhugh—Digges.—Rev. service desired of Wm. Fitzhugh, who m. Sarah Digges, or of his father, Henry Fitzhugh, who m. Sarah Battaile.
(9) MAY—COWDEN.—Parentage, and Rev. record, if any, desired of Mary May, who m. Joseph Cowden, of Washington Co., Penna.—T. C. H.

1801. ROSE—WASHINGTON.—Wm. Rose of S. Car., m. Mary Washington, and had a son, Wm. who m. Ann Langston. Can anyone tell me if there is any Rev. service for either of these men?

(2) SCOTT—DIXON.—Cason Scott, of Camden, S. C., received a land bounty for Rev. services. He m. Tabitha Dixon, and had son, Thomas, b. in Miss. Wanted, official proof of service of Cason Scott. Was Tabitha Dixon dau. of Col. Henry Dixon?—B. S. Y.

1802. HARDWICK.—James Coleman Hardwick and his brother, Lindsay were b. in Rockbridge Co., Va., but early in life, left that state for the west; James settling in the Kanawha Valley, and Lindsay moving to Tenn. Wanted, authentic information in regard to their ancestry.—R. H. M.

1803. SCOTT—CAHoon.—William Scott, b. in Scotland, fled to Ireland, and then to America, on account of religious views. He settled in Pa.; m. Peggy (or Margaret) Calhoun and froze to death on the banks of the Susquehanna. He had three sons: John, Adam Calhoun and Patrick. Adam C. was b. ab. 1740 in Pa. and died ab. 1815 in Mo. Did either Wm. or Adam have Rev. service?—F. S. K.

1804. ROSE.—John Rose was with Perry on Lake Erie, and lost his life there; did he or his father have Revolutionary service?

(2) STEVENS.—William Stevens, b. Pa. in 1754, was the son of a Welshman. His wife's name was Polly, and their first child was b. in 1786. Is there any record of his serving in the Rev?

(3) Is there a genealogy of the Rose Family in America?

(4) Who is the publisher of "Giant Days" or Life and Times of William Crawford, and where can one secure the book?—A. G.

1805. WILLIAMS.—John Pugh Williams, of N. C. m. Mary, was a Lieut. in the Rev. What were the names of his parents?

(2) COWARD.—John Coward, of Monmouth Co., N. J., entered the service as Lieut. He m. Michael, dau. of Col. John Pugh Williams. What were the names of his parents?

(3) BROTHERS—SLAUGHTER.—Frances Brothers, of N. C., m. John Slaughter in 1757; what were the names of her parents? John Slaughter was the son of William Slaughter of Va.—N. V. T.

1806. FOSTER.—William Foster, a Rev. soldier, m. Mary (Polly) Powell, and went to Jasper Co., Ga., from Edgefield, S. C., and later to Butts Co., where he died Apr. 22, 1852, aged 106 years. Official proof of service is desired.—W. F. H.

1807. MILLS.—Wanted, date of death of John Mills, of Nottingham, N. H., who was b. Apr. 22, 1716, and was clerk for the Nottingham proprietors.—L. G. N.

1808. EMERSON—FRENCH.—Caleb Emerson m. Abigail French. He was private in the Revolution from Hampstead, N. H. Wanted: places and dates of birth, marriage and death of both.
(2) *French—Emerson.*—Who were the parents of Abigail French, who m. Caleb Emerson, mentioned above? What was her mother's maiden name? Give all genealogical data possible.

(3) *Emerson.*—Who were the parents of Caleb Emerson, and did his father have any Rev. service? All necessary genealogical data desired.—M. B. S. R.

1809. *Jeffries.*—Wanted, names of parents, and Rev. service, if any, of Achilles Whitehead Jeffries and his brother, Dr. Howell Jeffries, of Mecklenburg Co., Va. Were there other children beside these two; if so, what were their names?—M. P.

1810. *Holcomb—Austin.*—Wanted, ancestry of Abigail Holcomb, who m. Anthony Austin. He was b. in Sheffield, Mass., ab. 1750.

(2) *Leonard.*—Had Abel Leonard, of Springfield, Mass., or any of his forefathers any Rev. record?—M. A. F.

1811. *Smith—Aplin—Kronkheit.*—Ebenezer Smith, a Rev. soldier, was b. in Conn. in 1760, and went to Mass. with his father, where he enlisted. His three brothers were also said to have been commissioned officers in the Revolution. Were their names Daniel, Job and Abner? What was the name of Ebenezer's father? Was it Abner Smith?

(2) *Aplin—Kronkheit.*—Ebenezer Smith's third wife was named Sally Aplin, who was b. Feb. 10, 1790 in N. Y. State, and died 1863 in Wayne Co., N. Y. What was the name of her father? She had two sisters: one, Jane, m. (1) John Blaney, and lived at Sandy Hill, N. Y. She m. (2) Mr. Parks. The other, Polly, m. Mr. Ledyard. The maiden name of the mother of these Aplins was Kronkheit, or Kronk. What was her Christian name, and who were her parents?—E. S. G.

1812. *Baily—Williamson.*—Was the father of Obedience Green Baily, who m. Cuthbert Williamson, a soldier in War of 1812, a Rev. soldier? Any information concerning the Baily family, of Charlotte, Va., will be greatly appreciated.

(2) *White—Williamson.*—Did the father of Susanna White, who m. Cuthbert Williamson, Sen. (father of the soldier of 1812, and a Revolutionary soldier himself) serve in the Revolution?—M. J. P.

1813. *Smith.*—Can anyone tell me if there are any descendants in the male line still living of James Smith, Signer of the Declaration of Independence?

1814. *Cutts.*—Major (afterwards Col.) Thomas Cutts had a cousin Thomas, who is said to have been a Rev. soldier from Kittery. Wanted, official proof of service.

Edward Cutts, of Kittery, is said in the Cutts Genealogy, to have been on the Committee of Safety. Where can other record of that fact be found?—H. V.
National Committee, Children of the Republic, U. S. A.

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IN MEMORIAM

“But life is sweet, though all that makes it sweet
Lessen like sound of friends’ departing feet;
And death is beautiful as feet of friend
Coming with welcome at our journey’s end.”

It is with sadness we record the death of MRS. ELIZABETH WESTCOTT WOODARD, who entered into rest March 16, 1910. Mrs. Woodard was a charter member, also regent of Israel Harris Chapter from May, 1902, to 1904. With a sense of our loss, we heartily appreciate her faithful services to the chapter, the welfare and prosperity of which was always near her heart.

MRS. ADALINE M. (GALLUP) WATROUS died at Mystic, Connecticut, June 20, 1910. The Fanny Ledyard Chapter, Mystic, of which she was a member, held memorial services on July 6, and passed resolutions expressive of their deep sorrow.

The Quaker City Chapter, of Philadelphia, Pa., has been called upon to mourn the loss of their esteemed member, MISS EDNA MAY PEIRCE, whose deeply deplored death by drowning at Au Sable Chasm, New York, on August 5th, plunged her family and friends into profound grief. Her memory will always be cherished by those to whom she was endeared by her many eminently lovely qualities of mind and heart.

Tioga Chapter, Athens, Pennsylvania, has been called to mourn another member in the death of MISS VIDA C. BALDWIN, who passed away May 16th, at Washington, D. C.

MRS. MARY TROUT TERRY, for many years chaplain of the Margaret Lynn Lewis Chapter, Roanoke, Va., died May 16, 1910. She was one of the oldest and most beloved members of the chapter. Her lovely character and disposition have surrounded her with many friends, and the remembrance of her beautiful life, her Christian charity and womanly virtue, should be an inspiration to all who knew her. Her loss will be deeply felt by the chapter.

Mrs. Terry is survived by four daughters, one of whom, Mrs. Samuel W. Jamison, is state regent of Virginia.

Hermitage Chapter has lost two very valuable members.

MRS. REBECCA O. SCRUGGS and MRS. MADORA A. BROOKS. They were both ladies of the anti-bellum type, that are fast passing away. Gracious, hospitable and devout Christians, and Hermitage mourns for them with all her heart.

MRS. AMELIA KEITH BLACK, Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter, Indianapolis, Indiana, died May 8, 1910. She had been prominent in church and social circles for more than thirty-five years.
BOOK NOTES


All who have consulted the other Mowry genealogies by the same author will find in this, his latest family history, the same careful work. John Mowry was the brother of Nathaniel, a genealogy of whose descendants was published by the author some years since. At that time much was learned concerning the family of John Mowry. Since then more data have been collected and time and labor freely expended in the compilation of a volume of nearly 300 pages, with many illustrations, a complete index, well bound, and clearly printed.


A number of Randall immigrant came to New England before 1692, among them was the Robert Randall, of Buckinghamshire, England, who settled in Weymouth, Mass., prior to 1640. This work treats of his descendants, many of whom settled in Easton, Mass. In it are contained the full records of over 800 families, including the families of married daughters, in all some 5,000 persons. Although several Randall genealogies have been published, it is claimed that this is the first genealogy of all the descendants of an immigrant Randall ancestor. In order to make this genealogy more than a mere list of names and dates, the compiler has incorporated something of the personal history of the heads of the Randall families including unusually complete Revolutionary and Civil War records. It is an excellent family history, well arranged, and carefully compiled with a good index.

I would also add how much of pleasure and inspiration the American Monthly Magazine brings to our homes each month.

Alice Garrett, Lakeville, Mass.
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