WEST VIRGINIA—OLD AND NEW
THURSDAY'S CHILD
CHRISTINE SADLER

PIONEERS OF PAN-AMERICANISM
RICARDO J. ALFARO

PUBLISHED BY THE
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Published Monthly by
THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
Publication Office: MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL, Washington, D. C.
FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES Editor

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Single Copy, 25 Cents. Yearly Subscription, $2.00, or Two Years for $3.00
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Entered as second-class matter, December 8, 1924, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., Under the Act of March 3, 1879
Battle of Lexington
EDITORIAL

Commemoration

APRIL NINETEENTH is commemoration day to Daughters of the American Revolution. It marks the anniversary of the first battle of the War for Independence, and the firing of "the shot heard round the world," shouting the tidings that free men would not submit to tyrants.

That the significance of this day should not be forgotten by the inheritors of this free land, the founders of the Daughters of the American Revolution decreed that the week in which falls the nineteenth of April shall mark the time for the annual gathering of the Daughters in the Nation's capital, to review their work, and to take note of the state of the Nation.

The observance has been continuous; what of the message? "Guard well your liberties, build and do not permit them to be taken from you; taxation without representation is tyranny; a freeman's home is his castle which none may enter unguardedly, soldiers may not be quartered therein, freedom is curtailed at peril." We seem to hear these words spoken by the men at Lexington. They were not "irresponsible have-nots" seeking to take from their neighbors who had; they had no new theories of government to foist on an unwilling people; they were Englishmen determined to protect their firesides and their liberties from a contrary sovereign far across the sea. One hundred and fifty years of training in self-government had made them a responsible people, aware both of their duties and their privileges. They were not asleep; life in the colonies permitted none to sleep at the switch. The young "hot heads" who fought the Revolution had much to preserve and protect. Theirs was not a revolution of hate or destruction, it was not one to better the condition of the unfortunate, nor to overturn the wheels of government. There was no class distinction among those who fought the American Revolution, high and low worked side by side, as indeed every self-respecting man had voice in public affairs. That a man like Washington, aristocrat of the aristocrats, accepted the leadership of the Continental troops, is answer enough to any charge of opportunism, or desire to tear down, or that the rebels were "poverty stricken, ragged have-nots, fishing in troubled waters." There were principles to maintain and the warriors did not shrink from paying the price.

Of their efforts to attain justice and effect reconciliation with the mother country, history is full. Benjamin Franklin was surely the exemplification of soundness in the conduct of affairs. Yet he was unable to persuade the British Parliament to deal lightly with the indignant colonies.

To those who looked to England, both as mother country and mother church, the problems were even more difficult, and to sever all connections appeared doubly hard. Yet again we have George Washington, and we have the Reverend Muhlenberg standing in his pulpit on a Sunday morning and, throwing aside his surplice, revealing his uniform of an officer ready to lead his people to battle for their property and their rights as free men before God.

Many are claiming today to be the true descendants in spirit of those who fought the American Revolution. A study of their programs and a comparison of purposes will convince the most skeptical.

Guard well your freedom. Do not be misled by panaceas and class struggles into misinterpretation of your own history. April nineteenth speaks to you of the courage, vision and self-sacrifice of those who gave you a free America, and courage to the rest of the world!

Florence H. Mackey
President General, N. S. D. A. R.

April, 1938.
Mrs. Coblentz, who is becoming familiar to our readers as a contributor as versatile as she is brilliant, begins in this issue a series which will run intermittently through the spring and summer. In it she will follow the same general theme which made her book “Animal Pioneers”, published by the Atlantic Monthly Press, such an outstanding achievement.

“They are stupid creatures, these Americans—dumb animals!” laughed one British officer to another as they came down the steps of a Massachusetts tavern standing by a cross-roads. “As well expect the yoked oxen yonder, or that old horse under the elm, to rise against His Majesty. Eh, what’s this?” he cried in a changed tone as he stumbled over some obstacle at his feet.

“Baa,” cried that obstacle jumping up, thereby completing the unbalancing of the King’s servant, “Baa!” And all the remainder of the flock which had been resting in the shade by the highway added to the mocking chorus, “Baa, baa.”

Deacon Larkin’s horse under the elm shook his head, but it could not be told whether this was to dislodge a fly, or as a protest at the officer’s words. But the oxen from New Hampshire continued quenching their great thirst in turn from the moss-covered barrel where the spring water trickled cold and sweet. They had many miles to go to reach their barn in Durham, New Hampshire.

The British officer rose hurriedly, kicking out at the sheep as he did so. Then he and his companion were off with a jingle of spurs, a slapping of bridle reins and another sneer for the Americans, a sneer which seemed to linger like a bad odor on the wind. Deacon Larkin’s horse, the
oxen and the sheep were the only living creatures to hear, and all of them looked gravely after the two men disappearing between the double line of young maples which a farmer had just planted.

Deacon Larkin returned from an errand and mounted his horse, which moved down the road between the maples in the wake of the Britishers; while the oxen with their white-bearded master, John Demerrit, walking beside them, wended their way northerly, chewing their cuds rhythmically whenever they paused to rest. The sturdy cart with its wheels sliced from a great tree trunk squeaked and squawked at their heels.

But the sheep, with the one over which the officer had stumbled well in the lead, turned southward at the behest of their drover, who was going to sell them to the farmers in Pomfret, Connecticut. There was much dust and a great bleating as they proceeded.

The horse, the oxen and the flock of sheep which had been for a few moments together at the cross-roads never met again, though all of them were destined to play important parts in a coming struggle.

For several years there had been increasing friction between the English colonists and the king and parliament of their mother country. England had left the colonists to their own resources for so long that they did not take kindly to a sudden sharp oversight, mingled with many new restrictions on the part of that land across the sea. Indeed it could be said aptly enough that the colonists were in one way similar to creatures who have known a free life for many years do not take kindly to a tight harness or a narrow pen. Toward such as these the master must be especially kind and understanding. The King of England was not inclined to be either, and Americans having the same sort of blood in their veins, could not claim to be blessed with great patience. They had learned to care for and to govern themselves, and they saw no real reason why they should not continue to have a large measure of freedom in doing this.

But England instead of yielding that freedom continued to prepare a tighter and tighter harness, and the colonists grew more and more restive and determined not to wear it. Finally it became a test of strength, the sparsely settled colonies in the New World against the might and numbers of an established kingdom in the Old.

In many ways the colonies showed their resentment and dislike of the attempted authority. Among other things, irate citizens dumped cask after cask of tea, the taxing of which they resented, into the waters of Boston Harbour. Whereupon Great Britain declared the port of Boston would be closed until the value of the tea was paid.

The only way food could be brought into Boston then was by hauling it over tedious wagon routes. People in the New England town had depended so much upon the constant incoming supplies from the sea that there was danger of many going hungry.

While things were thus nearing some sort of a climax, Deacon Larkin’s horse kept on carrying his master hither and yon on errands in Massachusetts; the sheep were eating sorrel and clover on hillsides and rocky pastures in Pomfret, Connecticut; and John Demerrit’s oxen continued ploughing stony New Hampshire fields, or yanking great, half-burned stumps from the ground in order to clear more land for their ploughing. Yet all these animals were ready for a call to serve their masters in new ways at any minute.

Through such service they were to serve their country. The Connecticut sheep received that summons first. A settler in Connecticut, named Israel Putnam, survivor of many a colonial adventure, decided to enlist a company of American infantry and go to the relief of starving Boston.

From one Connecticut patriot and another he gathered the members of his company, until he had a hundred and twenty-five of them.

Boston was a hundred miles away when Israel Putnam set out with that company. He was the captain and his horse the first-lieutenant, his dog, perhaps, the second. But Connecticut sheep were the infantry, and if there were more than the usual number of buglers in that company, it did not greatly matter.
It was a long trip for soldiers unaccustomed to forced marching, but in less time than one would think it possible, Israel Putnam and his company were entering Boston. The woolen coats of his soldiers were thick with dust. They were footsore and weary, yet they moved triumphantly, every one of them bugling. Boston should not starve if the Connecticut sheep could help it, and fortunately they could and did. All of them, it is believed, gave their lives in that service.

Deacon Larkin’s horse was asleep when the call came to him. A minute later he was patiently standing in the middle of the barn floor, while the Deacon slipped the bit between his teeth, adjusted the bridle and fastened the saddle girths.

“It is for liberty,” the Deacon said softly and the horse nickered in reply.

“He is, I think, a very good horse,” Revere answered, after he had mounted and could sense the strength and power in the muscles beneath him.

As soon as the words were uttered the two were off. Down the lane they cantered to the road, slowly at first, then faster and faster in the moonlight, until at a sudden turning the horse felt Revere’s hand check him sharply. Two British soldiers were standing at a dark curve of the road ahead.

But the soldiers’ ears had caught the sound of the approaching rider, and as the Deacon’s horse was reined about he heard a shout and the swift thudding of hoofs behind him.

Then he showed the mettle that Revere had felt was in him, clicking the road off beneath his heels as he sped toward Mastic.* The sound of his pursuers became faint and muffled, until it was heard no

*Now Medford.
longer. The Deacon's horse had outrun and lost them in the night.

At Mistick, Revere stopped the horse long enough to rouse one person—the Captain of the Minute Men, for the dwellers in New England now had their secret compact. They, too, were ready for service at a minute's notice.

After Mistick every house was wakened, the horse by this time having learned what was expected of him, would pause whenever he came to a gate or a hitching post, while Revere, standing up in the stirrups would cup his hands and hail the house, or if that was not sufficient to rouse the occupants, he would leap from the horse's back long enough to thunder loudly at the door. The British were stirring, would probably march that night, he announced. The struggle between England and the colonies was about to become war.

Every time the Deacon's horse heard the hurried summons and the sturdy answers, he tried to put even more strength and speed into his stride. After all he had been born in this country, he and his ancestors before him. He was an American. That was a privilege.

As the Deacon's horse passed along the road he left white-faced women and grim men awake behind him. His departing hoofs could still be heard as many a settler started to oil his gun, and to count and recount his scanty rounds of ammunition, while his wife thought of her newly woven linen sheets and wondered fearfully how soon they would be needed for bandages.

"Hey, don't make so much noise," someone called to the approaching horse and his rider.

"Noise," yelled Revere. "You'll have noise enough before long. The regulars are coming out."

It was true. The British soldiers having heard that the colonists had stored ammunition at certain places were determined to seize it and disarm the provincials, as they called the Americans. Also they wished to arrest two outstanding leaders in Massachusetts, Samuel Adams and Thomas Hancock. These men were staying at Lexington, but Paul Revere on the Deacon's horse reached that place two hours and more ahead of the British soldiers and the pair were roused.

The greatest part of the task had been done. As the horse galloped from Lexington toward Concord, he heard the church bells behind him sounding mellowly through the night, and knew from his rider's words that the armed men of Massachusetts were gathering at that signal. In the morning English guns would speak against those freshly-oiled American muskets.

For the time being the service of the Deacon's horse was all but over. He galloped straight into a waiting group of British officers. By this hour the alarm was wide-spread, and the countryside was roused on every hand. Deacon Larkin's horse had served Paul Revere well. His journey that April night would be remembered as the prelude to the Revolution.

English soldiers followed almost on his very heels, marching to Lexington and Concord, and at both places King's soldiers and American colonists were killed.

After guns had thus spoken on both sides, the Americans gathered behind stone walls and trees, which served as their forts, and their firing harried the red-coated soldiers back to the outskirts of Boston itself. After that, day by day, more armed colonists could have been seen moving toward Boston where the Britishers were penned in by the provincials they despised.

The Americans hoped to force the soldiers to set sail, but instead of that more British soldiers were landed at Boston. It was apparent that a determined effort would soon be made by the Britishers to break forth from the beleaguered place. To prevent that the colonists began to fortify a hill overlooking the city.

Then it was that John Demerrit's oxen received word that they were needed. It was a good thing they were accustomed to heavy loads, for that June day they started to drag the heaviest one of their lives.

Underneath the pulpit of a New Hampshire church the colonists had hidden a supply of powder. Out to John Demerrit's ox-cart men staggered, half-a-dozen at a time lifting the heavy barrels. When it seemed as though the cart could carry no more without breaking, the oxen were started over the sixty miles of rough road
that lay between Durham and Cambridge, now the headquarters of the colonists.

The great animals must drink hastily on their stops during that journey, for the old man and the boys who urged them on counted each minute—never were oxen so goaded and never did they move more determinedly—heads bent low, shoulders straining, great brown flanks streaked with sweat, eyes red and filled with dust—on, on, on, with many a woman running out with her brood of children to push for a while at the rear of the heavy load, or to gather handfuls of grass for the oxen to grab in the all-too-brief pauses.

Into Cambridge the cart lumbered at dawn, just in time to have the contents of the barrels dealt out, filling the empty powder horns of the New Hampshire men who were serving under John Stark.

Hours after, the oxen, lying prone upon the ground, resting and chewing their cuds, heard the sound of gun firing, quick and panting, incessant on the one side, and from the other a deep silence, save when the guns spoke all together.

"Thar ain't much powder," muttered Old John Demerrit. "What our New Hampshire boys would ha' done had we not got here, who knows?"

"Gun butts," answered another old man unhesitatingly. "Still we're glad ye got here."

In time to come a nation would re-echo such words, for that day New Hampshire men had to cover a part of the American retreat from Bunker Hill.* It was because of the ammunition the oxen had brought that the retreat did not become a massacre. Bunker Hill* was a British victory, but it had proved the fighting quality of the settlers in the Western World who saw, what they now regarded as their homeland, menaced by invading soldiers.

"They are stupid creatures, these Americans," the British officer had said—"dumb animals!" Some dumb animals had heard those words—a flock of sheep, Deacon Larkin's horse and old John Demerrit's oxen—and all of these served their masters and their country well—a company of wool-clad soldiers, a courier in the night, the first ammunition train of the American Revolution.

*Actually of course—Breeds Hill.

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TAPS

(April 1865—April 1938)

Edith Harlan

I love the waking sounds of spring
The first soft days when cardinals sing
And wait with happiness the signs
Of summer in the swaying pines.

The waves lap gently on the sand,
A breeze blows softly on the land,
A bird sails 'neath a fair blue sky,
A blossom's petals drifting by.

Why, when the world is fresh with dew
Do wistful mem'ries come anew?
Why hear—when all the world is sweet
The muffled tramp of horses feet
And—carried thro' the warm spring rain
A bugle sounding taps again?
In 1903, "Miracle House", the subject of this sketch, was demolished to make way for Memorial Continental Hall. Scott, the faithful Major Domo, who has followed its fortunes from the beginning, still recalls his frog-catching expeditions into the nearby swamps. "We could see people in the house and sometimes even a light," he declares, "but nobody ever came in or went out." How different everything is today!

"I TOLE you I heerd it scream out in the swamp, Cap'n Carbery. Haunted, dat's what it is. Dat ghost of Foggy Bottom's about agin!"

Captain Thomas Carbery alighted nimbly from his carriage in spite of his stocky build and turned the team over to the mumbling stable boy. From his high hat to his well turned out shoes, he was immaculate and dignified, but both horses and carriage were heavy with mud and ooze as a result of the trip from Strother's Hotel to his home at Seventeenth and C Streets, though this was only a distance of one mile.

"Take care of the horses, boy, and stop stirring up ghosts," he said with more impatience than he usually displayed. "You've been hearing the screams of the swamp-fowl along the canal again. How many times have I told you...!"

But Thomas knew his admonition was futile. Stories of the ghost of the swamp-land were being circulated throughout the entire city of Washington. Even the guests...
at the “city dinner” at Strother’s, which he had just attended as president of the day and sixth mayor of the Capital City, had entertained each other with the latest “news” of the specter of the marshes, of that dismal inundated lowland that was almost his own back yard.

Leaving the stable boy still muttering about “haunts,” the mayor picked his way carefully along the muddy path toward the house; a stately brick residence that he had built as a home for himself and his three sisters, Kitty, Ruth and Ann, shortly after his return from the War of 1812.

Only the faint odor of honeysuckle was noticeable as he felt for the flagstone garden walk and stopped to scrape the soles of his shoes. (The roses and lilacs his sisters had planted, had long since been choked out by swampwater!) It had been foolhardy, he admitted to himself now, to build a house at the very edge of that dark and dangerous swamp. But when the creeping, insidious Tiber Creek had been walled in with masonry, city leaders had envisioned the canal draining the marshes. Once confined, they said, it could be utilized for commerce; and credulously he had built his wharf, too, not far away, where boats from Alexandria stopped.

But it was evident now, that for drainage purposes, the canal was a failure. Instead of draining the 2500 acres of the lower city, it repeatedly overflowed its banks, leaving stagnant pools above which eerie lights sometimes glowed at night, giving rise to all manner of weird tales.

Strange, how large the house seemed as he approached! An illusion created, perhaps, by the blur of light from the windows, for more lights than usual were burning for that late hour. No doubt Kitty, Ruth and Ann, nervous and unable to sleep from hearing the bizarre tales of the haunted bottomland, would be waiting up for him.

The sight of Ruth’s face, as she opened the door to him, was startling. She seemed very young and frightened, standing there in the half light from the flickering hall candles. Her hand trembled as she drew him inside, silently closing the door behind him.

“It’s Ann,” she said, huskily. “She is very ill. Dr. Causin is here, but he finds nothing to relieve her suffering.”

As she spoke, a moan echoed through the long, cold hallway. The doctor, his face abnormally grave, met them at the door of the sickroom with his finger on his lips and motioned them to follow him into the study.

“I fear her case is hopeless,” he whispered dolefully, shaking his head. “Your sister is suffering from a dread disease. It is malignant, incurable. We call it cancer.”

For over a year Ann was desperately ill. In 1823 * her condition became alarming and the doctors called in consultation pronounced her suffering beyond the power of medical aid. Sometimes she declared that her side felt as if it were being stabbed with a hot knife; then again she described the sensation as that produced by forceps being clamped into the flesh. Laudanum had been prescribed but it gave her no relief.

“Is there nothing to be done?” Thomas asked the parish priest, Father Dubuisson, when he stopped in the study after one of his frequent visits to the sickroom. “She is worse than I have ever seen her. Her suffering is like the last struggles of death.”

Father Dubuisson hooked a pair of steel-rimmed spectacles over his ears. He fumbled with a letter as he spoke. “I hardly dare hold out any hope,” he said, “and yet, I feel that there is one last chance.” He opened the letter and explained quietly. “I have today received word of a priest living in Bomberg, Germany, Prince Hohenlohe, who it is said, is performing miraculous cures.”

Thomas Carbery’s great gray eyes lost their benevolent look, and grew sharp and steely; he gripped his firm mouth in an even firmer line. “Surely, you don’t mean... you can’t believe that Ann would permit... No,” he exclaimed, “it is preposterous, Father. There can be no truth in such rash claims.”

Father Dubuisson, oblivious to his host’s apparent displeasure, continued in a kindly voice. “His Highness has stated to the Diocese of Baltimore that he will offer up a prayer on the tenth of every month at nine o’clock in the morning for those who are ill and living out of Europe. The

* Some authorities give this date as 1824.
doctors can do no more and your sister's friends have appealed to me to write this prince of miracles in her behalf. Have I your consent?"

Thomas hesitated, still struggling with his aversion. But finally he capitulated. "Yes, yes, petition him to pray for her, by all means!" he said. "For days, weeks and months she has suffered more than I thought it possible for any human being to suffer and still live. I have no right to refuse anything that might give her comfort now."

Ann had long been prepared to die, but she was too ill to argue and she had lost all sense of volition. She finally consented to perform a "novena" commencing March first. But with each day she grew steadily weaker.

On the ninth day Thomas, Ruth and Kitty gathered at her bedside. From time to time Ann spoke to them but her voice was hardly audible. Her lips were hard and dry and it was necessary to moisten them frequently with water while Father Dubuisson heard her confession.

"The time appointed by the prince is not far off. The tenth of the month at nine in the morning, was the hour set," Father Dubuisson reminded them as he prepared to go. "With the difference in time, that would be three o'clock in the morning here. I urge that you all be up and at prayers before two o'clock. I will return then."

The hours dragged as Thomas paced his study. Once or twice he went to the room where Ann lay white and still against the pillow, but she no longer recognized him, so he had returned to the study to stare blankly at his books that lined the shelves and the innumerable seashells and collections of bugs and beetles pinned to wooden cases.

Ruth and Kitty stayed by the bedside, leaving only to get fresh water for Ann and a little food for themselves. But for an occasional glimpse of their voluminous skirts as they tiptoed through the hall, it would have seemed that the house was deserted.

It was almost three o'clock when Father Dubuisson spoke to Thomas from the door. "This is the hour of expectation," he said. "Your sister has not rallied, but I believe the best possible exhortation for her will be the reading of the letter which was sent to Prince Hohenlohe asking for his prayers in her favor." He paused and then added, "After that she shall receive communion."

It was a tense moment in the Carbery household as they stood by the bedside and listened to the reading of the letter upon which they had rested all their hopes. Ann made no sign of recognition as the priest's voice died away and he knelt before the Eucharist to prepare the sacrament according to the last rites of the Church. Thomas felt his lips tremble as across the swamp the deep-toned chimes of Trinity Church tolled the hour of three. With a last echo still ringing over the eerie water of Foggy Bottom, a scream arose; a scream so piercing that to Thomas Carberry it seemed to have struck deep into his very soul. His sister Ruth pointed hysterically toward the bed.

A change had come over Ann. She sighed deeply and Thomas saw her rise slowly until she sat upright. Sobs, tears, half suppressed cries came from the little group assembled.

Stretching her arms forward, Ann reverently joined her hands and spoke in a low steady voice: "Lord Jesus, what have I done to deserve so great a favor?"

Amazed, the family and the priest looked on. "Glory be to God!" Father Dubuisson exclaimed as Ann grasped his hand.

"There is not the least pain, now," she said. "It is all gone and only a slight weakness is left. Holy father, what can I do to acknowledge such a blessing?"

Footnote: As the news of the miracle spread, people flocked to the Carbery House to see with their own eyes, the truth of the divine cure. Ann met them at the door, and they went away to repeat the story. Some spoke of it as "the will of God" but others saw it as a manifestation of the Ghost of Foggy Bottom. An enigma to the residents of the neighborhood, the latest "happenings" at the "haunted house" continued to be the news of the day. So much controversy over the strange cure resulted that in 1824 Thomas Carbery and Father Dubuisson drew up statements, confirmed by the physicians, of all the facts concerning Ann's illness and had them attested before a justice of the peace and John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States. The statements remain to this day, as records of the "Miracle House".
Co-Operation

L. S. Rowe
Director General of the Pan American Union

The Pan American Union is deeply grateful to the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution for their willingness to participate in the celebration of Pan American Day on April 14th. The fact that the beautiful building of the Daughters of the American Revolution stands next to the Pan American Building possesses a spiritual significance of real importance. Both organizations have dedicated themselves to the fostering of international good will and the maintenance of peace. The celebration of Pan American Day affords the opportunity to give concrete expression to this great purpose.

The Pan American Union feels certain that in the future as well as in the past, we may count on the enthusiastic and effective co-operation of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.
Pioneers of Pan-Americanism
RICARDO J. ALFARO

The celebration of Pan American Day has become a continental institution and is one for which the peoples of the three Americas may feel justly proud and highly gratified. A day devoted to manifestations of amity and good will between twenty-one sovereign nations; a day consecrated to thoughts of peace and cooperation in a whole continent of two hundred and fifty million souls, is indeed something of great significance in a world torn by hatreds and rivalries and tortured by perennial fears of war. When in other parts of the earth aggression and conquest ruthlessly go on, it is great comfort to dwell on the thought that in the western hemisphere the paramount concern is securing peace, devising the best methods of cooperation, strengthening bonds of trade, industry, communications, intellectual cooperation, mutual understanding and appreciation.

America may be characterized as the hemisphere of solidarity, for this sentiment is the chief force of our continental relationships; and in this day it seems Interesting to recall how from the very beginning of the struggle for the independence of our republics, the sentiment of a common destiny manifested itself in the minds of statesmen, writers and thinking men from the shores of the Potomac to those of the River Plate.

As early as 1787 a Brazilian student named Maia, who was in France working for the political emancipation of Brazil, tried to enlist the support of the United States through the intermediation of Thomas Jefferson, then Minister in Paris, and in a letter he wrote to the great American he said: “It’s your country, Sir, that we believe is called upon to give us help, not only because it has set the example for us, but also because Nature has made us inhabitants of the same continent, and consequently, in some sort, compatriots.” After an interview with the ardent conspirator, Jefferson wrote him a cautious letter where he adverted to the necessary discretion his Government was bound to observe, but he added: “On the other hand, a victorious revolution in Brazil could not be uninteresting to us.”

Another expression of Jefferson in that same year is of special significance and reveals his large vision. In a letter to his nephew Peter Carr, referring to the studies the young man was pursuing, he gave him this advice: “Spanish.—Bestow great attention on this and endeavor to acquire an accurate knowledge of it. Our future connections with Spain and Spanish America will render that language a valuable acquisition.”

When Jefferson wrote these lines he was twenty-three years ahead of the revolution of the Spanish colonies, San Martín was a school boy, and Bolivar was only a child of four.

As soon as Francisco de Miranda, the Precursor of South American independence, started his revolutionary activities, he dreamed of a great confederacy, whose name should be Colombia; whose capital, named Colombo, in honor of the Discoverer, should be on the Isthmus of Panama; whose boundaries should extend from the mouth of the Mississippi to Cape Horn, and from the Pacific coast to Guiana and Brazil.

In 1809 an American Governor of Louisiana had a talk with a Spanish Governor of Florida about the possibility of an alliance between the United States and the Spanish possessions in the event of their independence if Napoleon invaded Spain.

James Monroe, in 1810, as Secretary of State for Madison, in instructions to Joel R. Poinsett, confidential agent to the Southern countries, at the very beginning of their insurrectionary movements, said: “You will make it your object, whenever it may be proper, to diffuse the impression that the United States cherish the sincerest good will toward the people of Spanish America.


4 Lockey, Pan Americanism, Its Beginnings, p. 270.
Dr. Alfaro, the author of this article, was for thirteen years Minister from Panama to the United States; and for two years President of Panama. At the moment, while retaining an active interest in politics, he is largely engaged in legal and cultural pursuits here as neighbors, as belonging to the same portion of the globe and as having a mutual interest in cultivating friendly intercourse."

Again in 1817, Monroe, already President and notwithstanding his avowed policy of neutrality, in referring to the struggle of the Spanish colonies for independence, in a message to Congress stated: "It was anticipated at an early stage that the contest between Spain and the colonies would become highly interesting to the United States. It was natural that the citizens of the United States should sympathize in events which affected their neighbors." 6

President Madison also showed at an early date that he was alert in realizing the significance of propinquity and love of liberty as factors of solidarity in the new world. In a message to Congress in 1811, speaking of the revolt in South America, he declared: "In contemplating the scenes which distinguish this momentous epoch it is impossible to overlook those developing themselves among the great communities which occupy the southern portion of our own hemisphere and extend into our neighborhood. An enlarged philanthropy and an enlightened forecast concur in imposing on the national councils an obligation to take a deep interest in their destinies, to cherish reciprocal sentiments of good

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6 Messages and Papers of the President, II, p. 13.
Senora Allafro, one of the loveliest ladies who has ever graced society in Washington, and who presided with equal charm over the Presidencia in Panama City.  

An American citizen named William Thornton conceived and described in a pamphlet written in 1815, a continental commonwealth denominated “The United North and South Columbia”, with a capital called The City of America, “located on the healthy hills that intersect the Isthmus at or near Panama, and where a canal may be made from sea to sea by locks.”

In Chile the Argentinian born Juan Martínez de Rozas in his Catecismo Político Cristiano (Político-Christian Catechism) circulated in 1810, exhorted the people to weld the countries of South America into a “single nation and a single state.”

More definite and precise in his ideas, the Chilean Juan Egafia outlined in 1811 a plan for the union of the Spanish possessions. He proclaimed the necessity of the peoples of America of uniting themselves for their external security and in order to avoid wars among themselves. For that purpose he proposed the holding of an American Congress, and he prophesied: “The day when America assembled in Congress, be it one of the Nation or of its two continents, or of its Southern continent,

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6 Messages and Papers of the Presidents, I, p. 494.  
8 Barros Arana, Historia General de Chile, VIII, p. 195.
shall speak to the rest of the world, its voice will be respected and its resolutions will be difficult to oppose.”

Large continental vision was also shown by the Honduran jurist and writer José Cecilio del Valle, who was an enthusiastic advocate of rapprochement between the Anglo Saxon and the Latin peoples of the continent. In his paper El amigo de la Patria (The Friend of the Country) Valle published in 1822 a remarkable plan for the union of the Americas. His views were that a congress should be assembled at Costa Rica or Nicaragua, “more respectable than that of Vienna and more important than those congresses which have in mind the interests of the rulers and not the rights of the people”; that all provinces of America should send plenipotentiary Delegates to the congress, who should undertake to devise practical plans “so that no province may fall a prey to external aggression or a victim of internal disensions” and “to elevate the provinces of America to the degree of wealth and power to which they can ascend.” Once these two problems were solved, the Delegates should proceed to set up: “first, the great federation that must unite all the States of America” and “second, the economic plan that must make them rich.”

Other historical personages expressed with more or less vigor and precision the thought of a united and free America, whether its Southern portion or the whole of the continent, like O’Higgins, the Chilean Liberator, who in a manifesto issued in 1918 favored the idea of a Union to preserve civil and political liberty; like Bernardo Monteagudo, who influenced by the writings of Valle and by the action of Bolivar, wrote an Essay on the necessity of a general Federation of the Spanish American Countries; like Artigas the creator of the Uruguayan nationality, who anticipating the pronouncement of Monroe, proclaimed that Uruguay “would consider as an enemy of her own all enemies of any of the States of America.”

But the two Precursors who converted their thought into action and brought about the first manifestations of Pan Americanism were Bolivar in the South, Henry Clay in the North. Bolivar expressed his conception of the unity of America in 1812, in a memorial to the congress of New Granada; in 1813, during his campaign for the liberation of Venezuela; in 1815, in his prophetic letter of Jamaica; in 1817 amid victories alternating with disasters; in 1818 in his famous letter to Pueyrredón, Director of the Buenos Aires Government. And his conception materialized in the treaties concluded in 1822 between Peru and Colombia and in the assembling of the Congress of Panama in 1826.

The vibrant, magnetic personality of Henry Clay was animated by deep sympathies for the Spanish American colonies fighting for their liberties and he envisaged the potentialities of close intercourse between the two sections of the continent and the setting up of a great system “which would constitute the rallying point of human wisdom against all the despotism of the Old World.” Among his many utterances of continental brotherliness, Latin America will always remember with special gratification, these words full of ardent faith and prophetic vision:

“In the establishment of the independence of Spanish America the United States has the deepest interest. I have no hesitation in asserting my firm belief that there is no question in the foreign policy of this country which has ever arisen or can arise, in the decision of which we can have so much at stake. This interest affects our politics, our commerce, our navigation. These Spanish American governments, once independent, will be animated by an American feeling and guided by an American policy. * * * We are their great example. Of us they constantly speak as of brothers, having a similar origin. They adopt our principles, copy our institutions and often employ the very language and sentiments of our revolutionary papers.”

The long, valiant and tenacious struggle of Henry Clay in Congress and in the cabinet in favor of the colonies, having to overcome the lack of understanding, the ignorance and the narrow-mindedness prevalent in those days, were crowned by the recognition of the independence of the new re-
publics, by the initiation of diplomatic relations with them, by the decision, unfortunately tardy, to send Delegates to the Congress of Panama.

Thus we can see how geographical pro-pinquity and love of political freedom were the underlying forces of the sentiment of solidarity and unity in our continent.

When Bolivar the Liberator laid the cornerstone of Pan Americanism on the Isthmus of Panama in 1826 he gathered, shaped and drove into international action, sentiments and ideas that were latent in the conscience of the New World, forces that had their source in the very nature of things.
SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

SALLY CARY, the beautiful daughter of the Collector of the Port of Hampton, Virginia, meets a boy named George Washington at the last Assembly Ball of the season of 1748, held in the Raleigh Tavern at Williamsburg. They go for a walk between dances and Washington becomes involved in a quarrel with a sailor from a French ship, who insults Sally. Compelled by the wreck of his finery to forfeit the rest of the evening with Sally, Washington introduces his friend, George William Fairfax, to her.

Within a few days, Madame Germaine Beauvais, a young French widow, arrives at Ceelys, the home of the Cary family, with her baby daughter and her father, Le Compte de Leger, who is on a mission to attempt to confer with the American colonists on the serious conditions that have arisen between the French and the British over settlements in the Wilderness.

Madame Beauvais and Sally Cary become warm friends and, to entertain her guest, Sally plans a real Virginia house-party, sending her visitors invitations by galley and fast riders. George, now at his Mount Vernon home, has already arranged to go to Ceelys to ask Colonel Cary if he may ask Sally's hand in marriage. He rides down to Ceelys, stopping for the night at Fauntleroy's on the Rappahannock River. On the way he meets John Henry who is accompanied by his son Patrick, and some interesting details of the Ohio Company are discussed. Arriving at Fauntleroy's he finds a goodly company of young people all ready to ride the rest of the distance to Ceelys on the following day. They leave early in the morning . . .

IV

OVER the roads hoof-deep with the spring mire they traveled next morning, leaving Naylor's Hole just at dawn. William Fauntleroy laughed at his sister's suggestion that he accompany them.

“No planter leaves home at this time of year,” he told his northern guests. “Our whole income for the year depends upon the work that is done this month
and next. You go along with Betsy, Hayward, and see what the Capital is like and how you like Virginia life. If you stay here, I can be with you only in the evenings and when you come back we will have some days together in the saddle. Perhaps we’ll get in a fox hunt before you leave."

He loaned George two of his fine horses and kept the two belonging to Mr. Lee. It was a gay crowd that waved farewell to him and crossed on the regular ferry to Tappahannock. By noon they were well into the middle of King and Queen County, having followed the short-cuts through forest trails amid fresh green shrubbery and over-topping trees that a generation before had formed an ambush for hidden Indians. At the edge of a newly plowed field through which a sparkling brook curled from its woodland retreat they stopped to eat a lunch cooked for them by the four grooms.

By four o’clock, when the sun was turning the swift York River to a deep salmon color, they were alongside of the steep bank, whistling to the ferryman who could land his flat-boat at such points along the shore as the rapid current of the river willed. An hour later, they rode through the streets of Yorktown, stopping at the home of Edward Ambler.

His horse stood at the hitching post, so they called below his window and he answered.

"Be down in a minute. Mother’s away and the larder’s empty, so don’t upset the house."

They stopped at The Old English Tavern and ordered refreshments after Ambler joined them, then went on toward the James, reaching that river just after candle-light, when the moon, rising out of the point where the Roads becomes the Atlantic Ocean, was just turning the river into liquid gold.

The Jeffersons had already reached Ceelys and Colonel Cary had found young George William Fairfax in Williamsburg. After supper, which was a prolonged affair, since the boys and girls from the James River plantations kept arriving at intervals, Sally called in the fiddlers from the out-quarters and they went through the steps of a few country dances. But the long ride had been fatiguing and the exercise of the dance was about the last effort that they could make.

Germaine Beauvais proved to be a great attraction. To the girls, she was a romantic figure; to the boys she was a satisfaction for their adventurous cravings for hers were stories of the French wars told from actual experience by a member of their own generation. All of their lives they had listened to the tales of fighters of their elders, tales which they discounted as being partly creations of the brain of the relator. But here was a girl who had followed the course of her husband’s regiment for ten years and who had witnessed engagements at first hand or, at least, had been within sound of the guns.

She told them of the new craze in France for the cutting of portraits in paper.

"Silhouettes, they are called," she said. "If any of you want your pictures made, I am able to do it."

Then ensued a scramble for scissors and the black paper that Madame Beauvais had brought with her. Who should be cut first—who, of course, but Sally!

It was an excellent likeness and caused wild enthusiasm. "Sally, let me have it!" "Listen, Sally, I’ve known you years longer than he has; it ought to be mine!" "You owe it to me, Sally, for treating me like a dog at the last Assembly!"

"I think it belongs to me," said George Washington, shyly, "because I am your newest friend."

He had uttered hardly a sentence since his arrival and, although Sally had made every effort to draw him into the fun, she had made a poor success of it.

Jane Jefferson interfered.

"Why don’t you all try to win it in some kind of a match?" she suggested. "How?" sounded from around the room. "Suppose you boys ride a race for it tomorrow," her husband suggested, "you’re all well mounted and about equally. The best rider gets the silhouette."

This idea received the approval of the crowd.

Colonel Jefferson managed the race officially. He selected a spot far back of the house where, by going three times around the track of land which the blooded stock
generally held sacred, the horses could run a mile. The girls sat on the fences or grouped themselves in applauding trios. A few Hamptonites, hearing of the contest, came to watch. Colonel Jefferson fired the shot that started them, and away went the boys, down the field.

"Sally, will you marry the winner?"

"That wasn't in the bargain."

"Sally—look—oh, Sally, Ran Dandridge is in the lead!"

"Now it's William Byrd."

"If William wins, Elizabeth will scratch you to pieces."

"Indeed I will!" acquiesced Elizabeth Carter, gaily.

"I wouldn't have him for a peanut," retorted Sally, her gaze fixed on George Washington, well in the rear. Her heart turned over. Wouldn't he ever make any headway? Ever since the night of the terrible fight in Williamsburg, she had wondered about him, admired him, and yet stood rather in awe of him—as no other man had ever made her do. He was different from the other boys she knew.

Colonel Jefferson went over to stand beside his wife who was trying to keep their five year old son from climbing to the top of the fence.

"They keep pretty well neck to neck, don't they," he said. "Fine horses, nice boys... there, Fairfax has pulled into the lead. Heigho! Mason is out of it; his horse is too tired. Look, Jane."

"I'll look if I have a moment to use to keep Tommie from breaking his neck." Mrs. Jefferson pulled her obstreperous son down from the top railing. "Thomas, you're the greatest nuisance a woman ever took on a house-party. Who's in the lead now, Peter?"

Betsy Fauntleroy and Lucy Grymes came running up to them.

"We're so excited! Sally won't tell who she wants to win but we think it is Mr. Washington."

"The best rider will win," the Colonel told them, "when the boys get like this, they forget what they're riding for."

They rounded the post in a cloud of dust. George Mason and Francis Lightfoot had left the track and reined in their horses, taking the jeers of the girls at their defeat. Peyton Randolph and George William Fairfax were leading; back of them ran George Washington, Richard Henry Lee and Bowler Cocke. Young Adams and Richard Bland were strung out behind them. At the turn, Adams dropped out and rode up to Betsy. She laughed at him, her face glowing.

"Let Cocke go on if it gives me a second alone with you," he answered her retort. "I won that race, at any rate."

Robert Carter Nicholas and Anne Cary joined them. He was a stately young man with great dignity of manner and he had chosen not to ride for the stake because the wrong sister had been portrayed. David Hayward, standing near them with his bride, was keyed up to a high pitch of excitement.

"You should see a real race when some of the blooded horses are out," said Colonel Jefferson. "These boys are well mounted. Fairfax has a splendid horse and he rode only from Williamsburg. That mount of Washington's is one of the best in the Fauntleroy stables but he had a long ride yesterday. Lee's on a dandy!"

As they came down the last half-mile, Washington urged his horse. Cries and shouts rang out from the fence line.

"That boy knows the principles of the race; he held back until he had exhausted the others. Now, look... Jane... look; he's neck and neck with Fairfax!" Jane had Tommie tight around his waist; he was squealing with anger. His mother was equally determined to see the finish.
Swiftly they came on, now a nose ahead, now a shoulder ahead did George lead young Fairfax. Leaning far over the neck of his horse, he patted and talked to him. Sally never uttered a word but her face was set in tense lines, her breath came in hard, labored gasps. "I believe she is taking it seriously," thought Betsy Fauntleroy and looked closely at the other girl, for the boy from up-country ranked high in her own thoughts and she would have shown the cold shoulder to either Mr. Adams or Mr. Cocke if she could have won his warm smile. "Sally looks cut up," said Lucy Grymes to Frances Bland and thought of a couple of verses of poetry that Mr. Washington had sent her the year before after a visit to Brandon. But Sally was unaware of friendly comments. Her heart was pounding now, her whole being was riveted upon one rider, her one thought was for his success. By the length of his horse, he reached the post ahead of George William Fairfax. "Ride around, Sir Knight, and get your reward," called Colonel Jefferson and helped Richard Bland hoist Sally to the top of a post. The eyes of both the young man and the horse glowed as they faced her. George's hair had fallen into disarray; his collar was open at the throat, showing the superb mounting of his neck on the well set shoulders. His curved mouth was smiling. He and the horse were as one; his body never left the saddle. He rode to the post, bowed shyly as Sally handed him the bit of paper and, with a smile to her, he dismounted. But the plaudits of the enthusiasts were too much for him. Suddenly aware of the smiling, cheering crowd, he said in an embarrassed fashion: "Horse can't stand . . . too warm . . . thank you," and swinging into the saddle, he rode off to the stables. Refreshed by a swim in the river, they all met again around the dinner table at two o'clock where the talk was gay and happy and Marcia Hayward was the only one who thought, as she glanced around: wouldn't it be wonderful if this could go on forever. Marcia Hayward had not had a happy youth and she wondered if, in the eternal struggle for those material things of life, one could continue in this manner of joyousness. Let these people once become immersed in the confining life of a city like Philadelphia where the competition for the pound was the controlling factor, could they keep it up? She doubted it. After dinner, Mrs. Hayward played with little Diane with the girls gathered around her on the wide veranda, while the men went off to manufacture the scenery for the play they were giving that evening. "Have you given this play before?" asked Germaine. She had asked the girls to drop the Madame Beauvais. "Yes, once before in Williamsburg," Sally answered. "I met Mr. Washington at the last Assembly Ball and we were planning then for the play. Someone told me what a good actor he is and I asked him to play the part of Juba." "What is the play about?" Germaine wanted to know. "It's unrequited love," Lucy Ludwell told her, with a giggle. "Juba is in love with Marcia but she never marries him. It is very sad. Last winter when we gave it, all the old ladies in the audience who had had affairs with some man beside their husbands, cried and cried. You could spot them in a moment and the harder they cried, the more they condemned themselves." "You horrid thing! Unrequited love is a very serious and terrible thing," cried Elizabeth Carter, "just think of the lasting effect on Evelyn Byrd." They were all silent. The girls had been children when Miss Byrd had died ten years before but the story was part of their lives. "What happened to Mademoiselle Byrd?" asked Germaine. "I have never heard the story either," Marcia Hayward supplemented. "You tell it, Elizabeth; she was almost your sister-in-law." Elizabeth spread her full skirts and began importantly: "She was William's half-sister and he adored her although he was only a little boy when she died. He used to talk about her all the time but now he is a little better, because he has me," she added mod-
estly and the other girls restrained their smiles. "Well, when she was young she lived in England and she and the Earl of Peterborough loved each other madly; oh, so madly that they would have died for one another. But he was a Catholic and she was a Protestant and her father would not let her marry him. William's father, Germaine, was a determined gentleman. They called him The Black Swan. He is dead now. He adored Evelyn but she couldn't win him over to change his mind so she gave up the Earl of Peterborough and when she was thirty years old, she lay down and died of a broken heart."

Marcia Hayward looked up.

"That is very sad, my dear, but it was not unrequited love, if she and the Earl were so devoted."

Elizabeth did not dispute this assertion. It was enough for her that she had told the story. It gave William a standing with these two strange girls.

"Did she have no other lovers of whom her father could approve?" asked Germaine accustomed to French marriages.

"Oh, yes," Sally replied. "Mr. Daniel Parke Custis wanted to marry her but she would have none of him ... neither would her father, for that matter, for Mr. Custis has a wild background; still, I suppose Colonel Byrd would rather have had her marry him than die like she did at thirty."

"Sister Sarah!" Betty wiggled into the group. "Captain Blossom is in the house and he wants to know what he shall do about clearance papers when Father is away."

"I'll have to give them to him." And Sally went away.

She took a moment before she joined the girls again after disposing of Captain Blossom and, going to her room, she thought quietly. All day she had been living rather on the top of events; now she wanted to probe a little deeper. The look on George's face as he took the silhouette from her had given her a hint that his in-
terest was deeper than she had supposed. Was it as deep as hers? She knew that she thought more often of him than she thought of any of the other boys, that his successes and his conquests were of paramount importance to her. Was that love? Perhaps if he would tell her just how he felt he would rouse a definite emotion in her. She would be patient and after the play tonight she would give him every opportunity. Humming a happy little tune, she went back to her duties as hostess, but the group on the lawn had been broken up by Mrs. Jefferson who had suggested a boat ride and they were calling Sally from the wharf.

In the long drawing-room, after supper, the curtains that concealed the stage which had been erected at one end of the room parted on the first act of Cato, republished recently by Mr. Joseph Addison in London. Once before had Sally listened to Mr. Washington speak the tender words to her; once before had she flaunted him, loving him all the while with the depth of her intensity. Two girls in the audience were impressed by the sincerity of her interpretation of the lines. Betsy Fauntleroy thought: I have two, both of them fine men, and if she wants this other one, I will not make any further effort to get him! And Lucy Grymes, who was more sentimental, shook the tears from her eyelashes and flirted outrageously with Henry Lee, who had come from Dumfries for the performance.

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V

The heavy perfume of the magnolias mingled with the odor of the damp grass and hung in a thin mist low above the earth while overhead the full disk of the moon rode in and out of the scattered clouds, its reflection gleaming against the ever moving water of the Roads and touching with silver the masts of the vessels lying at anchor there.

George placed around her shoulders a heavy cape that he had found in the hall, and walked beside Sally to the bench beneath the old tree. She was still in the character of the part which she had played and her powdered hair, with a little curl against her throat, had a silvery cast. Her pale blue dress with tight bodice, filled in with lace at the neck and widening into folds of shimmering silk, rustled against the grass-bordered path as she stepped.

All day George had been disturbed by the absence of Colonel Cary, for he could not declare his love to her until he had first announced his desire to her father. And the night was made for a declaration of love.

Reaching to catch a low branch of the magnolia, he broke a waxy blossom and gave it to her, but she said:

"Put it where it belongs."

He tucked it among the laces and his hand touched the warm flesh of her throat. His head felt light, his pulse ran faster.

"You're a lovely thing, Sally," he said, softly.

"Yes? But I'm not. I'm a woman, not a china ornament."

"I'm willing to substitute 'woman' for 'thing'." He smiled at her.

"George, you're a very good actor... you play the part of Juba as if you really were the victim of an unrequited love... you make it very real. How real is it?"

"I do not know..."

"Why not ask her and settle it once for all?"

"Her?"

"I hate hedging!" Sally returned ferociously. "I mean Betsy."

"Oh!" He smiled slowly. "I do not think that Betsy could inspire me to play the part of the unrequited lover."

"Nor Lucy Grymes?"

"Nor Lucy Grymes. Sally, you're delightful when you are jealous."

"I am not jealous. I can have the pick of the men of the Tidewater!"

"I know that only too well."

They were silent. From the house came the sweet, thin notes of the hautboys and violins and the deep voice of the negro fiddler as he called the figures of the dance.

"Tidewater never interests me as much as the Potomac country," she said presently, playing with a petal from the magnolia as the breeze brought a few to fall around her.

"I cannot compete with the men of the Tidewater," he answered in a straightforward way. "There is great money here; there are families who are descended from
the best stock in England. I want you to look the situation clearly in the face before we go ahead. My father was a gentleman, but he was not of the nobility as many of these other men are; he won his lands in Virginia because his grandfather brought over immigrants to settle the colony, not because he was a warrior for Queen Elizabeth nor a supporter of Prince Charlie. I have accomplished nothing and I am financially dependent upon Lawrence."

"You put too much stress upon your surroundings, George, and give yourself no credit for what you are."

"But I tell you, I am nothing."

"That is not true." She put her hand over his.

Now the blood was running in his veins as he had seen the trout streams run in the springtime... he must hold it in check... since he was nothing, he doubly owed her the protection of speaking first to her father. He must not let her trap herself.

"It is true now," he said with determination, "and we are seeing realities as they are to-night."

"George... don't you understand... don't you know that if, in the natural course of events, you do inherit Mount Vernon or do have some other opportunity to increase your wealth, it need not change you. It cannot change you... you are what you are, and you are that now, without the embellishments."

She knew now that what she felt was love, a love that if she let herself go would sweep her quickly into the whirlpool of utter forgetfulness. She tried to keep her thoughts clear. If he would tell her that he loved her and then let her go, for a night of reconnoitering, as it were; a few hours when she might probe deeply into her emotions without the influence of his presence. Then, suddenly, she knew that
such a survey was not possible; that his presence was the basis for her emotion and that she could not analyze it with her mind if her heart were not swept into harmony with his.

The pressure of his hand upon hers tightened. The mad whirling of his brain saturated him; he would take her in his arms . . . he would hold her close to him . . . he would feel the warmth of her blood run counterpart to his . . . he raised his arm and in that instant, reason came back to him. What he did was to replace the cape which had fallen from her shoulders and, as he rose, to say thickly:

"The air is getting cold. You should be in the house."

Sally drew a long breath. Hope slipped from her, slipped into the night shadows where the mist from the fragrant grass was rising higher, closing them in against the penetrating gleam of the moon which had gone under a cloud.

She danced the night through accompanied by a false gaiety lest the men of Tidewater suspect that she had been defeated by a man of the Potomac.

In the morning, they rode to Williamsburg, starting early that they might attend the Sunday service at Bruton Church. Afterward they would meet Colonel Cary and all have dinner at the Raleigh Tavern, coming home late in the afternoon. The Jeffersons would leave them there.

Seated in the square pew at the far corner to the left of the chancel, Sally pointed out to Germaine as many of the county people as they could see.

"Facing this way . . . about half-way down the main aisle," she whispered as they sank to their knees out of sight behind the high sides of the pew, "notice the dark, handsome man with the pretty girl . . . that's the Daniel Parke Custis who wanted to marry Evelyn Byrd . . . remember? We told you about her yesterday."

"Who is the girl?" Germaine whispered back.

"Martha Dandridge . . . Ran's sister. That's why he went to sit with them. She is engaged to Mr. Custis."

During the sermon, Sally could engage herself in thought. Beyond the pulpit where the Rector stood, she could glimpse the elaborate canopy that covered the carved throne seat occupied by Governor Lord Dinwiddie. She knew that back of him, just out of her line of vision, her father sat with some of the other Burgesses. Her guests had scattered themselves through the church, joining family or friends. Anne, Mary, Betty, Germaine and the Haywards were with her. Through the long open window which she faced, came the twittering of birds nesting in the heavy green ivy; came the occasional stamp of a horse hitched in the churchyard; came the soft voices of the negro coachmen as they waited on the coaches that lined both sides of Duke of Gloucester Street. Like a gay flower garden between the grey walls of the church nodded and rippled the London hats of the women, all colors of the rainbow caught for a moment at the side of their high coiffures and from the aisle seat of every pew rose the black velvet coats, lace stocks and powdered heads of the gentlemen. George Washington and Richard Henry Lee had gone to sit with Lee's cousins, the Lightfoots.

Why had not George told her of his love? She felt that it was hers. For her to have forced the issue last night would have spoiled everything. Why? Why?

"And may there be among you the peace of God which passeth understanding," said the Rector and the note of the violin gave the first bars of the recessional hymn. They rose. George towered above the other men in the Lightfoot pew.

A ray of sunlight, coming through the mullioned window on the other side of the church, sparkled on the diamond button on a man's waistcoat. Sally's eye caught the reflection. She looked up quickly and met the ardent gaze of George William Fairfax.

**VI**

Dinner at Raleigh Tavern was very gay and Germaine Beauvais had the feeling of life in a state of revolution; this angle of it was so different from her own experience, so full of light and happiness, and yet, underneath, these people must have their problems too. For the first time in many years, she was apart from the anxieties of
war. How would they face devastation, she wondered, if it were to come to them? And then she knew that they would face it as they faced their pleasures, to the fullest extent of their beings and may the best man win!

Colonel Cary could be the rare old beau when he had a pretty woman for a companion and since there was little choice between the charms of Mrs. Hayward and those of Madame Beauvais, he elected to ride back to Ceelys between them, cutting back with his rather ponderous repartee to the smart conversation they fed him.

George Washington had counted on this ride as an opportunity to present his cause; he had, in fact, spent what hours remained after the dancing the night before, memorizing the speech that he would make and accepting the Colonel's reply, then taking Sally again to the magnolia tree, free at last to pour out his passion. He was forced to control his impatience and respond as well as possible to the badinage of Betsy Fauntleroy with whom he rode alone for the greater part of the distance until they were joined by a flushed and indignant Elizabeth Carter who had indulged in another of her innumerable quarrels with William Byrd and came to them as a port of refuge, leaving William to ride in the company of David Hayward. Just ahead of George rode Sally between George Mason and George William Fairfax.

To Washington the ride was interminable but finally it did bring them to the loaded supper table at Ceelys and the welcome of the other Cary girls who had gone home in the coach right after church. Later, the negroes from the in-quarters, augmented by some of the field hands, raised their voices in spirituals and so, with music and fine speech, the evening wore away. As he bade Colonel Cary good-night, George said:

"May I have a few words with you in the morning, Sir?"

"As many as you want. No young man I'd rather have words with than you, provided, of course, you keep your fists at home!" The Colonel was in a high good humor. "Get down early and you'll have all the time you want. I'm on the veranda by six-thirty every day."

George thanked him and went to speak to Sally, who stood at the foot of the stairs, candle in hand, waiting to ascend.

"Good-night..." he caught himself sharply; he had almost added "dearest"... and with a smile and a warm pressure of her hand, she went up the steps.

He stood for a long while at the window of the guest house, stood there until the other young men would let him have no peace.

"How early are you starting, George?" demanded Fairfax.

"I don't know."

"How are you going?" Mason asked.

"I don't know."

"Do you know anything?"

"No."

"Houseparties certainly break you up."

"Yes."

"Want a lexicon, George?" called William Byrd from the other room.

"What for?"

"Limited vocabulary. Nothing like the lexicon to help you over the 'I don't know' period of your life."

"See you in the morning. I'm turning in." George left the window abruptly. He did not sleep. His blood, his heart, his whole being pulsated. Tomorrow he would win her!

But when he faced the old colonel in the morning, his high courage had ebbed. He was not the dauntless lover but the dependent son of an English gentleman talking to a man who stood in high favor with His Majesty King George II; who knew the rules of the Court, who was the father and protector of the girl he loved so devotedly. George forgot his fine speech; as he stood, tall and awkward, with flushed face and uncouth, boyish manner, he presented his case in the worst light possible. He asked her father if he might be considered an eligible suitor for Sally.

"Eligible suitor!" cried the old man.

"What have you got to make you eligible? A fine mother, a father I respected, but you... young man, you've got arrogance! Not a sou to your name and nothing ahead of you but being a poor farmer in the employ of your brother. My daughter will never marry a poor farmer. She is accustomed to her coach and six. If that is what you came for, you'd better mount your horse and go back where you came from."
George's fury was unleashed.
"Some day I'll make you take that back," he shouted, "and then I'll marry her out of hand, if she'll have me!"

"And you think I'll let her wait until you're amounting to something more than a good farmer lad?" Red and purple splotches had appeared on the Colonel's face.

"I think you'll have nothing to say about it, Sir. You'll find she has a mind of her own."

"Her mind is my mind, I'll have you know. Now, give my respects to your mother and Mr. Lawrence Washington and keep yourself on the Potomac where you belong."

George dared trust himself no longer. He was white with anger. He had learned from past experience that when he felt like this, he must get out of sight of the cause for it. Some day it might mean a killing.

He swung himself from the veranda and went hurriedly to the stables.

"Saddle the mare at once," he told Jenkins, who was grooming her. "Get your breakfast and my things and come along after me. I'll wait for you at the Tavern in Yorktown. Get some speed. Make haste!"

Jenkins, with the thought that "Mr. George had got 'em again" hastened, and in a few moments George swung into the saddle and struck out for the road, riding at the top speed of the mare. All the way to Yorktown, the gallop of the horse's hooves resounded to the line of thought that beat against his brain: "I'll show him; I'll show him; by gad, I will amount to something."

When he pulled up at the Tavern and called for his breakfast, he was in a quieter mood. But he left word for Jenkins to come on to Naylor's Hole, being too impatient to sit around and wait for the negro. When he reached Naylor's Hole late that afternoon and met William Fauntleroy, the ashes of his anger lay white and dead within him. William was just going out to inspect a field planted that morning and the sight of George astonished him.

"Where's Betsy? Anything the matter with her?"

"No. She's all right."

"Why didn't she come home with you?"

"She's with the Haywards and Fairfax and Mason. I never thought about her!"

"What got you in this state of mind, George?"

But George would not tell him. William could only surmise.

"I'll take Mr. Lee's horses back to him . . . Jenkins is somewhere behind me with your other horse."

"You're a grand cavalier," said Fauntleroy, laughing at him, "you leave a woman to get home by the grace of God but you're damned careful of horse-flesh. Tom sent over yesterday and got the animals, so you're stranded. Either you've got to take the galley to Fredericksburg and get your mother to help you out, or you've got to walk."

"What's the matter with you mounting me?"

"While Betsy walks home!"

George turned serious.

"Really, Will, believe me that this is true and help me out. I don't want to wait for the galley . . . don't want to meet the rest of the crowd. Mother's at Mount Vernon. Let me have a horse and I'll ride on to Fielding Lewis's and Jenkins can bring the horse back from there. You can send Jenkins up on the galley tomorrow."

"All right, old man; looks to me you're in a serious condition when Betsy doesn't interest you. Take what you want but don't ride the animal to death. Leave it at Mrs. Mason's and I'll pick it up next week when I go to Fredericksburg with Hayward."
You’d better stay all night; you’ll be done for if you ride like this."

“I’m all right. Just forget the whole thing, will you?”

“Of course. It’s just between ourselves.”

George rode at a slower pace to Fredericksburg, reaching there for breakfast. The Lewis house was closed and he learned that his mother’s sister, Mrs. Lewis and her children had gone north for a few weeks. He realized that he could not go on to Mount Vernon without some rest and he thought of the mother of his friend, George Mason.

Mrs. Mason was frightened when she saw the boy’s fatigue. She held a deep affection for this sixteen year old lad whose mother was her dearest friend for their lives had run almost parallel in experience. George told her that he had been twenty-four hours in the saddle and, without any questions, she made him take food and persuaded him to occupy her boy’s room where he would not be disturbed. When he came down into the homelike living-room late that afternoon, he held her wool and gave her news of the Lower James plantations.

Toward evening came George Mason and George William Fairfax but Washington was primed by now to take their raillery.

“Too bad, old man, that when you get the door you chase off like a rabbit scooted out of a hollow tree and make for the open spaces.”

Mrs. Mason shook her head at her son and he subsided.

George William Fairfax, looking keenly into George Washington’s face, knew that his rival was out of the running and that the track was clear for him.

They dissuaded George Washington from going on that night. He was determined that he would not ride alone with Fairfax for George William could question when he wished to do so, but Mason relieved the situation by announcing that he was going north in the morning and they might ride together.

“What is the talk in the low country of the frontier trouble?” asked Mrs. Mason.

“They’re all for protecting the Ohio territory from the French but there isn’t a great deal of sympathy or comment on protecting the settlers from the Indians,” replied her son.

“We are closer by and see more of the suffering. I stopped at the Rising Sun yesterday and Mrs. Hull told me that a French gentleman had stayed there and he was going on to Pennsylvania to see what assistance the Governor would give the French in protecting the settlements.”

“He is the father of the girl we went to meet at Sally’s,” Fairfax said, “but there seems to be some idea that his visit is a blind; that what the French really want is to fight for their rights in the Ohio tract.”

“Very few French settlers have gone into the Ohio,” remarked Washington.

“So few that it would hardly be the policy of France to protect them. Evidently what France wants is to clear out the Indians and to get our help in that; and then to grab the land for herself,” volunteered Mason.

“It would give the French a tremendous hold in America,” said Fairfax.

“Too much hold with the Mississippi Valley in the bargain, if they are able to buy the west from Spain and they never cease to negotiate for it,” Mason replied.

“If this land is going to progress,” George Washington put in, “it should be all English. I’d like a chance to fight for it if a fight comes. . . .”

Mrs. Mason interrupted him.

“We have had fighting enough. Fighting is the last resort.”

“But the sound of a bullet whizzing past
your ear is the finest sound in the world,”
he told her.

“Maybe. . . . to you boys who don’t
know what you’re talking about. Some-
times, you know, it doesn’t whizz; your
body stops it.”

“So much the better.” George’s tone was
melancholy and she looked at him over her
spectacles.

“Brace up, George, and take life by the
horns, and twist it the way you want. You
have a fine chance in a new country.”

“All the excitement of a new country is
gone, Mother. It’s getting too settled
around here. I wish I’d lived at the time
of the first Jamestown colony. Those were
days of excitement!”

“My father used to tell of tales he had
heard. . . .” began Mrs. Mason and the
boys knew that she was launched on some
of the stirring stories of the Spaniards and
Indians and English in the days of early
Virginia.

VII

The three young men rode their horses
out of Fredericksburg. Mason spoke cas-
ually of business that took him over into
Maryland.

“Business in Maryland must be good
just now, isn’t it?” asked Washington.

“What are you learning over there? The
value of the girls grown on Maryland soil?”

Mason flushed.

“I don’t mind telling you fellows. I
go over for two purposes. First and fore-
most because I’m going to marry Anne
Eilbeck from over the river and second,
because I’m tremendously interested in that
ferry project for crossing at Rock Creek.

When you realize that it’s the best place
for a commercial ferry to link the main
road from New York straight south into
Carolina, it strikes me as a good invest-
ment.”

After the felicitations on his engagement,
which Washington already knew about,
Fairfax picked up the other matter.

“It’s only a matter of time now when
they’ll build a road that the heavy coaches
can travel. I think you’re right about the
investment.”

“There’s a piece of property below Bel-
voir that is for sale. It’s about eight miles
south of you, George,” Mason spoke to
Washington. “If you have time this morn-
ing, I’d like to show it to you.”

“I’ve got to go on,” replied Washington,

“I told Lawrence I’d do a little business for
him in Alexandria and I’ve got to get
there before the Court House closes. I’ll
see it some other time.”

Mason and Fairfax stopped off to see the
land, a broad fertile tract that sloped in
beautiful gradations to the river. Wash-
ington went on, taking the short route to
the county seat. The sun was near its
setting as he rode into Alexandria. He
found the records of the deed to the prop-
erty that Lawrence had bought from Colo-
nel Cary and then, leaving the Court
House, he went slowly down the street,
letting his horse lag along. Deep, long
shadows falling from the gravestones filled
the churchyard of St. John’s. He nodded
to the old sexton who was mowing the close-
cropped grass.

Major Carlyle and Lord Fairfax came
out of the front door of the church and
stood on the brown, well-trodden path.
They were well set men but Lord Fairfax
had a slight stoop from the weight, he often
said, of his fifty gay years. George reined
in to speak to them.

“Sarah said I was to bring you home to
supper, Cousin Thomas,” said John Carlyle,
after the exchange of greetings. “Better
join us, George; that horse of yours looks
as if he could sleep standing up. You’re
a hard rider, boy. Come from New York
this morning?”

George grinned as he dismounted.

“New York’s about as far away from my
experience as any other aims and ambi-
tions I may have,” he said, dispiritedly.

Lord Fairfax patted him on the shoulder.

“Cheer up, you’ve got years of agony
ahead. What you need is a good shot of
Tom and Jerry; got anything like that at
home, John?”

“Come and see,” responded John Car-
lyle, “did you ever know a Fairfax to fail
you? Sarah isn’t yet so much a Carlyle
that she forgets the qualities of the Fair-
xaxes.”

Presently they were seated on the veranda
of the Carlyle’s house, high above the river
from which came the fresh evening breeze.
Mrs. Carlyle ordered the tall glasses filled
with amber liquid, then she joined them.
She was a pretty woman, petite and very different from her dignified sister, Mrs. Lawrence Washington.

"I've been down to Ceely's," volunteered George, "and I went by the galley from Dumfries to Stratford. Did any of you ever run into one John Henry?"

Major Carlyle smiled.

"He comes in here occasionally to do some trading. He's a well educated man and I rather like to listen to him even if he is a radical. My feeling about the radicals is that they never make a point that is really fool-proof. But Henry isn't like that. He does. He's got facts and he sticks to them. If he had some fire and personality, he'd be a forceful speaker."

"He's sure set against what he calls the capitalistic group in Virginia," George said. "Yes, and you can't reason him out of it. Maybe his boy, Patrick, will amount to something—he's a quiet little chap; comes in here sometimes with his father and never opens his head. Sarah has taken a great fancy to him because she is curious to know if he can talk." Carlyle looked at his wife affectionately.

"I've talked to him and fed him cookies and offered all kinds of bribes but I've never heard the sound of his voice," she said.

"The younger was with him on the galley. Where does he live?" asked George.

"They come from Hanover County and someone down in Studley told me that his mother is a brilliant conversationalist and quite gifted as a musician."

"Maybe the boy is stunned by parents who take up all the conversation; that can happen, you know."

"Listen to Cousin Thomas! There never was a thing he didn't know about home life. Bachelors are always equipped to answer the problems of children," and his niece smiled at the old nobleman. "Did George William go with you, George?"

"He was a guest there, too, Sarah. Sally asked us all down to meet a friend of hers, a Madame Beauvais whose father came over, I believe, on some French mission. Interesting girl—husband killed recently on the French front and she's getting a breathing space. I came on here on an errand for Lawrence."

"How is Sally? Never having met her, she intrigues me," said Lord Fairfax.

"Charming—and heartless."

Lord Fairfax looked at George shrewdly.

"The common epitaph. It should be put on the tombstones of all females, and the graveyards should be full of them."

Sarah Carlyle laughed.

"Your bark is so much worse than your bite, Cousin Thomas," she said. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if this were a man's world with not a woman in it."

"Let me not be responsible for that idea," retorted her cousin, "not as long as you are in this world to grace it with your mint juleps."

"Which means that you will have another one!"

On their tired horses, the young man and the old one set out for home, after supper. They had not ridden far when old Lord Fairfax came to the point.

"Did she turn you down, George?"

"She didn't have a chance. Her father did it."

"What did he say?"

"That she should never marry a poor farmer; that she had to have her coach and six."

"By gad, what does Cary think he is? He's a fool to turn you down! Do you know the motto on his coat of arms? 'God lets the Carys want for nothing!' Well, it ought to read: 'The Carys want, for nothing, by God!'"

George laughed.
“I appreciate your backing, Sir; it is a consolation.”

“The cure for love is more love. I’ve lived fifty years and I’ve learned that. There are many young ladies in the Commonwealth who are a match for Sally.”

“May be! But I don’t happen to want them.”

For a few miles they rode in silence. As they neared the entrance to Mount Vernon, Lord Fairfax spoke:

“Well, George, if you won’t take my sage advice about women there still is something I can offer you and which you can do for me. I want my land on the west of the Blue Ridge surveyed and you can do the work. I’ll send that rapscallion nephew of mine with you and if you can’t do the job out there with the kind of life you’ll have to endure, then you haven’t got the backbone I think you have.”

VIII

Sally saw nothing of Mr. Washington until the Christmas season rolled around but Mr. Fairfax came often to Ceelys that summer and reported the progress he and Mr. Washington were making for their surveying trip into the wilderness. They were planning to leave as early in the new year as the weather would permit and would be gone at least twelve months. Wagons must be purchased and these were available only in Philadelphia; reliable guides must be engaged; a portion of the summer crop must be set aside to provide the necessary food to supplement the wild game. Colonel Cary welcomed Mr. Fairfax with avidity. He represented money, position, all the essentials that won the respect of the older man.

The Compte de Leger had found it advisable to continue his journey into the north country; his letters to Germaine told her that by the end of the summer he would have penetrated as far as Quebec and that his mission would take at least another year. Was she happy at Ceelys and was she still welcome there? If so, she had better stay. If not, she might return alone to France.

But at any hint of her return, Sally protested. She found in the young widow a deep source of affection, a comradeship and an understanding that she had not thought possible to find. She had been deeply hurt at the indifference of George Washington, and so far unable to solve the reason for his hasty action and neglect. Germaine was a confidante and the girls frequently mulled it over.

“He is shy and young,” Germaine said, with her more worldly wisdom, “he may consider that he is not your social equal and perhaps he is awaiting an opportunity to prove to you that he can amount to something that will count.”

“But if he loved me that would not enter in,” Sally answered forlornly.

“It always enters in,” Germaine told her.

The young people came and went in the big house on the river; Anne and Robert Carter Nicholas won her father’s consent to an engagement but Mary and Edward Ambler were not so fortunate, for the Colonel did not approve of too early marriages and entirely prohibited long engagements. Mary was but fourteen. Elizabeth Carter married William Byrd and changed her home from Shirley to Westover. One warm day in the late summer, all the young folks of the lower James crowded the Bruton Church for the fashionable wedding of Martha Dandridge and Mr. Daniel Parke Custis.

Sally was exceptionally busy; she felt that she must keep herself so, even had the demands upon her time been less than they were. The house must be re-curtained for the winter from materials brought on one of the English merchantmen, and after days and days of sewing, Ceelys bloomed with new chintz draperies brightening the rooms that were filled with flowers during the blooming season. The spinning and weaving of the clothing for the slaves had to be completed before winter set in; fine dimities and linens had to be made up for her sisters and herself and later, for the season in Williamsburg, cloths and silks from across the water. The kitchen and pantry must be stocked against the lavish entertaining that her father’s position demanded, and the little house in the capital must be renovated. Anne’s trousseau took a large part of her time.

During Christmas week, Governor and Lady Dinwiddie gave one of their balls at
the Palace. The great rooms were full of bright holly and fragrant pine boughs. Yule logs burned in the fireplaces. Sally flirted with every man present, hoping that Mr. Washington would know.

He did not arrive until late in the evening and then he divided the few dances that were left between Mrs. Bassett, Martha Custis's elder sister, Lucy Grymes who was by now letting Henry Lee pay ardent homage to her, and Mary Cary who was too young to be dangerous. But he managed to be at the foot of the stairs when Sally came down, furred and hooded for the short ride to the Cary house in her sedan chair. She could not well avoid him.

"Good-evening . . . and adieu . . . Mr. Washington," she said letting her dark eyes just glance across his blue ones.

"May I take you home?" he asked.

"Mr. Pendleton is my escort."

"I am leaving within a few weeks for the frontier," he said, trying to hold her glance.

"I hope that you will have a pleasant journey," she said and took the arm of Edward Pendleton.

Mary told her afterward: "Mr. Washington stood as if he were lost, then he found Edward for me, turned me over to him as if I were some kind of a horse, and left immediately."

An ardent letter from George William Fairfax told her that they had gone. Gone into the dangers of the wilderness! In the twelve months that he would be away she must learn indifference; she must learn to suppress this emotion.

Word from England came regarding her brother Ellis. He was nearly twenty and had been at school there for the last four years, supplied plentifully with money. But it appeared now that the amount had not been sufficient to meet his needs and his creditors wrote to his father. The Colonel was wrathful but he sent the money and warned his son that there would be no more beyond the regular allowance allotted.

The months that followed were difficult even in Williamsburg. For the first time in years, heavy snowfalls covered the city. Sally often lay awake at night when the wind shook the house and wondered how deep under the white blanket were the passes in the mountains. She wondered about the red men who might so easily creep unaware upon a camp, she imagined in the howling of the gale that she heard the sharp bark of the wolf as she had heard it once on a trip to Albemarle County with her father. But spring came around again in the old routine and they went back to Celyls at the close of the House of Burgesses.

Charles Carroll came to see them. He was of age now, independent of his English guardian and had elected to live in Annapolis. He brought them news of the Lee boys and Colonel Cary asked for information about Ellis.

But Mr. Carroll was circumspect. He had seen Ellis at the coffee houses in London; he had met him on a holiday in Bath. Of the gambling activities of the Colonel's son, he said nothing but the old gentleman was suspicious.

"The boy had better come home. If he's learned extravagance beyond my income, I'd rather have him here."

So Sally wrote her brother and arranged
for his passage. He would be with them in August. She would be glad.

July was upon them when a letter came from Hannah Fairfax of Belvoir. Sally did not know this sister of George William very well and the invitation for Germaine and herself to spend a fortnight at the house on the Potomac rather surprised her.

"Be sure to bring the baby; my brother has told us about her," wrote Miss Fairfax. Diane was walking; toddling over the shady lawn, getting into mischief. In her baby voice she could just say "Aunt Sally" and Sally was more than ever her devotee.

The girls travelled slowly by coach to Belvoir, stopping for the night at Naylor's Hole. Betsy Fauntleroy was brimming over with news.

"I've decided!" she cried almost as soon as they were in the house. "The momentous question," laughed Sally. "I'd be willing to wager you tossed a shilling for them."

"Bowler won! Before next season is over I'll be Mrs. Bowler Cocke!"

"And did Thomas Adams shoot himself, or drop in the river, or what?"

"My dear, Mr. Adams is so heartbroken that he is taking himself to England next month to live."

"Men always have a way of finding diversion," Sally's brightness hid the underlying envy but Betsy caught the note. "Aren't you ever going to marry?" she asked. "You and Lucy Grymes will soon be the old maids of the crowd, and there never has been but one old maid in Virginia . . . you're not going to be the second one, are you?"

"That is what I tell her," Germaine put in. "She's losing some of the best years of her life and the men of the Tidewater are forever sitting on her doorstep."

"Let them sit," retorted Sally. "She may prefer the men of the Potomac," Betsy suggested with a side-glance.

"It's all the same to me. One place is just as hard to manage as another; they're just work, work, work."

"You're getting blasé, Sally, that's what's the matter with you. I've had the place to manage too but just what else is there for us to do?"

"You've had William and he's your generation. Of course, I adore Father but he's one constant lamentation. The girls always want to do what his generation disapproves of, and now Ellis is coming home so there will be new problems. I'm torn between the ages." Sally laughed.

"Better get out of it and settle down with one man. This invitation you're accepting looks promising."

"It came as a surprise. Of course, I know the Fairfax women . . . Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Carlyle have been friendly but Hannah Fairfax has never put herself out until now, and I don't know their stepmother at all."

She had not worked up much enthusiasm over the invitation. Her leading idea was that she would be next door to the Washingtons and perhaps some light would be thrown upon the silence that enshrouded George. But her father's delight at the hospitality of the greatest family on the Potomac had been unbounded.

A hearty greeting awaited Germaine and herself as the heavy coach with its six perfectly matched horses lumbered up the drive at Belvoir. Even Mrs. Lawrence Washington had come over to meet her. She had once met Mr. William Fairfax at the Raleigh Tavern and she liked him very definitely. His daughter, Hannah, proved more gracious than Sally had thought possible in such a quiet girl, and Mrs. Fairfax was charming. News of George probably would be forthcoming for his cousin, Warner Washington, was constantly with Hannah.

The house delighted Sally. Its broad rooms were low of ceiling and Lord Fairfax had brought with him many years before, the choicest pieces of furniture from Leeds Castle. Polished mahogany, which she had never seen, filled the rooms; huge services of silver glistened on the sideboards; tall, slender decanters of fragile white glass allowed the deep red wines to reflect their color; family portraits that had given
splendor to the old castle hung in prominent places; rich red and blue velours and brocades covered the chairs and sofas. At the windows, draperies of gold silk hung in folds, caught back by ropes of twilled material so that glimpses of the wide river and the rose garden might be enjoyed. Here and there against the buff colored walls stood a secretary with mullioned doors above, revealing the hand-wrought bindings of Levant on the many books. Highboys with brass knobs and corner cabinets full of delightful bits of Florentine pottery caught the sunlight.

On the floor above the bedrooms were charming, with their four-post mahogany beds draped in the gay chintzes, their hand-woven rugs, and their porcelain bowl and pitcher all in the same color. Sally’s room was done in rose and great bouquets of multi-colored roses stood about in quaint pitchers on the dresser and on the table with its candle and several volumes of poetry. From the windows she could look out upon the river and have vistas through the wide spreading trees of the house at Mount Vernon which lay across a rushing stream spanned by a footbridge. Just a pleasant walk away, through the garden and across a meadow where a swath had been cut for a path.

The garden below was a mass of roses, hedged in with box. It was terraced up to meet the broad walk of bricks that surrounded the house and on this parapet, tea was being served. Sally hastened to change into one of her thin silk dresses, a deep yellow in color, and to tuck one of the tea-roses into the lace at the bosom. Then, accompanied by Germaine and tiny Diane, fairy like in her pink dress and tiny bonnet, she went down the staircase and out through the long window onto the terrace.

A slender, grey-haired man unwound himself from the deep chair in which he sat, talking to Mr. William Fairfax who leaned against the balustrade.

“Miss Cary,” said her host, “may I present my brother, Lord Thomas Fairfax?”

Sally’s face was the color of the rose in her gown; her eyes sparkled; her dark hair, drawn softly away from her face in slight waves, fell in a curl on each shoulder. Lord Fairfax’s face softened as he bent and kissed her hand. At last she was meeting the man about whom George Washington had so often spoken!

It was after she had had her tea that the old man invited her to see the garden. He took her at once to the sundial in the centre and watched her astonishment as she looked closely at its pointer.

“But, Sir, it is six o’clock and the dial registers but eleven!”

“It is one of my fancies,” he said. “This dial came from my home in England—Leeds Castle—and when it was set up here, I had it fixed so that it would register the hour that it is in England. This garden is a replica of the one there. When I come into it, I am at home again . . . just a bit of sentiment, that is all.”

“What a delightful thing to do!” cried Sally.

“Nobody ever credits me with sentiment,” said the man, his keen glance upon her. “But I have it somewhere, hidden away. My mother loved the garden at Leeds; I once had a love affair within its hedges. So I transplanted it here, and it holds my affections.”

Sally’s eyes were soft with moisture. He went on to point out the different varieties of roses.

“The box is higher than that in the gardens about here because I brought that with me too. In a hundred years it will be like that at Leeds; these are the young bushes. I could not, of course, destroy the other garden. I have given cuttings around the neighborhood. Young George Mason, who is building a fine house to the south of us, has planted a hedge of it and I’ve started some for my friend, George Washington . . . I believe you are acquainted with him.”

“Yes indeed, and with Mr. Mason too.”

“George Washington, as you may know, is on a survey of my western lands. My nephew is with him. I think the boys need
a vacation; they have been at the work since March and I have sent word to them to come home this month, for several weeks. They are due to arrive on Friday."

He continued to look at her. Sally's heart turned over but the expression of her face did not change.

"They will add much to the company," was all she said.

She looked across the lawn flanked by great holly trees, to the river where three vessels were speeding before the stiff breeze. They were long and low and square rigged, a type of ship that she had seen rarely. Lord Fairfax followed her glance.

"They are the tobacco boats for Bladensburg," he said. "They go up this month to load and sometimes there are as many as twenty in the river at the same time. In about ten days from now, they will go down, picking up the first crop from different plantations and then they will wait at the Roads until a hundred or more of them get together; that way, they will go to England."

"I have seen them in the Roads," she answered.

"One of them will be here Thursday to pick up part of our crop. Have you ever seen them load?"

"No Sir. My father raises very little tobacco and it goes direct. We have no private wharf. Ceelys stands back from the main waterway."

"I know. I've met your father many times but only once have I been to Ceelys. I do not get down that way very often. My lands lie to the north and they keep a man busy."

They had strolled nearly to the terrace steps and a flutter of conversation greeted them.

"Cousin Thomas, you cannot have Sally all the time," called Mrs. Lawrence Washington. "Sally, here is George Mason, who has brought his bride to call on you . . . this is Anne Eilbeck Mason, Sally Cary . . . did you see her new house as you passed this morning?"

"It looks charming," said Sally as they curtsied.

"You must come over and see it," answered Anne Mason; she was small and fair and looked decidedly childlike against the dark dignity of her young husband. "The roof is just on. George and I have been staying with his mother but we will move in within the month. We have planted our hundred cherry pits and started our garden. In another year, we will have something to show."

"It would be fun to start a home," said Sally, "you are fortunate to be able to do the starting; the rest of us will live and die in homes that someone else has started."

"I never thought of that," said Mrs. Washington, "we had the fun of starting ours. Sally, this gentleman is my husband. I do not believe that you have met him recently."

"Not since he used to tell me stories that made me wild for adventure. . . ."

"They are all tales of memory now," said Lawrence Washington and bent over her hand.

(To be continued)
IN MARCH, 1748, two boys, aged twenty and sixteen respectively started on a surveying trip to the lower Shenandoah region. They were William Fairfax and George Washington.

Arriving near the site of Winchester, on Monday the 14th, Washington records: "We sent our baggage to Capt. Jost Hite," an early settler in the valley, while "we went ourselves down ye river about sixteen miles to lay off some lands on the Long Marsh." This took the party on the waters of the Long Marsh run, a small stream that joins the Shenandoah River just inside the limits of Jefferson County. Here, for the first time, Washington set foot upon the soil of what is now West Virginia.

On Friday, March 18th, the two young men reached the Potomac, a short distance above present Harper's Ferry, and during the day "called to see ye Fam'd Warm Springs;" ample evidence that present Berkeley Springs had already attracted attention. By the next Friday they are found at work on Abram Johnson's land on Patterson's Creek, pausing to visit Solomon Hedges, an early justice of the peace. The work later took them to the home of Henry Van Metre, on the South Branch of the Potomac, and on Sunday, April 10th, leaving the South Branch, the surveyors arrived at Winchester the day following. Leaving this point on the 12th, en route to Mount Vernon, they saw a "Rattled Snake, ye first we had seen in all our journey."

In November, 1749, as assistant to James Genn, Washington made surveys in what is now Hardy County, and in March and April and August of the following year he made surveys in the same section, some as far north as the Potomac, where in April, he surveyed two hundred and forty acres for his "Friend Cox" at the mouth of the Little Cacapon. In his journals and papers he enumerates in all about two hundred people for whom he surveyed lands located in the Opequon, Great Cacapon, Little Cacapon, and other regions.

Following these surveying expeditions, Washington next appears as the youthful ambassador from Governor Dinwiddie to the commander of the French forts at the forks of the Ohio (Pittsburgh). The next March Washington received orders to take the Virginia regiment of militia and march to the Ohio, there to aid Captain William Trent in building forts and defending the possessions of "his Majesty" against the French. He entered West Virginia by way of Fort Edwards (Capon Bridge, Hampshire County) the middle of April, and by the 19th arrived at "Job Pearsalls" (Romney), where he "tarried," waiting for the "arrival of the troops which came the next day." The march continued down the South Branch to its mouth where they crossed the Potomac, arriving at Fort Cumberland by the 23rd. Following the surrender at "Fort Necessity" on July 4th, the troops returned by the same route.
After the Battle of the Monongahela and Braddock's death, Washington spent a little time at Fort Cumberland on account of illness. On July 18th he expected to return to Mount Vernon in about two weeks. He wrote his brother, "which is as soon as I can well be down, as I shall take (in) my Bullskin Plantation," alluding to his lands on Bullskin Creek, in the lower part of the present Jefferson County.

On August 14th (1775) Washington was appointed Colonel of the Virginia Regiment, and made commander-in-chief of all the forces raised for the defense of the western border, at that time largely embraced in the counties of Augusta, Frederick and Hampshire. Governor Dinwiddie in the meantime had decided to fortify the entire Virginia frontier, and it fell to the lot of Washington to carry out the plans. "I proceeded to Winchester, where I arrived on the 14th of September," he writes; then he crossed present West Virginia "to Fort Cumberland, and took upon me the command of the troops there," from which place he journeyed to "Fort Dinwiddie on Jackson's River."

The year 1756 opened, finding Washington eager to advance into the enemy's country. Captain Dagworthy of Fort Cumberland objected, so Washington went to Boston, to lay the matter before General Shirley, in command of the British forces in America. In April, Washington returned to Winchester, and shortly afterward he began the construction of Fort Loudoun. In July he journeyed across West Virginia to Cumberland, to attend a council of war. In October of the same year he made a tour of inspection of the forts on the frontier. Returning to Winchester, he remained there until late in the year, when he received a leave of absence and went to Mount Vernon, resuming his command at Fort Loudoun in March 1758.

Preparation being completed for another expedition to the Ohio region, Washington left Winchester and assumed command at Fort Cumberland, reporting that he had passed through what is now West Virginia with five companies and twenty-eight wagons, by way of the South Branch of the Potomac. The successful expedition against Fort Duquesne then followed.

In March, 1769, Washington made a trip into Fauquier County, to survey some lands for George Carter, son of "King Carter." Here he met Captain William Crawford and his brother, Valentine, both of whom had much to do with the actual surveying of "Military lands" for Washington and others in Western Pennsylvania, and along the Ohio and Great Kanawha Rivers. Washington continued his journey into present Jefferson County, where he "went and laid off four lots at the head of Bullskin for several tenants," returning later to Mount Vernon.

In August, 1769, a journey was made to Berkeley Springs, the object being to see if the waters of the "Warm Springs" would not improve the health of Martha ("Patsey") Custis, a daughter of Mrs. Washington. Traveling by way of Jost Hite's on the Shenandoah, the party "bated at Opeckon," lodged at hedges on Back Creek and arrived at the "springs" at noon of the 6th, where they had dinner with Colonel George Fairfax. A number of guests were there, including some of Washington's relatives.

On the 15th Washington rode over to Sleepy Creek (Morgan County) and with an eye for West Virginia scenery "rid with Mrs. Washington and others to the Cacapehon Mountain to see the prospect from thence, a beautiful view." Sunday always found the party at Church, and September 4th "rid to the pasture where my horses were, then to Pennsylvania line" and back. On the 9th the party set out for Mount Vernon, by way of Warner Washington's home in Clarke County, and through Snicker's Cap.

Editor's Note: The Editor regrets that lack of space precludes the possibility of giving a further detailed account of George Washington's activities in West Virginia as outlined by Mr. Cook. In all, George Washington eventually had holdings in West Virginia at some time or other, aggregating over thirty-five thousand acres, to all of which he gave due attention.
The Washington Homes in West Virginia

Mynna Thruston

Miss Thruston, the contributor of this article, is the author of "The Washingtons and their Colonial Homes in West Virginia" reviewed in our current book department.

In Jefferson County, West Virginia, six old homes of the Washington family stand. Their histories link us with the past so closely that the glamour of early days seems to enfold us still.

Harewood, the home of Samuel Washington, brother of George Washington, was built under the direction of General Washington himself, and finished about 1789. When we examine the masonry and the beautifully dressed gray stones, we feel that when another one hundred and sixty-nine years have passed, it will still be standing.

The interior of Harewood, especially the woodwork in the drawing-room, is very beautiful, the cornice, pilasters, and wainscoting having been brought from England, landed at Alexandria, and from there taken over the Blue Ridge Mountains through Vestal Gap, crossing the Shenandoah River to Harewood. The handsome porphyry mantel in this room was a gift sent from France by the Marquis Lafayette to General Washington. A portrait of Samuel Washington taken when he was a widower of twenty-one hangs over this mantel. He looks gay and ready for more matrimonial adventure.

Harewood has an interesting history all its own: When Samuel Washington came to Berkeley from Stafford County about
1765, he was a widower with two little boys, Thornton and Tristman, the sons of Mildred Thornton, his second wife. He had first married Jane Campe, who died childless, then Mildred Thornton, and after her death Louise Chapman. Louise Chapman had no children that survived her. Unfortunate as he was in keeping his wives, Samuel married a fourth time choosing a widow, Anne Steptoe Allerton. They had four children, Ferdinand, George Steptoe, Lawrence Augustine, and Harriet Parks. At Anne’s death, he married his fifth wife, also a widow, named Perrin, and they had one son, John Perrin Washington.

Samuel was a colonel in the Revolutionary War, and took much interest later in the civic life of Berkeley County. He died in 1781, in his forty-seventh year. Louis Philippe, afterwards King of France, and his two brothers, the Duke of Montpensier, and the Count of Beaujolais, with their faithful retainer Boudouin, spent their exile from France at Harewood, and George Washington Lafayette was entertained there. In George Washington’s diary of 1770-1771 he writes of being at Harewood, working on his orders for Captain Crawford, before he went out to the western part of what is now the state of West Virginia to survey the lands that had been given him for his services in the Revolution.

Ferdinand Washington inherited Harewood, but at his untimely death at seventeen, it descended to his next brother, George Steptoe. General Washington became his guardian, and as the seat of the Government was then at Philadelphia, George Steptoe was no doubt a guest of President Washington. Soon afterwards he fell in love with a young Quakeress, Lucy Payne, of Philadelphia, and without the consent of his guardian, married her and brought her to Harewood to live, although she was only fifteen years old. Her mother was displeased because Lucy married out...
of the Society of Friends, and soon afterwards she was “read out of meeting.”

Harewood had a very famous wedding in its lovely drawing-room, for James Madison, afterwards President Madison, fell in love with Lucy’s widowed sister, Dolly, and as there was the same opposition from the Society of Friends, it proved pleasanter to have the wedding take place at Lucy Washington’s home in Virginia than in Philadelphia. Dolly Payne Todd had lost her Quaker husband and baby son the year before with yellow fever, when it was epidemic in Philadelphia, and had one son, Payne Todd, three years old, left of her little family. She went to live with her mother when her husband died, and there met Aaron Burr, who told her James Madison, a Congressman from Virginia, wished to call on her. Dolly’s miniature was so lovely at that time, her face showing the charm she always had for everyone, that love at first sight is not astounding. She always called her husband “The great little Madison.”

George and Martha Washington gave their consent and encouragement and Mr. Jefferson offered his coach for the wedding journey, which took place six months after Dolly became engaged to Mr. Madison. He, with several of his friends on horseback for escort, rode beside the coach. Dolly, her little sister, Anne Payne, her son, and her maid, made the journey, stopping in Winchester, Virginia, to rest with cousins of Mr. Madison, Reverend Alexander Balmaine and his wife, for a night.

Dr. Balmaine was a beloved Episcopal minister in Winchester for thirty years. He came down to Harewood to marry James and Dolly. We can imagine this solemn wedding in this old room, uniting two persons that were to live in harmony and love for forty-two years. Lighthorse Harry Lee, the father of General Robert E. Lee and a kinsman of the Washingtons, dashed up on one of his famous horses just in time for the ceremony. After the ceremony the wedding became very gay, with
much feasting and dancing among the guests. The young girls even cut up Mr. Madison’s Mechlin lace ruffles for souvenirs. Dolly Madison loved always to see people happy about her, and with sweetness of disposition, she did everything to make them so, that lay in her power. In Philadelphia the Society of Friends “read her out of meeting” as they had done her sister Lucy, because “she had married without her mother’s consent, after being cautioned against such outgoing,” and because “she was married by a hireling priest.” But this did not weigh her down unduly.

At Happy Retreat, the home of Charles Washington, another beautiful and attractive girl was married; Mildred Washington, Charles Washington’s daughter, who, judging from her picture, must have had a very fascinating face with soft little curls at the side. She married gallant Captain Hammond after a lovers’ quarrel had separated them, and he had married someone else. But Mildred’s fate was a sad one, notwithstanding her husband’s devotion. She lost her three sons as infants, and died herself soon after the death of her last one. General Washington had willed her a great deal of land in the western part of Virginia, which she left to her brother Samuel and his children. She left Happy Retreat to her husband at her mother’s death. He married a third time, and his first little girl was named “Mildred” for Mildred Washington. This little girl grew up to be Mildred Hammond Sullivan, who accomplished so many good deeds in New York City after the War Between the States.

George Washington owned two hundred thousand acres in what is now West Virginia, but part of this he had bought from other officers, who had also acquired by gifts from the Government of the Colonies in place of salaries. On March 10, 1771, he writes of dining with Mr. James Nourse at Piedmont, an estate near Harewood, after Mr. Nourse had dined with them the night before.

Cedarlawn, five miles west of Charles Town, was the home of Thornton Washington, eldest son of Samuel, who served in the Revolutionary War at the age of sixteen. It was built in 1780, and first called Berry Hill. It was later burned, and rebuilt by his son, John Thornton Augustine Washington, in 1824, and renamed Cedarlawn. In 1820 two great-nephews of General Washington, brothers, came from lower Virginia to what was then Berkeley County to build their homes on land left them by their father, Corbin Washington, son of General Washington’s brother, John Augustine. Bushrod Corbin built Claymont, one of the handsomest homes in the Valley of Virginia, and John Augustine built Blakeley House.

Beall Air, the sixth old Washington home still standing in Jefferson County, was the home at a much later date of Colonel Lewis Washington. He was the son of George Corbin Washington of Georgetown, D. C., himself a son of General Washington’s niece, Jenny, and the eldest son William, of Augustine, owner of Wakefield. Colonel Lewis Washington was removed from his home by John Brown’s men the memorable night in September 1859 of John Brown’s raid, to be used as a hostage, taking at the same time a sword that had belonged to General Washington, and worn by John Brown when he was captured.

WHIMS

GRACE YOKE WHITE

I love an old church
With ivy o’errun,
Whose bell ever calls,
In rain or in sun.

I love a low cottage,
With windows and nooks,
A seat with soft cushions,
A shelf of old books.

I love a low wall,
Where roses run wild,
I love a green lawn,
A happy-eyed child.

I love an old mother,
With eyes deep and brown,
And a soft scented night,
In a small southern town.
Historic Homes of West Virginia

Although the Washington homes naturally command supreme interest in West Virginia, there are many others which are scarcely less arresting. The following examples have been selected as typical, though by no means inclusive.

"THE RED HOUSE"

Built and occupied by Captain David Hunter in 1766. This he sold to Edward Beeson in 1771. During the ownership of Edward Beeson the present County of Berkeley, (then) Virginia, was founded from Frederick County, Virginia, on May 19, 1772, in "The Red House", by an act of the House of Burgesses at Williamsburg, Virginia, March 24, 1772. A Commission, April 17, 1773, dispatched by Lord Dunmore, Colonial Governor of Virginia, was read May 19, 1772, when an Oath To His Majesty's Person and Governor was taken by nineteen (19) Gentlemen Justices. Members and Officers were commissioned, the First County Court was held and Berkeley County, Virginia, began her existence in "The Red House".

"The Red House" had made History for this section of the State of Virginia (now West Virginia) before the present County Seat of Berkeley County—Martinsburg—had been formed. It was in 1773 that General Adam Stephen, owner of the ground of 130 acres, founded this town. The main street was named "Queen Street" for Queen Charlotte, wife of King George III of England, and the intersecting street was named "King". Thus the 150 inhabitants began life about the beginning of the Revolution. The Town was named for Colonel Thomas Martin, nephew of Lord Fairfax. Berkeley County was named for Norborne Berkeley, Baron Botetourt, Governor of Virginia 1768-1770.

MRS. A. BRUCE EAGLE, Ex Chapter Chairman of Historic Spots Committee.

SNODGRASS TAVERN

Built 1742, located on the banks of Back Creek, a mile west of Hedgesville. The house contains eleven rooms. Originally there was a short porch and square-port-holes looking out upon it from each side of the heavy front door. These were very essential in those early times as a precaution against the Indians and undesirable persons. The Tavern was the first house west of the village; it soon became a place of importance for public gatherings. The magistrates courts met here. The mail coach and stage made this their over-night stopping place. There was a ferry boat crossing the
A deep channel ran through the meadow in front of the house; this is where Robert Snodgrass kept his ferry boat.

From George Washington's diary we find he stopped here on his way to the healing waters of Bath (Berkeley Springs). He occupied the upper west room.

MAIDSTONE-ON-THE-POTOMAC
The Home of Evan Watkins in 1744

EARLY history records this as "Maidstone Common on the Patowmack", a vast tract of land adjacent to Watkin's Ferry, on the Patowmack, which came into possession of Thomas Lord Fairfax, the sixth, through his father, Thomas Lord Fairfax, the fifth, who married the daughter of Lord and Lady Culpepper. The Northern Neck of Virginia had, at an early date, come into possession of Lord Culpepper and passed into the Fairfax family by this marriage. Later, the land was granted to Evan Watkins by the Right Honorable Thomas Lord Fairfax the sixth. Evan Watkin's son later sold the tract of land upon which "Maidstone" was built to Peter Light. Here he conducted a store. This was about 1782 to 1788, as store accounts were found under the floor in the house recording and authenticating the dates. A niece of Peter Light, Sallie Light, married Robert Lemen and by this marriage "Maidstone" passed into the Lemen family who lived there during the War Between the States (1861-1865). During these periods of changing ownership the Ferry was known by the names of the owners: Watkin's Ferry, Light's Ferry and Lemen's Ferry. In 1916 Mr. Frank W. Mish, Sr., of Hagerstown, Md., purchased this property and remodeled the present edifice. The present owner is Mr. Frank W. Mish, Jr., and it is upon his land the marker—"Watkin's Ferry"—was erected by Shenandoah Valley Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., in June, 1937, about 250 yards northwest of the once "Watkin's Ferry".

NELLIE SITES THOMPSON,
(Mrs. James F., Jr.)
Historian Shenandoah Valley Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.
ONE of West Virginia's treasured historic spots has become almost a shrine for members of a religious organization that is found in all parts of the Union; and its Buffalo Seminary, started there almost a century ago, developed into one of the country's well-known seats of learning—Bethany college, which will celebrate its centennial in 1941.

At Bethany, on Buffalo creek, Brooke county, Alexander Campbell founded the Christian church, or the Disciples of Christ. The Campbell home, on the edge of the small town of Bethany, is still standing and is filled with the furniture, pictures, etc., as when lived the great preacher and founder.

The original house was built by Mr. Campbell's father-in-law, John Brown, in 1785, and Mr. Campbell resided there after his marriage. There he started the Seminary and as it grew, rooms were added until the school outgrew the home and other buildings were erected. Each room contains furnishings sacred to the memory of the great leader.

Alexander Campbell came to America from Scotland (he was born and raised in Ireland) in 1809, his father, Thomas Camp-
Princess Aracoma

VIOLA WARREN HIVELY
Historian Princess Aracoma Chapter

ARACOMA was the daughter of the Indian chief, Cornstalk, whose tribe lived along the Ohio River. She was designated a princess and was given a tribe of her own. She married Boling Baker, an English soldier in General Braddock's army, who deserted his army in western Pennsylvania in 1756, and went into Ohio where he was captured by a tribe of Shawnee Indians. He was taken to Cornstalk and would have been put to death but Aracoma, a girl of sixteen, persuaded her father to make him a member of the tribe, and not take his life. The Indians later crossed the Ohio River and pitched their tents near Point Pleasant, West Virginia.

Before Aracoma married Boling Baker she, with her tribe, parted from the other Indians and wandered eastward, and in April, 1765, they marched across the mountains, into the valley of the Guyan River and stopped on an island opposite the valley in which the city of Logan now stands. There the marriage of Aracoma and Boling Baker took place. The wedding celebration lasted three days, and the best that could be produced was prepared for their feast.

Six children were born to Aracoma. In 1776 a great epidemic fell upon the village and many of the Indians died and all of Aracoma's children were taken. They, and the others who died, were taken into the valley and buried.

The years grew harder for the Indians and they wanted to go back to their old haunts, but Baker persuaded them to stay, telling them that better times would come. He conceived a plan by which he thought he could help the tribe. He wandered east until he came in contact with the white settlers. He told them that he had undergone many hardships after being captured by the Indians, thus winning the sympathy of the whites. He remained with them for a month. One morning these white settlers awakened to find that all of their horses had been stolen. Ninety men, under command of General William Madison and sheriff John Breckenridge, were sent to hunt for the horses. They found them on the island where the Indians were camping. A battle followed in which many of the Indians were killed. Aracoma was wounded and she died the next day. A few hours before she died she called General Madison and, in broken English, said to him:

"My name is Aracoma. I am the last of a mighty line. My father was a great chief and a friend of your people. He was murdered when he came to them, as a friend, to warn them. I am the wife of a pale-face who came across the great waters to make war on my people, but he came to us and was made one of us.

"A great plague, many moons ago, carried off all my children and many of my people, and they lie buried just across the river above the bend. Bury me with them, with my face toward the setting sun that I may see my people in their march to the happy hunting ground. For your kindness I warn you to make haste in returning to your homes, for my people are still powerful and will return to avenge my death!"

The white men buried her, with the others of her race, in the river bottom where the city of Logan now stands.

Boling Baker was absent when the battle was fought. He had gone far into the mountains to hunt. Having heard the sound of battle he made haste to return. When he reached the crest of the mountain and saw the result of the terrible fighting he wept as a child for many hours, then he turned westward and wandered away. It was never known where he went. Many years later an aged man wandered up Guyan River inquiring of the white settlers facts about the Indians that had once inhabited the valley. It is said that he stood for hours, on the mountain side, weeping, then he wandered up the river, and a day later he was found dead in bed where a kindly settler had given him lodging.

Aracoma, an Indian princess who never knew civilization, loved her people and ruled over them with tenderness and compassion. She was not aggressive, nor did she store within her heart hatred for the white man. For the love of her husband she was willing to forgive and to die, even though it was through his instrumentality that she must suffer death.
THOUGH no local historian has left a record of the happenings of that memorable day in late April, 1775, when a tired express rider crossed the Potomac at either Swearingen’s Ferry or Pack Horse Ford, and rode up the main street of Shepherdstown, bearing dispatches for the Committee of Safety, it is not difficult to picture the curious group of villagers who gathered around him eager to hear the news from the northward.

Ever since the eighteenth of April, the “blood tidings” had been carried southward from settlement to settlement. All was excitement in Shepherdstown, when it became known that war with Great Britain had really begun. The able-bodied men of the town and surrounding country, some of whom had served under Robert Rutherford as rangers in the French and Indian War, gathered on the parade grounds in the rear of the site of Entler’s tavern, and in other convenient places, where drilling, marching, and sharpshooting became the order of the day.

On the fourteenth of June, 1775, Congress ordered that “six companies of expert riflemen be immediately raised; two in Pennsylvania, two in Maryland, and two in Virginia, and that each company as soon as completed should march and join the army near Boston, to be there employed as light infantry under the command of the chief officer of that army.” On the twenty-second of June, General Horatio Gates wrote to Washington: “The request for riflemen was well received in this Province and in Maryland; Major Stephen son commands one company, and I believe Captain Morgan the other, both excellent for service.”

Morgan’s rendezvous was Winchester, and Stephenson’s was Shepherdstown. No volunteer was accepted for military service unless he was able to provide his own equipment, consisting of “an approved rifle, handsome shot-pouch and powder-horn, blanket, knapsack with such decent clothing as should be prescribed, but what was at first ordered to be only a hunting shirt, fringed on every edge and in various ways.”

So eager were the Virginians to serve their country that both companies were filled in less than a week. Stephenson’s company, organized on the tenth of June—four days before Congress ordered the Virginia companies to be raised—was given a barbecue at Falling Spring, later known as Morgan’s Spring, and on this occasion the volunteers made a pledge that the survivors should meet at the spring fifty years hence.

Major Henry Bedinger, a member of Stephenson’s company, many years after the Revolution wrote thus concerning the organization of the company:

“The Committee of Safety had appointed Wm. Henshaw as first Lieutenant, George Scott, 2nd and Thomas Hite as 3rd Lieutenant to this company. The latter, however, declined accepting, and Abraham Shepherd succeeded as 3rd Lieutenant. . . . A few days before we left Shepherd’s Town Captain Stephenson and the other officers found it necessary in completing the organization of the company to select four Sergeants, and insisted the Company should elect them from themselves.”

The company then elected as sergeants Samuel Finley, William Kelly, Josiah Flagg, and Henry Bedinger.

It had been agreed that as soon as the necessary arms were obtained, Stephenson was to cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown, and Morgan at Harper’s Ferry, and that the two companies should meet at Frederick, Maryland, and proceed together to headquarters; but Morgan, being eager to have the honor of arriving in Boston first, crossed the Potomac before Stephenson, and hurried on his way. Though Stephenson made every effort to overtake him in the famous “bee line” march, to his chagrin he arrived in camp on August eleventh, five days later than Morgan.

Sergeant Henry Bedinger kept a journal in which he recorded many incidents of the march to Boston. On July the seventeenth he wrote: “Set out from Potomac towards Boston and Encamped at the Mirey Springs about Three miles from Sharpsburg. Next Morning Took leave of all Friends. Set off from thence and marched to Strickers in the mountains. Thence Marched to Frederick Town.” The riflemen then went through York, Lancaster, Reading, Allentown and Bethlehem. “We crossed (the Lehigh) in Boats”, wrote Bedinger, “and so Marched to Bethlehem, where we had Breakfast Got in almost fifteen minutes, tho’ we came unawares to them. . . . It is the prettiest Place to its Size I ever saw.”

About four miles from Bethlehem the riflemen halted at a fine spring where a member of the company was court-martialed for misconduct. He was given a ducking and discharged. They then proceeded to Easton and from there to Sussex Court House “where the Butcher and Landlady used the company very ill.” They then marched through New Windsor, Farmington, Hartford and Water Town, and on the eleventh of August reached headquarters in Cambridge. Here the company “was viewed by General Washington, Gates and a number of other gentlemen.”
George Michael Bedinger, another of Stephenson's riflemen, wrote: "We were attached to no regiment, but our captain I think took his orders or directions from Genl. Washington himself, and it was near Cambridge College that our company first saw him and presented arms to him, as he slowly rode by looking attentively and affectionately at the soldiers of the oldest company and first in rank of captains from his native State. When he shook hands with one captain it was said they both shed tears. . . . We then marched to Roxbury within reach of British cannon where from time to time and almost from day to day the British fired their cannons mortars at us. We, or the private soldiers of the Company with me, were exposed to their fire, had no Brest work to protect our house, we lay and slept with our heads towards the British Cannon, this being the safest position, as a cannon Ball would do less execution in this way than if we lay across their fire."

Stephenson's men were stationed at Roxbury Camp until March the fourth, 1776, when they were sent to Dorchester Point where they were to guard the men who were throwing up entrenchments. In a letter to the President of Congress, March 13, 1776, Washington wrote, after recommending that Lieutenant Colonel Hand be promoted to be colonel of the regiment formerly commanded by Colonel Thompson whom Congress had recently appointed a brigadier general:

"I also take the liberty of recommending Captain Hugh Stephenson of the Virginia riflemen to succeed Col. Hand and to be appointed in his place as Lt. Col. He is in my opinion the fittest person in the army for it, as well as the oldest captain in the service, having distinguished himself as the head of a Rifle Company all the last War, and highly merited the approbation of his superior officers."

On the same day, the Commander-in-chief issued the following order: "The Rifle Regiment under the command of Col. Hand and the three rifle Companies under the command of Capt. Stephenson are to be ready to march tomorrow morning at ten o'clock—A copy of their Route, with their orders, will be delivered to Lt. Col. Hand and Capt. Stephenson, this afternoon." On the fourteenth the company proceeded to Cambridge, and on the following day set out for New York which they reached on the twenty-eighth. After remaining here for a few days they were ordered to Staten Island.

There, on April the seventh, they were in a skirmish with some British soldiers from the Savage and the James that landed for a supply of water. The Americans captured ten men, a boat, some barrels, etc. The following day Stephenson wrote to Washington of the encounter, and added:

"I have the pleasure to inform your Honor that the officers and soldiers under my command behaved (in the late little Skirmish) with a Spirit and conduct becoming Advocates of Liberty."

Stephenson's riflemen remained at Staten Island until their term of service expired. Many of them promptly reenlisted.

Stephenson, after being appointed a colonel, went home to recruit a company, but died in August, 1776. Washington, upon learning of his death, wrote of him, "Poor Stephenson, I sincerely mourn his loss, he was a brave and good officer."

After the death of Stephenson, upon the recommendation of Washington, Congress appointed Captain Daniel Morgan to succeed him as colonel of the rifle regiment which was to be raised in Maryland and Virginia.

On June 11, 1825, Major Henry Bedinger wrote James Swearingen of Chillicothe, Ohio, the following brief account of the observance of the fiftieth anniversary of the organization of Stephenson's Company:

"Yesterday, my Brother & myself appeared on the ground at the spring between Mrs. Sarah Bedinger's & Mrs. E. Morgan's, from which we departed & proceeded to the Siege of Boston precisely Fifty years since, we spent the day in Conviviality in Company with several old revolutionaries, and Surviving Neighbors, tho not any Officers of the Company who marched on that day, appeared and that for the best of Reasons, for of the 97 young men, but few exist, Viz, Judge Robert White is dying by a stroke of dead Palay, and Saml. Finley resides with you & Wm. Hulse near St. Clairsville is too infirm to travel here on such an Occasion—it was to us a Jubilee & Capt. Harpers Company of Artillery Voluntarily and Spontaneously Saluted us with cannon and platoon firings. . . ."

Ten years later, Major Bedinger wrote his brother: "By invitation I attended a Barbecue at our departed Sisters Spring on the 60th Anniversary of our March to Boston. . . . Not one human being of all who knew those Springs in 1775 remained or could attend there but myself."

On October 22, 1932, Pack Horse Ford Chapter, National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Shepherdstown, West Virginia, unveiled a monument to the memory of Captain Hugh Stephenson and his riflemen. An interesting program, arranged by Mrs. Ernest Stutzman, Regent of Pack Horse Ford Chapter, included inspiring addresses by Mrs. Russell William Magna, President General, of the National Society, Dr. Matthew Page Andrews and Colonel B. D. Gibson, great grandson of Major Henry Bedinger. The monument was unveiled by Miss Susan Gregg Gibson, great granddaughter of Major Bedinger.
WEST VIRGINIA has a monument that is claimed to have been old when most of the world's ancient monuments were young. It was built by the Mound Builders, a race of people who had reached a high state of civilization, but were gone hundreds of years before the Indians came, leaving their earth works over the Mississippi basin from the Alleghenies to the Rockies, and from the Great Lakes nearly to the Gulf of Mexico.

From a history of The Mound Builders, written by Dr. M. F. Compton, of Moundsville, where the largest of these mounds is found, we learn much of these people and their monuments. From where they came, or whither they went, no one knows; but some archaeologists claim the mounds have been standing for thirty centuries, that they were built before the beginning of Hebrew, Grecian, and Roman national life. That there was far reaching intercourse among the Mound Builders is evidenced by what was found when this and other mounds were excavated—different kinds of soil from distant regions, mica from the mountains, copper from Lake Superior, shells from the Gulf, and flint from far-off localities.

The largest of these mounds is in Moundsville, West Virginia, known in early days as The Flats of Grave Creek, hence it is generally called Grave Creek Mound. It was discovered in 1772 by Joseph Tomlinson, the first settler at Grave Creek, and it was opened in 1838. Dr. Compton’s history says: “In it were found two chambers, one above the other, the earth supported by heavy timbers. In the first chamber or vault were found two human skeletons, far gone but yet enough bones to enable the people to decide the size of the dead. They were of average size, if anything a little under size. One skeleton had no ornament near it; the other was surrounded by six hundred and fifty ivory beads, and an ivory instrument some six inches long. In the second vault was found a single skeleton, somewhat larger than the other two, but in no sense the skeleton of a giant. This was evidently a person of importance, a royal personage, a great chief or high priest. It was ornamented with copper rings, plates of mica, and bone beads. Over two thousand discs cut from shells were found here. The copper rings and bracelets weighed about seventeen ounces.”

A small oval stone was found when opening the mound, on which lines are engraved, but there never has been any satisfactory translation made. No relic found in any of the mounds has caused so much controversy. There is no evidence that the Mound Builders had a written language.

The Mound is cone shaped, nine hundred feet in circumference at the base, and seventy feet high. Archaeologists have expressed the opinion that it seemed to serve three purposes: It was the burial place for a great leader, a mound temple for worship, and the central rallying point for the people who lived in the valley. On three hilltops overlooking Moundsville have been found stones thought to be the remains of towers, evidently points of observation that commanded every entrance to the valley.

The Mound is now owned by the state of West Virginia, and work of beautification has been in progress for several years. It is under the care of the warden of the state penitentiary which is nearby. An effort is being made to make it a National park. The program outlined fits in with the National Memorial Park program.

Travelers in increasing numbers from far and near come to view the silent sentinel, this monument of a long departed race.
THE SAVAGE GRANT

PERMELE E. FRANCIS

State Chairman, National Historical Magazine, N.S.D.A.R.

IN 1772, Governor Dinwiddie made a grant of 28,628 acres to John Savage and sixty other persons for military services in the French and Indian Wars. This land has since been known as The Savage Grant, named for Captain Savage who served with Washington in the campaign known as the Great Meadows.

The greater portion of this land extended along the Ohio and Big Sandy rivers on the Virginia side, and what is now West Virginia.

The common soldiery, as Washington referred to them, received 400 acres for their pay. This is one of the few instances where the common soldiers did receive fine river bottom land of the Ohio Valley.

In 1775, claimants possessed this land and it was valued at 49 cents an acre.

Great activity was taking place at this time and hundreds of cabins were built, but the Revolution breaking out drove prospective settlers back to the forts along the Alleghenies, their cabins being burned by the Indians and their rich cornfields being left to grow into a wilderness again.

When the Revolutionary War was over, the Indians were still to be reckoned with, and forty or more years elapsed before the soldiers, who fought with Washington at the Great Meadows, could really settle on their own land. Many were dead, and after long litigation their descendants finally received just claims to their Savage Grant inheritance.

The city of Huntington, now the largest in the State of West Virginia, is situated on these rich plains which have been bestowed by a generous nature with an abundance of coal, oil and gas.

On a knoll overlooking this historic section, Buford Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, organized in 1910, erected at a cost of $11,500 a log cabin which it uses as a Chapter House. This cabin, standing vigilant guard, is a replica of the early ones built in this section and has been painstakingly furnished by the members with traditional pieces of historic interest. A large portrait of George Washington, a copy of the famous Gilbert Stuart portrait, hangs over the oak chimney beam in the large assembly room.

The history of Savage Grant has been carefully preserved by placing markers on the boundary lines, erecting memorials and marking the graves of all soldiers of the Revolution who came and settled in this beautiful valley.
THE early history of Wheeling was made by such pioneers as the Shepherds, Bradys, Boggs, McCollochs, Wetzel's and Zanes. In the year 1770 Colonel Ebenezer Zane came to the banks of the Ohio, found rich soil so he took up his “tomahawk right” and returned to the south branch of the Potomac to prepare to move to his new home. With his brother Silas and one John Caldwell, Ebenezer Zane returned to make a clearing at the mouth of Wheeling Creek in the spring of the same year. Hardship and disaster followed, but the spirit of daring urged them on and they continued their exploration. Ebenezer was joined by his brothers, Jonathan and Silas. After a complete exploration of the land they marked their claims. Ebenezer’s included all land from what is now Tenth Street to the waters of Wheeling Creek on the south, bounded by the river on the west and by the crown of the hill on the east. Jonathan’s included land north of Tenth Street extending up the river to “Jonathan’s Ravine,” Silas made his claim at the “Forks of Wheeling,” including a portion of the Cruger, or Shepherd estate. It fell to Silas to guard these claims while the other brothers traveled to Redstone Fort to bring the family of Ebenezer to Wheeling. Upon their return they were rejoiced to find Silas alive as they heard of savage tribes traveling in that direction. The Zane family set up housekeeping in the cabin erected to shelter Silas. Here they lived for a time in peace and were joined by the Caldwells, McMechens, Woods and Bonnetts. The brothers Zane had a large acquaintance among the Wyandot and Delaware Indians, they hunted and fished together and members of these tribes were received as friends in the Zane homes. It was because of this friendship that the Zane family were warned and escaped from their house when it was burned by a hostile tribe of Indians.

In the spring of 1774 a fort was erected; this fort was first called Fort Fincastle, in honor of Lord Dunmore, the royal governor of the colony. The name was changed
in 1776 to Fort Henry, in honor of Patrick Henry, first governor of the State of Virginia. The first mention made of this fort is found in the proceedings of the Virginia Convention of 1775 in a report made by a committee of that body. The work of erecting the fort was supervised by General George Rogers Clark under a plan submitted by Colonel Angus McDonald. Colonel Ebenezer Zane and John Caldwell Esq. assisted in the construction with the assistance of the settlers. At first twenty-five men were stationed at the fort, in 1776 the Virginia Convention ordered the garrison at Fort Henry increased to fifty men, these orders were not carried out as records prove. The defense of the fort at Wheeling, with the exception of one or two times, was left to the settlers who faithfully discharged this responsibility.

In August 1777 the settlement became alarmed when they learned that a large army of Indians from the northwest were on the war path and intended to strike at Fort Henry. On the night of September first the fort was occupied by Captain Ogle and twelve men, the next morning Indians were discovered, men were wounded and the settlers prepared to defend the fort. The savage leader called upon them to surrender, protection was offered by the British Commander, Governor Hamilton, to all who would attach themselves to the interest of Great Britain. Colonel Silas Zane, then in command of the fort, replied for the settlers that they would sooner perish than give up the cause of liberty. The women joined the small body of men in defending the fort;
after twenty-three hours the Indians retired leaving destroyed homes and dead stock. It was at the time of this first attack that Major Samuel McColloch hastened to Fort Henry with his forty men to help the settlers. Indians were on all sides, Major McColloch was more concerned in having his men reach the fort in safety than he was in his own safety, he was cut off as the gates closed before he reached them. He turned his horse, used his spurs and the animal sprang forward climbing to the summit of the eastern hill. Warriors approached, all at once he was surrounded and forced to escape, turning his horse he made the perilous leap down hill. To the astonishment of the warriors horse and rider reached the foot of the precipice safety and soon were in the fort.

John Lynn, a scout, learned that a large force of Indians were marching toward
Wheeling with a squad of British soldiers and hastened to inform the inhabitants. Colonel Shepherd, the commandant and superior officer, was away and Silas Zane was in command of Fort Henry. To the east of the fort the dwelling of Colonel Ebenezer Zane stood, attached to which was a small magazine containing military supplies. It had been decided that Colonel Zane would not abandon his house as he did during the former attack when it was burned. The savages approached under cover of a British flag, before the attack they demanded that the settlers surrender, the answer was a shot and the attack started. There was little time to assemble supplies, the fort was without ammunition except that which the settlers had on their persons when the alarm was given. When Captain Zane called for a volunteer to bring a keg of pow-
der from Colonel Zane's house it was his own sister, Elizabeth Zane, who spoke: "You have not one man to spare," "a woman would not be missed in the defense of the fort." The gate opened, swift as a deer "Betty" Zane darted across to the cabin of Colonel Zane; the Indians called, "A squaw, a squaw", and let her go. She entered the cabin safely, Colonel Zane tied a tablecloth around her waist, emptied a keg of powder into it and opened the door for her return to the fort. As she darted across the space the savages realized her intent and showered bullets and arrows around her. Elizabeth Zane fulfilled her mission, saved Fort Henry for the settlers and helped to win our independence. It was here that the last British gun was fired during the War of the Revolution in 1782.

Wheeling was established as a town in 1795; steam boats were built, glass works flourished, foundry and machine shops, a sawmill, cotton and silk industries and a paper mill were among the industries. General Lafayette visited here in 1825 and in answer to a toast said: "Wheeling—The center of communication of the East and West—may it be more frequent and more beneficial."

In Wheeling the State of West Virginia was born. Washington Hall, the Custom House, old Linsly Institute were used by the convention. On April 20, 1863, President Lincoln issued his proclamation declaring that the act for the admission of West Virginia to the Union should go into effect sixty days from the date of the proclamation. On June 20, 1863, the inauguration of the government of West Virginia was held and Wheeling became the first capital of West Virginia.

**Note:** The material for this article was taken from—"History of Wheeling City and Representative Citizens," Edited and Compiled by Hon. Gibson Lam Crahmer. "Greater Wheeling and Vicinity". Vol. 1. Charles A. Wingeter.
Perhaps no place in West Virginia is richer in tradition and historic interest than the city of Point Pleasant, situated near the confluence of the Great Kanawha and Ohio Rivers. It is a nation’s shrine, attracting increasing thousands annually. The Shawnee Indian tribe, which had a settlement on the Ohio River three miles above Point Pleasant, called the site of the city Tu Endie Wei, a term meaning “the mingling of the waters.” Indians in this section resented the encroachment of the white man on their territory, and they allied themselves with England. The mother country had forbidden the colonial governments giving land grants to settlers who were going west of the mountains in great numbers.

George III was determined that the colonists should help pay the English debt which had been greatly increased by defending the colonists in the French and Indian War. The colonists had their own debts to pay, and they felt that they had contributed as much toward winning the French and Indian War as had England. They were tired of taxation without representation. The chief leaders opposing the British policy were in Virginia and Massachusetts. Lord Dunmore, the last of the royal governors of Virginia, was loyal to the English king and the British policy. It is charged that he saw that war between England and the colonists was inevitable and that he made his plans accordingly.

When the Indians seemed determined on a general border war, an army of two divisions, one of about 1100 men under General Andrew Lewis and the other of about 1500 men under Lord Dunmore himself, was commanded to march to the western frontier and meet at the mouth of the Great Kanawha River. General Lewis reached the mouth of the Kanawha River September 30, 1774, and anxiously awaited the arrival of Dunmore, who, contrary to plans, had marched miles out into the Ohio country.

On October 10, 1774, General Lewis was unexpectedly attacked by an unknown number of Indians, who were commanded by the Shawnee chief, Cornstalk. Colonel Charles Lewis, a brother of General Lewis, was mortally wounded at the beginning of the battle, which raged until sundown when Cornstalk retreated, leaving the colonial troops victorious.

It was soon further evident that Lord Dunmore was decidedly on the side of Great Britain. He was one of the first of the colonial governors to leave for England.

As a result of the battle of Point Pleasant, the Indians were compelled to cede to Virginia their title to all of the Northwest Territory. It was largely due to the results of this battle and to the work of George Rogers Clark in conquering the Northwest Territory from England during the war, that the Mississippi River was made our western boundary at the close of the Revolution.

Anne Bailey, Revolutionary scout, Colonel Charles Lewis and other soldiers who were killed in the battle lie buried in Tu Endie Wei Park, where a granite shaft 84 feet high, yet to be completed by handsome approaches and inscribed with the names of the 1,112 men who fought in the battle of Point Pleasant, was dedicated October 9, 1909. Fort Blair sheltered the wounded of the battle. Fort Randolph was erected and garrisoned in 1776. There has been a continuous English settlement at this place ever since. Here Cornstalk was murdered November 10, 1777, and is now buried in the Court House Yard where a monument has been erected to him.
It is a well known historical fact that the part of the United States now called West Virginia was not a separate state from Virginia until after the Civil uprising now known as the War Between the States. However, people resided in the counties that fell into West Virginia at a very early date. Their intrepid men, elected to various offices in the Commonwealth rode the lonely distances across the mountains to take their part in the affairs of the colonies.

The unrest in the colonies as to taxation by England was wide-spread. When the Boston Port bill was passed the Virginia House of Burgesses, being in session, May 24, 1774, adopted a resolution bitterly denouncing the measure. This act flaunted in the King's face, enraged Lord Dunmore, Royal Governor of Virginia, to the extent that he dissolved the House, ordering the members to return to their homes. Twenty-five remained until the 30th of the month, sending word to the others of a recall on their own responsibility August the first.

On this date one hundred and thirty-two members met, of which four came from counties that are now in West Virginia. These men, who risked their lives and fortunes were Robert Rutherford and Thomas Hite from Berkeley, James Mercer and John Neville from Hampshire.

The men who made up this body met regularly, and May 6, 1776, adopted a Constitution for Virginia, which remained in force until 1830.

Meanwhile there was much consideration of a federation of all the colonies and by the time the Revolution was ended this seemed imperative. The Constitutional Convention met at Philadelphia and after much argument and delay the Constitution was adopted and signed, Sept. 17, 1787. It must now come before each colony, now known as state, for ratification.

A special session of the elected members from each county was called in Richmond June 2, 1788. It was no easy task to accomplish the adoption, as the opposing forces were led by the powerful voice of Patrick Henry, who bitterly objected to the power given the central or Federal Government.

There were at this meeting one hundred and seventy-two members, of whom sixteen came from what is now West Virginia. Of the counties then in existence in what is now West Virginia delegates were present from all but one, Pendleton which had been formed but a few months. It is seen that nearly ten percent of the convention came from over the mountains, and their vote would certainly have some weight.

The members were: William Darke, Adam Stephens, from Berkeley; George Clendenin, John Stuart, Greenbrier; Ralph Humphreys, Andrew Woodrow, from Hampshire; Isaac VanMeter, Abel Seymour, from Hardy; George Jackson, John Prunty, from Harrison; John Evans, William McCleery, from Monongalia; Archibald Woods, Ebenezer Zane, from Ohio, and Benjamin Wilson, John Wilson, from Randolph counties.

General Adam Stephens from Berkeley rose to make a plea for ratification, the forces for
the measure being led by James Madison. It is to be regretted that space does not allow the speech of General Stephens to be reproduced here. He pictured the condition of the country since the end of the Revolution, the decay of trade, neglect of agriculture, the farmers discouragement, ship-carpenters, blacksmiths and tradesmen unemployed and the great need of a centralized force to cope with these questions.

When the final vote was taken it stood eighty-nine for and seventy-nine against adoption, of which fifteen yeas were cast by West Virginians. Four members of the one hundred and seventy-two evidently failed to vote. One West Virginian, John Evans of Monongalia county voted with the opposition. Had the silver tongued Patrick Henry been able to sway the minds of the over-mountian members the vote would have been lost.

These men of West Virginia had been leaders in Colonial days. General William Darke of Berkeley county had been an officer with Braddock, covering as best he could the retreat. He was born in Lancaster, Pa., 1763, and died 1801, being buried at Duffields, Jefferson Co., W. Va. General Adam Stephens was an officer under Dunmore, a major with Braddock, and was wounded at Ft. Loudon, 1763. He was the founder of Martinsburg, W. Va.

Col. George Clendenin, coming from Greenbrier county, although he then resided in what is now Kanawha, or at least he had caused Fort Lee to be constructed, whether he had then brought forward his family or not. He was the County Lieutenant of Greenbrier and its regularly elected representative in the Legislature. He probably came from the most remote section of any who ratified the Constitution. He died, 1797, at the home of his daughter, Parthena, who had married Jonathan Meigs of Marietta. He left another daughter, who married Charles Laemme.

With Clendenin from Greenbrier served Col. John Stuart, the first clerk of Greenbrier county, who left in Deed Book 1 the history of the settlement. He was an officer under General Lewis at the battle of Point Pleasant, and one of the outstanding men of the frontier, and of the times. He died in Greenbrier county, leaving many descendants who have reached high places in history.

From far-off Ohio country came Ebenezer Zane and Archibald Woods, famed names on the frontier. Zane had made his settlement at Wheeling by 1770, defending the fort against all odds during the wars that followed. Monongalia county sent Col. John Evans, who had served the colony through the Colonial wars, and the Revolution. With him came Col. William McCleery, a military officer of renown. Both died in Monongalia county, leaving many descendants.

Harrison county, not long formed, sent George Jackson of that indomitable family that produced Stonewall Jackson and John Prunty, who served his county in the Assembly for many years, to sink into an unknown grave, at an unknown time in the history of men.

Randolph county was represented by Col. Benjamin Wilson and his son, John Wilson. Colonel Wilson was born 1747, serving as a lieutenant under Dunmore in the war of that name. He soon moved to Harrison county, where he was many years the clerk of the county. At his death, aged eighty years, he left twenty-four adult children out of twenty-nine, to make homes and ancestry for many of the leading families of the state of West Virginia.

Thus we see that the settlers across the mountains were represented by the best of their men when they voted to ratify the Constitution. From the banks of the Ohio, the Kanawha and the mountain fastness of Randolph and Hardy came the outstanding settlers to pronounce the Constitution good. When the War between the States arose, the over-mountain men still felt they must stay by the decision of their ancestors, and on this great year of celebration of the adoption of that inspired message to the world, may the over-mountain peoples of West Virginia say to the war-crazed world, this Constitution of the people by the people for the people shall not vanish from the earth.

**DEED**

ELEANOR ALLETTA CHAFFEE

"East from the spring lot oak," it read, "and thence A hundred paces to the driven stake At the old stone wall." But now the growth is dense

Over the scattered stones, and no one wakes
To see an old oak sprawled against the sky . . .

Pace off the measurements again, and write Exact notation of the meadow land;

Still there remains beyond all thought or sight
The calculation of the long gone hand
That made painstaking notes upon a sheet:
The echo of his walking haunts this place
Kneedeep in brush the path made by his feet
Lies all unguessed. The likeness of his face
Still stares across the fields, bemused by change:
Familiar landmarks gone, and all grown strange.
Of the many wooded islands which make the Ohio truly the "beautiful river," none has greater historical interest than Blennerhassett Island, two miles below the mouth of the Little Kanawha River at Parkersburg, West Virginia. Here crossed the paths of two men who had fled from their pasts hoping in a new environment to find the goal of their dreams, but their hastily planned and poorly executed expedition cost them all that was left of the fame of one and the fortune of the other.

It was on this island that Harman Blennerhassett had erected the finest home west of the Alleghenies and made it a center of culture in the frontier life of the time. A graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and a barrister, he had come from Ireland to escape the ostracism caused by his marriage to his niece, the beautiful and accomplished Margaret Agnew. He had sold his interest in his family estates and invested much of his fortune in the magnificent estate on the island, and in a mercantile business in Marietta, Ohio. His partner in that business said of him that he had "all kinds of sense except common sense." So it was not strange that he was often pressed for funds and was considering the sale of his home at the time Aaron Burr first visited him.

This brilliant man, who reached greater heights and depths than any other American, finished his term as Vice President under the cloud of having killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel. Turning to the west to recoup his fortune, he came down the Ohio in a houseboat in May, 1805. The beauty of the island estate caused him to stop to admire it, and the hospitable couple urged him to stay to a meal. This chance visit was the spark which kindled such a fire that even today the smoke beclouds the issue behind it all.

Burr went on down the river, making
friends and renewing old acquaintances and sounding out the sentiment as to the war with Spain which seemed imminent. In New Orleans his friend of the Quebec expedition of early revolutionary days was now General Wilkinson, commander of the United States forces. Together they planned an invasion of Mexico, then Spanish territory. We know now that Wilkinson was in the pay of Spain and played both sides, sending to President Jefferson the altered cipher letter which played such an important part in Burr's trial, and at the same time demanding pay from Spain for preventing the very invasion he had helped to plan. There seems now little doubt that, whatever dreams of secession Burr may have had earlier, he found the West so loyal on this trip that he centered all his plans on a scheme of colonization in the Washita country of the Mississippi. His idea was to settle the country and to be ready, in case of war with Spain, to invade Mexico with Wilkinson's soldiers and found an empire there.

Some of this plan may have been discussed at the first meeting of Burr and Blennerhassett and correspondence shows that the latter was most anxious to join Burr "in any undertaking." The next summer, when Burr came to the Island, definite plans were made, and fifteen boats ordered built in Marietta and supplies gathered. Burr had bought the Bastrop tract of land on the Washita River and enlisted many young men in the east to accompany him there. The happiest days that summer were during the visit of Burr's charming and highly educated daughter, Theodosia Allston and her little son, who became Mrs. Blennerhassett's warm friends.

Meanwhile rumors of the expedition reached President Jefferson and he sent John Graham to investigate Burr's activities. He talked often with Blennerhassett and pointed out the dangers of such a treasonable enterprise, but was unable to persuade him to withdraw. On November 27 a warrant was issued in Washington declaring a conspiracy existed, ordering out the militia of the states along the rivers to seize the boats, but no mention was made of Burr, who at that time was in Kentucky organizing some men and boats.

The news of the proclamation reached Marietta the day before the boats built there were to be delivered and they were at once seized. The same day one of the minor leaders, Comfort Tyler of New York, arrived at the Island with thirty men and four boats and Blennerhassett left with them late at night on December 11. Since the Island belonged to Virginia (and also the Ohio River) the Ohio militia could not arrest Blennerhassett or Tyler, but the next day Colonel Phelps of the Virginia militia arrived to arrest the party. He found that Mrs. Blennerhassett had gone to Marietta to try to obtain the houseboat built for the family, so he left some of the militia to guard the premises and marched his men overland across the great bend in the river to Point Pleasant, hoping to overtake Tyler's boats there. They could easily have done so had they not yielded to the warmth of whiskey and slept soundly while the little flotilla floated by to join Burr at the mouth of the Cumberland River.

Mrs. Blennerhassett returned to find that the militia had broken into the wine cellar and after imbibing freely had destroyed much of the beautiful estate. When Colonel Phelps arrived soon after, he severely reprimanded his men and assisted Mrs. Blennerhassett and her two boys to leave the Island under the escort of another boatload of colonists who had arrived that day, bound for the Bastrop lands. They had been arrested and tried, but nothing could be proven against them, so they were allowed to depart and joined Burr a month later in the Mississippi River.

It was at Bayou Pierre near Natchez that Burr learned that Wilkinson had instituted a reign of terror at New Orleans, saying that two thousand men were coming down the river. Burr then had nine boats and one hundred men poorly equipped even for settlement. They had gone along the river as peacefully as on a pleasure excursion while twelve hundred militia were posted at various points to arrest them. Burr wrote
the Governor of Mississippi that his boats were "Vehicles of Immigration" and offered to surrender to the civil authority and suffer his boats to be searched. This was done and he was tried and vindicated by the grand jury, but the court would not release his sureties from his bond. These friends urged him to escape, so after visiting his men and urging them to go on to the lands or to sell the boats and divide the proceeds, he tried to reach the coast in disguise, but was captured and taken to Richmond for trial, under a warrant that did not even mention his name. Blennerhassett was arrested months later in Kentucky on his way back to his Island.

This famous trial, of which volumes have been written, was really a contest between Chief Justice Marshall and President Jefferson. While the verdict was "not guilty," the jury added "on the evidence submitted." This was ruled out but the doubt has lingered in the minds of the people to this day that Burr's intentions went beyond his deeds. The trial settled forever the fact that treason consists in "overt acts," not in talk. Blennerhassett was not tried, but was placed, with Burr, under bond for trial in Ohio on misdemeanor charges which were never prosecuted. Their lives were sufficiently ruined by the trial, which found them at the end of their financial resources, and sorrows and misfortunes followed them all their days.

When Blennerhassett left the Island he had rented it to a neighbor, but on his return found it had been seized for his debts, the house neglected and much destroyed.
Later everything was sold at auction to pay the notes of Burr which Blennerhassett had endorsed. Many old families in the vicinity still possess pieces of furniture, glass, and china which are prized not only for their association, but for their intrinsic beauty. The place was used to raise hemp and the mansion became a factory for cordage until it was accidentally burned in 1811. There is nothing left today of the glory of the days of Blennerhassett except the well which he had dug, the waters of which are still sweet and fresh, a pile of stones of the gateway to the house, and some of the trees which he planted.

The property was bought in 1827 by Mr. George Neale, Jr., and has been in his family ever since. For many years it was farmed successfully, and later picnic grounds were maintained and hundreds of people enjoyed the Island each summer, but the 1913 flood carried off all the buildings except the old brick house built in 1833. The present owner, a grandson of Mr. Neale, is Mr. Amos K. Gordon of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. He has had the woods cleared and many trees planted and is doing everything possible to restore the natural beauty of the Island. Recent floods have made the restoration of the mansion inadvisable, but visitors will always enjoy a trip on a boat to the Island, where one may walk among the trees and drink of the old well, and dream of the olden days when the mansion was a center of culture for the community. Mr. Gordon is doing a real service to his native state in restoring and preserving this historic spot.
IN THE middle of the Eighteenth Century, an exploring party led by General Andrew Lewis, while searching for agricultural lands, penetrated to the lower part of the Big Sandy River. On their return, passing up Elkhorn Creek, they accidentally discovered the famous Pocahontas seam of coal, and Lewis made the quaint remark in his journal, "It may some day be valuable." Up to the present time this particular seam has produced a revenue of approximately one billion dollars, so that Lewis' remark can not be called an overstatement!

Before the American Revolution, all of that portion of Virginia which is now West Virginia was the property of the British crown. One result of the Revolution was to make this land the property of the State of Virginia. To pay the soldiers of the Virginia line for their war services, Virginia gave them orders on the State Land office at the rate of ten cents per acre. Thus, an officer to whom the State owed Five Thousand Dollars received an order for Fifty Thousand acres of land in the western mountains. These lands remained undeveloped for the most part and continued in the hands of owners living east of the mountains. As a result of the Civil War the State of West Virginia was created and the owners of the large land patents were too impoverished to pay the heavy taxes on their properties. The land, therefore, was largely sold for taxes and bought up by wealthy men and corporations in the east and north, who understood the value of the coal seams.

Merchants of Baltimore projected and
commenced the Baltimore & Ohio Railway in 1828. Before the Civil War, this railway was completed through the mountains and some coal was mined in northern West Virginia. The State of Virginia had commenced the Virginia Central Railway from Richmond to Charleston. In 1873 the Virginia Central, now called the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, was completed and many mines opened along its line. In 1881 the Norfolk and Western Railway extended a branch line to the Pocahontas mine and completed it to the west in 1890, developing the famous Pocahontas coal fields and passing through the section made widely known by the McCoy-Hatfield feud. Shortly afterwards, Stephen B. Elkins and Henry Gassoway Davis built the Coal and Coke Railway from Elkins to Charleston.

In 1903, Henry Rogers commenced construction of The Virginian Railway from Deepwater, West Virginia, to Norfolk, Virginia, opening a new mining section. The Western Maryland Railway, about the same time, extended a branch line south into West Virginia.

During the period from 1870 to 1930, commencing from almost nothing, the coal industry increased its annual production tremendously. Every ten years, the tonnage mined was doubled, until West Virginia stands even with Pennsylvania as one of the two leading coal producing states, with over 100,000,000 tons annual production.

Approximately one-fourth of the coal used in the United States is mined in West Virginia and nearly one-quarter of a billion dollars is received annually for the coal produced. The only consistently profitable railways in the United States are the so-called Pocahontas Railways—the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Norfolk and Western, and The Virginian—which haul West Virginia coal.

About one million men, women, and
children are dependent on the coal mines of the State for a living. Due to the nature of the country, very little other work than coal mining is possible in the mountains of West Virginia. To develop the mines, it was, therefore, necessary for the coal companies to build roads, cut down forests, saw lumber, build houses, stores, schools, moving picture houses, and, in fact, to build and operate entire communities. Since the native citizens of the mountains were too few in number to provide the workers necessary for the coal mines, additional people had to be brought in. Today the mines are manned by native West Virginians, Negroes from Virginia and North Carolina, Spaniards, Italians, Hungarians, and men from various other European countries. The foreign-born miners are now, nearly all of them, American citizens.

The coal seams of West Virginia include nearly every known form of bituminous coal, such as smokeless, gas, splint, cannel. A coal for every sort of use can be found in the State. For years the United States Navy used West Virginia smokeless coal exclusively for its battleships. It is estimated that sufficient coal remains in West Virginia to supply the present needs of the United States for one thousand years. West Virginia coal furnishes eighty per cent of the revenue of the railways in the State, and the principal revenue of the State itself, as well as supporting more than half the population.

The great majority of the coal mines are operated by employees living in modern mining towns, with modern living facilities, at rental rates far less than the cost of similar facilities in cities. This should be particularly remembered in view of the fact that a few abandoned mines have been given wide and unfair publicity, as representing living conditions in the average mining town.

The coal industry is proud of its working people and their communities, and more proud to be the chief industry of the great State of West Virginia.

Where Dogwood and Azalea Flower

GERTIE STEWART PHILLIPS

Mountains lean against my shoulders,
Valleys slumber at my feet;
Eagles nest on ageless boulders
Marked with runes the years repeat;
Fields and orchards praise me, teeming
With gold grain, the fruited bough—
Primal ores beseech me, dreaming
Of the pruning-hook and plow.

Have you watched a storm endeavor
Futilely, to rend great oaks?
So life's wintertimes have never
Bowed the hearts of mountain folks,
Who await the certain ending
Of each ice-encrusted hour,
Confident, of dogwood pending—
That azaleas will flower.
“Monday’s child is fair of face;  
Tuesday’s child is full of grace;  
Wednesday’s child is full of woe;  
Thursday’s child has far to go;  
Friday’s child is loving and giving.
But a child that is born on the Sabbath Day  
Is fair and wise, and good and gay.”

Old proverb.

BEHIND the sedate gray walls of the State Department works an attractive soft-voiced woman from West Virginia who is “affectionately known over more of the Earth’s surface than any other American!” She says she was born on a Thursday, and she certainly personifies the truth of the old saying that “Thursday’s child has far to go.” For both figuratively and literally, she has gone a far way.

Her name is Cornelia Bassel and there is no other position like hers in all the world. She is the Assistant to the Director of the nation’s Foreign Service Officers’ Training School and at this post she comes in constant contact with the smart young men Uncle Sam is training for key positions in the Foreign Service.

She comes to know their personal characteristics as does no one else in the Department and becomes their trusted confidante. To her they bring questions and problems they would hesitate to take to any other State official.

Miss Bassel returns their trust by being always on hand to see that certain aspects of their problems which might easily be overlooked receive proper consideration. She
is on friendly terms with many mothers of the young officers who write her for information other mails have failed to yield.

Officially, the Assistant to the Director of this important school is described as “responsible in many ways for the sub-administrative work in connection with operation of the School.”

Also, to continue to quote the same official, she “acts as consultant and adviser to the newly-appointed officers. Is in constant contact with students of the School, and is directly responsible for the maintenance of order in the classroom.

“To a considerable extent her duties involve the direction and supervision of the students and place the assistant in constant communication with the Chiefs of the various Divisions in the Department, and others who lecture to the student officers.

“She answers inquiries regarding the Foreign Service School and the Service in general.”

Miss Basset has proved that not only can a woman fill this responsible and unique position, but that actually in some ways a woman is better adapted to it than a man would be.

When the young officers leave the School for their assignments in different parts of the world, they do not forget her kindnesses. She still is often their most intimate touch with the Department which is their boss, and in the letters which pour onto her desk from faraway places come human bits of news and confidences never to be found in formal official reports.

If she could accept all the invitations which urge her to “come out and let us show you this interesting part of the globe”, Miss Basset would be spending 12 months of the year at diplomatic posts—taking her pick between the large foreign cities and the romantic outlying places which are but dots on the map to most Americans.

She has accepted some of the invitations, and she hopes to accept others. Two summers ago she joined one of her “young couples” in Tallinn, Esthonia, and went with them into Eastern Europe. After excursions into many parts of Russia, she went to Poland and down to Budapest where James B. Stewart, her first school “boss” was located. With another couple she travelled through Finland and to numerous interesting places in Scandinavia. In her opinion, a single trip with one of her young couples is worth a half dozen of the usual tourist variety.

Miss Basset’s American ancestry dates back to pre-Revolutionary days. William Norris, her great-great-grandfather was an officer in the French and Indian War and also in the War of Independence. His son, John Norris, Miss Basset’s great-grandfather, enlisted at the age of seventeen and was present at Yorktown when Cornwallis surrendered.

While John Norris was still living, in 1809, the family moved from Fauquier County to the Western part of Virginia and settled on the West Fork of the Monongehela River, within a mile of the home of Cummins Jackson. When the latter’s nephew determined to enter West Point it was John Norris who gave him a few months coaching. This nephew was Thomas J. Jackson, now world-famous as “Stonewall.”

Clarksburg was a small town of but 300 inhabitants when Stonewall Jackson was born. The farms which surrounded it were not of the plantation pattern. But the area was one of real culture. This is evidenced in Wither’s “Chronicles of Border Warfare,” which was published in Clarksburg in 1831. First editions of this volume are now very rare and the fact that it was published in the town indicates a deep interest in cultural and historic affairs even at that early date.

Miss Basset is one of seven children born to her parents. Her father, John Basset, was a distinguished lawyer. Her mother’s brother, Charles Lewis, was a Judge and a Member of Congress. Her mother’s grandfather, Asher Lewis, came to Clarksburg from Philadelphia. Both Miss Basset and her mother were born in the same house,
although the mother was born in Virginia and Miss Bassel in West Virginia. Patrick Henry signed the original deed for the property on which this house stood. It is still in the family.

Her sister Ellen is the wife of John W. Davis, Democratic nominee for the Presidency in 1924, and former Ambassador to England. Another of her sisters, Caroline, married a son of Senator Nathan Goff of West Virginia.

Miss Bassel came to Washington during the World War, while Mr. Davis was Solicitor General. Because of her knowledge of French and German she was offered a position in the Military Intelligence Division, where she served until the war ended.

The great service which women rendered to their country in this phase of war work is not generally known, but there were several young women whose training and intelligence made them invaluable to their country during the war period.

After the Armistice, Miss Bassel was connected with the Post Office Department for three years. Then she went to the Department of State to be in the office of Foreign Personnel. This office deals directly with all diplomatic and consular officers abroad, and while there she was in the office of the Chief of Personnel.

During her four years in this office, from 1925 until 1929, she had a great deal to do with the efficiency records of all foreign service officers. This was excellent training for the work she was to do next.

She came to the School in 1929 as assistant to the Director, James B. Stewart. Contrary to the popular belief, the Foreign Service Officers' Training School is not a preparatory school, but a training ground for those already in the Service.

It was organized in its original form in 1924, but did not reach its present status until 1931. Prior to 1924 newly-appointed officers were brought to the State Department for a few weeks of training, but by law could not receive instruction in the United States for more than thirty days.

The period of instruction in the school today is not prescribed, but is usually from three to four months. When candidates for admission to the Service are successful, they are sent first to nearby consular offices to assist in the work there while acquainting themselves with the routine duties and responsibilities which will be imposed on them later.

They then come to the School to undergo an intensive period of instruction. The courses are wholly post-graduate in nature and after completing them, the young officers are assigned to posts throughout the world. The director of the School is selected from among officers of the Foreign Service, with approval of the Secretary of State.

The School plays a part in providing the United States with a highly trained, efficient, and democratic organization for "carrying out intelligently and precisely such foreign policies as the Government of the country may adopt, and to perform such other duties as may be assigned to it."

So this is the story of Cornelia Bassel, and you see that "Thursday's Child" is an apt title for the West Virginia girl who has gone such a long way.
February is the high-point in Washington dinner parties—the calendar gets more and more crowded with the approach of Lent. But the well-regulated regime at the White House has its parties so well "staggered" that all official entertaining ends at this time.

It has been many a day since we have had the pleasure of dining at the White House, so we felt highly honored to be included in the dinner given in honor of the Speaker of the House and Mrs. Bankhead, the last of the formal State Dinners. I never cease to get a thrill at opening a White House invitation—to see our own names beautifully engraved on the white card—to note the special card for the windshield of our car designating the entrance, and a third, stating the secretary to whom the reply is to be sent—it all bespeaks the last degree of efficiency and careful planning. Not that many regrets are ever received.
except on account of illness, for whatever else you may have accepted for that evening, it is forthwith cancelled because the custom of years has made a White House invitation practically a command.

This time we were slated for the East Entrance which was lined with blue-coated officers of the law. Inside the doors, we were “checked” in on the list of guests, and my husband was handed his escort card containing the name of the lady he was to take in to dinner. Even the coat-checking room has its own brand of efficiency—husbands’ and wives’ coats are checked together.

A large diagram of the dinner table was displayed outside the check room with a star marking the President’s chair, so that each man could see where he was to be seated with his partner. Uniformed White House guards guided us on and up the stairway into the big East Room where an announcer called out the names of the new arrivals. Military and Naval aides in full-dress uniforms were literally everywhere, each with his list of guests for whom he was responsible. One escorted me to my position in the large circle, another followed with my husband. Every official was arranged according to seniority and rank with the Speaker and his wife heading the group of ninety. We were the third couple in a line which stretched in a semi-circle over halfway around the room. Between the brilliant uniforms and the dazzling gowns, it was certainly a colorful sight, and this preliminary pre-view gave everyone an opportunity to look over his neighbors. Just as a last Senatorial couple were hurriedly placed in position, the strains of the band announced the coming of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. They stood at the large entrance to this room shaking hands with us as we walked by, going completely around the room to our original positions. Then the President escorted Mrs. Bankhead to the dining-room and we followed in order with our partners.

The sight that greeted my eyes in the dining-room was something to remember! I have never seen the U-shaped table arrangement lovelier. The ninety guests slipped into their places just as quietly as if you and I were sitting down to luncheon together, while the band played on. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt sat opposite each other at the exact middle of the room. I must digress here to tell you how very becoming is the new style of hairdress adopted by the First Lady. It is definitely not bobbed but trimmed short on the sides so that two soft curls are possible. She later explained to us that she did not have it cut in the back because of the necessity of having a “knob” to which her hats could be “anchored”. Mrs. Roosevelt’s dress this evening was a perfectly exquisite white lamé gown with two sparkling highlights, a brilliant brooch in front and another at the V in the back. To these were attached narrow shoulder chains of brilliants—the effect was both graceful and unusual. The long train she lifted gracefully by a little cord.

To return to the magnificent dining-room—upon which a painted Lincoln looked down benignly!—its gleaming silver fixtures and carved paneled walls forming an elegant background for the beautiful table. The famous Monroe centerpiece and the gold service were used on this memorable occasion. This Monroe purchase has come down through the years as the most striking and gorgeous of the many table decorations. It is interesting to note in this connection how much this early President contributed to the elegance of the White House. You may recall that the fire of 1814 almost completely gutted the Presidential Mansion so that it had to be practically rebuilt and refurnished before Monroe’s inauguration in 1817. Monroe was a man of wealth and breeding used to king’s courts and elegance. While Minister to France he had acquired much Louis Seize furniture that had been taken from the old palaces at the time of the French Revolution. This he sold to the Government and sent to France for many of the new furnishings, all of which were made to order according to his directions.

The centerpiece or surtout de table was just one of these many importations. This plateau with its carved, gilded bronze decorations of garlands of fruits, vines and figures of Bacchus and Bacchantes stands on pedestals on which are sixteen figures holding small receptacles which can be used for either candles or flowers. It is composed of seven separate pieces garnished with mirrors. On this evening smilax and freesia were twined in and out along the
sides and dropped gracefully here and there on the glass. A large bouquet of white roses and freesia stood in the center.

Other features of the original Monroe purchase were three baskets, each with three figures on a circular base decorated with ivy leaves and flowers. From these the other evening hung the largest most luscious looking bunches of grapes I have ever seen, with a few sprays of ivy intertwined. Four gilded and decorated candelabra, and ten other gilded compotes completed this dazzling picture—covering a total space of about fourteen feet. In the old days when candles were used for lighting, three score were reflected in the mirrors. Individual nut dishes and salt cellars were also in the original purchase which is said to have cost six thousand francs. It is recorded that the French manufacturers lost two thousand francs because of their low estimate.

The gold flat service used the other evening, I found was gilded during the Hoover Administration. Like all the White House silver, it is engraved on one side with the words, “The President’s House”, and on the other with the White House Crest. I noticed that the white linen napkins were embroidered with the letters, “U. S.”, in the center of the seal. And now for the mundane!—The dinner served so efficiently by the corps of colored butlers. I saw for the first time the new blue china service which is decorated with the plumes from the Roosevelt crest around the edge of the plates and the President’s seal with the eagle turned to the right. (In the United States Seal it is turned to the left.) Clear soup tasted just a little bit better from this china and a gold spoon. When this was followed by filet of sole served just the way we like it, with a delicious sauce, I knew the dinner was perfect as far as my husband was concerned. Turkey, dressing, gravy, finely-cut green string beans, sweet
potatoes, en casserole, rolls—who could have gone away hungry! With this was served a California sauterne in crested green glasses. Domestic sherry had preceded.

The salad was both tasty and pretty. French endive stuffed with faintly tinted cream cheese was arranged in a star-shaped pattern on beds of lettuce. The center of the star was filled with watercress, and with this were passed delicious, fluffy cheese biscuits. The Speaker and I had quite a discussion about the molded ice cream, half of which was a rich deep wine color, the other half white. It tasted very reminiscent of my own very popular black raspberry ice cream which I have seldom encountered elsewhere. With this, if you still had “room”, you ate the good, old-fashioned, home-made frosted white cake.

I wondered if the time-long White House custom of having a sprig of lemon verbena in the finger bowl would be followed. Yes, there it was—so sweet smelling as I crushed it. My Oklahoma Senator dinner partner had never seen the leaf and did not join in my enthusiasm over the fragrance.

The departure of the women from the dining-room was just as orderly as the entrance with Mrs. Roosevelt leading the way into the Green Room where we assembled while the men remained to smoke. Here we had coffee and a few of the more daring souls lit their cigarettes. The First Lady moved about from one group to another in her inimitably charming and gracious manner. She is without doubt the perfect hostess. Here we visited for some time, and, as women will do, looked each other over. One of the loveliest dresses was worn by the new Senator’s wife from Alabama, young and pretty Mrs. Lester Hill.

Her gown was a soft white creation—here and there embroidered in gold. Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel Biddle, wife of our Ambassador to Poland, just back for a visit, wore one of those striking off-shoulder creations. Titian-haired Mrs. Bankhead who is noted for her stunning clothes, looked particularly attractive in a wine-colored, gold-threaded gown. The Speaker Bankheads, by the way, with Senator Bankhead and his wife, have recently leased Mrs. J. Borden Harriman’s estate, Uplands, for the remainder of the season, while Mrs. Harri-
MADAME VAN HAERSMA DE WITH, BEAUTIFUL WIFE OF THE
POPULAR NETHERLANDS MINISTER, WHO RECENTLY CELEBRATED
THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCESS BEATRIX WILHELMINA BY AN
ELABORATE RECEPTION AT THE LEGATION

It was a delightfully chosen program opening with a group of brilliant piano numbers. At a given signal, seven husky men came in and literally lifted the big piano away from the center of the stage. A beautiful gold harp took its place. From the side entrance three young women appeared—two with violins, while the other seated herself beside the harp. They were a picture to look at and how they could play! The scene shifted, the harp disappeared! At the piano in the corner, a young accompanist took his seat, and to the tinkling of castanets in tripped a gorgeously arrayed young woman who danced the national dance of Mexico. Intermittently these three distinctly different artists entertained us for a delightful hour. Then after shaking hands with the artists, the President retired, while Mrs. Roosevelt mingled with the guests.

Waiters appeared as if by magic bringing glasses of punch and plates of cookies. And the last formal White House dinner party for this season was over!

The Netherlands Celebration

"A CHILD WAS BORN!" But this was no ordinary birthday, it was the birth of a Princess! Princess Beatrix Wilhelmina, grand-daughter of the beloved Queen of the Netherlands, and daughter of the Crown Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard Leopold of Lippe-Biesterfeld—a Princess not only of the Netherlands, but of Orange-Nassau and Lippe-Biesterfeld, and a Duchess of Mecklenburg.

And so the breathlessly awaited event was fittingly celebrated at the Washington Legation of the very popular Netherland's Minister and his beautiful wife, the van Haersma de Withs.

It was a grand party attended by almost two thousand guests. A spirit of rejoicing was in the very air! A breath of Holland greeted you at the very entrance—innumerable pots of blooming red tulips lined the long stairway. Flowers were everywhere—violets, jonquils, forsythia in gorgeous profusion.

The Minister and Madame de With greeted their guests in the great hall where their lovely blonde daughter, Nora, assisted
in receiving. Madame de With was a picture. Her clothes and figure are the envy of all Washington women. She is a sparkling, dark-haired, vivacious beauty—very youthful in appearance and very gracious in manner. The Minister is the blond Dutch type, the soul of geniality and kindliness. On a trip to Holland, Michigan last year, during the Tulip Festival, he endeared himself to everyone by his exceeding democracy and interest in all the affairs of this little, transplanted, Dutch-American settlement whose ancestors came direct from Holland to settle there in 1848.

Naturally we feel especially near to the Netherlands, for the good old Dutch blood is in my husband's background. So ever since we came to Washington, we have felt particularly at home in this Legation. Mr. de With's predecessor, the late Minister van Royen and his American wife, the former Albertina Winthrop of New York, were very dear friends of ours. Mr. van Royen had made a profound study of his countrymen's migrations and had visited all of the settlements in the United States from Michigan and Iowa to California, as well, of course, as in New York.

I remember so well my first reception at the van Royen's—the table in the large dining-room intrigued me beyond words with its Dutch precision—four little silver vases of exactly the same size filled with practically the same number of pink carnations were placed at exact intervals down the length of the table. An innumerable number of little compotes of the same size placed at regular intervals up and down the table contained every known kind of Dutch confections. It was a sight to tempt a connoisseur of food and I was told by one who had lived in Holland that each and every one of these dainties was a masterpiece of the culinary art.

The reception table, the day of the Birthday party, was equally generous in its offerings, but quite American in its arrangement as is the general decorating scheme of the Legation. Handsome full-length Chinese panels are the only adornment on the walls of the drawing-room—very effective and very modern. But the Legation is so well arranged for entertaining either large or small groups that even this day there was none of the "jam" often encountered.

Before we depart from this interesting spot, I must tell you a bit about one of the de With's dinners recently, when the thirty-six guests did not in the least crowd the dining-room. (I'm told the de With mansion in Holland is even more ample and imposing and surrounded by enormous grounds.) Speaking of centerpieces or plateaux, the large silver mounted glass one on the table this evening was dotted with dazzlingly white Viennese porcelain figures. These, together with the tall candelabra and compotes, are all de With family heirlooms. In addition to this unusual center decoration, four large silver vases filled with carnations gave a lovely touch of color to the table with its hand-woven table cloth.

When the dessert plates were placed, I couldn't help exclaiming to the Minister who sat at my right, "Why, these are Japanese!"

"Yes, indeed they are, and priceless antiques of which we have many more at home."

And thereby hangs a tale which the Minister told in detail when he spoke to our friends in Holland, Michigan. Briefly it was this: In the old, old days, back in 1600, the Dutch were the first people to enter into commercial relations with Japan, but all exchange of commodities had to take place at an island off the coast of Japan. Through this system of exchange, this rare old Japanese china came into the possession of the de With family. This and much more of interest the Minister told me. How I wished I had one of those photographic minds where the details could be permanently tabulated. But I haven't, so we must leave this delightful host and hostess to go other places.

Lady Astor

So many notables have flitted in and out of our Capital this winter that one's judgment is apt to become warped as to the Really Great.

But one of my most refreshing experiences with "The Great" was in meeting and listening to Lady Nancy Astor. The famous Langhorne beauty literally blew in and out of Washington like a human dynamo. In the course of three days she covered more meetings and made more speeches than anyone outside of our inde-
Lady Nancy Astor, American-born Member of Parliament, who made one of her flying visits to Washington this winter.

Fatigable First Lady. The Newspaper Women had their inning at a tea; there were luncheons for her at the House of Representatives and Senate Dining-Rooms; a luncheon by the Secretary of State, Cordell Hull—every waking moment was so filled that the English Embassy where she and Lord Astor were guests entertained them at just one dinner.

I happened to arrive at the Congressional Club a few minutes ahead of her, and before we knew it, the omnipresent photographers had flashed their bulbs just as I was shaking hands with Lady Astor after being introduced by Mrs. Ralph Church, brilliant wife of Representative Church of Illinois and Entertainment Chairman of the Club.

From the minute she took off her gorgeous mink coat, she went into action. I have never seen such force, such originality of expression, and such a good-fellow attitude. We were taken into her story just as if we were sitting round the fireside having a chat. The more than three hundred Congressional women who listened spellbound were her friends from the minute she started to speak.

"When anyone accuses me of being half-American, that is wrong. I'm wholly a Virginian, I was born a Virginian, I'll die a Virginian, a fighter and an unrelenting and unrepentant rebel. No country could have given a better welcome to an alien-born than I received in England, and my American birth was never used against me in politics.

"If I were the devil and wanted to ruin civilization, I would break up the British Empire and make the United States regard Great Britain as its traditional enemy. I do not want these two countries to be strong because of war but because of peace. If we could get rid of war by sinking the British Navy, I would be in favor of it, but instead it would mean chaos and world disorder. I have told the pacifist women—if you want peace, be strong, if you don't want peace, be weak."

Not minding in the least the revelation as to age, she recalled that it was forty-two years ago when she first discussed with Lord Balfour the subject of Great Britain and the United States working together for world peace (you never would guess the age of this slender, dynamic, handsome little person). That day she wore the usual
black dress, relieved by a very decorative lace collar and a beautiful string of pearls. Her small hat was trimmed with a band of mink fur. Altogether you would have said, “Here is a lady of leisure who has unlimited time to put on her appearance.”

One of the many stories told while she was here was of her meeting with Mr. Joseph Kennedy, our new Ambassador to Great Britain. “You must come to the dinner I am giving on March 5th.”

“Thanks, I would like to very much.”

“That’s nice, Queen Mary will be there.”

“I shall be delighted to meet Her Majesty.”

Concerning the present King and Queen of England, this American-born Member of Parliament had only the warmest praise. “The Queen is wonderful, her manner has not changed at all since the day, when, a young Scotch girl, she came to our house to dances.”

In all of her contacts with the press and the public, just as that day at the Club, her native wit kept everyone entertained and amused whether or not you agreed with all she had to say. Perhaps her agility with the press is due somewhat to the fact that the Viscount Astor is owner of the weekly Sunday newspaper, The Observer—that her brother-in-law, Major, the Honourable John Jacob Astor, owns the controlling interest in The London Times. So much of the most important politics being played at week-ends in large country houses, Cliveden, the Astor residence in the Thames Valley, has become one of the most politically important of British country houses. (From Claude Cockburn in the February issue of Current History).

And so goodbye to Lady Astor for another year!

_Ina Claire and Katharine Dayton_

_Ina Claire is a Tradition in Washington_. It is her home and any return visit she makes is a signal for Entertainment Signs galore. This, time she came as the only American in an all-English cast playing Frederick Lonsdale’s, “Once is Enough”—the author of “The Last of Mrs. Cheyney”, and, “Aren’t We All”—among many. These rather rare first-night shows in Washington are the signal for a turn-out of notables. And with Ina Claire the Star, and the author, as well as producer, Gilbert Miller (son of the late Henry Miller), in town, it was also the beginning of a continuous series of after-theatre parties—at which the gay, delightful, buoyant Ina would arrive sparkling with vitality even after two performances and endless rehearsals. No wonder everyone likes her—her enthusiasm and cordiality are refreshing beyond words. At one party the famous Hungarian musicians from New York added their music while strolling round the rooms.

The Gilbert Millers have three private planes and both he and his wife are pilots. One of them rested at the Washington airport ready on the instant for them to take off.

An interesting sidelight on the play.—No English woman apparently was available for the lead, though the rest of the cast was complete—came a cable from Ina Claire’s manager saying that she was free. So to the United States they came—and that is how “Once is Enough” happened to open in New Haven and then come directly to Washington.

From Washington—after a week in Pittsburgh—the show was scheduled to open in New York. I hope you may see it there and find it as entertaining as did Washington.

From an actress to a playwright—Katharine Dayton, much loved ex-Washington newspaper woman—co-author of “The First Lady”—and writer for the _Saturday Evening Post_. Her newest product, “Save Me the Waltz”, had a really first-night opening here with all the troubles attendant upon a first night performance. To hear her describe it—the all-star cast was like a football team each playing against the other. So busy was she revising and attending rehearsals that we scarcely had a peek at her except at the regular Tuesday luncheon of the Newspaper Women’s Club where all guest talk is off the record. Her “Mrs. Republican and Mrs. Democrat” monologue at the Annual Stunt Party of the National Women’s Club a few years ago was one of the most side-splitting shows I’ve ever heard.

The play also brought the flashing Talullah Bankhead to town, as her husband, Mr. John Emery, played the lead—as I’ve told elsewhere. So between these two plays and the famous ones associated with them, we have had quite a taste of New York this winter!
REVEILLE ON THE RIVER ROAD IN RICHMOND

The Year's at the Spring
II—Richmond on Seven Hills

EVELYN DIXON DILLARD

This is the second of a series of articles in which we will follow the spring northward through the media of old houses and old gardens.

RICHMOND "... a city—rising, like Rome, on seven hills—that's Richmond. Wide, smooth thoroughfares, modern as a Midwestern Main Street . . . that's Richmond. Fluted white pillars, dappled with wistaria-shaded paneled doors and polished knockers . . . that's Richmond . . . "Drooping branches shadowing the tombs of two United States Presidents in old Hollywood Cemetery . . . that's Richmond. . . .

Progress and prosperity, tradition and triumph, culture and courtesy, learning and leisure and loving kindness . . . that's Richmond."

Thus wrote your editor of Virginia's capital city in Good Housekeeping several years ago. Her description has been widely quoted by many different authorities, and it is the quotation which I—who have known and loved Richmond all my life—
select as best presenting the attributes of the thriving city which is so redolent of the beauties and traditions of its proud past.

Richmond's charm is year-round, but they who come during Garden Week in the spring are probably the most lucky of all; for it is then that the historic houses, museums, churches, gardens, and the hills themselves seem freshest and most eager to receive company with the hospitality for which the state is noted.

Every visit to Richmond, in my opinion, should begin with a trip to the historic capitol which stands on one of the seven hills and overlooks the city. From its steps all Richmond is spread out to meet the eye—modern office buildings and hotels, churches, museums, ancient Early American landmarks, and charming residences —both old and new. Beyond the trees, over the hills, and stretched along the James River, are the plantation sites and manor houses laid out during the days of land grants and Colonial governors.

Church steeples pierce the Richmond sky, and of them all St. John's is the most venerable. It was here that Patrick Henry uttered his imperishable words about "liberty . . . or death." In St. Paul's, President Davis sat in 1865 when he received word that General Lee's lines had been penetrated.

And in Monumental Church—still another landmark—young Edgar Allan Poe used to join his father in hymn-singing. Erected in 1814, this church stands on the site of Old Richmond Theater—in which the poet's mother often played leading stock company roles.

Many spots in Richmond bear the magic imprint of the immortal Poe. The oldest house in the city—Old Stone House—was selected to be the Edgar Allan Poe Shrine and here have been collected the most important Poe relics available. Here visitors may see a model of the city as it was when the poet grew up there, and in the walled garden at the rear may enjoy the beauty Poe loved—and the peace he was never able to find.
Old Stone House, historians say, was a plantation house on the property of Virginia’s first William Byrd. Its low-ceiled rooms, narrow hall, and steep staircase antedate the spacious type of Virginia home by several years and are worthy of study as “good early Virginia.”

Another “old stone house” to see in Richmond is Reveille, which was called old in a deed dated in 1791. Unlike most Virginia homes, Reveille’s beginnings are lost in antiquity. Unlike most of the other homes, too, its early days are not associated with the activities of any one family. Here lived many families.

The oldest part of Reveille is four stories high, including the former half-basement dining room—a true mark of an old country house in Virginia, and a dormered attic under whose great hand-hewn beams a long-forgotten secret room has but recently been rediscovered.

The dignity of Reveille’s simple lines rises from the polished green of ancient boxwood, and in the old gardens which radiate from them are to be found all the flowers that bloomed in Richmond before it became an imposing city on the James. An old-world sun dial marks the center and a rose-covered arbor invites the visitor. It is said that Reveille is loveliest at peony time, but those who know it agree that every time is beauty-time at the old place.

In addition to preserving and loving its own old homes, Richmond has become the resting place of several fine old places moved in from the plantation country—as a means of preserving them, both for their beauty and because of the important parts they played in the lives of their early owners.

Wilton, Ampthill House, and the Oaks have been moved into the city and rebuilt brick for brick, panel by panel. The Oaks was built in Amelia County before 1750 and is chiefly interesting for its fine old handwrought woodwork and handhewn timbers so well seasoned that paint has never needed to be applied to them.

Wilton, the home John Randolph built for himself in 1750, was moved to Richmond by the Virginia Society of Colonial Dames, who selected an appropriate setting for it and are reproducing its original gardens. In the magnificently paneled rooms of spacious beauty will rest furniture of the 1750 period.

Ampthill, a dignified manor house, was
built by Henry Cary in 1732 and was moved into Richmond by Mr. and Mrs. Hunsdon Cary, descendants, after its original site had been selected for a rayon plant.

Within a few miles of Richmond, and easily within the travel-radius of visitors, are many beautiful places with gardens. Among them are: Tuckahoe, where Thomas Jefferson lived as a child; Shirley, which was built before 1700 and has remained in the same family ever since; Westover, ancestral home of the Byrds, and Upper and Lower Brandon—without mention of which a house-and-garden story of Virginia is always incomplete.

In the gardens of these homes are growing perennials which have been there for generations. Flowers that Queen Elizabeth loved in her youth are there—continued from plants brought over by the first settlers.

But, as is true all over the state, these places have much more than a botanical interest. Both gardens and homes are an embodiment of the hopes and ideals of the intelligent, beauty-loving people who designed and made them.

Tuckahoe, which is today one of the best examples of Colonial plantation life left in America, was founded in 1674 by William Randolph, of Turkey Island. The acreage contained originally in the estate has been placed as high as 25,000 and it is said to have extended 12 miles along the James.

The home, with its ancient box mazes, is reached down a mile-long, cedar-lined lane, and "stands like some fading 17th century picture shut away from its immediate world." The date of its building has been placed anywhere from 1674 to 1725. The woodwork over the entire house is elaborate and exceedingly good.

Here at Tuckahoe, one learns from old papers, the Randolph family lived a life of cultured leisure for nearly two centuries. The original outside kitchen, reached by an interesting three-foot brick walk which also encircles the house, is still in excellent preservation. Nearby is the little building in which Jefferson went to school.

Shirley, one of the oldest and loveliest of the James River homes, is also the tallest house along the James. It rises full three stories high, with a hipped roof which contains 18 high dormer windows. The interior woodwork is exceedingly lovely. The large square hall is panelled to the ceiling, and a striking stairway with a hanging platform leads to the upper rooms. Carved pineapples, the symbol of welcome, appear frequently.

In Shirley's dining room for more than 130 years hung the famed Peale portrait of Washington, which is life-sized and shows the patriot in the full vigor of manhood. This portrait is now a part of the restoration at old Williamsburg, the Colonial capital of Virginia, and will remain there permanently.

Colonel Edward Hill, Speaker of the House of Burgesses and member of the King's Council, built the first Shirley. Through the marriage of his granddaughter to John Carter, Secretary of the Virginia, the home passed into possession of the family which has since lived there. Filled with gorgeous furniture, silver, and portraits, it is inherited intact by succeeding Carters.

The first William Byrd of Virginia bought the plantation Westover and took up his abode there in 1688. His son William Byrd II built the present mansion in 1730 and it has often been called the most beautiful place in America.

During the Revolution, Cornwallis was at Westover with his forces. During the War Between the States McClellan's army headquartered there. But not even invading soldiers could destroy the garden loveliness of the estate. Some of the giant lawn trees were planted more than two centuries ago.

Westover is considered one of the most nearly perfect examples of Georgian architecture in America. Its beautiful doorway has been widely copied, and much has been written about the wrought iron gates which admit visitors to the estate and which rank with Charleston gateways as the finest work of ironmasters in the country.

Brandon, situated on the broad waters of the James, has on its north front century-old box hedges drawn in double lines across the house, and extending around three sides of the garden to form romantic walks. Across a square of sward bound with the bloom of crepe myrtle, magnolia, and roses, giant elms and ancient yews, the garden is brought skillfully straight to the door.

This plantation came into being in 1616 under a vast grant of land made to Capt.
John Martin, one of the adventurous companions of Capt. John Smith himself. The great hall occupies the center of the main building, is almost square, and is dominated by three perfectly proportioned arches lavishly embellished with hand carving. In the west wing is one of the most notable stairs in the state. It is of perfect Chinese Chippendale pattern.

Every old place must have at least one particular ghost. Brandon has a lovely one. Tied to one of the drawing room chandeliers is a small gold wedding ring—hung there no one knows when or why. Here the “patroness saint of the brides” returns to guard the treasure and bless her descendants.

Upper Brandon is a generation younger than Lower Brandon and was built by William Byrd Harrison, son of Benjamin Harrison of the old place. The general plan of the house is like that of the older place—which is but three miles away—but the lines are more massive and the wings not so large. The park which surrounds Upper Brandon is heavily shaded by many trees, conspicuous among them being willow oaks which now tower above the highest Brandon gables.

Box lines the walks to Brandon’s old terraced garden, where it ends in a serpentine now somewhat difficult to trace and said to be the only one of its kind in the country. Individually, Upper Brandon and Lower Brandon each is an impressive chapter in our home and garden history. Together, their beauty and gracious dignity present a striking illustration of the part which hospitable living amid lovely surroundings had in making the history of the Old Dominion.

Although within short driving distance of Richmond—as miles are counted now—Brandon dates back to the days of John Smith and Pocahontas. Thus the modern capital of a modern state is intimately connected with the rich story of the state from its very beginning.
ANY years elapsed after the coming of the first settlers before recreation or amusement had any real place in the lives of our serious-minded and hard-worked forefathers. With merciful pity we will bridge that long gap and see what progress was made in the insistent cry of the spirit for relaxation and recreation, yes, for fun, by the last of the seventeenth century.

In spite of the stern prohibition of dancing in New England, in 1685, in spite of the philippics of Cotton Mather against card playing in the same year, the restless feet of youth and the nimble fingers of their elders brought both dancing and card playing steadily to a state of common usage and popularity, in all parts of the country. Among card games, backgammon was a great favorite.

Except in the larger towns, social life was much restricted. The roads were well nigh impassable, few were fit for vehicles and so, until the eighteenth century, there was not much visiting for social reasons only. Boston, New York and Philadelphia were linked almost exclusively to the southern colonies by waterway and even this, attended by the discouraging uncertainties of a sailing vessel, a crude chart and rarely a guiding light on shore, offered small inducement for travel. The first lighthouse at Boston was erected in 1716 and nearly a half-century later there were but three on the entire coast.

Land travel over unspeakably bad roads, a “road” being any stretch where the trees had been felled, was almost entirely by foot or horseback. Most inns were a combination of poor food, wretched beds and general shiftless housekeeping, several unacquainted guests commonly being crowded into one room. Conditions were much better in the larger towns but to travel any distance one must have friends en route or endure great discomfort.

In the South, such was the spirit of hospitality, even to strangers, that few taverns existed or would thrive if undertaken. If one ventured to take a lady of the family in a chaise or carriage it meant that she rode in a sheltered contrivance, sans springs, which was set upon braces of wood or leather, and jolted over the rough roads from the time of departure till the merciful end of the journey. All of this strengthened the ties of home and fireside and minimized the temptation to leave them.

In 1700 the first coffee house, in type like the popular gathering-places in London, was established in New York and became a fashionable rendezvous. Billiards and dancing grew in favor. Music outside the home began to exercise its magic spell. Good music came into its own earliest in the Middle Colonies. Pipe organs were installed in Philadelphia and Port Royal, Virginia, about 1700, and in King’s Chapel, Boston, in 1713.

An advertisement of 1716 by the organist of King’s Chapel, announces that he will teach music and dancing, mends virginals and spinets and that he imports violins, flutes, bass viols and flageolets. The Swedes and the Germans had their folk songs and their flutes and fiddles and among the English there were many violins. Original musical composition in colonies had as yet no place.

In 1722 a theater, the first in America, was built at Williamsburg, Virginia, but this was not very successful. Later the theater became a popular entertainment in that center. The best music of the early eighteenth century was to be heard in Charleston. There, good concerts were given and in 1732 the first song recital in this country. The first opera ballet was presented there in 1735 and so successful were these various cultural ventures that a theater was built and opened there the same year.

As frontier conditions disappeared in the larger towns, social development expressed itself in increased refinement of living and
in the introduction of the cultural life as well as the enjoyment of hale and hearty sports. The type of sports enjoyed indicates the vigorous type of man—cricket and outdoor fox hunting being popular. A Jockey Club was founded in 1734 at Charleston and eleven years later one at Annapolis. Membership was from several colonies.

The outward-reaching colonial mind had become well aware of the need and the pleasure of comradeship in intellectual life as well as in play. Many clubs, both social and serious, sprang into being. The latter were almost entirely for men and meetings were held regularly and often. We read of French Clubs, Irish Clubs, a “Governor’s Club,” Music Clubs, a Philosophical Club at Newport, a Physical Club, a “Hum Drum” Club and a “Beefsteak Club” in Philadelphia.

Five years prior to this, Benjamin Franklin had organized a debating club for young men, but failing to keep up a sustained interest, he had turned, in a few years, to the more adult mind and had organized the first American Philosophical Club. There are so many “firsts” to be credited to Franklin!

Reminiscent of the days when the country was new and unsettled, one reads as a tale of knighthood, the story of how Governor Spotswood of Virginia, formerly aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough, would lead his mounted “Knights of the Golden Horseshoe” up into the Blue Ridge mountains, exploring and claiming each successive peak in the name of His Majesty, George III. Their horses were shod with iron, which was unusual in that day. Upon their return each member was presented by the governor with a tiny golden horseshoe set with jewels, as a souvenir of the journey. The king, unimpressed by the collection of George III mountain tops, refused to finance this extravagant sentimentality and obliged the governor to pay for the mementos out of his own pocket.

As the halcyon days of colonial prosperity spread over the land, planters in the south possessed themselves of high-spirited horses and brilliant accoutrements such as: “a riding saddle, hogskin seat, large plated stirrups, double-reined bridle, plated bit, a fashionable newmarket saddlecloth; large and best portmanteau and cloak bag, a riding frock of handsome drab-coloured broadcloth with plain double gilt buttons; a riding waistcoat of superfine scarlet cloth and gold lace, with buttons like those of the coat, a neat switch whip, silver cap; black velvet cap for servant.”

By the middle of the 1700’s there was evident in the homes of many prosperous planters in Tidewater, Virginia, a decided taste for good reading. William Byrd of Westover had a library of almost 4000 volumes, “in all languages and Faculties—Great Part of the Books in elegant Bindings and of the best Editions.”

Now, how did they play? Of strictly masculine tastes we mention that horse racing and cock fighting were prime favorites and, in all truthfulness, we have to reluctantly admit that gambling at races, in taverns and at fairs was very general. It was, indeed, the fashionable thing. The racing season at Williamsburg, Virginia, was a great attraction for the whole tidal country. Cock fighting was a much more democratic sport but was quite universal. One sees in this that the hardy, frontier spirit survives in one form or another over a long period of years.

At the fairs the public was regaled by jigging and fiddling, by clowns, greased pigs to catch and greased poles to climb and the succulent joys of the barbecue. From the Virginia Gazette of October, 1737, we cull the announcement, “Horse races and Several Other Diversions for the Entertain ment of the Gentlemen and Ladies. It is proposed that 20 horses or mares will run around a three mile course for a prize of five pounds, that a hat of the value of 20s be cudgled for and that after the first challenge made, the drums are to beat every quarter of an hour for three challenges around the ring and none to play with their left hand.

That a violin be played for by twenty fiddlers; no person to have the liberty of playing unless he bring a fiddle with him. After the prize is won, they are all to play together and each a different tune, and to be treated by the company.

That 12 boys of 12 years of age do run 112 yards for a hat of the cost of 12s.

That a flag be flying on said day 30 feet high.
That a handsome entertainment be provided for the subscribers and their wives; and such of them as are not so happy as to have wives may treat any other lady.

That Drums, Trumpets, Hautboys, etc., be provided to play at said entertainment.

That a Quire of ballads be sung for by a number of Songsters, all of them to have liquor sufficient to clear their wind-pipes.

That a pair of silver buckles be wrestled for by a number of brisk young men.

That a pair of handsome shoes be danced for.

That a pair of handsome silk stockings, of one pistole value, be given to the handsomest young country maid that appears in the field.

And as this mirth is designed to be purely innocent and void of offence, all persons resorting there are desired to behave themselves with decency and sobriety.” Thus a racing day in old Virginia!

As the 1700’s progressed, prosperity and social life advanced rapidly. Everyone loved to dance, both in the north and in the south! Dancing days began in childhood and ended only with infirm old age. In Virginia, the social life reached its peak during the sitting of the House of Burgesses at Williamsburg. Many members had town houses there and the entire family, with their servants, would move to that charming capital for the winter. Naturally, the most important social life centered around the Governor’s Palace. This important social and political axis, so magnificently replaced, breathes today of the elegant festivities held at the home of the governor. The “Assemblies” began at six and ended at ten. There the gay residents of Williamsburg began their dancing with “A Successful Campaign.” This popular dance also opened a ball in Newport where were present General Washington dancing and de Rochambeau and his officers at their flutes. Nimble feet tripped to “Lead down two couples on the outside and up the middle; second couple do the same; turn contrary partners, cast off, right and left.” Then would follow “Stony Point,” another favorite of Revolutionary days. They also danced “The Innocent Maid,” “the Corsina,” “Burgoyne’s Defeat” and “Clinton’s Defeat.” As you see, the popular dances were named in honor of military successes.

At a prominent Assembly in Philadelphia the Marquis de Chastellux wrote, “A master of ceremonies presides . . . he presents to the dancers Billets folded up containing each a number; thus fate decides the male or female partner for the whole evening. All the dances are previously arranged, and the dancers are called in their turns.”

Having visited the Colonies in 1759, Burnaby wrote of the Quaker maids of Philadelphia, “The women are exceedingly handsome and polite. They are naturally sprightly and fond of pleasure and upon the whole are much more agreeable and accomplished than the men. Since their acquaintance with the English officers, they are greatly improved and without flattery, many of them would not make bad figures, even in the first Assemblies in Europe.”

Of society in New York he wrote, “The women are handsome and agreeable, though rather more reserved than the Philadelphia ladies. Their amusements are balls and sleighing expeditions in the winter and in the summer going on parties upon the water and fishing, or making excursions into the country. There are several houses pleasantly situated upon East River near New York where it is common to have turtle feasts. These happen once or twice a week. Their frolics often last all day and on into the evening.”

There were no entertainments more highly favored from the middle of the 1700’s through the rest of the century than were the turtle feasts or “turtle frolics” as they were sometimes called. Every sea captain who sailed to the West Indies carried orders for turtles. This recreation was very popular in Newport as well as in New York.

Happy recreation is truly re-creation. The story of life in Colonial America is a far finer tale because of its gay pattern of sheer fun and joy occasionally embroidered in welcome relief against the somber background of hard and rugged living. To our thought of the old days and the old ways let us add a breath of thankfulness that there were also play times which linked to the grandeur of courage the beauty and grace of sheer happiness for happiness sake.

CONCLUSION
QUERIES

16094. **FRANKLIN.**—Thomas Franklin b. ca 1730-40, d. 1775, will Chesterfield Co., Va., m. ca 1750-60 Obedience. Wanted family name of Obedience.

(a) **WILLIAMS.**—Jesse Williams will 1791 mentions brother Elisha sister Judith & also leaves to Elisha son of Thomas Williams. Wanted parents of the 4 children, Elisha, Thomas, Judith & Jess.—Ann Waller Reddy, 1005 East Marshall St., Richmond, Va.

16095. **SKINNER - CATON.**—William Skinner’s will, prob. 12-4-1794, Kent Co., Delaware, names wife Rebecca (who was she?) & children, John, Thomas, Daniel, Stephen, Nelly, Betsy & Mary Cole. Thomas Skinner, b. 1760 Kent Co., Del., m. 1—abt. 1778 Maria ——; 2—in 1797 Anne Caton (Katin), who was b. abt. 1778 in Md. Who were Anne Caton’s parents? Who were William Skinner’s parents? Was this Delaware family a branch of the Maryland Skinners?

(b) **Snyder.**—Wanted infor. abt. Isaac Halsey Snyder, Sr., of Essex Co., N. J., including name of his wife & parents. He was mar. abt. 1812 or earlier, & had I. H. Snyder, Jr., who mar. Anna Hardman; Martha Almira who mar. Thomas Jefferson Summers; Alfred; Mary who mar. a Mr. Gilbert; Charlotte who mar. a Mr. Meeker, & perhaps others.

(c) **BIRD.**—John Bird, Sr. died in Greene Co., Tenn., 1830, leaving a widow Mary, but think she was his 2d wife. He is listed in N. C. Rev. Army Accts. Who was his first wife & who were his parents?

(d) **ALEXANDER-KING-SHARP.**—William Alexander mar. Elizabeth King 1762 in Paxtang Presbyterian Church, Lancaster Co., Penn. (now Dauphin Co.), and was a Capt. in Rev. War in N. C., later removing to Greene Co., Tenn. Who were William Alexander’s parents? Who were Elizabeth King’s parents? Wanted Rev. Rec. & genealogy of Edward Sharp, of Pa. & N. C., father of Jane Sharp Alexander.

(e) **HENSHAW-MALICH.**—Who was the wife of John Henshaw, b. May 29, 1679, Dorchester, Mass., son of Joshua Henshaw & Elizabeth Sumner? Who were the parents of Charlotte Malich (Malaak) who mar. Washington Henshaw in 1802 in Berkley Co., Va.?

(f) **ADAIR-MONTGOMERY.**—Who were the parents of James Adair who mar. Rebecca Montgomery in Laurens Co., S. C.,...
about 1775, & who settled in Franklin Co., Ind., abt. 1801?

(g) RIMEL-LINCOLN.—Who were the parents of John Rimel (Rymal) who mar. Rebecca Lincoln in Rockingham Co., Va., April 26, 1786?—Mrs. Ruth S. Peterson, 1527 Virginia Park, Detroit, Michigan.


(a) PHILIPS.—Wanted infor. concerning Capt. Jacob Philips, Rev. Sol. of N. Y., whose children were: Jacob W. d. 1846 in Ill.; James; John; William; Maria; Peggy, mar. a Kittle.

(b) WINCHESTER.—Wanted parentage & place of birth of Benjamin Sylvester Winchester, who mar. Betsey Negus, 1807 at Dummerston, Vt. They are both buried near Eaton, N. Y.—Mrs. James G. Fuller, 215 Lathrop St., Madison, Wis.


26, 1794, who mar. Solomon Thomas. Would like to correspond with people interested in these families.


BIRTHS

Annie E. Vernor born May 6, 1855, Maryville, Tenn.
Jean M. Vernor born April 2, 1859, Lumpkin, Ga.
Kathleen H. Vernor born, Lewisburg, Tenn.
M. E. Vernor born June 8, 1865, Lewisburg, Tenn.
M. F. R. Vernor born Cornersville, Giles Co., Tenn.
Annie Elleeene Heath born Maryville, Tenn.
Minnie Frank Ruston Vernor born Cornersville, Giles Co., Tenn.
George T. Beall Jr. born 1824.
James L. Bates born 1830.
George Thos Vernor born 1901, San Antonio, Texas.
La Vert Vernor born San Antonio, Texas.
George Beall Vernor born July 13, 1880, Brazoria, Texas.
W. H. Vernor Heath born July 5, 1884.
Edwin R. Jennings born Little Rock, Ark.
Arthur Stafford born Little Rock, Ark.
Brice Pottle born Birmingham, Ala.

DEATHS

Jane L. Vernor died Dec. 26, 1865, near Lewisburg, Tenn.
Dr. George T. Beall died July 13, 1879, Brazoria Co., Texas.
Dr. Henry Hannum died 1844 or 1845, Maryville, Tenn.
Rev. Fielding Pope died 1866.
Rev. E. E. Vernor.
Bettie Jean Elleeene Vernor died July 1882.
Bettie M. Vernor Jan. 1883.
Ann E. Pope died May 30, 1883.
Rev. Dr. W. H. Vernor Dec. 25, 1890.
Pamela T. Vernor died Nov. 30, 1895.
Mary B. Vernor died 1897.
La Vert Vernor died San Antonio, Texas.
Mildred Vernor died Nov. 12, 1908, Ashdown, Ark.
A. V. Stafford died Dec. 8, 1913, Little Rock, Ark.
Annie V. Heath died Nov. 7, 1929.
An Interesting Project

RACHEL W. COX

This sketch, contributed by the chairman of the genealogical committee of the Col. John Evans Chapter of Morgantown, is illuminating in itself and also serves to clarify the value of Mrs. Ramsburgh’s department of Bible records.

One hundred and fifty years ago, western Virginia was the gateway to the West. Pioneer families were moving to new homes from all the eastern states to seek their fortunes. They followed the waterways as far as possible, in order to avoid the mountains, and to have a way to escape in case of Indian attack. Along the Monongahela river, and in what is now Monongalia county, were a number of small settlements, some of which became permanent. When the younger men became impatient, and went farther west, the parents often remained behind.

Wherever there was a home there was a Bible, not only for religious and educational purposes, but also because it was almost invariably used for Family Records. Here the member of the family who was the best scribe wrote down the chief events in the family life—births, marriages and deaths. Occasionally an itinerant penman traveled through the country and copied records for a nominal fee. Such inscriptions are easily recognized for they are in fancy, flowing writing and sometimes they are in color. The searcher for historical data in old Bibles feels that she has reached an oasis when she comes across the work of one of these penmen.

The Col. John Evans Chapter, D. A. R., of Morgantown, W. Va., has taken as a three year project the making of a volume of Bible records found in Monongalia County. Typed in triplicate, one copy will be placed in the D. A. R. library in Washington, one in the State Library at Charleston, W. Va., and one in the University Library at Morgantown, W. Va.

Family records were not always written in the Bible as soon as a birth, marriage or death occurred. Sometimes they were written in account books and possibly later were copied into the Bible. One family record was found in the History of the Presbyterian Church, another in a book in which an old country doctor had listed his visits to his patients. Fire was an ever-present menace, and Bibles were often lost in this way, yet the records were preserved, if some relative had copied them for her own use.

Aside from the value of finding these records and placing them in permanent files, one finds much of human interest. How large are the families? Were the girls married very young? Were there many spinsters? What was the infant mortality? And were there few or many centenarians? Were there many marriages with close relations? The repetition of the same given names through several generations is noticeable at once and associates the record with living persons. Research of this type becomes a fascinating task, and one feels well repaid for the considerable effort it involves.

Searching for these records is not a matter of going from door to door in town, or asking D. A. R. members to copy their records. It may mean visiting some obscure home off the highway, up some creek, or hidden by a hill. One of the most interesting records was found in a three-room cottage where a poor farmer with his wife and eight children made their home. A friendly visit, a few questions, and the fifteen-year-old daughter proudly brought out an old Bible and helped the caller to decipher the faded inscription of her family record. To her surprise there were names of and family lines closely connected with far more prominent townspeople.

The chapter committee has to date, the records from ninety Bibles and expects to have at least three hundred in the completed volume. It proves to be a project of value and interest to the individual worker, the local chapter and the National Organization.
The Genealogical Extension Service has been in operation for one year. It was established by vote of the National Board for the purpose of making available to the public the information that is to be found in our D. A. R. Library and other genealogical sources in Washington.

The service is open to the public yet practically all requests are for the purpose of securing eligibility for membership in our Society. Requests are reported in the order filed. Over 600 orders have been received at this date (March 1). Most orders are for five hours of research. Data should be submitted in concise form on ancestral charts if possible. The location of the family in county and state is desired in order to take advantage of information to be found in Census and Pension records. All identifying data enables us to begin the research on the problem without spending your time in these preliminaries.

All letters pertaining to this work should be addressed to the Genealogical Extension Service, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C. All checks and money orders must be made payable to the Treasurer General.

Only those who have no access to genealogical books or records can appreciate the value of this service that the N. S. D. A. R. now provides. An order from Paris, France, requested research for the completion of an application for membership on the service of an Ebenezer Stevens. The Revolutionary War service of an Ebenezer Stevens is recorded in Massachusetts Soldiers and Sailors of the Revolutionary War. No dates except those of parents and grandparents were listed by the applicant. The next definite location was Lachute, Quebec, Canada.

In this connection we call attention with gratitude to five members of our Society who joined under the service of Ebenezer Stevens and through our Consent Plan "to give specific information from their papers" enabled us to identify Philander Stevens as the son of Ebenezer Stevens and to identify Hannah Darling as his wife. This was the only item of assistance available since no line had been followed through Philander's daughter Rachel who married James Pollock.

We have investigated the following sources:

- All papers through the record of Ebenezer Stevens—(5) Vital Records of Taunton, Massachusetts.
- Massachusetts, Connecticut and Vermont Census for 1790.
- "Genealogy of the Stevens Family—1635 to 1891," by Fred S. Stevens.
- "Stevens Genealogy," by Dr. E. Stevens Barney.
- "Stevens Genealogy," by Holmes.
- "Stephens-Stevens Genealogy," by Stevens.
- "Benjamin Stephens Family."
- "Pollock Family as given in 'Biographical Record of Norfolk County, Massachusetts.'" (1898—page 261)

“Stephens Family—Massachusetts,” Jessie J. White, 1926.

Record of Ebenezer Stephens and roster of his descendants. This states that he was born about 1755, and that he married about 1775. His approximated birthdate is incorrect as we find in Taunton Vital Records—under Marriages — Page 460 — “Stephens, Ebenezer, Jr., and Lydia French, June 30, 1768, in Taunton.” (Mrs. Lydia, P.R. 25) —which indicates that Lydia French was a widow at the time of her marriage to Ebenezer Stephens and “P.R. 25” is the source from which the marriage record was secured, viz.:

“Private Record—from Marriage Records of three Justices of Peace, James Williams; his son, Brig.-Gen. James Williams; and his son, Alfred Williams 1737-1837—In Possession of the Old Colony Historical Society of Taunton.”

Mrs. Giraud’s entire line is covered in Chapter 3 of the above reference,* although no dates or localities are given, with the exception of the one generation—that of Ebenezer Stephens—the Revolutionary Ancestor.

We suggest that the application be submitted with the information at hand. However, please refer to “Stephens Family—Massachusetts,” Chapter 3—to be found in unpublished records—D. A. R. File Case. We spent hours in examining references before running on to the one which supplied the line in question. Also give correct marriage date for Ebenezer Stephens and Lydia French with reference for same. Leave birthdate of Ebenezer blank. It can be approximated here.

* “Stephens Family, Mass.,” by J. J. White. No one has been admitted who carries the line through Rachel Stephens, who married James Pollock. But we believe this one generation can be approximated since complete dates are given for the parents and grandparents of Mrs. Giraud and we can supply dates for Philander Stephens and Hannah Darling, from the papers of five members who have given such permission, through our Consent Plan. Philander Stephens was born 10/27/1785 and died in the summer of 1859. He married February 16, 1806, Hannah Darling.

War Pensions


Sept. 1775 he enlisted and served as a private for 1 year in Capt. William Taliaferros company, Col. William Woodford's 2nd Va. Regt. was in the battle of Long Bridge near Norfolk, Va.

June 17, 1818 Fayette Co., Ky. John Ficklin declares that he served in the Rev. War with Littleton Jeter “as a fellow soldier for one year.” (No officers stated.)

June 23, 1821 Fayette Co., Ky. Fielding Jeter declares that he is a relative of Littleton Jeter and knows he enlisted in 1775 in Capt. William Talifaros Co. near Fredericksburg, Va., Col. Woodford's 2nd Va. Regt. served 1 year was discharged at Williamsburgh, Va. Sept. 1777 as stated by said Littleton Jeter.

Lawrenceburg, Ky. Nov. 1820, I do hereby certify that Littleton Jeter, who now resides in Fayette Co. near Lexington, Ky. (in Sept. 1775) did enlist in the 2nd Va. Regt. of the Rev. War commanded by Col. William Woodford and having completed his term of service was honorably discharged. “I was at that time of the same regiment and know he was esteemed by his officers a valuable soldier, being then separated from his subsequent services in that war I know nothing of.” Anderson Co., Ky., signed W. B. Wallace, late a Lt. in the 1st Regt. U. S. Artillery.

July 11, 1821 Littleton Jeter aged 67 years a resident of Fayette Co., Ky. states that he has a wife and 5 children living
with him, 2 daughters and 3 sons, his eldest
son is about 18 years old.

**JETER, LITTLETON. Widow, Jane. W.**


Jane Jeter declares that she is the widow of Littleton Jeter, who was a Rev. soldier and U. S. Pensioner under the Act of Congress passed March 18, 1818 and May 1, 1820.

She was married to Littleton Jeter Feb. 18, 1789. Her name before said marriage was Jane Alsop.

Littleton Jeter and Jane Alsop were married in Caroline Co. Va. Sept. 7, 1786 by John Shackleford, a minister of the Gospel (Court Record).

May 4, 1843 Fielding Jeter of Lexington, Ky., aged 80 years last Jan. declares that he is a younger brother of Littleton Jeter, etc.

Feb. 16, 1853 Hugh Jeter of Lexington, Ky. declares that he is a son and heir at law of Littleton Jeter, a Rev. soldier, etc., who died in Lexington, Ky. May 20, or 26, 1842 and his widow Jane Jeter died Nov. 11, 1843 in Lexington, Ky.

No further family data on file.

**MCCLEAN, NEAL, or MCLEAN. Widow, Sarah. W.**


Sarah McClean declares that she is the widow of Neal McClean who was a Rev. soldier and U. S. pensioner under the Act of Congress approved Mar. 18, 1818.

She was married to Neal McClean Feb. 18, 1785 at Shawangunk, N. Y. at the home of William Decker, her name before said marriage was Sarah Wilson.

Their oldest child was named Catherine, born Nov. 18, 1785, was baptized in the Dutch Reformed Church of Shawangunk, N. Y. on Dec. 24, 1785. Her godparents were Jeremiah Decker and Catharina Terrilliger (no relationship shown).

In 1843 Moses Smith of Shawangunk, N. Y. states that he was son-in-law of the Rev. soldier Neal McClean who died Dec. 29, 1838 and left a widow named Sarah who lives with this deponent. The name of Moses Smith’s wife is not stated.

No further family data on file.

**QUINN, BENJAMIN. Widow, Franky. W.**


Franky Quinn declares that she is the widow of Benjamin Quinn who was born Feb. 5, 1747 (no place stated).

He enlisted soon after the Rev. War com-
menced. He was then a resident of Culpeper Co., Va. He served at various times with the Va. Troops (no details given). In 1780 he served as a private for 5 months was in the battle of Camden (officer’s names not stated).

In the fall of 1781 he enlisted and served as a private for 3 months in Capt. Lewis’ Co., Col. James Barber’s Va. Regt., was at Yorktown until after the surrender of Cornwallis, marched from there to Winchester, where he was discharged. She was married to Benjamin Quinn in 1771 in Culpeper Co., Va. Her name before said marriage was Franky Vernon, daughter of Richard Vernon. She was born the last Sunday in May 1756. Benjamin Quinn died July 7, 1823. Their Children: Sally, born July 4, 1772; William, born Apr. 17, 1774; Elizabeth, born Nov. 2, 1776; Milly, born Dec. 18, 1778; Franky, born Mar. 22, 1781; John, born Jan. 10, 1785, d. Aug. 3, 1823; Richard, born Aug. 8, 1787; Nancy, born Feb. 22, 1790; Benjamin, born June 9, 1792, d. Jan. 6, 1823; James, born Dec. 20, 1794, d. Mar. 16, 1823; Anne, born Jan. 24, 1797; Willis, born May 27, 1799, d. Jan. 8, 1823; Susanna, born Sept. 19, 1803.

On the opposite side of this family record there is this: William was born 1821; Harriet was born Jan. 25, 1822. No relationship stated.

In 1845 Susanna signed Susan Branham and stated that she was the 14th child of Benjamin and Franky Quinn.

April 23, 1837 James Chrisiam (?) of Scott Co., Ky. stated that he served with Benjamin Quinn in 1781. It was also stated that Benjamin Quinn’s two younger brothers, William and James Quinn were Rev. soldiers (no details given).

Jan. 31, 1844 Rhodes Thompson of Scott Co., Ky. a Rev. soldier states he moved to Ky. from Va. in 1777 and soon after became acquainted with Benjamin and Franky Quinn.

Deponent was appointed a Capt. to command a militia company and stated to them he wanted some person to act as Sergeants and the said Benjamin Quinn and Akillis Stapp stepped forward and offered their services and stated they had been soldiers in the Rev. Army and understood “their duty well as officers.”

June 12, 1844 Richard White of Green Co., Va. aged 90 years a rev. soldier and U. S. pensioner declares that he was acquainted with Benjamin Quinn in Culpeper Co., Va. and knows that he served as a militia man during the Rev. War and was married at that time. Deponent’s brother Henry White and Benjamin Quinn marched from Culpeper Court, etc.

Richard Vernon was Benjamin Quinn’s father-in-law and deponent went with horses to meet my brother Henry and said Quinn to bring them home within a day’s ride of Salsbury, N. C. when deponent heard that his brother was dead, he returned home, but Mr. Vernon continued his journey, but missed Quinn, etc.

June 11, 1845, Jonathan Pratt of Albemarle Co., Va., but now in Orange Co., Va. a Rev. soldier in Capt. Jasper Hayne’s Co., Col. James Barber’s Regt. from Culpeper Co., Va. rendezvoused at Culpeper Co. Court House and there met Benjamin Quinn who was a soldier in Capt. Lewis’s Co. same Regt. They served and were discharged together in 1781, after the Rev. war Benjamin Quinn moved to Ky.

No further family data on file.

Family Associations

The organization of Family Associations is a most effective means of collection and compilation of family records. We invite your cooperation. Send name and address of the secretary of your association to the Registrar General to add to this list.

Cassell Family Association, Mrs. S. Peyton Welch, Secretary, R. No. 5, Tates Creek Pike, Lexington, Kentucky.

Conrad Brumbaugh Family Association, Melvin B. Summers, Route 3, Louisville Ohio.

De Turk Family Association, Myron R. De Turk, Secretary, 728 North Front Street, Reading, Pennsylvania.
"When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone."—WALTER SCOTT.

Your Parliamentarian would like to start answering your questions today by asking you one.

Is it reasonable for one department of this National Organization to be working earnestly and consistently to secure new members while a large portion of another department, (the largest department by the way—the department of Chapters) is just as consistently working to limit the membership of Chapters—thereby limiting the membership of the National Society?

Answering that question, I make this definite statement, (and I made practically the same statement in the article in the January issue). It is against the Rulings and the policies of the National Society, D. A. R., for Chapters to have by-laws which limit the membership of the National Society!

A recent letter sent out by Mrs. Lue Reynolds Spencer, our Registrar General, as Chairman of the National Membership Committee, tells you that, "It is obvious that the advancement of our Society depends primarily upon our continued growth in membership. The National Society has placed upon this Committee the responsibility of securing new members, and the reinstating of resigned or dropped members."

Can we reconcile the work of this Committee with the provisions made in Chapter By-laws sent to me as follows:

1. Names remain on a waiting list for a year.
2. A member shall not be allowed to propose nor endorse a relative.
3. A member shall not be allowed to endorse more than two applications each year.
4. Both members endorsing an applicant must have belonged to that Chapter a year.
5. Applicants must be accepted by the Membership Committee before the name is given to the Board for action. If the name is unanimously accepted by the Board, it is presented to the next regular Chapter meeting to be balloted upon, and two adverse votes reject a name.

Commenting upon the last paragraph, which is practically all wrong, it takes a lot of courage for an applicant to "run the gamut" of such unfair provisions. Not only that, but such provisions are contrary to, and conflict with the National By-law for the organization of Chapters—for Chapters are thereby expected to grow and not to, in any measure, "stunt" or retard their own growth. This is exactly what a Chapter does when it places these very "limiting" provisions in the By-laws of the Chapter.

There are other "limitations" equally as conflicting, but I have neither time nor space today to discuss them.

The following questions have been asked me from time to time over and over again. I will ask the question in as few words as possible and answer it in like manner.

1. Does the Regent of a Chapter appoint the Nominating Committee?
Ans: No. Robert's "Parliamentary Law," page 212. The Nominating Committee should be elected by the Chapter or the Executive Board.

2. Is it proper for a candidate for office to serve as teller at the election?

3. Should tellers stay with the ballot box until the votes are counted and the result is announced?
Ans: Tellers should not leave ballot boxes unguarded at any time. Tellers are responsible for the ballot boxes and for the counting of ballots.

4. Is it advisable to reelect the Registrar and the Treasurer year after year?
National Historical Magazine

Ans: No. It is best for all concerned not to permit long terms and frequent re-elections. Rotation in office is necessary if you want your Chapter to grow.

5. Can a Chapter member who is not a delegate nominate a member for office?
Ans: No, if you mean a delegate to your State Conference or to Congress, as nominations can be made only by one who has the right to make a motion. In other words, a voting delegate or an officer with a vote makes a nomination.

6. The Regent of this Chapter died suddenly. The Vice Regent felt that she could not serve as Regent. In the absence of a Chapter By-law covering this vacancy, what should we do?
Ans: Call a Chapter meeting, and let your Secretary preside and proceed to elect your Regent for either the rest of the term of the deceased Regent or until the annual election when you would elect a new Regent.

7. If our Chapter officers are elected in May, and installed in May or June, when should the Treasurer’s books be closed and her report made? Our annual business meeting is in May.
Ans: The Chapter should determine when the Treasurer’s books shall be closed and audited, and her report as well as the auditor’s report should be made at the annual meeting in May. The acceptance of the auditor’s report automatically accepts the Treasurer’s report.

8. Does the Secretary sign her minutes using “Respectfully submitted,” or does she use her own name only?
Ans: The Secretary signs her name only, followed by the title of Secretary.

9. Does the Secretary have the right to make a motion and to vote the same as any other member?
Ans: Yes, indeed, she has the right both to make a motion and to vote.

10. Has the Executive Board of a Chapter the authority to create a new office in the Chapter?
Ans: No, the Executive Board has no right to do this. This would be the action of the entire Chapter. Neither should the Executive Board Restore an office that has been dropped and is no longer provided for in the By-laws of the Chapter. Page 528, Robert’s “Parliamentary Law.”

11. Do chairmen of committees no longer move the adoption of their own reports?
Ans: No. Reports are not adopted. Resolutions are adopted. Reports are received when given and no action is taken and the report is filed, the Regent calling for the next committee’s report or whatever is next in order. See page 267, Robert’s “Parliamentary Law.”

12. How can you expel a member who is a trouble maker from your Chapter?
Ans: Article XI, page 23, of your National By-laws has to do with the disciplining of members or Chapters guilty of violation of the rules of the National Society.

13. In an election when the Nominating Committee prepares a ballot, may the Chairman, having called for nominations from the floor after a long silence say, “Nominations are closed.”?
Ans: “If there are no further nominations,” the Regent may proceed to take the vote on nominations. In large assemblies, it is well for the president to announce that nominations are closed, before proceeding to the election or other business. (See page 207, Robert’s “Parliamentary Law.”)

14. When a motion is carried that a former motion be rescinded, is that all that is necessary, or should not the maker of the motion rescind it?
Ans: See Robert’s “Rules of Order, Revised,” pp. 169-70—“The motion to rescind can be applied to votes on all main motions, etc., and this motion may be made by any member.”

15. Is it necessary to the election of an Honorary Regent that she receive a two-thirds vote?
Ans: See page 332, Robert’s “Parliamentary Law.”—“The By-laws should require at least a three-fourths vote to confer an honorary office, since the value of such an honor depends upon the difficulty of getting it.”

16. Can your by-laws be changed on election year?
Ans: If there is a stipulation in the by-laws that this cannot be done, then you should not amend your by-laws on election year. However, if you have no such provision in the by-laws, then they may be amended on election year. The Constitution of the National Society cannot be amended on election year. However, the By-laws may be amended at any Continental Congress with certain provisions for doing so.

No doubt the early morning “Informal talks” on points of Parliamentary Procedure will be held at the same hour during Congress this year, and I will be so glad to see anyone who is interested and who cares to come.

Faithfully yours,

Arline B. N. Moss,
(Mrs. John Trigg Moss.)

General Winfield Scott has been called the only victorious American General who was defeated for the presidency. At the end of his career, in presenting a copy of his autobiography to General Grant he inscribed it “From the oldest to the greatest general”. But he himself was one of the greatest generals the United States Army has ever produced, as Major Elliott has shown in this impartial and authoritative biography.

A life of Scott is essentially a military diary, and Major Elliott is enabled by his own background to reconstruct vividly the colorful career of “Old Fuss and Feathers”. There is much detail about battles—how they were fought and how they might have been fought—and there is also much interesting history of an out of the way time. The book marches with a military precision that would have delighted its hero.

The first military service for which Scott was commended by Congress was the taking of the Caledonia, a Canadian merchant vessel on Lake Erie in September 1812. He was made an Adjutant General at the age of twenty-seven and in a few months more received the Brigadier General’s rank. He covered himself with glory at the battle of Chippewa and again at Lundy’s Lane where he was severely wounded. In August, 1814 he was made a Brevet Major General. Incidentally since 1815 the cadets at West Point have worn the cloth of gray which Scott’s First Brigade wore in the Canadian campaign.

The next phase of his career included a vacation trip to Europe in 1815 which gave him an opportunity, joyously seized, of studying the military maneuvers of a hundred thousand troops, British, Russian, Prussian and Austrian, encamped on the soil of France. He spent whole days watching the movements of these armies and filed endless notebooks with data for future use.

Scott has been called Indian Fighter because of his success in the Blackhawk Wars of 1832, and his Southern engagements with the Creeks, Cherokees and Seminoles; but his success against the Red Men was due as much to diplomacy and persuasion as to actual fighting. His greatest exhibition of soldierly ability was perhaps his conduct of the war with Mexico.

The story of Scott’s nomination for the Presidency in 1852 and the crushing defeat sustained by the Whig party when its military candidate carried only four states, is familiar. Politicians knew long before Election day that the General was badly defeated. While touring as the party nominee, his attempts at political oratory were dampening to party enthusiasm. He was distinctly not a party man.

The last military gesture in which Scott’s superb ability showed itself was his policing of Lincoln’s inauguration, an achievement that brought the new President safely into office through numberless threats of kidnapping and assassination. Then, old age and sickness, long at his heels, overtook the General as he, Commander in Chief of the Union Army, was mapping out a gigantic plan which would take many months to put into operation but which would slowly and surely crush out the life of the Rebellion.

RUTH ROBINSON COOLEY.

This life story of General von Steuben has been given us by a man who, himself once a Brigadier General in the United States Army, since his retirement from active service ten years ago has devoted himself to literary and historical work. General Palmer spent eight years gathering the material for this book, and he has given us a picture, not only of the American Revolution, but of General von Steuben (whom he calls throughout the book "Steuben") which is accurate as well as entertaining.

The "von" did not belong to the Steuben family, but had been adopted for several good reasons by the grandfather of the General. For equally good reasons, he had been introduced to George Washington and prominent leaders of Congress as a lieutenant general in the service of the King of Prussia. His actual rank was not so exalted. But his sponsor, Benjamin Franklin, knew that the Baron was a military expert of exceptional ability, and he was convinced that the American Army needed his services. Franklin was a master of the art of advertising, so that it was His Excellency, Lieutenant General Baron de Steuben, the apostle of Frederick the Great, who bore the gospel of military efficiency and discipline to the Continental dual personality. He misled his American Army.

The Baron represented a singular case of friends about his life in Germany, and his German friends about his life in America, but in his official military writings he was always truthful. General Palmer regards him as one of the two men whose services were indispensable to the achievement of American independence. The other man was George Washington. The General's military brilliancy is depicted in detail, as well as his life as an American citizen. His personal side, with his eccentricities, his role which was something like that of Baron Munchausen, and his great charm of manner, is delightfully drawn. It is a book of entertainment as well as educational value.

DOROTHY V. K. SIMON.

The Washingtons and their Colonial Homes in West Virginia. Mynna Thruston.


In the smaller of these booklets, Mynna Thruston has paid charming tribute to the historic home of her locality. Each of its sixteen pages of text is faced with an illustration of a lovely old house which originally belonged to some of George Washington's relatives. These homes are situated within Charles Town or its vicinity.

The sketches of these places are presented with such interesting detail as to arouse a desire to take the booklet and the family car and start on a personal tour of the places associated with the Washingtons and events of national history. The story opens with the youthful George Washington, surveyor, supervising the construction of lovely Harewood, the home of his brother Samuel. Harewood, still standing, is best remembered as the scene of the gay wedding of Dolly Payne Todd and James Madison, in 1794. With a lively party of friends, Mrs. Todd, her little boy and her young sister had made the journey from Philadelphia in her carriage, with James Madison and a group of his men friends on horseback forming an impressive cavalcade. Harewood gained additional distinction while the refuge of Louis Philippe, later King of France, and his two brothers.

The home of Charles Washington, in Charles Town, named for him, and where the streets bear the names of the Washington family, is described with great detail, as are the homes of five other Washingtons. The estates and houses of General Horatio Gates and of General Charles Lee are given very complete description. Interperspersed with family histories are stories of the old forts, ancient taverns, earliest churches and some of the state's patriotic sons. Places of history beginning in Colonial Virginia, as Winchester, Bath, now Berkeley Springs, Fort Cumberland and Fort Frederick, are most interestingly described in this delightful and valuable contribution to the state's history.
“Blennerhassett Island in Romance and Tragedy” covers only two hundred pages, but these are unusually replete with absorbing and manifestly authentic information. As in her previous books, Minnie Kendall Lowther has given her story ample documentation. In the fifteen years of research and study she has consulted numerous diaries, journals, documents, confidential letters and court records bearing upon the life and activities of Aaron Burr and the life history and transactions of Blennerhassett. The story of Theodosia Burr, her romance, marriage and mysterious death, has been equally carefully studied. As the result of this painstaking research, fresh knowledge has been discovered on this most amazing phase of our national history. In the light of some of the author’s discoveries, Burr’s trial is shown to have been a travesty on justice and the verdict bitterly unfair.

Many authors have written about Aaron Burr, and many authors have sought to clarify the mystery of the death of the beautiful Theodosia Burr Alston, but the story of Blennerhassett Island has not previously been connectedly written. In this book it begins with its first recorded ownership and is continued to the present time. The author, with the assurance of her very complete knowledge of her story and its characters, gives a charming picture of this lovely “island of Paradise,” with the handsome, commodious mansion house of Blennerhassett which was the center of public interest through the years when the “great conspiracy” was being dragged through the courts.

The little book deserves the recognition given it by the educational agencies of the State of West Virginia. The illustration used as the frontispiece has been proven an authentic picture of the mansion. The other illustrations are from photographs taken by the author during her visit to the island.

EDNA M. COLMAN.

Announcements

Chesterfield County Virginia Records,
Vol. 1.
Revolutionary War Service Claims,
Copyrighted 1937,
Ethel Courtney Clarke,
Richmond, Virginia.

The announcement sent out with this vol. gives the following:

Vol. 1—Revolutionary War Service Claims of Chesterfield County:—This is a verified list of names of Citizens of Chesterfield County, Virginia who furnished supplies to the Militia during the Revolutionary War.

Vol. 2—Index to marriage Bonds of Chesterfield County:—The marriage bonds are missing for only a brief period; those unaccounted for were probably destroyed during the War; many remain, however, and from 1771-1850 a list of them has been made.

Vol. 3—Index to Wills, 1800-1900 Chesterfield County:—Chesterfield County was formed in 1748-1749 from the original shire of Henrico 1634. From the dates of its formation to the present time the records are complete with the exception of the marriage bonds as noted above.

In Vol. 1. Chesterfield Co. Rev. War Claim we have; Part 1. Returns of claims made and allowed in the court of Chesterfield Co., Va. for horses, provisions and other necessaries impressed or taken for the use of the army. There are 39 pages of names of persons, alphabetically arranged. Opposite the name is given the officer or company to which patriot contributed—the date, what was given, and amount—such as, p3, Branch, Henry, Gen. Waynes Troops July 1781, /Mutton 12/1 shoa 7/6 19.6 Baker, John, Genl. Mughenberg’s Troops, Ap 1781. 24 lb bacon, 15 1/2 bu. corn 3/— 18— p6 Bevil, Francis Pennsylvania Troops under Colo. Craig Nov. 1781. Oats 99 Bu Corn 31 1/2 Bu. Fodder 1000 Bu. on another page North Carolina Artillery, with fodder in 1780. Still another page Armand’s Legion with Corn in 1781 p14. Where Marquis Lafayette was furnished with wagon and four horses by John Cook & Co Feb 1781. His troops also furnished with 107 Bu Corn by Temple Eppes estate p19 Baron Steubens, Jan 1781 furnished 66 rations 22 lbs Pork 77 Horses for 3 days Corn 5 Bu Corn 358 12 bu.

Troops with Marquis Lafayette, supplies of all kinds furnished many other counties. These are only a few out of all the items and when you note the thousands of lbs. of Beef and Pork the corn and fodder, you wonder how they did it and still carried on.
Pages 40-1 give names of those supplying horses.

Pages 43-5 further claims.

Pages 46-9 gives supplies of guns, horses, feed, attending to wounded men and many other items.

Part 2 gives receipts issued to the individual for supplies furnished alphabetically arranged.

The contents of this booklet were copies from the original sources, in the Archives Department of Virginia. They give a true picture of the people of Chesterfield Co., Va., during that period that proved the worth of men and women. The sons and daughters of Chesterfield now widely scattered should feel proud of these patriots who made these sacrifices. It is a splendid booklet and should have a very ready sale.

For any or all of the 3 Vols. address, Chesterfield County Records, P.O. Box 845, Richmond, Virginia.

Ancestry of Sharpless Moore & Rachel (Roberts) Moore with their direct ancestors to and including thirty-six first, or immigrant ancestors with some old world pedigrees and origins and direct descendants. Compiled by their granddaughter, Blanche (Moore) Haines, 1937.

The dedication of this book is well worth reading not only for the beautiful tribute to the authors father, but the interesting traits pointed out, as representing the different ancestors. From Andrew Moore, his poetic temperament, the pioneer spirit from Thomas Dungan, the physician's heart and mind from Thomas Watson, the teachers traits from Thomas Roberts a whimsical individuality from the Livseys etc.

Thirty-six immigrants from England are listed and places from which they came, maps of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland are given showing the location of the different immigrants. Cheshire England contributed liberally to this ancestry.

Family chart of Sharpless Moore & Rachel (Roberts) Moore is included carrying a number of lines back to the 8th generation. There are Coats of Arms and many interesting illustrations, sixty-two families are represented as well as English ancestry back to the Magna Charta Barons Sharpless Moores and his wife Rachel (Roberts) Moore, and their children were birthright members of New Garden Friend's Meeting. Chester Co., Pennsylvania.

Their inheritance of Quaker qualities, gave them simplicity, self-reliance, thrift, industry, helpfulness. The book relates facts of each family making it very much alive—References are given very fully—Good indexes can be purchased from Dr. Blanche M. Haines, Three Rivers, Michigan.

* * *

Plymouth Clam Chowder, Black Mammy's Southern Spoon Bread, Michigan Spiced Cherries, Orange Juice Ice Cream from the Philippines, Alaska Crab Louis, Orange Marmalade Pudding from London and many other delectable recipes are to be found between the covers of a brand new cook book which bears the emblem of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mrs. Oscar Waer, regent of the Sophie de Marsac Campau Chapter of Grand Rapids, Michigan, conceived the idea of collecting and preserving the old family recipes of the Daughters with the addition of some modern favorites and publishing them in book form.

As a souvenir to be cherished and handed down, as an appropriate gift for a friend, and as a culinary aid to any housewife, the cook book will be of genuine interest.

The volume, handsomely and durably bound, is now available for the sum of one dollar and may be obtained from Mrs. Oscar Waer, 135 College Avenue, S. E., Grand Rapids, Michigan. The Michigan State Conference and the Continental Congress will also have copies for sale.

Other Books Received.

THE STUDY OF INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES; Survey for 1937. Edith E. Ware. Columbia University Press. $3.50.


EARLY AMERICAN HISTORY. Jennings B. Sanders. Prentice-Hall, Inc. $5.00.

Editor's Note—In the future no announcements can be carried in this department which must be devoted entirely to reviews.
The following pictures are listed as suitable for the type of audience indicated, and the synopsis is given to aid you in selecting your motion picture entertainment.

**ROMANCE IN THE DARK** (Paramount)
Gladys Swarthout, John Boles, John Barrymore.

A young girl with a fine voice follows a great singer to the city, and after many difficulties she succeeds in becoming recognized. There is a Continental flavor in this musical picture in which Miss Swarthout's singing is beautiful. A. Y.

**TO THE VICTOR** (Gaumont-British)
Will Fyffe, John Loder, Margaret Lockwood.

A rather unusual, but very interesting picture of a Scottish sheep-herder and his magnificent sheep dog. A simple tale of simple folk with some wonderful dogs and beautiful Scottish scenery. A. Y. Older children.

**REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM** (20th Century-Fox)
Shirley Temple, Gloria Stuart.

The theme of the picture is built around Shirley Temple and deals with the discovery and adoption of Rebecca Winstead. There is much comedy, music and dancing. It brings Shirley back to musical comedy after more serious pictures and she sings some new songs. Good family picture.

**A YANK AT OXFORD** (M-G-M)
Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, Maureen O'Sullivan.

A typical collegiate story of an American boy who goes to Oxford and finds that he isn't the hero that he was in the small college at home. He becomes involved in many escapades but in the end comes to the fore as he strokes the Oxford crew to victory over Cambridge. A. Y.

**JOSETTE** (20th Century-Fox)
Simone Simon, Don Ameche.

The action takes place down in New Orleans where two brothers attempt to save their father from the wiles of a French actress. Complications arise when the brothers also fall in love with the entertainer. Miss Simon who sings in the choir becomes important in the picture as it progresses. A. Y.

**TEST PILOT** (M-G-M)
Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy.

"Test Pilot" is an aviation picture and features three of our outstanding stars, Gable as the test pilot and Tracy as his roughneck mechanic. Miss Loy furnishes the romance, and Gable and Tracy furnish the thrilling action as they operate every kind of plane from the smallest soap-box to the largest and latest sky flying model. A. Y.

**WIDE OPEN FACES** (Columbia)
Joe E. Brown, Jane Wyman.

A typical Joe E. Brown picture with the comedian the central figure. The film is humorous, clean and exciting, and will appeal to youngsters and a great many adults. A. Y. C.

**VIVACIOUS LADY** (RKO)
Ginger Rogers, James Stewart.

Ginger Rogers, a box office leader, and James Stewart are the principals in this comedy of married life. When a young professor marries a night-club entertainer his troubles begin. Miss Rogers has a song number. A. Y.

**BARONESS AND THE BUTLER** (20th Century-Fox)
Annabella, William Powell.

The locale of this story is Hungary and it tells of a butler who served a Prime Minister. He turned to politics and as leader of the radical
party ousted his master. He later became Prime Minister himself and married the daughter of his former master. The film marks the American debut of Annabella who has been seen before in English productions. A. Y.

**BULLDOG DRUMMOND’S PERIL**  
*(Paramount)*

John Barrymore, Louise Campbell.

There is comedy, romance and much excitement in this Bulldog Drummond story of three men who fight for possession of a formula for the manufacture of diamonds. Scotland Yard is called in and the formula is turned over to science. A. Y.

**WALKING DOWN BROADWAY** *(20th Century-Fox)*

Claire Trevor, Phyllis Brooks, Michael Whalen.

Six chorus girls pledge themselves on a New Year’s eve to meet again a year later and see how nearly each had come to realizing her ambition. A well acted rather highly emotional dramatic story. A. Y.

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN** *(United Artists Reissue)*

Walter Huston, Una Merkel, Ian Keith.

The revival of this fine film is timely and should appeal to many. Although it was produced in 1931 the direction of D. W. Griffith has made it an outstanding production. Walter Huston as Lincoln presents a true patriot, in a most convincing way. Recommended for its historical value as well as its entertainment. Family.

**THE RIVER** *(Paramount)*

This is a U. S. Government Documentary film depicting the story of the Mississippi river. It shows the source of the river and its tributaries to the Gulf, with the cities, crops, forests, etc., followed by the extinction of the forests and the destruction caused by the great floods, and then the work of reforestation and other works now being carried on. Recommended for schools and study groups. A. Y. Older children.

**Shorts**

**THE AMERICAN WAY** *(The Defenders)*

A dramatization of the Constitution largely made up of news material, presenting a nonpolitical lesson in fundamental Americanism, taking about ten minutes to run. It is available in both 35mm and 16mm with sound without cost except carrying charges. Recommended for use at chapter meetings, schools and other patriotic gatherings. Write for it to: The Defenders, 542 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Loan it to your local theatre.

**SONG BIRDS OF THE NORTH WOODS** *(Educational)*

An unusual recording of wild birds in their native habitat in the Adirondacks and fascinating close-ups of birds in their nests. Excellent. Family.

**CALIFORNIA GIANTS** *(Paramount)*

The dramatic story of logging among the giant redwoods of California. Alois Havril’s comments are interesting and instructive. Excellent. Family.
Anniversary Celebrations

Mrs. Robert J. Reed, Curator General of the National Society, and Mr. Reed recently celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary at their home in Wheeling.

The Susquehanna Trail, one of the important old coach roads running north and south through York, Pennsylvania, has been marked with tablets by the Yorktown Chapter, N. S. D. A. R. These tablets were dedicated on the one hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the meeting of Congress in York.

On the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Georgia's adoption of the Constitution of the United States, the Georgia Societies of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution dedicated a bronze tablet in the state capital, Atlanta, honoring the Georgia signers of the Declaration of Independence, Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall, and George Walton; also the signers of the Constitution of the United States, William Few and Abraham Baldwin.

Webster Groves Chapter, N.S.D.A.R., of Webster Groves, Missouri, recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the chapter with appropriate ceremonies.

A program in celebration of the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Adoption of the Ordinance of 1787 and the Establishment of the Northwest Territory was recently held by the Egyptian Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., in Cairo, Illinois. The new Year Books were dedicated to the Constitution of the United States and each monthly program will be headed with a line from its preamble.

At a tea celebrating the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the Spirit of Liberty Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Salt Lake City, Utah, Mrs. R. W. Fisher, the regent, was presented with a silver tray for the chapter, in memory of Mrs. O. J. Salisbury, the founder. Mrs. L. B. McCormick, daughter of Mrs. Salisbury, made the presentation. Two of the charter members were present.
Master took part in the impressive ceremony. The biography was given by a direct descendant and the marker was unveiled by two children, also direct descendants. Miss Lydia Herrick Brown, Regent of Columbia Chapter, presided.

The Colonel Morgan Morgan Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Fairmont, West Virginia, dedicated a monument in memory of Nathaniel Cochran, Patriot of the Revolution, his wife, Margaret Ford Cochran, and his mother, Hannah Mitchel Cochran. The monument and one marker were erected by the Good Will Club of Monongah, whose representative, Thomas M. Leeper, a descendant of Nathaniel Cochran, assisted in the dedication exercises. The other marker was supplied by the Colonel Morgan Morgan Chapter.

A granite boulder has been placed by the Horse Shoe Robertson Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of West Point, Mississippi, on the Chocchuma Indian Ceremonial Mound at Lyons Bluff. At this place the final battle was fought between the Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians on one side and the Chocchuma Indians on the other, completely exterminating the latter. The excavation of this mound, several years ago by the Department of Archives and History of Mississippi proved of historical value.

One of the seven markers being placed by the Iowa Daughters, marking the old Military road from Dubuque to the Missouri line has been dedicated by the Francis Shaw Chapter, N.S.D.A.R., of Anamosa, Iowa. The marker was placed on the corner of the Courthouse lawn bordering the old trail.

Another of the seven markers has been placed and dedicated by the Van Buren County Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Bonaparte, Iowa.

The Shenandoah Valley Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Martinsburg, West Virginia, has placed a marker at Watkins Ferry. The inscription reads:

"By an act of the Virginia House of Burgesses, 1744, a ferry was established extending from the mouth of Canagocheo Creek in Maryland across the Patowmack to the Evan Watkins Landing, about 250 yards southeast. This landing was also the entrance of Braddock's road into what is now Berkeley County, West Virginia, where Washington and Braddock crossed in 1755 on their way to Fort Duquesne. To the North East is Maidstone on the Potomac, home of Evans Watkins, 1744."

Outstanding in the activities of the Major William Haymond Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Fairmont, West Virginia, was the dedication of two monuments to the memory of the state and city "first citizens," one a tribute to Francis Marion Pierpont, governor of the Restored Government of Berkeley County, West Virginia, by the Shenandoah Valley Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., Martinsburg, West Virginia.
Virginia, 1861 to 1868 during which period West Virginia became a state; the other honoring the work of his wife, Julia Robertson Pierpont.

(EDITOR’S NOTE—Pictures of Governor and Mrs. Pierpont appear as illustrations of the feature article “Wheeling Through the Years” on page 48.)

“A NIGHT AT MOUNT VERNON”

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This playlet under the directorship of Dorothy Darling, a former member of the Crete Society, C. A. R., was given on the occasion of the seventeenth anniversary of the Crete Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Crete, Nebraska, at the home of Mrs. Port Johnson, regent. Mrs. Benj. G. Miller, past State Director of Nebraska, served as chairman.

In the Mt. Zion Episcopal graveyard at Hedgesville, a marker was erected by the William Henshaw Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Hedgesville, West Virginia, to the memory of Mrs. Valley Virginia Henshaw Berry. Mrs. Berry was commissioned Organizing Chapter Regent in 1898. She formed the William Henshaw Chapter in 1899, the first chapter in the state of West Virginia.

The Bee Line Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., Charles Town, West Virginia, has marked twenty-six graves since its organization in 1921. Among the outstanding graves marked are Charles Washington and his wife at Mordington. A bronze tablet was also placed on the historic Court House to Charles Washington, the founder of Charles Town.

A picturesque area along the Whetstone River, near Waldo, Ohio, will be properly marked and maintained as one of the country’s historic spots if the plan of many persons living in the vicinity, including Thomas W. Wyatt, great grandson of Nathaniel Wyatt, one of the county’s earliest settlers, and the State Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution is carried out.

Fort Morrow, a blockhouse which stood near the river in the War of 1812 and Wyatt’s cemetery, burying ground for possibly the first white child born in Marion County, are the two objects of their interest.

West Virginia Daughters of the American Revolution Memorial Amphitheatre.

One of the most worthwhile undertakings for the young people of West Virginia has recently
been inaugurated at Jackson's Mill, which derives its name from the boyhood home of the American General, "Stonewall" Jackson.

The State 4-H Club which is located here affords unlimited opportunities for the training of the young. Here the old Jackson grist mill, a masterpiece of workmanship, stands as a symbol of the sturdy characteristics of the early pioneer and challenges those who come to camp to do their best to build foundations which will stand the test of time.

Fifteen counties of the state have erected cottages to be used as dormitories for those attending training schools; one county gave the Assembly Hall, and another built the Mount Vernon Dining Hall. When the opportunity came for the Daughters of the American Revolution to identify themselves with this work—the pioneer development of its kind not only in America but in the entire world—they pledged themselves to erect on the five acres allotted them an outdoor theatre to be known as "West Virginia Daughters of the American Revolution Memorial Amphitheatre." To date, the sum of eight hundred dollars has been pledged by individuals and chapters for this worthy project.

**Historical Records**

Seventy new volumes have been completed of an ultimate total of five hundred books of early county records from sixty-five Tennessee counties founded prior to 1860. The Tennessee Daughters of the American Revolution is the cooperating sponsor of this project with the Works Progress Administration. These books are being prepared by the WPA "Copying of Historical Records Project." In addition, seventy-four thousand tombstone records from family graveyards and ten thousand Bible records throughout the State have been collected and copied.

**Liberty Tree**

The Elizabeth Cummins Jackson Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., Grafton, West Virginia, has the distinction of planting the first and only Liberty Tree in the State of West Virginia.

**Radio Broadcasts**

March 25—3:15 P. M. "Flag Program." Mrs. Charles A. Tolman, Flag Chairman, Old York Chapter, assisted by York High School pupils who take part in prize speaking contest conducted by the chapter. Station WHEB, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

A cooperative service for the exchange of genealogical information is now available for those interested in tracing family history, with the inception of a radio program entitled "Who's Who in your Family?" which is presented every Sunday afternoon over the West Virginia Network (WCHS, WPAR and WBLK).

This program, originating in Clarksburg, West Virginia, is written and directed by Miss Sylvia Mercer, and is rapidly increasing in popularity.

A portion of the program is devoted to the founding of some well-known American family, while the balance of the time is used for a Question-and-Answer period. During the Question-and-Answer period listeners are invited to submit inquiries, answers to which are broadcast every Sunday.

Mrs. Daugherty, our National Radio Chairman, has accepted Miss Mercer's offer to cooperate with the Genealogical Extension Service of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and Sunday programs are now being dedicated to various State Chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution in West Virginia.

**The American's Creed**

April 3rd, adopted by our Thirty-ninth Congress as Creed Day, brings to our attention the necessity of repledging and reconsecrating ourselves to the belief and principles embodied in "The American's Creed."
Report of the Approved Schools Committee

IT WAS recently the privilege of the National Chairman of Approved Schools and the Wisconsin State Chairman to visit Northland College in Ashland, Wisconsin. A cordial welcome awaited them and they were at once taken to the Chapel to hear the College Concert Band and the a cappella Choir. A unique feature of this concert was that the same ones who played in the band sang in the choir. Everyone who sings in the choir is required to play some musical instrument and many were just learning but yet the whole effect was harmonious. This training in the best music is a valuable asset to the student, for even if he does not continue his music after graduating he has learned to love and appreciate it.

At Chapel the second morning the visitors addressed the students and the attentiveness of the audience made a deep impression on the speakers. The rest of the time was spent in going through the buildings and talking with faculty and students. Northland may not have all the space nor all the equipment it needs but it stands first in the state in utilizing to the best advantage what space and equipment it does have.

A very interesting place to visit is the craft shop where a number of boys work on copper. They cut and hammer it into all sorts of fascinating objects like bowls, trays, desk sets, book-ends, etc. One skilled boy etches designs on various articles with hammer and chisels. He does it all entirely free hand, using no picture or pattern, and no two designs are alike. A market for these articles is needed, so if anyone can place them in stores or gift shops the college surely would be very grateful. Copper work is too heavy for the girls, so they are making attractive mats, brushes and stools out of peacock fiber. Another interesting place is the printing shop, where the boys print the various college publications and do job printing.

Northland offers an opportunity for a higher education to young men and women who could not have it unless they could earn their way. The student body is made up largely of boys and girls of Scandinavian extraction from Wisconsin and nearby states, with a few stray ones from other states.

No professional help of any kind is used at Northland for all the work is done by the students on a carefully planned work schedule. Some are employed in the offices of the President and the faculty, others do janitor, dining hall and kitchen work, while some stoke the fires; yet others are in the craft and print shops. The approximate cost to a student per year for tuition, room and board with incidentals is $371. In the fall of 1937 the average amount of money each student brought with him—or her—was $23, which left a large sum to earn. Many students stay there through vacations in order to earn more.

The faculty consists of a carefully chosen earnest group of men and women who are there because they can give real service. The students are there because they want an education and are willing to work for it. It takes courage and determination to carry through a heavy schedule of work and study. Yet it is not all work and no play, for they have their hours of recreation and their athletics.

The spirit of friendliness made a deep impression upon the visitors, who were reluctant to leave. They did leave with a
feeling that here was an institution that was not only giving its students an academic training but also a real cultural background with an appreciation of the finer things in life.

What can we do for them? We can send them money for scholarships and to pay the teachers who do so much for so little and the students who are working at any job available. It is very cold there in winter and the coal bill is a big item of expense; food is another. Boxes of clothing in good condition are much needed. We can also purchase their copper craft, for every article sold helps some student.

Katharine Matthies,
National Chairman.

Girl Home Makers

Bergen Chapter, N. S. D. A. R. of New Jersey, organized a Girl Home Makers Club in January, under the leadership of Miss Dorothee Pelloth. This club was organized in the poorer, down-town section of Jersey City, where almost all the children have foreign-born and foreign-speaking parents. They are principally Poles, Russians and Italians. A teacher of home economics, who is a chapter member, helped by speaking to girls in her classes about the idea. They meet every other Monday at seven o'clock in the evening at the Good Will Day Nursery, which is part of the Good Will Industries of Jersey City. The Good Will is most enthusiastic about this club and would like very much to have a senior group for older girls started.

This G. H. M. Club was organized with nineteen members, ranging in age from eleven to fourteen years. A president, vice-president and secretary were elected. The girls conduct their own business meeting, coached now and then by their leader, and seem very happy to have a club of their own. At the second meeting, in spite of a pouring rain, thirteen new members came, making a total of thirty-two members. It seems advisable to limit the membership to fifty. At each meeting they salute the flag, sing “The Star-Spangled Banner” and the Girl Home Makers Song. Then one of the D. A. R. Junior Group members gives a talk on Charm, Health, or Home. Songs or games until nine o’clock completes the evening.

Miss Pelloth has written the following Girl Home Makers’ Creed for her club:

As a Girl Home Maker I will be
Gracious at all times,
Impartial in my judgment,
Ready to help at any time,
Loyal to home and friends.
Honest in every way,
Obedient to my parents,
Mentally and physically strong,
Ever careful of my health,
Merciful towards others— Always dependable.
Kind to animals as well as people,
Eager to do my best,
Reverent to my faith.

Vestella Burr Daniels,
National Chairman, Girl Home Makers Committee.

Report of the Conservation Committee

On the Olympic Peninsula in the State of Washington, surrounding the Olympic Mountains, the United States owns the last great forest wilderness still standing in our country. It is a forest that has no counterpart anywhere in the world. Trees 300 feet high, 10 feet in diameter, the tallest evergreens that grow, firs, spruces, red cedars and hemlocks, in this spot have responded to moisture and produced magnificent examples of forest growth.

Underneath these towering evergreens are spreading maple trees and alders festooned with hanging moss, while on the ground a thick, mossy carpet envelopes rocks and logs, giving the final touch of age and silence to the scene. These wooded slopes open into mountain meadows and finally
give way to a wilderness of snow-capped peaks unrivalled in America for their tumbled majesty.

These forests, in summer, are the home of the Olympic, or Roosevelt elk, named after Theodore Roosevelt, here making their last stand against the forces of destruction. Last year their number was about 6000. In an eight-day open season, 811 elk were checked out. It is a sanctuary for them, this final habitat of one of the continent’s noblest mammals. We must save the forest and save the elk.

This magnificent forest is doomed to destruction unless it is made a national park by our government, to protect it from commercial interests, which are led by lumber dealers of Grays Harbor, Washington State. They can only see beauty in a foot of lumber. These gigantic trees are the very ones the lumber mills want to keep their sawmills going. They are now cutting trees five times as fast as they are being replaced. There is no defense for these forests but creation of a national park. Let this land, which belongs to the American people, be placed beyond the ax and saw and hunter’s rifle, and we shall hand down to posterity this marvel of God’s handiwork which stands alone in its grandeur.

Our efforts last year to save the Carl Inn Grove of sugar pine trees adjoining Yosemite National Park met with great success. An appropriation was made by our government to buy it. Can we save this Olympic Forest for all time?

We ask all of you to write to the President of the United States and to the Secretary of the Interior, as well as to your Senators and Congressmen, urging the inclusion in the proposed Mount Olympus National Park of the virgin forests that surround Mount Olympus Monument. Let our public officials know our wishes. It is public land. We have a right to demand the preservation of the most wonderful forest in the world. Write at once, and ask your chapters to write. There is safety in numbers. Let us make this glory safe for all time.

MRS. AVERY TURNER,
National Chairman.

Flag Lesson No. VII

A REVIEW OF THE YEAR’S FLAG LESSONS

WE HAVE had six lessons on the simple essentials of Flag etiquette; the Flag salute, the salute to the national anthem, the pledge to the Flag, usual methods of Flag display, special occasions for Flag display, and Flag Day and its proper observance. I suggest that you try to answer each one of these questions; then, turn back to your Flag lessons and check yourself to see if you have mastered the minimum essentials of Flag etiquette.

1. When should the Flag salute be given?
2. What is the correct salute for a man? for a woman?
3. When should a salute be given if the Flag is moving by in a parade?
4. What is the correct posture for anyone to take when he gives the Flag salute?
5. How should civilians show respect when the national anthem is played and the Flag is not displayed?
6. What should a man in uniform do when the anthem is played?
7. What is the correct behavior when the anthem is played or the Flag is shown on the screen at a motion picture theater? When the anthem is actually played by an orchestra?
8. Can you recite the Pledge correctly and unhesitatingly?
9. What is the correct attitude to take when one is reciting the Pledge?
10. How does a civilian show respect when he is listening to but not participating in the Pledge?
11. How should one properly arrange bunting?
12. What are the rules for placing the Flag on a speaker’s platform?
13. What is the correct way to display a Flag on a parade float?
14. During what hours should the Flag be displayed?
15. What means do you suggest for destroying old, tattered Flags?
16. What is the rule for displaying the United States Flag in a procession when two or more flags of other nations are displayed?
17. What two ways are there of displaying a Flag?
18. Name half a dozen special occasions when the Flag should be displayed.
19. What special rule is there concerning the draping of a casket with the Flag?
20. What is the date and historical significance of Flag Day?
21. List a dozen suggestions for its proper observance.

These items are only minimum essentials; but if you know the answers to this list, I feel sure that you are not likely to commit any serious breach of Flag etiquette. If you do not know them, by all means try to master them as quickly as possible.

Sincerely,

VIVIAN L. SIGMON, Chairman,
Correct Use of the Flag Committee.

Correct Use of the Flag Committee

THE longer and the more closely I am associated with national committees and national programs, the more firmly am I convinced that any program of magnitude, to be effective and permanent, must rely chiefly upon the individual cooperation of specific chapter members. Leadership is important but important only in so far as it fosters and develops individual cooperation.

Our program of Flag education is one that must by its very nature depend in large measure on what the individual D. A. R. member is able to accomplish in her immediate family, her circle of friends, and her schools and neighborhood. Flag education proceeds slowly at best. Our aim is to make it proceed surely and to build a permanent tradition of reverence for the Flag. National and state chairmen can only indicate ways and means; the burden of the program, in the last analysis, rests on the individual member, who must be alert to errors in Flag etiquette, who must seize opportunities to teach children the history and significance of the Flag, who must herself be firmly grounded in the basic essentials of Flag procedure.

I do not believe that I am far wrong when I prophesy that, at the reasonably rapid rate Flag education is now proceeding in America, it will require several generations for us to achieve a population generally aware of the Flag’s history and significance and of the proper ways of showing it respect and courtesy.

It is a pleasure to me, after several years as Chairman of the Correct Use of the Flag Committee, to commend the efforts of the various state and chapter chairmen and of individual chapter members who have so persistently tried to make our Committee’s aims a reality. I am always pleased to have letters from members telling me how they have tactfully managed to correct a breach of Flag etiquette; it is a source of encouragement to see the Flag correctly displayed in news photos or on the screen; and it is a real joy to find groups of school children who know exactly how and when to salute the Flag.

I realize that our work must be gradual and that we can accomplish our aims only partially year by year. I should like to take this opportunity, however, of thanking personally each D. A. R. member who has contributed interest and energy to the furtherance of our national program of Flag education.

Sincerely,

VIVIAN LEWIS SIGMON, Chairman,
Correct Use of the Flag Committee.
Report of the Junior American Citizens Committee

AS THIS National Chairman pauses to write you for the last time through the medium of the Magazine, she wishes to thank every Daughter who has in any way given of her time or efforts to promote the work of our Junior American Citizens Committee.

To our President General, Mrs. Becker, we extend our sincere thanks for her cooperation and help at all times. It is because of her vision of a Youth Program that the interest in this Committee, which deals entirely with youth, has grown.

It has indeed been a rare honor to serve the Daughters of the American Revolution in the capacity of a National Chairman, and as I step back into the ranks of the privates, I will always rejoice that this privilege has been mine.

Plans for our Committee Round Table Breakfast are progressing nicely under the guidance of Miss Elizabeth M. Barnes, Chairman, and her Vice-Chairman in charge of reservations, Miss Jean Warfield, both of the District of Columbia. This get-together will be Wednesday, April 20th, 7:45 A.M., at the Mayflower, Main Dining Room, price $1.00 including tax and tip. There will be a committee table in the corridor of Constitution Hall Monday and Tuesday of Congress week, where tickets may be procured. Any who have written in for reservations may pick them up there. Last year 30 states and the District of Columbia were represented; is it possible for this to be made 100 per cent? Plan to come, ask the delegates from your state to attend, and especially urge the Junior members to be there. One Vice-President General who will be with us wrote, “I will be delighted to attend the breakfast, for I never enjoyed anything more than that occasion last year.” Our President General, Mrs. Becker, is to be there to greet us, and we have heard that seven of our National Officers are coming.

Many State Regents have written that they will be with us (or see that their state is represented), as have several National Chairmen. Some of our Committee National Vice-Chairmen will be there to greet you, and we are looking forward to a helpful and enjoyable occasion.

A Colorado Daughter, who believes our work to be most worth while and that one of the best ways to further it is by personal contact, has made it possible by a very generous donation for your National Chairman to go on a speaking tour, and within the next few weeks she will visit 11 of our far western states, in five of which she will attend our state conferences. Two of these states have never had a National Chairman visit them, and it will indeed be an honor to be the first one to have this privilege.

The welcome news has just been received that our work has been started in North Dakota, and that several clubs have recently been organized in that state. Now that it is started, may it continue to grow.

A story has come to me about a club member who was taken sick and one of the Daughters went to see him. He has a sister about seventeen who has started out on the wrong path by lying, stealing, etc. The chapter member talked with the little chap about his sister, telling him how wrong it was to do such things. Then the little fellow said, “Oh, you know I can’t lie, I have just signed a pledge.” Not knowing what he meant, she asked him to explain, and he went on to tell her about joining a Junior American Citizens Club and then said, “You know I’m a D. A. R. now and the D. A. R.s don’t lie.” With crime growing among the youth at such a rapid rate, truly this is a challenge to us, for we Daughters have a mission to perform in helping our girls and boys to be better citizens. May the work of the Junior American Citizens go ever onward and forward, for a fertile field awaits us to give patriotic education. We have the power in our hands to guide our youth so that this country will continue to be “The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave.”

May the ties of friendship that have been formed never be forgotten.

Beatrice T. L. Wisner,
National Chairman.
Prizes To Be Awarded at Junior Assembly—April 19, 1938

Membership

Three prizes of $10.00, $10.00, $5.00, will be given to the Chairman of a Junior Group or Junior Committee who reports the greatest number of Juniors entering the Chapter between April 1, 1937-March 1, 1938.

One prize of $10.00 will be given to the State Chairman for Junior Membership who reports the greatest number of Junior members brought into her State membership during the period April 1, 1937-March 1, 1938.

Junior American Citizens

To the organized D. A. R. Junior Group organizing and sponsoring the largest number of clubs, Mr. William H. Pouch offers $10.00 first prize; Mrs. C. H. Adams, State Regent of Colorado, $5.00 second prize; Junior Group of Louisa St. Clair Chapter, Detroit, $3.00 prize.

All clubs are to be reported through the Junior American Citizens Chapter Chairman and by her to the State Chairman.

Post Cards

Mrs. Charles H. Layng, winner of the 1937 Poster Contest, will present a silver loving cup to the Junior D. A. R. disposing of the greatest number of the Junior post cards before March 1, 1938.

Story Contest

The calibre of the contributions to this contest was so high that the editor asked for the co-operation of Mrs. William H. Pouch, who generously changed her original offer of $10 for a prize winning story to an offer of three prizes besides honorable mention. The story winning the first prize appears in this issue, others will appear successively. The awards are as follows:

First: “Reminiscences in an Antique Shop” by Janice Croft Woodin.


Third: “The Place of the Sunlight of God or Daughters’ Daughter” by Edra D. Dahlin.


Recitation of Poem

Poem recited at the New Jersey get-together in Newark, by Mrs. Harold G. Hancock, National Vice-Chairman, Northern Division, Junior Membership Committee, and a member of the Junior Group of Shrewsbury Towne Chapter:

D. A. R. Junior Groups became active last year,
After much hesitation and doubt.
'Twas a movement in which there was no place for fear.
Its value was too great to flout.
Many said that it couldn’t be done,
And we, with a smile replied
That maybe it couldn’t, but we’d be the ones
Who wouldn’t say so till we’d tried.
So we started right out, in our own little way.
The problem seemed hard, but we hit it
With all that we had—and now we can say,
It couldn’t be done—but WE DID IT.

Editor’s Note—News items are omitted this month to make space for prize winning story.
THE dim street lay in silence and the door of the Antique Shop had long since been locked for the night. Inside, Grandfather clock tolled out twelve ponderous strokes. At the end of his last effort he yawned.

"Heigh-ho!" he droned, "how times have changed. Here I stand ticking off the time, and for what? Nobody! Time was when the goings and comings of a busy household depended on me. Whose household? Why, the governor's. For years I stood in the hall of the State House. I am one of the finest of my kind. My wood is the best mahogany and I was fashioned by Benjamin Willard himself, of Massachusetts. I can tell you I was an important per—"

"Oh bosh!" exclaimed the old spinning wheel, "you aristocrats make me sick! You lazy thing, standing in a corner. You don't know what it is to whizz and spin all day, making wool and linen so our poor soldiers could have warm clothing. Oh, that winter at Valley Forge. How they did suffer, and how nimble fingers worked over me from sun up to sun down! Important indeed!"

"You are entirely right," joined in the voice of the four-poster. "Just look at my canopy. Once I had crisp ruffles and a silk coverlet."

"Silence!" commanded the Chippendale desk. He paused for effect, "I belonged to General Washington. You talk of importance. Fiddlesticks! Not one of you can compare with me. Governor's households, linen and wool for mere soldiers, dances, Bah!" His voice took on a new confidence. "Do you know that by the dim light of the candle, with the library blinds drawn, he sat at my polished surface and composed important dispatches that made the turning point of the Revolution? Do you know——"

"That is all very well," broke in a large and roughly hewn table, "and I know that I may look lowly and unpolished, but I and a couple of those chairs over there once stood in a meeting house in Boston. It was during the period of oppression and taxation. In the dead of night those townsmen sat around me and planned the famous Boston Tea Party——"

"Did you say tea?" asked a rather frivolous voice. "That was my aim in life—making tea and going to tea parties." It was the silver tea pot talking. "I come
from Boston too, and I was made by that brave gentleman, Paul Revere. The one who took the ride, you know. He was really a silversmith. He had a little shop on one of those small winding streets and his objects were really quite the last word in—"

"Knock! Knock! Knock!" clamped the old brass knocker, "Is Mrs. Samuel Adams at home? Please present the compliments of Mrs. Hancock and say that she has arrived to take Mrs. Adams for a drive." He paused for breath. "You would never think to look at me now that I was once kept so shiny that the ladies could fix their hats in front of me. And if the imprints left on me by fingers could talk, you would indeed have an array of famous names, what with the many conferences being held leading up to the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Our threshold was constantly being crossed by men whose names have gone down in history—"

"Speaking of fingers and history," interrupted the sewing table, "I had a bit to do with the making of history myself. Can you guess whose fingers busily worked by my side, quickly opening and closing my drawers, selecting needles and thread and bits of cloth? I belonged to Betsy Ross, and the folds of the first American Flag in the making draped their stars and stripes over me while her fingers fashioned its beauty. Indeed, General Washington used to call to see how she was progressing. She was a marvelous seamstress and I dare say I was quite the most used piece of furniture in her home—"

"Talk about a well worn piece of furniture," blurted out the homely oak cradle, "I don't think any of you can compare with me. The generations of babies I have rocked! And not only am I well worn, but I was also most loved. I harbored the little ones in sickness and in health," there was a sob in his voice, "yes, even in death. I have heard mothers and grandmothers sing softly those old lullabies while I assisted with a rhythmic accompaniment. I have seen fathers and grandfathers lean over me with a proud look in their eyes as they beheld the first born. All through the ages I have been handed lovingly down from mother to daughter. But of course with the coming of those new fangled bassinettes it's off with the old and on with the new and here I am with the rest of you—"

"You call yourself worn and loved," sighed a battered rag doll, "just look at me and I am sure there is no disputing the fact. Yes, you rocked your babies, but you never could have stood the use that was given me. Being made of rags, you know, I could easily be mended and washed, have new hair sewn on (I wish I could tell you the shades of hair I've had, to say nothing of eyes and nose and mouth). How the little ones loved me. Baby arms squeezed me tightly as they dropped off to sleep. Baby lips kissed me to a state of sogginess. Many a time I attended a juvenile tea party only to be forgotten in a moment of excitement and left out in the rain. I've even been carried off by the dog and shaken to a state of tatters. But if I was lost—such crying as went on until I was once more tenderly enfolded in loving arms."

"Say," chirped a little mouse from his hole behind the grandfather clock, "are you never going to cease this everlasting prattle and let a body sleep? It's almost morning!"

"Why so it is," ticked the shelf clock as she joined grandfather in five strokes. "Well, we've had a good time talking over the old days. I suppose in a few hours some fools who think they know all about antiques will start pawing over us, never dreaming who we really are. Oh well—"

And with that the shop subsided into its usual silence with only the wise old grandfather to keep his constant weary watch.

**In Memoriam**

MRS. HENRY S. BOWRON, who served the National Society as Assistant Historian General from 1907 to 1911, died on May 21, 1937. It is with deep regret that we make this announcement.
Colonel Benjamin Hawkins

PATRICIA FLEMING CHILDS, Historian, Benjamin Hawkins Society

Benjamin Hawkins was born August 15, 1754, in what was Butte, but now Warren County, North Carolina. He was the son of Colonel Philemon and Delia Martin Hawkins. Benjamin had three brothers who were colonels in the Revolutionary War.

Benjamin Hawkins was a man of rare attainments, and his educational advantages were the best the country afforded. He was a student at Princeton College, N. J. when the Revolutionary War began. When he left college he spoke and wrote French well. General Washington—finding it difficult to carry on intercourse with the French officers—called upon Colonel Hawkins to serve as a member of his staff and act as interpreter. He was in the battle of Monmouth in 1778 and served with distinction throughout the war.

He was one of the first Senators from North Carolina and was conspicuous for his interest in Indian affairs. Colonel Hawkins was asked by General Washington to assume jurisdiction over all the Indian tribes south of the Ohio River. At the height of his career, he came to Georgia and established his home among the Creek Indians on the bank of the Flint River in Crawford County.

He built the fort which was named in his honor at Macon and lived there while the fort was being erected, but his permanent home was at the Creek Agency, where he established a model farm. He raised great crops of grain, which were much needed by the immigrants and the Indians. He had a large stock of cattle which the Indians scrupulously protected during his life. The Indians under his control advanced rapidly in all the elements of civilization.

When the war of 1812 came on the Creek Indians were drawn into the conflict. The southern half of the tribe who were under Colonel Hawkins' influence kept the peace, and the southern half of Georgia was free from the desolating warfare of the frontier. A regiment was raised, of which Colonel Hawkins was the colonel and the celebrated half-breed William McIntosh was lieutenant-colonel. His regiment was in service for a considerable time, and was largely supported by Colonel Hawkins out of his private funds.

Our history shows no finer character than this sterling patriot who buried himself in the wilderness, leaving everything that men count desirable, in order to serve his country. He died June 6, 1816 and his body lies on a bluff overlooking the Flint River where he lived among the savage tribe for sixteen years. A man of letters, a mediator of peace and faithful unto death.

Music and color! Good fellowship and inspiration! These are opening night. The trumpeter sounds the call.

To the magic music of the United States Marine Band a brilliant assemblage of four thousand and more stand at attention. White-clad pages, carrying flags of every State and of foreign nations, escort the National Officers in procession.

As the President General enters beautiful Constitution Hall the great Star Spangled Banner floats proudly from above to stir our souls and live in our hearts—an unforgettable memory.

We gather here to rededicate ourselves to the aims and ideals of our Society, to give account of our stewardship and to gain inspiration.

The Forty-seventh Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution will meet in Constitution Hall, Monday, April 18th, and remain in session through Saturday, April 23rd. We expect the President of the United States to honor the Congress with an address at the formal opening, Monday evening. A thrilling event of that evening will be the presentation of the Good Citizenship Pilgrims from our forty-eight States and the District of Columbia.

Distinguished guests in attendance at the opening session will include high dignitaries of our own and foreign countries, presidents of other patriotic societies, the President of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia, the Bishop of Washington, and the Honorable William Tyler Page, author, who will recite the American's Creed for the nineteenth consecutive congress.

The three celebrated United States service bands, Army, Navy and Marine, will entertain us as they have generously done for many years. One of the bands or an organist of note will give a half-hour concert before each session. No delegate can afford to miss any part of the proceedings. A committee report may serve not only as a record of accomplishment, but as a foundation and inspiration for work to be done.

The chosen theme for the Forty-seventh Continental Congress is "Our National Heritage." Officials of our government and other prominent speakers representing civic, educational and religious institutions from different parts of the country will present various phases of the subject.

While the congress does not open until Monday evening, several interesting preliminary events are scheduled.

The State Regents will meet in the Board Room of Memorial Continental Hall on Friday afternoon, April 15, at 2.30 o'clock. National Board meetings will be held Saturday, April 16, and Monday, April 25, at 9.30 a.m.

A tablet in honor of Mrs. Russell William Magna, President General 1932-35, has been placed in the corridor of Constitution Hall and will be dedicated Saturday afternoon, April 16, immediately after the National Board meeting.

An Hour of Remembrance in honor of members who have died during the year...
will be conducted by the Chaplain General, Mrs. E. Thomas Boyd, on Easter Day, at 3.00 p.m.

National Committee meetings listed to date are as follows:

Americanism—Banquet Hall, Thursday, April 21, 8.30 a.m.
Approved Schools—Banquet Hall, Monday, April 18, 3.00 p.m.
Conservation—Texas Room, Monday, April 18, 3.00 p.m.
Ellis Island breakfast—second floor of Allies Inn, Wednesday, April 20, 8.00 a.m.
Genealogical Records—National Officers Club Room, Monday, April 18, 1.30 p.m.
Historical Research—National Board Room, Monday, April 18, 2.30 p.m.
Genealogical Extension Service and Membership Committee—National Officers Club Room, Monday, April 18, 3.30 p.m.
Junior Membership Assembly—Tuesday, April 19, 3.00 p.m., Memorial Continental Hall.
Junior American Citizens—Thursday afternoon, April 21.
National Defense Through Patriotic Education—Ballroom, Mayflower Hotel, Monday, April 18, 2 to 4.30 p.m.
Resolutions—South Carolina Room, Administration Building.

"Parliamentary Procedure" will be the subject of a lecture course conducted by our Parliamentarian, Mrs. John Trigg Moss. Each lecture will last one hour and will be given in the Board Room of Memorial Continental Hall on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday mornings at 8.00 o'clock. The lectures are open to all members, and are designed for helpfulness and understanding.

Plans are being made to arrange a two day tour including Fredericksburg, Wakefield, Stratford, Richmond (with over-night stop there), thence to Williamsburg, Jamestown and Yorktown, returning from Old Point Comfort by boat, all-expense rate $23.50, including bus and boat fare, fees, guide service, meals, hotel (2 persons to a room with bath), and stateroom (2 persons to a room). This tour will start from Washington, Sunday morning, April 24th, at 8.00 o'clock, and return Tuesday morning.

Mrs. Frank H. Towner, Chairman, Memorial Continental Hall, will be glad to communicate with anyone desiring information regarding this tour.

While in Yorktown, dedicatory exercises will be held in the Surrender Room of the Moore House, as a culmination of the project started during this administration in the furnishing of this room, under the guidance and direction of our Historian General, Mrs. Julian G. Goodhue, who will be present on this occasion. This event is scheduled for Monday, April 25th.

The President General will hold a reception in Constitution Hall, Tuesday evening. On this brilliant occasion Mrs. Becker will wear the gown in which she was presented at the Court of St. James to Their Majesties, King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. She will be assisted by the National Officers and State Regents. Two sections of the Army Band, playing alternately, will furnish music for this delightful affair.

The Pages’ Ball at the Mayflower the same evening, at 10 o'clock, will be a colorful and happy event.

Wednesday afternoon "National Defense" is featured and we have an interesting and fine musical treat in store. A choral club of more than seventy young people will entertain the assemblage. For the opportunity of enjoying these singers we are indebted to the combined efforts of the local D. A. R. chapter, the Board of Education, and the municipal authorities of Anderson, Indiana.

Nominations of a President General, National Officers, etc., will be made Wednesday evening.

Polls will open at 8.00 a.m. Thursday. Voting will be in Memorial Continental Hall.

Motion pictures will be shown in connection with the report of the National Chairman of the committee of that name.

Thursday afternoon the Juniors will portray in song and story the projects and purposes of their several groups.
State Regents will tell of their achievements Thursday evening, and there will be singing of old songs by the assemblage.

The announcement of the Chairman of Tellers, and the presentation of the newly elected officers will conclude the Thursday evening session.

The Pilgrimage to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington National Cemetery, and to the Shrine of George and Martha Washington at Mount Vernon, will take place Friday afternoon.

U. S. Constitution Sesquicentennial will be featured Friday evening.

Installation of Officers will be held Saturday morning with music by the United States Marine Band.

Through the courtesy of Mrs. Roosevelt the delegates will be received at the White House Saturday afternoon, at 3.00 o’clock.

The main ballroom of the Mayflower Hotel will be the scene of the Annual Banquet at 7.30 p. m. Saturday.

So ends the third and final year of the administration of Mrs. William A. Becker. In her own words, “Only through greatness of spirit can we be content to know that our gifts and deeds have helped others and that our loyalty has made our country live.”

May this Congress prove for you at once a joy and an inspiration.

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To Be Displayed at the 47th Continental Congress
April 18 to 23, 1938

Reproduction in miniature of the rostrum end of the Declaration Chamber, Independence Hall, Philadelphia, in which the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States were signed.

Scale, one inch to one foot. Made by the Department of Arts and Decorations, J. E. Caldwell & Company, Philadelphia, through special permission of the Philadelphia Department of Public Buildings and Historic Shrines, and with the collaboration of Horace T. Carpenter, Esq., Curator of Independence Hall.

The reproduction is accurate in every detail and shows the front of the room as it appeared in Colonial times. The inkstand is a miniature reproduction of the Independence Inkstand made by Philip Syng in Philadelphia, 1752.

The map behind the speaker’s chair (the John Hancock Chair) is a miniature reprint of the first map of Pennsylvania under William Penn, 1681.
# Schedule of State Meetings

To be held during the 47th Continental Congress

**EDITOR’S NOTE—**This schedule includes all notices received up to the time the magazine went to press. However, it is necessarily incomplete and delegates should make a last minute check to insure against changes and omissions.

## State Regent’s Address

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<td>DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA</td>
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<td>2656 15th St. N. W.</td>
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<td>FLORIDA</td>
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<td>GEORGIA</td>
<td>Banquet—Mayflower, Tuesday, 6:30 P. M.</td>
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<td>State Regent's Address</td>
<td>State Meetings</td>
<td>Call for Seat Tickets</td>
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<tr>
<td>New York</td>
<td>Luncheon—Mayflower, Tuesday, 1 P. M.</td>
<td>New York Room, Saturday, 2 to 5</td>
</tr>
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<td>Mayflower</td>
<td>North Carolina Room, Monday, 2:30 P. M.</td>
<td>North Carolina Room Monday, 2:30 P. M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>North Carolina</td>
<td>Luncheon, Mayflower, Wednesday, 1 P. M.</td>
<td>California Room Monday, 10 A. M.</td>
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<td>North Dakota</td>
<td>California Room, Monday, 10 A. M.</td>
<td>California Room Monday, 10 A. M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Harrington</td>
<td>Tea—Congressional Club</td>
<td>Ohio Room Saturday, Monday, Tuesday</td>
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<td>Ohio</td>
<td>Tuesday, 3 to 6</td>
<td>Oklahoma Room Monday, 11 to 2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mayflower</td>
<td>Oklahoma Room—Monday, 11 to 2</td>
<td>Mayflower Museum Monday, 10 A. M.</td>
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<td>Oklahoma</td>
<td>Oklahoma Room—Monday, 11 to 2</td>
<td>Oklahoma Room Monday, 11 to 2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hay Adams</td>
<td>Luncheon, Hay Adams, Tuesday, 1:30 P. M.</td>
<td>Hay Adams Monday, 11 to 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oregon</td>
<td>Luncheon—Mayflower</td>
<td>Oregon Box, 9 A. M. other mornings</td>
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<tr>
<td>Washington</td>
<td>Tuesday</td>
<td>Hay Adams Monday, 11 to 2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pennsylvania</td>
<td>Luncheon—Shoreham</td>
<td>Pennsylvania Dinner Building Monday, 1 to 5</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mayflower</td>
<td>Tuesday, 12:30 P. M.</td>
<td>Pennsylvania Dinner Building Monday, 1 to 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rhode Island</td>
<td>Reception—Washington—Monday, 6 P. M.</td>
<td>Sanmar—Hotel Washington Monday, 10 A. M.</td>
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<td>Washington</td>
<td>Dinner—Washington—Monday, 6:30 P. M.</td>
<td>Pennsylvania Dinner Building Monday, 1 to 5</td>
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<td>South Carolina</td>
<td>South Carolina Room, Tuesday, 1:15 P. M.</td>
<td>Mayflower Monday, 11 to 2</td>
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<td>Mayflower</td>
<td>Luncheon—Mayflower—Wednesday, 1:30 P. M.</td>
<td>Regent's Rooms—Monday, 9 to 4</td>
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<tr>
<td>South Dakota</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tennessee</td>
<td>Office, Organizing Secretary General—Tuesday, 1 P. M.</td>
<td>Tennessee Room—Memorial Continental Hall Monday, 1 to 5</td>
</tr>
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<td>Mayflower</td>
<td>Dinner—Mayflower—Pan American Room Monday, 6:30 P. M.</td>
<td>Tennessee Room—Memorial Continental Hall Monday, 1 to 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Texas</td>
<td>National Board Room—Tuesday, 2:30 P. M.</td>
<td>Mayflower Monday, 11 to 2</td>
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<td>Mayflower</td>
<td>Dinner—Mayflower—Tuesday, 6:30 P. M.</td>
<td>Vermont Room Monday</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vermont</td>
<td>Dinner—Willard—Tuesday, 6:30 P. M.</td>
<td>Vermont Room Monday</td>
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<td>Willard</td>
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<tr>
<td>Virginia</td>
<td>Luncheon—Willard Ball Room, Tuesday, 1:30</td>
<td>Virginia Room Saturday, 2 P. M., Monday, 10 A. M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mayflower</td>
<td>State meeting immediately following</td>
<td>Virginia Room Saturday, 2 P. M., Monday, 10 A. M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>West Virginia</td>
<td>Luncheon—Washington</td>
<td>West Virginia Room Monday, 10 A. M.</td>
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<td>Mayflower</td>
<td>Tuesday, 1:30 P. M.</td>
<td>Regent's Rooms—Willard Monday, 10 A. M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wisconsin</td>
<td>Wisconsin Room—Monday, 10:30 A. M.</td>
<td>Wisconsin Room Monday, 10:30 A. M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mayflower</td>
<td>Dinner—Mayflower—Tuesday evening</td>
<td>Regent's Rooms—Willard Monday, 10 A. M.</td>
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<td>Wyoming</td>
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<td>Willard</td>
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<tr>
<td>Philippines Islands</td>
<td>Lafayette Room—Constitution Hall—Raleigh</td>
<td>Raleigh Monday morning</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Tuesday, 1:30 P. M.</td>
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</table>

ROUND TABLES BY NATIONAL OFFICERS
TREASURER GENERAL—Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., Maryland Room, Wednesday immediately after close of afternoon meeting.
REGISTRAR GENERAL—Mrs. Lee R. Spencer, National Officers Club Room, Administration Building, Monday, 3:30 P. M.
NATIONAL COMMITTEE MEETINGS
(See Page 112)
SPECIAL MEETINGS
JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP ASSEMBLY—Mrs. William H. Pouch, Memorial Continental Hall, Tuesday, 3 P. M.
NATIONAL OFFICERS CLUB—Friday, April 15th; 10 A. M., Executive Meeting, National Board Room; 10:45 A. M., Annual Meeting, National Officers Club Room, Administration Building; 1 P. M., Luncheon, Banquet Hall; 2 P. M., Executive Meeting, National Board Room.
MEETING CONGRESSIONAL COMMITTEES
HOUSE COMMITTEE—Constitution Hall, Monday, 11 A. M. (Register 10 A. M.).
PLATFORM COMMITTEE—Stage Constitution Hall, Monday, 12 noon.
PAGES—Constitution Hall, Monday, 1:30 P. M.
RECEPTION ROOM COMMITTEE—President General's Reception Room, Constitution Hall, Monday, 12 noon.
RECEPTION COMMITTEE—President General's Reception Room, Constitution Hall, Monday, 11 A. M.
MEMBERSHIP OF N. S. D. A. R.

As of February 1, 1938

Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., Treasurer General

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STATES</th>
<th>Number of Chapters</th>
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<td>140,863 1,881 142,744</td>
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THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
(organized—October 11, 1890)

MEMORIAL CONTINENTAL HALL
Seventeenth and D Streets N. W., Washington, D. C.

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1937-1938

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(Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.)

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MRS. MADELINE T. REYNOLDS,
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MRS. ABRAHAM G. SHORTLE,
615 West Copper Ave., Albuquerque.
MRS. ROBERT K. BELL,
Faywood.
National Society Children of the American Revolution
(Organized April 5, 1895)
Founder, MRS. DANIEL LOTHROP (Deceased)

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(Address all Officers in care of Memorial Continental Hall)

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MRS. WILLIAM H. POUCH

National Recording Secretary
MRS. JOHN LESTER BARR

National Organizing Secretary
MRS. JOHN MORRISON KERR

National Corresponding Secretary
MRS. PERCY M. BAILEY

National Treasurer
MRS. THADDEUS M. JONES

National Registrar
MRS. RYLAND C. BRYANT

National Historian
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National Librarian-Curator
MRS. CHARLES S. GROVES

National Chaplain
MRS. GRAHAM LAWRENCE

A State Director has charge of the work in each State

Total membership of Society, around 10,000
Total number of Societies......... 497
Latest National Number......... 43,718

MRS. FRANK S. RAY, Editor, C. A. R. Magazine

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AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL COLLEGE..... Dr. C. S. McGown........ Springfield, Massachusetts
BEREA COLLEGE..................... Dr. William J. Hutchins..... Berea, Kentucky
THE BERRY SCHOOLS................ Miss Martha Berry........ Mount Berry, Georgia
BLUE RIDGE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL....... Dr. George P. Mayo........ Bristow, Virginia
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SCHAUFFLER COLLEGE............... Dr. Raymond C. Clapp........ Cleveland, Ohio
TAMASSSEE D. A. R. SCHOOL......... Mr. Ralph H. Cain.......... Tamassee, South Carolina

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The National and Ex-National Chairmen's pin approved by the Executive Committee of the National Society Daughters of the American Revolution may be purchased as follows:

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YOUR editor has been to four state conferences within the last month.

Detailed accounts of these, and many others, appear in their own department. But it has occurred to her that you might also enjoy a few vignettes based upon personal impressions.

It is always like going home, for me, to visit Alexandria. During the four years that I lived there, I became deeply attached to it; and when I feel free to choose, I shall live there again—indeed it is there that I hope to establish, in some historical house of my very own, the center in which I trust many members of the National Society will feel at home with me. At the Virginia State Conference, held in the auditorium of the Masonic Temple, I found myself surrounded with friendly faces. One that stands out very clearly in my memory is the illumined countenance of Mrs. Rathbone Smith—the noble daughter of a noble mother—as she welcomed the delegates in the name of the hostess chapters. Every word that she uttered was weighted with hospitality; and in her gaze were concentrated kindliness and wisdom.

South Carolina, during the springtime, is a miracle of bloom. In Rock Hill, the seat of Winthrop College, and York, the charming old town where at one corner you are reminded of Charleston and at the next of Natchez, this florescence was in the fullness of its beauty when the State Conference met there. I found my room filled with flowers; my arms were constantly heaped with them; and as I descended into the dining room of the McNeil Memorial, the most beautiful centerpiece which I have ever beheld met my eyes. It was as large as the wheel of a motor car, and as round; and it was formed with flowers gathered that very morning from the gardens of their givers: flowers still drenched with dew, flowers celestially sweet with scent, rising like a fragrant fountain, falling into a perfumed pool. Our kind hostesses offered them to me, as a gift, when the luncheon was over. I could not accept them, because I was going on to Baltimore instead of coming home. But I did not need to take that centerpiece with me, in order to remember it. I shall think of it always as epitomizing the loveliness of the South.

Mrs. Henry Zoller, Jr., an Honorary State Regent, had not expected to address the Maryland State Conference; but when the present Regent, Mrs. Blakeslee, called upon her, she told us an allegory that was far more effective than any set speech could possibly have been: the night before, she said, she had been reading from Exodus; and she had come upon the story of Moses, who set out hesitantly on the Lord’s work, carrying in his hand only a small and slender rod, and accompanied by Aaron, who possessed a greater gift of tongues, to bear him company and give him assurance. Yet with that rod, since it was God’s will, he motioned back the waters of the Red Sea so that the children of Israel could pass between them in safety; and with the fiery words which rose to his lips, he set a chosen people free. So it may be with us all, if we wield our small rods as the Lord directs and speak the words which He puts into our mouths.

A woman’s face—a woman’s handiwork—a woman’s words—what could be more appropriate than to add to these a woman’s gown? For taste in dress is one of the greatest of our feminine prerogatives; and it was at the Michigan State Conference that I saw the most charming “creation” on which my satisfied gaze has rested this spring. It was worn by Mrs. Charles H. Mooney, State Chairman for Ellis Island; and it was made of crisp black taffeta, embroidered in rosy apple blossoms. The revers with which the decollete was edged were faced with pink; the shoulder straps were pink; and a corsage bouquet of pink flowers completed the exquisite ensemble.

A spring song in silk! Let us all join in a joyful chorus!

Frances Parrish Deady