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WONDERFUL WISCONSIN

ZONA GALE
CARRIE JACOBS-BOND

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Anna Jarvis, Founder of Mother’s Day
And Still I Grieve

A POEM FOR MOTHER'S DAY

RETTA C. KASTENHUBER

I know she is lovely again,
And radiant.
Her undimmed beauty, now shining
Evermore.

I know she is young again,
And quick.
Swift and lithe as a girl, to run
Untiring.

I know she is singing again,
Her song.
Immortal paean of courage
Winging upward.

I know she is free again,
Unchained.
Earth’s dismal portals, gladly fled,
Forgotten.

And still I grieve!
GAYLY our national capital presents to an admiring world continuous pageantry. In a setting of unique beauty the city celebrates a ceaseless procession of interesting and important events. At every opportunity it commemorates the dramatic highlights of history and pays homage to its distinguished visitors. And all the while it quietly stores away in the most unexpected places a host of romantic and significant tales.

In galleries and museums, in the vaulted corridors of huge public buildings, in book-lined stalls and among the old yellowed documents of its carefully preserved archives, many persons work busily ferreting out these enlightening facts. Few know that under the open sky is spread the momentous story of our country. For the history of the nation is written in Washington’s trees!

Every new plan for the city made by General Washington and Major L’Enfant called for trees and more trees. Now
twelve hundred miles of tree-lined streets and sixty-five hundred acres of forested parks proclaim it America’s “City of Trees.”

Each gorgeous spring greets a parade of blossoming trees which for months wave colorful banners up and down the streets and avenues of the city. And stately trees, standing singly or in groups, memorialize the nation’s heroes or their illustrious achievements.

On the landscaped grounds of the White House are trees planted by as many as fifteen Presidents, or their wives, when for a brief time they called this mansion “Home.”

That tempestuous old warrior, Andrew Jackson, in his stern but lonely heart kept an undying affection for his wife and for “Hermitage”—the home he had built for her in sunny Tennessee. When the grounds of the “President’s House” were still unkempt and unlovely he brought from his homeland a group of Southern magnolias and planted them beside the south portico, then used as the front entrance. Their white blossoms still perfume this spot and lend an air of wistful reminiscence to the pageant of flowering trees.

Witness to what Theodore Roosevelt might have called a “bully” joke is revealed by a vigorous tree near the east doorway of the White House. It is known as the Hitchcock Oak and its story covers several years of rambling progress! When the capital city was new, Charles Sumner made tedious trips from Boston to Washington. It took from daylight till dark to cover the last 38 miles, between Baltimore and Washington, over, he records “the
worst roads I was ever upon.” Visiting the original tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, he gathered a number of acorns that had fallen from the great American oak tree near it. These he sent as a gift to the Czar of Russia, who carefully planted them on Czarina Island.

Years later the American Ambassador, Frank H. Hitchcock, collected several acorns from under the oaks that had grown up on Czarina Island and in 1904—with considerable ceremony—Theodore Roosevelt planted one of them on the little rise of ground near the entrance. It has grown into a splendid tree, but botanists now identify it as a Russian oak and not an American oak. The Ambassador evidently picked up the wrong acorn!

Trees associated with George Washington are numerous. Guides are apt to tell strangers in the city that the big Washington Elm growing near the Senate wing of the capitol was planted by the first President himself. Fact-finding historians, however, declare that Washington did not plant the tree but he often sat in its shade watching the builders at work on the capitol. Engrossed with the actual beginning of his envisioned city, he frequently tarried and ate his noon repast there—amid a seeming wilderness of dirt trails and roads and bare, stark clearings.

Jefferson loved trees and gardening and seemed never to have been truly happy except in the country. He searched constantly for foreign trees and grasses suitable for American experimentation. Said to be the real founder of the gardens of Georgetown when he lived there, he must also have been the original distributor of free seeds from Washington, since for twenty-three years he sent to public and private gardens throughout the United States boxes of seeds he received from France.

Presented by the capital of Japan to the capital of the United States, the first of the cherry trees which now beautify the capital was planted by Mrs. William Howard Taft and is marked by a bronze tablet. A similar tablet marks the tree planted on the same occasion by Viscountess Chinda of Japan. The date of their blossoming varies with the season, but usually by the first of April the wide-spreading, single-flowered Somei Yoshino trees at the Tidal Basin are drifted deep with pale pink blossoms.

When the quiet water reflects the first shower of falling petals, the later varieties begin to flaunt their showy bouquets along the banks of the Potomac. Here they hold aloft their double cups against a background of giant weeping willows.

Dipping low over the seawall long branches of these graceful willows sway above the water, just as the tree from which they originally came once bent and swayed above Napoleon’s tomb on lonely St. Helena. Commodore Porter, who represented America at the ceremonies attending the transfer of Napoleon’s body to Paris, took a clipping from the old tree and brought it to Washington. Carefully propagated, a large number of these willows now add a striking note to the picture made by the vast stretch of green lawn, the smooth, curving speedway and the pleasure boats sailing up and down the river. Their beauty persistently reminds the passer-by of the vanity of war and the glory of peace.

Hundreds of the Japanese cherry trees also line the streets of Kenwood, a Washington suburb, where their single and double flowers range in tone from pale pink to warm, deep rose.

The dogwoods of Washington later present a display that rivals the cherry blossoms. A large number of the dogwoods, intended for planting along the streets of Tokyo, were included in the gift of American trees sent to Japan.

Growing only 20 or 30 feet high, but holding their spreading branches very firm and straight, they present with great poise and elegance a profusion of white or pink blossoms that resemble sturdy wild roses. In the gardens, on the lawns, and through the wooded parks they gleam. Their bright streamers fly above a carpet of violets, ferns and May-apples in famous Rock Creek Park. Closely they follow the banks of this historic little stream, past the century-old mill still tranquilly grinding grain, and gradually spread into the countless acres of forested countryside.

Other rivals of the oriental flowering trees are miles of American crab apples along the Anacostia River. Their rosy, perfumed splendor lasts for more than a


month and beguiles visitors to this park where an interesting grove of “trees with traditions” has been planted.

Here a walnut tree from Arlington honors Robert E. Lee. Walnut trees from the home of Francis Scott Key and Barbara Fritchie have been given by the Boy Scouts of Frederick, Maryland. A hickory tree from the Old North Bridge woods at Concord, Massachusetts, reminds us that there once “the embattled farmers stood.” Trees from General Grant’s home in Illinois, from Julliete Gordon Lowe’s home in Georgia, and from out in Cache Valley, Utah, where Jim Bridger once hid his furs and supplies from the Indians, and many others, recall the country’s struggles and conquests.

Another group of commemorative plantings adds interest to the grounds of the Lincoln Memorial. Seventy famous men and women are thus honored.

High above Washington’s downtown traffic, long rows of horse chestnuts lift fluttering green canopies which they brighten with large upright panicles of showy white flowers. A mystic old horse chestnut in Lafayette Square has become Washington’s “wishing tree.” Beneath its branches princes and paupers alike have stood and in the traditional pose, with feet crossed and hands clasping the lowest bough, have voiced their most cherished wishes. The Duke of Windsor, when Prince of Wales, was among these!

The oldest trees in the city are two weazened, bent and hollow sassafrases still alive on the grounds of the Soldiers’ Home. They are estimated to be more than a thousand years old. Though time has altered some of their identifying characteristics, each year they bravely put forth a few green leaves and typical bright yellow flowers. Every attention known to tree culture is given to encourage them to carry on.

A curious tree from the Far East, known as the “fossil tree”, was introduced in Washington many years ago and is now recommended for planting anywhere in the United States except the coldest latitudes. It is the Ginkgo, or maidenhair tree. Its chief interest lies in the fact that it is the oldest form of plant life known,
and is calculated to have existed, un-
changed, for more than ten million years.
Once a sacred tree of the East it was planted
in the gardens around China's ancient
temples. A handsome specimen grows on
the White House lawn, many others flutter
their fern-like boughs along the Mall and
in various other public places.

The story of a staunch hearted woman
is told in the shadows of a large white
oak, 500 years old, growing on a knoll
at the intersection of Connecticut and
Florida Avenues. When General Wash-
ington selected the site for the “Federal
City” as he always called it, this entire
wooded area was inhabited by the Ana-
costia Indians. Among the captives held
by them was a beautiful young woman
and her small daughter. Upon her refusal
to become the squaw of Chief Mannacasset,
she was condemned to live the rest of her
life within the shade of this one large
tree. When Washington’s negotiations with
the Indians were finally terminated by a
treaty signed under this tree, it became
known as the Treaty Oak. The captive
woman was then given 17½ acres of this

ground for her own and there she remained
until her death. Her tract of land is found
recorded on all surveyors’ old maps as
“the widow’s mite.”

So with trees from the virgin forest and
planted avenues forming green gothic
arches, are mingled the memory trees and
the brightness of flowering trees. The un-
broken succession of blossoms begins in
late March with the Yulan magnolias, and
includes a multitude of redbuds, the yel-
low blossoms of Massachusetts Avenue’s
8,000 lindens, and many Paulownia, Mi-
mosa and Chinese Scholar trees. It ends
with the late white Southern magnolias,
though the witch hazel in Potomac Park
blooms in November and the Glastonbury
thorn at the National Cathedral sometimes
blooms at Christmas.

The far-sighted city planners never
dreamed of the rare beauty of Washing-
ton’s flowering trees. But how the “father
of his country” would rejoice if he could
but see in the tree-lined vistas beside the
imposing buildings, those living memorials
that mark the triumphant progress of the
nation!

Horse Chestnut Blossoms

BESSIE SCHENCK BUNTEN

Like candles burning ‘neath the dim
Vast arches of cathedrals where
Each is a trustful reaching out to Him
Who hears and answers prayer.

So are these tapers formed of flowers
Uplifted toward the branches arched above,
A votive offering of sun and showers
To nature’s God of Love.
The Year's at the Spring

III—Maryland, My Maryland

EVELYN DIXON DILLARD

This is the third of a series of four articles in which we are following spring northward through the media of old houses and old gardens.

In the historic State of Maryland the spring pilgrim finds a home and garden richness unexcelled elsewhere in America. Here the dignity and color of Colonial plantation life reached its height. Here the art of riding to the hounds was introduced in this country. Here lived four signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Founded on the broad principle of true religious tolerance, the State was the early haven of many denominational groups—all of whom have left their imprint on the culture of the region, which is noted for its variety of landscape and the scope of its natural beauty.

With a shoreline of 3,000 miles—the distance to England, if measured in a straight line—it is but natural that boats should have played an important part in the development of the State. They supplied the most convenient means of travel between neighbors living on opposite sides of the wide Chesapeake. They took Maryland tobacco to Europe, and brought back the rich furnishings which still fill many of the old homes. The gardens of the early manors often stretched down to the sea, and were visible to visitors approaching by boat. Ferries figure prominently in Maryland travel to this day, and seascape is often as
important as landscape when the charm of the State is being considered.

During Colonial times more than 25,000 houses were built in Maryland. Almost 5,000 of these still remain, in whole or in part, and a total of 160 of the fine old residences will be opened for the Maryland Garden Pilgrimage, April 29 to May 8, inclusive.

Since it is said on good authority that more original Colonial buildings in good condition are to be found in Annapolis today than in any other one town in America, and since proceeds from the pilgrimage will go toward Annapolis restoration work, it is quite fitting that the Maryland visit should begin with this ancient little city—the Home of the Navy, and the only State capital in the United States that cannot be reached by railroad.

Annapolis is a quaint and colorful city. The view down any street is an excellent subject for a color print, and the street names themselves are something from Seventeenth Century England. Maryland homebuilding reached its height in Annapolis, as did also the culture of the early State. The fashions and politics of the little port were “eagerly noted and quoted” in all the thirteen colonies. Three of the State’s four Signers lived here—William Paca, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carroll “of Carrollton,” who was reputed to be the richest man of his time in America.

Even the ivy-covered walls of the U. S. Naval Academy fit into the quaintness of the Annapolis scene, and it is here that most visitors love to begin their visit to the city. In the crypt of the beautiful Academy Chapel is buried John Paul Jones, the “Father of the American Navy.” A uniformed student sailor is always on duty.

To the Academy in June come girls from throughout the nation, to attend the graduation exercises and commencement festivities of the Navy. During their visit, the little city takes on the appearance of a flower basket. Many of the girls stay in historic Carvel Hall, which adjoins the shady, bay-swept campus and which was once the home of William Paca.

Only a step from the Hall is the Hammond-Harwood House, one of the group of homes which has made Annapolis famous among students of early American architecture. It is often called the most nearly perfect example of a Georgian house in this country. Particularly notable are the cornices, the gables, and the woodwork about the front entrance. Inside, the mantles and the carved window shutters and door frames are perhaps the finest in Maryland. The ballroom on the second floor has been termed the most beautiful in the world.

The grounds back of this old house—built in 1774 by Matthair Hammond—used to slope away to the water and the garden was known as “My Lady’s Bower.”
This has long since passed away, but copies of the plans and remains of the garden terraces are a delight to the pilgrim.

The Federated Garden Clubs of Maryland have leased the Hammond-Harwood House from St. John's College and will open it this spring as a museum.

Across the street from this home is the beautiful old Chase House, built in 1769 by Samuel Chase, a Signer. It is the only Colonial structure in Annapolis fully three stories in height. Its design is full of vigor, and the interior is impressive. The stairway leading from the large entrance hall becomes double at the landing, which is lighted by a large Palladian window overlooking the garden.

In the Chase House drawing room, the author of the “Star Spangled Banner” was married to Mary Tayloe Lloyd. This historic room has a marble mantle from Italy, solid silver latches, and lovely mirrors. Shutters in the large dining room are daringly carved.

Another of the fine homes of Annapolis is Brice House, where Dr. and Mrs. Stringfellow Barr now live. Dr. Barr is the new president of St. John’s College, and Mrs. Barr is doing a remarkable piece of work in her restoration of the historic residence, which is also owned by the college.

Brice House was built in 1760 by Thomas Jennings and is one of the most exquisite of the early Maryland town houses. It has great chimneys, tall, wide, and very thin, and a gorgeous Palladian window under an elaborately carved cornice. Inside, the San Domingo mahogany stairway and carved mantles are noteworthy. In the library is a secret stairway leading to a bed chamber above. The ghost stories told about Brice House are legion.

St. John’s College was built in 1784 on the property of “King William School,” which was founded in 1696. On the rear campus Count Rochambeau encamped with his command on his way to Yorktown. Still standing on the front campus is “Liberty Tree,” a poplar which experts pronounce at least 600 years of age. Under its branches Lord Baltimore made treaties with the Indians, and here Lafayette was received during his visit to the city.

The Carroll Mansion, built by the Signer in 1735, is at the rear of St. Mary’s Church and is today owned by the Redemptionist Order.

Dominating the “uptown” portion of Annapolis are the State House and St. Anne’s Church, which occupy the two circles from which radiate the city’s streets. Washington resigned his army commission in the old State House and took L’Enfant to see the circular streets when plans for the City of Washington were being considered. The original St. Anne’s Church was built by “Good Queen” Anne, who erected in the name of the Church of England a brick church house “every ten miles” throughout Maryland. A silver communion service was
presented to the church by King William III and is still in use.

Motorists will not want to miss a drive through Worthington Valley. Perhaps no other section of the State away from the Tidewater country has achieved such a renaissance of its Colonial life and tradition as exists today in that beauty spot. Here, in the spring, the two great cross-country races—the Grand National and the Maryland Hunt Cup—are run. Breeding stables have been established for the improvement of Maryland horseflesh and the rolling hills of the farming country afford excellent fox-hunting for members of the Green Spring Valley Hounds, who use one of the old homes of the Valley for their clubhouse.

Samuel Worthington, for whom the Valley was named, built Bloomfield on an original grant from George III. The main section of the home, which is today owned by Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, was built in 1780. On the estate Mr. Vanderbilt maintains one of the best known racing stables in America.

St. John's Church, which was erected in 1816 by the Worthington family, is a perfect church in a perfect setting. In its yard, beneath ancient trees, many of the early settlers of the Valley are buried. Out from it today ride scarlet-coated hunters followed by hounds which has been blessed at St. John's in accordance with ancient custom.

The drive through the lovely farming country of the Valley into Baltimore City is one that is never forgotten. It leads into the thriving Maryland metropolis by way of Johns Hopkins University, on the campus of which is Homewood House—which was built by Charles Carroll for his son. The mansion was restored a few years ago, in order that it might be preserved as an example of the taste and refinement of the period in which it was built, around 1800. Its exquisite interior reveals the French influence prevalent in America, although the spread American eagle also figures in the carving and decorations. The porcelains include a notable Sino-Lowestoft set embellished with views of Mount Vernon.

Baltimore County was established about 1659. Its rolling, well-watered lands soon attracted many settlers. The City of Baltimore was incorporated in 1729. The port of Baltimore, extending along 127 miles
of deepwater frontage, is the second foreign trade port on the Atlantic coast and has led in the construction of ships from the days of the sailing craft known as the Baltimore Clipper—a name now used by an airplane.

It is the only large city along the coast that never has been under a foreign flag, and is proud of its name as the birthplace of the “Star-Spangled Banner.” Its downtown business area is picturesque. Its shops are delightful and, I, for one, would never make a visit to Baltimore without going to buy something at Lexington Market—an old marketplace in which every conceivable food and flower can be purchased.

One of the most noted homes of old Baltimore is Hampton, which has been in the unbroken possession of the Ridgely family for more than 200 years. Sheltered by especially rare and impressive trees, the old house is filled with many rare portraits and priceless pieces of furniture. Its gardens, according to tradition, were laid out by L'Enfant. The wistaria which shades the rear portico almost hides the Chinese Chippendale railing along the balcony.

Charlesmeade, which is an illustration of what gardeners with creative ability can accomplish within a short time, has as the central part of its building a tenant house which was on the tract of land owned by Betsy Patterson and Jerome Bonaparte. The garden at Charlesmeade is so planned that it is a succession of small gardens. All restoration and all gardens on this old place have been planted and grown up since 1921.

Out from Baltimore, in Howard County, is Doughoregan Manor—which was built by the first Charles Carroll and is the “home of the Carrolls of Maryland.” The manor has remained in uninterrupted possession of the family since it was erected in 1727. Its 300-foot facade, the picturesque farm buildings, slave quarters, and dairies give an unspoiled and matchless picture of an old Maryland manor.

In one wing of the house is a large private chapel where generations of Carrolls have been baptized, married and buried, and where services are still held every Sunday morning.

Giant trees shade Doughoregan Manor. Gardens, along the original lines—and interesting enough to match such a setting—are being beautifully restored by the present owners, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Acosta Carroll.

To see anything like a considerable portion of the 160 homes on display in Maryland during Garden Week is impossible, and even to mention them all is not within the scope of one article. But among the highspots in other parts of the State outside the Annapolis-Baltimore area I would like to point to: “My Lord’s Gift”, in Queen Annes County; Cross Manor, St. Marys County; the Teackle Mansion, in Somerset County, and Stephen Decatur’s birthplace, in Worcester County.

“My Lord’s Gift” was given by the second Lord Baltimore to Henry DeCourcy for having effected a favorable treaty with the Indians. Lord Baltimore promised DeCourcy as much land, shown on a particular map, as he could cover with his thumb. Consequently, the tract is still known as the “Thumb Grant.” Mimosa walk, a bog garden, and enormous trees reaching down to Chester River are to be remembered in connection with this beautiful home, which has panelling from the original house and which houses many priceless antiques.

Cross Manor, in the oldest county of the State, is the oldest brick house standing in Maryland. It was built in 1643 and is in the shape of a cross. It is named from the tradition that the owner accidentally shot his best friend and erected a white cross on the spot. The box bushes of this old house are immense. The spacious rooms of the residence are filled with interesting old pieces of furniture.

The Teackle Mansion is the scene of George Alfred Townsend’s “The Entailed Hat,” a novel written while the author was sojourning in the nearby Washington Hotel.

From Queen Annes comes the first record of fox hunting in America. Legend says that almost every homestead had a pack of hounds, with a special slave to take care of them. They were a cross between English fox hounds and Irish stage hounds, and they hunted the grey fox of the new world until eight pair of red foxes were brought over on a tobacco schooner and loosed in Queen Annes.

Every Maryland County has just as interesting legends to its credit, and holds its own place in the home and garden history of the State.
“IGE stopped by today,” said Ella Copeland, kneeling on the hearth and deftly swinging out the iron kettle in which the corn bread was baking.

Will Copeland made no reply. He set the wooden bucket dripping from the spring on the plank shelf, removed the gourd that hung overhead and took a deep drink, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and sat down heavily at the supper table. He was as fine a specimen of frontier youth as one could find on the banks of the Wabash, tall, lithe, and strongly built, but his face was too mobile and sensitive for a frontiersman. His brooding dark eyes were now turned from his graceful young wife, with a look that refused speech.

Ella went serenely about the preparations for supper. She had tried many kinds of behavior on Will when he had one of his “spells.” This afternoon she was seeing what she could do with a manner of placid composure. The composure was assisted by the fact that today spring had definitely come. All day Ella had been out doors,
carrying into the blossoming woods a secret which she was waiting to confide in Will. Perhaps the news would break the spell.

Spring in those days came back to a frontier cabin with a meaning no one in settled towns can even imagine. The winter here in the Indian country was so long and so cold. The snow piled over the cabin roof. The ice multiplied in towers and frozen spirals about the spring. The food got low. There was a time when every gain of the previous summer seemed to have gone for naught. The cleared land looked as if it could never be ploughed. The orchard of young trees they had got from Johnny Appleseed was surely dead. Better make tracks through the frozen forest to Ohio before it was too late. Surely these United States were large enough now. What did anyone want of Indiana? Let the Indians have it.

But here they still were, and spring had come. The wheat in the cleared field was up, thick and green. The truck garden showed neat rows of promise for tomorrow's dinner. Johnny Appleseed's big apple tree was actually in bloom, and the little new trees all alive. All day Ella's fancy had been running forward to the future. When she and Will had taken up this land two years before there had been no neighbor for ten miles. Now there was quite a long cabin settlement on the banks of the river—a general store, docks for boats coming up from the Ohio. The doctor who swung around this way sometimes on his long horseback journeys through the forest bridle paths was actually talking of settling in the village. The doctor meant much to Ella now.

Her eyes rested on the apple-blooms, in a stone jar, on the table beside a copy of a month old News Letter. Johnny Appleseed had said that apple blossoms were a symbol of home and civilization and the kindly graces of life to come. They seemed a promise—a promise that in a year or two they would have a real farm, and she would make apple butter and apple jelly as they did back in Ohio. They would make cider, too, and neighbors would come to have cider and doughnuts with them. There would be a frame house then, instead of this old log cabin, so untidy, with the bark always chipping off the logs. There would be a flower garden, and perhaps a lawn for the children to play on. The children—

Will's attitude hurt. She was fighting now not to admit how lonely it made her feel, in her moment of triumphant planning. Back home in Ohio, she knew, folks were still wondering why Ella Putnam, the prettiest girl in town, one who might have had her pick of schoolmasters and storekeepers and saw-mill owners, had married Will Copeland. They weren't in the same class at all. Ella's great kinsman, General Rufus Putnam, was a hero, the founder of the Northwest. When Ella's mother was a child, he had floated the Mayflower down the Ohio, and had set up the town of Marietta. Behind him had come bands of Revolutionary soldiers founding New England villages, with all the amenities of Yankeeland. With him had come whole battalions of Vermont kin, tough and horned-handed Putnams, people born to lick tree roots. Having few needs and a great capacity for work, many of them had prospered. The home and village of the second generation in which Ella had grown up had few marks of the frontier left. There was a church, and a school taught by the preacher. Ella spoke her own tongue pleasantly, with few lapses of grammar, and read almost any piece of print now being turned off by the busy presses of Cincinnati. She had nice dresses, too, and from the steamboat already going down the Ohio, she learned about the styles in Philadelphia only a few weeks after they had burst upon the beaus and belles of that sophisticated metropolis.

Then, one night at a dance, she had met Will Copeland, a famous bear hunter from the Indian country. They had great tales to tell of him. As a mere child he had been a scout for General Harrison, and had fought in the Battle of the Thames. Some said that it was an arrow from his Indian bow and not a shot that had killed Tecumseh. This was just one of those stories, but it made Will interesting in the eyes of the girls. Ella had been hearing tales of him all day. His brooding eyes had been fastened on her in a look no woman can mistake. Suddenly, in the square dance, he was opposite to her. Swinging her out with an iron grip, he drew her to a dark corner. She could not remember what they talked about, if indeed they
talked at all. He did not try to dance again that evening, only waited jealously to capture her again. Finally he saw her home, swinging her expertly to his horse and pleased to see how well she sat upon it. When he lifted her down, he held her a moment, and blurted, “Johnny Appleseed told me I’d find a girl like you in the settlements. I’ve got fine land and a place for a cabin where he planted a tree. Let’s find a parson and be married.”

He found the parson himself, next day—a sagacious circuit-rider, used to hasty marriages. Ella held off briefly, while she told her family that she was going to marry Will Copeland. Will, said her family, was a man of substance and good habits, but ignorant. To the intelligent and ambitious Yankees, being ignorant was a prime disadvantage. They had looked for pioneering to end with their generation, and Ella to set up in a home with advantages.

But Ella stood her ground, till her family, between arguments, gave her a grudging blessing. “Have it your own way, but you are a fool, Ella Putnam. You’ll rue the day.” So they were married by the circuit rider, and set off on the endless bridle trail that led through the forest from Ohio to Indiana.

Will’s claim was indeed a fine stretch of land. Johnny Appleseed had selected it for him years ago when he was a lad, and had set out the apple trees to mark the site for the cabin. In those days it was still Indian land. “But,” said Johnny Appleseed, “the Government will take it up in a few years, and open it to settlement. We’ll have the apples ready. Bring a sweet girl out here, one that will civilize ye, ye blarsted young heathen.”

Will had known Johnny since the Indian wars in 1812, when they were both scouts. Through the woods Johnny had gone, warning the settlers. In and out like his small familiar devil, had darted the child, Will, crawling into Indian encampments at night, hiding in the shadows, listening with all ears. He knew all the dialects as a child will who has lived among Indians and regards any sound that he hears as his mother tongue.

Will’s kin were persons of sturdy English origin who had been gradually edging westward in lonely, individual pioneering. Every vestige of civilization had been torn off them by the briars and the brambles. They had no graces, no laughter, no conversation, nothing except forest skill and the will to endure. Will, hardy, sensitive, proud, ignorant, had found one link with civilization through Johnny Appleseed, whose real name was John Chapman. Wearing an old pair of jeans, a shirt made of a coffee sack, and a queer visored cap, Johnny was what the housewives called a “figure of fun.” But he was also an educated man, and a valuable public institution.

Johnny was a frontier nurseryman. He owned dozens of little fenced orchards where he raised apple trees to be distributed to the settlers, not selling them for profit, but giving them away or taking what he wanted in trade. In return the grateful households, nestling under his blossoming trees, had food and clothes or transportation and tools for Johnny’s use wherever he wished to stop.

Incidentally Johnny was also a Swedenborgian missionary. He usually carried on his trips among his orchards an old Bible and a book by Swedenborg, telling the children gorgeous stories about heaven and the angels and reading aloud to their elders. If his listeners became interested in a page, he tore it out and left it with them. Reading matter was scarce on the frontier, and Johnny’s books, distributed piece-meal, went a long way.

Will had always lapped up Johnny’s stories eagerly. He intended to be civilized himself, to have a pleasant house and a pretty wife, and everything people had in towns. “But you’ve got a lot to learn, Will,” said Johnny. “Kinda like making a silk purse out of a sow’s ear, civilizin’ you.” Will did have a lot to learn. He knew that better than ever now. Proud and sensitive, adoring his wife, wanting desperately to shine in her eyes, and for her sake in those of the neighbors, he carried about with him an increasingly sore heart. Bringing Ella through the woods, building the cabin, breaking the ground, he had been happy enough, for there he was in his element. He was master, and she was his squaw dependent upon him. But ever since the cabin had begun to mellow into a home, all was changed. From moment to moment, Ella shamed him. There was, for example, the News Letter from
Ohio. It arrived several weeks late and went the rounds of the settlers. Someone almost always brought the well worn copy to Ella. She read eagerly, items about the folks back home in Ohio, and bits of general national news. But Will could not read.

There was also the matter of the bedding. When Ella’s hope chest had been brought down the Ohio by flatboat and towed up the Wabash, she had proudly made up the bed with the beautiful linen, blankets, and patch work quilts. But Will, appalled by such finery, had sunk into one of his most obscure and complicated spells. He was afraid that he might show his awkwardness and discomfort and so further disgrace himself in Ella’s eyes. Only half divining his embarrassment, Ella put all the fine bedding away and slept thereafter under the old blanket on a ticking filled with corn husks, with the big black buffalo robe for warmth in cold weather. But this did not satisfy Will either. He felt defeated by Ella’s apparent readiness to sink to the squaw’s level with him. The great plank chest in the corner, filled with sheets and patch work quilts, stood as a rebuke to him, and when neighbors stopped by, he was uneasy lest they think that a woman like Mrs. Copeland should have something better than a buffalo robe.

Though she put a brave face on these and other matters, Ella’s courage sometimes faltered. Most of the time she went through the day making anxious little detours around threatened emotional disaster. She was happiest when Will forgot the difficulties of civilization—when they were out in the woods together and he could show off his skill with axe and rifle, or when he brought in his winter’s catch of furs, always the best on the frontier. And Will, being no fool, was only too aware of her many adjustments to him.

Afterwards it seemed to Ella that she could not have stuck it out if it had not been for Johnny Appleseed. He had a way of turning up just when matters were worst, and staying a day or two, fussing with the trees and sleeping contentedly on a pile of fur robes on the hearth. Usually he arrived with his pockets full of apples and stray pieces of literature, and talked steadily from the time he stepped into the house. Of Will’s feelings he was blandly regardless. He made Ella read every word of the News Letter aloud to him, though he knew Will did not like to have her read. He said that he heard her folks had sent the hope chest, and where were the things? He admired every item of her apparel severally and individually, and asked Will if he didn’t like them. When Will did not answer he asked Ella what she had done with her husband’s tongue—had she cut it out? He said six or seven times a day that Ella was as pretty as an apple blossom, and didn’t Will think so? He never let Will off till he had answered that he did.

Put through his paces by Johnny, Will at first glowed with happiness. There was in him a world of love and good will which had never found expression. But it was with manners as with the alphabet. They were too foreign to his long, hard upbringing in the Indian country. He could not master the externals fast enough to satisfy his great inner need. Even before Johnny left, Ella knew that the light was fading, and that when the old man went out the door, depression would fall like darkness on the house.

But while Johnny was present, he kept Will transfigured by some reflection from his own inner light. For when he was not giving lessons in manners or reading from Swedenborg, Johnny discoursed in a large way about love. He talked about the love of the angels, the love of children, of man and wife, of Heaven. He talked about the mysteries of creation and life after death and the glories that would be revealed to us. He talked about eternal marriage, and transfigured husbands and wives exchanging the holy kiss before the Great White Throne. He talked about birth and seed-time and harvest, and the wonderful way life is locked up in the heart of an apple, and how it grows and becomes a great tree.

On the frontier it was not the habit to fling the word love around, as Johnny did, in a large, easy style. Love was a word people avoided pronouncing if they could. It stuck in the throat and came out with difficulty, and left a shamed feeling after it. But Johnny not only used it. He enlarged upon it, and embroidered it with all possible associations. He gave the
feeling that he had taken everything shy and dark and furtive about love, and spread it out in the sunshine of God's smile.

After his first embarrassment, Will always mellowed under Johnny's talk. He sat there listening, his face relaxed, his eyes full of light. And he was soft and gentle with Ella afterwards. "Trouble with Will," said Johnny, "is he don't know how to behave. He thinks it's harder than it is. If he'd accidentally do it for a few hours some time, he'd like it so well he'd keep on."

* * *

"Will thinks the world of Johnny," Ella was thinking that spring afternoon in May while Will gloomed at the supper table, and she moved to and fro before the great fireplace. Never had she needed Johnny so much. She was waiting for the right moment to tell Will what Lige had told her.

Meanwhile she went calmly on, setting out the supper. It was a good meal tonight. Besides the corn bread and fried pork which were staple food, there were fresh greens, cooked with bits of salt pork that had melted to gray jelly, and there was also tea, real sugar, and molasses to eat with the corn bread. The general store had got some shipments in, now that all the rivers and roads were open—tea from Stephen Girard's China ships in Philadelphia, and sugar and molasses up from New Orleans.

Ella, seating herself composedly at the supper table, realized that Will had not been impervious to the appeal of a good supper, and seized the auspicious moment. "Lige stopped by today," she said. "He told me that Johnny Appleseed was sick."

"Sick," cried Will, springing up. "What's the matter with him? Where is he? Why didn't you tell me?"

"I did try to tell you," answered Ella, with amiable perversity. "But it seemed like you didn't want to listen."

Will was already pacing the floor, looking like a trapped beast ready to spring in any direction.

"Might as well finish your supper," said Ella coolly.

Then she doled out the facts: Johnny had been taken with a spell and had fainted on the forest path, some fifteen miles up in the country. An Indian had found him and had taken him to his wigwam, and had sent a runner down to the settlement. Lige and another man had gone after him, and were bringing him down on a stretcher.

"They're bringing him here," said Will violently. "No one else's got the right to look after Johnny."

"So I told them," she said.

"Don't sit there eating," roared Will. "Get ready. He'll want—"

"He'll want plenty of hot water, maybe, and a good fire these chill nights, and maybe broth or something," said Ella, coolly. "And they're all ready. Time enough yet. They can't get here till some time in the night. Better finish your supper, Will, so's I can clean up and have things nice. The doctor's in town. He'll be out."

Will sat down again, and hastily gulped down a few mouthfuls. Then he resumed his tramping. Ella, lightly and deftly clearing away the supper things, let him tramp. She knew that he wanted to talk, but she had lately decided that if there were to be talk between them, she would let Will start it. When she had swept the hearth and set the dried sweet corn to soak for to-morrow's dinner, she saw that he was standing by the bed.

"Better put him here," said Will gruffly.

"Yes," she answered. "The doctor will be coming."

Will's eyes rested on the great chest where the bedding from Ohio was packed away. "Better make the bed up clean," he said finally, with difficulty. "Make it up with sheets."

Ella began to take the sheets out, in a matter of fact way, evincing no surprise. "Here, I'll help you," said Will suddenly. Ella almost jumped at the sound of these unusual words. But she only replied gently. "Yes, it's easier. You stand on one side of the bed, and I'll stand on the other."

They made the bed between them, Will handling the sheets and blankets awkwardly and shyly at first, then with increasing pleasure and a kind of pride in them. He would not have admitted, even to himself, the childish pleasure he felt in handling these luxurious things. He had completely relaxed. His face was tender,
his hands light and gentle. Now and then, leaning across the bed to smooth it in the middle, his hands touched Ella’s. The first time it was accident. But as they went on, it was the result of deliberate plotting on his part. Their eyes met in a long look.

“Johnny’s lived rough out here, same as the rest of us,” remarked Will, turning away. “But he was raised nice, back in Massachusetts. It’ll seem good to him, sleeping in a clean bed.”

He strolled away to the table where Ella had set the apple blossoms, and, in defiance of his feelings, the copy of the last News Letter. He brought them both in and set them on the shelf above the bed. “Maybe Johnny will want you to read to him,” he said grudgingly. “He’ll like to see the posies. Set a store by that tree—Johnny did. Said he’d live to see it blossom if he had to stay in this vale of tears till he was a hundred.” His eyes moved from the flowers to Ella’s flushed face, on which the last rays of the setting sun fell through the window hole. “Always said the apple blossoms were sweet, like young gals.” His eyes rested on her face with shy meaning. Ella knew that this was a compliment, the first compliment Will had ever paid in his life. She fought down a wild flush of joy and tried to look serenely matter of fact.

As the sun sank down, the cabin became suddenly chill. A dank mist rose from the woods outside the open door, reverberating with the voices of a thousand peepers. Will stirred the fire till its light danced on the cabin walls. “Nothin’ to do but wait,” he said.

“Yes,” answered Ella, quietly sitting down opposite him. “Better save the candles. We might need them all night.”

The night voices swelled to a great chorus outside. Will began to talk, hesitatingly at first, then more and more freely. Johnny was an old man now, he said. He didn’t know how old, but he was born way back before the Revolution. He was getting old—and very tired of life. “I’ll live to see the posies on your tree, Will,” he had said. “Then I’ll quit.” Now the flowers were blooming.

From there he went on, recalling his childhood on the frontier, telling about its hardships, things Ella had never heard, things she heard now with wide eyes shining at him, holding his glance now and again, till his look seemed to sink deep into her heart and nestle there in pity and in peace. He told how Johnny Appleseed had always said that he was a messenger of civilization, bringing his trees ahead of the settlers, getting orchards ready where only the black forest had been. He told how Johnny had set him dreaming, looking forward to the time when he should have a home, such a home as his father and grandfather had never had, home like the home they left behind them long ago in England. And he would have a sweet wife, one that could sing and laugh and dress herself up nice, and have the neighbors in and know all about the little fixin’s of life, and bring the children up real smart and teach them to read and sit down to meat with clean hands.

“But I don’t know. Maybe it ain’t for me. I can’t change that easy from what my paw and grandpaw was. Ye ain’t got a husband, Ella Copeland. Ye’ve got a black bear in a trap.”

His voice trailed away.

There was a halloo outside, and a minute later Johnny was brought into the cabin and laid on the patch work quilts while Ella held the candle. Gently they stripped the worn dirty clothes off the old frail, sagging body. At first the old man seemed oblivious of everything that they were doing. But when they laid him between the sheets, he said feebly, “Hold on. I can’t dirty up your marriage things, Ella. Wash my feet fore I stick them into all that whiteness.”

He thrust out his lean, shrunken limbs. Ella bathed them gently in hot water while Will dried them on the embroidered towels which smelled sweetly of the clover blossoms she had laid among them. Then Johnny said that they must wash his face and hands, too, and brush the burrs out of his hair, else he would not put head to pillow.

So they brushed out the long, straggling, gray locks, and, finally, fresh and clean as a baby from his bath, Johnny sank to dreamy rest. “Takes a woman,” he murmured, “a woman and a woman’s things—for a man’s comfort.”
Then the doctor came and went—a shrewd, rough riding fellow, who had more faith in his own observations and deductions than in any books of medicine. He examined Johnny and left some medicine. To Ella, following him to the door, he observed, "Johnny's played out. When the end comes, neither man nor medicine can do much about it. Keep him comfortable and let him go easy."

Through the long night they waited for the end, Ella and Will, side by side on three-legged stools set by the bed. Several times Johnny roused himself. Once he saw the apple blossoms where they stood in the candle light, and joy overspread his face. "Hey, it blossomed, did it? My tree blossomed. Lay a sprig here, so's I can smell it." They placed a spray on his pillow. Johnny nestled his face into it, saying happily as he sank into unconsciousness, "Time now for me to quit."

But again he roused himself. "Give me your hand, Ella. Give me your hand, Will," he said, and laid Ella's hand in Will's. Will's strong fingers closed over hers warmly and would not let them go. By and by Johnny opened one eye warily to see that the hands were still clasped. "I was always trying to catch up with God," he murmured. "I'd come to a place and think surely he'd be there, and then I'd find he'd just left." His dim eyes rested on Ella's hand clasped in Will's. "Guess I've found him," he whispered. "Seems like God is here."

He could hardly speak now, but signaled to Will to bend his head close. "There's something I always wanted to do for you," he breathed. "But I never could—you were such an obstinate heathen. But I guess my dyin's going to do it."

He sank back on the bed, his face seeming to shrink and grow cold, and his slight body to stiffen under the sheets. Ella's eyes met Will's in awe and horror. Will put his head down against the breast and listened for the heart-beat. There was none.

"He's gone," he cried, in a dreadful choked voice, his whole frame shaken. He had risen and was looking desperately to right and left with his wild, trapped look. Ella laid a gentle hand upon his arm.

"Oh, Ella," he moaned, turning away. "He was my folks. He was all I had."

"Will," she said, her whole soul in her voice, "you have me."

She put her arms around him, and after a moment of struggle his arms came around her, and he bent his tall head sobbing to her shoulder.

"There, there, Will," she murmured, stroking his rough hair. "There's things for both of us to learn, things Johnny knew and tried to teach us. But we can learn now."

"Yes, Ella," he said. He felt as if some rough shell had cracked and fallen away. The real man, the man that he might be, stood forth, gentle and poised and fine.

"Dear old Johnny, he's happy. He wanted to go," he said, leaning over and stroking the cold forehead. He lifted the spray of apple blossoms, and, turning, placed it in the bosom of Ella's dress. Then he took her in his arms.

He did not see—Ella did not see—that, as he did so, the head on the pillow slightly lifted, and Johnny cast upon their oblivious forms one impish, triumphant glance. Then he sank back in utter stillness.

This time Johnny Appleseed had really quit.

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**PINE TREE**

MONA W. MOULTON

Pines in my city
Pines by the sea—
Pines in a greenwood
A single pine tree!
Winds in your branches
Scents from your heart—
Mingled enchantments
Of all you're a part.

Wind voices whisper
Life in you came
From hardships enduring
To kindle your flame.
Shake out your branches
Green flags unfurled
To light a torch for
Winds of the world.
Memorial Day
1938

Edith Harlan

Bring me no more of laurel wreaths and palms,
No more of fragrant roses—glowing red
As the life’s blood I gave you long ago—
You of the earth for whom my blood was shed.
Bring me, instead, the strong forged chains of hate
The bonds of jealousy, of wrath, of greed
Break them and leave them here beside this tomb
Then learn once more of peace—the whole earth’s need.

I cannot breathe the perfume of the spring
This year—this month—I’ve died for you again.
And lie—unknown—in China or Japan
Heard mothers mourning me in war-swept Spain.
Bring me no tear-wet wreaths! Bring me instead—
That they may stand close—your little sons
To pledge to them an everlasting peace—
Then spike your guns, poor mortals, spike your guns!
I am over two hundred years old. My memory begins when “the groves were God’s first temples.” My origin came from the winds, or a bird, carrying a pine tree seed. This I know, for I was surrounded by all species of Pennsylvania forest trees. I took root in soil near the spot where George Washington met Queen Aliquippa.

In my youth no white man ever looked upon me, but the redskins encircled me with their bows and arrows, their crudely made fishing tackle, their tomahawks, and other instruments of war and destruction. Beneath my branches and those of my lofty neighbors played the little papooses and slept the mighty warriors.

Then times began to change, for I saw an occasional white man. One day, I witnessed the burial of two white men on the hillside above the glen. They were the Neel brothers, coming from the wilderness of Kentucky to visit their brother, John Neel, who lived across the Monongahela River in Mifflin Township. They were ambushed and killed by the Indians beside a run which has since been named Neel’s Run in honor of these pioneers.

To the white authorities, my wilderness home seemed too advantageous for Indian activities, so a Block House was hewn from some of the lively oaks standing nearby. A man named Adam Reyburn was put in charge of this Block House, and it was named Reyburn’s Station. I was very happy for I was bowed in sorrow over the bloody deeds committed by the Indians.

In 1788, Adam Reyburn took possession of me and my neighbors, having taken out a patent from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for this tract of land, consisting of two hundred and sixty-six acres, which was named in the Patent Office, “Galilee.” Thus, I found, I was a Galilian pine tree!

Soon the white man felled the trees, but I was always spared. Cultivation of the soil followed; since then my masters have always been yeomen. One of the first fields to be tilled was a large level field on top of the hill leading to the Lincoln Highway. It is one of the highest points in Allegheny County. For a hundred years, after every season’s plowing, scores of arrowheads, stone knives, and tomahawks were found.

Adam Reyburn planted the field below the Block House. Soon tender little shoots of green corn appeared. One beautiful June morning, I saw Adam Reyburn’s two daughters and a young man named Robert Couzens, who was stationed at the Block House, hoeing the corn. The sisters were hoeing near the Block House, while Robert Couzens took the more distant portions of the corn field. Suddenly, they were surprised by a band of Indians coming up over the hill, and descending upon them. The girls ran toward the Block House, and with the aid of their father drew the ladder up after them and escaped within. Robert Couzens was killed. The Reyburns blew the conch shell, which was heard even at Alpsville, three miles distant across the Youghiogheny River. In a half hour two hundred people had assembled at the Block House, for the blowing of the conch shell.
was the pioneer signal of danger. The Indians became frightened, withdrawing over the hill from whence they came. Robert Couzens lies buried in the corn field. He was the last white man killed by the Indians in this part of the country.

Soon after this I changed owners, Anthony Rollins having bought "Galilee" from Adam Reyburn. I watched a log cabin and a great frame barn being built. Trees were felled so that a road might be built through the forest leading from the main road, which was traversed by George Washington and General Braddock, on their way to Braddock Fields. This road was named Rollins Road. It took four horses to carry a light load, as the road winded perpendicularly up the hill, through the forest. I have heard passersby say that it resembled the road leading to Monticello—Thomas Jefferson's home. Several years later, I was filled with sorrow on learning Anthony Rollins was dead; he is buried in the old historic Long Run Churchyard.

I heard whisperings that still another new owner was coming to reign over "Galilee"—a kindly man named John Jones Muse, who ran off in his early youth to join the War of 1812. His father, Fauntleroy Muse, a Virginian by birth and a great Indian fighter, was a soldier of the Revolutionary War and a Lieutenant of the Indian Wars. He owned a plantation of six hundred acres where Olympia Park and the Borough of Versailles are now located.

The trail of civilization was being blazed throughout the country. I watched a barn being built on the site of the old one. Many neighboring trees were used in the barn, for the timbers were all hand hewn. And I watched with interest the bricks being burned in the glen below, where the Neel brothers were buried. I heard the little children saying, as they played around me, that a brick house was being built to replace the five-room log cabin. I was fearful that they might fell me for a pine floor, but, no, all the floors had to be made of oak!

I became the center of activities, for the new house was rising near me. I was proud to be the tall sentinel of the white-shuttered colonial mansion house. Apple, peach, pear and plum trees were planted in nicely planned rows toward the setting sun. A vegetable garden was neatly fenced, and arranged in the rear of the orchard. Sweet-scented, bright-hued flowers encircled my feet, stretching forth on every side, in blooming adoration of my majestic form. I gave shelter to the matchless rhododendron, the brilliant azalea, the lowly johnny-jump-ups, and the cowslips. Again my fears were aroused for I heard my people say that they must build a church and a school. I murmured to myself—will they take me? But no! they loved me too much for that.

After many years of peace, I again heard the drums of war. Two stalwart sons of the house go forth to battle for the nation—North against South; South against North. One returned no more. The other returned a cripple, soon to leave his home for the long rest. But since then, generations of other little children have romped around my feet. I love little children, and I am glad that they continue to play about me. For time marches on, and with it the progress of civilization.

I have stood the test of these. I am getting old, and have lost many of my limbs; but I have seen America rise from a wilderness to a great nation. I pray that it may be safe from all pitfalls and errors and that it may be forever free.


Life in Scraps of Paper*

Ruby A. Black

Ruby Black is very generally regarded as one of the most brilliant journalists in Washington. Though she was born in Texas, her name is closely linked to Wisconsin, where she did her post graduate work and taught for two years at the State University. She now acts as correspondent for a string of Wisconsin papers, as head of her own bureau, and is also on the staff of the United Press.

My husband, Herbert Little, and I had been looking for a house for two years. Because we loved the homes our colonial ancestors built, and because we had faith in the craftsmanship of those days, we wanted an early American house, which we could restore and modernize, saving the architectural beauties, the strong construction, and the durable materials, lovingly wrought by skilled craftsmen of early days, while installing the plumbing, electricity, and heating of the twentieth century. For a long time, our searches resulted only in a succession of depressing disappointments. Then one day a friend told us about a house in Alexandria, Virginia, the town across the Potomac from Washington which considers Washington a mere modern development. The house had fine large rooms, and corner fireplaces in every room, with broken-arch and paneled mantels and walls-of-Troy cornices which rivaled those taken from Gadsby’s Tavern, home of the George Washington birth-night balls, to grace the Metropolitan Museum’s American wing.

It was nearly Christmas, 1930.

We came. We looked. We bought.

Then our adventures began.

To be sure, we considered factors other than our love for early American homes. We are newspaper correspondents, writing daily, and all too often nightly, about what the President, Congress, the Supreme Court, and the vast governmental organization do to affect the lives of men and women and children all over the nation. So, we had to live where it is easy and pleasant to go back and forth between home and jobs. The Mount Vernon Boulevard was being built then, and we foresaw that we would enjoy the drive on that wide road along the Potomac River. It has been a morning and evening delight for six years, with its ever-changing lights and colors.

Just before Christmas, we signed the contract to buy the house. It has three storys, attic, and basement, and is in Prince Street, just two blocks from the river. It is of fine old brick, with dormer windows in the attic, a simple white doorway, exterior cornices also in the Walls-of-Troy design—and the enchanting corner fireplaces, six separate chimneys in a wedge. We had the verdict of a construction expert that its stone foundations, its walls, its beams, its floors, were sound.

On New Year’s Eve, we came to see the first house we ever owned, and to bring

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* All spelling, capitalization, and punctuation in the quotations from letters, notes, advertisements, and waybills are exactly as they appear in the original documents.
a contractor to inspect the rafters to determine whether they, as well as the shingles, had to be replaced.

It was ours now, and it was our responsibility to make it a fit place in which to live comfortably, with a tiny sum to do the job. So, we began to view the house with unromantic eyes. We saw fine woodwork, old plaster, all grime-gray. We saw black, rough floors, with wide boards of random widths, the kind you can see copied now in the most expensive homes and public buildings. We saw tiny pipes bringing in a dribble of water. We saw an antiquated kitchen sink, black with the ages. We saw the most ancient of iron bathtubs, very long and so narrow that only the most sylph-like form could recline in it, set in a tiny corridor between the master’s bedroom and the maid’s room.

We saw the ceiling of the 23x17 drawing room on the second floor. It was a series of concentric circles, each only slightly less black than the middle. The floor was similarly circled. We realized that, for many years, the heat had come from a kerosene stove in the middle of the room, and from the fireplace in that room. The other seven fireplaces had been covered with sheets of tin. The first floor was heated by a Latrobe furnace, that ugly but effective fireplace device invented by Benjamin H. Latrobe, who was appointed Director of Works by President Jefferson in 1803, and who supervised the completion of the House of Representatives wing of the Capitol.

We began then to re-create the lives of the people who had preceded us in our Alexandria home. We saw that all but four rooms of the 10-room house had been carefully sealed up. The doors had been nailed shut. All around their edges were pasted layers upon layers of old newspapers. We tore the newspapers away, and gleefully found old wrought-iron L-and-H hinges, which we had not even suspected when we bought the house.

From the floors we picked up scraps of paper. I would not divulge all they reveal about the lives of two old women, for they are too recent. But together with the nailed and sealed doors, the stove in the drawing room, the huge brass gong installed for a doorbell, they tell the story of two old ladies living together in the old house, afraid of intruding drafts and intruding persons, the older, deafer lady suspicious of her sister and their banker, who handled their rural property, the younger impatient with her dominant deaf elder.

There was a letter addressed to the older lady, delivered by hand, bearing the nota-
tion which proved that suspicion had reared its glaring head: "I got orders to deliver your mail to nobody but you." There was the last of a series of letters from the banker, which revealed clearly that, after five years of negotiations, the elder sister suspected him of "being disposed to undervalue your property and urge you to do something the result of which would be termed by you as a 'sacrifice.'" The letter concluded:

"We do not understand that part of your letter in which you refer to the 'Warning'. There is a way out of your difficulties if you are willing to be helped, but before anyone can help you the one essential thing for you to do is to realize that your property is no more valuable than it will bring."

On the envelope is the despairing notation: "Did give power of attorney to sell 40 acres which would have put me out of debt—and the deal was called off—1912. Offer of $60,000 was from a respectable (sic) firm in Washington (1913) Called off—"

It's like reconstructing a telephone conversation from hearing one end of it.

Yet, the old ladies still seem to live, merely from those scraps of paper, those unimportant things people leave behind them when they move from a house in which, through long years, they have accumulated so much junk. We know the first name of only one, the deaf one, to whom the notes and letters were addressed. But we know what they spent for ice, and for milk, in the months of 1904, because they left, tied tightly together, their receipted bills. And we know the younger sister (at least we guess it is her handwriting) was a little hitter, for on an envelope dated Nov. 8, 1913, there is penciled: "Would $16,000 make me comfortable for 3 years (! ! !)"

And a part of the letter inside from a Washington real estate agent says:

"...I want to tell you that rich men now everywhere are holding their funds in the bank. They are not putting them out in development companies because they do not know what change may be made in our currency system. There is a fight on between the President of the United States and Wall St., The President has the great mass of people behind him, and Wall Street has hundreds of millions of dollars. They have the finances of the country by the neck and want to hold it there . . . ."

So Economic Royalists and fighting Presidents are not new!

But perhaps we have spent too much time on the second floor of our house, and on its early 1900 occupants. Suppose we go back to that New Year's Eve in 1930, when things were very black in this country. Herbert Little and I went on up to the attic with our contractor. There was a trap door from the attic to the air chamber above, and the two men went on up, flashlights in hand, to inspect rafters.

As the men tramped above, scraps of paper began to drift through the trap door in that bitterly cold attic. I picked them up. They took me back to 1836 and 1837. Engraved at their tops were entrancing pictures of stagecoaches; coaches hitched to high-stepping horses prancing through clouds of dust—not one speck of which seemed to reach the richly be-costumed ladies and gentlemen within; coaches harnessed to stiff-legged horses promenading carefully; quaint ships which carried mail and passengers to connect with the stagecoach lines from Washington and Alexandria. And most of them carried the proud line, "U. S. Mail."

When Herbert Little came down, assured that the rafters were as good as they were in 1787, when the house was probably built, I showed him these scraps of paper, and back he went, modern flashlight in hand, to see if other residues of past life were there.

The loot was rich. Even yet we have not sorted it all out, have not wiped from it the dust and smoke and grime collected upon it in the century in which it remained there just under a roof of handmade shingles, leaking these many years.

Indeed, only tonight, going over those papers, did I find the first evidence that a child had ever lived in our house before our own daughter, born just nine months after we moved into it. The witness was a grimy old copybook, with such maxims in copperplate script as "Return a kindness Slander not the dead" and "Truth will triumph Unite skill & industry."

Each was copied five times in a childish hand. But there are also the normal scribblings of a small child, and the attempts
to copy his own name, Thomas Douglass, and his father's name, John Douglass. In a moment of ambitious expectation, the little boy wrote, "Thomas Douglass, Esquire." John Douglass, with his wife, Eliza C. K. Douglass, owned the house from 1844 until 1852.

It was probably an earlier occupant who left in the air chamber, above the fourth floor attic, the records of a chain of stagecoach lines in northern Virginia in the 1830's, together with the abolitionist magazines left by the Douglass's predecessors, John C. Vowell and Mary I., his wife. Maybe Mr. Vowell was whole or part owner of the stagecoaches, for we found he rode free on them.

We learn from the owner's few extant writings and his meticulously kept records that he was an austere, formal, careful man. We can see him clearly, with his gray beaver high hat laid aside on the table, writing his stern but formal diplomatic note to his most rambunctious and erratic agent, James Fossett, saying: "Mr. Fossett will please be more careful in the spelling of names." We well understand this note, after seeing Mr. Fossett's spelling of the eminent name of Marshall in at least five different ways. Unfortunately, the depredations of time have destroyed the signature of that note.

Mr. Fossett is the most living inhabitant of our house, excepting our present flesh-and-blood inhabitants from 60-year-old aunt to 6-year-old daughter.

He, too, lives through the scraps of paper he left, the notes he wrote on his waybills. The other agents merely recorded the names of the passengers buying the tickets, the number of seats they took, their destinations, how much they paid, and who took the money. But Mr. Fossett commented upon the day and upon the times.

The hard times of 1837 are revealed on the waybill of the "United States Mail for Warrenton" for "August last 1837". There was only one passenger, Mr. Neely, who paid $4. At the top James Fossett wrote: "If this ant hard dam me madam" and on the back he added another gloomy comment: "Last day of the month and dam hard times and I am broak."

On May 3, 1836, Mr. Fossett, who apparently was the Washington agent, wrote as the coach started off, "Blank as be Damned."

The record of a fine Spring day of the previous year—April 24, 1836—is more cheerful as recorded by the neat A. Newton, another agent of the numerously named stagecoach lines. On the "Phoenix Line for Warrenton" that day "Mr. R. E. Lee & Lady" went to Warrenton. Mr. Lee paid $7 for the ride, and another $2 for "3 Boxes Wine for Mr. R. E. Lee."

We found Mr. Lee traveling frequently to Warrenton, taking guests and wine and grass seed. This puzzled us until a researching friend, going through memora-
bilia of Robert E. Lee in the Library of Congress, found a little advertising pamphlet purporting to be letters from a New Englander to his friend back home, written to tell of the fine water, the fine food (Enoch Grigsby of Gadsby's Tavern is said to have been the summer host) at the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs. The list of directors of the company, chartered by the Commonwealth of Virginia, is headed by Mr. R. E. Lee.

There must have been a gathering of the aristocracy on June 14, 1836, for on that day the "Piedmont U. S. Mail for Washington" carried Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Mason, Mrs. Washington, and Mrs. Helm, undoubtedly dressed in their best and most cumbersome gowns.

Dour Mr. Fossett took no satisfaction in the inauguration of Martin Van Buren as President on March 4, 1837. Recording the travels of Mr. Helm, Mr. Marshall (one of his variants of Marshall), Mr. Howe, and Mr. Ratcliffe to Warrenton on that day, he commented:

"Things have come to a purty pass. Hell to pay 2000 persons Stood to Hay Last Nigh." (Sic)

Perhaps some reader who has studied that era can tell me just what "Stood to Hay" meant in the colloquialisms of those days.

We might be disappointed if we could find a daguerreotype of a lady who traveled on the "Omnibus for Alexandria and Washington" on "19 Mar 1836." Her name is "Miss Dainty," and maybe we'd better stick to the picture in our imagination.

There were thirteen passengers on the "United Sates Mail from Alexander to Winchester" on "4th Jany 1837," and the thirteenth was indeed unlucky, for crotchety J. Fossett recorded him, no doubt with a snort of disgust, merely as "Never pay."

August 11, 1837 was one day on which even James Fossett could find no cause for complaint. "Genl Janes" took the whole coach and paid $42.50 for the ride. The coach also carried "I Trunk for Mr Tyler." (Note: John Tyler, a Virginian, became Vice President on March 4, 1841, and President on April 6, 1841. He resigned from the U. S. Senate on Feb. 29, 1836, because he refused to vote as the Virginia Legislature demanded.) It must have been a fine season for the springs, as, just a month before, Mr. Cromwell took the "whole coach to the springs and not to exceed six passengers," paying $35.

Searching the files of the Alexandria Gazette, oldest daily newspaper in the United States, for a clue to the owner of the stage lines, I find several advertisements running during 1836 and 1837. On Jan. 1, 1836, there appeared the notice:

"Stage for Washington"

"The Mail Coach Line for Warrenton will hereafter leave Alexandria about 9\frac{1}{2} A.M.; and in connection with this line, a daily one of splendid Post Coaches will depart every day at 2 P.M., from Newton's Hotel, for Washington, and leave Washington every day at 8\frac{1}{2} A.M. for Alexandria."

"Wm. Smith"

Weeks and Noland, of Middleburg, Va., advertised a line from Alexandria to Winchester. The coaches left Alexandria at 5 A.M. on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, "and arrive in Winchester on the same days," there connecting with the Cumberland stage for Wheeling.

Beginning March 22, 1836, the "Warrenton Stages" advertised glowingly:

"The connection lately formed, enables us to promise to the public, in a short time, a Daily Line, with the Mail to be extended with the season, to the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs. Meantime, extra stages can be started at either end, whenever the travel requires it. Having secured the services of Mr. Fleming, so well known as the efficient and accommodating manager of the late Blue Line, we confidently trust the arrangements and facilities will be commensurate to all parties.

Geo. Johnson & Co. Proprietors."

George Johnson & Co. kept promising, in the same words, daily for months.

On May 31, 1836, the company advertised its "Summer Arrangement," as follows:

"The Piedmont Line of Stages Hereafter will leave Washington 4\frac{1}{2} o'clock,
A.M., do. Alexandria 6 A.M. Arrive at Warrenton by 2 P.M., and Lee's Sulphur Springs 3 P.M., and thence next day to Culpeper Courthouse, &c."

A postscript to the advertisement said:
"Please take notice that no packages, goods &c will be forwarded by this line unless fare is paid before starting."

So, the fine ladies and gentlemen going off to the springs undoubtedly were up by 3 a.m., to dress and reach the stage station. And yet the Gazette's most constant advertisement in those days was addressed to "Debilitated Ladies."

On August 10, 1837, George Johnson & Co. apparently belittled their competitors, with a "Notice to Travellers," which said:
"The Mail Stage from Washington, D.C., for Orange Court House, via Alexandria, Warrenton, Lee's Springs, and Culpeper Court House, connecting at Orange Court House with the line for White, Red, and Blue Sulphur Springs, now runs each way six times a week, and presents pleasant, certain and expeditious route, with sober, moral, and accommodating drivers and first rate Coaches and teams."
“The United State (sic) Mail Stage from Alexandria to Winchester” speeded at the rate of five miles an hour on the fourteen-hour-trip over the 70-mile-drive.

One of our predecessors—maybe, of course, the same who was the transportation magnate—was evidently a trader in the market places. He left behind numerous printed sheets headed “Review of the Market and Prices Current”, from which we learn the 1832 prices of ashes and ivory, anchors and hops, horns and feathers, indigo and grindstones, whiskey and tallow, mahogany and turtle shell, spices and Russia goods, hemp and Dupont common gunpowder.

Perhaps it was he who bought his whiskey and wines and liquers in great old jugs and demijohns, which we found in the basement and moved to the drawing room and dining room, because these common vessels of an earlier day are decorative. The demijohns are of pale green blown glass, covered with wicker basketwork.

Even the number above our door tells something about the previous occupants of our house. The number, in old pewter, is 211 3/2. But the truth is that our number is 213, according to all records and in view of the fact that it is between 211 and 215. A superstitious predecessor changed it, according to neighbors, before the Civil War. We let 211 1/2 stay, even though new friends often think we live upstairs or in the alley, because of the half-number.

But to go back to our adventures in restoring the house. One of the greatest satisfactions resulted from scraping the black floors. When the sanding machines were through, and the wax had been applied, we found hard pine floors, the color and sheen of amber. One day four years ago, a friend who lives in Wisconsin, where houses are newer, sat staring at our floors, muttering, “Where have I seen floors like these? Where have I seen them?” After long puzzling, he exclaimed: “I know! On the second floors of barns across which the hay has been shoved for years! If I ever build a house, I’m going to search the barns of Wisconsin until I find floors like these.”

The other day his wife visited us, brought the news that they are building their house now, and added, “And he is searching the barns!”

As we were tearing out old, broken plaster, and re-roofing the house, a man from a national lumber organization dropped in, snatched pieces of the 150-year-old hand-made lath and shingles, and bore them off with chortles of joy, saying he was going to put them in a lumber museum.

The still younger generation, however, is not equally enchanted. Our Jane, aged 6 years, is not imbued with a love for antiques. She wonders “What you ever bought this old house for, anyway,” and why we don’t have “a nice new house, with a big lawn and garden, instead of that little old back yard.”

But even she is entertained by the waybills, with their quaint horses and coaches, their flashing whips, their high-hatted gentlemen, their plumed-hatted ladies.

So are older and more distinguished persons. While the controversy over contracts for air and ocean mail was stirring Congress and public in the early days of the Roosevelt administration, I gave one of the waybills of the “United States Mail for Warrenton” to Postmaster General James A. Farley, as a souvenir of earlier mail contracts. He showed it to President Roosevelt in a Cabinet meeting, and, he reported to me, “nearly lost it.” The Postmaster General suggested that I give one to the President, so he would not feel duty-bound to relinquish his own. I did. The President received it with apparent enthusiasm, asked searching questions, and made pertinent comments on its historical significance. He now keeps it among his documents at his Hyde Park home.

But it is not often that an illustrious personage wrests one from me. I like them too much myself. Therefore I cling to them and many of them hang on my stairway a source of delight to my friends and of deep satisfaction to myself. After all, they epitomize for me a pleasant theory which has become a fixed doctrine: that life may be interpreted and fulfilled in many ways—even through scraps of paper!
the pilgrims were uniformly clear-eyed and fresh-skinned, that they bore themselves with dignity as well as zest, that intelligence no less than enthusiasm characterized them. No single undertaking of the National Society seems to me more significant and far-reaching than that which provides for this pilgrimage; and I only hope that in time it may be expanded to include girls from our own territorial and insular possessions and from the foreign countries where our overseas chapters are located. What a thrill there would be, for actors and audience alike, if a girl from Puerto Rico, for instance, were coming close—figuratively and literally also—to a girl from Pennsylvania, a girl from the Canal Zone to a girl from California.

However, though we did not have girls from overseas among the pilgrims at the Congress this year, we did have one who represented another important phase of the National Society's work: Margaret Carl, the beneficiary of the Carolyn E. Holt Scholarship Fund. This was originally called the Philippine Scholarship Fund, its name being later changed to honor the first chairman of the committee carrying on this branch of work; and Margaret Carl is herself as lovely a Filipino as the most diligent search through the length and breadth of those enchanting islands could possibly reveal. She came on to Washington from New York, where she is doing post-graduate work at Columbia University; and she was certainly a “vision of delight” as she appeared on the platform and in this office. No native dress with which I am familiar has more grace and charm than that of the Philippine; and the one which Miss Carl wore, made of gold spotted and gold bordered purple gauze, was a superb example of an exquisite costume.

Becker Boys and Becker Girls—Home-makers and Juniors—and finally the Children of the two parent societies—the Sons
and Daughters of the American Revolution—all these have come and gone. The cool corridors have seemed warmer when thronged with flexible figures, the marble steps more plastic as they have been pressed with flying feet. Now quiet reigns again, that strange hush which is always the more oppressive when it follows after clamor. But it is not the silence of finality. It is the silence of prescience, permeated with promise—the promise which has already taken form and substance within these hallowed walls: that the lamp which we have lifted will be upheld by a strong and steadfast hand through ages yet to come and that the undertaking of the past will be the fulfillment of the future.

Frances Parkinson Keyes