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QUAKER WEDDING — THE STORY OF AN ANCIENT MARRIAGE FEAST
PRESERVING THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER — A CHRONICLE OF CARE

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SIR WILLIAM PEPPERELL, BY JOHN SMIBERT. FROM THE ESSEX INSTITUTE COLLECTION
English titles, ranging all the way from the King’s to his equerry’s, are absorbing American attention just now. It is a timely moment to refresh our memories concerning certain early colonists of our country, upon whom English titles were conferred by English kings.

A GET-RICH-QUICK carpenter, a colonial soldier “slightly tinctured with Methodism,” and a notorious squaw man—three unlikely candidates for the nobility one would say, and yet if a Yankee edition of Burke’s Peerage were to be published, theirs are the names which would top the list. As it happened, each of these Sirs-to-be bore the prosaic name of William, but there the similarity ends.

America’s first be-knighted Yankee can scarcely be said to have come into the world with a silver spoon in his mouth. He was one of the twenty-six children of a gunsmith who lived in a small frontier settlement near the mouth of the Kennebec.

In the taverns along the waterfront Phips heard stories about an ancient Spanish ship, laden with treasure from Peru, which had shivered her timbers off the coast of Hispaniola—Haiti to us. According to rumor “the sunken gold might be seen to glisten and the diamonds to flash as the billows tossed about their spoil.” At the earliest possible moment Phips set sail for the West Indies. Prowling around the shallow water he salvaged enough flotsam and jetsam to get him to England, but he saw no signs of the wreck of gold. He was sure it was there, however, and he convinced certain English noblemen that it was, too. Phips had personality.

A partnership was formed. His noble backers were to outfit an armed ship and receive the lion’s share of the loot, if any. The King himself was signed up for a tenth of the plunder, and in return Phips was commissioned a privateer. In 1680 this was a recognized business.

Phips then went after the lost treasure in a big way. He dredged and searched. He combed the waters. One day his men were returning, empty-handed, as usual, from a scouting trip when one of them, staring over the side of the canoe, spied a “sea feather,” or marine plant, of unusual beauty growing out of what appeared to be a rock. A native diver was told to get it that they might have something to prove they had not loafed on the peeping. When he came back the diver had strange news. He had seen guns! He was told to dive again. He brought back a lump of silver worth two or three hundred pounds! Marking the spot with a buoy, the crew rushed back to tell Phips.

In less than a week afterward they had brought up thirty-two tons of silver, and a quantity of gold, pearls, and jewels. The recovered treasure would, it is estimated, be worth over a million and a half dollars today.

England was electrified with the news of Phips’ success. The booty was divided and although Phips’ own share was but one sixteenth of the treasure, his bank account was nevertheless greatly increased. James II conferred knighthood upon him, and the sheepboy of the Kennebec now became Sir William Phips, the first title-snatcher in Yankeeland!

Returning home, Sir William, according to Hawthorne, repented of his sins “of which from the nature of his activities everyone felt there could scarce fail to be quite an accumulation,” was baptized, and became provincial governor. (Increase Mather was his political sponsor.)

As administrator he was no less picturesque than as buccaneer. He wore a “superb, full-bottomed periwig,” a dark purple suit, embroidered, and his hands were covered with delicate lace ruffles!

Phips died in 1694 at London, whither he had been summoned to answer—as one can well believe—certain charges of arbitrary conduct. He left no children, but his title would not have been hereditary in any event.

* * *

It was over fifty years before another Yankee was deemed worthy of recognition by the Crown. “The mighty man of Kittery,” they called Sir William Pepperrell.
He had few of those colorful traits which distinguished Phips. His letters indicate, rather, a man of plain horse-sense and New England respectability.

His father was a man of limited education but through thrift, fishing boats, and a fortunate marriage he was able to give the future baronet a fairly good start in life. William made the most of this, and by the time he was nearly fifty he was one of the best-known traders in New England. A good, solid citizen, one would have said, but scarcely a candidate for the Hall of Fame. Suddenly, he was confronted with the most difficult decision of his life.

Hostilities had broken out between France and England in 1744. Nova Scotia and the surrounding islands—had, since their earliest
settlement, been a bone of contention. The importance of this region to fur and fish traders, and to navigation in general, can scarcely be realized today.

It was proposed that the colonists attempt the capture of Louisberg, ancient walled city of the French on the island of Cape Breton. Many thought it too dangerous a project for untrained troops without even a leader of experience, but merchants and traders favored it, and the old Puritan anti-catholicism influenced many. The plan was carried by a single vote—attributed to the fact that one man fell and broke his leg while hurrying to cast an emphatic no!

The next thing was to select a commander. Since no one had had military training, Governor Shirley was forced to be
guided by other considerations. William Pepperrell had contributed five thousand pounds toward equipping the expedition. Shirley named him leader.

The prudent Pepperrell, who had really been thinking only of his fisheries when he contributed that five thousand, was not so sure he wanted to head the enterprise. He sought the advice of Whitefield, a sort of pioneer Billy Sunday then conducting revivals in Kittery. His prophetic verdict must have been a big help to Pepperrell: 'The blood of the slain would be laid to him if the expedition failed and the envy of the living would persecute him if victorious.'

An English squadron under Commodore (later Sir Peter) Warren aided the colonists and the hazardous expedition succeeded. As a result George II made Pepperrell a baronet, a dignity slightly higher than that of knight. The rest of his days he lived in all the pomp of a colonial mogul but never again distinguished himself.

The third American to become a Sir William was no more like Phips or Pepperrell than Irish potatoes are like yams. He was not a Yankee, strictly speaking—and New Englanders did speak strictly! They did not care for William Johnson at all. He was a Yorker, a church of Englander, a high liver, and a squaw man. And he came from Ireland. All of which made him slightly indigestible to the New England stomach.

It is just two hundred years since William Johnson arrived in the "Mohock" Valley. That old sea dog, Warren, who figured at the capture of Louisberg, was his uncle. Sir Peter Warren had married a Delancey—and of all early American families none was more de luxe than the Delanceys—so the young fellow had good connections in the new world but he seems to have lived, loved, and acquired a fortune, to say nothing of a dusky bride, quite independent of Uncle Peter, at whose suggestion he came here.

With his Indian neighbors in the valley Johnson made an immediate hit. The Mohawks adopted him as a brother and a sachem, an honor quite as desirable in their minds as elevation to the peerage. This, of course, entitled him to speak in their councils. As for his fellow whites, the fact that he soon became the wealthiest landowner in their midst undoubtedly gave Johnson the right of way to their polling places. In 1746, too, he was made Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Great Britain, so that even the royal ear was inclined in his direction. There was nothing for New England to do but to suffer her squamishness in silence.

Johnson's unconventional union with Molly Brant is one of the romantic tales of American folklore. It is said he was mustering his regiment on militia day when he saw the slender, beautiful Indian girl leap lightly on the crupper of an officer's horse, and fell instantly in love with her. She was soon installed at Mount Johnson. There was little doubt that the customary tribal marriage rites were observed, but these, of course, were unrecognized in provincial law. Johnson, in his will, provided well for Molly and for each of the eight children she had borne him, and her position was always one of dignity. During his later years Sir William lived like a manorial lord surrounded with slaves and servants. One and all addressed "Miss Molly" respectfully.

About two years after the day when he was drilling local recruits and spotted Molly out of the corner of his eye, Johnson faced a situation calling for far more military experience than such hit-or-miss practice had provided. He was in command of an expedition against the French at Crown Point on Lake Champlain. He had never been under fire in a military engagement in his life, but with two hundred and fifty Indians and thirty-five hundred provincials "rarin' to go," he met and destroyed the flower of the French army under Baron Dieskau. In recognition of this service he was made a baronet, nine years after Pepperrell had been rewarded for a similar service.

The governorship of New York was practically within his grasp afterward but he refused to be considered for the office. He was busy building Johnson Hall, a home more in keeping with his new dignity than Mount Johnson. It was here he died just before the outbreak of the Revolution.

Knighthood did not flower long in the stern New England climate, but while it lasted it added some colorful pictures to our drab but hardy, homespun background.
Vignette

CATHARINE BRYANT ROWLES

We see, beyond the city
In majesty, alone,
Sir William Johnson's mansion
And block-house built of stone.
The same great trees are standing
Magnificent and tall,
But the people passing
Are not the same at all.

No more lovely ladies
Drawn with coach and four
Come riding up sedately
To the mansion door.
No more Indians gather
Around the council tree
With calumets and wampum
Speaking amicably.

The father of Six Nations
Long since was laid to rest
With the trust of Red Men
Locked safely in his breast.
Perhaps old ghosts of Indians
Are lurking somewhere yet;
And the old house is dreaming dreams
Of a baronet.
How many of us know the origins of our characteristic Fourth of July celebrations? Many of us will be surprised to learn that they began as a "Dutch treat"!

If one happens to pass the statue of General Lafayette, in the park named for the French patriot and across the street from the White House, the thought occurs that if it had not been for the pioneers in democracy in countries other than the United States our nation might very well not celebrate the Fourth of July each year.

Countries other than our own have monuments erected against the background of the struggle by the Thirteen American Colonies for national independence. One who has become rusty on history contemporaneous with the Revolutionary War might feel more than mildly surprised to learn that the first Fourth of July was not celebrated in the United States, but in Friesland, one of the Seven United Provinces of the Dutch Republic.

This had followed, during the eighteenth century, the way of all flesh. From the sixteenth and seventeenth century Mistress of the Seven Seas and past-mistress in building an enormous colonial empire, she had become satisfied to leave these and sundry other arduous tasks to other nations, notably England. Eighteenth-century Holland was content to continue to milk her fat East and West Indian colonies. She not only aspired, but succeeded in her aspiration, of becoming the banker of Europe and of growing enormously rich. Hendrik Van Loon, in his "Fall of the Dutch Republic," mentions this fact. Amsterdam had become the money exchange of the world. England, especially, was heavily indebted to the Republic. Annually the Dutch received from their British neighbors in dividends the enormous sum of 25,000,000 guilders. It is well to know this, to be able to gauge correctly the risk the people of the Dutch Republic assumed when they cast their lot with the Thirteen American Colonies.

John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Henry Laurens, and others attempted desperately to win the sympathy of the Dutch people for the American cause. They tried to float a loan in The Netherlands of five million florins, which the Colonists needed badly to be able to continue the war with England. It was no easy task. The rich merchants of the Dutch cities had too much at stake to become overly sentimental about such mat-
ters as freedom and independence. These were things the rabble, who had not a sou invested anywhere, might rant about—not thrifty bankers and shopkeepers. It is no wonder that John Adams, in a letter to his friend, Karel Dumas, a go-between in Holland, complained: "I believe that Holland is nothing but a great shop; her principles and sentiments are no other than those of a shopkeeper."

To crystallize Dutch opinion in favor of the American Colonies, Adams was able to make considerable use of the lively Dutch press of that day. Moreover, pamphleteers among the common people, who delighted to take anonymous potshots at sympathizers with England, were numerous. Furthermore, the mind of the masses in the Low Countries was considerably imbued with the political writings of John Locke, Hume, and Thomas Paine. The Nederlandsche Mercurius, the Post Van Den Neder-Rhyn (the latter read in thousands of copies), and the Gazette de Leyde, ably edited by Etienne and Jean Luzac, sided strongly with the Americans. It was in the columns of these publications that, anonymously, Adams was able to explain and further the American Cause. Sentiment for the Colonies was molded to the extent that a beginning was made to float the desired loan. Also, in 1777, the shipbuilders of Amsterdam were persuaded to build a warship for the American Colonists, the Indian, "of thirty 24-pounders on one deck, and almost equalling a ship of the line in appearance." Later the frigate was renamed the South Carolina. It formed the only vessel of the navy of the state after which it was named. Its glory of being defender of the American Cause on the high seas was, however, short lived. Shortly after it reached the American shores, it was captured by an English squadron as it left the capes of the Delaware.

The man who really turned the tide of sentiment for America in the Low Countries was our colorful naval hero, John Paul Jones. His dramatic entry into the Texel Roads in October, 1779, and thence into the port of Den Helder, with the British frigates Serapis and Comtesse de Scarborough as prizes, and his other ship, the Pallas—after his own ship, the Bonhomme Richard, had sunk under his feet in the naval engagement with the British off Flamborough Head—fired the imagination of the common people in the Dutch Republic and of the citizenry of the port of Den Helder.

In a letter to Dr. Bancroft, John Paul Jones writes how he is able to dispense with the charity of Sir Joseph York, the British ambassador to Holland, who does everything in his power to have the Dutch authorities drive him from Den Helder and into the arms of the English squadron cruis-
ing off Texel Roads; but who also is sending medical supplies for the numerous wounded Britishers on board the captured Serapis.

“Everything that charity could do in that way,” writes Jones, “was already done by the lovely Holland dames and daughters of Den Helder, who every day thronged the decks of the Serapis and the Pallas with all the delicacies that only the good hearts of women can contrive for the comfort and succor of brave men who have been wounded in battle. Every day these blessed women came to the ships in great numbers—mothers, daughters, even little girls—bringing with them for our wounded sailors all the numberless little comforts of Dutch homes; a tribute which came from the hearts of the people, and therefore far overlaid in effect all statecraft and all diplomacy for or against us.”

The doughty American captain travelled twice to Amsterdam. At the Bourse and in the City Theater he was given a tremendous ovation. Poetasters sharpened their quills. Street arabs sang his praises in a nine-stanza doggerel which the Amsterdam ballad mongers, in their patriotic ardor, had dashed off:

“Here comes Paul Jones, A queer little man; His ship went down, He jumped the Englishman.

“He carries his sword In a funny way, Like a student or young lord . . .”

The opposition press in the Dutch Republic was less complimentary to the American naval hero. The Leydse Vrydagse Courant, issue October 8, 1779, reporting the naval battle off Flamborough Head, pictures Paul Jones thus:

“The intrepid corsair, who in the sea fight wore a reefer and canvas trousers, and a belt in which he carried 12 pistols, brandished his sword and cried he’d rather surrender to the devil than to the captain of the Serapis. With his own hand he shot and killed seven of his own crew when they left their posts. He cursed his own nephew, a lieutenant on board his vessel, threatening to shoot him through the legs instead of the head, because the young man appeared discouraged.”

However, this piece of journalistic skulduggery did not prevent the enthusiasm, caused by the dramatic appearance of Paul Jones at Texel Roads, from sweeping the Low Countries. Sentiment in favor of the Americans’ Cause grew by leaps and bounds. The year following, when war with England threatened, the minister of the Presbyterian Church at Amsterdam was forbidden to pray in public for the English ruler. Pressure was brought to bear upon the Scotch regiment, stationed at Amsterdam since the Eighty Years War and in the pay of the city of Amsterdam, to forswear their allegiance to the British monarch. When the Scotch soldiers refused, their regiment was disbanded.

The Frisians had the reputation of carrying through everything they undertook. The Estates of Friesland were the first—February 26, 1782—to recognize American Independence and the admission of John Adams as American minister. The faculty and students of the Academy of Franeker in Friesland held a grand celebration—fireworks, parades, banners, what-not—the forerunner of a typically noisy, flamboyant American Fourth of July. One may judge of the fervor injected into the occasion and the degree of enthusiasm of the celebrants, if one considers the motto appearing upon the banners the collegians carried in their march through the quaint city:

“Plus valet una dies, quae libera ducitur, acta Quam mali sub domini seacula mille jugo.”

which, translated, enables one to realize how closely akin was the spirit of these people of one of the oldest democracies in Europe to that of the American sister republic:

“One day spent in freedom is worth more Than a thousand centuries under the yoke of a master.”

At Leeuwarden, the Frisian capital, the citizens’ club, “Liberty and Zeal,” did more than indulge in the hilarity of a pre-Fourth. They made the occasion permanent; had medals struck to commemorate the joyous occasion of recognition by their commonwealth of the independence of the American Republic. The medals were discovered by Samuel Thayer, American Minister at The Hague. In a letter, written August 31, 1891, to James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, he wrote:
“Sir:

I have the honor to state that, on a recent occasion, while paying a visit to the Royal Museum at The Hague, I discovered three medals which by reason of their relation to prominent events in our early history, and other considerations hereafter alluded to, render it proper that I should bring them to the notice of the Department.

The first medal in the series referred to was designated to commemorate the recognition of American Independence by the Province of Friesland, on the 26th of February, a description of which is as follows:

On the obverse side is a male figure personating a Frisian in ancient costume, joining right hands with an American, represented by a maiden in aboriginal dress, standing on a scepter, with her left hand resting on a shield bearing the inscription, 'The United States of North America'; while with his left hand the Frisian signals his rejection of an olive branch offered by Britain, represented by a maiden resting on a shield, having the inscription, 'Great Britain.'

On the reverse side is the figure of an arm projecting from the clouds, holding the coat of arms of the Province of Friesland, under which is the inscription, 'To the State of Friesland in grateful recognition of the Acts of the Assemblies in February and April, 1782, by the Burghers Club of Leeuwarden, Liberty and Zeal.'

The second medal in this series was struck off by order of the States General in commemoration of its recognition of the Independence of the United States.

On the obverse side of the medals will be found the United States and the Netherlands represented by two maidens equipped for war, with right hands joined over a burning altar. The Dutch maiden is placing an emblem of freedom on the head of the American, whose right foot, attached to a broken chain, rests on England, represented by a tiger. In the field of the medal are the words, 'Libera Soror Solemn Decr. Agn.'

On the reverse side is the figure of a unicorn lying prostrate before a steep rock, against which he has broken his horn; over the figure are the words: 'Tyrannis Virtute Repuls'; and underneath the same words, 'sub Gallie auspiciis.'

The third medal in the series was made to commemorate the treaty of Commerce and Navigation entered into between the United States and the Netherlands, October 7, 1782.

The States General oppressed by the magnitude of the responsibility—which the recognition of the independence of the United States entailed—refused to pass upon the question, until it had been submitted to each of the Provinces for individual action.

Friesland, impelled by the Germanic love of freedom, which had long characterized its people, took the initiative in the movement for recognition . . .

It will also be borne in mind that while a Dutch man-o'-war first saluted the American flag, Holland stands second in the role of foreign nations which formally recognized our independence.”
Visitors to "The World of Tomorrow" should enjoy this article, clarifying the obscure origins of names which will become increasingly familiar as the summer advances.

FROM the twelve original counties of New York State down to the youngest baby of all, Bronx, the investigator of the origin and history of county names is able to find a good and sufficient reason for the adoption of practically all. There is only one—including, even, those whose names have been changed since the counties were first established—for which the governing powers seem to have gone to the Old World and adopted a name which has no local association or commemorative feature to distinguish it. The little county of Orleans, on the shores of Lake Ontario, appears to have chosen its name from the city in France, in much the same fashion as such towns as Syracuse, Rome, Troy and Ithaca adopted theirs from the ancient world.

Under Dutch rule there was no division of the colony into counties. It was not until 1688, after the Dutch ownership had been transferred to the English and given by King Charles II to his brother, the Duke of York, that the original counties were established. All twelve were named, either in honor of York, who succeeded King Charles as James II, or after his immediate relatives. From his two titles, Duke of York in England, and Duke of Albany in Scotland, came the names of the counties of New York and Albany, the latter then comprising all of that part of the state which lay north and west of the city of the same name. South of Albany was Ulster county, named from the Irish title of the King's younger brother, the Duke of Ulster. That county then included the present counties of Ulster, Greene, Sullivan and Delaware. South of Ulster lay Orange, named for the son-in-law of King James, William of
Orange. Kings and Queens counties, obviously, derive from Charles II and his wife, Queen Catherine. Although these titles appear on the early maps as “King’s” and “Queen’s” respectively, the possessives were dropped many years ago.

An historical ambiguity is associated with the name of Richmond county. King Charles conferred the title of Duke of Richmond upon his illegitimate son by Louise de Querouailles. Before this, however, the title had become extinct upon the death of James Stuart, son of a first cousin of Charles I. Whether the name given to the county was intended to commemorate the King’s legitimate cousin or his illegitimate nephew, it is impossible to state. The present family descends from the nephew. Another of the King’s titles, that of Duke of Suffolk, is commemorated in Suffolk county.

The original Dutchess county, which comprised also the present counties of Putnam and Columbia, was named in honor of the wife of James, the daughter of Lord Clarendon. The superfluous letter “t” in the title was due, originally, to someone’s error in spelling, but it has been perpetuated in documents and statutes until it has acquired an authenticity of its own. In Westchester we trace the nomenclature back to the Earl of Chester, who was the most important of the peers under the Norman kings and whose title has since been conferred upon the Prince of Wales. Since Charles II had no legitimate son, he retained the title in himself.

Although the ten counties covered the entire present area of the state of New York, there were still two other original counties which must not be overlooked. Among the lands conveyed by charter to the Duke of York were the islands north and east of Long Island, including Martha’s Vineyard and Nantucket. To Martha’s Vineyard (then called Martin’s Vineyard) the New York colonial legislature gave the name of Duke’s county. But as the colony of Massachusetts had physical possession of the island and declined to give it up, New York never exercised any further jurisdiction over it. Massachusetts adopted the same name, however, in 1695, and to this day Martha’s Vineyard is legally Duke’s county, Massachusetts.

To find the remaining original county to which the New York colonial legislature gave a name and nothing more, we must go north to the islands off the coast of Maine, which were also included in the Duke of York’s charter. These islands were named Cornwall county after the Duke of Cornwall—a title which vests in the Crown when there is no Prince of Wales to hold it.

With the original counties the colony continued without change until 1772, in the reign of George III, when Charlotte county was established, taking its name from his Queen. Charlotte had the distinction of being the scene of the activities of the Bennington mob, as it comprised not only the present counties of Warren and Washington, but also the state of Vermont to the Connecticut river—the notorious New Hampshire grants. Tryon county was also set up in this same year, named after William Tryon, the last colonial governor of the state. It took from Albany county all the land west of a line running north and south nearly through the center of what is now Schoharie county. After the close of the Revolutionary war new counties were rapidly established. The name of Charlotte county was changed to that of Washington and Tryon became Montgomery, after General Richard Montgomery, who was killed in the attack on Quebec. The majority of the new counties received names of Indian origin, usually after some town, river or lake within their boundaries.

Four Presidents of the United States have given their names to New York counties—Washington, Jefferson, Madison and Monroe—though the name of Washington was decided upon before that illustrious patriot had been elevated to the presidency. Other Revolutionary war figures commemorated in county names were Baron Steuben, Benjamin Franklin, Alexander Hamilton, and Generals Greene, Herkimer, Putnam, Sullivan, Schuyler, Warren, and Wayne.

Governors of New York, whose names have been given to counties, are George Clinton, the first governor, who was elected for six successive terms; Morgan Lewis, whose name was given to Lewis county; Daniel D. Tompkins, for whom Tompkins county was named; and Joseph C. Yates, Yates county. Lieutenant-Governor John Broome furnished the title for Broome county. Patroon names are commemorated
in the four counties of Cortland, Livingston, Rensselaer and Bronx (Bronck).

The derivation of the names Columbia, Essex and St. Lawrence are obvious, and Rockland takes its name from the rough and hilly character of its terrain. Delaware was named after the river which flows through it, which in turn takes its name from Lord Delaware, governor of the colony of Virginia in the early seventeenth century. The Delaware Indians adopted their name from the river.

Most fascinating of all, to the student of nomenclature, are the counties whose names are of Indian origin. Within the limitations of the present article it is impossible to do more than mention them briefly.

Oneida was the name of one of the tribes composing the Iroquois Confederacy, known as the Five Nations. The Indian spelling of the word was “Onoya” and it meant “an upright stone,” the emblem of stability. From the colonial standpoint the Oneidas proved themselves worthy of their name by refusing to take the warpath on the side of the British in the Revolutionary war, as did the other members of the Confederacy. The name Erie was that of a tribe dwelling on the shores of Lake Erie, called by the French the “nation of the cat.” Seneca is the name of another Iroquois tribe and does not come from the Old World, as one might easily believe. There was a legend handed down in this tribe that once a white man dwelt among them whose name was Seneca and who was noted for his bravery and wisdom, so that among them it became the custom to use the expression “as brave as Seneca,” or “as wise as Seneca,” and that the tribe took its name from this individual.

Ontario, “Sko-no-da-rio,” is the Mohawk term for “beautiful lake.” In 1789, when this county was created, it comprised all that part of the state west of a line passing north and south through Seneca Lake. The early settlers called it the “Genesee country.” Otsego is an Oneida term meaning, according to some authorities, “welcome water,” the word being in Oneida, “otsago,” and refers to the lake within its boundaries. Tioga is from a Seneca word, and Chemung is Delaware, but both have the same meaning—“a junction of waters”—and were applied to the Chemung river. Saratoga, from “Sah-ra-ka,” meaning “the side hill,” originally applied to all the country between Saratoga lake and the Hudson.

Onondaga, meaning “swamp at the foot of a hill,” was the Indian name of the lake. Schoharie, first applied to the creek of the same name, is the Indian name for “driftwood.” Chenango, “O-che-nang,” meaning bull-thistles, was the original name of the Chenango river. Cayuga, “Gwe-w-gweh,” meaning “lake at the mucky land,” was appropriately applied to Cayuga lake, whose shores are marshy near its outlet. Genesee, or “Gen-nis-he-vo,” meaning “beautiful valley,” was applied to the river of the same name. Alleghany is named from the ancient tribe of Alleghans, who are believed to have been the “mound-builders” of western New York. Niagara, meaning in the Indian tongue “portage” or “neck of land,” was named for the old Indian carrying-place around the falls.

Chautauqua, or “Cha-da-queh,” means a foggy place, and was so called, no doubt, from the mists which frequently rise from the surface of the lake. Schenectady, “Schag-nack-tea-da,” is the “place beyond the pine trees,” the name which was given to the early settlement on the Mohawk. Oswego, or “Swa-geh,” meaning “flowing,” is the Indian name of the river. In the Delaware tongue, the word for “large plains” is Wyoming, and the county thus takes its name. Nassau county, formerly a part of Suffolk, was named for the duke of Orange-Nassau.

"Life in America For Three Hundred Years"

The following pages are devoted to a selection of pictures made from paintings now on view at The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. This special exhibit, planned to coincide with the New York World’s Fair, has been assembled under the title of “Life in America For Three Hundred Years.” Other interesting examples will later be printed intermittently in the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE.
HAMILTON FISH (1808-1893), PAINTED BY THOMAS HICKS (1823-1890) AND DATED 1852. LENT BY THE CITY OF NEW YORK TO THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS ILLUSTRATING "LIFE IN AMERICA FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS" AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART FROM APRIL THROUGH OCTOBER, 1939.
UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, PAINTED IN NEW YORK BY WILLIAM HAHN AND DATED 1878. LENT BY THE YONKERS MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND ARTS

THE FOURTH OF JULY IN CENTER SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PAINTED ABOUT 1810 BY JOHN LEWIS KRIMMEL (1787-1821) LENT BY THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS
VIEW ON THE HUDSON, NEAR BEAR MOUNTAIN, AMERICAN SCHOOL, PAINTED ABOUT 1850. LENT BY MAITLAND L. GRIGGS

THE FAIRMAN ROGERS FOUR-IN-HAND, PAINTED BY THOMAS EAKINS (1844-1916) AND DATED 1879. LENT BY THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART
"A lady in company should never exhibit any anxiety to sing or play; but being requested to do so, if she intends to comply, she should do so at once, without waiting to be urged . . . Having complied, she should not monopolize the evening with her performances, but make way for others . . ."—Mrs. E. B. Duffy, The Ladies' and Gentlemen's Etiquette (1877)
This couple went for a stroll on a quiet Sunday afternoon and have stopped to rest on a stile in a worm fence that divides the fields. They both have on their best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, and without doubt would be extremely uncomfortable in the hot sun were they not so wrapped up in each other.
LADY WRITING IN PARLOR, PAINTED ABOUT 1870 BY ALEXANDER LAWRIE, JR. (1828-1870). LENT BY MRS. BRANTZ MAYOR

MAYOR FERNANDO WOOD (1812-1881) DRIVING ROSE MEDIUM AND JANESVILLE, PAINTED BY JAMES J. MC AULIFFE. (1848-1921). LENT ANONYMOUSLY
CROQUET SCENE, PAINTED BY WINSLOW HOMER (1836-1910) AND DATED 1866. LENT BY WILLIAM SUMNER APPLETON.

THE THIRSTY DROVER, PAINTED BY FRANCIS W. EDMUNDS (1806-1863). LENT BY THE WILLIAM ROCKHILL NELSON GALLERY OF ART.
CHAPTER I

MARTIN'S eyes popped open into instant consciousness as Uncle Joe Kellog tapped lightly on his hunched shoulders.

"I'm awake!" he whispered, keeping his eager voice very low so as not to wake his younger brothers who were sleeping in the trundle bed pulled out from under the huge four-poster in the corner where their parents slept.

Hastily brushing the last vestiges of heavy sleep from his eyes, Martin wriggled into his breeches and rough shoes. Instead of spending the night in his own bunk in the loft, he had slept, half dressed, rolled in a blanket on the hard settle before the fireplace of the one big room of the cabin, so as to be ready to start early for the next morning's fishing. His mother had begged her son and brother to bring down mattresses of soft pigeon feathers from the loft, but both had scorned such luxuries.

"Land sakes alive, Anna! I've spent so many nights on the ground, I can't sleep on anything soft, no how!" declared Joe Kellog.

And his nephew, Martin, had echoed, "Guess it won't hurt me none to sleep like Uncle Joe does."

But the first half hour on the hard oak settle had worried his young bones so that he had reached out surreptitiously for his coat of homespun wool, and eased it under his head and shoulders before he had been able to sleep.

"How'd you know it's time to start?" he whispered now to Uncle Joe Kellog, for the room was completely dark. Warmth but no light came from the coals of the fireplace banked deep with ashes, and not even a gleam of dawn marked the chinks of the wooden shutters across the windows.

"Heard Joe Clesson go by on his ole mare," replied Uncle Joe.

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Martin listened. A faint sound of quick-stepping hoofs could be heard on the hard dirt road outside.

"There's Tom Wells's two year old," murmured the boy.

"You're learning," was Uncle Joe's expression of approval.

The old ranger quietly dished for himself a bowl of hot bean porridge from the black iron kettle on the hob of the fireplace; but Martin was too impatient to wait for porridge. Cramming a bit of cold corn bread into his mouth, he hurried out into the damp chilly dimness of early morning. Quickly he led out Old Betsy, the family plow horse; and after harnessing her, began to bring from the lean-to the necessary scoop nets and fish spears.

At every step his heart sang with joy, although his intent young face showed little of his wild delight. For weeks he had been wondering if this spring he might be allowed to go up the Deerfield River to the Salmon Falls when the men of the village went for the season's run of salmon and shad. Last year he had longingly watched as the men departed with their spears and nets. They had told him he was too young to go along. But he had grown a lot since last year. He was seven now, tall and strong for his age, even for a frontier boy. His thin, wiry body was built for endurance; his light, blue-gray eyes were keen and alert.

Uncle Joe brought out huge saddle bags of coarse hemp to fasten on each side of Old Betsy's saddle, and began to pack the tackle on top of these. When he added also a small, shallow tub, Old Betsy turned her patient head in mute protest at the noisy, bulky things that they were loading onto her; and Martin, coming across the wet grass with the knapsack of food which he had packed the night before, patted her nose.

"Don't you mind, Old Betsy horse! You'll be proud to bring home all the fish we're going to catch today!"

OLD DEERFIELD—THE EMBANKMENT ON WHICH WAS BUILT THE STOCKADE OF 1704
The wet mist of dawn gathered in gray beads on their rough homespun coats as they went along the path leading from Deerfield’s street across the meadows of damp, young grass to “Old Fort,” a natural ford across the Deerfield River.

The river was still high from the spring floods. Branches of trees and clumps of intertwined bushes and roots were swirling by. Martin had never seen it as it looked now in the dim light, and he wondered if his uncle were sure just where the sand bar lay. It was needful to know every step of the way in order to make a safe crossing so early in the spring. The other men were safe on the further bank now, and he could see them, dim shapes in the mist, as they plodded up the hill of Little Hope.

Uncle Joseph twisted a hand in Old Betsy’s mane, and looked back at Martin. “Ain’t scared, are ye?” he asked. “Want ter ride?”

“No, I ain’t scared,” said Martin stoutly, “but I guess I’ll hang on to Betsy, too, ’cause I ain’t sure just where the crossing is.”

“Better cut yourself a cudgel,” suggested Uncle Joe, “or better still, take one o’ these short spears. It’ll save time, and won’t hurt the spear none. Don’t jab yerself with it.”

Martin gratefully took the oak pole with a long, carefully sharpened nail fitted into the end. The pole was about his height, and was just what he needed to lean on when the swift current threatened to sweep him off his feet. Old Betsy plunged in. She was a frontier horse, and had never known any way of crossing a river except to swim it; Martin, grasping her tail and leaning on his pole, had never seen any other means of crossing, either. His leather pants and heavy shoes were sodden when he reached the other bank. Uncle Joe insisted that they stop to empty their shoes for fear sand or small pebbles might have found their way into them.

“For it’s a right smart walk to the Falls, Martin, and the first thing to mind on a journey is to look out for your feet.”

On they went, up Little Hope at which Martin had many times gazed with such longing from the other side of the river. Steep it was, but the boy walked as if on bubbles, breathing deeply the fresh, clear air of early morning. He was a natural adventurer. Never as long as he lived, could he see a river without wanting to get on to the other side; never could he see a mountain without wanting to reach the top of it; and when he had climbed there, he always wondered what lay beyond the valley at its foot.

For some time he and his Uncle Joe toiled silently up the hill along the bank of a dashing stream. Tall trees rose on each side; their tips, almost meeting far up in the sky, made an arch over their heads which kept out the approaching dawn, and made it all but impossible for Martin to see his way. Joseph Kellog, hearing Martin stumbling behind him, stopped and looked back.

“Be I going too fast?” he asked.

“No. I just can’t see,” replied Martin faintly.

“Don’t try to see,” said his uncle. “Take Old Betsy’s tail to guide ye. Feel the trodden path with your feet. Learn to feel whether y fer awalking on the trail or not.”

To Martin’s surprise, this was easier than he had expected. The hard-packed trail felt quite different from the spongy, leaf-covered forest soil even to his feet encased in heavy boots.

“I’ll wear moccasins next time,” he mused to himself, remembering that he had never seen his Kellog uncles wear anything else.

Suddenly they came out of the forest onto an exposed ledge facing the east. The sky was a blaze of crimson which, as they stopped to gaze at it, began slowly to fade into rose and apricot. Below the cliff on which they stood was a sea of smoky mist looking like a lake, and screening the entire valley at their feet.

“That’s the Green River district down there,” said Uncle Joe, pointing to the rolls of fog. “Ever been there?”


“Thought so,” nodded Uncle Joe. “Well, we’d better be getting on. Sun will be up in a minute. Still got a long way to go, we have.”

They turned toward the west, and crossed over the top of the mountain.
"Indians call these the Sunsick Hills," remarked Joseph Kellog as they walked along rapidly for the ground here was dry and hard. "'Cause if there's sunshine anywhere, these hills get a full share of it."

Low mountains now appeared on every side of them, coming into sight more and more clearly as the fog about them lifted. Great bare rocks and steep crags were visible on these mountainsides, for most of the trees were still leafless. Evergreens made blotches of deep green against which the slender white birches stood out in sharp relief. And here and there in the woods were short, slender bushes, leafless but thickly hung with clusters of white blossoms that danced in the early morning breeze. Martin thought he had never seen anything so pretty. It made him think of little girls in white aprons playing among the newly planted elm trees which bordered Deerfield Common.

"Them's shad blooms," said Uncle Joseph following his eyes. "Every year when shad begin to run up the rivers, out come the shad bushes in full bloom all along the banks. Right pretty, ain't they?"

"Yes, they are! And ain't it grand up here in the hills, Uncle Joe! It's so clear, and you can breathe so easy like!"

"It's clearer than ordinary, today. Usually there's a lot more fog than this at sun up. Look, yonder's the river."

They had passed the summit of the hills, and had come out on a slope at the foot of which they could again see the Deerfield River twisting its way between the rocky hills and glittering like newly polished pewter. The sun came out of the mist behind them as they paused, and each little ripple on the water sent back an answering ray of light. Dew and fragile cobwebs sparkled on the grass on every side; and from the low trees beside them came the twittering of waking birds. Oh, it was a glorious day to go fishing up the river!

The path where they were walking, Martin noticed, was surprisingly smooth and deep, but very narrow. "Lots of folks must have come along here to make as deep a path as this," he remarked.

"Lots o' folks has," his uncle told him, "Leastways, lots of Injins has. This path from Deerfield village to the Salmon Falls is part of a trail that the Mohawks made when they came down to fight the Pocumtocks who lived where we do now. Injins always follow along one after another, single file, and when lots of 'em go the same way many times it makes a trail like this one, beaten down so deep into the ground that you can see it plain. 'Course this one is used a lot now as far as the Falls by Deerfield men coming up here to fish. We're most there now. Hear the Falls?"

The roar of the water came to them for several minutes before they could see the falls. Snow was still melting on the heavily wooded hillsides, and the falls of the Deerfield were at the height of their beauty. A clear, deep sheet of water rolled over the edge of the flat ledge of rock in the river bed, and fell fifty feet or more down a rocky staircase with a roar that vibrated in the surrounding crags. A few huge boulders midstream broke the falling water into spouts of fine spray in which the sun made dancing rainbows. Martin was spellbound, watching with an awe that increased as he approached and the height of the cataract became more apparent. It was several minutes before he could tear his eyes from the rushing water, and notice what was going on around him.

They were not the first at the Salmon Falls that morning. Several other Deerfield men were already fishing or unloading their tackle; and some Indians who had evidently camped in the nearby ravine were cooking salmon on a big flat rock. On seeing them, Uncle Joe Kellog shouted a greeting in their own language; and, as they replied, over their brown faces flickered a smile suggestive of a motionless hillside glowing with sudden light.

There was no settlement nearby, for the General Court of Massachusetts, some years before, had declared that "the Salmon Falls in the Deerfield River, so called, are for the use of the public, and the land for twenty acres in the vicinity is to be reserved for the conveniency of the fishing."

The shad and salmon were to the first settlers in the Deerfield and Connecticut valleys what the sacred cod was to Boston. After a winter of corn meal mush and home cured pork with occasional wild turkey or venison, the fresh salmon tasted like manna from heaven. Every family also salted and
dried quantities for winter use. Shad, however, was at first scorned as food by all except the very poor, and was considered far inferior to pork. For a family to be caught at dinner with only shad or salmon on the table indicated that they had improvidently run out of salt pork, and it was a most disgraceful situation.

Standing on the rocks in the whirling water at the foot of the cataract the fishermen with scoops and spears caught the gleaming fish as they attempted to jump the falls, and tossed them onto the bank in heaps as fast as their arms could move. The river teemed with fish.

Uncle Joe Kellog loudly expressed his satisfaction at such a good run.

"Pshaw!" cried Joe Atherton, standing drenched with spray far out in the river, "Taint nothing pared to last week over at Turner's Falls in the Connecticut River. Fish ware so thick over thare that when I aimed to go out to the island, and couldn't find me a boat, I minded that old Mr. Hubbard over thare has snow shoes, so I jest borrowed them thare snow shoes, and walked right over to the island on the backs o' the fish. I reckon I must o' caught me a couple o' thousand that day, mebbe more."

The men guffed and hawed at this, calling on him to prove it.

Crawling out on a big rock near the top of the falls, Martin let his spear drop idly by his side. He was fascinated by the great glittering fish which sprang high out of the water as they dashed up the falls. It seemed a shame to catch anything so gloriously alive; but the thought of the family at home, expecting him to bring them a supper of salmon, recalled the boy to his task. One after another he speared the sparkling fish, and tossed them onto the bank. Uncle Joseph, standing waist deep in the water below him, shoveled the shad and salmon with his scoop into the shallow tub which he emptied again and again into his saddle bags.

"Great catch, Lad!" he shouted above the roar of the falls, "but what say we stop to eat?"

Uncle Joe carried the last of their catch to the saddle bags which he had hung on the tree to which he had tied Old Betsy.

"Here, Mart! Pick out two good salmon
and come along,” he called to the boy, as he himself picked up the knapsack of food which they had brought. Back toward the falls he led the way to a spring of clear, cold water gushing out of the high bank.

“Well, now! Will you look at that!” he cried, pointing at some tender green plants growing beside the spring.

“Mint?” asked Martin, picking a sprig, and crushing the leaves between his fingers.

“Yes, that’s mint you’ve got. But what I mean is this here. Ever see this before?”

“No,” said Martin, looking carefully.

“That’s water cress, my lad. It grows jest specially to eat with salmon. Back in England there are lots of plants like this that folks call salads. They eat ‘em raw. We don’t take so much to that here, but I do like this here cress this time of year.”

Picking a handful, and washing it carefully, he went on up the bank to some big flat rocks nearly at the top of the falls. Here he found a natural fireplace which needed only the addition of a small stone or two which he fitted into place while Martin picked up dead branches and broke them into lengths for a fire. Soon a blaze was crackling on the flat rock, and Uncle Joseph told his charge the various ways of cooking salmon while they cleaned the two that had been chosen for dinner.

“But I think this is the best way to cook ’em,” Joseph Kellog concluded. “You find a flat rock like this un I’ve built a fire on; then you get it red hot. Next scrape off the coals and ashes to one side. Now rub the rock with a piece of salt pork until you have it pretty well greased. Then lay your fish right down onto it. There! See it sizzle! Don’t that smell good? I’ll put mine down, too. There’s room. While they’re cooking, whittle out that big stick there so it will be kinder thin and flat on the end, like what your Ma uses to turn griddle cakes with. Ought to have done that before, but you’re spry enough, I guess. Takes a minute or two to cook ’em through on one side, and we don’t want to turn ’em til they’re done.”

“This thin enough?” asked Martin, holding out the stick he had hastily flattened.

“Fine. Now try it. Better put your knife under the tail, or it’ll break off. Good work! Can you turn mine, too? Cooked jest brown and nice, ain’t they? Get out that rye meal cake, and we’ll have the best dinner you ever et!”

CHAPTER II

The Deerfield village of Martin’s boyhood was an exciting place; danger and tragedy still hung over the little town. Ashes and charred timbers of the houses burned during the French and Indian raid in 1704 had not yet been entirely cleared away. Most of the old stockade which had proved so ineffectual was still in place, although many of the huge logs had been used for buildings or for firewood now that France had made peace with England. In the cemetery one huge mound held the forty-nine victims of the attack, and the talk of the village was constantly about those who had been taken as captives to Canada. Of the hundred and eleven captives, only fifty had at that time returned. Some had died on the terrible journey northward; some were waiting in Montreal or Quebec to be ransomed; but many had disappeared entirely and could not be traced.

But Deerfield was brave and full of courage in those days. There was no talk of going back to Hatfield or some more protected settlement. This was their home. They meant to rebuild it and defend it again if necessary. So they erected fine frame houses with windows of many clustered little panes, and lovely doorways, over which were fan lights of this same crude, greenish glass. Large, substantial houses were these that they built, erected with the idea of sheltering coming generations also.

The people, as they rebuilt their homes, remade their lives as well. Grief for the slain and concern for the captives were crushed deep down in their hearts. Their lives, on the surface, went on as before. The injured, like Martin’s father, found new lines of work. Joseph Severance had never walked since the fight in 1704, but he learned to make garments of various sorts. If he loathed the sedentary life beside his fireplace, and longed to roam the hills with his gun on his shoulder, he never showed it.

For safety, the early settlers had built their homes close together on “the street,” and each man owned strips of the meadows on the west and south where he raised his crops of wheat, Indian corn, and vegetables. The life of the town of Deerfield centered about the Common, as in most New England towns. At the south corners were the school house and Elisha Williams’s store. Nearby
was Frary’s Tavern, one of the few houses left standing after the Indian raid of 1704. On the west side of the Common, facing the east, was the fine new house just built by the town for the Rev. John Williams, as an inducement to remain with them after his sufferings as a captive in Canada. At the north end was the Meeting House, of which the village was justly proud, and just northwest of it, facing the south, was the home of Ebenezer Sheldon. This was for many years a tavern, and called the “Old Indian House” because its heavy oak door bore the marks of Indian tomahawks. Here lived Martin’s friends, the four Sheldon boys, who came often to the Severance homestead on the east side of the street, north of the Common. Still further north and on the same side of the street lived another playmate, Matthew Clesson, a few years Martin’s senior. Across the street a new family, the Fairfields, were building a small frame house.

“They’re going to be a pesky nuisance, them Fairfields,” grumbled Matt Clesson, as the boys all gathered on the Severance door step one late afternoon.

“What yer mean?” demanded Martin. “I like Mr. Fairfield real well. He gave me a beaver skin ’cause I helped him a mite yesterday.”

“He’s all right,” said Matt. “It’s that baby of his, Patty, that’s the nuisance. Fell into our goose pond yesterday. I had to wade in and pull her out. Hope they don’t have any more like her!”

“She’s into everything,” put in Remembrance Sheldon, who had just joined them. “Last week her mother brought her over to our house, and that young one climbed up the ladder into the loft, then howled ’cause she couldn’t get down. When I went after her, she clawed like a woodchuck.”

“Week before that,” went on his brother, “she got under a big iron kettle — nobody knows how she did it — but there she was yelling like an Indian, and everybody running around trying to find where the racket came from.”

“Her folks ought to take better care of her!” cried Martin indignantly as he looked across the street at the tiny bundle of a child trying to climb onto the big flat stone which her father had just hauled before the door to make a step up to the entrance. She had rolled off a dozen times, but she still persisted. It amused him to see so much determination in a baby, and a pink and white girl baby at that.

“Time to get the cows,” called his mother, and he and the other boys raced each other
to the bar way of the North Pastures where the cows were waiting to be milked.

He was conscientious about his chores. But it was his outings with his Uncle that enthralled him. The Falls never lost their fascination for Martin, and he never tired of visiting them. Rather, he often made his journey longer that he might go to them and listen to their music.

He saw them in early spring freshets, when huge blocks of ice crashed over the top, splintering into fragments on the rocks below, with a roar that could be heard echoing from the high dark hills on each side. He came on snow shoes when hunting wild turkeys and saw the Falls almost, but never entirely, hidden under a roof of ice with dazzling icicles hanging from the edge of each white cavern under which the water ran. He gloried in the Falls on hot summer days when the water running down the giant staircase of rocks had dwindled to a mere trickle in which he and his companions could bathe.

About the Falls were giant pot holes in the ledges, over which Martin and the other boys never ceased to wonder. Enormous holes they were, bored smoothly and symmetrically into the rocks. One was in the ledge over which the Falls sprang, and when water was low, they could see a bit of the stream gushing through it just before it reached the edge of the rocky shelf. Another huge pot hole was high and dry in a rock at the side of the river bed, showing that at some distant time the river had probably run in a different channel. But most of them were awesome pits at the foot of the falls. One of the largest had an opening near the bottom into another hole beside it, and the most reckless of the boys dared each other to dive into one hole and come out the other—a frightfully dangerous trick in the icy water.

“What made those pot holes?” Martin asked his uncle, Martin Kellog, as they were hunting grouse and woodcock one glorious day in late fall. “Some Indians told me they hollowed their god out.” “Mebbe they’re as nigh right as anybody,” replied Martin Kellog. “I toted a Harvard professor up here a year or so ago. He was a visiting Parson Williams, and heard tell about these falls. Said as how they was the highest anywheres round. He thought they were right pretty to look at. When I showed him these here pot holes he was sure they must of been made by men some time or other. Perhaps the Injins are as nigh right as he was.” Martin pondered.

“But what do you really think, Uncle Mart?”
"It 'pears to me," said Martin Kellog, "as if when the water was very high, a stone might of got caught in a worn down place in the rock, and been whirled round and round by the current. The river is mighty powerful at high water. This ledge is fairly soft rock so that a stone of harder stuff might of cut through it in this way. 'Course 'twould take years and years, but it might of happened that way."

"Massamet said his people used to hide food and things in there when the Mohawks came down to attack them. Look, Uncle Mart, at that big hole there. It's awful deep, and it opens into that one beside it. If you jump down into it, and hold your breath you can go down to the bottom and squeeze through—"

"Martin!" interrupted his uncle sharply, "that's a dangerous thing to do. Don't you ever let me hear of your doing such a foolish thing!

"But didn't you ever do it when you was a boy?" persisted Martin Severance.

"Oh yes," replied Martin Kellog dryly, "I did it."

CHAPTER III

One of the events of his boyhood that Martin Severance always remembered was the trip which his uncles, Joseph and Martin Kellog, made to Canada to bring back their sisters, Rebecca and Joanna, who were still captives there. For days there was talk of nothing else along Deerfield's street.

"The Kellogs sure have got grit to try that trip alone," said Ebenezer Sheldon, leaning over the bar of his tavern, the Old Indian House.

"Wall, I reckon Martin Kellog knows how to get to Canada if anybody does," drawled Deacon Hawks dryly.

It was to be Martin Kellog's fourth journey to Canada. He had been taken there prisoner, a boy in his early teens, when Deerfield was sacked in 1704; and with his brother, Joseph, and his two sisters, all younger than he, and his father, he had made that frightful journey along the frozen Connecticut River, then through endless forests to Montreal where the family had been distributed among different Indian tribes.

Some of the captives were ransomed at once and brought back to Boston by ship. Two and then three years passed during which Martin Kellog lived with his Indian master. Then, desperate with terror for fear he had been forgotten, and would never be ransomed, the youth persuaded three other captive boys to make an escape with him. They succeeded in evading their Indian masters, but their sufferings on the journey home were frightful, for they had no knowledge of the country, and had no gun with which to procure food. However, they had learned enough forest lore from the Indians so that they eventually found their way to the Connecticut River. Here they lashed driftwood together for a raft, and floated down the stream, too exhausted to direct or hasten the frail craft. Some hunters found them, more dead than alive, and carried them home to Deerfield.

Two years later, while scouting along the Green River north of Deerfield, Martin Kellog was again captured by Indians and taken to Canada. His captivity was short this time, and he was soon allowed to return home.

When he learned that Captain Stoddard and the Reverend John Williams were planning to go to Canada in 1714 to arrange ransom for the captives whom they had been able to trace, Martin Kellog begged to be taken with them. As he had lived with the Indians long enough to learn several of their dialects, as well as some French, he gave valuable assistance.

They went by a different route this time, following the trail of the Mohawks up beyond the Falls in the Deerfield River, over Hoosac Mountain and on to Albany where they made friends with Hendrick, a young Mohawk chief of the Cahnainghas, who guided them up along Lake Champlain to Montreal.

There Martin Kellog left the others, and succeeded in finding his younger brother, Joseph, who had for ten years been owned by a French trader with whom he had traveled almost constantly from one Indian tribe to another. Together the two young men came back by way of Lake Champlain.

They found that their father had already returned, and was arranging the sale of his house to Joseph Severance, who had married his daughter, Anna.

"I'm going back to Suffield where I was born," their father told them. Although only in his fifties, he was broken both in
mind and body by the hardships of his captivity, and his one idea was to secure peace and serenity for his remaining years.

In the meantime, Martin Kellog had married Dorothy Chester, and was eager to settle somewhere and have a permanent home of his own. "I'd like to go back to Connecticut, to Newington or Suffield where the rest of our relatives are," he told his brother Joseph, "but I can't settle down until I know what's become of our sisters."

"Seems queer to me that Reverend Williams hasn't brought them back on one of his trips," replied Joseph.

"The only thing to do is to go ourselves to find them," decreed Martin Kellog.

"It won't be a hard trip in a canoe with plenty of ammunition," assented his brother.

They were men around thirty now, these two Kellogs, typical scouts of the frontier, lean, hard and tireless, with hands and faces like thin leather worn into numberless wrinkles. Their eyes were deep set, half hidden under shaggy brows, different from those of other men. Deep, searching eyes they had, so quiet and sincere that even the Indians trusted these men, and treated them with unusual respect. The whole village helped them accumulate the necessities for the journey; carried these and their frail birch canoe to the river bank for them; and with joking remarks which even the boy Martin knew were forced, stood shouting "Good luck" and "Farewell" until the tiny craft disappeared around the bend toward Cheapside and the Connecticut River beyond. Then they went home to hope and to pray.

Daily the talk in the Severance home pivoted around the thought uppermost in the minds of all.

"Where do you suppose they are today?"

"Do you think they have reached Canada yet?"

"Will it take them a long time to find Rebecca and Joanna?"

Anna Severance, Martin's mother, closed her eyes in dread as she thought of all that might have happened to her two younger sisters who had been mere children when they had been taken captives years before, and must now be grown women of twenty and twenty-two.

"If Uncle Mart and Uncle Joe can't find them do you think they will come home this fall, or wait until they can use snow shoes this winter?" Martin asked his aunt Dorothy.

But she could only shake her head and sigh, "I'm sure I don't know, dear."

Before the village had begun to really expect the adventurers home, two of the Sheldon boys, taking cows back to the common pasture, North Meadows, saw their battered canoe swishing along the river. Rushing back to the street they shouted, "The Kellogs are back! The Kellogs are back!" and the whole settlement ran down to the river bank to greet the weary travelers.

"Only three!" murmured Anna Severance as she came in sight of the canoe, "Only three! Is it Joanna or Rebecca with them?"

It was Rebecca, she realized, as she saw the blue eyes of the girl in Indian clothes who came up the bank and into her open arms.

"Joanna?" cried Anna Severance. "Where is your sister, Joanna?"

"She would not come!" sobbed the weary girl, in her older sister's arms, "she would not come with us. She has married an Indian."

CHAPTER IV

In the fall of 1724 Landlord Sheldon sold his tavern, the Old Indian House, to his son-in-law, Jonathan Hoyt, and took his wife and half dozen sons to Falltown.* The Fairfields, across the street from Martin, also caught the fever to move on, and Martin helped Mr. Fairfield pack his scanty household goods onto his ox cart, preparatory to joining his brother who had settled somewhere in the unbroken wilderness west of Northampton.

"This is how Patty will ride," said Mr. Fairfield, bringing out the big oak chest which one of his wife's grandparents had brought over on the Ellen and Mary in 1630. He carefully took the lid off from the hinges, then fitted a smooth board in the center of the chest, dividing it into two almost cubelike compartments. In one of these he put a soft goose feather pillow as

* Now Bernardston.
a seat for little Patty; into the other he threw a handful of hay and then dropped in three tiny pigs newly weaned and each scrubbed clean in readiness for the journey. "Looks like we're ready now," he said.

Martin tied their young heifer securely to the tail of the cart, and lifted Patty into her nest on the pillow in the chest. "You stay there now, Patty," scolded her father. "Don't you get out without asking me or your mother. I can't have you running off into the woods and getting lost the way you've been doing lately."

Martin looked up and smiled at the little girl of six peering over the side of the deep chest, and looking like a little woman in her linsey woolsey dress and prim cap just like her mother's. "You're a big girl now," he told her, "and you've got to learn to behave. Besides the woods where you are going are full of bears."

The child lifted her determined little chin and stared back at him with scornful eyes. "I'm not 'fraid," she said shortly.

Martin stood by the road so that he could wave at them again as the cart turned the corner at the south end of the road. "Gad! I don't believe she will be afraid!" he told himself, "the plucky little tyke!"

That same fall, Martin Severance's older brother, Joseph, Jr., came home from the war which Father Rasle, the Jesuit priest of the Kennebeck, had precipitated by urging his Indian converts to attack the nearby English settlers and traders. Most of the old men among the Indians of New England were averse to bringing war on the settlements, but the young men, proud and hasty, responded to Father Rasle's encouragement.

The men who had taken an active part in this war received grants of land lying north and northeast of Deerfield. Joseph's portion was two hundred acres near the Green River. So Joseph married his neighbor, pretty Mary Clesson, and went to settle there.

There was great excitement among the boys of Deerfield when they learned that a conference with the Indians was to be held in their own town. Governor Belcher and his suite were coming from Boston, and the chiefs and sachems of all the nearby Indian tribes were to meet with him on Deerfield meadows.

"Even the St. Francis Indians are coming!" the excited boys told each other as they sat along the steps of the schoolhouse in the long summer evenings after chores were done. "Golly! I wonder what they look like!"

The St. Francis Indians lived on the banks of the St. Francis River, a tributary of the St. Lawrence. They had been allies of the French, and were the fiercest, most feared, of all the eastern tribes.

"I bet they're eight feet tall! And all painted red!" cried Matt Clesson. "And wear great big hats all made of eagle feathers all around and hanging down the back! Ain't you scared?" shivered Remembrance Sheldon, who had come back from Falltown to help his brother-in-law at the old Indian House.

All the boys had heard endless tales of Indians and Indian warfare from their fathers and older brothers, but none of them had seen any except the few friendly Indians who came to Deerfield's street to barter beaver pelts for powder and bullets.

"What's it all for?" asked one of the boys. "My uncle, Joe Kellog, says this will make peace with all the Indians round us. So they'll never fight us again," Martin told them. "There'll never be any more raids. We'll be safe all the time!"

"Humph!" grunted the Sheldon boy. From the steps of the schoolhouse on the Common he could see clearly the front door of his former home, a solid square structure weathered to a dark brownish color. "See that hole in the front door of the house where I used to live?" he demanded, pointing his finger. "Pa nailed a board across it so you can't see through it, but it's still there. Injins chopped that hole with their tomahawks, and shot my grandmother as she was jumping out o' bed. That was in the raid of 1704. Injins may act peaceful like, but I'm always agoing to keep a knife in my pocket, handy."

"Uncle Joe says if we treat 'em right——" began Martin.

"Ye can talk all night," interrupted Rem Sheldon, "but ye'll never find me atrusting an Injin!"

"Me neither!" cried Matt Clesson, his black eyes snapping. "The only Injin I'll ever trust'll be a dead 'un!"
Martin gazed thoughtfully at the scarred door of the old Indian House tavern, and then at his uncle's erect, confident figure, chief speaker in a group of men approaching the tavern.

"But Uncle Joe ought to know——" he told himself.

At a distance the boys, together with the rest of the town, watched with excitement and suppressed fear as the various Indian sachems with their braves and families appeared silently from the northern forests or glided swiftly up the river in canoes, and began to set up their wigwams along the river bank.

At the same time, from the south came red-coated soldiers from Boston with a long train of ox carts laden with supplies, including two mounted field pieces to impress the Indians. Quickly the soldiers began to set up a huge tent on the level meadows back of the Hoyt homestead which was almost directly across the street from Martin's home.

It was a most impressive sight to Deerfield, as well as to the assembled Indians, when on the last week in August, Governor Jonathan Belcher rode into the village with his suite of King's men, brilliant with gold lace, glittering buttons and decorations. The excited boys failed to notice that the weary face of the governor was pale with fatigue and illness.

A night's sleep refreshed him, however, and early the next morning he rode with a proud, impressive mein to the tent erected for him on the west meadow. There he took a seat on one side of a long table, attended by His Majesty's Council and a committee of the Honorables of his House of Representatives who had been appointed by the General Court. Back of these dignitaries, in their freshly powdered wigs and bright satin coats, the red-coated soldiers ranged themselves.

First before the Governor came the chiefs of the Canawagas and the St. Francis Indians, tall and gravely silent, impressive in eagle plumes and exquisitely made garments of soft doeskin. They shook his hand, and were given seats at a suitable distance opposite him. Other chiefs were
greeted and placed beside them. Then before them all, Captain Joseph Kellog was sworn in to be interpreter. By his side, the most excited boy in all Deerfield that day was Martin Severance.

In the morning, when the first stir of preparation for the events of the day had begun, Joseph Kellog had come up to his nephew as he sat at breakfast, and had asked casually, “Finished eating, Martin? Then perhaps you’d like to help me today. I need a boy to run errands, and be along with me while I’m interpreter.”

The boy’s eyes had shone. He would have run to Albany and back if by doing so he could secure a place in the center of things this day.

“I guess it was worth being a captive to the Indians all those years in Canada, so you could be the interpreter today!” he cried.

Captain Kellog laughed. “Perhaps it was, Martin, but I didn’t think so then.”

While the soldiers and dignitaries were gathering, Martin, although he tried to look as impassive as his uncle as he stood still and straight beside him, could not conceal his delight and admiration at the brilliant spectacle before him. Never had he seen such huge wigs, snow white with powder, so many glittering uniforms, such satin and velvet waistcoats embroidered with many colors, or such soft, smooth coats of rich plum and bottle green with snowy ruffles of lace at throat and wrist, as worn by the members of His Majesty’s Council.

Then he observed with horror his uncle’s plain worn shirt and breeches of deerskin, and his smooth unpowdered hair drawn back and tied plainly in a clump at the back of his head.

“Aren’t they going to give you a uniform, Uncle Joe?” he whispered loudly.

“No, nor you neither!” replied Captain Kellog with a silent chuckle. “Before this is over you’ll wish you was a — wearing a breech cloth. It’s goin’ to be hot today.”

The colorful pageant of this conference long remained in the minds of the people of Deerfield. More impressed were they than the Indian sachems whose solemn pledges were not in most cases upheld by their tribes. One clew, perhaps, to the apparent goodwill agreement on the part of the chiefs at the time of the conference is found in the records in which each day ends with the statement—“and then healths were drunk by all to Great King George”; and also in the fact that the Deerfield boys, who were gaping spectators during that week, remembered for the rest of their lives one Indian word which they had heard repeated over so many times during the conference that they never forgot it. It was “Suawottuck,” meaning “more rum.”

Governor Belcher, in spite of fatigue from heat and illness, loudly expressed his pleasure.

“We are winning more Indians than I dared to hope!” he exclaimed. “In case of another rupture with France we can depend on these tribes as allies, I am sure!”

Before leaving, he called Martin to him. “I noticed you,” he said, “running errands for our interpreter, Captain Kellog. Are you a Deerfield boy?”

“Yes, Your Excellency,” replied Martin, “Captain Kellog is my uncle.”

“Indeed. I am glad to see you starting so early to take an interest in the affairs of the Commonwealth. Allow me to give you this as a token of appreciation from the General Court of the Massachusetts Colony,” and, taking a regulation soldier’s musket from the table before him, he handed it to the excited boy who could hardly stammer his thanks.

“Learn to use it, my boy,” said the Governor, “and the King will be glad of your services later.”

CHAPTER V

To the inhabitants of Deerfield now came a sense of security so delightful as to seem unreal. They planted and gathered crops without fear. More houses of hand-hewn planks were built. A fine brick meeting house replaced the old wooden structure, and the gilt weathcock on its spire looked out over a street of peace, comfort and security.

Many of the Connecticut men who had come as garrison soldiers during Father Rasle’s war remained as citizens. Up along the streams which flow down from the hills on the north, adventurous settlers went in search of fertile land. Joseph, Martin’s brother, who had married Matt Clesson’s
sister, Mary, soon had many neighbors scattered about his cabin on the Green River.

Other pioneers explored the Deerfield River beyond the falls, looking for possible farm sites; and one hardy adventurer, Moses Rice, venturing up the river in a birch canoe, spent the night high up in the branches of a huge buttonball tree on a hillside overlooking fertile meadows by the river, and later came to build a log cabin in its shade.

Fort Dummer now became a trading post to which the Indians came to exchange furs for ammunition and the white man’s goods—cloth, garlic, molasses, and wheat which they were learning to use. "Fire water" they obtained, too, whenever possible. The post was never of any pecuniary profit to the colony, but it had great effect in conciliating the Indians.

Captain Joseph Kellog, who had been in command of the fort at Northfield during the previous war, was given charge of Fort Dummer, or the Truck House as he preferred to call it, and he took his wife and children to live within the fort.

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts offered regular pay and rations to Indians who would enter service at the Truck House; but in spite of the liberal wages, few enlisted. The Governor sent guns, knives, pipes, tobacco, shot, and flints to be distributed among them as the commanding officer saw fit. Also four barrels of rum were sent with the suggestion that one gill a day be allowed to both Indians and soldiers at the fort.

Still only a few Mohawks and Scatacooks entered government service, so in February, Captain Joseph Kellog went himself among the Mohawks of the Hudson Valley, and returned with Hendrick and Ezeare who were both sachems of influence in their tribe and among the eastern Indians. These two continued in service at Dummer for a long time, and usually had under them ten or more “commissioners” as the Commonwealth called the Indians it hired.

Captain Joseph Kellog tried in every way to work out a sympathetic understanding between the settlers and the Indians; but always there was in the Indian a greed and a slyness which could not be overcome; and the settlers, while appearing friendly, could not forget their former fear and hatred. It was hard for the old scouts and rangers who had fought in Father Rasle’s War to act friendly when they thought they recognized an Indian who had once been an enemy. Sometimes, when drunk, an Indian would boast of what he had done and whom he had killed. Then the white man’s anger rose almost beyond control.

Martin’s cousin, Daniel Severance, who although still a young man, had been a soldier at Fort Dummer since its erection, never forgave the Indians for killing his father as he was harvesting corn. Daniel nursed a spirit of revenge against the race as long as he lived. His hatred was so open that Colonel Partridge in reporting his inspection of the Truck House to the Governor, wrote—

“We have some disorderly men here, in particular one Daniel Severance that declares openly that he will kill ye Indian that scalped his father if he kills the whole race. I have given him warning that if he should do such a thing in time of peace he must go on trial for his life. His reply was, ‘I will go to trial, then, for they killed my father in time of peace.’”

In such a situation worked Captain Joseph Kellog, quietly, efficiently, trying to maintain peace and secure justice. No one had seen more of the cruelty and ruthlessness of the savages than he. He had lived in their wigwams in his boyhood, he had seen their cold-blooded slaying of captives, and he knew how often they were treacherous and untrustworthy. He was never blind to their faults, yet he had found many things in their way of living which he had taken over into his own life. The greatness of his nature led him to a sympathetic understanding of them, as well as an appreciation of all that was fine in Indian life.

“I need more helpers here at the Truck House,” wrote Captain Kellog to his nephew, Martin Severance. “Would you and Matthew Clesson like to have jobs up here? If so, come back with the men I am sending to Deerfield for supplies.”

The boys were wild with delight. Martin was nearly eighteen now, Matthew Clesson four years older. Both were hardy, strong frontier boys, keen for adventure.
Matt Clesson had a jolly, round face, restless dark brown eyes, and thick dark hair that was always falling in heavy locks about his face. Martin, a bit the taller, had the lean, thin countenance of the Kelloggs, and his eyes already had the same quiet, steady gaze which distinguished his uncles.

"By Jimminy, Matt! I can't wait!" he laughed as they sat on the large flat stone before the door of the Clesson house, polishing their already spotless muskets, and keeping a sharp eye down the street on the carts being loaded in front of Hoyt's Tavern.

"Are you afraid they'll go without you?" asked Matthew's mother coming to the doorway with a big wooden spoon in her hand with which she had been stirring the corn meal bubbling in milk in the iron pot on the crane. "They won't start until to-morrow. They must rest the oxen."

Excitement kept Martin awake most of the night. How horrible if he should over-sleep! Long before dawn, he was ready with his gun and pack, feeling like a real ranger as he fingered the new coon skin cap which his father had made for him.

At last, shortly before sun up, the ox carts, creaking under the weight of their loads, proceeded slowly up the street; crossed the Deerfield River at the Cheapside ford; and went lumbering over the soft meadows to the banks of the Green River. It was not until sunset on the third day that they came in sight of Fort Dummer. Martin had heard the fort described a dozen times, but he had never been able to imagine anything so formidable as this stronghold which now rose unexpectedly from the meadow beside the Connecticut River. As the boys hurried across the meadows in advance of the ox carts they saw the great gates of the stockade stood wide open, and Indians, both those in the service and those coming to trade, were to be seen everywhere.

"Glad you've come, boys!" exclaimed Captain Kellog, coming to the door of the largest cabin inside the stockade which was now fitted for a store.

"Thank you, Uncle," replied Martin as they shook hands. "This is what I've always wanted to do!" and his glowing eyes gazed about him at the long view of the river sweeping past and at the bold outlines of the hills on all sides.

"Well, I'm afraid most of your work will be inside, come winter," said his uncle. "I'll probably have more furs brought in than I can manage. I reckon you ought to know enough about that kind of thing to sort and bale them for me. I can get on first rate with the Injins round here, and can drive as neat a bargain with 'em as the next man; but what I really know about furs ye could put in a walnut shell."

For several years Martin worked at the Truck House. At times the sorting of furs seemed stupid work for boys like him and Matt, who loved to stride over the hills. Furs were valued mostly according to their durability in those days, therefore beaver pelts were the ones most in demand in Boston, New Haven, and the new settlements that were fast springing up along the Connecticut River and Long Island Sound. Tough beaver pelts were made into linings for coats, or into tiny muffls and tippets for women to wear. The more fastidious women were beginning to want mink and a certain white cousin of the mink, called ermine. Bear skins for rugs and cart robes were also sent out in great numbers; and at the fort many deer and fawn skins were made into coats and moccasins for the rangers. Some of the soldiers stationed there wore boots of heavy cow hide; but the scouts always wore soft moccasins of deerskin.

Little by little Martin learned about the rivers, along the banks of which these furs were trapped. Soon he knew the location of all the streams, and a clear map of the surrounding region began to develop in his mind.

Whenever work was slack, he and Matt went along the trap lines laid down by Gad Corse and his father, James Corse who was a noted trapper and hunter, and who had explored all the streams between the Connecticut River and Lake Champlain. Often, too, the boys went hunting with Sachem Hendrick, and other friendly Indians employed at the Truck House.

"Glad you're getting on so well with the Injins," said Captain Kellog to Martin. "That's what we all ought to do. Ought to get to know 'em and understand 'em. Hendrick, now, is one of the finest men
I've ever known. He was guide for my brother, Martin, years ago when he came to Canada with Captain Baker to bring me home. We got to know Hendrick right well. Pity we can't be friends with more of 'em."

"I suppose we haven't always given the Injins a square deal," mused Martin.

"That's jest the trouble!" cried his Uncle hotly. "You can't blame 'em for hating us. We've taken their land—bought it o' course, but they can't understand that, for they never did trade in land afore we came. And the only thing most of 'em has learned from us is to drink rum."

"But what can be done?" asked Martin.

"I'd like a chance to teach them," said Captain Kellog slowly.

"What do you want to teach 'em for, Uncle Joe? What could you teach that they could use?"

Captain Kellog looked at him thoughtfully. "You've picked up the best of the Injin's way of living. You can get along in the woods as well as an Injin can, and you love it. What part of your life in the village do you take with you into the forest?"

Martin pondered. "Well, there are those psalms like the one—'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills—' It's always seemed to me those psalms wouldn't mean much of anything to me if I didn't know the hills, and on the other hand, the hills wouldn't mean much if I hadn't read my Bible. So, I guess the Indians ought to be taught to read, and of course to write."

"Yes."

"And they ought to be able to do simple sums so they won't get cheated, or think they are being cheated when they trade."

"Exactly! I agree with you. Every one, white or red, needs that much learning. Captain Hollis is starting schools for Indian boys, you know. He has hired your Uncle Martin to take twelve of 'em into his home down in Newington, and educate them. Teach them how to raise crops and such like. It is fine work. Your uncle will feel that he's really accomplishing something. Don't know but I'd like to be doing the same thing myself, sometime."

"Mr. Corse said he heard you had been
asked by the New York State authorities to settle out there."

"Yes, I had a message from 'em last month, urging me to come out to Albany. Offered me real liberal pay; but I thought I'd better stay here at the Truck House for the present. Seems more like home to me here in Massachusetts."

"You like trading, don't you, Uncle Joseph? Do you like it better than soldiering?"

"I do, my boy; but soldiering has to be done sometimes."

"Why didn't you stay up in Canada, trading up there?" Martin had heard that when Joseph Kellog was a captive for ten years in Canada, he had traveled with his French master from one tribe to another doing such a good business that he had supported himself and his master handsomely.

"That pocky place?" Joseph Kellog spit in disgust.

"But you was a-making lots o' money," said Martin.

"Money ain't everything!" and Joseph Kellog abruptly turned and walked away. Martin looked after him thoughtfully. "And he gave up a good chance of trading," he told himself, "to come home and help keep the settlers and the Indians living peaceable like together. I reckon not many men would a done it!" But he knew that his aunt, Rebecca Kellog, who had married Captain Benjamin Ashley, was also devoting her life to the same objective, at this time acting as interpreter and teacher among the Indians at Stockbridge.

Provisions of every sort became low at the Truck House that spring, and Dan Corse and John Munn who were going to Deerfield for grain wanted Martin and Matt to go with them. Matthew was eager to go, but Martin wanted very much to go hunting instead. No large game had been shot near the fort for some time.

"How I would like a haunch of venison," longed Martin.

"White boy want Hendrick find him deer?" asked the sachem who had overheard him.

"Jest the thing!" said Captain Kellog. "You stay here, Martin, and hunt. Fresh meat will do us all a world o' good. This pesky rain has given us the jaundice!"

He walked into the store house for a minute, and then came hurrying out, first to give directions to the party just setting out for Deerfield, and then to the boy and the Indian chief.

"You'll have to be careful of powder, Mart! We've even less o' that than we have o' meal."

Hendrick put out his lean brown hand, and taking the musket from Martin handed it to Captain Kellog.

"No gun," said the sachem. "Hendrick show white boy how Indian hunt."

Accepting a stout bow and some arrows with flint points, he called to the dogs, and started with Hendrick toward the north where the wooded peaks of high hills could be seen breaking through the mists.

They had not gone far when the dogs caught scent of game and dashed ahead. Following at a run, Martin and the sachem found them barking and jumping frantically into the air at the foot of a tall pine.

"Bear," grunted Hendrick with satisfaction. Looking up, they could see, high up among the branches, a huge black bear. Martin could hardly have brought him down with a musket, but Hendrick had no uncertainty.

First he cut a stout club; next, taking out three arrows, he looked them over carefully, and placed them on the ground. Then, lying down on his back beside them, and putting both his feet against his bow, he fitted an arrow upon the tough leather string. Drawing it back with all his might, at the same time raising his feet to bring the arrow into range with the bear, he sent the missile deep into the creature's body.

Quickly the second and the third arrows followed, bringing the bear crashing heavily to the ground. The Indian instantly sprang to his feet, and seizing his club, rained blows upon the bear until it breathed no more.

It was the largest bear Martin had ever seen. Proudly he and Sachem Hendrick dragged back to the fort ample food for the garrison for many days.

(To be continued)
THE HOUSE BUILT IN 1727 BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM BRATTLE OF THE BRITISH ARMY. THE PRESENT BRATTLE STREET RECEIVES ITS NAME FROM THE FORMER OWNER.

"Tory Row" of Revolutionary Cambridge

FRANK H. GROWS

After becoming Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, George Washington journeyed from Philadelphia to Cambridge and took up his residence there in July, 1775. The history of the house he occupied, and the others along Tory Row, makes fascinating reading.

WITH the start of the American Revolution, a few of the citizens of Cambridge, Massachusetts, were at odds with the larger portion of the inhabitants, who were sympathetic to the cause of liberty. This group recognized no authority other than the King of England. They were mostly of the aristocratic class, holders of office under the British Crown. Almost all the estates on what is now Brattle Street were owned by members of this faction, and for this reason it was generally known as Tory Row.

In all, there were seven of these mansions, each surrounded by extensive gardens. The owners were more or less related, and consequently formed a select group. Much entertaining was carried on, but few out-
siders were invited to attend the functions.

When trouble began, these Tories found it advisable to leave their beautiful estates and, in some instances, even flee from the country. After the houses were given up, they were confiscated by the Committee of Correspondence.

The first of these houses making up Tory Row is located at the east end of Brattle Street, on the left-hand side as one faces west. It is on the edge of what is now Brattle Square, and although its romantic appearance has been changed it still has the substantial Colonial look inherent in houses of that period. It is now occupied by the Cambridge Social Union.

The mansion was built about 1727 by Brigadier General William Brattle, of the British army. It is a three-story, clapboarded, gambrel-roofed house with dormer windows, and in the days of its glory was considered one of the show places of Cambridge.

When General Brattle found it expedient to leave the house, it was used by Colonel Thomas Mifflin, who was quartermaster of the American army. In those days the mansion was in the center of beautifully laid out grounds which extended from present Brattle Square to the next mansion in a westerly direction. The grounds were considered the finest in New England, with gardens and lawns stretching south to the banks of the Charles River. While the American army was stationed in Cambridge, many colorful receptions were held here. Some features of the old house are unchanged, one of which is the panelled wainscoting around the old fireplace in what was the parlor.

The second house in Tory Row is located on the left side of Brattle Street at the corner of Hawthorn, known as the Vassall place. Early records mention it as being already built in 1642. There are entrances both east and west, and some say the west end was constructed first, around 1635. The other end dates from 1700. It is a yellow frame building with mansard roof and a white roof-rail running all around.

In 1717 the estate was inherited by Jonathan Belcher, who afterwards became royal governor of the province. In 1736 it was
"ELMWOOD", BUILT BY THOMAS OLIVER ABOUT 1763. OLIVER WAS THE LAST OF THE BRITISH LIEUTENANT-GOVERNORS

purchased by Colonel John Vassall. It was sold by him to his brother, Colonel Henry Vassall, in 1741. At the beginning of the Revolution, in 1775, it was owned by the widow of Colonel Henry Vassall, who fled with her only daughter.

This estate escaped confiscation but became headquarters for the army medical department under Dr. Church, who was later confined in the mansion after his arrest for treasonable correspondence with the British, and his name may be seen carved on one of the doors. When it was opened as a hospital, many of the wounded from the Battle of Bunker Hill were treated there.

For many years rumor had it that a subterranean passage connected the house with the neighboring house, also owned by a member of the Vassall family, in order that the families might easily communicate with each other. Extensive search has been made for evidence of the existence of such a passage, but without success. However, a panel was discovered over a fireplace in one of the rooms, opening outward and disclosing a space large enough to conceal a man.

It has been said the Vassalls were cruel to their slaves, and as proof of this blood stains have been shown in one of the rooms, supposedly marking the place where a slave was killed. There is no evidence of the truth of this, while on the other hand there is proof that the opposite is true.

After the war the estate was bought by Nathaniel Tracy, and later, about 1792, by Andrew Craigie who also owned a mansion nearly opposite. It then passed into the hands of the Batchelder family.

At about this point the road from Charlestown, known as "The Path from Charlestown to Watertown," intersected Brattle Street, and this formed what is perhaps the oldest street in Cambridge. The old road followed the line of present Mason Street.

Almost opposite the old Vassall mansion, on the right side of Brattle Street heading west, is the third house, known as the Longfellow or Craigie house. Colonel John Vassall, a brother of Colonel Henry Vassall, whose estate we have just considered,
built the house in 1759. At the outbreak of hostilities he was obliged to leave the place, and for a time it was occupied by a regiment of Colonial troops.

After being made Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, George Washington travelled from Philadelphia to Cambridge on horseback and arrived on July 2, 1775. The headquarters of the army were at Cambridge, and he had gone there for the purpose of taking command. Upon arriving, he was given quarters in the house occupied by the president of Harvard College. This is still standing on Massachusetts Avenue opposite Holyoke Street. On July 3, 1775, he took command of the army, under an elm tree that stood on Cambridge Common. This tree has been cut down, but the spot is marked by a circular bronze plaque bordered by cobblestones.

Washington did not remain in the Harvard president's house for long, as he considered it too near Boston for safety. This was due to the fact that a shell had landed near by during his stay there. He expressed a preference for the Colonel John Vassall house, having noticed it when he first arrived at Cambridge. It was immediately made ready for occupancy, and about the middle of July, 1775, he moved into his new headquarters, where he lived for about nine months. Many anxious hours were spent by him in this house.

Mrs. Washington arrived from Virginia December 11, 1775. Washington used the southeast room on the first floor as a study, while the one directly over it was his bedroom. The northeast room was used by him for consultations with his officers. The house is much the same today as it was in Washington's time.

The house was purchased in 1792 by Andrew Craigie. During the war he was apothecary-general of the army, and legend says he accumulated a fortune while holding this office. Through unwise speculation he became badly involved, and finally could not leave his home on week days without being arrested for debt. His widow continued to live there after his death, and rented rooms to students, among whom was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

The estate was bought by Mr. Longfellow in 1843 and was occupied by him until
1882, and is now the home of his grandson, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Dana.

The next mansion on Tory Row was on the right-hand side of Brattle Street at the west corner of what is now Sparks Street. The house was moved about 1887 to the corner of Riedesel Avenue and Brattle Street. It was first the home of Judge Richard Lechmere, and in 1771 became the property of Judge Jonathan Sewall, who was attorney-general and who fled when hostilities began in 1775. Here Baron and Baroness Riedesel, prisoners of war, were quartered. Baron Riedesel was General Burgoyne’s chief of staff at the Battle of Saratoga. While living in this house, the Baroness wrote many letters, now of historical interest, describing her social life during her stay in Cambridge. In spite of the fact that her husband was a valuable officer to General Burgoyne, this lady apparently was treated very well by Revolutionary Cambridge. Later this estate was given by Washington to “English Thomas Lee,” who was a Tory but later altered his political views and renounced his allegiance to the British Crown. He was given this name to distinguish him from another Thomas Lee living on the same street, and a staunch supporter of the American Cause. The mansion has been greatly altered and now has a modern appearance. Yet, in spite of changes, the new construction has not obliterated its fine Colonial lines.

One of the most attractive of these houses is the Nichols-Lee house, on the right side of Brattle Street just beyond Appleton Street. This mansion dates from about 1660. The frame was brought from England by Reverend Daniel Waldo, who thought workmen in the Colonies were not capable of building it properly. It is an oblong three-story building, clapboarded, with a roof-rail and a central chimney twelve feet wide. This is considered by some to be the oldest house in Cambridge. The partitions between rooms are a foot thick and the thickness of its outer walls is indicated by the wide window seats.

This old house is striking in appearance, with its old-fashioned windows of twenty panes each and brown blinds that hang at an angle. At the time of the Revolution it
was owned by Judge Joseph Lee, who thought it best to flee. After the siege was raised he was permitted to return to Cambridge and live on his estate upon condition that he would not take part in politics. His property was not confiscated, as was the case of so many others. This was due to the fact that his principles were mild, and he was quite a favorite in spite of his Tory tendencies. He continued to live here until his death in 1802.

The next old mansion is the Fayerweather house, which is also on the right-hand side of Brattle Street between the Nichols house and Fayerweather Street. It was built between 1740 and 1750, and was lived in first by George Ruggles, who sold the property to Thomas Fayerweather in 1774. This mansion was also used as a hospital for wounded soldiers, and one of the old records reads: “August 21, 1775, a sergeant, corporal and nine men to mount guard to-morrow at Mr. Fayerweather’s house lately converted into a hospital.” Although modern dwellings have been constructed around it, this old house still retains its air of Colonial splendor.

The last of the famous mansions making up Tory Row is “Elmwood,” on Elmwood Avenue between Brattle and Mt. Auburn streets. It was built around 1763 by Thomas Oliver, who was the last of the lieutenant governors under English rule. He was very much disliked, and when trouble with England started a large crowd surrounded his house demanding that he resign. This he refused to do for some time, but finally wrote on the resignation: “My house at Cambridge being surrounded by four thousand people, in compliance with their commands, I sign my name, Thomas Oliver.”

After his departure, the mansion was taken over by the Committee of Correspondence and was used as a hospital for soldiers. It is said that men who died here of wounds were buried in the field between this and the Fayerweather house. A few years ago, while workmen were excavating for cellars, they came upon skeletons which may have been the bones of these soldiers.

The old house became the headquarters of Benedict Arnold and a company of men for a period of three weeks.

Through successive owners, it finally became the property of the beloved poet, James Russell Lowell. The house has been kept in a state of preservation and is a fine example of a stately old Colonial mansion. Tory Row, or Brattle Street as it is now called, still retains its aristocratic atmosphere. It is one of the finest residential streets in Cambridge.

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DOORWAYS

Helen Bayley Davis

I like to think that old doorways retain
Footprints of those that stepped across their sills;
Small satined prints that danced the slow quadrilles
Then lingered like a haunting spent refrain.
A tiny stumbling footprint like the stain
Of small crushed petals of young daffodils;
The print of halting feet that stamped the ills
Of shriveled age, and all of age’s pain.
Indelible these footprints seem to be,
Crowding old doorways with forgotten things
That throb like heartbeats, in a fanlight’s glint.
They step across old thresholds silently,
And ripple time’s dust in their wanderings,—
Yet, they have left no visible imprint.
The Spirit of the Hand-made

XIII. Old Vehicles

Zelma Large Houser

"The old road blossoms with romance
Of covered vehicles of every grade
From ox-cart of most primitive design
To Conestoga wagons with their fine
Deep-dusted, six-horse teams in heavy gear,
High hames and chiming bells—to childish ears
As eye-entrancing as the glittering train
Of some sun-smitten pageant of old Spain." 1

The time was a few years before the Revolutionary War; the place, perhaps in Philadelphia. Rumbling and roaring like a distant thunder storm, one hundred Conestoga wagons curled majestically over the mountains and valleys, the tinkle of the bells, the cracking of the whips, and the creaking of the harness lending a note of barbaric splendor to the dashing cavalcade. Nothing in our modern life can rival the spectacle of the freight wagons of those early days.

Developed first in Pennsylvania and named from a valley in that state, these wagons were symbols of the surge of civilization toward the west. They pressed forward. They did not turn back.

These handsome wagons always arrived first at our frontiers, tens of thousands of them rolling over the country, transporting freight that could not go by water, and occasionally accommodating passengers. During the War of 1812, they conveyed reinforcements and supplies to the armies.

In the early years of our Colonial history there is little mention of vehicles of any kind. Our ancestors walked from place

to place, or rode in boats as their red-skinned neighbors did. From the Atlantic to the Father of Waters, except for some open country in Kentucky, Indiana, and Illinois, there was almost continuous forest.

The Indian trails consisted of mere paths, but they were a boon to the white men; and they laid the foundation for the good roads that came after two hundred years and more. A few “rolling-roads” were built in those times through the woods. Over these, hogsheads of tobacco could be pushed down the hills to the rivers or other bodies of water.

For a long time individual travel, except for short distances, did not exist. The few overland journeys from one community to another undertaken by the colonists were arduous in the extreme. There is a story of sixty men, women, and children, in 1635, trudging along at the rate of a mile an hour. Oxen were used sometimes for those who were ill or very weary, and a horse litter was once the means of taking along the wife of Pastor Thomas Hooker, when a party of one hundred tramped laboriously from the Massachusetts Bay Colony to the Connecticut country. With one hundred and sixty cattle, driven along with them, these people considered themselves fortunate in having plenty of milk. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow alludes in his poems to the oxen that helped to make life more livable in the old days. He wrote of the wedding of Priscilla and of her novel bridal procession.2

Between the large settlements—Plymouth, Salem, and Boston—much of the travel was in canoes or pinnaces, much like the birch-bark canoes of the Canadian Indians today, or in heavier boats, called dug-outs.

This more weighty craft was made by hollowing out a huge pine log by fire and sharp instruments, with much scraping and carving. When the Europeans first arrived in their great ships, the Indians, it is said, were astonished at the enormous size of the “dug-outs,” and wondered where the large trees grew.

The white men learned quickly the art of boat building, and soon had developed gundalows, pinks, pole-boats, shallops, and sloops, all being similar in general construction to those of the primitive teachers.

We showed the Indians how to use horses and how to adapt the narrow trails to horseback travel. Gradually ferries came, some of them, at first, too small to carry more than one animal at a time. Although our early mounts were scrubby and meager, the breed was improved by importations of Flemish draft horses in 1635 and by others in later years. Soon we had splendid saddle horses, and it became the fashion to ride.

Only rogues and fools, someone remarked, would be caught using their own legs for transportation.3 Women perched on pillions behind their husbands, and rested their feet on a little wooden platform hung at the side of the saddle. They probably marvelled at “all these new inventions.”

The “ride and tie” system showed Yankee

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2 The Courtship of Miles Standish.

3 Stage-coach and Tavern Days, p. 226.
ingenuity. With only one horse, four people would start on a trip, two riding for the first few miles, one on the saddle and the other on the pillion, the others following on foot. The riders dismounted, tied the reins to a tree, and started away on foot. When the others, having reached the animal and ridden a while, overtook them, the same plan was used again. Let us hope the couple on the horse were always conscientious!

The evolution of wheeled vehicles in America was naturally a gradual one. The paths had become "tote-roads," "pack-roads," and "horse-ways," and, by 1682, there were a few carts and private coaches. A number of corduroy tracks, constructed by laying small logs side by side across the trail, kept the occupants of the rude conveyances from sinking out of sight in the mire. The carts often had wheels made by sawing straight across a large tree trunk. Wagons drawn by from four to six horses carried freight and passengers across New Jersey as early as 1700, but mud holes literally miles long had much to do with a lack of regularity.

Sedan chairs had been seen on the streets of New York and Philadelphia in 1646. An importation from Europe, this contrivance was really a strong chair fastened on bars. Two or four servants bore it along by a pair of handles, similar to those on a horse-litter. The Puritans had stern notions of sin and of the things of the world, and they thought it was carnal to ride in this vehicle. When a very fine chair, found on a Spanish galleon by the British, was presented to Governor Winthrop of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, he was afraid to accept the gift. Men and women had had their ears cut off for crimes no worse than that, in that vicinity.

There were three general types of early wheeled vehicles coming into fashion during the latter 1600's. One was somewhat like the two-horse family carriage of the Mother Country, having a wooden body painted rather garishly. The other two were the chair and the chaise. The former had two wheels, with a seat for two passengers and, perhaps, a small support for the driver almost over the shafts. Braces of wood or leather took away part of the agony of the bumps and jolts. The chaise was really a chair with a covered top. Blacksmiths and wheelwrights manufactured these turnouts, laying the foundation for the trade of carriage-making in America.

Of course, the entire New World did not progress with any uniformity in their modes of getting about. In Virginia and in Maryland horseback travel lingered much longer than in other sections.

Things began to change during the first decade of the new century. More ferries were built. Although carriages sometimes had to be taken apart in making the journey across a river, and often the horse would have fore feet in one canoe and hind feet in another (happily fastened to the canoe first), people were going places. Although the bridges were at first clumsy, our engineers were progressing. The first horse-bridges had a railing on one side only, and must have been objects of misery to the fearful rider. After the Revolution a good bridge had spanned the Charles River be-

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tween Boston and Charleston, and much interest was being taken in exhibiting our superiority over England in this important industry.

By 1732, Boston had plenty of private coaches. Thirty years later, it is recorded, Philadelphia had thirty-eight. Some of these vehicles had four horses or more. Ordinary draft horses drew the common carts, and oxen plodded along with the awkward country wagons.

Vehicles with queer names became common. There is often in the old documents an allusion to the calash, an ugly little carriage with two heavy wheels. With elbow springs in the front and whip springs at the back, and drawn by two horses, the curricle was rather stylish and unusual. Another sporty equipage was the whisky, with the shafts connected by fancy scroll irons with long, horizontal springs.

Most aristocratic was the chariot, carved elaborately with embroidered seat-cloth and handsome fringe. It seems that our first President, George Washington, had one of these chariots, decorated with festoons and panels. With six horses, finely groomed, this coach is said to have been made in France for the unfortunate Louis XVI. In order that this vehicle might turn easily, the body was suspended on braces fastened to iron holders, the forward ones so curved as to allow the front wheels to pass under them. The hind wheels were twice as high as the front ones, with the tires of the latter attached to the felloe in a number of separate places.

It is amusing to modern readers to learn that the owners of these carriages had agonized for weeks over the advisability of buying the expensive conveyances. They were afraid of being sinful. It is a noteworthy fact that accidents convinced these “sinners” that they had better sell their carriages. One minister, after being dumped into the road and suffering considerably from painful bruises, developed conscientious scruples and decided that he should have given his money to charity instead of succumbing to

the temptation of riding in such luxury.

The sleigh naturally came into popularity early in our history, and helped the settlers to enjoy the smooth road afforded by thick blankets of snow. The rivers were often frozen into safe highways of ice, and were enjoyed immensely.

By the year 1700, this winter vehicle was generally utilized, going by the name of pung or pod. The pung was pulled by two horses, and the pod by one. These sleighs had open spaces between the beds and the runners as well as a sort of shelf extending from the floor for the entire length. The Canadians called their similar conveyance by the euphonious name cariole.

When a householder started with his family on a trip to sell his herbs, cheeses, flax, and other produce, he wrapped blankets around the passengers and piled the goods upon them, so that his pung looked like a volcano. A sphere of frozen porridge, made with beans, hung at the side of the sleigh. When the “tourists” felt the need of nourishment, they chopped off large chunks of the mixture with the hatchet that always hung near the porridge. The wife had cooked this delicacy days before, and had set it out in the air to freeze, in preparation for the “tour.”

Copied from the Indians, the dog-sleds were put into good service during the long winters. These were about two feet in width, curved upward in front, and were made of pine or spruce. There was room for one person to travel with the baggage. Two to six dogs were employed for a team. For two centuries this dog-sled existed in various sections of the United States. Alaska and Canada have persisted in the use of this sled to this day, as well as certain parts of our country.

Roads and bridges and ferries became more dependable. The days of the splendid Conestoga wagon and the romantic stagecoach began. The pack-horses had been the advance guard for inland commerce for many years. This sort of caravan moved the pioneers to western Virginia and to southwestern Pennsylvania.

The horses, or mules, making up these
trains, had pack-saddles, hobbles, and always collars with muffled bells. At night the animals could be turned out, and the bells would keep them from being lost. Often five hundred of these horses or mules would wind around the valleys and hills, as late as 1783. Two men could manage fifteen horses, in single file. The first animal was led by the master of the colorful procession, and the others were each tethered to the saddle of the one in front.

Roads were being macadamized. Turnpikes came. The first highway of this kind was between Alexandria, Virginia, and the lower Shenandoah. The National Road, at first extending from Cumberland to Wheeling, was constructed by the Government, the road "brigade" consisting of a thousand Irishmen, who worked faithfully with picks, shovels, and wheelbarrows to make a road fit for kings or emperors. This was the beginning of immigration from the Emerald Isle. By 1838, Pennsylvania alone had 2,500 miles of the turnpikes.

This National Road and others equally busy were crowded with herds of cattle, sheep, horses, mules, and hogs, with lonely horseback riders looking over the country, with Conestoga wagons, and with hundreds of stage-coaches with their four- and six-horse teams.

Taverns were multiplying, one in Baltimore advertising 200 guest rooms; with, not a radio, but a bell in every one. In Virginia and in the Carolinas the planters did much free entertaining, and often sent servants to the gates to watch for those who were on the road and who were in need of food and shelter. Some of the poorer people eagerly gave their own beds to the tired men and women journeying by, and sat up all night themselves.

As early in our history as 1718 a crude stage-coach had trundled along between Rhode Island and Boston. Called "stage-wagons," "stage-chariots," and "stage-chaises," these vehicles had hard benches without backs. The baggage bumped around under the feet of the occupants.

Women were allowed to sit on the back seats, so that they could rest against the body of the wagon. If they happened to be late, they had to crawl laboriously over the other passengers. It took about a week to jog along from Boston to New York, but there was a good deal of talk about the amazing speed. Nothing was thought of it if the entire assembly had to get out and push the conveyance out of the mud. When a rut was particularly deep on one side, the driver admonished the entire group to lean toward the right or to the left, as the case might be. Lunch was often a mere popping of corks. A story is told of a seventeen-hour journey over sixty-six miles, with ten taverns on the way. It seems the travelers all got out at each of these stopping-places and each enjoyed a mint julep. All pronounced the trip a glorious success.6

People were acquiring modern ideas. They wanted to go fast. In 1771, when a driver made a trip from New York to Philadelphia in "almost" a day and a half, he named his vehicle "The Flying Machine." The fare and other expenses made the cost for each person about six dollars and a half.7

The stage-coach of the 1820's had an egg-shaped body with portraits of famous men on the panels. Ornate decoration and soft silk plush gave an air of delightful luxuri-

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6 Stage-coach and Tavern Days, p. 364.
7 A History of Travel in America, p. 184.
ousness. However, the curved roof could hold no baggage, and a flat surface was soon adopted for the top of the coach. The later development led to the famous Concord Coach, named for Concord, New Hampshire, where the best ones were built. In the ensuing years the Concord Coach went to every state in the Union.

Lafayette, Pocahontas, Santa Anna, and Erin Go Bragh were some of the individual names given the stage-coaches. The stage lines boasted such appellations as Good Intent, Pioneer, Oyster, June Bug, and Shake Gut Line!

The mail coaches, especially, were proud of their rapid trips, the one between Washington and Baltimore making much of the fact that the driving time was only twenty hours. The condition of the roads often hampered them greatly. In former days letters had been carried by butchers or by other chance wanderers. In 1672 an Indian carried the mail; and the first regular mounted post riders started their pilgrimages in 1673. Sometimes, though, no start was negotiated until there was enough mail to warrant the trouble. A tale is told of the carriers buying and selling on commission all along the road, and also of making their own profit out of the letters in the bag. One ancient post rider was in the habit of knitting mittens and stockings on the circuit. When our First President died, the news of his passing did not reach the city of Boston for ten days.

The middle of the nineteenth century saw decline in the glorious days of stage-coaching in the states that had been colonies, but that mode of travel had gone across the plains to Salt Lake. The Concord wagon with its six horses made a fine spectacle in other parts of the West. Canals in certain sections of the United States had threatened to interfere with the coach in the period between 1817 and 1850. The Erie Canal accomplished the wild rate of a mile and a half an hour.

A more formidable enemy to the stagecoach appeared. Railways were coming. It was rashly reported that on rails a stage could make twelve miles an hour! The Vezzie Railroad, in 1836, running from Bangor, Maine, used a locomotive, and ran a dozen miles in forty minutes. Times had changed completely. Strenuous objections were heard on every hand. One denouncer of the new "ways" said that the noise of the engines would keep the hens from laying!

The breathtaking epoch that followed is familiar to all. From good, strong legs and birch-bark canoes to carriages and Conestoga wagons and stage-coaches and bicycles, to ocean steamers and automobiles and motor buses and airplanes, the American people proceeded "with the greatest of ease." Other miracles, as we know, are impending. There is mystery and fascination to the stories of travel in those interesting vehicles of the old days. They did their own good work. They were worthy forerunners of the glorious Present and of a more glorious Future.

"She should not walk, he said, through the dust and heat of the noonday;
Nay, she should ride like a queen, not plod along like a peasant."
—The Courtship of Miles Standish.
As recently as twelve years ago the rising spires of the National Cathedral on Mt. St. Alban in Washington looked down on a barren red clay hillside. Today that hillside is an Old World garden. This transition marks perhaps the most outstanding and unique undertaking of its kind ever accomplished. Quietly, peacefully, this weathered old garden seems to have lain there since the beginning of time.

Of skillfully wrought design and artfully blended colors, it shimmers in the sunlight and shadow for all the world like a rare old tapestry. Many priceless treasures of ancient stone set amid verdant shrubbery and bright flowers furnish striking highlights in the picture.

Even from the roadside the charm of his-
toric association greets the visitor. Stones that were taken more than a century ago from the quarries of George Washington are used to form the outer wall of the garden. The copings were once curbstones in a nearby Virginia town, laid there by Hessian prisoners of war at the close of the Revolution.

Into this high wall is set a picturesque twelfth century Norman arch which today, after eight hundred years of service in France, welcomes a host of New World visitors to the “Bishop's Garden.”

Entering, one is greeted by the pungent fragrance of English boxwood and it is everywhere throughout the garden. Not planted as short clipped edgings which are so prevalent in formal parks, but giant clumps of it, hedges of it, trees of it—all growing in dense rounded pinnacles. It overhangs the terrace retaining walls, outlines the stone walks and steps, and forms enclosures here and there for plots of special interest. And just as a connoisseur returns again and again to study the pattern of a precious old tapestry, so a visitor to the garden returns day after day throughout the seasons to discover new figures.
and changing colors sketched against the shadowy deep green of the boxwood.

Some of this boxwood is three hundred years old and all of it has been transplanted from early American estates where it was allowed to grow naturally. There are splendid specimens of the suffruticosa and sempervirens varieties brought from Hayfield Manor where a tangle of hardy garden shrubs was all that remained of the handsome colonial home purchased by George Washington in 1761. Eight large specimens, each about twenty feet broad and twelve feet high and weighing at least twenty tons when prepared for transplanting, came from the "Old Mansion" at Bowling Green, Virginia. A whole boxwood garden, almost 700 linear feet, was brought from the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains where it was planted as slips in 1815.

Dolly Madison's stiff, little inaugural bouquet held a few sprigs of box and these she gave to friends living on Mt. St. Alban. Today the Little Herb Garden, just outside the Bishop's Garden, offers for sale cuttings from this boxwood, still growing and still spreading the perfume of a gay bouquet in the limelight 130 years ago.

From the impressive entrance one pathway leads to a cool, shaded Norman Court. Built in medieval Romanesque style, it is paved with stone and open to the sky. On either side of the large Norman archway stand two tall cedars of Lebanon. These symmetrical trees were brought from the Holy Land twenty years before the garden was laid out or the Norman Court erected. Now their long, straight limbs covered with tiny fragrant leaves, stretch out protectingly across the ancient gray stone walls.

In the back of the Norman Court is a medieval wall fountain whose tiny stream falls gently into a clump of sweet marjoram, ivy and Scotch broom. A fifteenth century panel with figures of the Virgin Mary, St. John and the Crucifixion done in bas relief, has been placed in the side wall where an English ivy vine from Canterbury Cathedral grows as a frame around it.

A few years ago a cherished relic of the time of Charlemagne—a large carved stone font—was presented to the garden. Then followed a search through yellowed pages of quaint illuminated manuscripts and crude woodcuts of the earliest gardens, until a plant list of this same period was found. It had belonged to a monk who, as he carefully tended his garden of herbs, wrote about them in a volume called "Hortulus," the little garden. So conforming to the good monk's thousand-year-old list, there is planted here a small, square, box-enclosed inner garden with the old, old font in the center. The wide corner spaces are set with rosemary, lavender, southernwood, sweet marjoram, lovage, thyme, ambrosia, woodruff, sage, hyssop, a few white lilies and old roses. The spirit of the venerable scholar seems caught and held in the fragrance of these, his well-loved herbs and flowers that go on living through the ages. How many gardens have their memory plots!

East of Hortulus, and on an axis with the font, is the rose garden with a central panel of green lawn and some fragrant crab apple trees in one corner waving pink and white branches until the first of the roses bloom. A profusion of choice roses, new and old varieties, flower continually from May to November. The lovely coloring of Damask, York, Lancaster, Old Pink Moss, Blush, Harrison's Yellow, Duchess of Wellington, Columbia and Radiance roses is accentuated by the gray stone walks and background of shrubs.

At the far end of the rose plot the dominating feature is a wayside cross which is a rare relic of early Christian worship in France. It is a round-headed, or wheel-cross, and its center bears the letters I H S with an inscription which, translated, reads: "Our soul is humbled even unto the dust."

An interesting sundial stands in another corner. The base is fashioned from the Gothic capital of a ruined monastery near Rheims Cathedral. An elaborately engraved English dial surmounting it accurately marks the passing hours.

From the rose garden, steps lead up to the walk along a perennial border. Here the stone retaining wall is enhanced by several small panels sculptured in bas-relief. Over this wall with softening effect grow ivy, jasmine and firethorn. The wide flower border is an arrangement of such
perennials as any one might have in his own garden. Purple iris and columbines, pink peonies and bleeding-heart, tall blue delphinium, vari-colored spice pinks, tiny wall flowers and ground myrtle blossom in gay succession throughout the summer.

The garden is full of singing birds, and tucked away at one end of the border is a low carved capital from the ruined abbey of Cluny that has been fashioned into a bird font. A cardinal, robin or blue bird presents a pretty picture as it alights on the rim for a sip of water or perhaps to match the rhythm of its carol with the swaying of airy columbines.

A small stream of water from some hidden source emerges from overhanging boxwood at the opposite end of the flower border and trickles into a little flagstone pool built in the form of a primitive cross.

Enclosing the Bishop’s Garden on the east and southeast is a low wall terminating on the lowest terrace in a round structure called a “shadow house.” It is built of stone from an old house that belonged to President Cleveland. Ivy is growing softly around the pointed arches which open on all sides. A weather vane—as sedate as a weather vane can be—surmounts the pointed roof. Through the archway on the south one looks across an expanse of lawn to where a scion of the Glastonbury Thorn Tree flourishes.

Tradition says that after the ascension of Christ, Joseph of Arimathea went into Britain to spread the gospel. On a Christmas Day, with a little band of pilgrims he landed at Glastonbury. Then Joseph thrust his staff into the ground as a sign that his work of evangelization would begin there. The staff took root, and the growing thorn tree was revered by Christians for centuries. It was cut down by a fanatic in the seventeenth century but a new growth immediately sprang up. A cutting from these new shoots has grown into this
splendid tree in the Cathedral close and—true to its tradition—it blooms most irregularly and sometimes on Christmas Day.

On the opposite side of the shadow house, well-worn steps, once the entrance of the beautiful home where Nellie Custis was born, now lead to a yew bordered walk. By great skill and ingenuity fifteen black-green Irish yew trees were brought long distances and transplanted into the garden in midwinter. The largest one is from "Cobbs" in Kilmarnock, Virginia, one of the original Lee homes. At the foot of this tall, dense, dark tree is a tiny bright plot of choice spring flowers in pastel hues.

The Yew Path leads out of the garden through beautiful wrought iron gates—one of the best works of Samuel Yellin. They open on to a broad landing of the Pilgrim Steps. This long flight of steps bordering the garden comes by easy stages down the hillside from the towering cathedral.

From this landing one gets an impressive distant view of the new Washington. The familiar alabaster-white dome of the capitol looms grandly. The tall straight shaft of the Washington Monument pierces the sky as above it a silver blimp sails gleaming through the clouds, and below it the broad Potomac flows away to the green Virginia hills. Myriads of flags flutter over the huge public buildings where a multitude ceaselessly works to carry on the nation's business. And right at hand lies the restful Old World tapestry that is the Bishop's Garden.

Just as a finished tapestry gives no hint of the patient toil and expert skill by which the perfect picture was wrought, so the glory of a cathedral and the beauty of a garden conceal all evidence of studied plans and technical craft.

Painstakingly assembled on this virgin hillside and lovingly cared for are these unusual and precious relics, historic and ancient memorials and colorful growing things. But the haunting intrinsic charm of the old garden is a spirit of undisturbed, imperishable peace that permeates it—and that is, after all, something new in the world today.

OLD GARDEN

Anne Robinson

Here's Caraway and Apple-Mint
And white flowered Mother-of-Thyme,
Sweet Marjoram and Savory,
Caught in a silver rime.

What magic haunts these ancient ways
Where old-time favorites grow,
Each scent a vivid memory
Out of the long ago.

Lemon Verbena, bright-eyed Flax,
Bee Balm and white Lamb's Ears,
Our Lady's Bedstraw, Bible Leaf...
Sweet heritage down the years.

Who does not pause where Lavender
Is crowned in a mist of blue,
And Chervil's blushing leaves offset
The yellow buds of Rue.

I like to think God knows His herbs
By names like Southernwood,
Lad's Love, Fair Helen, Rosemary...
We know He called them good.
Your Capital City—and Mine!

HAZEL WHITAKER VANDENBERG

IT never pays to predict the arrival of famous visitors! In my last story I hopefully commented on the coming visit of De Valera, who was due to arrive a few days before the President of Nicaragua. All preparations had been made to greet him with great pomp and ceremony. My husband had prepared a speech to be delivered at the Constitution Hall meeting in his honor. Invitations were out for the reception at the Irish Legation, when suddenly, on the day he was due to sail, Mr. Brennan, the Irish Minister, received a cable saying he was not coming at this time.

So the best-laid plans of mice and men “oft gang awry”!

But as to my other promise, that I would present you to the first of the Royal spring visitors—well, that I can keep! So let us say “Skaal!” to Crown Prince Christian Frederick and Crown Princess Ingrid of Denmark who will some day, if all goes well, reign over an ancient kingdom of four million people.

Young and old, we all have our mental picture of a fairy tale princess—tall, slender, regal, with lovely fair hair. Well, Ingrid is all that and more!
It must be admitted that the Prince looked more weary than his “stream-lined” Princess, but he had made forty-five speeches on their many stops between California and Washington. Washington was their finale. And what a happy memory this gracious pair had left along the way! Of course, they didn’t shake hands with all of the 250,000 Danish-born living in the United States, not to mention the 300,000 second-generation Danes, but they had “hit the high spots” at all the Danish centers and
had done a real tourists' job of seeing the United States as well. How wonderful, that these first representatives of Danish Royalty ever to visit the United States could come before the heavy Kingly and Queenly Crowns had fallen on their brows!

There were only nine in the Royal Party, but 'tis said in those forty-one trunks and twenty-five bags the Princess had seventy changes of costume. At any rate, she looked particularly lovely at the Danish reception—in soft-gray chiffon with a pink ostrich plume on her hat for a touch of color; and for decoration, string of pearls and diamond brooch formulating the Royal Family arms.

The princely couple were tourists to the end—so on their last day they were whisked to the Capitol under motorcycle escort, taken to the floor of the House of Representatives and the Senate; to the Library of Congress, where they stopped long enough to gaze at the Gutenberg Bible, some rare old volumes on Denmark, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution. But they had to hurry in order to see the Supreme Court Building, where they visited with two of the Associate Justices.

The Secretary of State and Mrs. Hull, always the gracious hosts, tendered them a farewell luncheon on this their last day. Then the sea-minded Prince wanted to get in a visit to the Naval Academy, so off he went to Annapolis. Late that night it was goodbye to Washington. And homeward bound on the Queen Mary on Wednesday.

IN STRIKING CONTRAST to the quiet, unofficial arrival of the Crown Prince and Crown Princess of Denmark, the President of Nicaragua and Senora Somoza arrived in a blaze of pageantry unprecedented in the memory of Washington. For the first time in history, the Chief Executive left the White House to greet a visitor. President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Vice President and Mrs. Garner, Chief Justice and Mrs. Hughes, the Speaker of the House and Mrs. Bankhead, almost all of the Cabinet, besides many other high-ranking officials and officers wearing full dress uniforms and decorations were at Union Station to greet President Somoza and his wife. Escort from the train by the Chief of Protocol, Mr. George T. Summerlin, through a double, shoulder-to-shoulder line of marines and sailors, the visitors walked from the train to the Presidential suite in the station. An impressive reception followed in this freshly decorated suite with its portieres of cloth of gold, introductions being made by Mr. Hoffman Philip (our former Ambassador to Chile), who had met President and Senora Somoza in New Orleans in the name of the United States.

After the reception, came a twenty-one gun salute directed by radio signal, a new device. To the playing of the Nicaraguan and American National Anthems, the parade started down Pennsylvania Avenue. Overhead a fleet of forty-two pursuit planes and a squadron of ten bombing planes added to the brilliancy of the picture. Over five thousand Army troops and almost as many police and firemen formed a solid line of protection for the mile-long ride. Government workers, who had been given a two-hour leave by Presidential suggestion, swelled the crowd of over 100,000 that jammed every inch of the mile-long march. From the time the President of Nicaragua stepped from the train until he reached the White House, he moved through an aisle of fighting men, with a cavalry troop leading the procession. Fifteen ponderous Army tanks swung out in advance of the party and fifteen lumbered along in the rear. Four Army scout cars formed a close cordon around the open automobile in which the two Presidents rode. This was followed by a second open car in which were seated Mrs. Roosevelt and Senora Somoza.

Never have so many flags been seen on Pennsylvania Avenue. These had been especially designed for the occasion. From every other lamp-post flew the flag of the United States and the blue-and-white standard of Nicaragua—and between was hung the great seal of Nicaragua—the designs approved by both countries. (The same artist has designed special shields celebrating the arrival of the King and Queen of England.)

At the southeast gate to the White House, the United States Army Band and a battalion of infantry were drawn up at attention. Inside, chiefs of diplomatic missions and their wives were assembled to meet the over-night White House guests. All White
House gates were closed and under police guard for the first time since the bonus riots of 1932.

After luncheon, President Somoza journeyed to Mount Vernon to place a wreath at the tomb of George Washington; and another at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier at Arlington. That evening President and Mrs. Roosevelt gave a magnificent dinner in honor of their guests, using the elegant...
Monroe service. This was followed by a musical program of Latin-American music, to which several hundred additional guests were invited. Even the Vice President and Mrs. Garner broke their almost iron-clad rule, of not dining out in the evening, to join in the festivities.

The reception given in the Pan American Building by the Nicaraguan Minister and Senora De Bayle for President and Senora Somoza was another social highlight of their visit, one of the most lavish affairs Washington has ever witnessed. The hosts with their distinguished guests stood at the top of the imposing stairway leading up the Hall of Flags. Both Senora Somoza and Senora De Bayle were pictures in their Parisian gowns, one in powder-blue Chantilly lace and the other in white starched net. The Somozas' daughter, Lillian, who is in school here, was also in the receiving line, wearing a very becoming pink chiffon frock. This group was really a family party, because Senora Somoza is Minister De Bayle's sister. (The famous De Bayle family of Nicaragua has sent three Ministers to the United States.)

In the Hall of the Americas there was dancing à la Americaine, alternating with Latin-American rhumba music by an orchestra imported from New York City. It was a warm moonlight evening, so not only was the patio roof open to the sky but the windows were flung wide giving a marvelous view of the beautiful Aztec Garden which was strung with blue and white lights, the Nicaraguan colors. It was all so beautiful as to seem almost unreal.

The fact that President Somoza is soldier as well as statesman meant that all military and naval attaches of the Embassies and Legations as well as our high-ranking Army, Navy, and Marine officers were present, wearing full decorations. All this dazzling gold lace and brass buttons added immensely to the picture.

The five-day visit of the Somozas included Sunday lunch with Secretary of State and Mrs. Hull, a luncheon on Monday by the Governing Board of the Pan American Union, a separate speech to the Senate and to the House of Representatives, and a trip on Tuesday to the University of Maryland and the Marine Barracks.

It was interesting to learn the President of Nicaragua and his wife had met while students at schools in Philadelphia. This childhood romance culminated in marriage in 1920. On this visit they retraced the paths of their youth and visited their old schools, also their two sons who are at LaSalle Military Academy.

One of the many stories told was that the nickname of the President, "El Yanqui," had been given him because of his sympathy for the United States when the Marines were in Nicaragua. At that time he trained with the Marines and was promoted by them to be head of the Nicaraguan National Guard. It was from this position that he was ultimately elected to the Presidency in the stead of his uncle, Juan Sacasa, who had been made President during one of the elections supervised by the Marine Corps.

Senora Somoza has done a great deal for her people. Each week at Managua she opens the Presidential Palace doors to the underprivileged. Anyone with a problem or grievance can come to her for advice. Through her good work many problems have been solved and wrongs righted.

Underlying all this militaristic pomp the idea was to nurture good will in Latin America. Inasmuch as we lack gilded carriages and white horses, pomp and pagentry have to be furnished by Military and Naval forces. And President Roosevelt had not forgotten his memorable trip to South America, where he was so royally entertained; nor was the United States forgetting that Nicaragua is a strategic nation in our development of hemisphere differences. The recent establishment of an Army Division at San Juan also gives new importance to the country of Nicaragua.

Since his visit, President Somoza has obtained concrete economic aid for his country, some of which money is to be applied in building the country's link in the International Highway which eventually is to lead from Alaska to Cape Horn.
Finlandia Male Chorus. The concert was given under the auspices of the Washington Self-Help Exchange, with the Finnish Minister as the chief sponsor. The visit of the Chorus was occasioned by the World’s Fair in New York, where the members sang at the opening of the Finnish Pavilion.

Before I go into details of this delightful evening, you might be interested in a little of the background of this Chorus. A male choir is an old tradition in Finland. With these people singing has always been a source of power. Thus from one generation to another they preserved their learning and poetry to the accompaniment of a stringed instrument called the “kantele.” Finland is the most northern civilized country in the world, with the same latitude as Alaska but with a milder climate. This little country of the North is more than 2,000 years old. On its 135,000 square miles, dotted with lakes, live more than three and one-half million people, ninety per cent of whom still speak Finnish. When they finally gained their freedom, in December 1917, the country was on the verge of famine, and America’s help at that time has never been forgotten. Now, though Finnish songs are songs of freedom and it is a prosperous nation, they still sing of the troubles and sorrows they have undergone.

I shall never hear anything more inspiring than the opening rendition of “The Star-Spangled Banner,” sung in English by the seventy singers, without a trace of accent. The audience went wild with enthusiasm. Equally inspiring was the Finnish National Song which followed. Heikki Klemetti, dean of Finnish choral leaders, with a wee tuning fork, directed his a cappella chorus, the majority of whose members were Vikings in height and build. The rest of the program was entirely in Finnish but so marvelously done that one could almost follow the theme of the song without looking at the translations on the program. And, by the way, the elaborate programs were printed in Finland, contributed by Finnish firms. The beautiful brochure gave both pictorial and word descriptions of the country as well as the translated songs. The “Hail, 0 Moon,” by Jean Sibelius, so carried away the audience that it had to be repeated. Though there were a few splendid solos, it was essentially a group-talent performance sounding almost like a single voice.

As if this great treat were not sufficient, it was followed by one of the most outstanding receptions Washington has ever enjoyed, given by the Minister in honor of the Chorus, the members of whom were identified by a gold-crested pin worn in the left lapel. Not only did the seven hundred invited guests come to meet the Minister’s friends from across the sea, but it was evident they expected to eat! Such a lavish buffet I have never seen! It completely encircled the huge Presidential dining-room of the Mayflower Hotel and was laden with every known delicacy and some “little known but palate-tickling viands peculiar to Finland,” to quote Miss Ruth Jones of the Washington Times-Herald. The Finnish colors, blue and white, were carried out in every possible way—in the flowers and in decoration of two enormous cakes, one iced in red, white, and blue, and the other in blue and white with the Finnish coat of arms in the center. There were whole hams with slices made into little cornucopia shapes, whole turkeys, even whole salmon; lobster mousse decorated with claws and head; gelatin of chicken molded into intriguing shapes; sliced cold pheasant, decorated with head and plumage of the gay bird itself! A monster chafing dish filled with piping-hot creamed turkey was served on pancakes! And the punch bowl—the very largest I have ever seen—was surrounded by little Finnish pastries and hors d’oeuvres.

Finland was certainly generous in its entertainment of its friends that evening! More music was interspersed—with some difficulty, I must admit, while the hundreds of guests mulled about—by well-known Finnish artists. A Finnish actress well known throughout Europe gave a stirring rendition of the national epic, “Kalevala.” (Madame Elli Tompuri had come to this country to take part in the Finnish World Fair opening.)

It was one of those happy evenings that will stand out always in memory!

MY STORY, is proving to be a geographical merry-go-around. I hope by the time you’ve “hopped” with me from Nicaragua
to Finland, to Denmark, to Latvia, you won't be too much confused.

By the way, where is Latvia? Look for the Baltic Sea and the Scandinavian countries. There it is, tucked away up north near Russia. You'll find three small neighboring countries—Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia—a little triumvirate that has stepped into the limelight more and more as a result of the European situation.

Only twenty-two years old, theoretically, is tiny Latvia with its population of two million, but a prouder little Republic is not to be found. Its recent history centers about one man, Dr. Karlis Ulmanis, who drew up the Latvian Independence Proclamation in 1918 and helped unfold the white-red banner over Riga when this new country was born (it had been under Russian rule from 1710). Today Dr. Ulmanis is both President and Prime Minister. He has helped make history in these twenty-two years of benevolent leadership, and has gone through trying times—for no sooner had the Latvians proclaimed their Independence than they had to fight for it with both Germans and Russians. Not until 1920 was victory complete. So many different nations had fought over the little country that amalgamation was a difficult task. But Dr. Ulmanis has been equal to every emergency, his greatest achievements being economic rehabilitation of his people and formation of the Baltic Entente (Latvia, Lithuania, and Estonia).

More than sixty-three per cent of the people are engaged in agriculture, comprising one-sixth of the total population, with 300,000 settlers living on 60,000 homesteads. Agrarian reforms have not only strengthened the rural population but have benefited industry and commerce by increasing rural purchasing power. So Latvia has come to enjoy an amazing degree of economic progress the while many other countries have been declining.

To show how far-sighted their President has been—he came to the United States, spent five years in an agricultural school in Lincoln, Nebraska, and became so expert in agricultural methods that he taught there awhile before going back home to instruct his own people. More than anyone else, Dr. Ulmanis has made his country so North America-conscious that now a flourishing export-import trade exists.

Why all this about Latvia? Because the Latvian Representative in the United States, Dr. Alfred Bilmanis, and his noble-born Polish wife have just celebrated that Twenty-second Independence Anniversary—only they called it the "Regeneration" of the Latvian Republic. And what hospitable hosts! The ruddy-faced Minister with the merriest twinkle in his eye chuckles his delight at your coming, and Madame Bilmanis, in her recently acquired English, says, "I wish I could go with you." They both urge you to look around the Legation, which is a near-museum filled with objets d'art and bric-a-brac from all over the world.

So come with me on this tour. Those are rare paintings by famous French masters—that's a genuine Gobelin tapestry—those are exquisite Dresden figurines in that massive cabinet. Look at the Dresden pieces in the dining-room, that graceful flower centerpiece arranged by Madame Bilmanis herself, as well as the matching candelabra—those beautiful compotes with Sevres medallions. And they're actually using those antique silver trays and urns! "Yes, that's the chair," the Minister tells you, "in which Napoleon sat." A museum could readily be set up at a moment's notice from the Legation pieces, all of which have been chosen with great care and discrimination by art collectors.

And no minute of time have these up-and-coming Latvian Representatives wasted. They've been regular United States globe-trotters, taking long trips about our country every year.

So, it's not always size that counts—either in a country or in a person!

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Mrs. Vandenberg's next article will describe in detail the festivities attendant upon the visit of the King and Queen of England in Washington, all of which she attended.
THUD! Another brick hit the pile. It wasn’t an ordinary brick, but one made of adobe and hay, 6” x 12” x 4”. At each thud the old man winced.

“Why,” he said, “that used to be the old Indian School. The most historical point in Montana. They shouldn’t be tearing it down, they should be building it up. Some day the government will start to rebuild what they are now destroying.”

Slowly he wiped his eyes with a blue denim handkerchief.

“Come over here,” he said. “I’m not as spry as I used to be. Can’t stand up as long as I once could. My legs aren’t so good. Going on ninety. Yes, sir, and my memory as clear as a bell.”

The old man went slowly to a chair under a nearby tree. I sat in one that was placed close beside it.

“I haven’t much to do these days,” the old man went on, “but I do a lot of thinking. I’ve thought a great deal about this old fort. Yes, sir, used to be called Camp Reynolds, but later the name was changed to Fort Shaw in honor of Col. Robert Gould Shaw, a white man, commander of the Fifty-fourth Infantry of the Massachusetts colored volunteers. He was killed at Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863.”

The old gentleman settled himself more comfortably in his chair and continued: “Let me start with the beginning. It was way back in 1866 when I came out here. Yes, about eighteen years old, I was. I came out here with a freighter, driving a mule team. Our wagons were piled high with flour, bacon, tools, and whiskey. Some men were riding horseback and some walked. Each one of us hoped to reach his destination without meeting the dreaded, merciless Blackfeet or the equally bad road agents. Both were numerous in this region. There were no taverns to cheer us; no stables for shelter. Our only hope was to find a place with water and grass and the company of other travelers for protection.

“The Blackfeet couldn’t understand the invasion of the whites. All they could see was their hunting grounds being invaded and the buffalo killed and driven off. In self defense they had started attacking freighting outfits, woodyards and trading posts. They stampeded the stock, and murdered the men in charge, looting the goods and burning what they didn’t carry off. But the whites were just as bad. They killed Indians found in small bands or alone. However, some people took the longer and more effective way by calling for government protection. These appeals resulted in the establishment of Fort Shaw, half-way between Helena and Fort Benton. This fort was to keep the Mullen road safe for travel.

“You can still see the general plan of this old fort. Way back, on June 30, 1867, four companies of the Thirteenth Infantry under Major William Clinton from Camp Cook established Fort Shaw. That’s seventy-one years ago.

“See how this fort is built in a square, 400 feet on a side, in accordance with plans drawn up by General Reeves. Remember that yellow-colored creek you passed about one mile west of here? Well, those men took adobe from the banks of that creek and mixed it with wild hay to make it stick together. I got a job at four dollars a day from J. B. Hubbell, the contractor. It seemed like a fortune after what I had been receiving.

“The logs were cut at a camp on Beaver Creek on the north fork of the Sun River. They were floated down the river to a saw mill located at the fort. There they were cut up into rough lumber for construction purposes.

“In 1870 a military reservation of 32,000 acres was set aside. It extended mostly along the level valley bottom, within a mile east of Sun River and west as far as Simms Creek. It was two or three miles wide and lay between steep bluffs. The southern part
sloped up to the high plain with that bluff on the south there, called Shaw Butte. Over there to the southeast, Square Butte terminated the reservation. It lay in Edgerton and Choteau counties. At that time the Sun River formed the boundary between Edgerton and Choteau counties. The part of Choteau County to the north lay in part of the Blackfeet Reservation. Later Edgerton County was renamed Lewis and Clark County and that part of Choteau County to the north of the river is now Teton. Even later, this part of the old Lewis and Clark County was included in what is now Cascade County. The whole of the old military reserve now lies in Cascade County.

While the fort was being built in 1867, there was so much going on in the valley that John Largent set up a store in Goff's cabin, at the crossing. In this way the town of Sun River was founded.

Wells-Fargo was pretty busy out West at that time, establishing mail routes and banks, so it was only natural they should establish in Montana. The mail route established by Wells-Fargo started from Corinne, Utah, where the Central Pacific Railroad ended, and went through Helena via Fort Shaw to Fort Benton; and Fort Shaw became a post office.

A company of mounted cavalry was ordered from Fort Shaw to patrol the road between Kennedy's ranch and Tingley's because of the frequency of attacks made on their coaches and stations by raiding bands of Indians.

The next step in progress was a telegraph line started in September 1867. The line was built from Helena to Fort Benton by way of Fort Shaw to connect the military posts. Those telegraph posts caused a lot of trouble around here for the 'swatties' who had to keep them in good condition. The buffalo used them for rubbing posts and they knocked down quite a number. They would get tangled in the wire and carry it off. Regardless of the weather, when the buffalo pushed over the poles the 'swatties' would have to hitch up their horses and start out on a trip that might take days or perhaps only a single day, and patch up the damage.

In 1867 we had a trading post established here by Nate Pope, nephew of General Pope of Civil War fame, and he was the first trader at the fort. In 1870 the Seventh Infantry was replaced by the Third Infantry under Colonel John R. Brooks, which stayed until 1888, when the Twenty-fifth Infantry—colored—commanded by Colonel J. J. Van Horne, relieved them. This last regiment stayed until 1890 when the fort was abandoned and reverted to the Interior Department.

After 1870 most of the duties of the fort became more or less civil duties. The laws passed in 1870 relating to the liquor traffic among Indians made the soldiers' work largely that of policing the reservations. The old-time fur traders had become whiskey peddlers and continually 'bootlegged' whiskey on the reservations.

But you mustn't think that all the soldiers had to do was a little police duty. Back in 1869, when Colonel W. F. Wheeler was United States Marshal for the District of Montana, Malcolm Clark was murdered at his ranch home, located near the mouth of the Prickly Pear Valley. It was the work of a band of Piegan Indians and they took all his horses. Clark had a Piegan Indian wife and had been a Blackfoot trader. Wheeler secured the evidence and a grand jury at Helena indicted five Indians for Clark's murder.

The surrender of the Indians was demanded, and if the tribe should fail to surrender them Wheeler had authority to send government soldiers after them. The Indians were not surrendered, so Colonel Wheeler and General Sully, Superintendent of Indians for Montana, traveled to Fort Shaw in December. From Fort Shaw runners were sent out to notify the Piegan chiefs to meet them on the Blackfoot Agency on the Teton River. At the conference the chiefs agreed to deliver the men to Fort Shaw within twelve days. Within a few days the murderers had escaped to Canada and their chiefs laughed at the idea of giving five of their men to the whites. Major Baker and four troops of cavalry came from Fort Ellis, near Bozeman, to Fort Shaw, where a company of mounted infantry and a company of infantry to guard the supply train joined Baker's force. Wintertime was the best time for attacking Indians. The troops could move fast and surprise the Indians while they were camped.
"It was bitter cold when the little army left the fort. The thermometer registered ten below and it continued to get colder, ranging from twenty to thirty degrees below zero. In fact, it was so cold the Indians had little idea the army was within a mile of their camp that night of January 22, 1870. At daybreak the army effected a surprise attack. They set fire to the lodges to drive the Indians into the open, then ruthlessly murdered 173 Indians. Among the dead were 50 women and children. We weren’t very proud of that battle; however, Major Baker did believe the Indians were as strong as his army. All the Indians not killed were allowed to go, but the soldiers took 300 stolen horses back to Fort Shaw, where their owners claimed them. In one month Major Baker and his men had marched 600 miles in severely cold weather, the thermometer having reached 40 below zero one day.

"Those in the Indian camp were mostly women, children, and old men, because most of the braves were in the Sweet Grass Hills hunting. The soldiers, of course, didn’t know this; their orders were to shoot and spare none. The first volley was fired into the lodges and many were killed in their beds. Few braves were there to return the bullets. Men, women, and children rushed wildly out only to be shot down. Chief Bear’s Head ran toward the soldiers waving a paper certifying he was of good character and friendly to the whites. He shouted at them to cease firing and to save the women and children, but he fell with several bullets in his body. After the massacre, the bodies and household goods were piled in the lodges and they were set on fire.

"This sounds cruel, and it was, but you must remember that the Piegan Indians had been very remorseless and sheltered many outlaws, and were themselves just as cruel when given the chance. The settlers and their families were in constant fear of loss of their lives and property. The soldiers had merely turned tables on the red men, and, using the red men’s method, had wiped out a nest of dreaded trouble makers. The root of blame must rest with those in Washington who failed to ratify the treaty of 1865. This would have removed these Indians from the paths and settlements of the white men.

"From this you can see that for the most part the soldier’s life was a difficult, tiresome one. As soon as he got his pay check he sought relaxation in the gambling dens, in the ‘honky tonks,’ and in whiskey. These were the only amusements offered. Of course, there could be no liquor sold on the military reservation, but Sun River never lacked facilities. The saloons and ‘honky tonks’ were established to take care of the floating population, consisting of freighters, passengers, cowboys, soldiers, and ‘tin horns.’ At the southern extreme of Shaw Butte the famous Whiskey Brown had his saloon. You can still see where the old saloon used to stand. It burned down, but the old foundation and trees stand there.

"These diversions of the soldiers often proved expensive. For instance, Private Daniel H. Lee of the Thirteenth United States Infantry left one evening for Sun River. We found his body on the prairie about three miles from the fort, two days later. He had been patronizing one of the taverns at Sun River and had left for home while intoxicated. Naturally extreme cases like this didn’t happen very often.

"The soldiers had many sports also. Hunting was their favorite sport. In the early years they had been able to hunt buffalo, but as the buffalo gradually disappeared they hunted wild ducks. The nearby river and sloughs attracted a great many of these ducks.

"Music was also a pastime. At one time a family of actors took up residence at the fort. With the aid of soldiers they produced many popular melodramas.

"Almost every evening there would be some sort of an entertainment. These consisted of German dances, dinners, lunches, card parties, and cotillions. The soldiers didn’t enter into that kind of amusement, but every morning they had funny kinds of target practice. It seemed as though all the soldiers would try to outdo each other in ideas. In addition they had inspection and other camp duties and routine.

"In 1890 the fort was abandoned as a military post and the reservation reverted to the Department of the Interior.

"In 1892 Fort Shaw was made an Indian school. The school hoped to have a very large attendance, but the nearby Catholic schools took most of the pupils. The re-
quirements for entrance were quite high. The child had to be between the ages of 12 and 14, and have had previous schooling.

The authorities had a great deal of difficulty in getting Indian children to attend their school. The head office in Washington directed the Indian agencies to cooperate with the school.

"As an inducement, the government gave three acres of land and a cow to the parents for every child they sent to the school. The Indians would accept the three acres and a cow, send their children to school for a short time, and then take them out of school. At that time, when an Indian child entered the school he automatically became an American citizen.

"But regardless of the bribes to get the Indians to attend school, the attendance did not increase. So in addition to the bribes and the well-known Indian 'tips,' rations were suspended and the Indians were brought to terms by the starving out process.

"The next administration proposed to do away with Indian Catholic schools, but despite the odds against them, the Catholic schools survived for a time. They were good schools, well conducted, and very efficient.

"In the Indian school here at Fort Shaw the Indians were taught reading, writing, and arithmetic along with history and English. The girls had domestic science, and the boys were enrolled in manual training.

"In the early 1900's the Fort Shaw girls basketball team won the world's championship title at St. Louis. They held this until they met defeat in Canada. In 1900 or 1901 this girls team played against Montana State College girls basketball team in Bozeman.

"The little Indian children used to get quite homesick and as soon as they could would run away. A reward of five dollars per child was given for each child returned. Many children were helped to find their way home by kind-hearted farmers and ranchers who couldn't bear to send them back to the school.

"Gradually the school was abandoned by the Indians and taken over by the white children of the community. The old buildings slowly fell into decay and finally were torn down to make way for the new school."

The old man paused meditatively.

"There stands the new school. The north end is part of the old school, refinished to match the rest of the school building.

"Look at the fort now. Those houses are falling into ruin. The people living in them pay rent of nine dollars a month or keep up the repairs. The old parade grounds and lawn in the center of the square are being neglected. The flag pole is still there, but Old Glory doesn't wave every day as she used to. The whole fort is falling to pieces."

The old man sighed deeply. The sun was slowly setting and the shadows were lengthening. The sky filled with a rosy glow and the windows in the old reclamation building across the square reflected a golden light.

The old man got up slowly. "You know, son, that sunset is like the fort. In a short time it will be gone, and in a few years this fort will be gone.

"It shouldn't be like that. It should be like a sunrise—a rebuilding—a glorious restoration. It would be an asset to the state—a beauty spot for those who would like to spend a day with history."

The old fellow walked slowly toward his home. As his bent figure disappeared I couldn't help thinking of what he said about the sunset and sunrise and hoping the sun would soon rise for the beginning of a new day and a new era for the fort.

I walked over the gravel toward the new school and as I stood looking at it I recalled the famous Indian musician. He had come back after many years of absence to visit the place of his education. As he gazed upon the half-torn-down building, tears rolled down his cheeks. He slowly turned away and remarked in a broken voice, "I loved that school; it meant a great deal to those of us who attended it. I had hoped to find it in the same condition as it was forty years ago. Soon there will be nothing left to represent the joys, the sorrows, and the childhood of many of us."

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J. M. Hamilton—Montana State College.
Because of reports of satisfactory responses to the Queries published in this department, additional space will be given to that section. Many requests are on file and all will eventually appear provided the requirements for preparation are observed.

The article on Old Chapels and Churches of Southern Maryland that appeared in the April issue brings to us special request for the ancestry of Ignatius Boorman, a builder, who was born at Port Tobacco, Md., in 1783, and was married in Baltimore, April 5, 1805, to Mary Kintz. In 1840 or '41 they settled in St. Genevieve, Mo., where he died December 2, 1852. A Boorman (Boorman) genealogy compiled by Rt. Rev. C. F. Thomas, P.A., St. Patrick's Rectory, Washington, D. C., in which the above statement is given, does not trace the lineage prior to that date. Who can help?

The Severance family is an old and distinguished one in New England, and many of our members probably trace back their lines to the pioneer who is the hero of the serial beginning this month under the title "Severance of Shelburne." In connection with it, the following sent in by the author is especially interesting:

**Severance Genealogy**

Taken chiefly from Sheldon’s “History of Deerfield.”

2. John, son of John (1); born 1647.
4. Joseph, son of Joseph (3); born 1713; married Mary daughter of Joseph Clesson 1732; children, Joseph, Joanna, Mary, Mathew, Cloe, Eunice, Ruel.

**Children**

Sarah, born Shelburne June 4, 1767; died Oct. 27, 1805.
Mary, born Shelburne Aug. 1, 1769; died Apr. 25, 1785.
Selah, born Shelburne Sept. 26, 1771; married Hannah Putnam 1797.
Patience, born Shelburne May 12, 1774; died Aug. 3, 1777.

(6) John, son of Joseph (3); born 1720. In French wars; settled in Bernardston; married Esther daughter of Daniel Arms 1741.

(7) Jonathan, son of Joseph (3); born 1725; settled in Greenfield; married Thankful daughter of John Stebbins.

(8) Moses, son of Joseph (3); born 1730; with Captain Burke’s Rangers 1757. Of Montague 1770. Tory (?) 1775; married Joanna daughter of Thos. French 1762.

Queries and Answers

**Queries** must be submitted in duplicate, typed double spaced on separate slips of paper and limited to sixty words. Name and address of sender will be published unless otherwise requested. Unsigned queries, indicated by * * *, desire no correspondence so letters cannot be forwarded by this department. Queries received will be published as soon as possible if above rules are observed. Answers to queries are solicited.

ALL INFORMATION AVAILABLE TO US is published, and further correspondence regarding same should not be sent to this department.

**ANSWER**

**Small Emigrants:** Elizabeth, 1639; Margaret, 1639; William, 1651 (he was brought over by Joseph Croshaw); Henry, 1631, who came with Richard Young.—From Greer’s Early Virginians.

**First U. S. Census (1780-1790):** James the head of a family of 6, with 2 blacks, location Mecklenburg Co., Va.; Lawrence and William, each the head of a family in Amherst Co. at a time that this country comprised a considerable part of the western part of the State. There were 2 heads of families by the name of William, and both in Amherst.

Participants in the Revolutionary Army:

**Henry Small,** Gleaning’s Va. History, by Boogher, p. 181; Bounty Warrants, p. 348; War Mss. v. 5, p. 187; **John,** War Mss. 5, 187; **Francis,** references, War Dept., 58, I (meant for folio 58, p. I); **Henry,** W. D. 29, 2 (W. D. is for War Dept. Mss.), he is recorded as a member of the 4th Va. Regiment; **John,** War Dept. Mss. 29, member of the Ist Va. Reg. These are all to be found in the Virginia Revolutionary War Archives issued by the State of Va. Library. This book is in the office of every historian (so-called of the D. A. R.).

In the new book gotten out by Gwathmey and very carefully prepared has the following Small enlistments: **Francis** (2d. Va. State Regiment); **Henry** (1st Va. State Reg.); **Mathew** (County Lieut. for Henry Co., 1780, this is the highest position in the county); **Mathew** (2d Lieut. of the Henry Co. Militia, took oath of office April 20, 1778. It is not necessary to give the page as the names are carefully put down and are not hard to find.

In the roster of wills gotten up for the Colonial Dames by Dr. Torrance the following Smalls are given: Amherst Co., James (a), 1771; Frederick (will), 1771 (?); Frederick Co. (inv. of A/C) for James, (will) for John, 1760; Middlesex Co, Joseph, 1749, (Admr. Acct.) 1749; Northampton Co., Andrew (will), 1688; Patrick & John (wills), 1791. A Richard Small was a planter in Sommersett Co., Md., 1666-1700. See History of Sommersett Co. & the Eastern Shore, by Torrance.

**QUERIES**

**G’39. Hutchison—**Wanted ancestors of William B. Hutchison, Sr., Nov. 4, 1787-May 24, 1849 and Jane D. Harper, Dec. 8, 1799-Feb. 28, 1871; married Feb. 8, 1819 (South Carolina). Moved to Troy, Tennessee (Obion County), 1823-1825. * * *


**G’39. Clarkson-Reynolds. —**Who were the parents of Sarah Palmer Reynolds, born March 28, 1812, who married William Clarkson (of Albemarle Co., Va.) in Virginia and moved into Kentucky? Her
brothers and sisters were named Charles, Alexander, George, William, Elizabeth, Polly and Edith. Tradition says the family lived in Bedford Co., Va. She named one of her sons “Spotswood.” Mrs. Florence C. McCartney, 134 N. Macdonald St., Mesa, Arizona.

G-39. (a) Cummins.—Wanted information about John Cummins, b. 1780, wife Nancy Teagarden, b. 1790, dau. of Wm., lived in Green or Westmoreland Co., Pa. 903 W. 3rd, McCook, Nebr.


Ebbitt.—Wanted parentage of William Ebbitt born New York City, 1808.

Palmer.—Wanted parentage of Melanchthon Palmer and name of his wife. Their daughter Elizabeth married James Craney, May 29, 1834.

Sloan.—Susan Sloane married John Craney. Wanted her parents.

Ferguson-Shaw. — Wanted dates of John Ferguson, Jr. and his wife Barbara Shaw (daughter of Darling Shaw of Middleboro, Mass.), and of their son William Ashley (born in Hudson or Claverack, N. Y.). Helen H. McIver, The Cordova, Washington, D. C.


Laws.—James Laws, Jr., born 3-12-1741-2, Billerica, Mass.; lived Westminster and Ashburnham, where he was referred to as military man, but Revolutionary record not found. He served in War of 1812 as only original member Light Infantry. Revolutionary record desired, and his father's family history. Mrs. Charlotte P. Parkin, 3933 Drexel Blvd., Drexel Arms Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

G-39. Knight.—Wanted information of Magdalena Knight, d. 1739, was Lady-in-waiting to Queen Ann of England. She mar. Henry Van der Burgh, b. 1687, d. 1752, or 1780. They had ten or more children. ** *


(b) Elwood.—William Elwood lived Antrim twp., Cumberland Co., Penna. during Revolutionary war. Wife was "Jane Stoops of South Mountain." After close of war they removed to Westmoreland Co., Penna. Want parentage, also names of brothers & sisters of both William Elwood & wife Jane Stoops. Mrs. Robert E. Ward, Bliss St., Southmont, Johnstown, Penna.


(b) Cory.—Wanted information abt. Timothy Cory and wife, Janet ——. (Name
sometimes given Jeanette or Jennie. Surname may have been Boyd.) They were mar. Mar. 6, 1764 and had ch. Philip, Robert, Job, Noah, Hannah and Polly. He was a Rev. soldier of Plainfield, N. H. Mrs. Samuel R. Putnam, 21 Oak St., Claremont, N. H.

**Bible Records**

From the Bible of William Lindley born 1764 died 1837.

William Lindley, son of William and Amy; was born 16th of the 7th mo. 1795.

Mary Lindley, daughter of Samuel and Jane Prevo, was born 4th of the 7th month, 1799.

Thomas Lindley, son of William and Mary Prevo Lindley was born the 11th of the 1 month A.D. 1829.

Mary Lindley, daughter of William and Mary Lindley was born the 15th of the 5th month, 1830.

Samuel Lindley, son of William and Mary Lindley was born the 28th of the 5th month 1832.

Amy Jane Lindley, dau. of Wm. and Mary Lindley was born the 30th of the 12th month 1835.

William Lindley, son of William and Mary Lindley was born the 26th of the 7th month 1838.

Abigail Lindley, daughter of William and Mary Lindley was born the 28th of the 2nd month A.D. 1840.

Rebecca Lindley, daughter of William and Mary Lindley was born the 20th of the 10th month A.D. 1842.

Amy Lindley, daughter of Samuel and Margary Chambers departed this life the 15th of the 11th month A.D. 1836, aged 69 yrs, 9 mos & 5 days.

William Lindley, son of Thomas and —— Lindley departed this life the 19th of the 2nd month A.D. 1837.

Sarah Lindley, daughter of William and Amy departed this life 23rd of the 1st month A.D. 1819, aged 6 yrs. 5 mo. and 20 days.

Aron Lindley, son of Wm. and Amy Lindley departed this life the 3rd of the 7th month A.D. 1819, aged 6 ys, 5 mo and 20 days.

Margaray Lindley, daughter of Wm and Amy Lindley departed this life the 12th of the 10th mo A.D. 1826 aged 20 yrs, 3 mos and 29 days.

Sally Lindley, dau of Wm and Amy Lindley departed this life the 28th of the 1st month A.D. 1837, aged 39 yrs, 9 mos and 6 days.

Samuel Lindley, son of Wm and Amy departed this life 25th of 6 mo—1839, 53 yrs 7 mo 1 da.

William Lindley died Mch 26th, 1853 aged 57 yrs, 8 mos and 10 days.

Mary Prevo Lindley died Sept 26, 1884 aged 85 yrs, 2 mos and 22 days.

Mary Lindley Chambers, wife of Charles Chambers, dau of Wm and Mary L. died June 26th, 1876.

Amy Jane Lindley daughter of Wm and Mary Lindley died Aug 8, 1886.

William Lindley, son of Wm and Mary Lindley died July 5th, 1910.

Thomas Lindley, son of Wm. and Mary died Mch 12, 1913.

Rebecca Lindley Rains, dau of Wm and Mary died June 4, 1914.

**Revolutionary War Pensions**


Application for Pension October 22, 1838. Age, born August 20, 1765. Residence at date of application, Troy Township, Pa., where she still was living in 1843. Residence at date of enlistment, ——.

Elizabeth Landon declares that she is the widow of Laban Landon who was a Rev.
Soldier and U.S. pensioner under the Act of Congress passed Mar. 18, 1818.

She was married to Laban Landon Mar. 15, 1784. Her name before said marriage was Elizabeth (Betsey) Gilles.

Their Children

Mahala, b. Mar. 29, 1787, d. Apr. 5, 1787.
Ezra, b. July 5, 1790.
Levi D., b. Mar. 29, 1792.
Hannah, b. Aug. 9, 1797.
David Sor L., b. Mar. 2, 1802, m. Apr. 3, 1825 (not clear).
Catharine, b. Dec. 28, 1803.
Nancy, b. Nov. 26, 1805, m. Sept. 22, 1824.
Eldoah, b. Apr. 15, 1808.
Joshua G. Landon was living in 1838 in Troy, Pa., and there referred to his sister Betsey G——. There are no further family data on file.


Application for Pension May 9, 1818. Age, born January 13, 1759. Residence at date of application, Canton Township, Bradford County, Pa., having lived in that county about 18 years, having lived previously in Lycoming County, Pa.

Laban Landon was born Jan. 13, 1759, in Sussex Co., N. J., where he resided when he entered the 5 mos. service (no officers named).

He enlisted at “Smiths Clove” near the line between N. Y. and N. J. and served as a private in Capt. James Hallet’s or Hollet’s Co. and in the later part of 1777 he enlisted in Capt. William Helins Co. 2nd N. J. Regt and was shortly afterwards transferred to Capt. William Colfax’s Co. Gen. Washington’s Life Guards in which he served until discharged June 3, 1783 by Gen. George Washington and he was then entitled to a badge of Merit for 6 yrs. service.

He was in the battles of Springfield, White Plains, Brandywine, Germantown and at the taking of Cornwallis, was wounded in both arms and received other wounds (no details given).

Sept. 13, 1820 Laban Landon resident of Bradford Co., Pa. aged 61 yrs. 7 mos. states that his wife Betsy was 56 yrs. old. His son Joshua G. Landon aged 20 yrs., Betsy Ingraham, a widowed daughter aged 26 yrs., a son David Sor L. aged 16 yrs., dau. Nancy or May aged 14 yrs., Eldaah a son aged 12 yrs., a grandson Harvey L. Ingraham aged 4 yrs., a child of Mrs. Betsy Ingraham.


Application for pension October 3, 1845. Age, 87 years. Residence at date of application, Abbeville Dist., S. C.

Elizabeth Gilliam declares that she is the widow of Robert Gillam, who served from the beginning to the end of the Rev. War.

Robert Gillam (son of Major Robert Gillam) while a resident of 96 District, S. C., served during the Rev. War as a private, sgt., and Capt. with the S. C. Troops under Capt. John Wallace, Major Robert Gillam (his father) and Colonels, Williamson and Andrew Pickens,—he aided in the destruction of the towns and crops of the Cherokee Indians and was in the Battles of Stone Ferry, Musgrove’s Mills, Black Stocks and Cowpens.

She was married to Robert Gillam in 1784. Her name before said marriage was Elizabeth Caldwell.

Robert Gillam died Nov. 7, 1813. In 1846 Senator John C. Calhoun stated that Mrs. Elizabeth Gillam was his Aunt. She died Dec. 29, 1851 in Abbeville District, S. C. at the home of her son, James Gillam (then referred to as General James Gillam) and was survived by two children, James and William.
It was stated that Robert and Elizabeth had 3 children, who reached maturity but the name of the other child was not given.

Sept. 15, 1845 Col. Tah S. Brooks declares that he served with Robert Gillam for 6 mos. under Capt. Wallace, Col. Pickens, etc.—said Robert Gillam married Elizabeth Caldwell—deponent was intimate with the parties etc.

Apr. 27, 1854 William Burgess of Abbeville Dist. S. C. aged 79 yrs. was born and reared, lived the greater part of his life in Newberry Dist., S. C. and was acquainted with Robert Gillam Sr. and Robert Gillam Jr.—said Robert Gillam Sr. was the acting Justice of the Peace for the neighborhood and about the time deponent had grown up as a young man he was at times deputized to act as said Gillam’s Constable. This was but a short while before his death which was about 1795 and Robert Gillam Jr. died about 1813 and his widow Elizabeth died Dec. 29, 1851 in Abbeville Dist. S. C. at the home of her son James Gillam (there referred to as Gen. James Gillam).

There are no further family data on file.

Parker, Abel, Lydia. File No. W 18,706. B.L. Wt. 15.165-160-55. Certificate No. 5,878, issued March 1, 1852, Act of February 2, 1843, at $27.82 per annum, from November 29, 1851. Application for pension January 10, 1852. Age, born August 17, 1771. Residence at date of application, Georgia Dist., Franklin Co., Vt. Residence at date of enlistment, —.

Lydia Parker declares that she is the widow of Abel Parker who was a Rev. Soldier and U. S. Pensioner under the Act of Congress passed June 7, 1832.

She was married to Abel Parker Oct. 24, 1789. Her name before said marriage was Lydia Wood.

Family Record

Abel Parker was b. in Greenwich, R. I., Aug. 10, 1763.

Lydia Wood was b. in Bennington, Vt., Aug. 17, 1771.

Anna Parker was b. in Bennington, Vt., Aug. 30, 1790.

Enos Parker was b. in Bennington, Vt., Mar. 5, 1793.

Lovin Parker was b. in North Hero, Vt., Oct. 9, 1796.

Julia Parker was b. North Hero, Vt., May 30, 1798.

Selina Parker was b. North Hero, Vt., Jan. 2, 1800.

Lydia Parker was b. Georgia, Vt., Mar. 5, 1803.

Hannah M. Parker was b. Georgia, Vt., June 20, 1805.

Noah Parker was b. Georgia, Vt., Apr. 1, 1808.

Harriet Parker was b. Georgia, Vt., Aug. 25, 1811.

Arunah A. Parker was b. Georgia, Vt., Feb. 27, 1813.

Elizabeth M. Parker was b. Georgia, Vt., June 5, 1813.

Marriages

Abel Parker was mar. to Lydia Wood Oct. 24, 1789 Bennington, Vt.

Anna Parker was mar. to Cone Andrus Dec. 1708 Malone, N. Y.

Enos Parker was mar. to Mary M. Todd Oct. 1, 1818 Georgia also to Julia Anne Jackson Nov. 29, 1832 Milton, Vt.

Julia Parker was mar. to Richard S. Locke March 1820.

Hannah M. Parker was mar. to Solomon Coloney Jan. 14, 1830.

Lydia Parker was mar. to Lendal T. Leach Jan. 24, 1837.

Selina Parker was mar. to Benham Preston June 4, 1835.

Deaths

Abel Annah, son of Abel and Lydia Parker died Feb. 3, 1831.

Cone Andrus died in Malone, N. Y. Dec. 1, 1821.

Anna Andrus died Nov. 22, 1833.

Harriet Parker died May 22, 1832.

Mary M. Parker died Mar. 9, 1832.

Apr. 24, 1855 Lydia Parker aged 83 yrs. was residing in Georgia Franklin Co., Vt., when she applied for and received bounty land.

Apr. 24, 1855 John Locke and Richard S. Locke of St. Albans Franklin Co., Vt. states that Mrs. Lydia Parker has resided in our family at intervals for more than 20 yrs. last past.

There are no further family data on file.
HE proven use of a coat of arms by a person in the American Colonies prior to the Revolution may aid in determining his origin across the ocean. Before beginning to follow up such a clue, be sure such use actually antedates the Revolution.

The business of furnishing “Your Family Arms” has flourished since 1800. Many persons bought such reproductions in good faith, and they are now handed down as family heirlooms. Arms on seals, silver, etc., that can be traced by mention in wills and other records to the pre-Revolutionary era are usually identified with the family. Arms were often used as seals on deeds, and so may be found in the public records. A box of bonds for 1686-1690 in Essex Co., Va., was recently examined. Many did not have wax seals, but a number did. Some wax impressions were of ciphers, fanciful devices or trademarks, but at least ten were definite heraldic devices.

One such deed was signed by John Rice in 1686-7. The seal showed a quartered shield, with the 1st and 4th “Per pale indented” and the 2nd and 3rd “a griffen or lion rampant.” The crest was an animal’s face wearing a crown. Papworth’s Ordinary of Arms shows Rice of Kerry (Ireland), formerly Wales, as bearing a quartered arms, 1st “Per pale indented argent and azure,” 2nd “azure a lion rampant or,” and 3rd and 4th two additional quarterings. Burke’s General Armory shows that in 1766 arms were confirmed to Thomas Rice of Co. Kerry, 7th in descent from Edward Rice of Dingle, Co. Kerry, whose ancestor, Sir John Rice of Buttevent, had lands in Co. Cork in 1357; the arms being 1st and 4th, “Per pale indented argent and gules,” 2nd and 3rd, “azure a lion rampant or”; crest, “A leop-ard’s face ducally crowned.” Also, Burke’s Peerage shows Lord Monteagle of Brandon using these arms, with a different 3rd quarter. Both of these arms, while the colors are different, show the same 1st and 2nd quarters, and these are identical with those used by John of Virginia. The Rice family should be traced to see when the 2nd quarter first appears, and descendants of the first bearer of it traced until John of Essex Co. is found.

A Duncombe family in the United States has an engraving of the Duncombe arms, though they believe it does not antedate 1834, when it was owned by an ancestor 4th in descent from Charles Duncombe who arrived in Massachusetts about 1730. According to tradition, he was “Sir Charles” and the heir of Lord Feversham, but renounced his rights and his brother Anthony inherited the estates. A brief examination shows a Duncombe family in Co. Bedford with the same arms but a different crest. Charles, of this family, became a wealthy merchant of London, bought vast estates, was Lord Mayor 1708-9, and was created “Sir Charles.” He died unmarried in 1711. His brother Anthony (1) had a son Anthony (2) who inherited part of his uncle’s estate, was created Lord Feversham, but as he had no sons, on his death in 1763 the barony became extinct. Anthony (1) also had a daughter Ursula who married Thomas Brown, and later assumed the name of Duncombe. Their great-grandson Charles was created in 1826 Baron Feversham. Obviously, the tradition is incorrect, although the Charles who came to America may have been of the same family as the one who became Lord Feversham. In determining which family, there is a further clue. The American engraving of the arms shows the colors and charges as used by the Feversham branch, but for crest it has a talbot’s head, while the Feversham branch uses a horse’s leg, as do nearly all the Duncombes. However, there was a Duncombe who was Sheriff of Bedford in the time of Queen Elizabeth who used the same arms, but with different colors, with the talbot’s head for a crest. This indicates a search should be made for his family and descendants, as the American immigrant may descend from a branch that retained the old crest.
O of the more than twenty recorded Rice arms, twelve show a chevron between three ravens, reindeer, leopard's faces, spearheads, etc., with variations produced by differences in colors and by the addition in some cases of additional charges. Families bearing these arms are found in Wales, London, Suffolk, Kent, Essex, and Buckingham.

Still another has apparently died out in England but representatives are still in Ireland, where the ancestors seem to have gone at an early date. Several variations of these arms are found, one of which is here shown. It is similar to the arms used by John Rice of Essex Co., Virginia, 1686-7.

It may well be that Welsh families now bearing names other than Rice use the arms shown as the first quarter. The name "Rice" is derived from the Welsh "Rhys."

The nine or more variations of the Duncombe arms are apparently all based on the same one, the shield being either divided vertically (per pale) or per chevron and bearing three talbot's (dog's) heads. Different color combinations are used to make the variations. This family appear to have been settled in Bedford and Buckingham, although descendants of one branch are now in Yorkshire. Most of them used for crest a horse's leg, but several used a talbot's head.

One Dunscombe family used a variant of the Duncombe arms; probably a branch in which the name was modified but the arms retained. The other Dunscombe families used the chevron division of the shield but with three bucks instead of three talbots. There may have been no connection between these and the original Duncombe family.

Symbols for Heraldic Tinctures

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Steel</th>
<th>Gold</th>
<th>Silver</th>
<th>Black</th>
<th>Red</th>
<th>Blue</th>
<th>Green</th>
</tr>
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</table>

Arms: Quarterly; 1st and 4th, Per pale indented argent and gules; 2nd and 3rd, Azure a lion rampant or.
Crest: A leopard's face ducally crowned or.

Arms: Per chevron engrailed argent and gules; three talbot's heads erased counterchanged.
Crest: A talbot's head erased argent.

Arms: Per chevron engrailed argent and gules, three talbot's heads erased counterchanged.
Crest: A talbot's head erased argent.

This reviewer has long desired to teach a course in history in which all reading, except for some chronology as a "tie in," would consist of novels, plays, and biographies. He believes that what few rigid facts might be ignored or even misrepresented would be well lost or twisted for the sake of the understanding of the life and thought of other times which such sources could supply. In a course of this kind, Miss Page's story would be required by the instructor and devoured by his students.

Thomas Jefferson is the factual and his imaginary friend Matthew Howard the fictional hero of this tale. Matthew is a Shenandoah frontiersman, rugged, direct, individualistic, fanatically fond of liberty and suspicious of government. His vigor and strength charm Jane Peyton into marrying him, though she comes from a Tidewater estate, loving the refinements of civilization and believing in the right and duty of aristocrats to maintain order. Thenceforth they and their descendants personify the differing opinions of groups of Americans, one convinced that at all costs the nation must be preserved from the self-seeking rich and that the people should be as much governors as governed, the other equally sure that only a strong central government (dominated by themselves) could save the country from anarchy.

As a boy, Matthew sees his father off to death with Braddock's veterans. His sons join him at Valley Forge, James developing under Hamilton, Peyton under Jefferson. James marries the vacuous daughter of his merchant partner in New York, and privately helps Slater start Rhode Island cotton mills. Peyton's wife is the gracious and intelligent child of an enlightened French viscount; one of their sons fights the Barbary pirates; the other, a member of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, settles in Ohio, where his grandparents join him.

These people all take part in the events of their times, told so vividly that you become as excited over Peyton's trial for sedition and Jefferson's election as if you were sitting in Chase's court and the House of Representatives. We see Washington, Adams, Gallatin, Marshall, and many more as their contemporaries knew them, striving by persuasion, force, or political manipulation to gain their ends. Our ancestors live and breathe again, facing their problems each in his own way as we do now—some mean, others noble; some wise, others petty; some selfish, others thinking in terms of the nation and the future. Each has his merit, fairly made clear. It was as well for us that no one man's ideas prevailed, but that all contributed to the birth and organization of our country.

Other authors may well note that this book has achieved popularity without sacrificing restraint and that it is realistic without being vulgar. Birth and death come to all, love and marriage to many, frustration to some; these things happen as they do to us. Life is set forth as it is, and Miss Page does not conceive that she has discovered any of it.

Those who believe that "history never repeats" have not read enough. Britain will not brook an enemy in the lowlands across the Channel, Rome still fears Carthage, and the Holy City of Jerusalem is a battleground of religions. "The Tree of Liberty" is significant because the early days of the United States were crucial in a struggle then old, sure to continue long beyond our time.

HENRY W. KEYES.

In another novel about the Pennsylvania Dutch, Mrs. Martin's climax is the return to a small town of newly qualified Dr. Edward Brubaker. We see his impending arrival at home from the point of view of his stupid, stingy, brow-beaten stepfather, of his mother, who had the vision and the wile to get him educated at the indirect expense of others, and of his stepfather's orphaned young sister Minnie, household drudge. His mother worships him, his stepfather resents him, and Minnie hates him for a spanking he gave her years before.

Minnie, of course, is the Cinderella of the story, whose fairy godmother is her neighbor, the old doctor's wife, Mrs. Lutz. This lady, locally misunderstood because of her good education, imaginative thinking and straight speaking, befriends Minnie, teaches her good English and some general information about the arts, and develops the outer poise that comes from self-respect.

Mrs. Martin creates her problem better than she solves it. Before Eddy comes home, she is objective, but thereafter she takes sides. We are shown the old truth that one house is too small for two women, especially if one be honest and the other a hypocrite. This is all very well, but even a hypocrite still has her point of view. Eddy takes over Dr. Lutz' practice and lectures everyone with whom he talks. His ideals are irreproachable, his language prissy. In due time, he learns his mother's faults and Minnie's virtues.

It is difficult to accept the theory impliedly advanced in this and other books that true culture abounds only in cities, and that country folk, except for rare individuals who have been exposed to better things, are a mean, narrow-minded lot, from and above whom occasionally emerge a few fine spirits. Many a metropolis has lost in kindliness whatever it has gained in sophistication. Perhaps Mrs. Martin did not mean to condemn the rank and file of the Pennsylvania Dutch as much as she appears to in her book. Surely, even apart from heroes, there are farmers who went to college; and no one's domicile alone determines his intelligence.

This is no profound masterpiece of literature, and does not pretend to be. If you're too critical, you won't like it; if you take it as it comes, you will.

HENRY W. KEYES.


If you are numbered among those who are this year turning toward New York's Fair, there to glimpse the "World of Tomorrow," you may—if your visits to New York are limited—wish to linger long enough to wander not only in the fairgrounds, but in the New York of Today; and if you are historically minded, in the New York of Yesterday.

Should such be the case, you will find your expeditions into the New York of Today and Yesterday greatly expedited by Mr. Ulmann's well-written "A Landmark History of New York."

Mr. Ulmann, realizing that most of us are rather rusty on our early history, has sketched this history in outline for us at the beginning of his book. He contrives to give a clear and accurate picture of New York's beginnings, and little by little he takes us further along in the city's history so that we become acquainted with many outstanding personalities who have played their part in this history, unfolding acquaintance against a background of sites which have been properly marked.

He even maps out a series of excursions for the would-be adventurer, and contrives in a subtle and unusual fashion to present a guidebook that leaves one with the impression of having taken a personally conducted tour.

Not the least interesting is the appendix, which gives the origin of street and place names. The index is likewise comprehensive.

This country has long suffered a dearth of suitable guidebooks for the traveller. It is to be hoped that other writers, equally as well informed as Mr. Ulmann, will write guides to other cities, as comprehensive and authoritative as is this Landmark History.

CATHERINE CATE COBLENTZ.

The Bonapartes were a wild, profligate, and colorful clan, closely knit by bonds of blood and intermarriage. Raised by Napoleon to positions of power and wealth, they led lives like his, filled with excitement, intrigue, wars, and plottings. America was to many of them a haven of refuge in exile during periods of imperial displeasure or political expediency. Numerous volumes have been written about individual members of the Bonaparte family in this country; now for the first time one book contains the exciting and romantic story of every Bonaparte as it touches or is touched by America.

Jerome Bonaparte and his beautiful and unhappy American bride, Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore,* were the founders of the American branch of the family of which only one is left. Louis Napoleon, later Napoleon III, spent part of his exile during the Bourbon restoration over here, sojourning in New York and elsewhere. As emperor, his intervention in Mexican affairs and his support of the ill-starred Maximilian government brought on strained relations with this country, which at one time threatened war.

Many places in the United States, from the Adirondacks to the Rio Grande, were settings in the Napoleonic drama. At Point Breeze, near Bordentown, New Jersey, Joseph, Napoleon's favorite brother and one-time King of Spain, lived for over twenty years in almost regal splendor. Lake Bonaparte, on the western edge of the Adirondacks, was the site of his summer home. At Cape Vincent on the St. Lawrence, the famous Cup and Saucer House was intended by its builder as a refuge for the Emperor himself. Lake Bonaparte, on the western edge of the Adirondacks, was the site of his summer home. At Cape Vincent on the St. Lawrence, the famous Cup and Saucer House was intended by its builder as a refuge for the Emperor himself. Lake Bonaparte, on the western edge of the Adirondacks, was the site of his summer home.

In her foreword, Miss Davis, who is Dean of Freshmen Women at the University of Wisconsin, makes the following statement: "Following Jean Nicolet's reception by the Winnebago Indians at Red Banks in 1634, for nearly two hundred years a favorite pathway into and through Wisconsin led past the 'Fairy Isle' lying in the Straits of Mackinac, passed the entrance of the Fox River into La Vaye, gradually worked itself beyond the portage of the two great rivers of the state, and reached the bottomlands where the Wisconsin and the Mississippi Rivers meet. At each of these four points, very early, were erected stockades and forts. Around these forts centered the life of the time—gay, comic, tragic. To them came many men, distinguished not only here, but also in the larger circles of this country and of Europe. Stories of the three old forts of Wisconsin proper, then, and of the folk who passed in and out and dwelt beside them will contain the essence of our beginnings."

Zona Gale, in supplementing the author's introduction, pays her a well-deserved trib-

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* See National Historical Magazine for December, 1937, p. 1120.
ute which shows how thoroughly she has succeeded in her purpose:

"The power to see one's state as if it were a being, busy about the life of the ages, that is one of the powers by which to build a unique book... Here Dean Davis chooses a story of three locales, their doings and dealings, their stage properties and arrangement, their motions political and social, and all the loveliness of environment, both 'natural', as we say, and man-made. We see Wisconsin as some fruitful presence, having its ups and downs, but being always a center of energy, a source of growth, and a creator of no mean attainment; and we see three uncurtained stages where for a time its action centered."

In describing Wisconsin as a "fruitful Presence", Mrs. Gale has used one of her happiest phrases; and in revealing it as such, Dean Davis has performed a great service, not only to her own state but to the country at large.

Among the stories with which the book deals are those of the "Main Street" of early Wisconsin; the Fox-Wisconsin waterway; the early centers of population, Green Bay and Prairie du Chien; the building of the first permanent road; and accounts of many broader incidents and personages. The story of "Billy" Hamilton, Alexander's son, is especially intriguing. The illustrations are well chosen and add to the value of the text: for instance, the early arithmetic book bound in buckskin, the "Jackknife Judge", "The Coming of the Jesuit Missionary", "The Return of the Trappers", "The Covered Bridge at Boscobel"—these are all pictures to stir the imagination. All in all, the book is one to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" with infinite profit and pleasure.

F. P. K.


The Martha Washington Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution of Washington, D. C., undertook to find the birthplace of Martha Washington. The lack of county records in New Kent prior to around 1870 made the search for documentary proof concerning her birthplace very difficult. Finally, after consulting other sources, enough evidence was found to satisfy the committee that "Chestnut Grove," in New Kent County, was the birthplace of George Washington's wife. The house had a beautiful setting high on the banks of the Pamunkey River. It was of frame structure and unfortunately burned in 1928. It is the Chapter's desire to see this house restored and maintained as a memorial. As the Chapter's first enterprise, of their ten-year program of collecting and publishing records pertaining to the early residents of New Kent County, Virginia, they offer the United States Census Reports for 1810 and 1850 and abstracts of application papers of Revolutionary War pensioners. These records are indexed. Proceeds from the sale of these publications will be used for restoring Chestnut Grove.

MARIE TATE.

An expression of appreciation has been voiced by the American Seamen's Friend Society to the National Society's many chapters which have contributed to the Ships' Libraries. Since 1859 the American Seamen's Friend Society has been purchasing carefully selected books for the use of crews at sea. An average of five hundred libraries are placed on American ships during a year. The society reports that sixty-eight ships' libraries have been placed by contributions from Chapters of the N. S. D. A. R. The Seamen's Society is desirous of obtaining additional technical books, such as radio, wireless, electricity, navigation, engineering, astronomy, and philosophy. Contributions are accepted any time. The American Seamen's Friend Society is located at 550 West Twentieth Street, New York City.

Other Books Received


FRANCES WILLARD OF EVANSTON. Lydia Jones Trowbridge. Willett, Clark, & Co., Chicago. $2.

THEN AND NOW. Jacob Knickerbocker, a New Yorker. Bruce Humphreys, Boston. $3.
MEMBERS OF THE THANKFUL HUBBARD CHAPTER, N.S.D.A.R., OF AUSTIN, TEXAS, PICTURED AT THEIR RECENT COLONIAL TEA

**Penny Pines**

The District of Columbia State Conservation Committee dedicated its “Penny Pines” plantation Saturday afternoon, May 20th. Having no land of its own in forest preserves, the District was glad to make its contribution to this worthy movement (reforestation) in its neighboring state, Virginia.

Of the several locations offered for the purpose, the Conway Robinson Memorial Forest preserve was chosen. This four-hundred-acre tract was given to the state of Virginia by Miss Agness Conway Robinson of Washington, D.C., as a memorial to her father. It is located in Prince William County, three miles east of Gainesville on the Lee Highway, adjacent to the “Bull Run” battlefield.

Three hundred acres of the preserve already had a growth of young trees on them, leaving one hundred acres, which had been in plowed fields, to be reforested.

The 1938-39 contributions of the District of Columbia chapters were sufficient to plant thirty acres. These have been planted and an appropriate bronze marker attached to a native boulder of the pink marble variety placed near the highway. Flagstones and native dogwood and red bud and other ornamental trees, and rustic seats have been artistically arranged around the marker. Thirty additional acres are available adjoining this plantation if the District Daughters continue their contributions through the next two years to reach the one-hundred per cent quota asked by our President General, Mrs. Robert, as a Golden Jubilee Project.

The “Penny Pines” used for this plantation are the fast growing “Lob-lolly” variety, which will attain a height of six feet in eight years.

Mrs. William A. Hartman, the District of Columbia Conservation Chairman, presided at the dedication. Miss Lillian Chenoweth, State Regent, spoke appreciatively of the conservation work, and Mrs. Harry K. Nield, National Chairman of Conservation, and Mrs. Helen M. Gordon, of the United States Forest Service, also spoke in high terms of the achievement.

Miss Marian Moncure, Regent of the John Alexander Chapter of Alexandria, Virginia, represented the State Regent, and welcomed the Daughters of her “Sister State.” Mr. Berlin Eye, of the Virginia Forest Service, explained the need for reforestation and commended the Daughters for their interest in it. Miss Laura V. Ruff, one of the Vice Chairmen of the District of
Columbia Conservation Committee, withdrew the ribbons unveiling the marker.

The Mariemont Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Mariemont, Ohio, included among its leading activities the past year the planting of two acres of Penny Pines honoring two past regents, Mrs. Howard Donley and Mrs. Clifford Pohl.

The presentation of the annual Scholarship awards were made to the senior high school boy and girl having the highest averages in the Ohio Scholarship test in Hamilton County by the new regent, Mrs. Harry Binder. Three History Medals and facsimiles of the Inaugural of Washington were given to the two highest students in American History of three Hamilton County high schools by Miss Ramona Kaiser.

**Dedication of Markers**

The only Real Granddaughter of the John Ball Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Wilkinson County, Georgia, Mrs. Virginia Stephens Cason, who celebrated her eightieth birthday on April 27th, was invited to speak at the recent dedication exercises of Ball's Ferry Bridge. Following the dedication of the bridge, the chapter unveiled a marker of Georgia marble, designating Ball's Ferry, an historic crossing on the Oconee River, which was built and maintained by John Ball prior to 1816.

John Ball Chapter is proud of its three generations of the Cason family enrolled as members—Mrs. Cason, her daughter, Mrs. Sarah Cason Todd, a former chapter regent, and her daughter, Elizabeth Todd.

**Valley Forge Bells**

Washington Memorial Chapel at Valley Forge was recently filled to seating capacity when the Vermont and Kansas State Bells and the Washington State Flag were presented and dedicated with appropriate ceremonies.

Invocation was offered by Mrs. B. C. Batcheller, State Vice Regent of Vermont, followed by the “Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag,” led by Mrs. E. A. Morse, State Recording Secretary of Vermont. Selected Vermont Verse was read by Miss Agnes K. Lawson, page for the Vermont delegation at Continental Congress.

Greetings from Mrs. Henry M. Robert, Jr., to the Daughters of Vermont, Kansas, and Washington were read by the Vermont State Regent, who also read greetings from the Governor of her State, His Excellency George D. Aiken.

In her inspiring address, the Historian General, Mrs. Leland Stanford Duxbury, told of the vision which the founder, Dr. W. Herbert Burk, had held for this little wayside chapel and pointed out the many D. A. R. memorials given to the chapel. Mrs. Duxbury also commended the Vermont, Kansas and Washington Daughters for their patriotic achievements and expressed the hope that other State Societies would present similar memorials in the near future.

The Vermont State Bell was presented by Mrs. Arthur W. Norton, Honorary State Regent, and dedicated by Mrs. C. R. Arkinson, State Regent of Vermont.

The Kansas State Bell was presented by Mrs. J. W. Kirkpatrick, Ex-Vice President General, and dedicated by Miss Marion Seelye, State Regent of Kansas.
The Washington State Flag was presented by Mrs. Charles E. Head, Vice President General, and dedicated by Mrs. Pelagius Williams, Past State Regent, at the request of the State Regent of Washington.

Rev. John Robbins Hart, in a few well chosen words, expressed deep appreciation for these memorials to the chapel, so aptly called the “American Westminster.”

Jewel Tea

The jewels were the fun of it. Who doesn’t love Great-Aunt Araminta’s soft mesh bracelet made out of the raw gold her sweetheart sent her from California in the gold rush of ’49? Or the precious stones in hand-wrought settings, the ornaments made of human hair, and the cameos; delicate figures against creamy tan or pale blue backgrounds? And having them in our possession, what a thrill it is to share them with friends, or to have experts who really know, assure us of their genuine worth over and above the sentimental values we have put upon them!

Members of the Beacon Fire Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Summit, New Jersey, were recently invited to a very novel and profitable Benefit Tea. Each one was asked to wear some especially treasured or interesting, or lovely old piece of jewelry, and to tell, in so far as she could, its own story out of by-gone days.

As an added attraction, Mr. Herbert P. Whitlock, Curator of Mineralogy, came out from the Museum of Natural History in New York and gave a fascinating lecture with slides, showing the famous jewels worn by crowned heads in history; rare necklaces and precious stones of our own early American people. A delicious tea and refreshments completed the afternoon.

Mrs. Irvin Garverick’s hundred and fifty year old barn in Chatham was an ideal setting for the tea party, which was given by her mother, Mrs. Paul Brown Klugh. Its hand-hewn beams, its Dutch cupboards filled with shiny pewter, its iron kettles and cranes on the hearths at either end of the huge central “carriage room,” needed only the crisp rustle of taffeta over hoop skirts to transport the guests a century back in the realm of ancient times. And the rare old brooches and earrings, the necklaces and cameos themselves, must have felt at home once more; that here at least for a day they had come into their own again!

SALUTE!

ELIZABETH X. PRICHARD

Hallowed Symbol!
Of all that is best in life,
We salute Thee!

Under the red, white and blue,
We, our pledge of allegiance renew;
And thank God, the God of all,
The dear God of our hearts,
For freedom and love,
That is true.

O, Flag of our country,
Thy colors to me,
Are White for Light,
Red for Life,
And Blue for Love,
Through all Eternity.
National Defense Through Patriotic Education

THE National Defense office had a very active part in preparations for the nation-wide observance of Flag Week, which we have just celebrated, and Independence Day, which we are about to celebrate, as it has in very many educational projects throughout the year. Patriotic leaflets, plays, exhibits, addresses are called for in great numbers. During the past six weeks 30,592 printed pages and 2,600 mimeo sheets have been sent to 406 addresses, all upon request. Many of them are wanted for special celebrations and all have direct bearing upon better citizenship and making the great American ideal come true.

We are asked by the American Civil Liberties Union what the Daughters of the American Revolution are doing about civil liberties, and what we are doing about the Bill of Rights. We answer that ours is an educational program through which it is hoped to bring the realization of the blessings of freedom to every one living under the Stars and Stripes. The millennium has not come but will be mighty close at hand when all the ideals for which Old Glory stands have been made realities for all the people.

We are asked by our members whether membership in the American Civil Liberties Union, the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and some other organizations devoted to specific purposes is consistent with membership in the D. A. R. We send marked copies of their programs and show that advocacy of the right to destroy, and of the right to refuse to defend, are not compatible with the desire to build and to secure, though they may be testimonials to the great principles of freedom of speech and of conscience. We show how the building of socialism moves toward dictatorship and away from freedom and progress and security in those civil liberties which created the Constitution and which are guaranteed by it.

Independence Day offers one more opportunity to bring home to American citizens, and to all who are fortunate enough to live under the Flag's protecting folds, the fact that, while injustices continue to affect the lives of many, and personal liberties are invaded, none are secure, whatever are their rights.

A minister has asked for information on organized Atheism and to have the same sent to 24 other ministers; a Rotary Club president wants plays on the American Constitution; a club woman expresses her hearty thanks after receiving requested material on Democracy and Religion which, she said, "is just what I want"; a man wants material from which "to prepare a paper on Propaganda and the Intelligent Citizen"; a college student wants material for a debate on armaments; an eighth grade girl has to write on "The Most Effective Educational Project for Citizenship."

Literature, posters, and pictures are wanted to prove how fortunate school children are in living under the Constitution; a scoutmaster asks for fifty to seventy-five free pamphlets on the history, customs and respect due the Flag; many libraries are asking for reference material for teachers and schools; a teacher is looking for free material for use in elementary grades; a fourth grade wants books and pamphlets to aid in study of the Flag; a high school asks for "National Defense material to exhibit at a hobby show." A superintendent of schools wants copies of articles for each of his district supervisors. A public-speaking class seeks debate material on rearmament.

A Grange asks for material suitable for the theme, "My Country and My Home"; United American Veterans would like 100 copies of the Constitution of the United States; information on peace activities is wanted for a Camp Fire talk; sixty sets of material are sought for an essay contest on "Our Constitution," by the C. C. C. camps of a western state; literacy classes for adults want help; Pledge and Creed cards are desired by a woman's group; free copies of "The Star-Spangled Banner" are wanted for a school dedication; college students have chosen the D. A. R. as the patriotic
society about which to write a thesis. The aims and objects of the Society will be exemplified by its program in action.

Over 1,000 medals have been sent for June awards and 6,500 copies of the National Defense News have gone to the chapters. One patriotic citizen, not a D. A. R., secured copies of the Declaration of Independence, which she gave to school children who came to her bookshop. She then ordered a Constitution Shrine, to be presented to the community school having the greatest number of children who satisfy her that they know the preamble to the Declaration of Independence. And so Flag Week and Independence Day resound with dedication to those ideals for which Old Glory stands!

MADELEINE PREBLE SCHART,
Secretary, National Defense Through Patriotic Education Committee.

MOTION PICTURES

The following pictures are listed as suitable for type of audience indicated, and the synopsis is given to aid you in selecting your motion picture entertainment.

Audience classifications are as follows:
"Adults," 18 years and up; "Young People," 15 to 18 years; "Family," all ages; "Junior Matinee," suitable for a special children's showing.

FIVE CAME BACK (RKO Radio)
Chester Morris, Wendy Barrie, Lucille Ball, Kent Taylor, John Carradine.
A strongly dramatic offering, dealing with the tragic plight of a group of people flying from the United States to South America by way of Mexico. It is well directed and acted. Adults and young people.

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS (MGM)
Robert Donat, Greer Garson, Terry Kilburn.
A moving, heart-warming picture has been made from James Hilton's gentle story of a wise and understanding schoolmaster and his quiet life, with exciting interludes, at a British public school. The screen brings to life, in a deeply significant way, the experiences which make up the career of Mr. Chips during the four generations he remains at Brookfield. Masterly direction results in a leisurely, smoothly developed chronicle with dramatic moments. No liberties have been taken with the book, and Robert Donat's portrait of the beloved teacher is incredibly fine, as is that of Miss Garson. A wholly delightful production that must stand as one of the year's best. Family.

THE HOUSE OF FEAR (Universal)
William Gargan, Irene Hervey, Alan Dinehart, Walter Woolf King.
A story filled with suspense dealing with the activities of a detective who poses as a theatrical producer in order to solve a baffling murder mystery. Adults and young people.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK (United Artists)
Louis Hayward, Joan Bennett, Joseph Schildkraut, Warren William.
The reign of the arrogant tyrant Louis XIV in the seventeenth century is the period covered by the Dumas novel, and the king's wanton extravagance, complete disregard for the public, and levying of taxes that brought suffering and extreme poverty upon the French people are vividly portrayed. The story, which has basis in history, is built around the diabolical King Louis and his mysterious twin brother, Philippe, whom he had imprisoned in the Bastille, his face never visible because of an iron mask that covered his head. Louis Hayward, supported by a brilliant cast, plays the dual roles of the brothers. James Whale's fine direction of the story makes clear the causes that brought about the Revolution in France, and brings home in a timely way the benefits of democracy and of rule by the people. An exceptional production marked by lavish settings and authentic details. Adults and young people.

SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES (Twentieth Century-Fox)
Shirley Temple, Randolph Scott, Margaret Lockwood.
The late nineteenth century, when the Canadian Pacific Railway was slowly pushing westward through the territory of hostile Indians, under the protection of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police, furnishes the setting for an exciting action story. A well-deserved tribute is paid the police, and little Miss Temple as Susannah, the only survivor of an Indian raid, wins her way into the affections of both Mounties and Indians and brings about peace. The picture, based on the book by Muriel Denison, will entertain those who enjoy watching a gifted child actress. Family suitability.

YOUNG MR. LINCOLN (Twentieth Century-Fox)
Henry Fonda, Alice Brady, Marjorie Weaver, Arleen Whelan, Donald Meek.
This story of Abraham Lincoln begins in 1832 when he was twenty-three, and covers his experiences and legal practice during the following
ten years. This formative period when, with the encouragement of Ann Rutledge, he studies old copies of Blackstone's commentaries in New Salem, Illinois, moves to Springfield and starts his law practice, meets Mary Todd, and successfully defends the Clay Brothers in a sensational murder trial provides ample material for a stirring drama. Henry Fonda gives a fine characterization of young Lincoln and is supported by a strong cast. The picture with its interpretation of a great liberty-loving American, a hater of oppression, and a personification of democracy is a most timely one. Family.

Shorts

**FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE (Vitaphone)**
A Color Parade. Bowery beautician—black eyes painted out; Chute yards—the making and folding of silk parachutes; Home brew—the correct method to use in making coffee; Girth control—daily slimming exercises. Excellent. Family.

**GOLD (RKO Radio)**
An interesting comment on the gold rush of '49 and a comparison of the mining methods of that period with those in use today. Excellent. Family.

**KNOW YOUR HISTORY (Columbia)**
Interesting events in American history are pictured and commented on. Family and Junior Matinee.

**MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED NO. 3 (Vitaphone)**
Crime laboratory—scientific methods of solving crime; Reach for a sweet—factory candy making; Rubber comes of age—processes of rolling and coloring rubber and modern uses of it; Points on pencils—manufacturing pencils. Excellent. Family.

**PICTURESQUE UDAIPUR (MGM)**
Scenes in technicolor of some of the lesser known parts of India. Exceptionally good narration. Family.

**POPULAR SCIENCE 1-8-5 (Paramount)**
Included in this interesting series are: The older generation goes to school to keep up with the times; carving with electrically heated wires and saws; a radio operated aeroplane in England; the making of movie cartoons, indicating the large amount of work involved. Excellent. Family.

**RURAL HUNGARY (MGM)**
A travelogue in color of Hungary, picturing its agricultural life and the folk dances which celebrate the harvest festival. The quaint settings and costumes are most interesting. Excellent. Family and Junior Matinee.

**SONS OF LIBERTY (Vitaphone)**
A remarkable historical narrative in technicolor, pointing out the vital part played by the Jewish-American patriot, Haym Solomon, in helping the cause of freedom at a critical point in the Revolutionary War. Claude Rains gives an admirable characterization in the leading role. One of the best in the fine series of patriotic films produced by Warner Brothers. Family.

**TELEVISION (RKO Radio)**
An instructive short subject on telecasting. The scenes show a television broadcast, methods used in televising a program, operation of the control room, the duties of a television engineer, and the final result as seen over a home receiving set. Excellent. Family.

**WHILE AMERICA SLEEPS (MGM)**
The activities of spy rings and their operations in the United States. A timely subject as America becomes increasingly aware of the foreign spy. Family.

The forthcoming screen treatments of the life of Abraham Lincoln—*Young Mr. Lincoln* and *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*—will undoubtedly bring a demand at the libraries for reading material on the man and his period. The library service of the University of California suggests the following:

- Sherwood, Robert Emmet—"Abe Lincoln in Illinois"—a play in twelve scenes.
- Sandburg, Carl—"Abe Lincoln Grows Up."
- Nicholay, J. G.—"Short Life of Abraham Lincoln."
- Masters, Edgar Lee—"Lincoln the Man."
- Beveridge, Albert Jeremiah—"Abraham Lincoln, 1809-1858."
- Drinkwater, John—"Abraham Lincoln."
- Stern, Philip Van Doren—"The Man Who Killed Lincoln: The Story of John Wilkes Booth and His Part in the Assassination."

The following plays, which have had or are having successful runs on the New York stage, have been purchased for screen production:

- **THE OLD MAID**
- **SUSAN AND GOD**
- **THE BLUEBIRD (Maeterlinck)**
ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS
ON BORROWED TIME

There has been an urgent demand for a picture on the life of George Washington, and we have been trying hard to have such a picture produced. At last we can announce that Republic is planning a LIFE OF WASHINGTON, to go into production this summer.

MARION LEE MONTGOMERY,
(Mrs. LeRoy Montgomery.)
National Chairman, Motion Picture Committee.

CORRECT USE OF THE FLAG

PRINTED below is the essay that won the prize of $100 offered by Mrs. Charles W. Watts, National Vice Chairman, Correct Use of the Flag Committee, on the subject, "The United States Flag." This prize was offered for the year 1937-38, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Martin L. Sigmon. The present Committee is glad to grant its space in the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE for the publication of this essay. Due to the prolonged illness of Mrs. Sigmon, a copy of the essay was not received for many months after the award had been made. It was then decided that it would be most appropriate to have it printed in the June issue of the Magazine, since that is Flag Month. Another delay occurred; but July, being Independence Month, seemed equally auspicious for the presentation of this timely exposition, of interest in the subject near the heart of all loyal Americans today.

It must be a source of satisfaction to Mrs. Watts to know that her generosity encouraged David Finley, of Cony High School, Augusta, Maine, to the production of this masterly essay on "The Flag."

The second place in the contest was won by Blair Burton, Ogden High School, Ogden, Michigan, and honorable mention was made of essays written by: John Marshall Webster, Classin High School, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; Mary Elizabeth Leasure, Austin High School, El Paso, Texas; Rose Demerly, St. Francis High School, Lafayette, Indiana; Dorothy Stef onowicz, Devils Lake High School, Devils Lake, North Dakota; Richard Mathews, Los Molinas High School, Los Molinas, California; and Marilyn B. Epperly, Marysville High School, Marysville, Pennsylvania.

In the name of the National Society this Committee expresses appreciation to Mrs. Watts for her splendid contribution, which stimulated the patriotic consciousness of scores of young people from all sections of the United States and incited them to study and research which will doubtless benefit future generations in appreciation of the ideals symbolized by "Old Glory."

The Flag of the United States: Its Origin, Use, and Tradition

HIGHER than our greatest skyscrapers, higher than the loftiest of mountains, higher even than the drifting clouds, a symbol guards eternally over the United States of America. It is an idealistic force, a gossamer thing that human eyes and hands can never find—yet as real as the brown earth, and the mightiest power of a united people. It is the spirit of our flag, the Stars and Stripes.

The Flag's influence is a subtle force, ordinarily unnoticed. But suppose someone mentions, in the course of a conversation, "red, white, and blue." This combination of words very probably will be instant in its effect. "Our Flag," your mind will perceive immediately. Why, then, this subconscious influence of a gaudy piece of cloth?

Because it is more than a gaudy piece of cloth, a spur-of-the-moment propaganda creation. Our flag has a history that makes it most worthy of our reverence.

Its birth is shrouded in myths. More than one person is credited with designing the first Stars and Stripes. Mrs. Betsy Ross is thought by many to have been the maker of the first flag and the one who suggested making the stars with five points instead of the usual six. Some historians doubt the veracity of this account. It is known, however, that a commission of three was appointed by Congress to carry out their resolution for a national flag. Three men composed this committee: General Washington, Robert Morris, and Colonel Ross. Mrs. Ross was a flagmaker who lived in Philadelphia, the capital city of the Continental Congress. It is quite comprehensible, therefore, that Betsy Ross might have been the maker of the first official Stars and Stripes. Francis Hopkinson and John Paul Jones have also been named as its designers.
An authentic account of one of the first American Flags took place at Fort Stanwix, New York, at the time of a British attack on the garrison, August 3, 1777. As soon as they learned of the “flag resolution” from a company of soldiers sent to reinforce their numbers, the men of that fort made a flag from the soldiers’ white shirts, Captain Swartwout’s blue cloak, and the red petticoat of a soldier’s wife. During the ensuing battle, a real American Flag fluttered over the fort, defying the British attacks.

As unique as is the Flag of the United States, its component parts must have been borrowed from other flags. The stars are thought to have been due to the state flag of Rhode Island, and perhaps the stripes resulted from the influence of Washington’s coat of arms. No definite proof of these assertions is forthcoming; therefore, we must leave them as mere conjectures. Very probably, the Flag was the result of a great many influences and minds.

Of necessity, the original conception of the United States Flag, as representing individually each state upon entering the Union by a stripe and a star, was altered. By the time the forty-eighth stripe was tacked on the list it would have been a bulky affair, indeed. So on April 4, 1818, Congress decreed that the stripes should forever number thirteen, in memory of the original United Colonies, and the stars should increase with the number of States. Thus has resulted our flag as we know it today, with thirteen alternating red and white stripes and a field of forty-eight white stars on blue.

The first national battle of our country was also the first showing of our flag in conflict. During the American Revolution, its twinkling stars and proud stripes cheered the sailors of our weak navy—gave them the courage to face the superior ships of their British foes and the determination to see their flag emerge victorious, as it did. On land, its rippling folds defied British cannon at Yorktown and Brandywine, guarded the campfires at cold Valley Forge, and set American courage above British numbers at Bunker Hill. Since then, in every war in which the United States has fought, the Stars and Stripes has been borne to victory.

All the red blood given by American patriots through the years to make our country what it is today, and to secure for their children freedom the like of which no other government has ever offered, has been poured into the red stripes of Old Glory; all the blue sky above the American United Nation is retained in its vibrant blue field; all the purity of highest ideals our forefathers have bequeathed us in the white stripes and stars—it is for us, as Americans, to keep them forever stainless.

Our flag is the fourth oldest of the national emblems in existence. Far more significant than that, it represents the strongest exponent of a just government in the world today—Democracy.

It is that which the hands of men have fashioned in red and white and blue. It is that which the hearts of men have cherished and retained through the long years. By their efforts, our flag is more than a symbol of a free people.

The Stars and Stripes IS America.

MRS. CHARLES B. KEESEE,
National Chairman,
Correct Use of the Flag Committee.

Advancement of American Music

August is, of course, very much like the other summer months, except that it is generally looked upon as the popular vacation period of the year. For such a season, music inspired by the countryside, shore, mountains, and lakes might be appropriate for a program.

One contemporary composer writes “Letters from a Maine Farm” for piano. It is a real farm, too, with a spider, woodchucks, and an old music box. Other composers have chosen mountain ranges as subjects, furnishing us with such numbers as “From Blackbird Hills” and “Adirondack Sketches” for piano, and “Four Sketches from the Rocky Mountains” for violin. Often, as in the “Storm King Symphony” for organ, one particular mountain peak is extolled. Sometimes a composer is inspired to write of lakes or sea shore, such as “The Beach of Waikiki” for voice, and “Lake
Erie” for piano. The bird calls heard on Big Moose Lake in New York state form an interesting idyll. Vacationists returning from an ocean voyage often encounter fog and never tire of watching the graceful sea gulls, thus suggesting another intriguing subject to the composer.

Still another pleasing phase of vacation-time music might be referred to as “tonal laissez faire.” Summer dreams, in the hammock, a lament that work was not accomplished, or a quiet summer evening become alluring themes.

Thus we find August well supplied with possibilities for occasional music. It is a fortunate happening, for there seem to be few if any compositions dedicated by name to this late-summer month. We have, however, many prominent contemporary composers born in this month. Among them are some very interesting women, including the great violinist-composer, Maud Powell.

And so with these suggestions for an August program, “Through the Year with American Music” comes to a close. The next committee report will appear in the September issue of the Magazine, and will suggest a program based on the subject for the coming year “Across the U. S. A. with Our Composers.”

I. SEASONAL MUSIC
Solo—voice
The still of evening .................................................. Louise Snodgrass
(Galaxy Music Corp.)
I meant to do my work today ................................. Dent Mowry
(Carl Fischer, Inc.)

Piano
The lure of summer days .......................................... Florence Newell Barbour
(A. P. Schmidt Co.)
Nocturne, Op. 35, No. 1 ............................................. Emerson Whithorne
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)

Violoncello
Whimsey ................................................................. Wallingford Regger
(G. Schirmer, Inc.)

II. OCCASIONAL MUSIC—VACATION TIME
Piano
Letters from a Maine Farm ....................................... Elliot Griffis
(The Composers Press, Inc.)
From Blackbird Hills ................................................. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
(C. C. Birchard & Co.)
Adirondack Sketches .................................................. Eastwood Lane
(J. Fischer, Inc.)

Solo—voice
Sea Gulls—Fog ..................................................... Charles Haubiel
(The Composers Press, Inc.)

Organ
Storm King Symphony ................................................ Clarence Dickinson
(The W. H. Gray Co.)

Violin
River Legend ......................................................... Franz Bornschein
(Carl Fischer, Inc.)

III. MUSIC BY COMPOSERS BORN IN AUGUST
Holland—Suite for piano ........................................... Florence Newell Barbour
(A. P. Schmidt Co.) (August 4, 1867)
Out of the Depths—for solo—voice ............................. John Prindle Scott
(R. L. Huntzinger, Inc.) (August 6, 1877)
Sioux Flute Serenade ................................................ Charles Sanford Skilton
(Carl Fischer, Inc.) (August 16, 1868)
Waltz, Op. 64, No. 1 (Chopin)—violin ......................... Maud Powell
(G. Schirmer, Inc.) (August 22, 1868)
Hindu Slumber Song—for solo—voice ......................... Harriet Ware
(John Church Co.) (August 26, 1877)
Fireside Fancies for organ ....................................... Joseph W. Clokey
(Clayton F. Summy Co.) (August 28, 1890)

JANET CUTLER MEAD,
National Chairman, Advancement of American Music Committee.
Good Citizenship Pilgrimage

I SHOULD like to share with you the notes of thanks I have received from the 1939 Pilgrims. Here are a few.

A Pilgrim from a Southwestern State says: “I wish I could tell you clearly enough how changed I am since my trip, how different my ideas are and how much I want to share these ideas with everyone else. It’s the most important thing that’s ever happened to me, and I want to thank you, your vice chairmen and every member of the National Society who made it possible for me to attend the Pilgrimage, for that privilege.”

A Pilgrim from a Mid-Atlantic State says: “I do truly want to thank you for the lovely time I had while in Washington. I had been there once before when I was six, but do feel that I got so very much more out of Washington being in the group.”

A Pilgrim from a South Central State says: “I enjoyed it and at the same time I learned a great deal. Thank you again for your kindness.”

A Pilgrim from a Central State says: “I enjoyed the trip more than I can tell and have hardly started telling the family all about it yet. I have a whole box full of souvenirs to keep and use while re-living the trip. I am looking forward to our club’s Round Robin letter with eagerness. Thanks a lot for all you did to make the trip perfect.”

A Pilgrim from a West North Central State says: “I sincerely wish to express my thanks and appreciation to the D. A. R. and all those connected with it for the lovely time shown me. This trip was most interesting and very educational and proved to me that all my efforts in striving to be a good student and citizen were all very worth while.”

Another Pilgrim from the same section says: “Everyone has been just grand to me since I got back from my trip. The town Booster Club gave me a banquet and presented me with a wrist watch. Next week I go to Watertown to speak to the high school there, and don’t think that I won’t put in a lot about the D. A. R. because I’m going to tell everything I can about it and what it’s trying to do.”

A Pilgrim from an East North Central State says: “You and the organization that was back of you can never fully appreciate the enduring effect of your Good Citizenship Pilgrimage upon the young girls of our country. Well, it did something permanent to me. I feel a new surge of patriotism, and I am sure that every other Pilgrim was similarly affected. . . . I thank you and the D. A. R. for stimulating interest in citizenship, and for a most delightful and educational trip to our nation’s capital. The experiences of those days will never be forgotten.”

A Pilgrim from an Eastern State says: “The Pilgrimage was one of the most impressive and inspiring events of my life, one which I shall always remember.”

Another from the same section says: “The Pilgrimage has given me something that can never be taken away; now more than ever I realize what it is to be an American. The inspiration of the pilgrimage will stay with me always, and all my life I shall try to be faithful to it.”

Another from the same section says: “I am grateful to the entire organization for sponsoring so magnificent a project and especially to you and your committee for arranging such an interesting program and showing us such a wonderful time. Learning about the activities of the D. A. R., seeing our government in action and the beauty of its capital city and making the acquaintance of interesting girls from every State have been delightfully inspiring to me.”

These are only a few comments selected from many letters received from the girls. I hope the chapters located near the homes of these Pilgrims have asked them to tell of their experiences and have therefore learned what the Pilgrimage can mean to young girls.

ESTELLA A. O’BYRNE,
National Chairman,
Good Citizenship Pilgrimage Committee.
Junior

Racine, Wisconsin, Juniors

THE Third meeting of the Midwest Regional Conference of Junior Daughters of the American Revolution was held May 6, 1939, at Racine, Wisconsin, at St. Lukes Church, with the Mary Chase White Junior Group as hostesses. Forsythia in great bouquets decorated the meeting hall, while red, white, and blue spring flowers graced the luncheon tables.

The meeting opened with the Junior ritual, followed by the song, “God Bless America,” beautifully rendered by Mrs. George Gorton, a member of the local chapter. Mrs. Ed. Berdinner, Chairman of Juniors of the Midwest Region, presided. The officers and visiting guests were presented. The minutes were read and approved. Representatives of Junior groups throughout the region reported upon the progress of the Juniors during the year.

After a delicious luncheon the meeting continued with the election of officers.

Mrs. George D. Schermerhorn, Organizing Secretary General and National Chairman of Committee for Junior Membership, greeted the conference. She spoke of the pleasure it has been for her to work with the Junior groups, and she feels that the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution are insuring for the future of the Juniors.

Mrs. W. W. Wheeler, State Regent of Wisconsin, greeted the Juniors, and she pledged herself to help further the Junior groups during her term of office. Mrs. Helen K. Stuart, Past Regent of Wisconsin, told of building the Juniors from a very small group to the active organization it is today, and assured them of her continued support. Mrs. Harrison Wood, Regent of the Racine Chapter, D. A. R., greeted the Regional meeting and told of her plans for the future of the Juniors.

Mrs. Frank Harris, State Chairman of Committee for Junior Membership, gave an interesting report of her work in Washington with the C. A. R. at the national meeting. Five busloads of C. A. R. were escorted on a tour of Washington and Mount Vernon. The tour proved to be of great significance to the Children in furnishing them with a greater knowledge of their national capital and of their country's history.

Mrs. William H. Pouch, National President C. A. R., and Miss Helen McMakin (State Regent of Illinois) sent greetings and good wishes to the conference.

It was voted to hold an annual conference of the Midwest Region Juniors the first Saturday in May, in order to bring to the Juniors the inspiration of Continental Congress. In Bloomington, Illinois, we will hold our 1940 conference.

Miss Dorothy Evans, 1939 National Chairman of Junior Assembly, told of the Junior Assembly held in Memorial Continental Hall, Tuesday, April 18. Miss Ruth Clement reported on Junior Registration, and the use of flags at Washington.

Mrs. Frank Harris reported on the Helena Pouch Scholarship Fund for Approved Schools. Three $100 scholarships were given—one to Tamassee and one to Kate Duncan Smith, D. A. R. schools, and to Northland College, an approved school.

A most interesting panel was led by Mrs. Schermerhorn, in which questions pertaining to Juniors were raised and discussed.

The conference was voted a success and was adjourned at four o'clock.

RUTH V. CLEMENT, Press Chairman.

Material for the Junior Page should be sent to Miss Olive Webster, 91 Hillside Avenue, West Newton, Massachusetts.
**Atlanta Junior Group**

The Junior Group of the Atlanta Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., was organized October 10, 1937. Since that time we have added thirty-three members to our roll. Twenty-three of these members were accepted during the current year (one member by transfer).

Our major projects are Junior membership, Americanization, distribution of D. A. R. Manual of Citizenship, and Ellis Island.

Our group is the Americanization Committee of the Atlanta Chapter. We have attended the Naturalization Court, held in June and January, and have made personal calls on the prospective citizens.

At one chapter meeting we were in charge of the Americanization program, and presented as the guest speaker Judge John D. Humphries, Senior Judge of the Superior Court of Fulton County.

We have placed D. A. R. Citizenship Manuals in the libraries of fifteen Atlanta and Fulton County schools. We raised $25 which was sent to Tamassee, to help furnish Georgia's room, given in honor of our State Regent, Mrs. Harrison Hightower.

We sent materials to the work rooms on Ellis Island.

Mrs. William Becker attended our State Junior Assembly, given in her honor.

We entertained at a barbecue supper, and raised $10, which was sent to the Helena Pouch Memorial Scholarship Fund at Tamassee, we contributed ten cents per capita for the National Junior Assembly at Washington.

Our Junior Group had a part at Continental Congress; our chairman, Mrs. Reuben Garland, served as a Page.

**SARAH HOSHALL,**

Press Chairman.

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**Fort Augusta Junior Group, Sunbury, Pennsylvania**

We, Fort Augusta Juniors, are possessed with a feeling of pride in presenting this our first letter to the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE.

During our existence of less than a year, we have been holding well-attended meetings, at which time we have had papers on colonial homes in this locality, and have been studying the history of our important frontier, Fort Augusta. We now have eight full-fledged members, and eight prospective members.

Our first effort to raise money was to sponsor a reading by Mrs. Salo Freidewald, "All This and Heaven Too," by Rachel Field. With part of this money we decided to refurbish the children's room of the Sunbury Public Library, also plant shrubbery at the State marker at Fort Augusta.

In February we assisted in colonial costumes at the Forty-sixth Birthday Tea of the Senior Chapter, we entertained the Senior Chapter at a meeting, and presented as guest speaker Dr. William A. Russ, head of the History Department of Susquehanna University, Selinsgrove, who spoke on "Causes of the American Revolution Other Than Taxation Without Representation."

The May meeting will be a pilgrimage to Fort Augusta, where we will be addressed by Mr. Heber Gearhart, Historian and Genealogist, after which we will visit the American Home of Dr. Joseph Priestly, in Northumberland; from there into the country for dinner.

Our sponsor and chairman, Miss Agnes Selin Schoch, attended the Junior Assembly in Washington at the Continental Congress of 1939.

**RUTH HUTCHINSON.**

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**Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Juniors**

**WHEEL AND DISTAFF,** the Junior Group of the Milwaukee Chapter of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has two projects: C. A. R. and the Junior American Citizens. A party was held for the Junior American Citizens group at Calvary Community House on December 28. Dixie cups, Christmas cookies and a ten-cent gift were furnished. Some of the C. A. R.'s assisted. We provided a grand Christmas basket, groceries, toys and clothes included, for a family with ten children.

We are planning a bridge luncheon to raise funds for general expenses and to send boys to summer camp again this year. The two boys whom we sent last year were part of the family to whom we sent our Christmas basket.

**HELEN H. SCHICKEL,**

Secretary.
THE article, "Dressmaking, An Old-Fashioned Art" by Elizabeth Biddle Cargill, and illustrated by the same talented young woman, which appeared in the May issue, has brought in many favorable comments. In connection with this, the editor has been interested in a full-page illustrated feature in the New York Herald-Tribune, by Katherine Vincent, fashion editor, entitled "Styles for Today in Fabrics of Early American Origin," with the subtitle, "Quaint Patterns from Old Documents." Through the courtesy of the Herald Tribune we are enabled to reproduce two of the prints, and part of the text, which reads as follows:

"America makes the front pages in the fashion world of yesterday, today and tomorrow with the debut of four authentic fabric designs which have been faithfully reproduced from records of the years from 1843 to about 1860. One of our bright-eyed young store executives is responsible for unearthing these designs from the George Washington Print Works, located at the Falls of the Schuylkill in Philadelphia. Taken from crumbling calf-bound volumes, these designs were copied and used in developing a whole group of timely 'American Way Fashions.' "The four floral printed patterns are available in dimity, glazed or unglazed chintz, and spun
rayon. The tale is told that originally the little print works' activities were confined chiefly to silk handkerchiefs, scarfs, and flags, but in 1842 business was bustling along at such a rate that the boys took to printing a fine assortment of calicoes. A history of America was woven from the gay late Colonial prints, the somber colors of the Civil War, and even the monstrosities of America's first golden industrial empire."

We are celebrating this month by starting a new serial, "Severance of Shelburne," and its author, Florence Stevens Cummings, has revealed herself as both a contributor and a collaborator, for nothing could have been more helpful than her general attitude! The hero of her story, Martin Severance, was a real person, belonging to a prominent New England family; and the genealogical record of this which Mrs. Cummings has sent us is so enlightening that we are printing it in our Genealogical Department this month (p. 68), in order that subscribers searching for information on this line may follow it. She has furnished all the photographs, thereby giving us the benefit of illustrations as authentic as her text; and she sends us the following résumé of her narrative, which sums it up in such a sincere and sympathetic manner that it makes us eager to follow it through to the end:

"In the early history of northwestern Massachusetts, no one name stands out with any special prominence. The success and permanence of the settlements were due to the perseverance, strength, and courage of hundreds of commonplace men—peace loving, home loving men, who by a twist of fate were forced to spend the greater part of their lives fighting to obtain security for their families.

"This story of the life of Martin Severance which I have pieced together from various records is like the story of many other pioneers who helped defend the first frontier against the raids of the French and Indians, and who later, with just as strong courage and determination, strove to keep heart and mind open to fair play and justice.

"The story of their hopes and ambitions, their bravery and misfortunes, their simple faith and quiet pride in maintaining their ideals is the story of a homely people, but it is the story of the first frontier."

In regard to herself, Mrs. Cummings is more reticent, and she has withstood all the editor's efforts to persuade her to send in a photograph to illustrate this department. However, she has contributed the following modest word portrait:

"I was born in Meriden, Connecticut, and was graduated from Wellesley in 1909. I taught school in South Manchester, and married Stanley W. Cummings in 1914. My father was descended from John Stevens, one of the first settlers of Guilford, Connecticut. Among my mother's ancestors were Arnold Hazelton, Captain of the Regiment of Light Horse, and Thomas..."
Shayler, Captain of Sloop, Lyon, during Long Island campaign of 1776."

The Indian Number—the editor’s own favorite!—has brought in many kindly words of praise and some correlative contributions. Two of the latter seem appropriate for publication in this department. The first of these comes from Miss Douglas Hilts, a member of the Pioneer Idaho Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Boise:

“In northern Idaho live a remnant of the Kootenai tribe. The larger part of this tribe is in Canada, and there are called Kootenays. The American section were poor relations until some six or seven years ago when the Government decided to build new homes for them. About three miles from the town of Bonner’s Ferry, eighteen little white houses were erected near the Catholic Indian church.

The woman’s club of Bonner’s Ferry gave a benefit and raised fifty-seven dollars ($57). Miss Mary Hawkins, the chairman and probably the leading spirit, called in several of the squaws and told them about the money. She told them they could decide what it would buy, but it could put something they would like in every house.

“In a few days the committee came back and said, ‘The Government is giving us all nice clean new homes to live in, but our church is old. Could we use the money to paint and clean it up? And we’d like to sit white.’ (That is, they had just squatted on the floor during services and now they would like benches.)

“Miss Hawkins told them it was a fine plan, and after measuring, the lumber was purchased for the pews. She expected a rough job to satisfy them, but was much surprised when she found the finished seats that would be a credit to any small church in Idaho. Paint was bought for both inside and out; and with the help of a Spokane priest to whom Miss Hawkins appealed because she isn’t a Catholic and therefore didn’t know the needs, the finances were stretched to cover new paper around the altar.

“When I saw it about a year later it was a charming little place of worship. It is one of Idaho’s nice stories to my mind.

“I am enjoying the Magazine. Could we have a series of articles on the prisoners and prison camps of the Revolution? I don’t know where to look for such material.”

A thousand thanks, Miss Hilts, both for the story and the suggestion at the end of the letter! We shall certainly try to follow this through.

The second story comes from Mrs. James Brooks Vaughn, of Castlewood, who has just retired as State Regent of South Dakota, after a long and distinguished period of service. It was written by Edna Gay Laity, a member of the Daniel Newcomb Chapter, N. S. D. A. R.:

“On the high bank of the Missouri River in the little town of Springfield, South Dakota, a picturesque chalkstone building provides the home and class rooms for the girls of Saint Mary’s High School for Indian Girls, the only accredited High School for Indian girls in the world. It has its beginning in 1871, when Mrs. Stamforth, of Baltimore, Maryland, came to Ponca, Nebraska, to live with her son, Reverend J. Owen Dorsey, and took into their home a few Dakota children to teach. Her efforts were so successful and it was so evident that boarding schools were necessary in the Indian field that when she returned east Bishop Hare arranged to have the children make their home at the Santee Indian Mission, and later the school was organized under the name of Saint Mary’s School for Girls. At this time the age of the girls ranged from eight to fifteen years. From that beginning the school has continued to grow in spite of many handicaps; twice the building has been burned to the ground and twice rebuilt; finally it was established at Springfield, South Dakota, where it continues to occupy the property originally built in 1884 for the use of Hope School.

“The purpose of the school has changed in the past years; instead of accepting all ages and types, now no girls except those prepared for high school are admitted, and the entrance requirements are very high. Each girl must be recommended to Saint Mary’s High School for Indian Girls by responsible persons who know her.

“Saint Mary’s follows the state course of study and is a fully accredited high school, under inspection of the county and state superintendents of instruction. Their glee club received a superior rating at the state music contest last spring. They aim not only to give a high school education but also thorough training in social science, hygiene, and domestic science. A new program of vocational guidance was instituted this year. Biology and shorthand will be offered for the first time in several years; typewriting has been a course for some time.

“The domestic science training is of the most practical kind. In addition to class work in home management, hygiene, dietetics, child welfare, and agriculture they have actual experience in all types of housework, including laundry, dish washing, food preparation, serving of meals, cleaning of rooms, as all the work of the school is done by the students under the supervision of the teachers and two paid women. They learn to make their own clothes, to mend neatly, to make the most of time and money. Each Saturday a different group of five prepares and serves a luncheon for themselves at a maximum cost of $1.10. This is served with the best dishes they can procure in the manner most approved. Social training is stressed here and its results are seen in the sweet and smiling
way in which the girls greet outsiders and in the general ease of manners."

The editor believes that all editors could not do better than adopt as their motto the verses from II Timothy 2:15, quoted by the General David Blackshear Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Rochelle, Georgia, in its year book: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." But the element of human fallibility enters into editorial work as well as all other kinds of work—and an editor's zeal to effect what is technically known as a good "tie-up" sometimes leads her astray. As an illustration of this, your own editor submits the following correspondence:

"I am writing to you in the interest of accuracy and not, in the least, in a spirit of adverse criticism. In the April, 1939, number of the NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE, page 38, there is a reproduction of a daguerreotype, the original of which was 'taken on an Ohio River steamboat.' In parentheses there is the statement, 'doubtless the same type as that depicted on the following page.' Then on page 39, there is a picture of an Erie Canal boat. This picture shows clearly that the canal boat is the type usually used on canals and is drawn by a horse (or mule). The horse, with a rider to direct him, is on the 'tow path' at the middle left of the picture. This boat is not a steam boat at all.

"I was born and reared on the Ohio River, as were my parents and grandparents, and I know that this picture looks no more like an Ohio River steam boat than a Model T Ford looks like a locomotive."

My reply to this was as follows:

"I wish that all letters of criticism might be as constructive and helpful as yours is, and with your permission, I should like to reprint at least part of it in my department Contributors, Collaborators, and Critics.

"Of course I realized that the picture on page 39 of the April issue did not represent a boat exactly like the one of which the daguerreotype was taken, since the latter was made about thirty years later. I was merely trying to achieve what editors call a 'tie-up' between correlative bits of material: In other words, to enhance the readers' interest in one feature because of the other. It would have been better, however, if I had said that the steam boat was a successor to the canal boat and I will see that the correction is made."

She wrote back to me again:

"Of course you have my permission to print any part of my letter which you think may be of interest to your readers.

"At the risk of being slightly didactic, however, (I am an old woman and so may claim special privilege), I would suggest that you do not say that the steam boat was a successor of a canal boat. The Erie Canal is still in use. I think that less than two years ago the state of New York sold a bond issue for its maintenance. Certainly the Ohio River freight traffic is vastly more than ever before, since the Government has spent millions of dollars in the last ten or more years to provide a nine foot stage of water from Pittsburgh to Cairo."

One of the pleasantest parties which the editor attended during the Continental Congress was the luncheon given by the Overseas group, in a pleasant private dining room at Woodward & Lothrop. Mrs. George Schermerhorn, Organizing Secretary General, Mrs. Charles Carroll Haig, Vice President General, and Miss Janet Richards, a charter member of the Society, were among the honor guests present on this occasion; and chapters from such divergent points as Paris, London, Berlin, Cuba, Puerto Rico, Panama, the Philippines, and Shanghai were all represented. The wish has expression that this group, which functions in many ways as a unit though so widely divided, might have more recognition in the MAGAZINE; and the editor wishes to assure members of these distant chapters that she will welcome news items about their activities and articles about the places and peoples in their localities. She has already had the honor of publishing "Old Churches of Manila", by Ruth Bradley Sheldon in December, 1937; the September 1938 number which was devoted "To Hawaii" contained articles by Winifred D. Robertson and Lilian Shrewsbury Mesick; and in the October "All American Number" was printed "The Story of the 'Rich Part'" by Elizabeth Moore Hundley; all of which have given much pleasure to subscribers and editors alike. May there be many more such contributions in the months to come!

IMPORTANT NOTICE

The C. A. R. page is omitted this month because of unavoidable circumstances surrounding the supply of material. It will, however, be promptly resumed.
Distinguished Daguerreotypes

VI

"NIAGARA FALLS"

This scenic daguerreotype was made in the sixties, and shows Niagara Falls at the time, while the lighthouse stood as a sentinel over the abyss and served as a warning of danger; later, the lighthouse was swept away in the onrush of the river’s swift current.

Judge Evaristo A. Casanova, a native of Havana, Cuba, an ardent admirer of the United States and frequent visitor, was interested in this great cataract; so it came to pass that he and his friends visited Niagara, where this view was taken. It seems especially appropriate to print in midsummer when so many travellers make Niagara Falls their first objective.

The daguerreotype is now treasured in the family of Judge Casanova’s son, Mr. Arturo Y. Casanova, whose wife is a member of the Livingston Manor Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Washington, D. C.
THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

(Organized—October 11, 1890)

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LAST spring, as a train on which I had crossed the Sierras was pulling into a station, I asked the porter "Do you know what is the elevation of Phoenix?" Quickly came the reply, "Oh, yas'm, yesterday mornin' it was right warm, but dis mornin' it sho am cold." Those who smile at this incident may conclude that it represents an isolated case. Perhaps I am more inquisitive than I should be. At any rate, in crossing about forty states during the last year, I have been impressed with the difficulty of securing bits of information which might well
be common knowledge within a particular state: “How far is it across your state from east to west?” “How far is it to the Canadian border?” Several times came the answer, “I ought to know, but I don’t.” Perhaps these items appear non-essential, but when one is timing an arrival at a conference they become important.

This is an age of traveling. Each summer hundreds of thousands of parents gather their children into the family car and tour America. Many of these travelers are forced to leave a village or city without the information they have especially desired. Today chambers of commerce and automobile clubs provide much useful literature; oftentimes, however, it becomes inconvenient or impossible for tourists to seek their offices.

Becoming a bit uneasy on a narrow road in the Rockies, I timidly asked the driver, “How far is it over the mountain?” Between quick turns of the wheel he called back, “The pass is seven miles long; the highest elevation is thirteen thousand five hundred feet; the road has three hundred and eighty-five curves, and one hundred and twenty-two hairpin turns.” Either from altitude or surprise I was positively startled. A prompt answer is so unusual as to linger long in one’s memory.

If, during these months of vacations, the members of our Society will not only familiarize themselves with historical and geographical facts pertaining to their own locality, but will also encourage others to do so, they will add much to the interest and value of many summer tours.

Visits to the United States Military Academy and to the United States Naval Academy are always delightful. There is an added pleasure when one can present for the National Society a gift to the midshipman excelling in seamanship, or to the cadet ranking highest in natural and experimental philosophy. The dress parades at each institution have their individual characteristics. At West Point, unfortunately, rain descended just as the presentations were about to be made. It is impossible, therefore, to publish a picture taken on that day. The recipient was Cadet Delmer Joseph Rogers, of Michigan. Midshipman Louis Harry Roddis, Jr., pictured opposite, won more prizes than ever taken by a graduate of the Naval Academy.

Delightful contacts and helpful service can be accomplished through personal efforts of our members. I quote a sentence from a letter received recently: “Today I am sending a member in Missouri copies of eight wills, one in full and seven digests, and other data in return for wonderful old Bible records from 1752.” Not all of the valuable early records are on the eastern seaboard. Many of the most prized were carried westward by the pioneers. After speaking of the proposed new archives rooms, at a state conference in the far west, I was both surprised and delighted when a member said, “When the rooms are ready I will make a contribution. I have a number of original papers and letters signed by James Madison.” Chapters in western states might perform a distinct service were they to inaugurate a “treasure hunt” among their members.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation is urging the finger printing of all citizens. The value of this record is being proved daily. From files already completed the identification of missing persons has been determined. Many still believe that such a record is useful only in the detection of criminals. Members of our Society will perform a distinct patriotic service if whenever they come to Washington they go for a personal finger printing at the Federal Bureau of Investigation in the Department of Justice Building. This service will be increased if these members will encourage others to join them.

Recognition of the progress being made by our National Historical Magazine continues to be encouraging. The Library of Congress has asked the Society to present to the Library a bound volume of the Magazines for each year beginning with 1938. The Mayflower’s Log for June, 1939, makes pleasing reference to the article by our editor, Mrs. Keyes, about the Flounder House in Alexandria. The comment ends with these words: “Get out the car and let’s go.” Since each guest at the Mayflower receives a copy of the Log, its mention of this article from our National Historical Magazine may have far-reaching results.
MRS. CARL S. HOSKINS

Views of the Vice Presidents General

III. GRACE W. HOSKINS

With deep appreciation, I welcome the opportunity to send greetings to our Magazine readers from New Hampshire's newly elected Vice President General. The title under which we work for our Society matters little. In Chapter, State, or National service, the Star we follow is the same, but inspiration grows in us as we get a closer vision of its guiding purpose.

In pledging loyalty to the principles upon which our National Society was founded, every Daughter of the American Revolution holds it true that only through the perpetuation of American ideals, with the freedom of thought and action given by the Constitution of the United States of America, can we hope to retain the blessings for which our Revolutionary ancestors "sacrificed their lives and fortunes". But to keep faith with this precept and to teach it to our children is not sufficient. We must also convince the man or woman of foreign birth who wishes American citizenship, that through the observance of our laws, respect for our Flag and loyalty to our Constitution, he will find his greatest opportunity for success and happiness. The Daughters of the American Revolution Manual for Citizenship gives practical information to these prospective citizens to aid them in their adjustment to a new land and a new allegiance. This publication is my special interest and I am sure our Editor will in a future issue give me space for items about the Manual work as she has so graciously done for this message.

What a wonderful opportunity we have to present through the pages of the National Historical Magazine word pictures whose themes are the accomplishments of our Society! Tales of the preservation of the treasures of the past and stories of our many activities which endeavor to safeguard the future of the privileges we have so freely enjoyed. And if our pages are made interesting to the general public, how much greater the possibilities! Every member should take a keen interest in the success of the Magazine, and an added responsibility comes to each Vice President General, since by virtue of office she is a member of the Magazine Committee.

It is gratifying to have been given the opportunity to continue active work in the National Society. It will be my great happiness to give of my best to my special duties—maintaining my interest in the Manual, endeavoring to promote the growth of our Magazine and striving to honor in every way possible the Society which has placed trust in me.