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YES, I did meet the King and Queen of England twice and I'm not pretending I wasn't thrilled—for she proved to be THE QUEEN OF MY DREAMS! Not one from out the pages of old—but a modern, up-to-the-minute young person. I prophesy that Queen Elizabeth will go down in history as one of England's most beloved Queens.

Let me unfold for you the panorama of their brief visit to "Your Capital City — and Mine!" when history was made every minute.

Washington had planned the most elaborate traffic control and street safety programs in the history of this city. Pennsylvania Avenue and the Union Station Plaza were barred to traffic from early morn. As early as 4 a.m. on Thursday, June 8th, the first spectators made their appearance, a group that had come all the way from Tennessee. Barricades of steel cables held back the sidewalk crowds which by 8 o'clock had taken all the shady spots. Hawkers with barrels, baskets and boxes, reaped a harvest and their prices rose as the sun got hotter on this tropical Washington day.

The Red Cross had placed three first-aid stations along the parade line with three doctors, ten nurses, two ambulances, and over one hundred stretcher bearers at strategic points. And they did a rushing business, for people fainted right and left from the heat.

Virtually the entire detective force of the District, along with Federal plain clothes men, had been assigned to circulate among the crowd. Soldiers, sailors and marines stood six feet apart on a chalked line about three feet from the curb, with white-gloved policemen and firemen between them and the crowds.

At 10:45 the President and Mrs. Roose-
velt preceded by the British Ambassador Sir Ronald Lindsay and Lady Lindsay, drove down Pennsylvania Avenue on their way to the station, amid great cheering. The President was in formal attire with a high silk hat. Mrs. Roosevelt wore the famous azure blue sheer wool dress made from the wool clipped from sheep in England’s various provinces and woven into cloth in England.

By this time the army tanks, cavalry and artillery had moved into their places about the station. While the dignitaries were arriving, the two hundred and fifty marines and blue jackets formed a double line of honor guard through which the King and Queen were to walk from the train to the reception room in the Union Station.

Hardly was the band through playing, “Hail to the Chief”, when the blue and silver stream-lined train bearing Their Majesties pulled in on the dot of eleven. The King wore his Admiral’s uniform of blue and gold, his breast covered with medals, and the Queen, a misty gray, faintly orchid-tinted ensemble, her small hat, gloves, bag and shoes all in the same baffling shade, even to the fox fur that trimmed her short jacket. The Royal Party walked slowly down the blue carpet between that double line of marines attended closely by secret service men while the Marine Drum and Bugle Corps played flourishes and ruffles, on to the reception room where the Presidential party awaited them. After Secretary Hull had formally presented Their Majesties, the President held out his hand with a smile, saying, “Well, at last I greet you.” The King replied, “Mr. President, it is indeed a pleasure for Her Majesty and me to greet you.” And thus four friendly people
made history with a smile and a handshake. Following this came the many introductions on both sides. The only still photograph permitted was taken by an Associated Press cameraman, officially chosen. (I find that no still picture can be taken closer than 20 feet and a flashlight must be 50 feet away, according to Royal rules.) The band struck up, "God Save The King", and followed with "The Star-Spangled Banner", as they all stood at attention. Just as it stopped playing, the artillery from Ft. Myer began the twenty-one gun salute which could barely be heard above the roaring applause of the crowd. In fact, from the time the monarchs stepped from their train until they entered the White House, this spontaneous applause from over 600,000 people was continuous and well-nigh deafening.

Preceding the President and the King, the superintendent of police in his white car whizzed down the avenue at just seventeen minutes after eleven. Armored Army scout cars formed a phalanx around the two cars in which the King and the President and the Queen and Mrs. Roosevelt were riding. Shortly after these cars left the Plaza, an Army formation of ten flying fortress planes followed by forty-two pursuit planes passed over the Plaza in perfect formation.

As I looked up and down the avenue, I was particularly intrigued with the special shields that had been designed for the occasion, the British alternating with the American on the lampposts. The British had a crown at the top with "VI" directly under, and a monogram, "G. R. E." below, (George Rex and Elizabeth Regina). Outside the Union Station flew three enormous flags about one of which there was much curiosity. Everyone knew the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, but scarcely anyone recognized the comparatively new District of Columbia flag.

All the way down the avenue the King and Queen acknowledged the applause with smiles and friendly gestures. The Queen has a little wave of the hand that is very appealing, and even far away you can’t miss the radiance of her smile. The procession moved on up to the east gate of the White House, where the diplomatic heads of the various countries represented in Washington, awaited. Sir Ronald Lindsay introduced these forty-six ministers and nineteen ambassadors to Their Majesties and the chief White House usher made the other introductions. After these formalities were over, the Royal Pair was escorted to their second floor suite. In the meantime, the Royal baggage which filled four large electric trucks had been rushed to the White House. Guests along with the King and Queen were Lady Katherine Seymour, Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, Alan Lascalles, Acting Private Secretary to the King, and Lieutenant Col. The Hon. Piers W. Legh, Equerry to the King.

The luncheon was strictly a family party, including only the Prime Minister of Canada, Mr. MacKenzie King, and his wife, as outsiders. And directly afterwards there was a sight-seeing trip, including a visit to the Lincoln Memorial and a ride through Rock Creek Park. Upon the return of the King and Queen to the White House, there was barely time for them to dress for the now-famous garden party, since preceding their departure, came a review of the Boy and Girl Scout Troops. Long before the allotted time, 2,500 Girl Scouts and 4,000 Boy Scouts had massed along the circular drive around the White House. The sun wilted them one by one, and many had to be carried to shady places under the trees. But once the King and Queen appeared, there were no more swoonings. When Their Majesties had completed the drive around the circle, they stopped near the fountain. This was little Leah Burkett’s big moment, as she had been chosen to make the presentation to the Queen. Quickly she stepped up to the car, curt-sied and gave the Queen a lovely bouquet. Her Majesty flashed one of those devastating smiles, saying, “Thank you so much, won’t you shake hands with your left hand?” And then, “My daughter, Elizabeth, is working for her Scout badges,” meanwhile leaning over the car to see the many honors worn by the little girl. “You must be very proud of her,” murmured Leah.

Next to the car stepped Fred Carl, an Eagle Scout, who gave a snappy Scout salute to the smiling King and made a set little speech after which he presented a fossil shark tooth and a Scout neckerchief slide to the King.

Then Their Majesties were off to the
garden party along a route again lined with thousands of people. Massachusetts Avenue had been closed to the public, only cars en route to the garden party being allowed, and these were marked by a big yellow sticker. Curb parties had been organized by residents along the way and guests invited to share in the celebration.

The invitations themselves were almost frightening in their formality with the "G. R. E." monogram at the top of the card under a gold crown. Here is the exact wording— "The British Ambassador has received Their Britannic Majesties commands to invite Senator and Mrs. Arthur Vandenberg to a Garden Party at the Embassy on Thursday, the eighth of June, nineteen and thirty-nine." Down in the corner were these words— "The reply should be addressed to the Social Secretary, British Embassy". On a separate engraved card was this further message— "It is requested that an answer be sent with as little delay as possible. On acceptances being received, cards of admission will be sent without which there will be no admission. Cards will not be transferable." Great consternation resulted from the invitations for no one knew quite how to answer them. After proper consultation, I evolved the following— "Mr. and Mrs. Vandenberg have the honor to accept the gracious invitation extended by His Excellency, The British Ambassador, at Their Britannic Majesties command, to a Garden Party at the Embassy on Thursday, the eighth of June, nineteen thirty-nine."

When the precious card of admission arrived, it contained the following directions— "Guests will enter the Embassy from Massachusetts Avenue by the East Entrance. The enclosed label (that was the big yellow one) should be displayed on the windshield of the car." Still further directions came later, asking all guests to be present not later than 4:45 P.M. All had assembled by that time but John D. Rockefeller who had to be slipped in through the garden
gate. We went directly through the Embassy and were met by an attaché who personally escorted us to comfortable chairs in the garden. Never have I seen such a display of beautiful gowns. We all concentrated on the picture which appeared on the porch just as the sixteen-piece Navy Band from the H. M. S. Exeter broke into "God Save the King".

Now here they come, the King with Sir Ronald, walking down one side of the garden, the Queen with Lady Lindsay down the other. And what a breath-taking vision was the little Queen! wearing a white bouffant gown, a wide brimmed white hat, and long white gloves. The King was wearing a superbly fitted dark gray cutaway and gray topper (the only other three swank gray outfits were worn by J. Pierpont Morgan, the Rumanian Minister, and James Roosevelt).

As Lady Lindsay or the Ambassador saw someone whom they wished to present to Their Royalties, they stopped and exchanged a word or two. In this way, in the course of two round trips of the garden, about one hundred persons were introduced to them. We were fortunate in meeting both the King and the Queen. The whole performance was charmingly informal and gracious.

After a final "God Save The King" played by the band the guests began to depart. While we waited interminably for our car, a rainbow appeared in the sky and just a few sprinkles of rain fell—"Lindsay Luck" had prevailed. The traffic tie-up resulted in at least one amusing sight—J. Pierpont Morgan running up and down Massachusetts Avenue in his "grays" trying to locate his car. It was a heyday for the wandering photographers.

As FAR AS THE KING AND QUEEN were concerned, undoubtedly the dinner given for them by the President and Mrs. Roosevelt was their "high spot". It is said that the Queen had saved her choicest gown for this function. The eighty-three official guests assembled in the East Room a few minutes before eight. Promptly at eight, the White House hosts with their Royal guests emerged from the rather antiquated elevator, the President with the King, followed by Mrs. Roosevelt and the Queen, and the British and the American Aides. Presentations were made in the East Room. In the grand march to the dining room the President with the Queen led the way to the horseshoe-shaped dining room table, to places nearest the door, while the King and Mrs. Roosevelt walked around one end so as to be seated directly across from the Queen and the President, thus following the American custom of separating husbands and wives.

It was a frightfully hot evening and the poor little Queen was almost overcome, so it was necessary after dinner to give her a little chance to rest in the fresh air. This slightly delayed the beginning of the musicale, to which we were invited for ten o'clock. But when we went down the receiving line, the wait seemed worthwhile. There stood the President, the King, the Queen and Mrs. Roosevelt ready to shake hands with all of these later arrivals. Nothing could have been lovelier than the Queen. Gowned in white tulle powdered with gold, a bouffant skirt in three tiers, a dazzling coronet of diamonds and rubies and matching long pendant earrings—every inch a Queen!

To quote Mrs. Roosevelt, the musicale arranged by her, represented the "three distinct living idioms of our native music." It was an amazing program, for one was taken from the frivolous to the sublime with dizzying rapidity. Afterwards the entire group of performers was presented to the King and Queen and each given autographed portraits of the President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

After a simple breakfast, served in their rooms next morning, the royal visitors were again ready to take up the program of the day. The energetic First Lady had arranged for the members of her Woman's Press Conference to meet the Queen at 9:30 with the definite understanding there would be NO questions asked because Royalty does not permit of such quizzing. To the surprise of the Press, the Queen was accompanied by the King and the rest of the entourage. Because of the long line, only pleasant good mornings were exchanged. The Queen was wearing the white beaded street dress in which she later appeared at the Capitol. The Press
all agreed she looked even younger and more slender than in her formal clothes.

Waiting at the British Embassy Garden that morning was a totally different group from the one which had assembled the day before—a group of loyal British subjects and soldiers who had fought for England in the Great War. Over a thousand had come from near and far to kneel at the feet of their beloved King and Queen. Many wore the scars of battle and many were so overcome that tears fell unashamed as Sir Ronald and Lady Lindsay led the King and Queen down the garden path. As previously, stops were made here and there, questions asked about decorations and service. This human and friendly pair probably gave more cheer and joy to that group than to any other they had met in their entire tour.

But all of this had to be far too brief, because another group was waiting to see them on Capitol Hill. The King was prevented from actually visiting the Houses of Congress because of a centuries old law, a hand-down from the conflict between the British Crown and a Parliament jealous of its independence. Inasmuch as the King cannot visit his own Parliament, he could not visit ours. So this meeting was arranged in the rotunda under the Capitol dome.

Hours before Their Majesties were due to arrive, the Plaza in front of the Capitol was filled with Congressional wives and friends (only women were allowed in these seats).

The welcoming committee in formal attire met the Royal Party at the foot of the Capitol steps, Senator Key Pittman escorting the King and Representative Sol Bloom the Queen. Midway up those long steps, the King and Queen turned to gaze and wave at the crowd which roared its approval. Vice-President Garner and Speaker Bankhead greeted them at the door of the rotunda where they stood almost at the same spot where Victoria's British troops had held a mock legislative session in a House Chamber one hundred and twenty-five years ago when they decided to burn the Capitol. Overhead was the giant painting depicting the surrender of Cornwallis's army at Yorktown and in front, the statue of Thomas Jefferson holding in his hand the copy of the Constitution. Members of the Senate were first introduced by Senator Pittman, then followed the House Members. In spite of many questions asked and answered, the reception lasted less than half an hour. After all had filed by, contrary to orders, cheers that almost shook the Capitol dome resounded from the legislators. "The King and Queen had made another conquest—this time a friendly one at which the surrender was complete!"

And you should have seen the Queen trip down those steep steps after the reception was over! No trained actress could have done it more gracefully. To give the crowd an even better view, the Royal cars made the round of the Plaza twice, the Queen with her heart-smashing smile and "how-do-you-do" wave of the hand, the King more restrained but with his smile none the less genuine made up for all of the hot hours of waiting.

The next "hop, skip and jump" took them to the Navy Yard where the Navy Band had been entertaining the waiting crowd, and the little Potomac lay at anchor. Upon the arrival of President and Mrs. Roosevelt at the dock, the President's personal flag was hoisted from the Potomac's mainmast. The officers of the Navy Yard formed into a Guard of Honor near the gangplank. As the Royal Party entered the Navy Yard, a twenty-one gun salute was fired and the Royal Standard of the King of England was hoisted to the foremast. Naval officers said it was the first time in history that an American vessel had borne the two ensigns. Both the King and the President were "piped aboard" in true Navy fashion. Flanked by Secret Service men in speedboats and escorted by the U. S. S. Cuyahoga, the Potomac slid down the stream toward Mt. Vernon. A Navy plane dipped low in salute, the only aerial salute that had been allowed. The small group of those aboard enjoyed a quiet luncheon and a few moments of rest before Mt. Vernon was sighted.

Somehow I feel that this ceremony at Mt. Vernon was the highlight of the entire Royal visit—the final healing of all old wounds by the simple gesture of the King placing a wreath of lilies on Washington's Tomb—paying homage to the man who had fought against the Mother Country. What a page in history! With few to watch, the Royal visitors wandered all over the place,
upstairs and down—even to the old kitchen. On the wide veranda, Mrs. Horace Mann Towner, the Regent, presented the eighteen Vice-Regents of the Mt. Vernon Ladies Association to the visitors. Pausing before the Mt. Vernon guest book, the Royal Pair inscribed their names in large flowing script—“George R. I.” “Elizabeth R.” June 9, 1939.

On the drive back, a stop was made at the Ft. Hunt, Virginia, Civilian Conservation Camp where the boys had been getting things “slicked up” and drilling faithfully for weeks. Not only did Their Majesties review these troops who stood at attention for forty-five minutes in the broiling sun, but the shiny mess hall and kitchen, the barracks and a carefully prepared pictorial exhibit. So interested was the King that he asked for a complete report on the Civilian Conservation Camp from Director Robert Fechner. Many personal questions were asked the boys, who pronounced the King “a swell guy.”

Shortly before the Royal Party reached the Unknown Soldier’s Tomb, a special Guard of Honor composed of soldiers and sailors and marines with bayonets fixed marched up the steps and halted, facing the amphitheater. Soon followed the twenty-one gun salute at the gate. The band played the British Hymn. As the somber-faced king stepped toward the Tomb, a red-coated, kilted veteran of the Black Watch (an employee of the British Embassy), handed the King a wreath of lilies bearing the inscription, “From George R. I. and Elizabeth R.” An Army Trumpeter blew “taps” and the drums beat a muffled roar.

The same ceremony was repeated at the Canadian Cross—a memorial erected by the Canadian Government in honor of the citizens of the United States who served in the Canadian Army during the World War. There was no cheering at either function as everyone was deeply moved by the evident sincerity of the King.

Following their arrival back at the White House came the only unofficial event of their entire visit. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt, finding their young guests so interested in youth movements and unemployment, had arranged this informal tea at which Their Majesties met leaders in these various projects. Apparently a good many heart-to-heart conversations ensued with the twenty guests but none of these talks were made public. The guest list follows:

Miss Katherine Lenroot, Chief of the Department of Labor Children’s Bureau; Elmer Andrews, Wage Hour Administrator; William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor; Secretary of Agriculture Wallace;
Secretary of Commerce Hopkins; Secretary of Labor Perkins; Jesse Jones, Chairman of the R.F.C.; John H. Fahey, Chairman of the Home Owners Loan Corporation; Col. F. C. Harrington, Works Progress Administrator; Dr. Will Alexander, Head of the Farm Security Administration; Nathan Straus, U. S. Housing Administrator; Aubrey Williams, National Youth Administrator; Miss Mary Anderson, Labor Department Bureau; and Mrs. Ellen S. Woodward, Social Security Board.

When arrangements were being made for this trip, the King had asked to give a dinner for President and Mrs. Roosevelt. Inasmuch as the British Embassy is a bit of British soil, the dinner was given there under the guiding hands of Sir Ronald and Lady Lindsay. The small group was invited for 7:55. Some ten minutes later the King and Queen arrived, preceding the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, inasmuch as they were to be the hosts this evening. The Queen was wearing one of those bouffant creations of rose tulle embroidered in silver, with another even more beautiful diamond tiara. No special entertainment had been planned, so the Royal Couple went directly to the train after the rather early departure of the Roosevelts.

To the end the Queen was radiant, showing not a trace of fatigue as she stood on the rear coach of their blue and silver train waving goodbye. There were no guns or bands this time—just the Secretary of State and Mrs. Hull, and the Ambassador and Lady Lindsay to say official goodbyes, but the station was crowded to the roof with more demonstrative friends.

President and Mrs. Roosevelt followed on a later train on their way to Hyde Park where they entertained Their Majesties over the weekend.

And so goodbye to a Priceless Pair of Good-Will Makers—Come Again!

“You’re sure a good Queen Picker,” was the rather chummy remark of one of our Legislators to the King on the day of the “Capitol parade.” To continue the metaphor, the United States has certainly been fortunate in the “Hand-picked Princesses” who have represented Denmark and Norway this spring. Not, of course, casting any aspersions on the masculine representatives! Seriously, no three Royal couples could have been found, more democratic, more friendly or more thoroughly liked by the American public.

With two such delightful examples preceding them, the Royal Norwegian pair, last but not least in the Washington Royal Parade, measured up to the standards one hundred percent. Their Royal Highnesses, Prince Olav and Princess Martha literally walked right into the hearts of Washington on their whirlwind visit in late June.

No booming of guns, no lines of soldiers greeted them, for like their Royal relatives, Prince Frederick and Princess Ingrid of Denmark, they were “Unofficial” visitors to this country. But there were plenty of good friends to meet them upon their arrival from Williamsburg where William and Mary College had conferred an LL.D. upon the Prince. (He had received many others in their nine weeks’ trek across the United States.)

Two lines of Marines presented arms as the Drum Corps played the ruffles and flourishes. But inured as they have become to greeting Royalty, the “Devil Dogs” were in for a surprise. Holding his walking stick like a saber, the blonde, ruddy-cheeked Prince proceeded to “review” the troops in real military fashion, watching intently while they presented arms and snapped back the bolts on their rifles. Officers standing at attention were distinctly relieved when no “slips” occurred.

During the ceremonies of greeting in the reception room of Union Station “still decorated for the King and Queen,” Madame Morgenstierne, wife of the Norwegian Minister, curtsied and presented the Princess with a bouquet of roses. Never-failing Secretary of State and Mrs. Hull as well as many other members of the State Department, and the Norwegian Legation staff, comprised the welcoming party. A motorcycle detail escorted the Royal Pair in a White House car to the Norwegian Legation, their home while here.

Promptly at nine-thirty the next morning, the Prince and Princess were ready for the Press. The conference gave the writers a chance to meet and greet them in an informal way. Their pictures were taken in front of a painting of the Prince’s
father, King Haakon. This Royal Pair, linked by blood to half the Royal families of Europe, looked every inch the part. The Princess, as I have told you, is a niece of King Gustav of Sweden, and the Prince, the son of English-born Queen Maude, for whose recent death the country is still in half mourning. This accounted for the colors worn by the Princess, gray, lavender, black, and white, vastly becoming, all agreed, especially with her violet eyes. (The mourning period ended in late May, but changing wardrobes at that time was impossible.)

The hospitable Secretary of State and his charming wife gave a most elaborate luncheon that noon in honor of the Prince and Princess, with the Marine Band Orchestra playing and the hotel chef preparing his choicest menu.

The largest party and probably the one that brought most happiness to the guests, like the morning one at the British Embassy, was the afternoon reception given by eight hundred members of the Norwegian Society, everyone of whom shook hands with THEIR Royal Highnesses, who were unfailingly gracious and interested to the end of that long line.

A formal dinner that evening at the Legation found the Princess regal in white satin with a coronet of pearls and diamonds (throughout Europe she is noted for her ultra-smart but subdued style . . . thirty trunks were needed for her outfits on this trip). Youthful Canadian born Madame Morgenstierne had the entire responsibility of planning the Washington events, as her husband the Minister, was traveling with Their Royal Highnesses. The diplomatic game is rather new to this pretty hostess, but she covered herself with honors.

Thursday—a visit to the Capitol, the Supreme Court and Congressional Library. Senator Alben Barkley had made an address of welcome in the Senate that morning, which the Prince afterwards acknowledged at the luncheon given him at the Capitol by Senator Henrik Shipstead.

The Princess had expressed the wish to meet the women of the Press, so a combined luncheon was arranged between the two Newspaper Women's clubs. Even the Willard "Royal" red carpet was spread from the street to the elevator! Again history will recall a precedent-smashing event—the Princess Martha made her maiden speech! (rather than answer questions). As she stood there tall and regal in a stunning gray outfit, everyone felt her sincerity and friendliness. She spoke of the responsibility of being mother to The Heir Apparent and admitted she was anxious to see her children. But the main theme of her talk was gratitude for the friendliness with which she had been met in all of their travels.

Tea that afternoon with the President (you will remember that the President and his wife were hosts to Their Majesties at Hyde Park when they first arrived in the United States). But the HIGHSPOT as far as Washington official life was concerned was the afternoon reception at the Legation. Though the rain fell the crowds poured in with their "admission cards," stopping just long enough to sign the "Royal Visitors' Book," then hurrying up those wide stairs for another glimpse of Royalty. Again the captivation was complete! The smiling Minister and his wife introduced their guests to the Royal Pair with pride. Once you were past that handsome blonde Prince, you fairly feasted your eyes on his tall, slender, aristocratic partner. She was a picture in orchid, with the largest hat I have seen this season, dripping with lilacs. Even her gloves, slippers and bag carried out this shade. There was such a genuine feeling of "Glad to meet you" about the whole atmosphere. The spontaneous friendliness of this amazing pair seemed not to have waned one whit from the thousands of greetings they had been called upon to give throughout our country. I had time for a few words with the Princess and it was just as if I were greeting an old friend.

It was impossible to be interested in the tempting food this hot afternoon, but the decorations on the tea tables were certainly arresting and showed the hand of an artist. A mirrored centerpiece, tall yellow candles in silver candelabra, clusters of green grapes hanging from silver and crystal epergnes, yellow and blue flowers! "Dumbarton Oaks" stands for the "tops" in elegant hospitality in this city of many hospitable, elegant homes. And the host
and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wood Bliss, are long trained in the way of diplomacy, having lived at posts all over the world. At the time Mr. Bliss was our Minister to Sweden, they came to know both the Danish and the Norwegian Princes when they were small boys. So it was that Prince Frederick and Princess Ingrid
were their guests earlier in June, and Prince Olav and Princess Martha this late June evening. Not so large a party but that the hosts could arrange for everyone to have a visit with each of Their Majesties. Their power of endurance was what amazed us all. To quote the wife of an English attaché, "Royalty certainly can STAND it," for scarcely once from ten till twelve-thirty did either of them sit down, visiting with first one person and then another. (Most of the rest of us sat down and forgot protocol!)

Friday their visit ended with more sightseeing. And the Girl Scouts had another of their Big Moments! For the Princess visited the Girl Scout House and was given a pair of hand-woven guest towels, the weaving of which had been done by the little girl who presented them to her.

Not royal, but regal—is the hostess of Belmont, Mrs. Patrick Hurley. As Ruth Wilson, daughter of Rear Admiral and Mrs. Henry Wilson, her début in Washington during wartime days is still remembered as...
an outstanding event. So to daughter Patricia's début, on a recent summer day, came all the old friends as well as the new. Young and the old from far and wide traveled to historic "Belmont," an estate bought by Patrick Hurley, former Secretary of War, after he retired from political service. It's a great red brick Early Georgian house, built on a high hill overlooking acres of meadow and woodland. A show place in the hunt country of the old Dominion state, built one hundred and forty years ago by Ludwell Lee, son of the signer of the Declaration of Independence. Its two great wings, each one story high, with the center rising two stories, its pillared portico, are all typical of the architecture of that period. For a short time this house was the seat of the United States Government when President James Madison fled there from the Capitol during the War of 1812.

The day of the party, beaming Mr. Hurley greeted the guests and introduced them to his handsome wife and daughter, who stood in the blue drawing room, in which is the mantel given to Ludwell Lee by Lafayette. The room was filled with floral gifts from friends, but the sweet debutante in a billowy Nile-green dress carried a simple bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley. Handsome Ruth Hurley was wearing the delphinium blue lace dress in which she made such an impression at the British garden party for the King and Queen.

As we wandered out on the open porch that faces the boxwood garden in the back, we found the garden party in full swing. The flower bed where Mrs. Hurley plans to have blue flowers in bloom throughout the different seasons was now a mass of petunias and delphinium. Ruth, the middle daughter, and little eight-year-old Mary Hope, born while the Hurleys were in the Cabinet, were having a grand time with the assisting "buds" in their colorful gowns. Unfortunately the Hurley's only son was away at school.

Last month I told you of the welcome Washington gave to the hero of Nicaragua, General Somoza. This month we had another famous visitor from Latin America, General Pedro Aurelio de Goes Monteiro, who has headed the sixty-five thousand armed forces of Brazil since 1932.

Brigadier General George C. Marshall, recently made Chief-of-Staff of the Army, on his recent United States Good-will trip to Brazil, extended the invitation from the War Department to General Monteiro to make a return visit to the United States. When the General first entered American waters at the Virginia Capes, he was met by fifty-two bombers and pursuit planes which escorted the warship Nashville, in which the General had made the trip, part way up the Chesapeake. At Annapolis, the General was greeted by the Superintendent, Rear Admiral Wilson Brown. The band played the Brazilian Anthem and seventeen guns boomed out in salute. Then followed a tour of the Naval Academy.

At Ft. Meade, Maryland, his next stop, followed another seventeen gun salute. Here a tremendous military review was staged, during which forty-two heavily armored modern tanks and two thousand infantrymen were paraded before him. Squadrons of flying fortresses and fast pursuit planes greatly impressed the General with the modern fighting efficiency of the Army Air Corps.

At the District Line, four cavalry combat cars joined the procession and escorted him to the Brazilian Embassy where the first squadron of the Third Cavalry from Ft. Myer acted as his Guard of Honor, and a mounted band played military music. No more friendly military welcome has ever been extended any visitor than that given to the General by the Army and Navy high command.

Sightseeing tours and visits to United States officials took up much of the General's time, but four social engagements, all stag affairs, highlighted his Capital schedule. Both the Brazilian Ambassador, Senor de Martins, and General Malin Craig gave dinners in his honor; the Brazilian Military Attaché, a lavish reception to which he invited all Army and Navy officers as well as all foreign Military and Naval Attachés.

Before the formal luncheon which the President gave in his honor, General Monteiro visited Arlington and the Unknown Soldier's Grave. He was later joined in Washington by his wife and daughter for a visit at the Brazilian Embassy, and the social rounds were again begun.
My Aunt Nancy
A “Lady Journalist” of the “Timid Fifties”
FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

In this year of grace, 1939, the woman who receives a foreign journalistic assignment, or who is chosen as correspondent for a metropolitan daily in any important center, still feels—and not without reason—that she has achieved a praiseworthy degree of success, especially if she also manages to write half a dozen books as a side issue. Moreover, if she is an ardent feminist, she is apt to stress the fact that it is only within the last few years, since “women have come into their own,” that she could hope for such recognition, no matter how richly she deserved it. Yet it was nearly a century ago that an obscure cripple—Nancy Johnson—carved out a career for herself that would be remarkable even now, and which in that day and age was phenomenal. The mode of the moment required that the identity of an “authoress” be concealed in flowery fashion; yet even the fantastic pseudonym, “Minnie Myrtle,” she adopted did not hide her talent from such men as N. C. Johnson, a director of D. Appleton & Co.; Henry Ward Beecher, then directing the fortunes of the Independent, and Henry J. Raymond, editor of the New York Times. They helped her attain recognition; and though succeeding generations have almost forgotten her, the story of her triumphs can never lose its timeliness and significance. It makes encouraging and inspiring reading yet for the woman who is disheartened by the obstacles that strew the path to outstanding accomplishment.

I stumbled on this story largely by chance, while reassembling and rearranging some old family papers; for Nancy Johnson, who achieved preeminence as a “lady journalist” during the “timid fifties” —of which we hear much less than we do of the “gay nineties”—happened to be my great-aunt. She was born in 1818 in the secluded village of Newbury, Vermont, where her grandfather, Colonel Thomas Johnson, one of the first settlers of the region and a distinguished officer in the American Revolution, had built houses near to his own for his sons. Her father, David, was a merchant by vocation, the prosperous proprietor of a substantial brick store that stood diagonally across the road from his white-clapboarded dwelling place; but by avocation he was a bibliophile, with a passion for books and a knowledge of them rare in any time or place, and remarkably so in rural Vermont at the beginning of the nineteenth century. He collected slim russet-leather volumes with avidity; and it is probable that he hoped and supposed that this taste of his might be inherited by one of his sons. Unexpectedly, it was a fragile little daughter named Anna Cummings—or, as she was generally called, Nancy—who succeeded to David Johnson’s love for learning and literature.

From early childhood she seems to have been a remarkable scholar. A copybook she used when eleven years old—perfectly preserved and extraordinary for its neatness—reveals, in spite of the stilted language in which the exercises are couched, a real hunger for learning; and she already had a gift of graphic narrative. There is one theme, entitled “A Sabbath in New England”, that is as vivid as it is charming:

“When the bell rings to remind them of meeting, the priest, the deacon, the doctor, the esquire, the farmer, and all the common gentry of the village, together with the mechanic and the laborer, bend their measured steps towards the meeting house,” she tells us. “If anyone presumes to laugh, he is reminded that it is Sunday. The farmer’s ample wagon or his little one-horse vehicle bring all those who live too far away to walk. It is very pleasing to see the rosy-cheeked farmers’ daughters arrayed in their best white frocks, prunella shoes, leghorn hats, fans and parasols, and the gentlemen with their neatly plaited ruffles, blue coats, and yellow buttons, all assembled to mingle their devotion at one common altar. When
the meeting is over, the children gather around the windows, impatiently watching for the sun to sink behind the hill. When the broad disk at last disappears, the boys and girls all throng to singing school, except for an occasional coy maiden who stayed at home to receive her expected suitor. But all enter upon the business of the evening as if the day had been a preparatory penance!”

NANCY JOHNSON, FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE IN THE POSSESSION OF HER GREAT-NIECE
At the same age at which she wrote this, Nancy had begun to rail at the fashions of the times.

"You must wear a bonnet that would shade an oak tree or be ridiculed," she complained. "You must wear a sleeve that would suffice in size to carry the farmer's grain to market, or be slandered. It must also be stiffened with the finest material that can be purchased, no matter at what expense. This most ridiculous fashion has been carried to such an extent that a law was necessarily passed forbidding a lady to wear a sleeve containing more than five yards of material (!!!) which law fashionable ladies consider quite too strict. Business men in a hurry must do one of three things—jam the great bonnets, spoil the great sleeves, leave the sidewalks or step into any shop, house or hut handy when the ladies pass!"

These are only examples of many effusions still preserved; but Nancy's application to her studies, though intensive, was intermittent because she was so frail. One sickness followed another, and when she
was twenty-two years old a sore that had
developed on her right foot became in-
fected, rendering amputation necessary.
This was, of course, before the days of mer-
ciful anesthetics, and the tortures she en-
dured were so horrible that the memory of
them never faded from her mind. For a
year her life hung in the balance most of
the time; but at last she emerged triumph-
antly from confinement, wearing an arti-
ficial foot designed for her by the inventor
Palmer, and with a mind developed instead
of dwarfed by the ordeal through which
she had passed. Her first mature creative
work had been achieved during her im-
prisonment. A slim little volume, "Letters
From a Sick Room," was published anony-
mously by the Massachusetts Sabbath
School Society; and she was its author.
The public must have felt that she treated
her subject well; for her publishers asked
her to write another book of similar char-
acter, and the following year "Simple
Sketches" made their appearance. The re-
sponse to these was gratifying also—so
gratifying that the isolated young cripple
decided to leave the shelter of her father's
house and the seclusion of the upper Con-
necticut Valley and strike out for herself,
earning her own living by writing.
Such a course on the part of a "delicate
female" was almost unknown. Even if she
had been well and had had influential con-
nections, her situation would have been
extremely difficult. There was little prece-
dent for such a proceeding, and the chains
of custom are hard to shake off. Nancy
seems to have declined to listen to the rat-
tling of her fetters. Every brittle, musty-
sweet page of the yellowed old letters I
found bear testimony to her high courage
and unfaltering determination. She had a
struggle to escape and to establish herself;
yet she succeeded in doing both. She spent
several years traveling as secretary with
the famous educator, Catherine Beecher—
sister to Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet
Beecher Stowe—who was engaged in visit-
ing the chief cities in the South and West
and establishing schools in various places.
After this we find her triumphantly settled
in Saratoga Springs, writing articles for the
Saratoga Daily News, the New York Inde-
pendent, and the New York Family Journal!
The benefit she had derived from bottled
"Congress Water" during her illness seems
to have given her the idea that she would be
still further improved by drinking it from
its source; and since Saratoga was then
considered the most elegant as well as the
most healthful resort in the United States,
she realized that accounts of its activities
would be eagerly devoured by multitudes
who could not visit it themselves. With
proverbial New England shrewdness she
had hit upon a plan that would simultane-
ously restore her health and advance her
fortunes!
"Nancy has been bathing in and drinking
of the health inspiring Fountains of Sara-
toga and reveling in the Society of the
throng of Belles and Beaux and Invalids
who crowd to that popular and fashionable
spa for amusement, pleasure and health,"
David Johnson wrote at this period to an-
other daughter, with the satisfaction typical
of a parent who opposes his children's un-
dertakings until these have proven success-
ful.
Nancy's own descriptions of the select
watering place are most enthusiastic: "This
is one of the great virtues of Congress Wa-
ter that it improves the temper!" she writes,
"And I really believe if all the politicians
and theologians could spend a month here
every summer, it would hasten the millen-
nium quite as much as some of their speech-
ifying and preaching. Statesmen who would
beat out each other's brains in Washington
sit here in these cozy arm chairs and ex-
press their minds freely, and no greater
sensation is produced than a hearty laugh
at what each calls the other's folly. The
slaveholder smokes his pipe while the Yan-
kee tells him slavery is the greatest curse
on earth, and the man who would fly into
the most furious passion were the same
thing said to him in the Senate, puffs away
as if he were listening to the most pleas-
ing intelligence."
Her comments on the political situation
are equally arresting:
"So Mr. Buchanan is to be the next Pres-
ident! I have no objection except that he
is a bachelor. It does seem as if we never
again were to have a lady in the White
House. That it has been as gloomy as a
prison the last five years, everybody knows,
and that the President's wife has been in
deep affliction is no excuse; for if she did
not feel able or in spirits to do the honors, she should have provided some one who could. Has she no sisters, cousin or friend with families of accomplished young ladies to give life and health and cheerfulness to such an establishment? When the politicians assemble to nominate their most available candidates, they do not think of all these things, nor of the influence of women in the councils of the nation, and we are not going to say they should, but we say the man who is elected or the woman whose husband is elected should think about performing his or her whole duty, and the hospitalities of the Presidential Mansion are no inconsiderable item in the duties of the people's President. If he would be popular and do good also, let a healthful and a cheerful social influence extend from his family circle over the city and over those who congregate there to carry back the tidings to every nook and corner of the land. But it is something to have a gentleman as well as a statesman, and Mr. Buchanan is a gentleman."

Nancy attacks fashionable attire again at this period; and after describing the effects of tight lacing at considerable length, closes with the comment that "if there is anything decidedly vulgar, it is thin or fancy slippers in the public street!" She also tells a story about one young lady who confesses that she has come to Saratoga in search of a husband—"Otherwise, why should I spend fourteen dollars a week for my board?"

And having been aroused to the discussion of disbursements by this acknowledgment, Nancy continues, "We have heard the amount of money spent during the season here last year estimated at one hundred thousand dollars, which we should think quite within bounds, as there must have been at least twenty-five thousand persons registered."

But Nancy's contributions to the News, the Independent, and the Journal were not confined to comments on social and political life. She wrote on a variety of subjects. "War and its Widows," the problem created by the War of the Crimea; "Friendless Children," the condition of reformatory and industrial schools; "The Nuns of Belgium," an excellent account of the Bequinages; and a beautiful tribute to Theodosia Burr, all bespeak her thorough acquaintance with topics of timely interest. Then we come upon a series published under the general title "Summer Gleanings," and discover that Nancy has been sent on a trip to Canada as special correspondent of the New York Times! This correspondence comes from Montreal, Quebec, the Saguenay River, and Lake Champlain; all of it is illumined with enthusiasm. And close upon the heels of these Canadian articles are several dealing ably and thoroughly with different phases of Indian life—the nucleus for her first full-length book, "Life Among the Iroquois."

The amount of labor that must have preceded the acceptance of Nancy's story can be visualized only by someone who, like her, has gone among a strange and primitive people to gather material. She stayed first with Mrs. Asher Wright, who was a missionary at the Seneca Mission, and then went to live for several months among the Indians at Cattaraugus, where, according to the highly favorable review of the book published by the New York Tribune, "she was treated with cordial hospitality, and was so highly favored as to be adopted into the tribe under the name of Gui-ee-wa-ay,
or 'one who tells new things.'" Advance copies of the book had just been distributed among her friends when the first edition was destroyed by fire in the bookbindery before it could be placed on the market, and the delay in publication must have been a bitter disappointment. But she seems to have kept up her courage, for a fellow correspondent writes that "her dimpled smile has not been harmed by the conflagration which has assailed her labors." When a second edition was finally issued, she had her reward. It achieved tremendous and immediate success. All the leading newspapers of the country commended it highly in their reviews, and it sold well, not only in the United States, but in Europe, where it was translated into French.

The only adverse criticism recorded in connection with the book was of the pseudonym—Minnie Myrtle—under which she had chosen to have it appear. This was the name she had used in her news articles written from Saratoga and Canada, and she defends her choice of it in a notation scribbled beside some of the clippings pasted in her father's scrapbook. "I don't know," she says, "that the term 'Minnie Myrtle' is more youthful or fanciful than these used by Grace Greenwood and Fanny Forester, who, when they began to write followed the fashion of disguising themselves. They first wrote in the Lady's Book and Graham's Magazine; publications like the Independent and the Congregationalist would not have received them. They wrote sentimental pieces and very flowery literature. Godey, publisher of the Lady's Book, said he had never admitted a word or a thought to its pages prejudicial to the purest morality. His object was to encourage young lady writers. His intentions were praiseworthy. Young ladies wrote for the only magazine that opened its columns to them. That kind of writing has gone out of fashion and women are as welcome as men to any paper, if they write as well. My style is different from Fannie Fern's although she has accused me of imitating her."

I do not believe the criticism of her nom de plume troubled Nancy very much. If it had, she would hardly have named her next book, which she dedicated to her good friend Henry J. Raymond, editor and proprietor of the New York Times, "The Myrtle Wreath." And in the contemporary notices which appear about her there is more than one pleasant pun on it. "Among the ladies at the Congress Hall (a fashionable hotel at Saratoga Springs) that I would give my white hat to know," writes a contributor to the Albany Journal, "is Minnie Myrtle, the graceful correspondent of the New York Times, "is Minnie Myrtle, the graceful correspondent of the New York Times. She has a pleasing, intelligent face, attractive manners, and is said to lavish gems of wit and jewels of thought upon those around her, with all the prodigality of an intellectual spendthrift. Here is one on whose brow Fame has placed a wreath of Myrtle, as enduring and imperishable as her writings; and you notice her smiling face, pleasing manners and ready wit, which have drawn around her a crowd of delighted listeners, any one of whom would give all their worldly possessions, judging from what one hears, to obtain her autograph." . . .

"The mystery about this lady is how she can be so very popular with gentlemen and equally so with her own sex," writes another journalist. But Nancy herself never speaks of her admirers, perhaps because she had so many! I have noticed, over and
over again, that very charming women, whose conquests are innumerable, never allude to these; while women who are so devoid of allure that they seldom receive more than casual attentions endeavor to create the impression they are overwhelmingly popular!”

Life must have been very pleasant for Nancy at this juncture. Her fortunes and her health were vastly improved; indeed, the isolated little invalid had become an outstanding figure in the journalistic world. She was making a name for herself—even if it was a flowery pseudonym! — that was becoming more and more generally and favorably known; and she was surrounded by an ever-widening circle of congenial associates and friends. Much of her time, when she was not staying in Saratoga Springs or visiting relatives in Troy, was spent with the Raymonds in New York, where she met the prominent people of the period; and in the spring of 1857 Mr. Raymond gave her an unprecedented opportunity: he offered to send her to Europe as correspondent of the New York Times, with sufficient salary to live on indefinitely while she gathered material for future books as well as the articles he proposed to publish regularly in his newspaper!

The unprecedented leap she took in accepting his offer caused a sensation in the timid fifties; and Nancy did not underestimate her boldness in taking such a step. “It seems a great enterprise for a lady, and so it is,” she writes to one of her sisters on the eve of sailing. “But I must do something, and therefore I wish to do something important and to learn something new as compensation for my labor. I expect to spend the summer in rural Germany, among the peasantry, and have all manner of nice letters to people in town and country. My plans are extensive and peculiar, but I can’t give them to you in detail. You can hear from me once a fortnight by taking the semi-weekly Times. I may also have some articles in Putnam’s Magazine. I have made my will in due form, and have given you all my books and papers. I expect to be very sick on the voyage but I hope it will do me good. I shall be sixteen days going to Bremen with good weather, and you cannot hear of the arrival of the vessel there for five weeks!”

But Nancy’s forebodings were not fulfilled — she was not sick on the voyage. Her first letter home records that she was “bright and well,” that a cough she had had all winter had been “entirely cured by the sea air” and her “nerves strengthened wonderfully”; and when she next writes, from Frankfurt, the pages seem permeated with happiness. “I am glad every day that I am in this lovely country, a garden from the top of the highest hill to the bottom of the lowest valley!” she exclaims. “I hope to be able to stay for three or four years. One sees a new life here, a new world.” By fall she had been to Hamburg and Heidelberg, Wiesbaden, Baden Baden and the Rhineland. But she had worked hard during this interval, for in the course of it she translated two books, “A String of Pearls” and “Christmas Bouquet,” and wrote twelve articles for the Times.

She was essentially a sojourner rather than a tourist. “Nobody should come to Europe expecting only pleasure,” she says emphatically. “It is buying knowledge, and
those who have always lived in quiet and luxury in America would be so ill-fitted for this new and strange experience that they would travel and see sights to very little purpose. Those especially who come and hurry from city to city taking only a year for the grand tour must go home about as ignorant as they came!"

Her comments on fellow Americans in Europe are not always complimentary, by any means. "Only a little while ago the wife of the greatest abolitionist in America whipped a German serving girl in this city (Hofheim) so that it was a matter of complaint to the authorities, and treated all her servants so badly that they considered it the worst experience they had had of bondage," she says severely; and adds, "There is another American lady here who spends two thousand dollars a month yet is always in debt, and many who belong to the best society at home have anything but a good reputation abroad."

Nearly all Nancy's letters from Germany are written in the most exuberant vein and reveal radiant appreciation of everything she was seeing and doing. One, dispatched from Amorbach in the early fall of 1858, is typical of many others: "I have now been twice from one end of Germany to the other, and am again in the centre, among the castle-crowned and vine-covered hills of the Odenwald. Were I to write forever, I could not tell you how beautiful it is—how unspeakably beautiful! But as well as I can, I will describe to you the place where I am now. The Bergstrasse is a road leading from Darmstadt to Heidelberg, and all the way on one side are the mountain peaks, each crowned with the ruins of a castle and vineyards reaching to the very top. On the other side stretch away the fields, covered with the richest verdure—such verdure as you never saw and never will see in America. Villages nestle in every valley, and such villages too as you never saw. I am in the suburbs, the house where I am being at the very borders of the meadow; and like all houses in this region of stone, covered with stucco. On one side is a little garden, blooming with flowers, with a little bower at one end, and grapevines running from the ground to the roof over all the sunny side of the walls. I have a little sleeping room, with a boudoir attached, and the use of a large parlor, all looking to the east, and from my windows can see four of the castle-crowned peaks. On the other side I look out upon a large green which is covered from spring to fall with miles of linen laid out to bleach, and all day long I see the women and children tripping about with watering pots."
"I get up in the morning at five and go forth exclaiming at every step, ‘Oh, how beautiful, how beautiful!’ Everywhere in Germany there is the most enthusiastic love of beauty in nature and the most miserable village is sure to have long shady avenues and pretty public gardens where the people spend all their leisure hours in summer, burrowing like monks into their dismal huts in winter."

"The family with whom I am staying consists of the father, mother and five children, two sons being in America. The father is a teacher of the highest girls’ school, and a most excellent and agreeable man. The mother is a good, kindly woman, such as it does one’s heart good to look at. The oldest daughter is very beautiful, and does all the cooking and marketing for the family. The second daughter is very homely, and does all the cleaning and fussing about. Both work in the flower garden, and do all the digging and planting of vegetables in a little field they own, and gather both vegetables and grapes in the fall. Once a month they wash a few things, and twice a year have a grand wash. The father is an accomplished musician and a little boy eight years old plays the organ in church—the most difficult music! They are all truly excellent. I was here in the fall and came again because it is such a beautiful place and because the people are so kind and good. I feel perfectly at home, doing exactly as they do, jabbering German all day, as they do not speak a word of English. In a few days I shall go to Worms to stay awhile, and then to Holland. I do not yet know when I shall come home—not for a year or two yet, perhaps, for it would be foolish to cross the ocean until I had seen Italy and England."

As time went on, however, Nancy found some flaws in her new life and her new world. "If they had only one government in all Germany, they could support it well and live comfortably, but so many princes eat up the land. Southern slavery does not present such dark and dreadful features anywhere as European serfdom," she laments, commenting on conditions which, in a little more than a decade, were to contribute to the creation of the German Empire. Indeed, as early as 1859, a conflict seemed imminent, for in the spring of that year she writes from Heidelberg, where she has gone for the second time, "There is an old bridge here over which a hundred armies have marched; and what interests me more just now, six thousand soldiers passed over it the other day. They are preparing for war as fast as possible. All the fortresses are being filled and a battle has already occurred in Piedmont. Most Americans are thinking about going home, and few will be likely to come to Europe this spring. But I shall go to Switzerland. The war will not come there, but will rage all around, and will last a long time I think." Later she adds in a postscript: "Yesterday I went to Frankfort to see about my passport and the consul said he doubted very much whether I should be able to go to Switzerland, or able to live there. The whole country is in a commotion. An entire train laden with gunpowder passed here Saturday going from Prague to Reichstadt. Holland will be the safest place in Europe, but I still hope to be able to go to Switzerland. Napoleon is determined to have the country bordering on the Rhine and his soldiers are pouring in here by thousands."

The conflict which Nancy foresaw was fortunately averted for the time being; but she did go on to Switzerland, where she prepared the manuscript of her new book, "A Cottage in the Alps," a logical sequel to "Peasant Life in Germany," which she had written the year before. She dispatched the manuscript of the latter to America by twenty different ships and kept no copy, and was so worried about it afterward she became..."
ill from anxiety. Learning a lesson from this experience, she sent the former to Frankfort to be copied in the consul's office. Six months of the hardest labor she had ever performed had gone into it—except for a two-hour walk, she had written day and night, and had read more than fifty volumes of reference material in French and German in connection with her work. However, there were interludes of enjoyment during her stay in Switzerland, as a letter to her sister, written at this period, indicates:

"I am very well, so well that I can work more than ever before in my life; and I am received at all the balls and parties of the diplomats. I wear a great broad-brimmed hat with streamers—ladies wear nothing else in Europe, even ladies seventy years old. I wear the blue dress I had in Providence this winter; to balls I wear rose-colored silk. I like Switzerland better than Germany. I live with an old lady who is the nicest old lady in the world. Some English people are here who are descended from the family of Kelso. Mary Kelso was maid-of-honor to Mary, Queen of Scots, as you know if you have read her life. She had four maids of honor by the name of Mary. When she went to prison she took off the pearl necklace she was wearing and gave it to Mary Kelso. I have now seen this necklace. These Kelsos are very nice and I am going to stay with them in Paris. I am going there as soon as my book is finished, and I expect to be very gay."

Her impressions of London are vivid. "I went about five o'clock yesterday afternoon to the House of Lords," she writes on May 30th, "and there saw Lord Derby and all the men most conspicuous now before the world; but they do not look any better than our Senators, and were no more graceful in their oratory. In the House of Commons I saw Mr. Bright and Disraeli and many of the celebrities. The men in the House, in general, look much more wide awake and speak better than the Lords. The Duke of Argyle is a little short man with fire-red hair and a turn-up nose and is dreadfully conceited, not at all worthy to be the representative of the noble Duke of Argyle who befriended Jennie Deans. . . . Last Saturday the Queen held a Drawing Room and I went to see that show also. Her carriage was nearly covered with gold, drawn by four chestnut horses. Men in livery of gold lace stood before and behind, and fifty soldiers on horseback called the Horse Guard, and dressed in red and white attended her, as they always do on grand occasions. She went only from Buckingham Palace to St. James's across the Park and the Cortege reached nearly all the way. Then there were carriages and carriages full of ladies in white, which is the court mourning, though the Queen was all in black, some prince-relative having died. The ladies go in and pass before her and bow and pass out again, and that is all there is to it."

It is fortunate that Nancy, writing these letters in a mood so triumphantly joyous, could not look ahead, for though her future fame and fortune seemed assured, she and I see all the savants to whom Americans are not often introduced. The correspondent of the New York Times has shown me many courtesies. He is from Ohio and his name is Johnson, so we pass for cousins, as he can thus show me much attention that would not otherwise be possible in Paris. He has Indian blood in his veins, and all the handsomest features of both the red man and the white. He is tall, straight and well-proportioned, with a copper-colored skin, eyes and hair as black as jet, and marvelous powers of observation. Besides being a clever writer, he is a skillful physician, and a very good man."

Her expectations were more than fulfilled. "How shall I tell you of Paris with all its grandeur?" she writes from there early in 1860. "Its beauty is flawless and the Emperor is every day magnifying its glories. I see him and the Empress very often, as when they ride a grand cortège attends them, but not so grand as for the little chubby-faced child who is born to his honors, and therefore more noble, according to the ideas of this old world. Before he was born the Empress always sat on the right hand of the Emperor, but since then she has sat on his left, and the little fellow looks so funny in his regiments, not at all conscious of his importance. I attended a grand ball given by an Embassy in honor of Washington's birthday, which was very beautiful. I go much in society
her opportunities when the Civil War began. Just what happened to sever her advantageous and remunerative journalistic connections I do not know. In 1863 Henry Ward Beecher engaged her to write regularly for the Independent, but the contract he made was repudiated by other editors of this periodical, and a most embarrassing situation arose. And, two years before this, her letters reveal increasingly straitened circumstances. However, a small but regular income she began to receive from the Sacramento Union, the Congregationalist, and the Chicago Republican—"Mr. Dana’s new paper"—soon enabled her to live more comfortably again.

"I have a nice room now, with a balcony, on which I can walk and have air and exercise without going into the street," she writes her sister Marie. "I have a good coal fire every evening, and a petroleum lamp, white curtains to my bed, a piece of carpet, a clock on the mantelpiece and a handsome mirror. I pay seven dollars a month. Next door is what is called a cremerie, a little shop where butter, milk and cheese are sold and simple meals are cooked. A nice young girl brings me a bowl of coffee every morning for three cents and one cent’s worth of bread. At noon I eat a little bread and cheese or a few roasted chestnuts, and at five o’clock she brings me a plate of meat and one vegetable for twelve sous; then I have bread and cheese and an apple and a few nuts and always a glass of wine. All this costs twenty-five or thirty cents a day, and is very good. I am so glad that I do not have to cook any more. I live on the fifth story of a great house, that is called a maison meublée, kept by a good man and his wife who are very kind and agreeable and do everything in their power to please me. The house is full of people, but I do not know any of them, and I am always alone in the evenings." . . .

"I went the other Sunday to the Chapel of the Tuileries where the Emperor and Empress attended Mass. It was lighted by gas at midday and everybody was obliged to appear in full dress, men in white cravats and vests and gloves and ladies in their best. One man was not permitted to enter because he had not a white cravat. The Emperor and Empress talked and laughed during the prayers. She is pretty like a little baby a few weeks old—no mind or soul in her face—but very graceful. A lady told me the other day that she was in the palace not long since and the little Prince entered the salon where there were many people and did not bow and salute the company. His mother reproved him and he kicked her. Immediately the Emperor called three soldiers, who stripped off his epaulettes and took him away in disgrace." . . .

"The cholera has been raging a month in Paris, and is spreading all over Europe. It will be with you next year, I presume. There were at one time four hundred deaths a day here and many died whom I knew. But I do not expect to die of cholera and certainly shall not die for the fear of it!"

It was not strange that, never having been afraid of anything in her life, Nancy was not afraid of cholera! And there were better times and happier days ahead again.
In 1869 she realized her long-unsatisfied desire to see Spain; she went to Madrid, Granada, Seville, Malaga, Barcelona, and crossed over to Tangiers; some of her Spanish letters were published in the *Troy Whig*. Her family letters give interesting side lights too: "I have been all around France, in nearly all the provinces and all the great cities," she wrote to her sister Maria. "But I shall not tell you much about them because you will read it some day in a book. France is *la belle France* truly but the scenery is very tame even in the Pyrenees, after having seen Switzerland. I went away down a little over the Spanish border, where I heard the language of Spain in every mouth. How funny it sounded, and how funny everything looked there, not a bit changed since the middle ages. I saw a horseback party sally out of an old castle one day, two and two, the ladies in white skirts and red bodices and the men in red coats. They were Spanish lords and ladies. . . . Biarritz in the southwest corner of France is the watering place for the French and Spanish nobility. The arrangements for the bathers are very beautiful and the sea was covered with their pretty costumes. Biarritz is on both sides the line, and I was, therefore, within a few hours' ride of Madrid. The Emperor and Empress go to Biarritz in the summer, where they have a Palace of *red brick* there. I strolled among the Parks and forests of the olden time, and then turned my head towards the Pyrenees again. From Bordeaux to Spain it is a great Sandplain, where not a potato will grow, but from Bayonne to Pau it is a succession of beautiful hillslopes and valleys, with the blue mountains in the distance. The Pyrenees are fine, but no more so than Vermont, except the climate which has the air of the sunny South though among the mountains. The eternal snows do not begin till you ascend a thousand feet higher than in Switzerland. The towns are pretty, as nearly all have mineral springs, and are filled and beautified by strangers. I was at *Eaux Bonnes*, which means *good waters*, where the Empress spends her summers, but where the waters are anything but good to the taste. . . . "It has been all summer and is now insufferably cold. I have not been warm once since May, except in the Pyrenees. "The war in Italy engrosses everybody's attention, and soon Austria will be in the field and very likely all Europe again. It is becoming very expensive to eat and drink." She went to Marseille, Nimes and Nice; then, still insatiable in her search for adventure and enjoyment, she went to Italy, to Rome, Florence and Naples, to Venice, where she stayed two years. It was not until she was an old lady that she was finally persuaded to "cease from wandering" and return to the quiet village where she was born. And, even then, she illuminated the lives of her small nieces and nephews and cousins with the tales of the glories she had seen. Gathering them around her, she told them stories, on those long, cold, silent winter evenings when the old homestead that sheltered her and them was cut off from its neighbors by the high-piled snow
that drifted against doors and windows and blocked the paths—stories of the verdant vineyards and valleys of Germany; the weavers' cottages in Normandy; the castles on the Pyrenees; the pearls Mary, Queen of Scots, gave to Mary Kelso and which Nancy herself had fingered; Victoria, riding splendidly in her gilded coach attended by her horse-guard; and lovely, graceful, vapid Eugenie whispering and laughing with her husband while prayers were being chanted. Vibrant with excitement, the round-eyed, red-cheeked children listened breathlessly. What did stories of Goldilocks and Cinderella amount to, when from her endless store Aunt Nancy could draw such tales as these, while the snow glittered crystalline in the light of the moon that rose over the distant Franconia Mountains, and cast its pale, radiant beams through the folded wooden shutters of the North Chamber; tales which spurred these children on, in time, to try their own fortunes in a waiting world—among them a grandniece, who was, in time, to fight her own way up from invalidism, to try to build a profession on dreams and determination, and to go forth as the representative of a great magazine, to visit courts and to sail the seven seas. “Aunt Nancy's mantle seems to have fallen on you,” she was told, years after Aunt Nancy was resting beneath the stirred grasses in the Newbury cemetery, “I hope that you will always wear it as buoyantly as she did!” Nancy Johnson's fame died with her. “She was considered one of the most brilliant women of America,” one historian has said of her. “Some of her books passed through several editions; her professional correspondence was very extensive; and she was intimately acquainted with many of the most prominent men and women in both Europe and America; but she produced nothing that survived her own generation.” I should be proud, of course, if she had. But I am prouder still to feel that what she did produce, she produced “buoyantly”; that she proved, and taught that group of children who were her last and most loyal admirers to prove, that achievement is not dependent on health or success or opportunity; and that she was an inspiration and an example to her descendant who, searching through musty-sweet, brittle-yellow old letters for genealogical data, discovered so much more than a mere history of human families.
The straining oxen topped the ridge,  
Their heaving sides and steaming flanks  
Quivering with the pull from the swift river in the vale below.  
Beside them walked the one who pioneered to region  
With more virgin growth of wood,  
And who now rested on his staff  
While his keen eyes scanned the higher ridge yet to be climbed,  
Before the hills of his new home would rise above the winding road,  
Where the highway left the mill and wandered past the new home's door.  
Behind him came his stalwart sons, driving the team,  
Following as best they could the ruts cut by the laden cart ahead.  
For in this load were precious things;  
The cherry chest packed full of linen,  
Fresh from their mother's busy loom,  
And butter bowls and churn and teapot of Chelsey  
And the plates of Luster Ware.  
The wheels for woolen, flax and yarn  
With which the spinner made the home made clothes for those she loved.  
And tucked away in stone crock were rose clippings  
Of the white rose bush by the old home's door  
And lilac cuttings too were there.  
The things with which to make a house a home.  
Behind the team rode Sally, the mother of the sons  
And in her arms the latest babe slept peacefully  
As his mother's practiced hand guided the old mare,  
Followed by her awkward colt.  
The saddlebags across the old mare's flanks  
Bulged with the travelers' valued things,  
Their Bible wrapped in homespun shawl,  
The silver spoons marked with S. P.  
And the quill penned deed to the new home.  
At sunset the groaning wheels crawled past the mill  
And up the winding hill, between the stone fenced fields  
And came to halt before the house of Salt-Box type  
Which was to be their home.  
Quick to the spring with bucket bound in ash,  
Hastened the owner of this new domain,  
And quaffed the sparkling water drawn from out the spring,  
Hidden among its moss grown stones.  
He carried the bucket back unto the open door.  
There the family waited with their cups of gourds,  
To be refreshed and rested by the ice cold drink.  
Then standing in the old west door  
They watched the red sun sink  
Behind the knob of a round hill to the west  
And bent their heads in thanks to God  
For safe passage to the new home  
And then lay down to rest.  
A century and a quarter more.  
The old land mark of mill was torn away,  
Only the tumbling waters at the dam rushed on to meet the sea.  
The road a cattle lane, brush grown, defined by old stone walls  
Then just a path, then meadowland.  
The Salt-Box house was as if it ne'er had been.  
The cellar filled with old debris  
And the great stones which held its oaken beams thrown in.  
Its chimney toppled in the hole was covered o'er  
And now just meadowland.  
Still the old white rosebush bloomed beside the steps,  
Until that too gave way to undergrowth.  
The sparkling spring no longer mirrored  
In its cool clear depths, the faces of this sturdy race,  
But now reflected images of fawn or doe or fox or ruffed grouse.  
All that remained was the old door stone  
Half covered by the tall green grass.  
Up through the meadow came the last of his who pioneered here first, his race.  
One tall dark youth so like the stalwart sons,  
A winsome girl, dark haired and fair of face,  
A woman with her gray hair neatly bound  
And an old man, hale and hearty still,  
Climbing the winding hill, with slow timed pace,  
(Four score years was as nothing to this sturdy race.)  
Leading by her hand his grandchild,  
Her golden curls kissed softly by the breeze.  
And here with merry laugh and voices clear  
They called back and forth across the field,  
Searching for some faint trace of the old home.  
They too watched the sunset glow behind the round hill to the west,  
And turned away to leave the old site to meadowland,  
But one last search revealed a stone, grass grown,  
But hand hewn ne'er the less.  
Down on their knees they went to push the earth away  
And search for just one trace of their great great grandsire's race.  
'Twas then they heard the shout.  
"A lilac bush! We've found a lilac bush!"  
Down through the deepening dusk they passed, along the dimming path  
To their own homes, and left this hallowed spot to meadowland.  
They knew not that those early settlers stood once more  
On the old step beside the open door,  
To watch their passing down the hill,  
Leaving them to twilight and the hush of night,  
To silence and the sweep of years.
The two yokes of oxen drew to opposite sides of the road between Newbury and Haverhill, towns on the northern Connecticut River named for the towns in Massachusetts from which the first settlers came.* Their masters, ox-goads in hand, paused in the valley of the Ox-bow for a little conversation.

Jacob Bayley was hauling logs with Buck and Bright that morning. But he had stopped to replace a stone fallen from the neat gray wall by the roadside. He and the oxen had built that wall, but he never considered he had taken much of a part in its construction. So far as he was concerned it was Buck and Bright’s wall.

Thomas Johnson was on his way to Haverhill with his ox-team. He would get a couple of millstones to take to Peacham, to the gristmill he had contracted to build there.

For some reason Thomas was low-spirited that morning and was nothing loath to talking a bit with Jacob. Thomas Johnson was younger than his neighbor, and looked up to him as a younger man does to an older, especially when the older is one of wide experience and established position.

Jacob Bayley was a power in the neighborhood of the Ox-bow, and his influence reached farther—much farther—than the neighborhood. During the French and In-

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* Haverhill, being on one side of the Connecticut, is in New Hampshire; Newbury, being on the other, is in Vermont.
dian Wars Bayley had served in Goff’s regiment. He had been one of the four officers who, on their way home to Massachusetts after the surrender of Montreal, had been delighted with the beauty of that part of the Connecticut River valley—cleared intervals and covered with tall wild grass, through which the Connecticut could be glimpsed winding in and out. “It looked just like two ox bows,” declared Bayley, “a big bow and a little one, say for yearling steers.”

Bayley and his fellow officers could not talk enough about the beauty of the place when they were back in Massachusetts, and their neighbors at Haverhill and Newbury became inflamed with eagerness to go and settle the valley of the ox-bows.

Bayley and a fellow officer appealed to Governor Wentworth for charters to the Coos Valley, as it was more generally known; and in the time intervening between the appeal and the granting of their request the men had returned to the valley to draft plans for its settlement. That was when young Thomas Johnson of Haverhill, Massachusetts, had gone north for the first time.

“Remember,” reminisced Johnson, “how we cut ninety tons of hay that summer from the meadow of the Little Ox-bow? Some job for a few men!”

Jacob Bayley’s eyes twinkled, “’Pears to me, if I recall rightly, th’ oxen we had with us had something to do with the hay—that is, something besides eating it.”

“Yes, sir,” he went on, without waiting for an answer, “you can talk about men all you want, but it is the oxen that really made this country what it is. We’ll never have a more exciting time here in the valley than the day the first ox-team came through here from Charlestown,* on the road that Jonathan McConnel and his company built. Everybody in the valley turned out to greet Old Broad, Old Berry and Old Duke. And we listened to the feats of Old Berry, and the tales of how Old Duke held the load back in dangerous places, as though we were hearing the exploits of heroes, and we were!”

“Right,” answered Thomas Johnson, “we were delighted then, and even before every ox that came through seemed worth more than the settlers who came with them. I’ve always thought it must have been a pretty sight when they used to haul the king’s trees from hereabouts to the Connecticut to be sent to England to make masts for the royal navy—fifty pair of beasts yoked together sometimes, so I’ve heard.”

“Plenty of those trees I’ve seen,” answered Jacob, “marked ‘G.R.’ on their trunks, meaning George the King. The masting officers would come through and choose the best of them. Please God the Philistines won’t get any more!”

Both men sobered at the thought, for both were determined to prevent this very thing if possible. There were deep undercurrents at work in Vermont during the Revolution, and no one knew then what the outcome might be. The men east of the Green Mountains distrusted greatly certain leaders who dwelt west of the mountains. They knew some of these leaders were in correspondence with Canada and that Canadian agents visited them regularly. Jacob Bayley and Thomas Johnson suspected treason.

They could not know then what was revealed long after—that eight of those leaders “over the mountains” had banded together in a plan intended to deliberately mislead the British officers in Canada. The letters of the eight to the Canadian officials pretended lukewarmness to the cause of the colonies. By turn they were ambiguous, luring, or evasive.

They were playing at diplomacy, these men of the border country who knew nothing of the game. They wanted and expected to become part of the United States should the war end as they hoped. But their borders were in dispute. Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and New York all had conflicting land claims. They did not desire at all that Vermont should join them as a separate state. But Vermont was border territory and Canada was more than anxious that Vermont should join itself

† Jacob Bayley was a captain in the Grown Point expedition of 1757; in 1759 he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel. In 1776 the New York Provincial Congress appointed him Brigadier-General, and in 1777 George Washington appointed him Commissary General of the Northern Department.

* New Hampshire.
with them. Canada was eager. The home-spun diplomats of Vermont, with a clear and secret understanding among themselves as to what they were doing, were angling for high stakes. They were angling for statehood.

But Jacob Bayley was not in the confidence of the eight, and so well were the eight playing their game that they deceived even Jacob Bayley. He thought Vermont was being sold out, and he was spending his fortune to prevent the land he loved from becoming subject to England.*

This day, as always when he was most worried, he turned his thoughts to the oxen. In the midst of war and plotting it was good to think and talk of simple things—such as oxen, for instance. Since the days of the patriarchs oxen have been associated in men's minds with peace. Jacob slapped one of his beast's flanks as he gave a deep, generous laugh. "This creature always makes me think of the ox that General Moulton used to trick a piece of land from the Governor. Oh, Moulton wouldn't go straight and ask for a charter the way we did. But he chose a great ox, the best in the neighborhood, tied a flag on its left horn and went off to Portsmouth with it. 'A present for the Governor,' he announced; and Wentworth, who knew a good ox as well as the rest of us, received the beast with delight. He said he never remembered seeing such a fine ox, and he was loath to take it without paying for it. But no, Moulton wouldn't hear of being paid. The Governor insisted, and Moulton held back; until at last, Moulton, stubborn as though his eye teeth were being pulled out in spite of him, declared he wouldn't take a shilling. Still if it would ease Wentworth's

*General Bayley is said to have sacrificed an estate worth $60,000 in the service of his country, for which he was never compensated.
heart, there was a certain piece of land he wouldn't mind having a charter for. Oh, no, he wouldn't mind. But 'twarn't Moulton, 'twas the ox got that charter.

“And there's another story. Always reminded me of Samson and the Philistines. This happened over in Durham in the early days—I wasn't much more than a boy I guess. Well, a man went out with his team of four oxen to do some ploughing, and right there where he'd left off the day before he found fresh moccasin prints. He could read what he found as easy as anything, those prints meant one thing to him. Indians were about—Philistines, probably waiting in the bushes to grab him. Well, the man unyoked his oxen mighty fast and left them behind him in the field to take care of themselves, while he went like a streak toward Durham.

“Sure, he'd read the tracks right enough. But it seems the Indians had gone off to get them some breakfast, maybe catch a fish or something, and hadn't been around when the white man arrived. When they came sneaking back, hoping to surprise him, all they saw were the oxen wandering about. The Indians didn't know what had happened, but they put their heads together and decided the white men were hidden where they could watch that field and surprise the Indians. So, as was learned from their tracks the next morning, the Indians themselves turned and fled—the Philistines out-Philistined. And all by four oxen in a field.

“I've always bet that man loved those oxen, pretty nigh as much as I do mine. Fact is, I was so homestick for the beasts when I came back from Montreal over twenty years ago, and saw the river glittering in this valley like a pair of silver yokes, I took it for a sign.”

Jacob looked at Buck and Bright chewing their cuds, their knock-kneed briskets quiet, their eyes filled with immeasurable calm, their great sides moving in and out with their breathing, their jaws working rhythmically over their cuds. He touched their brass-studded horns, adjusted one of the buckles on the yoke and ran his hand deep into the folds of skin at their necks.

“You wouldn't think,” ended Jacob, “they are builders of a nation, but they are. The oxen cleared the forests, snagged out the logs for our first houses. Into the wilderness they hauled our household gear, between trees and over streams. They don't need roads for their going, but they build the roads when they are needed. They build the stone walls too, and haul the sap in the spring, no matter how deep the snow. They do the ploughing, they gather the harvest. They don't talk, they do. And when sometimes I watch them straining under a load big enough for giants, their legs firm on the ground, their noses low, finally to go forward steady, slow, but certain, their feet lifting together, ponderous but sure, well, the sight makes me think strange thoughts. Oxen . . .” ended Jacob Bayley, “oxen walk like God!”

Thomas's eyes twinkled. Bayley always got around to God or the Bible in the end. While on his part, it made Thomas think of the Bible just to see Bayley. Now the man bent over and lifted a great stone that had fallen from the wall. His neighbor could watch the play of muscles across his shoulders, but every move was certain and the man's breath never quickened as he set the stone back in place.

“Well, so long Samson,” said Johnson, “I must get started or I'll never get my millstones.”

“You mean your oxen won't,” corrected Jacob. “Samson . . .” he said smiling, as he leaned back against the mended wall. “Samson! I always think of oxen when I think of him. I'll bet he worked with oxen. They'd match his strength. He'd make his best plans too while he followed them, as I have done—many a time. Too bad the Philistines got him in the end. Well, he let the foxes lose on them anyhow.”

The foxes—Thomas had forgotten. He'd have to look that up about the foxes.

“Wo-hish,” he called to his oxen, “Wo-haw! Wo-haw, Buck! So long, Samson. Remember the Philistines!”

“Aye,” came the answer, “and the foxes who played in their fields!”

Johnson wondered about the last sentence as he went on. There had been a strange emphasis in Jacob's words. Could it be Jacob believed the gossip that was being noised about, gossip to the effect that he, Thomas Johnson, was a Tory at heart; that
his wife's relationship to Sir Guy Carleton, the Governor-General of Canada, had influenced him? Or did that sentence mean Bayley had heard the gossip but thought his neighbor was up to a deeper game?

Johnson shrugged his shoulders. Well, either thought was wrong! Strange, gossip could hurt a man so. Couldn't folks remember he had been a captain of the minutemen,* had marched with them to Ticonderoga, and had served as aide to General Lincoln, being placed in charge of the prisoners after the fort's surrender?

He had traced out a short way to Canada for the colonists, and that route had been used. The British had a price upon his head, and on old Jacob's as well. In other words, the Philistines, as Jacob would say, wanted them both.

He shrugged his shoulders. Why worry about gossip he couldn't help? He had served his country well. He was ready to serve it further. Old Jacob thought the oxen made the country. Well, just now, he was willing to help the oxen for a bit. He was building that gristmill in Peacham, and if all went well he'd have the millstones there this very day—or at least, he corrected himself, his oxen would have them there.

Every gristmill was worth the winning of a battle, so far as the country was concerned. Time had been when the folk who had settled at the Ox-bow had traveled 110 miles to get their corn ground. Then it was that the folk at old Number Four, as the fort at Charlestown† was called, had made a verse about it. Thomas hummed the verse to himself as he strode along.

"General Bayley of Newbury Town,
To old Number Four to mill came down,
Good Captain Spafford, God rest his soul,
Ground his grist and would take no toll."**

Those were the good old days, when people were neighborly, and weren't forever being suspicious of each other, either!

It was mild weather, pretty messy going. He'd have to stop worrying about what people thought and tend to his team. Should he shoed before he took them on to Peacham. Shoeing oxen took time.

The darkness of Johnson's mood held all that day, and everything contrived to add to it. The roads had never been so soft, and try as they might the oxen could not drag the millstones through. Johnson had to unload and leave one stone by the roadside. With the other he arrived at Peacham.

The next morning the oxen, newly shod, were lame; something wrong with the shoeing perhaps, or a rolling stone. Anyhow he'd have to send them home. 'Twouldn't do to let Jacob Bayley know he'd ruined anything as precious as a yoke of oxen. So off the creatures went with a man to guide them. Johnson hired a yoke of oxen from Deacon Elkins and went back for the stone. He got it to Peacham that night. He should go home. It wasn't so far but he could make it; but he, too, was pretty well worn. He'd stay overnight and make it the next day.

It was an unwise decision, for while Thomas Johnson slept fitfully a group of men were gathering outside. They were colonists from Connecticut, said to have Tory sympathies, but as a matter of fact they were out to fatten on the spoils of war, and their sympathies were with the holder of the bigger purse. In this case that holder was England. They had obtained a list of men for which the Tories would pay a pretty price, and among them was Thomas Johnson and old Bayley. They had already tried for Bayley and failed, but in lingering about the north country they had found out about the mill and learned the very day Johnson planned to take the millstones there.

When Johnson woke some of the men were already in his room. Others, he knew not how many, were outside. He was beset by his enemies. His first thought was to jump out the window and make a run for it, and then into his mind came Jacob's words—"the little foxes in the corn." Perhaps discretion was the better part of valor; perhaps here was his chance to find out the truth concerning what was really going on between the "men over the mountains" and the king's officers in Canada. "I'll go with you," he said quietly, looking into the round hole of the muskets.

It was nearly eight months before Thomas Johnson saw his home again, and then he

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* Later Thomas Johnson became a Colonel.
† In New Hampshire. For a long time Number Four was the northern outpost of the Massachusetts colonists.
** From the early history of Charlestown.
moved under a cloud so far as his neighbors were concerned. They had plenty to whisper about now; how strange it was he had sent his oxen home and had stayed at Peacham on a certain night; and the way he had gone with his captors, with no word of protest. It looked, didn’t it, as though he had planned to be captured?

There was no mercy in the tongues of the gossips; but small wonder. They stared at Jacob Bayley with a puzzled look one day when he stalked from among them muttering under his breath something about out-Philistining the Philistines. What on earth could the old general mean?

As for Johnson, the part he had chosen was not an easy one. He had not reckoned on being sent home on parole. That meant he had given his word of honor not to aid the American cause until he was legally exchanged with some other prisoner. More than that he was bound to report in person whenever His Majesty’s officers so demanded. His neighbors were convinced that when he made those reports he was giving the enemy valuable information. They could not know that Johnson was determined to keep his parole to the letter, but that his ears and eyes were kept wide open when he made those visits. He was waiting anxiously for the time when his exchange could be arranged. Then the information he possessed would be passed on at once—straight to George Washington. Thomas Johnson believed he had positive proof of the treachery of the men “over the mountains.”

True, it looked as though the war was practically over. Cornwallis had surrendered and plans for the peace treaty were rapidly taking shape, at least so far as the colonies were concerned. But the ultimate fate of Vermont was still undecided. There seemed to be plans on foot to detach Ver-

* On page 32 of “Pioneering People” Mrs. Keyes writes: “Thomas Johnson’s opinion at this time was shared by Jacob Bayley, and many other prominent Vermonters; indeed, it is said, probably with truth, that it was his stand on this matter alone that prevented Bayley from having the national and lasting reputation which should, by every right, have been his . . . it is interesting as well as sadly characteristic of human nature, that Thomas Johnson, so overwhelmingly unhappy because he himself was unjustly thought to be treacherous, was so ready to believe another ardent patriot (Ethan Allen) guilty of the same crime!” The correspondence between Johnson and Washington on this subject is still greatly treasured by the Johnson family.
mont from the colonies and sell it “part and parcel” to Canada. The Canadians believed that the chief obstacle to the carrying out of these plans was old General Jacob Bayley. If he could be gotten out of the way the British had good reason to think Vermont might be theirs.

But Bayley was fighting tooth and nail against such a separation, even while he and his sons went about the farm work as usual. All night he planned and heard reports, and all day, or most of it, he ploughed his fields, repaired his stone walls, talked with his oxen. Their great sides shone like silk from his persistent grooming, for in their company he worked out his most important plans.

Meanwhile Thomas Johnson watched from the window that overlooked the meadows of the Ox-bow. He went out little, for he hated the glances he met, and he was held from associating with his neighbors by his parole. Then one day an order came to him, one he was bound to obey. He was to report under the terms of his parole at a certain place near by. There he was questioned closely as to Bayley’s movements, and before he came home Thomas Johnson understood a good deal about the plans which had been made for Jacob Bayley’s capture. This time the Britishers did not intend to fail.

Thomas Johnson intended they should, but he could not see how he could save Bayley without destroying himself. As the foxes in the Philistines’ fields had themselves been destroyed even while they accomplished the destruction of the crops of the Philistines, so now would he himself be destroyed.

For he couldn’t inform his friend and neighbor as to what was pending without breaking his word, his parole. And that word had been given freely. Had it been under duress there might have been some excuse, but as it was . . . As to what would happen to himself, his home, even his family if he did speak, that seemed just then of small account. But the breaking of his word . . .

He went to the window and looked out. Bayley was ploughing. The oxen made Johnson remember every detail of a day which seemed very long ago. The oxen’s great heads moved, left, right, their feet lifting, falling, making the field ready for harvest, the oxen “walking like God.”

How long ago the day when Jacob had said that, the day he had talked so much about oxen, so many stories. There was one of that man in Durham, fleeing from the Indians—the Philistines, Jacob had called them, when the man had read of their presence in the newly-ploughed earth. Then Jacob had lifted the great stone and set it in his wall, and Thomas had laughed at him and called him “Samson.” The Philistines—the Philistines and Samson! Even now the “Philistines” were on a high ridge watching “Samson” in that field, even as he now watched, with grief in his heart. Wait a minute! Was it an idea, one that would work? Ah, surely it wasn’t warning Jacob, wasn’t breaking his word if he did this? Perhaps Bayley would remember, would understand—perhaps? He must.

It was such a little slip of paper that Thomas Johnson snipped from the Book of Books, praying in his heart as he did so that this cutting of The Book might not be accounted sacrilege. Surely the hidden Britishers would never note if a man rode through the field and dropped it, never stopping, never speaking, passing on.

But Bayley would note, would note particularly if the man did not speak. Bayley noted everything.

Snip went the scissors—no word of Johnson’s to warn Bayley, no word of Thomas Johnson’s—the Word of God!

Thomas Johnson remained at the window as his wife’s brother rode by Bayley. The paper fluttered and lay there, while Bayley with surprise in his heart at the lack of his neighbor’s greeting, drew his brows together a little and ploughed on. One furrow, two furrows, three. Jacob Bayley stopped and tightened the strap on the near-ox. “Steady,” he said to the creature, “Steady,” and bent to lift the foot, to examine the shoe on the off fore-foot. As he did so his eyes were sweeping the Word of the Lord. He did not pick it up. It was not necessary. So far as any observer could tell Jacob Bayley was busied entirely with the shoe on his ox.

“The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!” he read. Slowly he set down the foot, went
back to the plough handle and ploughed a little farther, ploughed the Word of God under.

"Turn my team out after a bit, boys," he said in a low tone to his sons as he walked slowly past them. "Don't hurry, but look out for yourselves. I've just received word the Britishers are about!"

"Hm," answered a son, not questioning but surprised none the less, "A little bird, I presume?"

"No," Bayley flung over his shoulders, "God."

He took off his hat and rubbed the sweat from his brow as he sauntered slowly down to the river as though to cool his face in the waters as he had already done several times that morning. His oxen waited, chewing their cuds. The boys ploughed on. The bushes screened the Connecticut from sight of the watchers hidden on the ridge.

But Jacob Bayley had not lingered by the riverside. Hidden by the bushes he was fleeing fleetly from the Philistines. He was moving almost as rapidly as he had when he and his company had escaped massacre in the old days by running from Fort William Henry to Fort Edward, a distance of twelve miles. Then they had been bare-footed, but now he had on good stout boots and he knew the way well. In time he would return to his beloved Ox-bow Valley, to his oxen, to his friend. He'd probably have to stand between Johnson and the neighbors, for Jacob well knew how Johnson would be suspected of the plant to capture him. He chuckled to himself, "The little foxes in the corn, the Philistines out-Philistined."

*This actually happened. Thomas Johnson was arrested and charged with having planned to capture Jacob Bayley. Jacob himself appeared at the meeting and, without revealing the fact that he had been warned by Thomas Johnson, was able to effect his freedom. These fictionized facts depend for their source material on Frances Parkinson Keyes' "Pioneering People." Permission for its use is hereby acknowledged; also the assistance of Mrs. Haines Johnson of the Ox-bow at Newbury, Vermont; of Miss Henrietta Bayley also of Newbury, and of Harold O. Slayton of Rutland, Vermont.
The Historic Indian King Tavern at Haddonfield on New Jersey's Famous King's Highway

In the early days of the Revolution meetings of the New Jersey legislature were held in this tavern, which is now maintained as a museum by the state. The water trough, wooden pump, and hitching post are said to be exact duplicates of those that served the travelling public one hundred and fifty years ago.

The Spirit of the Hand-made

XIV. The Old Wooden Watering Trough

HENRY CLEPPER

What has become of the old wooden water trough? In bygone days one of the most familiar and frequent objects along the roadsides of America, it has now almost disappeared from the landscape.

On dirt roads in back country one may occasionally find an ancient "watering" trough, its sides moss-covered like the old oaken bucket. But on main highways and improved roads the traveller may journey across the continent without ever seeing one.

Like the cigar-store Indian, the kettle for stirring apple butter, and the mustache cup, the wooden water trough has ceased to be an object of general utility. It isn't entirely gone, but it is fast disappearing, and in its place we have the ubiquitous filling station of gaudy hue. And yet the wooden water trough played quite as important a part in an earlier era of American transportation as the filling station plays in this; for it provided an indispensable public service — refreshment for man and beast.

A single example will illustrate the importance of the water trough in the days of horse transportation. In The Old Pike — A History of the National Road, by Thomas B. Seabright, published in 1894, is described a famous water trough on the western slope of Laurel Hill in southwestern Pennsylvania.

"Here William Downard lived for many years in a stone house built against the hill—"
side. He always maintained the big water trough in good condition *pro bono publico*, and it would be almost impossible for big teams to make the ascent of Laurel Hill in hot weather without water."

The author says Downard "begrudged the use of his water to persons he did not like, although the supply was inexhaustible." That's all that is said or known about William Downard. Who he was, what manner of man he was, will never be known. He probably was born, lived, loved, and died in the shadow of Laurel Hill. All that remains of his memory is buried in a brief paragraph of an obscure and forgotten book. William Downard may have been an eccentric, even a surly, character. But he comes briefly to life, revealed as a good citizen and a human being. He maintained a big water trough in good condition for the benefit of the public, and he was human enough to resent, but not prohibit, its use by people he did not like. Historically, the development of America cannot be separated from the development of our transportation. In the colonies, for a hundred years and more, transportation by land was always slow, usually uncomfortable, and frequently perilous. The first roads were the Indian trails over which the colonists sometimes rode horseback, but oftener walked.

The initial link in what were to become our trunk-line highways was the Boston-Providence "common road," opened in 1664. By 1774 stagecoaches ran once a week between Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, but during the summer months only. In winter the schedule was one trip every two weeks. Not until years later could the hardy traveller journey from Philadelphia to Savannah except by horseback.

In 1774 it was a four-day journey from New York to Boston by stage. An early handbill of 1800 advertised stage service from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh in twenty days. By this time had arrived the era of turnpikes, or toll roads, which were eventually to link all the larger cities by stage-
coach routes, much as do the bus routes of our present age. The federal government controlled about 2,000 miles of highways, including the famous Cumberland Turnpike, also known as the National Pike, and the Lancaster Turnpike in Pennsylvania, over which rolled the picturesque Conestoga wagons with their great loads of freight.

Named for the region in Pennsylvania where it was first built, the Conestoga wagon is more familiar as the stout vehicle that carried the hardy settlers and forty-niners west to the Rockies and beyond. But it also served as the freight carrier of the East in a manner similar to the motor trucks that now go rolling day and night over our highways, hauling every conceivable product from fresh lettuce to furniture. Just as the modern truckdriver stops to "gas up" and drink a cup of coffee, so did the wagoneer of that earlier age pause frequently by the wayside to rest and water his team and quench his thirst. The freight wagons usually traveled in trains, and in hot weather driving a six-horse team from sunup to sundown over dusty roads was a "parchin', perishin'" life.

The construction of a good water trough was a matter requiring considerable skill. The oldest type, and the most durable, was the hewn trough—hewn from a solid log. Not any old log would do; in fact, the selection of a proper log required shrewd knowledge of wood and nice judgment of its physical properties.

First of all, the wood had to be comparatively free of knots. Accordingly, yellow poplar and cucumber were preferred. But since these species were not always present in the local woods, white pine was perhaps the most widely used.

Once a likely tree of the proper diameter had been selected, the next matter to be decided was which of the three or four lengths to use. Because of probable "shake," the butt log was usually rejected. If otherwise satisfactory, the second log was taken because it had the next largest girth. The log chosen was about eight feet long and from two to three feet in diameter.

After the bark had been peeled, usually with a "spud," the log was squared up with a double-bitted axe, and its interior hollowed out with a foot adz. Hewing the log was not a long or difficult task for a skilled axeman; a day of rapid though careful chopping would see it finished.

A properly hewn trough from a log free from shakes and loose knots was stout and durable—good for thirty years and more of service. During the middle 1800's many, perhaps thousands, were in use in the land, not only in the country but in the cities as well. But they gradually disappeared with the passing of virgin timber, and only a few in good condition are in existence.

As large, perfect logs suitable for hewn troughs became scarce, plank troughs came into popularity. Easier to construct, though only half as durable, they in time almost entirely replaced those hewn by hand. Made from heavy planks of white pine, white oak, or even hemlock, their maximum life of service was about fifteen years. In length the plank troughs varied between six
and twelve feet. Their depth was usually ten inches; their width, fourteen.

A water trough had to be drained occasionally and cleaned of leaves and sediment. Consequently, a two-inch hole was bored in the bottom near one end and plugged with an eight-inch piece of white pine wood. When the trough was set up so the water surface would be about three feet above ground, it was filled and leveled. The drainage end was then lowered slightly in order that leaves and sediment would accumulate around the plug.

Depreciation came not alone with age. Considerable wear and tear resulted from the horses chewing the edge of the trough; those made of oak gave the most resistance. Usually, however, the edges were protected by an old wagon tire or by rows of horseshoe nails.

A properly located trough was set parallel to the road and well to the side, in order to give the driver room to make a right-angle turn with his team. When he failed to make a proper turn only one horse could drink at a time. In that case, if the off-horse lunged forward to reach the water, the thrust of the wagon tongue might knock the trough over, causing two flows—one of spilled water, the other of that rich profanity for which teamsters the world over have ever been famous.

Usually a spring or stream was the source of the water supply, which was carried either in a V-shaped trough of lumber or through a length of iron pipe or a drilled log. The manufacture of wooden water pipes, usually from pine, was an important early American industry. Sixteen-foot logs were drilled with holes from three to six inches in diameter. When laid underground they were remarkably durable; some have been in use for nearly a century in eastern cities.

The construction, installation, and maintenance of a water trough involved not a little labor and expense. As an incentive to private initiative, some townships allowed several dollars reduction in annual taxes to farmers who built and maintained troughs along township roads. Along stagecoach routes water troughs were usually provided by the county. Frequently, road repair included trough repair, and was paid for by the owner of the stage franchise.

It would be exaggeration to say construction of the hewn trough is a lost art. Many are in use now in the West, especially on national forest grazing lands for watering livestock. But no longer has the water trough a place in the pageant of land transportation. Like many another old American institution that has ceased to fill a needed service, it has been discarded. But, before it is entirely forgotten, it seemed desirable to mark its passing. That's why this article was written.

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On a Country Road

ROSAMOND JEFFERY

Forgotten footsteps echo down the years
On this old road—here where my fathers trod,
Setting their narrow pathway firm toward God,
Building their homes with happiness and tears.

Footsteps of all who ever went this way—
Rich, poor, old, young, the foolish and the wise.
Their epitaph within their broad fields lies—
"They faced adversity without dismay."

I see them as a pilgrim's caravan,
Their hands and hearts turned to a common mission,
Their faces lifted to a common vision,
Of home and love and fellowship with man.
SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENT:

MARTIN SEVERANCE, a boy of Old Deerfield which in 1720 is a frontier town of western Massachusetts, grows up in the midst of constant danger of Indian raids and massacres until the short interval of peace which comes at the close of Father Rasle’s War. Then many of his friends and neighbors dare to penetrate further into the wilderness to find homes. Among these pioneers are the Fairfields who with their
small brown-eyed daughter, Patty, move out beyond Northampton to what is now Cummington.

Every effort is made to secure a lasting peace with the Indians. Governor Belcher himself comes to Deerfield to confer with the sachems of the eastern tribes. Martin Severance is a proud boy to be asked to aid his uncle, Captain Joseph Kellog, who is interpreter during this conference.

To further these friendly relations with the Indians, Fort Dummer which has just been built on the west bank of the Connecticut River (below what is now Brattleboro) is made into a trading post, and called the Truck House. Captain Joseph Kellog who has done good work building up friendship between Indians and settlers, is placed in charge of the Truck House, and he sends for his nephew, Martin, and another Deerfield boy, Matt Clesson, to enter his service.

Captain Kellog also persuades the famous Sachem Hendrick, a Hudson Valley Mohawk, to live at the Truck House with several of his tribe. For many years the fair trade that the Indians receive here keeps them on friendly terms with the settlers.

Martin enjoys the rough, out-of-door life at this out-post in the wilderness, and remains there after his uncle Captain Kellog, leaves to take charge of the education of a group of Indian children, and Captain Willard is given command at the Truck House.

CHAPTER VII

ONE day in the spring of 1744 Martin Severance, returning from a visit with his Aunt Rebecca at Stockbridge, found Fort Dummer strangely deserted. Captain Willard had succeeded Captain Kellog at the Truck House, and, knowing him as a great stickler for detail, Martin was surprised to see not a soul in sight as he came along by the river. Although it was daytime, the gates of both the outer and the inner stockades were closed, and no one could be seen on the parade ground or in the mounts.

As he approached the huge outer gate swung open about a foot, and Martin saw the worried face of the old scout, Jim Corse, peering out at him.

“Come in quickly,” cautioned Jim.

“What’s the matter?” asked Martin.

“We don’t know; but something’s wrong. Every Indian has disappeared.”

“Those the Truck House hired?”

“Every tarnal one of ’em!”

“Even Hendrick?” cried Martin.

“Hendrick went out three days ago on a two weeks trip hunting up toward Great Monadnock. So we don’t know about him. But all the others have gone. Not one has stopped here today.”

He carefully barred the gate, and they went inside the stockade.

“Yesterday was jest like any other day for the last two years,” went on Jim, as he and Martin approached the main building. “Not a hint of trouble anywhere. John Munn was on guard in the north mount last night. Swears he didn’t hear or see a thing all night. Says he was awake all the time, too. Come morning, every Injin inside the fort had vanished—and those outside, too!”

“Something started somewhere?”

“We all think so. But what?”

All that day the handful of men within the fort kept anxious watch in all directions. Not a person came out upon the meadow. Not a suggestion of smoke rose from the woods beyond. Absolute quiet was on every side.

It was not until the afternoon of the next day that the watching men saw a horseman appear on the trail along the river from the south. Silently they watched him making his way slowly over the marshy ground.

“His horse is exhausted,” commented Clesson as the rider came nearer.

“It looks like your son Gad,” said John Alexander to Jim Corse.

“He’s been riding post to the Bay * this winter,” replied the old scout.

Captain Willard quickly read the dispatch Gad Corse brought him from the Governor of the Massachusetts Colony. Then he turned to his men who were watching tensely.

“France is again at war with England. A garrison is already on its way here. Captain Timothy Dwight is coming at once with workmen to make any repairs necessary. We are to begin immediately to take warlike precautions.”

Martin decided that he should see his family in Deerfield before both he and his brother John enlisted. While he was there, Captain Timothy Dwight of Northampton came through on his way to survey for a cordon of forts, soliciting guides. It took less than a minute to persuade Martin that he was needed as a guide far more than as a workman dragging logs to fortify

* Boston.
Captain Wells’ house, one of the four selected to be fortified for the Deerfield families.

Captain Dwight worked rapidly. The necessary repairs on Fort Dummer were started at once, and the scattered settlers in its vicinity were organized to have the protection of the nearest fortified house.

“We’ll spend the night here in Falltown * with Ebenezer Sheldon,” Captain Dwight told his men after a tour of the region between Deerfield and Dummer, “and tomorrow we’ll start west.”

Martin was delighted to see his old friends, the Sheldons, again. When he was a boy they had lived in the Old Indian House facing Deerfield Common. The Sheldons had built a stout stockade around their cabin and seemed confident that they could safely remain on the frontier to defend their possessions.

“They tell me they are already making defenses up in Colrain, as they call those hills on the west,” said Captain Dwight to Ebenezer Sheldon as he sat with him that night before a blazing fire and sipped hot toddy. It was early summer; but although the days were warm the nights were cold and damp, for there still were banks of snow on the most sheltered hillsides.

“Yea, there are four forts being built up there,” answered Sheldon.

“Do they need so many? There are only a few families.”

“True, but wait ’til you see the size of them as makes up them families!”

Next day when Captain Dwight, Martin, Matt Clesson, and others came to Fort Morrison in the Colrain hills and saw the men working on the palisade about it, they remembered Sheldon’s words, and smiled, for never before had they seen so many men of such huge size. Captain Dwight and his men stopped to watch with admiration the ease with which these Scotch-Irish settlers lifted enormous timbers into place.

After selecting the sites for Fort Shirley and Fort Pelham, Captain Dwight desired to place one more that would be almost at the New York line. Martin guided him down Pelham Brook to the trail made by the Mohawks along the Deerfield River. Captain Dwight’s party continued along the Mohawk trail up the steep side of the Hoosac Range. It was now early fall, so they had time to do no more when they reached the Hoosac Valley than to select a suitable site for a fort where the Indian trail crossed the Hoosac River. This they named Fort Massachusetts.

Then back they came with Captain Dwight’s records and maps, the first made of this region. Colonel John Stoddard, who had been a soldier stationed in Deerfield at the time of the massacre, had been placed in command of the line of forts, and Captain Elijah Williams, son of Reverend John Williams, was organizing a band of scouts to cover the frontier on the north and west.

“Hope we’re not too late to join!” cried both Martin and Matthew when they heard of the preparations for the winter.

“It will be hard work,” the old scouts warned them.

“We know that. That’s what we want!”

It was an unusually severe winter. One heavy blizzard after another piled snow to unbelievable depths. For days there was nothing to break the monotony of the dreary expance of white hills and slopes of ragged pines; then the scouts would see a distant curl of smoke that warned them the enemy was near, or they would come upon strange snowshoe tracks, and follow them as far as they dared into the mysterious forests of the north. Evidently the Indians knew they were being watched, for they seldom appeared to the settlers, and very little damage was done by them that winter.

There was uncertainty as to which Indians were enemies, and which could be trusted. Hendrick, the sachem, who had been in the service at Fort Dummer, and many of his tribe were loyal to the settlers, and important scouting was entrusted to them. The friendly Indians living near the forts wore a green bough on their heads so the soldiers might recognize them on sight; but soon other Indians were taking advantage of this.

In December, Captain Joseph Kellog went to Canada to see what he could find out as to the situation.

“I saw Mary Harris,” he reported on his return. “She is one of the captives of 1704 who never came back. Her sons told me, while I was staying at her home, that the
Governor of Canada is trying his best to make the Cagnawagas and others take up the hatchet. He gave a feast for them, cooked five oxen, had war kettles brought out and sounded, and got the young braves to sing war songs. Later I found that one party of Cagnawagas started down Lake Champlain, but one of their Maquas overtook them and threatened to overturn their canoes, so they returned. Some of the young Scatacooks have gone to Canada to live with Graylock at his fort at Masoeckoyueag.

To Major Williams, in command of the forts, Captain Stoddard sent the following dispatch: “Yesterday I saw a son of Ontosaga who came down with a party of fourteen to say that the Cagnawagas will not meddle in this war. They told me that the priests and the Governor of Canada knew this and approved their decision. I think this is only a French trick to keep us from taking any action. They are planning to come upon us unawares.”

CHAPTER VIII

About the middle of July, 1745, the Mohawk trail over Hoosac Mountain was cleared so that work could be started on Fort Massachusetts, the last of the line of forts.
A workman unused to felling timber miscalculated, and Martin barely escaped being crushed by a falling tree. As it was he wrenched his knee. By the time he got back to the Colrain forts it was swollen so badly he could hardly walk.

"Nothing serious," Dr. Williams assured him, as he strapped the injured knee with strips of cloth, "but it will be if you continue to use it. You must rest for a while."

"Rest!" exclaimed Martin. "Do you mean I've got to lie abed?"

"Not necessarily abed; but you mustn't walk about much for two months."

"Oh, but I can't do that!" cried Martin.

"The fall scouting will begin in September."

"And if you use this knee as soon as that," declared Dr. Williams, "you'll find you won't be able to scout this winter at all."

"What?" cried Martin.

"Come now. It isn't as bad as all that," continued the doctor with a smile, for Martin was looking at him in horror. "Why don't you go home for a month or more? I'll manage a leave of absence for you, and find you a horse to ride. You can do anything except bear your weight on that sore knee."

It was so arranged, and Martin, much to his surprise, found himself riding away next morning toward Deerfield.

His father and mother greeted him with delight. All his brothers, even reluctant Moses, were in the service now; and Joseph Junior's wife, Mary, had come home with her two small children, Joanna and Mathew, to live. Martin's baby sisters had grown into strange young women whose attentions embarrassed him.

For a few days the excitement of being home again and seeing old friends and neighbors kept him interested, but soon the hours began to drag. Even the admiration of his nephew, Mathew, and of little Agrippa Wells, who lived across the street and hung about to hear his stories of life as a scout, began to grow tiresome. Accustomed to a life of action, he found it hard to sit all day on a bench under the elms before his home or to jog about on the horse loaned him by Dr. Williams.

"Come on 'long with me. I'm going to ride out to spend a fortnight or more with my brother out beyond Northampton," said Jed Wright, a neighbor; and Martin, having nothing to do, was glad of this chance for a change of scene.

"Great country out that way," Jed told Martin. "You might want to settle down there some time. Pontoosuc they call it. One of the Boston Plantations is out there—most to the New York line. Lan's cheap between the Plantation and Northampton. Lots o' folks going out there. I'm thinking of buying me a tract."

Straight west from Northampton they rode for all of one day. It was a change, and the clear summer air was invigorating; but Martin liked the country not at all. It was too rough for easy farming; the hills were piles of stones and boulders, none high enough to beckon or intrigue him. Most of the blazed trail lay along the banks of small streams that offered abundant water power; but sawmills and gristmills had never appealed to Martin.

The Wright cabin was one of three hastily built homes at the eastern edge of the Pontoosuc region. Martin appreciated the kindness of these new friends, but as he grudgingly obeyed the doctor's orders to rest his lame knee he counted the days that must pass before his return to the forts. This forlorn row of little log cabins on the rocky bank of a dried-out brook was a very dull place, he thought, and the constant chatter about Indian horrors by people who knew nothing of what was really happening on the border wearied him.

On Sunday, a drummer stationed under the sugar maple in front of the log meeting house announced by roll of drum the time for morning service. Dutifully Martin went to church with the other scattered settlers. He had no special liking for long Sabbath services, although he had never really thought about it. No one at that time would have admitted, even to himself, he found the sermons tiresome. It was a duty one naturally performed—to go to Sabbath meeting when in a village. Perhaps this was one of the reasons why Martin loved the free life of a scout in the wilderness.

Compared with the new brick church in Deerfield, this small, squalid log structure in the center of a struggling settlement seemed to Martin especially gloomy. It was a low building of rough logs, less than
thirty feet square. A wide double door was the only entrance and, except for two tiny windows cut in the opposite wall, admitted the only light. Although late-August sunshine was pouring in the open door, the air inside was close and musty. Martin wondered how a building with the many holes he could see between the rough logs could possibly be so stuffy.

At one end was a small platform on which was a pulpit, small but well made of polished cherry. The congregation sat on crude benches without backs. The deacons took their places in a row in front of the pulpit, while the rest of the congregation arranged themselves according to age and status. Martin thought, with humor, he was lucky to be a humble visitor, for this low standing won for him a seat near the open door.

As he shifted from one position to another on the hard bench, he noticed a small girl in shabby brown dress and bonnet sitting motionless on the other side of the meeting house. Martin had never taken particular notice of a girl before, although many, attracted by his tall, muscular figure and quiet blue eyes, had attempted to joke with him and had confused him by their silly laughter. This girl, sitting quietly with her little hands folded primly in her lap, attracted him at once. He stared at her, eager to see the face hidden under the huge and battered brown bonnet.

In vain he watched, until a squirrel outside started a sudden chattering. Then the big bonnet turned in his direction, and Martin caught a glimpse of pink cheeks and soft brown eyes. It was Patty Fairfield! He recognized her determined little chin and steady eyes, although he had not seen her since she was a child.

Martin heard not a word of the sermon, but gazed at the shabby bonnet as much as he dared. When he looked away at the walls or down at the floor of rough planks, he found that glimpse of Patty's face so imprinted on his mind that she looked back at him from every corner. Her pink cheeks under the dark-brown bonnet made him think of those pink and white flowers that peep out in clusters from under dead brown leaves in early spring.

An eagerness came over him to talk to with her—to hear her speak. It seemed as if the sermon would never end; and when he looked about for her outside, she had disappeared.

He heard not a word of the afternoon sermon; he was unsuccessful the hard bench on which he sat, for his mind was busy framing questions by which he could find out from his friends where the Fairfields were living, and yet not betray his eagerness.

"Some folks from Deerfield came out this way. Name of Fairfield," he began as they walked home in the late afternoon sunlight.

"Fairfield? Don't know anybody by that name," replied Mr. Wright.

"Isn't that girl who lives with the Scotts named Fairfield?" asked Mrs. Wright.

"Don't know," said her husband.

"Why, you remember—that Fairfield family. One of the first to settle over in the Boston Plantation. And when they had that smallpox epidemic three years ago all the family died except this girl. Patience, her name is. They call her Patty."

Martin could feel his ears burning, but no one seemed to notice.

"You say she is living with a family named Scott?" He tried to speak in a natural voice. "Is that near here?"

"Bout a mile down the South Brook road," they told him.

They had reached home now, and all helped set the cold food for the usual Sabbath-day supper—cold baked beans, corn bread, pears baked in molasses, and mugs of fresh cider.

"Guess you were hungry tonight, eh Martin," laughed Jed; and Martin discovered to his embarrassment he had devoured a trencher of beans without realizing he had eaten a mouthful.

On Monday he began to invent excuses for riding up and down along the trails where he thought he might see Patty. He was unsuccessful the first day; but the next, as he was walking his horse along the river path toward the gristmill, he came upon her.

She was crying and too occupied with her difficulties to notice his embarrassment. She had been riding from the mill with a bag of meal on each side of her saddle. The horse, a nervous, vicious beast, had shied, and a tree branch had ripped open
a bag of meal. This was spilling rapidly, while the horse pranced about, snapping at her fingers as she tried to draw the rent together.

Quieting the horse, Martin repaired the hole, tying it with a bit of leather from the fringe of his fawn-skin jacket. He made a long job of it, trying to think of something to say, while out of the corner of his eye he watched her as she leaned against a tree and dried her pink cheeks with her childish brown hands.

Finally the bag was mended, and Martin lifted Patty back onto the blanket strapped on for a saddle. He held the bridle reins in his hands before giving them to her.

"My name's Martin Severance," he began.

"Mine's Patty Fairfield," she told him shyly.

"Don't you remember me?" asked Martin.

She opened her eyes wide as she met his gaze, but shook her head slowly.

"Don't you remember Deerfield?" he asked.

"Not much. I was so young when we left there."

"I know. I remember you; but of course I was older. I helped your father load the oxcart." 

"I remember we left in an oxcart."

"And I lifted you up onto the feather bed on top of the load."

She looked steadily into his eyes, trying to remember.

"And I waved to you as you turned the corner," continued Martin.

"Oh, now I remember!" She clapped her hands. "Oh, I do remember! Every time I try to think of Deerfield, all I can see is a long street with big frame houses on each side, and someone standing in the road waving to me. So it was you!"

"I'm glad you can remember."

A lump in the girl's throat made her voice low and husky.

"It's wonderful to see you again," she murmured, "to see someone from Deerfield, I mean."

"You've had a lot of sorrow, they tell me."

She nodded silently.

"I felt so sorry when I heard. I liked your Ma and Pa right well," and he put his hand gently over her small one on the horse's mane.

"But Cousin Jane is good to me—" said Patty quickly. Before she could say more an oxcart laden with corn came toward them, and they had to ride on.
When he unloaded the meal for her at the Scott cabin, she smiled into his eyes again. He was surprised to find, as he stood beside her, how tall she was. She looked childish and immature, but her head was almost as high as his chin, and Martin was taller than most men.

“Patty,” he whispered, “Patty—”

But with a hurried, “Good day,” and “Thank you,” she ran into the cabin.

Several days of tantalizing glimpses of Patty followed. She seemed to be always busy, so busy it was impossible to get a word with her. Gradually, however, Martin picked up bits of information about her. Her only relative was the cousin with whom she lived. This cousin, Mrs. Scott, was kind to her, but wasn’t pleased to have her on her hands, for she had a large family of growing daughters of her own and did not need Patty’s help. Nor could she really afford to give the girl a home, although she shared what she had with her.

“I think you just make up work for yourself,” Martin complained to Patty as he caught her hurrying down the road. “I never can see you for more than a minute anywhere.”

“I must do all I can for Cousin Jane,” explained Patty seriously. “She is so good to give me a home.”

“Come for a walk with me tonight, please,” begged Martin. “Just for a minute by the river, after supper. I want to talk with you. I want to tell you lots of things.”

There was a full moon that night—a huge pumpkin-yellow moon that seemed to be rolling along on the tips of the pointed spruces on the hilltop. They walked for some time by the South Brook, and the only sound was the murmur of the rippling water.

“This is a nice night, isn’t it?” said Patty finally.

“It’s the most beautiful night I’ve ever seen,” declared Martin solemnly. “I’ll always remember it. When I’m out on long scouts next winter, I’ll think of this night—and you.”

“It must be lonely in the woods at night.”

“Lonely? I don’t know. I never thought of it. I guess perhaps it is.”

They came to a large boulder beside the stream, and Patty climbed upon it while Martin flicked pebbles across the ripples into the darkness on the other side of the water.

Patty gave a little sigh of contentment.

“It’s so nice to meet someone from Deerfield,” she said. “Tell me more about it. Tell me all you remember about my parents.”

The dingy settlement near Pontoosuc became an enchanted spot for Martin. No longer was he restless and disdainful of the life there.

Days slipped by with surprising rapidity. He soon became friends with Patty’s cousin, and felt free to drop in frequently at the Scott cabin. His knee was well now, so he helped the Scotts harvest and thresh their wheat and barley. He helped chop the hard-shelled pumpkins into huge slices to be strung on poles and dried for winter use. He made a crude corn sheller so the girls could shell corn without tearing their fingers.

All day he made himself useful, that for a while after supper he might sit by the fireplace, telling stories—thrilling stories of adventures—so he could watch Patty’s eyes grow large and black in the flickering firelight.

Jed Wright came to the Scott cabin too, and often, with a twinkle in his eye, gained the attention of the Scott girls so Martin might steal a word alone with Patty, or might hold her in his arms for a minute, and feel her heart beating a rapid rhythm against his own.

“Reckon that knee o’ yourn ain’t getting well very fast, is it Mart?” Jed chuckled as they hurried back to Jed’s brother’s cabin one night, through darkness that held a chilly threat of winter.

“Knee’s all right,” said Martin gruffly. “Bet ye ain’t set on getting back to them forests as ye was a couple o’ weeks back.”

Jed began to laugh louder. “Reckon I’ll have to go on back to Deerfield alone—heh?”

“Quit your funnying.” Martin tried to speak carelessly but failed.

A long time he lay awake that night. His knee was healed. It was time he went back to the border forts. Plans were under way now for the winter scouting. He knew he ought to be crazy to get back. He hated this little settlement. He disliked
everything he had seen of Pontoosuc. His life was devoted to his job as a ranger.

He twisted and turned on his sack of pigeon feathers, usually so soft, but tonight as bumpy and hard as if filled with wheat straw.

“It takes two days to get out here from Deerfield—very fastest I can travel,” he thought. “And from Deerfield to Dummer or Colrain is another day’s journey. That makes me at least three days away from Patty. In bad weather it would be more than that.”

He sighed and tossed his broad shoulders about under the heavy blankets.

He was up with the sun, and speeding down the path to the Scott cabin. Patty was already at work outside the door, crushing corn in a mortar made of a tree stump.

Martin took the heavy stone she was using for a pestle. He brought it down once with force on the half-crushed corn.

“Mind if Patty goes on an errand with me?” he asked Patty’s cousin, who was spinning near the open doorway.

Mrs. Scott shook her head, and looked after them with a smile as they walked away along the meadow path.

Martin strode carelessly, his leather-encased legs unmindful of the dew-drenched grass and weeds; but Patty’s linsey-woolsey dress was soon a sodden mass about her ankles.

“Where are we going, Martin?” she asked timidly.

Martin stopped and looked down at her. This wasn’t going to be as easy as he had imagined. He had worked out plans to the smallest detail, during his sleepless night. Now a horrifying thought came to him. Suppose Patty didn’t want to marry him! Goodness knows, he had nothing tempting to offer her!

They had come to a clump of sugar maples that hid them from the cabin. Martin leaned against a tree trunk, and drew Patty close to him.

“Have I told you much about myself?” he asked. “I’m just a rough ranger, living on the frontier. ’Taint any life to take a woman into. But there are some scouts as have brought their wives into the wilder-
ness, and they don’t mind—at least they don’t seem to. My best friend, Matt Cles-
son, got himself a wife last year, and she’s living now up to Dummer.” He hesitated
for a minute and then whispered, “Won’t you come back to the forts with me, Patty?”
“Go back—with you?” Her big brown eyes opened in surprise.
“I love you, Patty,” Martin said gently.
Patty did not speak, but her small hands caught Martin’s in a grasp that surprised
up and, looking squarely but shyly up at Martin with a happy smile breaking through
her primness, said “I will marry you, Mar-
in the Deerfield Museum
“Patty’s eyes filled with tears.
“I’ve been so lonely,” she faltered. “I never dreamed you cared for me, Martin. Do you really want to take me with you? I’ve dreaded and dreaded your having to
The sun broke through the morning
clouds, and showered sunbeams upon them
through the swaying branches. The lovers
talked in low murmurs, broken sen-
tences—
Suddenly Patty drew herself away, wiped
the last tear from her lashes, straightened
Fairfield were solemnly read from the pul-
pit, and at the end of the long sermon that
afternoon Martin and Patty stood before
the preacher and were married.
Early next day they started with Jed for
Deerfield. Patty rode on a pillion behind
her husband, with her strong little hands clasped as her arms encircled his waist.
All the early settlers near Pontoosuc—the
Goodriches, the Ensigns, the Deweys, and
the Willards—came running out to wish
them godspeed as they passed.
Arriving in Deerfield, Martin, with great
pride, introduced his bride to all his rela-
tives and boyhood friends, who greeted her
most heartily.
Martin’s mother loved the motherless girl
at once.
“She’s just a child, Martin, a lovely child.
You must put her first in your mind now,
and do all you can to make a comfortable home for her,” she said, hoping his new responsibility would cure him of his love for the roaming life of a scout.

In spite of constant danger, or perhaps because of it, they were very gay at Fort Dummer that winter. While the men were out on long scouts on snowshoes for weeks at a time, the women lived together in the main building or several together in one of the little cabins. Abigail Clesson, because of her new baby, preferred to stay in her own cabin, and Patty moved in with her. Abigail’s jolly good nature was just what Patty needed to bolster up her spirits during the long winter days while Martin was away.

Their son was born that summer, a tiny pink morsel with long hands and feet.

“Like a true scout!” Martin exclaimed when he saw him.

“I know he’s going to look just like you,” Patty told him, watching the baby’s pink hands fluttering about her breast. “Shan’t we name him Martin for you?”

“If you want to very much. But I kinder thought it would be nice to name him Elisha. Somehow, I always liked to read about Elisha when I was a boy. Seems as if I’d like to name my boy for him.”

Martin had little more than a glance at his new son before he was sent off on another and more difficult scouting trip. Conditions were alarming. New England had been overjoyed at General Pepperell’s success in taking Louisburg. England, proud of her colonies, promised aid for other expeditions; but this help was slow in coming. The outlying settlements along the border of northwestern Massachusetts suffered cruelly. Men hardly dared step outside their homes to plant and tend crops that summer. No one dared hunt. The food situation became serious. Coming back to Colrain one day from a scouting trip up North River, Martin met John Stewart, who was looking for his favorite cow that had strayed away.

“Ye don’t suppose Injins has come and took her?” he asked Martin anxiously.

“No one has seen any signs of Indians for over a week,” Martin told him, “but it’s getting toward sundown. Better be careful.”

“I’ll go on jest a mite further,” Stewart replied, and leaving Martin he went on toward a wooded hillside. Hearing the cow’s bell in the direction of a spring, Stewart hurried that way. Suddenly he realized the bell sounded strangely. Creeping up, he saw an Indian crouching by the spring, tinkling the bell, and waiting for the owner of the cow to appear. Killing the savage with one shot, Stewart ran to warn the nearest fort.

Late in the summer of 1746 the garrison and their families at Fort Dummer heard with horror of the destruction of Fort Massachusetts, the most important fort of the line. It was not as large as Dummer, but it was a gallant little fort.

“You can see it a long way off as you go over Hoosac Mountain,” Martin had told Patty. “It’s built where the old Indian trail crosses the Hoosac River. There isn’t another house or building of any sort in this big valley with high hills on every side. It’s a brave and determined looking little fort, just like Captain John Hawks who commands it.”

There had been a garrison of fifty men there the year before, but when troops were needed to invade Canada, Captain Hawks was left with only twenty men. Three of these had their wives and children with them at the fort.

There were vantage points on a nearby hill from which the interior of the stockade could be seen, but no Indian ventured within musket shot without being picked off by the sharpshooters. When de Vaudreuil, commanding nine hundred French and Indians, appeared in an open space on the hill, tauntingly waving a French flag, he was immediately wounded in the arm and forced to withdraw out of sight.

As night came on, Captain Hawks discovered that he had even less powder than he had supposed, so the next day at noon, when de Vaudreuil called for a parley and promised safety if they would surrender, the enemy’s terms had to be accepted.

The gate of the fort was opened to the French, and to the chagrin of the garrison the French flag was raised over the highest mount before the whole structure was burned. In spite of de Vaudreuil’s commands, the Indians forced their way inside the stockade, terrifying the captives, pick-
ing up plunder on every side. Finding the body of a guard who had been shot inside one of the mounts, they roasted his limbs and pretended to eat them in front of the prisoners.

Sick with terror, the families at Fort Dummer shuddered over these reports. “I wish we had a safer place for our families,” mused Clesson, as they returned home from an inspection of the ruins.

“No place is safe!” replied Martin grimly. “We’d never see them if they stayed in Deerfield, and they’d be no safer there. ’Tis for us to keep the border guarded. Then everybody’ll be safe.”

CHAPTER X

Important work fell to Martin and Matthew the next year. Martin was sent to lead a patrol around Lake Champlain. He was gone all winter.

To Matthew was given the dangerous and important duty of returning to Canada a young French officer, Pierre Raimbault St. Blein, a nobleman and grandson of the governor of Montreal, wounded in a skirmish near Northfield and deserted by his Indians who thought him dead. In spite of his wounds he had made his way to Northfield and given himself up as prisoner. There he had been placed in care of Rev. Benjamin Doolittle who, like many ministers of his time, was physician as well as theologian. The governor of Canada, when he learned of this, began negotiations to have St. Blein returned as soon as his wounds were healed. In spite of the young officer’s popularity among the damsels of Northfield and Boston, he was not allowed to stay long among them.

Captain John Hawks, the hero of Fort Massachusetts, was eager to go to Canada to arrange the exchange of prisoners who had not been freed at the time he had been. Also he wanted to search for his little nephew, Samuel Allen, who had been captured at “The Bars.” With Matthew Clesson as guide he started to return the French officer to Canada.

“We had a wonderfully lucky journey,” Matt Clesson told his friends as they gathered in his cabin on his return. “There were only four of us. Captain Hawks was in command; John Taylor and I were guides; and then there was the Frenchman, St. Blein, that we were taking back to Canada——”

“I thought his name was Ramblaut,” interrupted John Munn.

“’Tis; and he has a dozen more, each one harder to pronounce than the others. Captain Hawks picked out St. Blein as being the easiest to say. I mostly called him Sir, which was still easier. He tried to teach us French,” Clesson chuckled, “but none of us seemed to learn very fast.” He grinned and winked at Martin, for although both of them in their dealings with the Indians when Fort Dummer was a Truck House had learned many French phrases, neither would admit they understood a word of the language.

“We went up along the Connecticut River through Putney and past Number 4, as they call that blockhouse up there. They’re building a sawmill there now, and are trying to make a settlement. We saw some splendid young lads there, Scotch-Irish mostly, big strong chaps. One of them, a boy called John Stark, went a day’s journey with us to guide us over a hard bit.”

“John Stark!” exclaimed John Alexander. “We’ve seen him down here, haven’t we, Munn?”

“Met him with his brother, William, and that young Rogers boy at John Arm’s tavern only last week,” replied Munn.

“Handsome boys!” cried Clesson. “They’ll make their mark some day, let me tell you!”

“Ye hadn’t been north of Number 4, had ye, Matt, before this?” asked one of the listeners.

“No. Taylor hadn’t either; but we had the map James Corse made years ago. He’d marked out the way so clear we found it right easy. It was a long journey, I tell you! After we left Number 4 we followed Corse’s map straight over the mountains to Lake Champlain. Come out on the east side of it right across from where the French are building a fort they call Carillon.”

“Was the lake frozen so ye could shoe on it?”

“Enough so we didn’t have any trouble if we went easy like. It’s a long lake! You wouldn’t believe it could be so long!”

* Ticonderoga.
"I'm so glad Captain Hawks found his nephew," said Patty.

"He came mighty nigh not finding him," Clesson continued. "For days he couldn't find a clew. Not one of the Indians had ever heard of him. You know how blank they can be—pesky varmints! We didn't know whether they really never had heard of him or whether they knew and wouldn't tell. Captain Hawks was 'bout ready to give up and come along home, when one night after we were asleep in our tent an old squaw stuck her head in.

"White man want boy?" she asked. "Come!"

We followed her to an Indian camp a few miles away. She led us into a brush tepee where a jumble of children and dogs were sleeping. The squaw lit a pine knot in the coals where a fire had been, and, lo and behold, there was the Allen boy asleep in the middle of the pile. We knew him at once by his yellow hair. We took him back to camp, and do you know, that young un was furious the next morning. Didn't want to come back with us! Insisted all the way home that he liked to live the Indian way best.

That summer repeated attacks were made by the Indians in spite of the vigilance of the scouts. Fear and terror closed in on every side, but the settlers doggedly remained in their homes. Hardly one deserted to the safer life in the thickly settled regions to the south.

The hottest encounter of the year was between Captain Humphrey Hobbs and the half-breed Sackett, who with a hundred and fifty savages overtook Hobbs and forty men as they were resting and lunching in the woods on the way from Number 4 to Fort Shirley. At the first alarm, when Hobb's sentries were driven in, each of Hobbs' men dropped behind a tree and fought desperately.

And in these days of terror, Patty's second child, Catherine, was born.

CHAPTER XI

The Reverend Ebenezer Hinsdale had a passion for land. It was in his blood. His father had bought land, a few acres here, a larger tract there, until the wits at Saxton's tavern said he was trying to own the whole of Deerfield. Reverend Hinsdale had not been able to hold on to all of his
father's land, much less buy more in Deerfield; but after he was made chaplain of Fort Dummer he acquired for trifling sums vast tracts of the wilderness. Much of it was unexplored; he himself hardly knew where some of it lay, but it was land and it delighted him to own it.

He was a short, pompous man who by his manner gave the impression of being tall and stately. His over-powdered wig was always shedding white dust onto his expensive broadcloth coat. His frills at neck and wrists seemed more immaculate than anyone's else, and his linen waistcoats were spotless and unwrinkled. Everything he did, even the taking of the frequent pinch of snuff, was performed with ceremony and formality.

His wife, half his size, tiny and pert as a robin, had twice his dignity and importance. Her features were plain and sharp and her figure slatlike, for she was no longer young; and, although kind and benevolent at heart, she never let anyone forget for a moment her father was the Reverend John Williams of Deerfield, and her husband the Reverend Ebenezer Hinsdale, Chaplain of Fort Dummer.

She brought to the wilderness an air of culture and sophistication, very impressive to the young wives of the soldiers quartered at the fort. She had a knack of placing a pewter platter over a fireplace where its polished surface reflected the flickering light from the burning logs, of throwing a bit of crimson velvet over the back of a crude settle-bench, or putting a runner of spotless, fine-woven linen on a rough pine table, and her frontier cabin took on the appearance of an urban drawing room. To take tea with her as she sat behind a silver teapot in rustling if somewhat worn black silk, pouring weak penny royal tea into fragile china cups, was like a trip to Boston. The young wives at the fort thought her the last word in elegance, and sought her advice whenever they dared. Patty was quite hurt when Martin, standing in their cabin doorway to watch the Hinsdales returning from a visit to Deerfield, chuckled in amusement at the amount of ceremony they displayed in their arrival.

It was a procession. First came the Reverend Hinsdale's mulatto slave, Mesleck, riding like a marshal at the head of a parade; then two soldiers who had gone with them as guard; next Reverend Ebenezer Hinsdale on a huge black horse, powerful and heavy as a medieval charger; behind him came Madam Hinsdale, riding alone. She never rode pillion behind her husband as the other women did, but had a chestnut mare of her own, sleek and pampered, a great pet. After her came two negro maids, Chloe and Noble, almost hidden under bulging packs and saddlebags. Then a negro boy, Pompey, on a half-wild pony, leading another nag that staggered under a huge pack. Two more soldiers guarded the rear.

“What I wonder,” mused Martin, “is whether they form in line like this in Deerfield, and march solemnly all the way along the trail, or whether they come through higgledy-piggledy, and then stop a mile or so below the meadows, all fall in, and come on in formation.”

“You're horrid to laugh!” Patty exclaimed, almost in tears.

After Reverend Hinsdale had been at the fort a few years he purchased a tract of land across the Connecticut River, a large tract, a whole valley in fact, and started raising deer. So engrossed was he with this project that he began to write his name Hindsdell, and to call his hind or deer farm by that name. He erected a small fort and tried to interest the soldiers in leaving their families there, saying it would be a safer place than Dummer.

He came one day in early spring to Martin.

“I wonder, Severance, if I could interest you in a proposition I have in mind?”

“I'll be glad to hear what you're thinking of, Mr. Hinsdale,” Martin replied, declining politely the snuff the reverend gentleman offered.

“I find myself with more on my hands than I can manage,” began Reverend Mr. Hinsdale, after he had inhaled his snuff and sneezed violently. “You know I have property in Deerfield, and a store there which is my most considerable source of income. Mesleck, my mulatto, has handled that for me very ably, but I shall be needed very little here at Dummer, now that the war is over. I shall spend most of my time, therefore, in Deerfield, and I am not able to make the long ride back
here as easily as I did once. I want someone I can trust to take over the management of Fort Hindsdell. What do you say, Severance, about taking care of it for me? Don't you think your family would like it over across the river?"

"Why, mebbe, that is, I think so," said Martin slowly. "My wife has been hinting that she is ready to leave Dummer any time."

"Fine! Fine!" boomed Reverend Hindsdale. "You can't get settled too soon to suit me. I'll furnish you good rations and regular pay."

It was hardly sooner said than done. In a few days Patty bade farewell to her friends at the fort, crying a little as she kissed Abigail Clesson. And with her two babies, Elisha and Catherine, in her arms she stepped into the boat waiting to take her across the Connecticut River to Hindsdell. About her feet were piled her household goods—big iron kettle, spinning wheel, and small loom. Her linen and provisions were packed in huge willow baskets which the sachem Hendrick had had his braves make for her.

"How wonderful it is to have peace!" Patty said to Martin in the days that followed, "to have you all the time here with me, to go out into the meadows and woods without being constantly afraid, and to tuck the children in their cots at night without wondering if they will be scalped before morning."

Martin nodded. He was feeling happy too, and his gratitude to God caused him to make an unexpected suggestion. In his boyhood he had been accustomed to hearing his father read from the Bible every night, and he felt now that he would like to see the same custom followed in his own family. "I think it would be a good thing, Patty," he said one night, "if we began at the beginning of the Bible, and read all of it this winter, seeing this is the only book we've got."

"Are there many other books, Martin?" asked Patty.

"Why lots of 'em!" Martin exclaimed in surprise. "Don't you remember all those books at Parson Ashley's? You went there with me last time we were in Deerfield. And Father's got some books on the shelf in my home, too. You saw them. Between the windows in the front room."

"Oh, yes; but I—I guess I thought they was all Bibles."

"But couldn't you read the names on the backs?"

Patty turned toward the fireplace to give the fire an unnecessary poke, and Martin, seeing a tear gathering in the corner of her eye, sprang up and gathered her in his arms.

"Why, Patty, my little love, can't you read?"

"Not much, Martin," she admitted shamefacedly. "I can name some of the letters, and find them sometimes on the page, but somehow I can't make out what they say put together. I never went to school, except one month, Martin; and that was when I was so little I didn't learn very much. There wasn't any school out where you found me."

"Well, here's where you start right in to learn while we have a whole winter of evenings ahead of us. I guess now I'm glad they made me go to school. Deerfield boys are all schooled as if every one was going to be a preacher. I hated it—cooped up in a stuffy schoolhouse when I wanted to roam the hills. I never got along at all until Father told me I could quit when I had learned all the dame could teach me. Then I set to work, and finished that winter."

"You know so much, Martin, I'm afraid you'll think I'm stupid," sighed Patty.

The lessons were a joy to them both. Never did either of them forget those evenings by the firelight when their bent heads touched above the old book. Patiently Martin drew his stumbling but adoring pupil from word to word along the page.

"I always wanted to learn to read, and to have you to teach me—oh, Martin, this is the best time I ever had!"

"And you're doing fine, love," he replied, kissing her with tenderness. "I'm proud of my little wife."

Martin's younger sister, Experience, spent the next summer with them, and Patty became so fond of her that when a sister came to Elisha and Catherine that fall, she named her Experience.
“And then, too, Experience means so much. Don’t you think it does, Martin?” asked Patty as she lay with her baby in the crook of her arm. “This year has been so full of experiences to us both. So lovely and peaceful. The most beautiful year of our lives, Martin. We’ll never forget it. And calling baby Experience will keep it constantly in our minds.”

Many settlers had now come to Hinds-dell, or “The Cellars” as it was jokingly called. The Severances left the blockhouse on Ash Swamp Brook, and lived the next winter in a cabin Martin built some distance upstream. A gristmill had been built on the next stream, only fifty rods below, and there was talk of a sawmill too.

“Perhaps some day there will be a village here! Wouldn’t that be nice!” laughed Patty. She had enjoyed to the fullest her flower garden the summer before, and now treasured little hoards of seeds carefully wrapped in bits of cloth for the coming spring.

But Martin did not share her satisfaction in their life in the fast-growing settlement. Rumors had reached him from time to time from the world behind them—rumors that startled and dismayed. Was there never to be a safe spot where a man could bring up his family in security and peace?

He had not told Patty he had heard that the boy, John Stark, hunting on Barker’s River with his brother William and two others, had been captured by St. Francis Indians and taken to Canada. William, who was in the canoe at the time, had escaped, but the other two boys had been killed.

Remembrance Sheldon stopped in one night in February. He had been to Deerfield, and told them that Joseph Pyncheon, Josiah Dwight, and John Ashley had been appointed a committee by the General Court to visit the Mohawks in the Hudson Valley and do all in their power to keep them friendly. He had talked with these men in Colonel Williams’ store as they were buying calico and garlic to take as presents. They told him that a young Virginian, George Washington, had just made a long trip over the Alleghanies to find out what the French were about on the Ohio, and had discovered that France claimed that territory and was preparing to defend it.

Everywhere was uneasiness and distrust. The Indians appeared restless and suspicious. Gradually the old sense of fear and terror was returning to the frontier.

CHAPTER XII

“The Old French War,” as the years of fighting between 1744 and 1748 were called, had taught the frontier how to prepare for action, so before war was formally declared in 1754 the settlers had repaired the forts along the border of northwestern Massachusetts, and stocked them well with ammunition and provisions. When the military situation was taken in hand by Governor Shirley, Colonel Israel Williams was put in command of the forces raised for the defense of western Massa-
chusetts. Matthew Clesson was given a captain's commission under him, and came at once to Martin in Hindsdell urging him to bring his family back to Dummer.

Patty was eager for Martin to accept. She was expecting her fourth child, and was nervous and apprehensive. The possibility of another war terrified her.

"You'll be fine when you get back to Dummer," Matthew reassured her. "Abbie and the children are there. It'll be just like old times."

"Are they raising much of a force?" asked Martin.

"More than ever before, and plenty of ammunition and rations this time. Everything's going with a bang!"

"Other forts to be garrisoned too?"

"All except Pelham and Shirley. They're to be abandoned."

"They are! Why?" exclaimed Martin in surprise.

"They never were much use. Weren't built in the right places. Too far from the most-used trails."

"That's so. Are they going to build more?"

"No, but there will be more fortified houses. Do you remember Moses Rice, who built a cabin way up the Deerfield River? He went back to Deerfield just before the Indians burnt Fort Massachussetts. Lucky he did, for the Indians came down from there and destroyed everything he had."

Patty shivered, and bent over to kiss Elisha and Catherine a second time as she tucked them into the trundle bed.

"Rice went back," continued Clesson. "Has a fine cabin right where he was before; and three other men have settled near by. Gershon Hawks has land a little way up the river, and two brothers named Taylor have settled this side of Rice. All three of those cabins will be fortified."

"Do you think these fortified houses could ever hold out against an attack by a party of any size?" asked Martin.

"They won't need to!" declared Clesson. "No Indians are going to get down as far as that this time!"

Elisha was delighted to be back at the fort. He made friends with every soldier he saw; called them all captain; climbed up their legs and demanded rides on their shoulders. His mother could not keep him at home, for he ran away on his spry little legs as fast as she caught him and brought him back.

"Lisha! You must stay in front of our cabin, or I'll bring you inside and bar the door! See how good your sister Cathy is."

"Pooh! She's a girl!"

"You sit down here on the steps now, and help Catherine tend Eppie."

Catherine, a quiet little girl of six, helped her sister half her age down to the step beside her, and held her in her chubby arms while they gazed in wonder at the rush and bustle before them as the soldiers gathered for roll call.

Eppie could not sit still long. Her black eyes danced, and she clapped her hands and squealed with delight as one of the officers rode a prancing stallion up and down the parade.

There was no difficulty in keeping Elisha at home the next week, for when Martin came back from a five-day scout he had in his pocket a surprise for the children.

"What do you suppose I've got for you?" he asked.

"Spruce gum!" shouted Elisha boisterously. "I want some!"

"Careful! Careful!" his father said.

"He's getting loud manners here at the fort," he whispered to his wife.

Patty nodded. "The soldiers spoil him."

"So I see. Keep quiet now, young man, and let your sister guess. Now, Catherine."

"A little bird like you brought once? No, Daddy? A long feather?"

"No. What does Baby Eppie guess?"

But Eppie and her mother were staring at Martin's coat pocket, in which something was moving restlessly.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed Patty. The other children's eyes followed hers.

"Oh! it's alive," shrieked Elisha, and Eppie danced up and down crying, "'S'libe! 'S'libe!"

Martin laughed, and drew out of his pocket a tiny woodchuck, so small that he could hide it in the palm of his hand. But the little creature was very much alive. It was hungry, and furiously angry at not being fed. Back and forth on the pine table it raced, stopping to nose a pewter spoon, a gourd, the sleeve of a coat, any-
thing it came to, and chattering disgust on finding them not edible.

"He looks like Parson Hinsdale when his supper is late," commented Elisha, and the whole family laughed.

Patty brought a porringer of milk, and the baby chuck drank greedily for a moment; then, in a mad effort to get it faster, jumped all four feet into the porringer.

The children laughed until they cried, and the woodchuck scurried about on the table, chattering disgust.

"Here! Don't let him track all over the table!" cried Patty. "Let's try this."

Martin caught the drenched little animal up in his handkerchief, while Patty, filling an iron spoon with milk, held it carefully toward him.

"Hold him now, and we'll try this!" It took some time and they were all splashed with milk before the creature acquired the art of drinking from the tip of the spoon. He finally did, however. Standing on his hind legs, he gripped the edges of the spoon with his black forepaws while he drank noisily and greedily.

Everywhere in New England the settlers united in a supreme effort to drive out invaders once and for all. As early as 1751 carpenters had repaired Fort Massachusetts; and three guns, four-pounders, had been sent from Boston to the fort by way of Albany.

Up to this time, each colony had struggled along, defending itself as best it could. Now came a demand for cooperation. In June, 1754, delegates from all the New England colonies and from New York and Maryland met at Albany to consider plans for united action against the common foe.* Captain Joseph Kellog, although ill and suffering, accompanied Governor Shirley to the convention. Hope of establishing peace and friendship between the settlers and the Indians was foremost in his heart, and realizing his influence with the Indians as interpreter he never let an opportunity pass. Determination forced his ailing body relentlessly, and after the conference he went with Governor Shirley on the unfortunate Oswego expedition and died during the course of it.

* Benjamin Franklin was prominent in this convention. This gathering was the germ of the United States, although no one imagined such an outcome at that time.
When the news of his death came to his nephew, Martin spent the day wandering alone over the side of Stratton Mountain, trying by physical exertion to free his mind for clearer thought. “Why should a man so kind, so noble, so full of thought for others, not be allowed time to carry out his desires, or at least to build a foundation for their fulfillment?” he asked himself. “Was it worth while, to spend all one’s strength working toward an ideal?”

“He was one of the greatest men of our times,” thought Martin. “He may not be famous, but he has done more for the protection of our homes than any man on the frontier. No one who knew him will ever forget him! We’ll miss him in the days to come.”

CHAPTER XIII

The ceaseless vigilance of the scouting parties had its reward for a time and the line of skirmish was pushed nearer Canada. All the able-bodied men along the frontier joined either the scouting forces or the garrisons in the forts. Fewer soldiers were left that year to guard the frontier, because Governor Shirley, who had been made commander-in-chief in America, was making strong efforts to attack the French in every quarter by expeditions against Duquesne, Niagara, Crown Point, and Arcadia. All but the latter failed.

Northwestern Massachusetts was connected only with the movement against Crown Point, and an entire regiment went out from this region. Captain Ephraim Williams raised one of the two companies recruited in the vicinity of Deerfield. After they reached Albany, Ephraim Williams, now colonel, realizing the dangers before him and wishing to do something for the children of his old comrades who were settling around Fort Massachusetts, made a will leaving the bulk of his property for a free school in the township west of Fort Massachusetts, requesting that the town be called Williamstown. Thus was Williams College founded.

In August, 1755, Colonel Williams and his men left with Sir William Johnson to go up the Hudson River toward the fortifications at Crown Point* and at Ticonderoga.†

* Called by the French, Fort Frederick.
† Called by the French, Carillon.

The army, under Sir William Johnson, built Fort Edward near the Hudson, cut a road to the upper end of Lake George, and at the end of this road, on Lake George, built Fort William Henry.

Colonel Ephraim Williams, sent out in advance of the main body of troops, proceeded cautiously on toward the north, knowing that he was on dangerous ground. The Mohawk sachem, Hendrick, who had with difficulty been won back to his former friendliness, was guiding them when suddenly a herd of deer burst through the forest, charging straight at them and breaking into bewildered flight when they found themselves face to face with advancing men.

“Wish we dared shoot a few!” exclaimed Colonel Williams. “They are damn fine eating.”

“Bad! Bad!” muttered Hendrick, stopping and staring ahead.

“What’s the matter?” demanded Colonel Williams.

“Deer frightened!” explained Hendrick. “Somebody near!”

“I don’t think there’s danger,” said Colonel Williams, “Our scouts are watching carefully. No one has——”

Hendrick, sniffing the air with his head bent forward and eyes half closed, uttered the hissing warning of the Mohawks.

At the same instant there burst upon the air the blood-curdling cry of the northern savage. On all sides they appeared, rushing up to nearer positions behind trees, sending a storm of bullets whistling about the heads of the advancing colonials. Colonel Williams and Sachem Hendrick fell almost at once, side by side, while many men from Deerfield lay dead or wounded near them. Sir William Johnson hurried to the rescue of the disordered company, as reinforcements of French troops came up to the aid of their men. For the first time the colonials saw experienced, well-drilled troops marching against them in regular formation, very different from the usual behind-tree frontier warfare; but they stood their ground. Victory was finally gained by the English; but losses on both sides were heavy, and nearly every home along the frontier mourned the loss of father or brother.

The English were gaining against the French, but so many men from the north-
western part of Massachusetts had been killed that the inhabitants were in fear more than ever. In the late spring of 1756 they sent petitions to the governor stressing their danger, and saying that without larger garrisons they could not cultivate their fields, and would have to abandon their homes.

“We have good crops started in the fields,” they wrote, “but the harvest must be lost unless guards are sent!”

Only plucky old Ebenezer Sheldon, of Falltown, father of Martin’s boyhood friends, the Sheldon boys, wrote in a different tone.

“I have the only garrison in this place,” he reported. “The enemy was several times last season to attack here, but was repulsed. My son, Elliakin was killed while hoeing corn. I have spent £300 in rebuilding and picketing this fort for my family and my neighbors. I am determined not to flee if I can possibly help it. All I ask is a little money to repair my fort as I myself have none at present. My crops were destroyed last year and there was barely enough for my family for winter.”

The government responded by sending more men at once to the border forts, but fear and danger continued. Scarcely a day passed without an Indian being seen or a settler fired upon.

So close did the Indians remain that summer that they knew every daily habit and routine of the settlers, and often from nearby hills at night mockingly returned the pass word as the men were returning from work in the fields to the forts.

When the men of Fort Bridgeman, just below Dummer, were returning from work in their cornfields at sundown one night a large party of Indians rushed upon them. Caleb Howe who was on horseback fell at the first shot; his horse, also wounded, fell after a few steps. Indians then scalped Howe and captured his two young sons who had been riding with him. The other two men, Hilkiah Grout and Benjamin Garfield, attempted to ford the Connecticut River to get aid from Fort Hinsdale, but Garfield, missing his footing, was drowned.

Meanwhile the wives and children inside Fort Bridgeman, hearing the firing, waited trembling in the gathering darkness. Then footsteps were heard, and as the accustomed signal was given at the gate, they quickly unbarred the heavy door. In crowded a party of Indians, their swarthy faces and bodies hideously daubed with red paint and smelling of rancid tallow and bear grease. Quickly the savages gathered up all the valuable plunder inside the fort, and after setting it on fire, started with the three women and eleven small children for Canada, where the captives were passed from one Indian tribe to another, and endured unbelievable hardships.

Early in the fall of 1756, Captain Clesson and Martin were sent to the region about Lake Champlain where the English and French were building strongholds, each with bitter determination to check the other.

They had been out there only a short time when Clesson, in a skirmish with a small band of Indians, received a slight wound on the forefinger of his right hand. It was not a deep gash, but a nasty one which refused to heal. He wrapped the festering sore in salt pork; and when, after a day or two, it still bothered him, he tried other remedies, but the constant use of his hand irritated it.

“Pesky nuisance!” he fretted as he talked to Martin one night. “It’s been a week and more now, and hasn’t healed yet.”

“Swollen pretty bad, ain’t it? Try soaking it in rum,” Martin suggested.

But the sore remained red and ugly. Soon Clesson’s wrist was swelling and causing him much pain. His usually ruddy face became pinched and mottled.

“You for sure do look bad,” Martin told him as they were resting on a hillside eating their dinner. They were the third day out on a five day scout. “Why don’t you rest here for a day, and we’ll circle back and get you on our way back to camp.”

“I’m all right,” said Matthew irritably. “It’s just that this damn finger won’t come cured. Keeps me all on edge and upset like all the time. Ole Cap Stevens says I’d better cut it off.”

“Your trigger finger!”

“Oh, I won’t do that, o’ course. It’ll be all well in a day or two.”

* Bernardston.
But next morning as they woke in their blankets under a thick hemlock, Martin saw that Matthew was very much worse. His eyes were dull and listless, and he refused to eat. His whole hand and wrist were swollen twice their natural size. Martin begged him to return to camp, but he refused. When he attempted to go on, however, he found after a few steps that it was useless to try, and he fell shaking with chill.

By noon he was delirious. Martin and the others built a shelter of brush, and in spite of the danger of being detected, made a fire to warm him.

Knowing Clesson’s determination to complete a task, two of the men went on to finish the line of scouting, while the other went back to camp for aid. Martin remained with his friend, helpless to relieve the pain which kept him tossing in delirium, alternately burning and freezing. A night and day of hideous suffering followed.

The second night Clesson sank into a stupor, gasping for breath. Martin propped his head high on hemlock boughs to aid his labored breathing, while he himself lay down near by to get a minute’s sleep. He slept heavily for he had had little rest for two days and nights.

He woke with a start. The shelter had become absolutely quiet. Never had anything sent such a chill through him as that unbroken silence. Springing up, he shredded some bits of birch bark, and threw them with some pine cones onto the heap of coals left in the improvised fireplace. In the light of the sudden blaze he bent over Clesson. He could see his friend’s face, still and calm, with the thick lock of dark brown hair falling now unheeded over his forehead, and his laughing brown eyes expressionless and glazed. The cheek he touched was cold.

It was an unbearable thing that had happened. Martin could not imagine existence without Matthew. All their lives they had been together. Matthew was as much a part of his life as the hills and rivers about him.

He remained kneeling beside his friend until he became aware of the light of dawn creeping through the branches of the shelter. Suddenly he felt choked and stifled. Gently closing Matthew’s eyes, he stepped outside, where he came face to face with
the sun rising over the lake. Glorious streamers of gold and crimson shot across the sky, the mists broke apart, and the gray water at his feet became alive with myriads of sparkling ripples of light.

It was a scene which yesterday would have made him breathe deeply, and stretch himself, ready to sing with joy. Now he gazed at it with gathering fury. The hills, dazzling with autumn foliage, seemed to be taunting him in his sorrow, mocking him. Heartlessly, relentlessly they vaunted their brilliance which hurt as fire hurts when its heat touches a hand which has just been badly burned. Furiously he cursed the glowing scene before him; cursed with all the force and vigor of his lungs until he finally became aware of his own hoarse, inhuman voice shrieking out meaningless syllables to the unchanging hills which replied only with more glory and deeper radiance.

His voice choked in his throat. Never would he delight in the beauty of the hills. Never would he glory in the wonder of a sunrise. His friend was gone—gone forever. Nothing would ever be the same again.

Martin stood silent, a tiny atom in all this universe of golden hills and glowing sky. A sense of loneliness came over him, such as he had never known before. The forests and hills had been a part of his life when his friend, Matthew, was with him. Now Matthew was gone. The woods were empty. There was nothing, nothing anywhere. He was alone.

(To be continued)

Song-Fest

CATHARINE BRYANT ROWLES

The road led to a white church on a hill,
Most every day it stood alone and still . . .

Today, beneath bright sun and skies of blue
All of the friends the old church ever knew

Drove in from miles around. They came to sing.
(Their father’s fathers used to come each spring.)

These humble Welsh had donned their best array
And fair and weathered come to spend the day.

The pews were full, chairs crammed the aisles, and song
Winged through the open windows, sweet and strong.

Two hundred voices like one voice were blent
While the organ piped a thin accompaniment.

The hymns were simple songs of praise, and yet
Sung with a spirit one would not forget.

The music-master’s face, exalted, bright,
Shone with a strangely soft ethereal light,

For he was lost in song . . . was singing there
Where angel choirs sing on billowed air.

Whatever might have been their cares or tears
Had vanished now . . . like Aprils in lost years.

They loved to sing . . . This was the day of days
And joyful reverent voices rang with praise.

The robins listened; locusts too, demurred . . .
I know that God in heaven must have heard!
SPINNING WOOL AT THE HARLOW HOUSE IN PLYMOUTH

Household Arts of the Seventeenth Century

ALICE BRYANT

EACH summer at Plymouth, Massachusetts, a group of students slip back into the past and live, just as in a play, the lives of our colonial ancestors. At the old Harlow House a course is given in the Household Arts of the Seventeenth Century. The students have the experience of carding and spinning wool from the time the sheep is sheared till the yarn is ready for the loom. They learn all the processes of
raising flax and preparing it for spinning, then they spin the fibers on an old spinning wheel. They weave woolen and linen fabrics on a modern loom. But their curator, dressed in a colonial costume, demonstrates for them the weaving of linsey-woolsey homespun on the two-hundred-year-old loom that is built into the house.

From the old-fashioned garden they gather herbs, roots, leaves and flowers for the dyes which they will brew in old kettles over the ancient fireplace. On this same fireplace and in the old brick oven they will one day cook their lunch after authentic colonial recipes.

There is instruction in candle-dipping and the making of rush lights; there is churning and soap making.

The Harlow House was built in 1677 from timbers of the old fort on Burial Hill, then being dismantled at the end of King Philip's war. Its low-ceiled rooms and primitive furniture give an atmosphere of pioneer days. Beyond the quaint garden is a well sweep with an old oaken bucket.

The well had been covered over and the site lost. It was recently relocated in accordance with folk custom by means of a "witch stick," which is a small forked branch of a tree. One branch is held in each hand, with the central stem upright. The arms of the person seeking the water are held close to his sides as he walks forward very slowly. When nearing a spot where water is supposed to be, the upright stem begins to turn slowly downward until, when directly over the location, the stem is completely reversed.

The water in the well at Harlow House was located by a "well-finder" in this way, witnessed by members of the Antiquarian Society, who were convinced of its efficacy in spite of the skepticism of engineers.

In addition to the traditions and activities of Harlow House the excursions to historic places, such as the old Trading Post, the Pioneer Village and the House of Seven Gables give a fuller understanding of the heritage of the past.
The Battle of the Mystic
A Legend of the War of 1812
MARY BREWSTER DOWNS

AN account of the Battle of the Mystic, as Grandma told it, is laid away in the folds of the little Nanking dress in the little blue chest in the attic.

Grandma was a famous raconteur. This special story of the Battle of the Mystic, and of Aunt Ann’s plucky route of the British, Grandma told scores of times to her own children, to her children’s children, and finally to their children, of which Tommy was one. Tommy was an inspiring listener. He had greedy ears, and never to anyone did Grandma relate the story of the Battle of the Mystic with such gusto and with such play of imagination as when she spun it out to Tommy. It was Tommy who wrote the story down when Grandma’s lips were closed forever, and he laid it away in the chest with the little Nanking gown.

But he also wrote an appendix to Grandma’s story, which is also the end of my story.

Unlike present-day grandmas, Tommy’s great-great-grandma was a stay-at-home, but none the less as spry as any of them. Tommy’s great-great-grandma jumped the rope on her ninetieth birthday—Tommy at one end of the rope, I at the other. The event is duly chronicled in the last edition of the genealogy of the D. family. For the most part, however, Grandma was content to sit by a sunny window, swaying back and forth in her Boston rocker, musing or singing to herself. Often her sweet voice would quaver forth the story of the

BATTLE OF STONINGTON

“The bombardiers with bomb and ball
Soon made a farmer’s barrack fall
And did a cow house badly maul
That stood a mile from Stonington.”

“They killed a goose, they killed a hen,
Three hogs they wounded in a pen,
They dashed away—and pray, what then?
That was not taking Stonington.”

“The shells were thrown, the rockets flew
But not a shell of all they threw,
Though every house was well in view,
Could burn a house of Stonington.”

Tommy knew this song as well as Grandma. When he joined his shouting young voice to hers Grandma dropped stitches, her knitting needles flashed dramatically in the sunlight, her lace cap bobbed awry, her felt slippers beat quick time, and the song closed with a splendid burst of derision for the British who so signal failed to take Stonington.

“Only twenty Yankees to fifteen hundred Britishers!” scoffed Tommy.

Grandma nodded gaily. “Don’t forget that a woman helped,” she admonished.

“Hurrah for great Aunt Ann!” shouted Tommy. “Now,” said he, “I’ll bring down the little yellow Nanking dress.”

This was the second step of approach to the thrilling story of the Battle of the Mystic. Presently Tommy reappeared with the little Nanking dress held gallantly on his arm. He reverently arranged the folds over the back of the Chippendale chair.

“Here she is,” announced he.

“The very dress that Ann wore when she stood on the rock and mocked the British!” jubilated Grandma.

“In the first place,” recited Tommy, “that cowardly old Britisher, Sir Thomas Hardy, came sailing down the New England coast with five ships and barges and things, with orders to ‘destroy the coast towns and ravage the country.’ The Yankees were as mad as hops and flew to arms, but it happened that when Sir Thomas Hardy anchored in front of Stonington with his fifteen hundred men, nearly all our men-folk were off guarding some other part of the coast.”

“Late afternoon, August 9, 1814,” interpolated Grandma.

“Yes’m. August 9, 1814. Sir Thomas Hardy gave the folks of Stonington one hour to surrender, but they said that they would rather die than give up to him. So all the women and children and sick folks, except one woman who died right then and there, got out of Stonington with all the things that they could lug. And pretty soon the Britishers began firing on the town, bombs and rockets, and they kept it up till
midnight. It was a fearful sight, but they couldn't burn the town.”

“The little village of Mystic,” prompted Grandma.

“Yes’m. The little village of Mystic is situated about two miles back from the coast, on the Mystic River. When the men back there heard the guns and saw the smoke of battle they snatched up their guns and rushed down to Stonington, Captain Jeremiah Holmes ahead of all. He just hated the British, because he had been a prisoner on a British man-of-war. There were only three old cannon in Stonington, but Captain Jeremiah Holmes fired away at the British as long as there was anything to fire, and pretty soon the British ship Dispatch was crippled and had to haul away up the Mystic River.”

“Now you go ahead, Grandma,” panted Tommy. “Tell about Aunt Ann, and how she fought the Battle of the Mystic.”

Then Grandma, peering over her glasses into the glamor of the past, took up the story.

“When Sir Thomas Hardy fired the first British gun upon Stonington, the sound of that shot rolled back over the cliffs and struck panic in the hearts of the people of Mystic. Then came another roar and another, and while they clustered in terror a rocket shot up into the night and burst into a shower of sparks over Stonington. ‘To arms!’ shouted Captain Jeremiah Holmes. ‘We'll sink the proud Britisher in the waves. Away!’”

“I wish I had been there!” yelled Tommy.

“You would have been welcome enough, child. Most of the men of Mystic were off with the men of Stonington, guarding the New England coast.”

“There was Captain Jeremiah Holmes.”

“Yes, to be sure, and Captain Jeremiah Holmes was a host in himself, a good hater and a doughty fighter.”

“There was the boy that got wounded in the knee and died.”

“Yes, brave young Frederick Denison. But all told only a handful of men in Mystic, and most of those from sickness or old age must be left behind.”

“How they must have hated that!” groaned Tommy.

“ Doubtless they did, child, and so did the women and children hate to be left behind. Some wept with anger at the British, and some from fear at being left unprotected.”

“Aunt Ann didn’t weep!”

“No, indeed. Ann’s heart burned with anger. ‘Let me go to Stonington and fight those cowardly British!’ cried she. But Captain Jeremiah Holmes shook his head. ‘If the British climb over our dead bodies in Stonington, then will be time for women to fight,’ said he. ‘But suppose they come sailing up the Mystic?’ quavered a timid woman. ‘Load the gun before you go!’ commanded Ann.

“Now the gun of Mystic was an old thing, a relic of Revolutionary days. It had belched death and destruction to British and Indians in the good old days, but since the British had been driven from the land it had stood mute on the river bank before the meeting house, rusting within and without.

‘The old gun is unsafe, it will burst,’ croaked an old man. ‘Load it!’ insisted Ann.

“So Captain Jeremiah Holmes lingered long enough to cram the old gun with powder and shot.

“About four o’clock on the afternoon of the tenth, Ann, who had climbed to a high boulder on the river bank, beheld the treetops the two masts of a brig stealing up the Mystic.”

“The Dispatch!” shouted Tommy. “The British brig Dispatch sneaking away from Captain Jeremiah Holmes’ guns.” And herewith Tommy seized the reins and went on with the story at galloping speed.

“The British!” yelled Aunt Ann. Everybody in Mystic had a fit except Aunt Ann. She scooted down from the boulder, stirred up a fire and stuck an iron bar into the coals. Then up she went onto the boulder again. There was the brig as far upstream as the tide would push her, and some redcoats were swarming over her side into a boat.

“Here they come!” yelled Aunt Ann, skipping down to the gun. She aimed the gun at the spot where the British must row from behind the rocks, and called to the old men to come and touch it off. But the old men wouldn’t budge. ‘The old gun will
bust,' said one. 'Better take a chance with the British than with that old gun,' warned another.

"Aunt Ann was as mad as a hornet and as cool as a cucumber. 'Then will I fire the gun!' she cried.

"At that everybody in Mystic scattered and hid, scared to death of the old gun, but Aunt Ann stood right by and waited for the British. The minute their boat came creeping from behind the rocks Aunt Ann snatched up that red-hot bar and touched off the old gun, and—Boom! there was the awfulest explosion you ever heard! All the Mystic people tumbled flat, struck deaf and dumb.

"Then Aunt Ann stood right up in plain sight, this little yellow Nanking dress fluttering in the breeze, laughing fit to split while the Britishers pulled up anchor and got away down the Mystic as fast as ever they could.

"That is the end of the Battle of the Mystic," ended Tommy. "Didn't I get it pretty straight, Grandma?"

"Pretty good, child, pretty good. Mind you never forget it. The Battle of Stonington is in books, but not the story of the Battle of the Mystic, I believe, nor of Ann and this little Nanking dress."

"I'll write it down when I have time," said busy Tommy.

This he did, as I have said, with this appendix.

Yesterday I went to the library with Aunt Priscilla Bradford Winthrop Jones to hunt up the genealogy of the D. family. While she was hunting I found this about Mrs. Ann Holmes of Connecticut:

"Several months after the Battle of Stonington, when the men of Stonington and Mystic were celebrating peace, Mrs. Ann Holmes produced powder and, with the aid of other young women, loaded and fired with her own hand a heavy cannon; the first salute to peace fired in this region."

Here are the two stories—one known and told by Grandma about plucky Aunt Ann, in the little Nanking dress, routing the British; the other, recorded in a book, of Ann Holmes firing a salute to peace.

Concludes Tommy, "I like them both, but I don't think Grandma's can be beat."

To Stephen Foster

GLEN BAKER

You gave us melody to soothe our soul:

_Nellie Bly, Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming,_

Against the unsolved darkness of our whole Future, you were like a bright star gleaming,

_Wooing us onward with tears and laughter_ Of _De Camptown Races_ and _Old Dog Tray_,

Immortal airs that would live long after You had gone on your solitary way.

Oh, Stephen Foster, did you ever dream That one of all your songs would set the beat And _tema_ of a westward rolling stream, Would synchronize an empire's marching feet? For when pioneers trekked and banjos rang Your _Oh Susannah_ was the song they sang!
American Folk Songs

Martha Frances White
and Susan Rogers Morton

The following delightful description of some of our better-known and unknown folk songs is presented as a supplement to the series by Mrs. Mead, the National Chairman of the Advancement of American Music Committee, N. S. D. A. R., entitled "Through the Year with American Music."

There is universal appeal about those old rollicking rhythms that get to the heels of the country and sets them rocking. In fact, so popular have they become, due to the impetus of radio, it seems to be time for someone to recognize them for what they are—America's folk songs.

Recently, interested people have been ferreting out and publishing these folk songs. They have discovered as high as twenty-some different versions of the same story in various localities. The saga of John Henry with its variations fills a small volume; but it is when you pick up the stories first hand that you really get the tang of the pine woods and oxcarts.

No one knows the true origin of the ballad. Like Topsy, it "jes growed." Nobody knows exactly how or why. Something extraordinary occurs in a village and the local rhymesters fashion it into a semi-chant, which accounts for the similarity of most tunes. One man contributes one thing and another adds his verse. Cousin Hannah, visiting from over around Coon Creek Hollow, takes it home with her; and the
song spreads. Some are direct inheritances from the English. Barbara Allen and Kitty Wells still rank as top-notch entertainment, and English literature has long claimed them for its own.

Most ballads are an outgrowth of current and local events. In fact, you can hear practically the entire history of the United States by listening to the songs that have kept our country young.

It is not the history of dates, trends, movements, and wholesale slaughter they call great battles. It is the "man on the street" version of the affair. You discover how people thought, acted, and lived when they weren’t busy saving the nation. In other words, the back-fence gossip of the country; for the ballad is just as spicy as the modern scandal sheet. It was the newspaper in earlier days, and after listening to a few of those old songs one comes to the conclusion our ancestors were about as ordinary and sometimes as "ornery" as we suspected. The way they took the tales of famous robbers and murderers of their day and turned them into heroes is almost identical with our modern tabloids with their sobbing headlines of bank robbers, hatchet murders, and such. Everyone has heard about Jesse James and "The dirty little coward Who shot Mr. Howard And laid poor Jesse in his grave"

but not so widely advertised is the murderer Stackerlee, who, according to legend, shot a man over a "damned old Stetson hat" and then naively adds, "Everyone talks about Stackerlee."

Sam Bass, from Indiana, forgot his excellent home environment and became a stagecoach robber and train philanderer. Sam would take anything left at large; but Sam met his fate at Round Rock, due to the double-crossing of one of his pals, and as the author had little doubt as to his destination after death, he indulges in a bit of prophecy concerning the double-crosser:

"And if brave Sam should see him As in the place he rolls There’ll be a lively mix up Down there among the coals."

That's going the tabloids one better. But the prize is the ballad of Poor Charlotte. Charlotte didn’t mind her mother, and refused to wear more than a scarf around her neck. It was fifteen miles to the ball, and she rode in a sleigh. First she said she was cold, and later murmured, "I’m getting warmer now." When the sleigh arrived the young man discovered Charlotte frozen stiff by his side. It ends with a true ballad bang.

"He twined his arms around her neck And kissed her marble brow His mind was on the words she said 'I'm getting warmer now.'"

"Young ladies think of this fair maid And always dress aright And never venture thinly clad On such a wintry night."

Less than fifty miles from the Nation’s Capitol, where the Bull Run Mountains form a gateway to the upper Piedmont and the Blue Ridge beyond, is a scattered community, the remnants of an eighteenth century settlement.

Many of the people who came here were those who had arrived in this country as indentured servants, and after they worked out their terms of indenture pushed forth toward the frontiers to establish homes for themselves. Descendants of many of these early settlers still live scattered over the rugged slopes or nestled in the hollows. Even a few of the old log houses are to be found.

From close acquaintance with these people, the following folk songs have been collected. Their origin is unknown to those who have always sung them. "Oh, my Pa used t’ sing it," one eighty-five-year-old man said, who sang them in shaking voice but still with many sweet and clear notes, sitting on the porch of his home in the shadow of Whippoorwill Mountain, a home to which his grandfather had brought his bride.

**His Father’s Only Son**

He was his father’s only son, It was for love he was undone, He was but eighteen years of age, When first in love he did engage.

His father oft to him did say "My only son do me obey, You know she is of low degree, And comes of a low family.
"Why then after her do you go?  
She sure will be your overthrow."
To his father he made this reply,
"Well, what do riches signify?"

"When Lazarus died, we read also,  
He to Abraham's bosom did go,  
I'd rather my own love have
And always live within a cave."

Now he was twenty years of age,  
And a Preacher did engage,  
He said he had a call to preach
The very Gospel for to teach.

But his father never would be still,  
But daily set forth their will,  
He went to see his love one night
In hopes to see her face so bright.

Her father to him did say,
"Kind sir, forever keep away,
My daughter is as good as you,
Forever bid my house adieu."

Unto her chamber she did take,
Abitterly a moan to make,
She used to moan and ofttimes cry
"I cannot live, so I must die."

For many a doctor did they send,
And much pains for her did spend.
But all prescriptions are in vain,
For still in love she did remain.

"Farewell my brother and sister dear,  
See that you both live in God's fear,  
Farewell to my true and loving mate,
No longer for you can I wait."

She bid the world and all adieu,  
And every creature that she knew,
Next day to her burying did he go,
Drest in mourning from top to toe.

And afterwards distracted run,  
And so for ever was undone.
Come all old folk far and near,
These melancholy lines to hear.

Never matches try to break,  
But always keep them for God's sake,  
He has been a mourner this twentieth year,
And never can enjoy his dear.

The above, sung to very slow time, seems to fairly drip gloom.

Gaily in the woody nook the old conkshell did swell,
As the coal-black coon escaped his foe, down by the haunted well.
The coon he went with all his might, thru mud and over the stump,  
And the darky sped heels and head and come butt against a pump.
All around he sought the coal-black coon,  
That make him lose the boys so soon.
Except himself, no other swell
Was by the lonely, haunted well.

Chorus
Have a care, don't go there,  
For the dark maid watches near,
For the dark maid all can hear,
For the dark maid watches near.

The pale catnip growing there, it's fragrance 'round did smell,  
As the darky lay on, night and day, down by the haunted well.
A girl was there, she stood on air, her features were so mild,
She took a horn and blew these words, "Eh, Eh, boy, you're the child."

Chorus
Down in the water she did stoop for a ring, oh what a sell!  
On his finger then she placed the hoop, and they both fell down the well.
Twas on that day the coon did stray, twas then poor Sambo fell.
When folks are near, they often hear a voice cry out, "All's well."
At midnight there, their forms are seen,  
Propelling a coon around the green
Voices are heard, and the conkshell's swell.
Around the lonely haunted well.

Chorus

Virginia Rosebud, or the Lost Child

I had a bud 'twas in my garden growing—  
A slip I nourished with a mother's care,
When they around that plant were hoeing,  
A fragrant zephyr seemed to fill the air.

Oh how I've watched that little plant while creeping  
She was ever lovely, bright and gay.
One night I left her on her pallet sleeping,  
And in the morning she was stole away.

Chorus
(Repeated several times after each verse)
They stole they—they stole my child away,
Oh hear me now calling, hear me now, I pray, My heart is breaking, my heart is breaking, For my child, for my child they've stole away. I hear the hoof upon the hill, Their footsteps growing fainter still, They stole—they stole—they stole my child away. They stole—they stole—they stole my child away.

GOLDEN STAIRS
Put away the little dresses That my darling used to wear, She will need them on earth never, She has climbed the golden stairs. She is with the happy angels, And I long for her sweet kiss Where her little feet are waiting In the realm of perfect bliss.

CHORUS
Angels tell us that our darling Is in lands of love so fair That her little feet are waiting Close beside the golden stairs.

Lay aside the little playthings Wet with mother's pearly tears, We shall miss our little Nellie All the weary coming years. Fold the dainty little dresses, She on earth no more will wear, For her little feet are waiting Up above the golden stairs.

There are two more verses of this.

OLD VIRGINIA NEVER TIRES
In ole Virginia in the afternoon, We swept the kitchen with a brand new broom, And after that we joined in a ring, And this is the way we used to sing.

CHORUS
Clear the kitchen Young folks and old, Ole Virginia never tires.

A bull frog dressed in soldier's clothes, Went out one day to shoot some crows, The crows smelt powder and flew away, And the bull frog was mad all day.

CHORUS

The early days of railroading form a colorful era in history. What excitement it must have been in those pioneer days! Building railroads across prairie and over mountain passes, far from influence of civilization. Great bands of workmen making camp, living, fighting, working, laying the tracks that carried the puffing engines and their train of dinky carriages, roaring away at a top speed of fifteen miles an hour! History was being made; and, though in books we read of the great westward trek and perhaps the names of a few outstanding promoters, it is the ballad that proclaims the common man and his part in the schemes of empire builders.

John Hardy comes nearest to being the great hero of the railroad, and his feats are as prodigious as the mythical Paul Bunyan of lumber fame. That there was a John Hardy has been proved, but his feats of strength have run a little toward the imaginative. Versions of his life are legion, but on one point they all agree—he was an amazing man. One learns that—

"When John Hardy was three years old Sittin' on his mother's knee He looked right up in his mother's face And says, 'The Big Bend Tunnel on the C&O Will be the death of me'.”

Another variation says Big John made a wager that he could start ahead of the C. & O. train and lay track faster than the train could travel. He did, keeping up the pace for twenty miles, but collapsed after eating a huge meal at the end of the day. And another tale declares that neither the tunnel nor the track had anything to do with John Hardy’s demise. After proving his strength by marvelous feats he wound up in a crap game, where somebody had the temerity to accuse him of cheating. There was nothing for Big John to do but kill the accuser. After that, Big John was hanged and all the countryside came to watch.

Train wrecks, too, have helped make history. Witness the tale of Casey Jones:

"The agent called Casey at half past four He kissed his wife at the station door Mounted to the cabin, throttle in his hand Take a farewell trip to the promised land."

The graphic details of Casey's ride are inscribed on a monument near the scene of the wreck, and the ballad is almost identical with the local version.

"He was going down the grade doing ninety miles an hour When his whistle broke into a scream
He was found in the wreck with his hand on the throttle. Scalded to death by the steam.”

Maybe a modern reporter could have added a few adjectives, but even a sob-sister would never think of the last stanza—that added bit that denotes a true ballad:

“Now all you women must take warning. From this time and now on
Never speak harsh words to your true loving husband
He may leave you and never return.”

For another section of history we turn to the lush river days, when the Mississippi was the artery of the nation. Steamboats were kings of transportation, and every small boy dreamed of the day he could wear a coat with stripes on the sleeves, lean back importantly on the top deck of a stern-wheeler, and smoke ten-inch cigars. Anyone who has reveled in Mark Twain’s “Life on the Mississippi” recalls the romance of that murky stream, the danger and excitement of the steamboat race. The whole thing lives again in the tuneless chant of Steamboat Bill:

“Steamboat Bill steaming down the Mississippi
Steamboat Bill a mighty man was he
Steamboat Bill steaming down the Mississippi
Trying to beat the record of the Robert E. Lee.”

But the boiler burst, and Bill bet the gambler ten dollars he would go the higher. Again we find our moral and draw our conclusions. Bill’s wife informs her children their next daddy will be a railroad man.

Then there is the mournful wail of Down on the Levee, but it ends with touching sentiment—

“Roses love sunshine
Violets love dew
Angels in heaven
Know I love you.”

Just how you slip from a levee to such a quatrain is simple, in the mind of a balladier. Never far from any song is a plain-tive wail for home, sweetheart, or mother. But why not? Aren’t those the three chords to everyone’s heart strings?

Another popular subject for ballads is the dashing, bronco-busting, wild and woolly west. These are probably the best-known, but care must be exercised not to include songs written by accredited composers. Wide-open spaces still thrill, it seems.

Some of these songs are plaintive, crying for a life never to be; tales of their buddies, or of mother far away. They always intended to go back east “when the work is all done this fall,” but they never went. Some, like poor Limpy, died too soon. Some couldn’t leave the fascinating life. One poor fellow did; but he regretted it intensely:

“A curse on your gold and your silver too
And all pretty girls who don’t prove true
I’ll go back west where the bullets fly
And I’ll stay on the trail ’til the day I die.”

They must have loved their work, for most of the songs have all the swashbuckling swing of a ten-year-old in a pair of western charparajos and a Montgomery Ward sombrero—songs like The Chisholm Trail, boasting—

“Foot in the stirrup, hand on the horn
Best damn cowboy ever was born
(sometimes modified to darn if the occasion warrants)
With my knees in the saddle and my seat in the sky
I’ll quit punching cows in the sweet bye and bye.”

Ballads sad, ballads gay, ballads tender, ballads sweet. Some ridiculous, some monotonous, but all very, very human, like the myriads of people who have made this country of ours. Nothing heroic, nothing sensational. They celebrate the unimportant event, past masters of the anticlimax; but, as someone has remarked,

“Life is like that!”
"I suppose I must go, for Tommy's sake."
Charlotte Ryen murmured the words in her native tongue so Tommy might not understand them. Then she laughed as she looked down at the child.

"Charlotte says words at me in Swedish," Tommy was wont to explain to the neighbors, "but I don't mind that 'cause she always laughs in English."

Tommy was sitting on the ground in front of a little shelter he had built for his four chickens. They were feeding from a shallow dish while an aged Newfoundland dog looked on indulgently and a squirrel came down from a jungle of trees to get a morsel. The dumb creatures in this pleasant woodland glade had discovered that they need not fear the occupants of the hut.

"That squirrel comes every day," chuckled Tommy, scrambling to his feet. "Charlotte, I bet what you said just now was something about the big time tomorrow over at the Capitol."

Charlotte nodded. The "Capitol" was the public building in the central clearing of New Sweden, and the "big time" meant the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the founding of the Swedish colony that had settled in Northern Maine in 1870. Tommy had heard all about it from the Lundmans, the nearest neighbors to the hut in the glen.

The Swedish girl's blue eyes were dreamy as Tommy came to rub his round cheek, kitten fashion, against her arm.

"Did you say we would go, Charlotte?" he coaxed. "I 'most know you did."

Charlotte nodded as she patted the curly head. "Yes, we'll go, Tommy. It's a long way for you to walk, but we'll start early and take something to eat by the way."

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The Hut in the Glen

MABEL S. MERRILL

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"Did you say we would go, Charlotte?" he coaxed. "I 'most know you did."

Charlotte nodded as she patted the curly head. "Yes, we'll go, Tommy. It's a long way for you to walk, but we'll start early and take something to eat by the way."
“Hooray!” Tommy swung away from her to stand on his head in the grass. “They’re going to have a band,” he panted, “and flags, and a dinner. And that big nice man that brought me here after they found me in the woods—will he be there, Charlotte?”

“Yes, Consul Thomas, founder of the colony, will be there and give the historical address—that means he will tell all about the time, ten years ago, when he brought the Swedes to settle here in the wilderness.”

Tommy uttered a whoop of excitement and rushed up the path that led from the glen to the pleasant log house of their neighbor, Mrs. Lundman. He wanted the seven little Lundmans to know right away that he, too, was going to the “big time” at the settlement.

Charlotte, on hands and knees, was weeding her tiny garden when, about five minutes later, Mrs. Lundman came down the path to the hut.

“Tommy says you are going tomorrow, Charlotte, but I could hardly believe it, so I came down to ask you.”

Charlotte bent lower over her work. “Yes, we are going, Mrs. Lundman. I don’t care about it for myself, but there is Tommy to think of.”

The older woman looked curiously at the girl’s downcast face. “You’re too young to be such a hermit, Charlotte Ryen. Why don’t you ever go to the settlement and dance and carry on with the other young folks?”

“I don’t care to dance and carry on,” replied the girl, but something caught in her throat as she spoke.

In Old Sweden hers had been the lightest foot at all the merrymakings. Once she and Karl Nyman had won the grand prize at the May ball and a newspaper in Stockholm had printed their names for all to read. Was that only two years ago? The girl’s hand trembled and her eyes were dim. She wished Mrs. Lundman would go away, but the woman seemed determined to talk.

“You could come back and live with me, Charlotte, as you did when you first came over. It would cheer you up to have so many young ones around, and I’ve always wanted Tommy.”

“We have talked about that before,” answered Charlotte wearily. “You have mouths enough to feed without Tommy and me.”

“You mean you’d rather be alone,” retorted Mrs. Lundman. “That isn’t right or natural, girl, and you only twenty-three years old. I believe you’re either half dead with homesickness for Old Sweden or you’ve been crossed in love. Well, in this world, Charlotte, we have to learn to make the best of things.”

Charlotte lifted startled eyes as her busy neighbor whisked away up the path. Was it possible that Mrs. Lundman knew—about Karl? No, that could not be, for the Lundmans were already settled in America before Charlotte left Sweden two years ago.

“No one but me could know what happened that day the ship sailed from Gothenburg,” she muttered.

“They were all strangers on board,” she reflected. “Nobody knew who we were, nor minded Karl raving like a madman there by the deck rail—saying—oh, the things he accused me of! And I had no voice to answer him and—then—he was gone.”

She hid her face in her work-stained hands as she recalled that miserable scene. Karl Nyman had been her betrothed—he as well as she had been booked as passenger on the ship for America. They had made such plans—they would work and save, and one day they would marry and have a home in that New World where everyone could have land for the asking with plenty of timber for the cutting. Wonderful accounts of the prosperity of the Swedish colonists in Maine had come back to the homeland. How joyously the two young people had planned their future!

Then, at the last minute, as she waited for Karl by the deck rail, he had rushed on board, haggard and wild-eyed, to tell her he had canceled his passage. He wasn’t going to America. He would have nothing more to do with her. She had betrayed him, he raved. She had plighted her troth to him, then thrown him over for that rascally sailor Medburg. She needn’t deny that Medburg was to meet her at the port of Hull and take her away on his ship to Virginia—as his wife!

Charlotte had been too stunned to answer. She had met Victor Medburg only two or three times in her life. His people lived in Stockholm, and she had danced with him twice at the May ball. While she stood stammering and staring at this unheard-of
accusation, Karl had rushed back over the gangplank and was gone. Before she had strength to move or call out the ship was plowing its way to sea, and she was going to America—alone!

At New Sweden in the wilds of northern Maine she had found friends among her own countrymen. The Lundmans had taken her in and given her a home until she had seen how overcrowded they were in their little new log house.

So she had come to live in the glen in the hut the Lundmans had built for their use before the pleasant log cabin above was completed. Then Tommy, a little waif left behind by a wandering family who had too easily given him up for lost in the big woods, had come to comfort her. She had taken possession of him with passionate determination and made a child paradise for him in the glen with the chickens and the dog and the squirrels.

She glanced up as her neighbor's brisk step sounded again on the path.

“Charlotte,” called Mrs. Lundman, “you and Tommy can crowd into the wagon with us tomorrow. We’re all going of course, and it’s too far for you and the young one to walk.”

Charlotte winced. “We shall like it, Mrs. Lundman. We shall be up and off before you are awake. It’s nice and cool in the woods.”

The older woman turned impatiently, muttering to herself as she went back up the path. “The girl must go her own way. After this I shall just let her alone.”

Next morning Charlotte and Tommy were up bright and early and away into the dewy freshness of the forest. Tommy had charged the old dog to take good care of the chickens and not bark at the squirrels while they were gone.

Walking in the fresh quiet of the morning, Charlotte felt the weight at her heart lighten a little. The wilderness always reminded her of her old home that had been set at the edge of a forest. Tommy was in gay spirits all the way, except once when he clung to Charlotte in terror as he peered into the depths of a cedar swamp where a large, dim shape was moving to and fro.

“Is that the place where I was lost,” he asked in a whisper, “when a bear looked at me out of the bushes?”

Charlotte drew him closer. Often she had to soothe away the remembered terrors of that night in the woods. Tommy insisted the bear would have gobbled him up “like winking” if the men had not fired two guns that very minute.

“The guns were to tell the searchers that the lost one was found,” she assured him. “And bears don’t eat little boys who don’t meddle with them. Come now, there is a nice place to eat lunch under this great tree at the top of the hill.”

It had rained a little during the first part of their journey, though in the shelter of the dense woods they had hardly known it. But they were glad to find the sun shining when they came out of the forest and stood on a high knoll in sight of the big central clearing of New Sweden. Tommy clapped his hands as he looked down at the gay scene.

People on foot, on horseback, and packed into wagons were pouring into the square. A triumphal arch had been built across the road in front of the church. A band was playing, soldiers were marching, and as the girl and the child watched the Stars and Stripes and the yellow cross of Sweden sailed into position at the top of the flagstaffs on either side of the green arch.

“There goes the church bell—I guess they’re glad to see us, even if we ain’t dressed up,” remarked Tommy, trying to scrub the mud off his little stubbed shoes.

“Why, Charlotte, what are you doing?”

The girl had taken from her basket a deeply fringed silk kerchief and was adjusting it around her head.

“It’s the national headdress of a Swedish girl,” she said. “At home we always wear it to merrymakings. You’re a little Yankee, Tommy, so of course you wouldn’t know.”

Charlotte felt like one in a dream as she mingled with the gay crowd. There were visitors from all parts of the State of Maine, including the governor and the founder of the colony, Consul Thomas. But the throng was so typically Swedish she would hardly have been surprised to meet some of her own neighbors from the village where she was born.

She listened breathlessly to the historian’s long account of the founding of the colony, and she glowed with pride when he praised the industry, thrift, and scrupulous honesty of the Swedish immigrants who, in ten
years, had turned the wilderness into a smiling and fertile countryside.

In the upper hall of the public building a grand feast was served. Charlotte and Tommy were swept to one of the tables and fed with good things as if they had been guests of honor.

Once more in the open air, Charlotte faced the problem of getting sleepy Tommy back over the long trail through the woods. But the Lundmans found him a place in their wagon, and promised to deliver him safely at the hut in the glen before Charlotte reached home.

The girl was about to start on her solitary walk when she was accosted by a young man, evidently a sailor. She had noticed him before, and several times had found him looking at her in a peculiarly intent way. But not until now had she recognized him. It was Victor Medburg.

"Look here," he said in Swedish, "you're Charlotte Ryen—yes, I know very well you are. And my name is Medburg."

Charlotte started so violently and turned so pale that he stared at her in alarm. He drew her quickly to a seat in the shelter of a tree.

Then to her amazement he covered his face with his hands and gave a smothered groan.

"Charlotte Ryen," he muttered, "how can I expect you to forgive me for spoiling your happiness as I did two years ago? I didn't mean any harm when I told Karl—"

Charlotte's furious voice took up the sentence. "You told him a pack of lies and he came on board the ship at Gothenburg to tell me I had betrayed him, that he was not going to America, that he would have nothing more to do with me. So I had to come to this strange country alone, and—I shall always be alone."

He raised his head at that and spoke earnestly. "No, not alone, Charlotte. You have—friends. And it was not lies I told Karl. I was just teasing him because he was so furiously in love—not that I wondered at that."

The girl turned away from him scornfully. "What did you tell him then?" she asked over her shoulder.

"I told him you would be much better off to leave him behind and come with me on my ship to Virginia. And because he was mad with jealousy he believed there was something between us. When he rushed away like a crazy man I tried to follow him and explain. But he was gone. I knew then I had done real mischief. I saw him before my ship sailed and told him the truth—that there was nothing between you and me, nothing at all."

Charlotte started to her feet. "And now you come trying to undo the mischief—now when it is too late, when I shall never see him again?"

The bitter anger in her voice seemed to sting the young man to retort. "You may see him any time if you like. He is working at Fort Fairfield, a town not far from here. He came over from Sweden a year ago. And he has been married more than six months to a Yankee girl."

She stiffened under the blow, but she was so white he caught her arm. She shook off his steadying hand.

"That is news, to be sure," she said evenly. "And now I must go. Goodbye, Mr. Victor Medburg."

With that she was gone into the shadows of the forest.

One thought was pounding in her brain as she traveled back over the trail by which she and Tommy had come that morning. Karl was here in Maine. He had been working at that near-by town for more than half a year. And all that time he had known the truth—that she was innocent and that he had done her a bitter wrong. Yet he had made no effort to see her. Of course he knew she was in New Sweden, the place she had started for on the day of that wild parting aboard ship. For Fairfield was less than a day's journey from the hut in the glen. But he had not come.

"He has forgotten me," she said. "Or perhaps he is glad to be rid of me. I must go home and hide myself in the glen with Tommy."

Tommy was asleep with the old dog on guard when she reached the hut. She took off the silk-fringed kerchief and put it away in the tiny closet she had built herself. She stood there a moment holding her candle as she looked in at the small store of plenishings she had made or bought. There was cloth she had woven, her mother's wedding veil—such things as a girl might hoard for her bridal.

"Was I hoping all the time that Karl would come?" she asked herself. "Then
the more fool I, not to know men better
than that!"

After that day Charlotte never left the
glen. Tommy came and went with thrilling
stories of his adventures in the woods with
the Lundman children. Mrs. Lundman, true
to her resolution, never came near the glen.
Since Charlotte preferred to be a hermit
she should be left alone.

One morning Charlotte wakened from
her mood of black despair and made a
decision.

"I will go home," she said, "back to my
own land where the old neighbors will
welcome me. I can walk to Tobique Land-
ing. There I'll catch one of the down-river
boats and get to Halifax. From there I can
work my way home on a ship. I know I
can. Once back in Sweden I can get work
and begin to live again."

"Tommy will cry for me, but he will
soon forget, and the Lundman farm will be
a better home for him than this poor hut in
the glen. And I'll tell Mrs. Lundman that
the things in the closet are hers. That will
help to repay her for taking Tommy."

She left the note and crept away before
anybody at the neighbor's house was awake.
Twice she got a lift in a wagon, so she com-
pleted the journey to the landing in less
time than she had expected. At Tobique a
boat was just leaving, and she took passage
and started down-river. Dazed and heavy
hearted, she watched the green shores slip
by in the gathering dusk. She was leaving
the land where Karl was. Soon the wide
ocean would roll between them. But if
she stayed the impassable gulf that sep-
arated them would be wider than the sea.
It would be easier to go away.

A shout from the shore made her look
listlessly to see what the matter was. The
river was very low, and the boat had to
slow down every few minutes to push past
a mud flat. It had swung in close to the
bank, and suddenly a man burst out of
the bushes and made a flying leap to the
little deck.

"Charlotte," he cried, "Charlotte, you
must come back with me! Tommy wants
you—quick, quick! I have a wagon wait-
ing."

In the deepening dusk Charlotte did not
recognize the man, though his quick, an-
xious voice seemed familiar. He had called
her by name; he must be one of the neigh-
bors. And his voice had sounded so wor-
rried! Something had happened to Tommy!
He was hurt, dying perhaps! He wanted
her, and she was running away from him!

She let the man hurry her ashore to
where a horse and wagon waited under a
tree. He bundled her into the wagon and
was driving rapidly away before she looked
up in his face to ask a trembling question.

Then she sat dumb with amazement, for
Victor Medburg's face was looking down at
her, and it was Victor's arm that held her
fast.

"Charlotte," he pleaded, "it was the only
way I could get you to come back with me
—to tell you that Tommy wanted you.
Tommy's all right. It's I that want you,
girl. A little more and you would have
been gone out of my reach."

His grasp tightened as he added: "I've
been working for months to buy a home
good enough for you. I did it at last, and
when I came to find you this morning you
were gone. I couldn't let you go, I
couldn't!"

She was so still in the circle of his arm
that he bent his head to peer into her face.

"Don't you understand, Charlotte? I
followed you over the sea to New Sweden
almost two years ago—as soon as I could
get clear of my ship. I'm not a sailor any
longer—I'm a farmer. I've been here all
the time working under a name not my
own and never letting you get a glimpse of
me, till I had something fit to offer you."

She lifted her eyes and looked at him
wonderingly in the dim light. "You—you
followed me?" she repeated. "Oh, Victor,
why?"

"Because I loved you from the first
minute I saw you at that ball where Karl
Nyman had invited me to come and see the
prettiest girl in Sweden—his girl. Tonight
when I found you had gone, were on your
way back to the old homeland, I went wild,
Charlotte. I had to get you back."

Victor bent again to look into her eyes.

"You'll be safe with me, Charlotte. We'll
build a new home in this new world. I've
bought the farm next to the Lundmans' and
I've money to put up a house right away."

Suddenly Charlotte laughed. "Oh—then
Tommy can have the hut in the glen for
his playhouse!" she said joyously.
A GROUP OF “NEW SWEDEN” MAIDS IN THE NATIONAL COSTUMES OF SWEDEN, WHICH THEY WEAR EVERY YEAR AT THE MID-SUMMER FESTIVAL

New Sweden, Maine—Its Birth and Settlement

LINNEA STADIG STAPLES

For ten years prior to 1870, Maine was faced with the problem of decreasing population, to the extent of nearly fifteen hundred inhabitants during that time. Immigrants, pouring into the United States, passed her by, and her own sons and daughters were deserting for new frontiers. Immigration, declared the authorities, was definitely necessary.

The legislature had long agreed upon Scandinavian immigration as being best suited, climatically and geographically. But how to induce such immigration was another matter. And, once attracted, could it be held? An attempt in 1864 by the short-lived Foreign Emigrant Association of Maine to bring a company of Swedes into the state failed, raising this question.

The answer lay with William Widgery Thomas, a native of Maine, whose term as war consul to Sweden expired in 1865. This was his plan: Let the State of Maine send a commissioner to Sweden to personally pick a colony of farmers with wives and children able to pay their passage. A pastor should also be chosen. Then let the commissioner take the colonists in a body to northern Maine and settle them on a tract of land laid out as Township fifteen, Range three, Latitude 47°. Each head of a family should be given a hundred acres of woodland to clear for a farm, and also whatever aid was deemed needful to permanent settlement. Once established, it would prosper of itself, drawing a fair portion of immigration to Maine.
In 1869 the combined efforts of Mr. Thomas and of Parker P. Burleigh and William Small, commissioners for the settlement of public lands in Maine, won the admiration of Governor Chamberlain. The chairman of the committee on immigration, Col. James M. Stone, pledged his support, and on March twenty-third the plan was authorized, a board of immigration formed, and Mr. Thomas appointed commissioner.

He sailed for Sweden April thirtieth, and so well had he prepared himself that in two months time he began the return trip with the completed colony. There were twenty-two men, eleven women, and eighteen children; and not one was, in any way, physically afflicted. All were recommended men, bearing testimonials of character from their pastors; and, in addition to being proven farmers, many were skilled tradesmen. There were a lay minister, civil engineer, baker, tailor, two carpenters, basketmaker, wheelwright, blacksmith, and a wooden-shoe maker.

Four weeks later a wagon train wound its way among the stumps of an unfinished road. At noon, July 23, 1870, the immigrants stopped in the midst of the forest where was to stand their town and gave thanks to the God who had safely delivered them, and asked His blessing on the homes they were to build and on the town they now christened “New Sweden.”

The township had been resurveyed and the lots, originally comprising a hundred and sixty acres each, were reduced to a hundred. They were allotted to the Swedes by drawing. Small choppings had been made on each of twenty-five lots and as many log houses begun. Of these, six were built when the colonists arrived. From then on they furnished all the labor themselves, and by so doing provided themselves with supplies. For, rather than hire outside labor for the building of roads and houses, the state employed the colonists, paying them in tools and provisions at the rate of a dollar a day.

Advantage was taken of long summer days. When not working for the state each settler was busy on his own “farm.” Houses multiplied and clearings grew steadily larger. The houses were of logs, their roofs covered with hand-shaved cedar shingles, and contained several rooms apiece. All were equipped with cooking stoves, but furniture was handmade, improvised from any handy piece of material. But, to quote Mr. Thomas: “Swedish industry and ingenuity soon transformed every log cabin into a home.”

On July thirtieth another Swede came in from Bangor and joined the colony, and on August twelfth a second newcomer made his appearance. Son of Nils and Korno Persson and christened after the founder of the colony, he was the first baby born in New Sweden.

In spite of the work that must be done, the Swedes observed the Sabbath strictly and faithfully. Nils Olsson, the pastor, conducted church services and organized a Sunday school. Letters began to arrive from Sweden and some fowls were brought in for Captain Clase, the only “brethren of the barn-yard” owned by the colonists.

The first new immigrants from the old country reached New Sweden during the latter part of August. They came singly and in groups, climaxed by a body of twenty in October. Each man picked his lot and disappeared into the woods, and soon another log house appeared and children played in a new-made clearing.

When Mr. Burleigh surveyed the township he set aside a public lot in the center, and this was the site of the public building erected by the colonists that fall and called by them the “Capitol.” This building was thirty by forty-five feet, with the top of the tower sixty-five feet up, and boasted a cellar. There were two offices and a storeroom for supplies for the colony on the first floor and a public hall on the second floor. This hall served as church, school, townhouse and entertainment center.

Meanwhile winter was drawing near and preparations must be made. Houses, of which there were now twenty-six, were chinked, ceilings boarded in, and the whole made tight against the cold. Mr. Thomas then found jobs near New Sweden for the thirty men who wanted work for the winter, and replenished the supplies of those remaining.

The inhabitants of New Sweden now numbered fifty-eight men, twenty women, and thirty children. Satisfactory progress
had been made; for, of a hundred and eighty acres of forest felled, a hundred were thoroughly cleared, burnt over, and ready for planting, including twenty sown to winter wheat and rye. The contentment of the Swedes was manifested by the fact that Christmas was celebrated as religiously and as happily as in Sweden, with all the customary festivities observed.

Due to an extensive advertising campaign carried on in Sweden during the winter, early spring brought a new tide of immigrants.

Midsommars Afton (Midsummer’s Eve) came with its characteristic joyousness and its Maypole, music, and dancing. In June also arrived New Sweden’s first ordained minister, Rev. Andrew Wiren, of the Lutheran Church.

In August a settler opened a general store not far from the Capitol, various craftsmen set up flourishing businesses, and a sawmill and gristmill were established.

Fall brought an all-around good harvest, and those so blessed now became totally self-supporting. The Swedes, with fodder now available, began to purchase cows and horses as well as the lesser animals, bringing a final assurance of permanence to the settlement.

The day-school, with Pastor Wiren as teacher, boasted record attendance and an evening school for adults was conducted, affording an opportunity to learn English. Students came many miles on skis through-out the winter, for education was eagerly sought.

It was not long before the government deemed the colony worthy of a postoffice, and Captain Clasé was appointed postmaster. In July, 1873, a postal route was inaugurated with Sven Landin as mail carrier. Typical of the spirit of cooperation exercised by Swedish wives, Frau Landin, whenever her husband was too busy to cover his route, walked the eight miles to Caribou and back with the mail.

The colonists numbered, in 1873, all of six hundred persons, and in October of the same year one hundred and thirty-three men began the naturalization process. Mr. Thomas then advised the abolishment of his office as commissioner of immigration, and the colony stood on its own feet, independent of any guiding hand. Three years later the town became a town in fact and took its rightful place in the government of the state, a full-fledged municipality.

Now a potato-growing district, New Sweden proper numbers some nine hundred inhabitants. Stockholm has outgrown her, with eleven hundred; while little Jemtland boasts three hundred loyal citizens. The entire section thereabouts, however, is known as New Sweden, with these offspring included. Picturesque and secluded but not isolated, it is well able to hold its own with the rest of beautiful Maine, fulfilling the hopes and justifying the pride of its founder, William Widgery Thomas.

“Marie Antoinette” House
(Near Wiscasset)
FLORENCE BURRILL JACOBS

This is the house that History passed by
So closely as to lay a fingertip
Upon it and consider: "When the ship—
The SALLY of Wiscasset—sails, shall I
Bring the queen on it and thus change the die
Of World events? Or shall that lovely head
Follow the others it too often led?
Determine, Comrade, how the omens lie."

Fate cast his lots... The queen’s own side-board stood
Waiting her in the hall; appointed rooms
Held a long breath until their ordered glooms
Should echo mirth which charmed the ancient wood
At Fontainebleau; but Marie Antoinette
After a hundred years does not come yet.
Family Association Meetings

Pennsylvania takes the lead in celebration of Family Associations, having scheduled one hundred and thirteen for the month of August. Through the courtesy of Miss Margaret J. Marshall, Regent of the Peter Muhlenberg Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Glenside, Pennsylvania, a complete list of these appears in the Philadelphia Inquirer for June 25, 1939.

There is no charge for the service of Queries in this Department. Because of the many queries awaiting publication, however, a strict observance of the rules is required.

* * *

SOUTH Carolina records are scarce and difficult to obtain, yet are of vital importance in tracing settlements in Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Texas. This department will welcome any contributions of a genealogical nature, such as abstracts of wills, deeds, marriage records of this locality prior to 1850.

Probably no one has contributed as many such records as has The Secretary of the South Carolina Historical Commission, Mr. A. R. Salley, Jr. To him the genealogist and family historian owe a lasting debt of gratitude. The following comprehensive outline will be helpful:

In 1683 three counties were laid off in South Carolina: COLLETON, BERKELEY and CRAVEN. A few years later CARTARET was added and its name was shortly changed to GRANVILLE.

These counties were legislative, judicial and militia units. There were no seats, no local government, and no records were kept in the counties. Their boundaries were indefinite.

In 1706, the counties were supplanted by parishes as legislative units, and the county courts (that is, the courts of General Sessions and Common Pleas) were abolished when the proprietary government was overthrown in 1719.

In 1768, the province was divided into seven judicial districts: CHARLES TOWN, BEAUFORT, GEORGE TOWN, CHERAWS, CAMDEN, ORANGEBURGH, and NINETY SIX. Courthouses and jails were erected at the seat of each district, which bore the same name as the district, the districts having been named for existing towns which were made the seats thereof. No records were kept in these districts save the records of the courts of General Sessions and Common Pleas. All other classes of records were kept at CHARLES TOWN, the provincial seat of government, until 1785, when the recording of wills, deeds, &c., at the district seats, was authorized.
In 1793, Pinckney and Washington districts were added. In 1798, these nine districts were carved up into twenty-four: Lancaster, Chester, Fairfield, Kershaw, Sumter, and York from Camden; Abbeville, Edgefield, Newberry, Pendleton, Greenville, Laurens, Spartanburg, and Union, from Ninety Six; Chesterfield, Marlborough, and Darlington from Cheraws; Marion and George Town from George Town; Charles Town and Colleton from Charles Town; Barnwell and Orangeburgh from Orangeburgh; and Beaufort, without change.

In 1800, Richland was erected from Kershaw, and Williamsburg from Georgetown; in 1802, Horry was erected from Georgetown; and in 1804, Lexington from Orangeburgh. In 1825, Pendleton was divided into Anderson and Pickens. In 1858, Clarendon was taken from Sumter.

In 1868, under the "Reconstruction" Constitution, the name district was changed to county. There were then thirty counties, and since that date there have been added fifteen others: Aiken, Hampton, Berkeley, Florence, Saluda, Bamberg, Dorchester, Cherokee, Greenwood, Lee, Calhoun, Dillon, Jasper, McCormick and Allendale.

Abstracts of Wills

Lancaster County Court House


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.

QUERIES

H-'39. Lucas.—Wanted ancestry and descendants of Charles Lucas, Sr., of Va. Rev. soldier. Probably son of John Lucas who was stationed at Dunker Bottom, in 1715. Chas. had a son Chas. who died 1808. Want names of wife and children of Chas. Jr. who died 1808 and where did he live at time of death. Mrs. Geo. W. Manson, 62 Peters Place, Red Bank, N. J.


H-'39. (a) Nicholson.—Wanted parentage of George William Nicholson, born Hampshire Co., Va., March 24, 1789, died Cross Plains, Ind., June 24, 1865. He was a soldier in the War of 1812. His wife was Sally, daughter of William and Peggy Bassett, born Franklin Co., Ky.

(b) Bassett.—Wanted parentage and information concerning Peggy (1768-1844) wife of William Bassett, Sr., soldier in Amer. Rev. Was her father a soldier in Amer. Rev.? William and Peggy were married Nov. 27, 1786. Their children were Nancy, Thomas, James, Sally, Elizabeth, Polly, Rebekah, Melinda, William, Harriet. William Bassett, sr. and wife Peggy are buried near Cross Plains, Ind. Mrs. Ray S. Dix, Cedar Falls, Iowa.


(b) Hagerty-Davis.—Wanted the parents of Michael Hagerty 1780-1861, and his
wife Mary Davis 1779-1866 both buried in the old Presbyterian Church graveyard at Hacketts town, New Jersey. Walter W. Hagerty, 2121 West Market St., Pottsville, Pa.


H'39. (a) Nelson.—Information parentage & all possible infor. of George Gray (1740-1824), of Phila. and wife Mary Stuart (1730-1834), mar. in Rowan Co., N. C., settled & died on Va. land grant (made in 1789) in Fayette Co., Ky. Children; Joseph; George (m. Lucy Benning); Hannah (m. Isaac Benning); James; Capt. Isaac P. (m. Nancy Anderson); Sarah (Travis); Jonathan; William S.; Martha; Benjamin; John.

H'39. (b) Caldwell.—Wanted, parentage & all possible infor. of Walter Caldwell (1777-1842) who mar. in 1799, in Ky. Polly Breckenridge of Bath Co., Ky., and removed to Mo. in 1827. Their children: James, Samuel Kincade, Robert Breckenridge, John Preston (m. Reddish), William, Matilda (Flowerree), Larue (Helm), Mary (Caldwell), Greenberry (m. Mary Gray). Mrs. S. Peyton Welch, R. No. 5, Lexington, Ky.

H'39. Sheley.—Wanted Revolutionary record of Major John Sheley II, born September 17, 1757, Jefferson County, Virginia; died, 1825, Scott County, Kentucky. Married 1778, Anne Ridgeway, born March 20, 1759, Harpers Ferry, Virginia. They migrated to Kentucky, 1806. John Sheley II was member of George Washington’s surveying party. David and John Sheley owned land adjoining the Washingtons’ on Buckskin Creek, Virginia. Mrs. O. S. Willey, Boise Barracks, Boise, Idaho.

H'39. Fox-Pope.—Lucy S. Fox, 1732-1789, dau. of Joseph Fox, d. 1792, mar. Capt. Nathaniel Pope, 1729-1806; had eight
children, sons were John, Nathaniel, William, and Percy. Which son is the father of Anne Pope who mar. first E. Leroy a cousin and second 1806 or 1807 Benjamin Dawson a soldier and Baptist Minister? All of Va.—Mrs. Harry Heagler, Cooksville, Ill.


H-'39. Raines-John.—Wanted ancestry and family record of John Raines who was living with William Starcher in Lewis Co., West Va., as shown by Military Census of 1840. Was he a Rev. soldier? Would like to hear from any one having information of him. And family. Mrs. Annie R. Morrill, 401 South D St., Fairfield, Iowa.


H-'39. Bruce.—Wanted information regarding ancestry, birth, parentage and burial of Abijah Bruce, born about 1780 and known to have been a resident of Western New York, 1813-47. His wife was Elizabeth Goodwin. Their children were: Charles, Chandler, Horace, Esther, Thomas. Thomas married Abigail Colburn, Esther m. John Rippley. Any information regarding the before-mentioned Elizabeth will be welcome. Miss Claudia D. Bruce, 1102 Walnut St., Wayne, Nebr.


Bible Records

Records copied Feb. 2, 1910, from some pages torn from the Family Bible of Thomas Bates, sent to Tine C. Houston, Mexico, Mo. by one of his descendants in California. I have known a number of the persons mentioned in the records because Nancy McCarty Bates is a sister of my great grandfather Benjamin McCarty.

Births

Thomas Bates was born April 15, 1784. Nancy McCarty (his wife) was born September 29th, 1791. William Henderson Bates was born Oct. 7, 1811.
Elenor McCarty Bates was born April 4, 1813.
Eliza Smith Bates was born Feb. 6, 1815.
Jackson Porter Bates was born January 25, 1817.
Washington Campbell Bates was born Nov. 28, 1818.
Mary Paulina Bates was born January 18, 1821.

Deaths
Enoch McCarty Decd Feb. 12, 1818—(father of Nancy McCarty).
Elenor McCarty Bates Decd Sept. 6, 1814.
Joseph Bates Decd January 18, 1826.
Preston McCarty Bates Decd the 19th of June, 1828.
Eleanor McCarty died on the 12th day September 1835 (mother of Nancy).

Births
Arastas Thompson Bates was born the 5th of February 1823.
Joseph Bates was born January 1st, 1827.
McCarty Lafayette Bates was Born the 14th of February 1829.
Marena Sarelda Bates was Born December 27th in the year of Lord 1830.

Deaths
Thomas Bates Deceased the fourth day of August 1835.
Nancy Bates deceased on the 2nd day of September A. D. 1843.
Copied from Audrain Co. records, Mexico, Mo.

The following letter, from Mrs. Katherine Merrill Woods, of Albany, Oregon, is especially interesting in view of the articles relating to New England which are included in this number. It was written by her ancestor, and the original is in her possession.

Haverhill, July 20th 1777

Late last evening Reciv'd Order from Leiut. John Whittier that I without fail Muster my Company to morrow the 21 Instant to Notify and warn the Second foot Company in Haverhill to appear at the House of Stephen Webster to morrow the 21st Instant at four o'clock Afternoon precisely. Compleat in arms for exersise.

pr
Saml Merrill Capt.
OFTEN the question is asked, "Where can I find a list of all arms used in this country prior to the Revolution?" Unfortunately, there is no such list. There have been several partial compilations, such as American Armory, by Charles K. Bolton, and Virginia Heraldica, which list a number of arms so used, usually with complete reference to the source of information. There are, in local histories, and in genealogies, frequent references to such use by an individual family. However, many coats-of-arms are to be found on tombstones and as seals on deeds which are not included in any printed collections of coats-of-arms in America.

There are many volumes listing, usually with illustrations, arms used in the Colonies, which do not cite any evidence of use and on checking are found to be obviously taken from modern English collections of present-day English and Scottish arms.

All too frequently, one finds in such a collection, an illustration of the coat-of-arms of a family, and accompanying it an account of an early settler in this country of that same name. Naturally, one unskilled in genealogical research or inexperienced in evaluating such material assumes that the arms shown are those of the person mentioned. The arms will be copied on silver, rings, and used in various ways, and within a generation or two there will be a definite tradition of inheritance of those identical arms.

It should always be remembered that the line of descent should be traced to an ancestor who can be proved by contemporary records to have borne arms. A good case in point is the Carleton family of Massachusetts, descended from Edward who settled in Rowley in 1638. There seems to be no contemporaneous record showing use in Massachusetts by him or his sons of a coat-of-arms on deeds or otherwise, although he was called "Mr." and was apparently ranked as a "Gentleman." During the Revolutionary era, some branches of the family claimed to be of the same family as Sir Guy Carleton, Governor of Quebec and later Commander-in-chief of the British Forces in North America. This was no doubt the result of the natural tendency to claim relationship to greatness. (It is an interesting fact to genealogists that all Hannocks are sure they are related to John, and all Madisons are the same family as the President!) This statement has often appeared in print, with no evidence to support it. Sir Guy Carleton came from a family long settled in Ireland, having gone there from Co. Cumberland, England. His family used the arms of the Cumberland family with a slight variation in the crest. Between 1860 and 1885, the family historians virtually agreed that Edward Carleton was of a London family, a branch of that in Surry. The arms of this family were quite different from those used by the Cumberland family.

In many American and some English collections of arms, the arms of the Cumberland family are shown, with information about Edward Carleton of Rowley, as though they were his. Obviously, there was no ground for this; the family claimed to descend from the Surry group, but had no proof of it. Some Carletons in this country used arms of one family, some of the other; neither had any evidence of right to arms at all.

Recent investigations by Dr. Tracy E. Hazen, published in the New England Historical and Genealogical Register, vol. XCIII, January, 1939, indicate that Edward did not come from either the Cumberland or the Surry family. He appears to have descended from a family of Carletons who lived in the sixteenth century in the East Riding of Yorkshire. Dr. Hazen's quite complete article makes no mention of arms used by the family, although he may have some record of such use. The position of the family was such as to justify belief that they were descended from an arms-bearing family. Descendants of Edward Carleton of Rowley who desire to use arms will have to discard those previously assigned the family. Any attempt to ascertain the correct arms, if any, to which Edward Carleton was entitled will have to begin in Yorkshire.
THERE are at least five different coats-of-arms used by families named Carleton. One large group, those in Oxford, Bedford, Lincoln, Surry, and London, as well as branches in Ireland, used identical arms, “Argent, on a bend sable three mascles of the first”; however, each of these families varied the crest somewhat.

The Cumberland family used still another coat-of-arms. The family of Fermanagh, Ireland, claim descent from the Cumberland one and use the same arms and crest. However, the Cumberland family, in the crest, show the shirt sleeve red with an ermine cuff.

The arms illustrated are those of Sir Guy Carleton, of Co. Down, who used the arms of the Fermanagh family.

Carleton families using still other arms were in Norfolk, Westmoreland, Sussex, and Cambridge.

THE name is variously spelled in England as Mynshull, Minshull, and Minshall. It is probable the families of this name which were, prior to the seventeenth century, chiefly in the West of England, all had a common origin. Although scattered throughout Chester, Buckingham, Hereford, and as far as Devon and Suffolk, they all used the same coat-of-arms. Prior to 1642, the majority of these families used the crest here shown, with “differences” in some cases. Another crest was then granted, a kneeling Turk, which has since been used in England, and unfortunately is frequently furnished to persons asking for the Minshull arms.

It is interesting to note that although there were several settlers in the Colonies by the name of Minshull, the name has, in every family, been corrupted to “Mitchell”. The arms remained unchanged.

Symbols for Heraldic Tinctures

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<td>Steel</td>
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<td>Blue</td>
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Arms: Ermine, on a bend sable three pheons argent.
Crest: A dexter arm embowed ppr., vested to elbow gules, cuffed azure, the hand grasping an arrow in bend sinister, point downward, ppr.

Arms: Azure, an estoile of six points issuing from a crescent argent.
Crest: Two lion's gambs gules supporting a crescent argent.

Perhaps this book should have been passed along to someone else to review. For how can any woman dispassionately comment on a volume that depicts and describes in flowing terms scenes on which her own heritage is founded and her own life interwoven?

As I open it up, my eyes light upon pictures of Newbury village and the covered bridge near it, and upon the Colonial buildings at Dartmouth in Hanover. And as I begin to peruse it, this is what I read:

“It is from Newbury down that the Connecticut takes on for me the greatest charm. Here at least is one of the river’s most picturesque bends, known as the Ox Bow. It is said that a man standing in Vermont can shoot a rifle and have the bullet cross New Hampshire and return to Vermont, for the river at this point makes a circuit of four miles, returning to a point within half a mile of the place where the curve began. It comes nearer to being a vermiciform appendix than any other place in the river’s course. In a cemetery on an Ox Bow meadow lies buried the famous Indian Joe, who was so faithful in his services to the white man that he was cited by George Washington. And in other meadows farmers still plow up an occasional arrow head to remind them that the Ox Bow was the site of a Indian village. . . . At Hanover, where Eleazar Wheelock began his efforts to educate the Indians and where his successors had even more difficulty in educating me, I become sentimental over the tradition of John Ledyard.”

and again:

“The Connecticut is notable not alone for its natural beauty but for the variety of architecture which dots it, from Colonel Jacob Bayley’s house at Newbury down to the odd castle which Actor William Gillette built on the bank of the River near the Sound.”

Now it was on the Ox Bow that my great-great-grandfather, Thomas Johnson, settled, when he went up the river with his good friend Jacob Bayley, long before either of them won renown in the Revolution. It is there that the houses he built for himself and his sons still stand, one of them belonging to my mother; and it is “only down the road a piece” that my cousin Agnes lives in the original Jacob Bayley house. While it was Thomas Johnson also who furnished the lumber for the original buildings at Dartmouth, writing cogently and tersely to Eleazer Wheelock—collaterally, another ancestor of mine—after a long correspondence, more flowery than productive, about payment: “I thank you for your courtesy, but I would prefer the cash!”

There is not a mile of this territory that I have not covered, much of it on foot, on horseback, and on snowshoes, and every one of them I love. There is not a story, either fact or fancy, laid within its limits, to which I have not listened with breathlessness, and there are not many that, sooner or later, in one form or other, I have not told myself!

So perhaps you will not believe me when I tell you this book about the Connecticut is beautiful, both in conception and in execution. Perhaps you will think I am prejudiced, or partial. But if you do, all I can say is you must get it for yourself and see! If you do not, you will be more guilty of neglecting an opportunity to familiarize yourself with one of the most lovely and historical valleys of our country than I have been in succumbing to the temptation to review the book!

F. P. K.

It was a happy coincidence that brought "Life Along the Connecticut River" and "Jogging Around New England" to my desk at the same time, because one gave me the feeling of embracing an old friend and the other the feeling of meeting a new one. As I said in a previous review, I know almost every bend of the river in which Mr. Chase revels. But other features of the six states through which Mr. Towne goes "jogging" are less familiar. For instance, I have never been to Old Lyme, Connecticut, and though I am willing to credit all he says of its charm, I doubt whether it is a whit lovelier than Lyme, New Hampshire, which bears no prefix to its name. I have never been to Nantucket or Provincetown, or Kennebunkport. And I have never, on New England soil, seen estates of the type which belonged to the late Edith Wharton, and which Mr. Towne graphically describes:

"The entrance is through a long alley of maples over a pebble roadway. The old brick carriage-houses are still there; so are the gardens, all in rich bloom, with abundant white phlox, Michaelmas, daisies and petunias of every conceivable shade. The fountains were gushing, with goldfish in their basins, the lawns were skilfully barbered, and a tiny brook rippled by, filled with watercress such as Peg Woffington would have liked. The mansion itself, French in feeling and tone, is in perfect condition, with high ceilings."

The book is not set, however, to a general scale of grandeur. In the main, it describes simpler aspects of New England delightfully, appreciatively, and even charitably. "The Nutmeg State", it notes, "has a trimness almost everywhere, a sort of freshly barbered appearance." The statement that Mr. Towne has never seen an ugly chapel connected with a college recalls one to my more critical mind that I have always wished might be painlessly eliminated from the landscape. He speaks harshly only of the hot dog stands which "disfigure the countryside with their hideous signs" and of "the variations played on the word 'Inn' everywhere... thus, 'Welcome Inn,' 'Wander Inn,' 'Step Inn,' and for a change 'Neeeda Rest.'" Here Mr. Towne struck a very responsive chord in my breast, for I feel exactly as he does about these.

Mr. Towne tells several stories which "point a moral and adorn a tale." In speaking of Peterboro, for instance, he says:

"I remembered a story of Robinson when he was there during the last summer of his life. A certain lady, distracted that her laborious composition was not bearing much fruit, approached the dean of our poets one evening after dinner, and said: 'Oh, I am so discouraged, E. A. I've been polishing and re-polishing a single sonnet over and over, and I cannot get it right! It is nerve-wracking. What am I to do, for the days are drifting by?' Robinson looked at her, smiled sadly and said: 'My dear friend, do you think a whole summer is too much to give to a sonnet if, in the end, you can make it as perfect as it should be?'

In describing the havoc wrought by last year's hurricane, he gives space to a poignantly touching episode:

"After the radiance around Bethel, we came, near New Milford, to further scenes of destruction—roads flooded deeply, stricken trees, blasted barns. One meadow was now a vast lake, and two farmers in a rowboat were struggling to rescue some animal that had sunk beneath the rushing water. We paused, and saw them bring to the surface a tiny new-born calf. They got the helpless little animal safely into a barn, and we could hear the mother cow whimpering for her offspring. That barn—it looked like a miniature Noah's Ark rocking on the tide; but we knew that the cattle within it were secure. That was something to be grateful for."

Mr. Towne is also most happy in the poems he selected for quotation. Robert Frost's "New Hampshire" is one of them:

"She's one of the two best states in the Union. Vermont's the other. And the two have been yoke-fellows in the sap-yoke from of old, In many Marches. And they lie like wedges, Thick end to thin end and thin end to thick end."

Another is David Morton's lyrical description of the grief that followed the hurricane:

"It is not only that the trees are gone, Whose roots were in our breasts, as now we know, When the earth yielded and the breast held on, Not knowing any way to let them go... Not merely that the lost and wandering eye, Ranging horizons to the east... to west... Finds unfamiliar angles of the sky, And wanders on and finds no certain rest."

Not this alone... Our minds had somehow been (For very long and happily in this place) Another sky that elms were branching in With such cool benisons of special grace, That we shall know, I think, a nameless lack Of something gone, of something wanted back."
In both his opening and closing remarks, the author voices an almost universal feeling among travelers:

"I would not be sorry when the last faint line of Manhattan's skyscrapers disappeared. The city, with its ache and throb, was to be left behind for many days. The sultry streets would soon be forgotten. We would gradually come upon the beauty of the country, spring into its green arms with the skill of trapeze performers," he says at the beginning; and at the end:

"Now that our holiday was over, we were ready for the busy days before us in the most amazing and electrical city in the world. It's not a bad place to return to. It's anything you wish it to be. It hurts and it heals. New York! There it was ahead of us, with its Babylonian turrets and towers, its granite coldness, its strange warmth; with its mysterious tug, its indescribable fascination; its iron energy. We rushed into its great outstretched arms. For after all, it was Home."

We nearly all start out on our vacations exuberantly and return from them thankfully. I am about to do the former myself, and fully expect, in due course, to do the latter. I hope every reader of this review may have the same experience.

F. P. K.


In sending this volume, containing an epic poem on Anne Hutchinson—the first feminist of the New World— to the reviewer, the author wrote a quotation on it in her own hand:

"FREE!
How awful is the daring of a man
Or a woman, who casts off the easy garment
Of someone else's thoughts, and of his will
Assumes the sackcloth of his own searched soul,
And ashes of responsibility!
Free . . . Not one creature in a hundred weighs
The meaning of freedom. It is the gravest yoke
Man can assume, since he, and no one else
Is straitly answerable for his life
And least small act before the Throne of God."

This quotation forms the keynote of the poem. The factual record of Anne Hutchinson's life, thrilling as it is, still remains secondary to the revelation of her spirit and the development of her creed. She was a free soul, and she was one of the few who dared to pay the price of freedom all her life and did not flinch from it at the moment when death came! . . . "Like an army with banners of gold and scarlet and black; with a roar of triumph, defeating the sunset."

Miss Kenyon has written a wonderful story about a wonderful woman. Incidentally, she has written some very beautiful poetry. Or is that ever incidental? I do not believe it is. Personally, I think it is one of the most worthwhile achievements to which any human being can aspire.

F. P. K.


"Stately Timber" is a story of Puritan New England—a tale of a son's constant efforts to overthrow parental domination. Of Matthew Fleet, the parent, Mr. Hughes says: "His father was land; rock, mountain, rigid, unwavering, unbending—at times, a volcano for belching fire and brimstone, but keeping them for the most part deep and quiet within"; of the son, Seaborn: "But Seaborn was sea; restless, shapeless, moody, a thing of wild storm and long calm; fierce in the one as indolent in the other; forever going eagerly nowhere." And all through the book, one finds all the author's descriptions as vivid as these—the landscapes and seas, the public whippings and the weekly church services in the meeting-house.

Life in Boston was staid and narrow, in spite of the riotous taverns and drunken sailors from Virginia and the Barbados who infested the waterfront. Mr. Hughes tells us: "There could be no market here for dreams; no pay, no food for a writer, a painter, a sculptor, a player, a dancer, or any one whose merchandise was only charm, grace, drama, or delight. It was a life without music, with hardly an effort at art. The need now was for hardihood, steadfastness, bleak ruthlessness, meek conformity, a soldier's obedience to the leaders."

The part which religion played in the lives of the early settlers is painstakingly portrayed; but Seaborn, the hero, believed in the adage that "Prayers and Tears are good weapons for them that have nothing but Knees and eyes; but most men are made with teeth and nails," and he proceeded to use not only teeth and "nailes" but fists as well.
From the time he was a youngster, Seaborn completely baffled his father; he was an entire misfit in his father’s shipyard; he longed for riches but was not willing to make the necessary sacrifices. For his father often told him that “Getting rich is mainly a matter of taking other men’s money—honestly or not. If you don’t marry money, you’ll never get it easy or fast.” Repeated attempts to marry Seaborn into money failed. He later married the girl of his choice, and to escape punishment for her, they pushed into the wilderness, “to go on and on till they would pause and build; and their sons and their sons and their sons, in a multitude ever multiplying, meeting other streams of sons, and going on, gathering all the races of man into one people, one huge, deliberate, irresistible tide flooding westward till it bound the seas together.”

Virginia Allen.

The First Presbyterian Congregation, Mendham, Morris County, New Jersey. History and Records, 1738-1938. Helen Martha Wright. Published by the author, 161 Harrison Avenue, Jersey City, New Jersey.

As population came to the district known as Rocksiticus—later called Mendham—with it came the influences cherished by those who migrated. Whether the Hill Top church, as it was called because of its location, had a Congregationalist or a Presbyterian beginning, Miss Wright has not been able to deduce. But the fact remained that as settlers came to stay, the building of a church, whatever its creed, was an essential step in their concept of civil life. And on May 24th, 1738, Rocksiticus was made a part of the Presbytery of New York.

Through two centuries Miss Wright follows the development of this Presbyterian Congregation, chiefly by sketching the lives of its clergymen. From Reverend Eliab Byram, who began preaching at Mendham in 1734, to the present minister, the Reverend Hugh W. Rendall, who, incidentally has written the preface to the book, one learns of the Society’s progress. Archives of the Church are reproduced in an addenda, which further adds to the interest of the volume.

Virginia Allen.


The recent growing interest in American folk ways and the recent flood of American historical fiction may both be signs that America is growing up and realizes now that it has a childhood of its own to look back upon. Folk songs have been collected in many volumes. Folk dances have been studied and revived. Folk festivals, combining songs, dances, and story telling, have been given with great enthusiasm and success both regionally and nationally.

Another similar sign is the development of a truly American drama based on the folk ways of our own people, written by dramatists whose own roots are in the soil they use for their plays. It is to Dr. Frederick H. Koch, founder and director for the past twenty years of the Carolina Playmakers at the University of North Carolina, that we owe this new addition to our literature and to our theater. “Proff,” (sic) as he is affectionately called by his students, has the zeal of a prophet. As James Holly Hanford, a former colleague of his, once said in introducing him, “This monomaniac’s obsession when he came to Chapel Hill was faith in the fantastic plan of trying to induce Americans to write their own drama. The real point of the joke is that Fred has actually succeeded.” How well he has done this is attested not only by the success of such students of his as Paul Green and Thomas Wolfe but still more by the general high quality of the twenty-one act plays contained in American Folk Plays.

The scenes of the plays in this volume range from Florida to Massachusetts, from Mexico and California to Montana and Alberta. They are a selection from the dramas written by members of his play-producing course at the University of North Carolina and at other institutions where he has conducted summer sessions. They have all been proved on the stage. Not the least interesting part of the volume to a student of drama is Dr. Koch’s account of his play-production classes, given in his introduction, “American folk drama in the making”, and the foreword sketching Dr. Koch’s work by Archibald Henderson, the dramatic critic.

Dorothy K. Cleaveland.
Fremont, Pathmarker of the West.

Some act, others criticize. Probably the most valuable agent a nation or individual can obtain is a man who will follow instructions except in a rare emergency when he must violate them on his own initiative because of developments known only to him. Having done so, he ordinarily finds himself called a hero or a fool by others who were at a comfortable distance and base their judgments more on whether he chanced to succeed than on a dispassionate appraisal of his problem as of the time it arose. As Mr. Nevins puts it, “The British Empire owes half its territory to subalterns, generals, ship-captains, and merchants who have acted without authority and have been applauded later.” However, if their government did not see things their way, their reward was likely to be a magnificent trial.

Fremont always dared to do what seemed good to him, and he and the memory of him suffered the usual consequences. A man with the body of an athlete, the mind of a scientist, and the temperament of an artist, young Fremont was lucky to get command of government expeditions to explore, map, and report the West. Some of the territory he covered was known to a few hardy “mountain-men” and pioneers, some to none but Indians; his usefulness lay in his ability to gather and make available the information needed to colonize a large part of the United States. For this work Fremont was specially fitted, and he did it well. Then, in the middle of his third expedition, he received a copy of stale orders to an American consul in California, Mexican territory, to encourage the inhabitants in a friendly way to follow the path of Texas. Sensing the inevitable development of the Mexican War, Fremont used his men as a little army and did as much as anyone to seize California for the United States. This he accomplished with little bloodshed, and emerged Governor of California with the good will of many he had conquered, later representing them in the United States Senate.

Fremont’s shift from exploration to war, politics, goldmining, and railroad promotion resulted in a fantastic series of triumphs and disgraces. His California conquest ended in a row with Kearny and court-martial; his nomination for the presidency ended in defeat; his Mariposa estate and the Memphis and El Paso line led him through luxury to poverty.

When the Civil War started, Fremont had courageously undertaken to organize the Union’s western troops with headquarters at St. Louis, full of secessionists. His subordinates were defeated for want of supplies Fremont could not get and for failure to obey his orders. Fremont conducted his campaign as well as any could have in his predicament; but he undertook to emancipate slaves regardless of law and Lincoln, who, patient at first, finally had to remove Fremont before he could gain a victory because he could not get on with enough other important men.

The story of Fremont is also that of his wife, Jessie Benton. Of course she did not explore the West; but, except for physical presence on expeditions, she shared his life. They fell in love young, wed despite opposition, and moved in such harmony that much of what they did was the result of thought and effort so joined that none could tell its individual source. So close were they that she in St. Louis could feel his delivery from peril in the wilderness. They did not have to read a book to find “happiness” in each other.

Mr. Nevins, seeking neither to praise nor blame, but to understand, has given us romantic history. It costs more than most current books, and is worth more. It has the brilliance of dramatic fiction and the authenticity of an encyclopedia. It is alive: you eat buffalo, scalp Indians, freeze in mountain blizzards. And, as Jessie said of her husband, “From the ashes of his campfires have sprung cities.”

HENRY W. KEYES.

Through the Years in Norfolk. The Norfolk Advertising Board. Published by the Printeract Press, Portsmouth, Virginia. $5.00.

This de luxe book, “Through the Years in Norfolk,” is distinctively a commemorative volume, planned for the celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of the establishment of Norfolk County, and also the
Bicentennial of the Creation of the Borough of Norfolk. It is an impressive book in size and covering. Its 368 pages of excellent calendar paper are packed with interesting information, and it carries over a hundred illustrations of events, people, and places notable in the history of Norfolk and its environs, past and present.

It is really three books under one cover. The first book, written by Rev. W. H. T. Squires, M.A., D.D., Litt.D., well-known historian, covers the history of Norfolk and its area through the three centuries. He opens his story with the discovery of an Indian town, Ski-co-ak, located in 1584 on what later became the site of Norfolk, as related to Sir Walter Raleigh by the English sea captain, Arthur Barlow, and who placed it as a six days' journey from Roanoke Island. Especially interesting is the story of the earliest white settlers of the borough of Norfolk and the list of names at the end of the first ten years. The dauntless spirit of colonization is shown in the efforts to get purchasers of lots, sold for one hundred sixty pounds of tobacco valued at four dollars, or a house and garden for forty-five dollars.

With meticulous care Dr. Squires has followed the fortunes of Norfolk and its people from the signing of the original land grant in 1636 through all the vicissitudes of colonial struggles to its complete destruction by fire on New Year's Day 1776 by Lord Dunmore. The story of its rebuilding and the progress of the little hamlet to its destiny as an important city is absorbing reading. Full attention has also been given to the people who made history in Norfolk through its three centuries.

The second book, "The Making of a Great Port," was written by F. E. Turin, Manager of the Norfolk Advertising Board, who planned this volume and visioned its value to the city, the celebration, and to posterity.

Mr. Turin's book is equally absorbing. The story of Norfolk's mace, the only civic mace in America, is of great interest, particularly as the mace has survived all of its many adventures and is still the proudest historical relic to participate in all important functions of the city. The mace was the gift of Robert Dinwiddie, Governor of Virginia 1751-57. It is of pure silver, forty-one inches long, weighs six and a half pounds and is in nine sections articulated to form the whole. It is exquisitely embellished with all the royal emblems of England, Scotland, and Ireland as well as the fleur de lis of France, and is appropriately inscribed to the Corporation of Norfolk, 1753. During the Colonial period the mace, symbol of authority, was handed to each mayor when installed, and was an important feature in every civic event until the destruction of Norfolk by fire. However, it was preserved, and after Norfolk was rebuilt the mace was restored. It has since been kept in the security of the Norfolk National Bank, where it has a special casket and where it may be seen by visitors. Mr. Turin's book gives its story in full detail. He also gives a graphic description of the activities of the Norfolk Navy Yard, the naval operating base dating back to the early days of the Nation, when Yorktown was a port and our American commerce had its birth in the Hampton Roads area.

Mr. Maurice E. Bennett, associate of F. E. Turin, has written the third book, in which he has related the commercial and industrial life of Norfolk with a history of its outstanding business firms and the men who have developed them. He includes the city's authors, business men, and the leaders of its municipal and civic life.

From any angle of interest, the student will find a satisfying trail to follow; whether he desires information on shipping, railroads, banks, or of a literary, educational, or cultural type, the three-in-one volume has the ready information with the facts and figures to substantiate its claims.

Norfolk's educational status has been thoroughly presented in the article written by its best authority, C. W. Mason, superintendent of schools and the History of Norfolk's Public Library, related by its librarian, Miss Mary D. Pretlow.

To those whose family roots were early set in the Norfolk area, this book should prove invaluable and also fascinating, dealing as it does authentically with the birth and progress of the city and its records of old estates and first families.

As a ready reference work it is likewise of the greatest value.

EDNA M. COLMAN.
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.

LAND OF LIBERTY

The American motion picture industry is presenting at the nation’s World’s Fairs in San Francisco and New York a great historical document. The picture, which runs well over two hours, is made up entirely of sequences from motion pictures made for the entertainment screen over the past twenty-five years. The material has been assembled from newsreels, March of Time productions and 124 feature pictures and short subjects, and edited by Cecil B. DeMille, and others working with him, to make a connected history of the United States during the past 150 years. Dr. James T. Shotwell of Columbia University has served as the historical consultant. It covers the high spots of American history in a most informative and entertaining way with incidents which explain the events leading to our wars, to some of the great disasters experienced and the scientific progress made. The story is a striking cavalcade of the nation as well as a remarkable history of motion picture technique. It is hoped that it may be seen eventually in educational institutions. Family.

FOUR FEATHERS (United Artists)

John Clements, Ralph Richardson, C. Aubrey Smith, June Duprez.

A spectacular military melodrama adapted from the A. E. W. Mason story dealing with the regen-
eration of a physical coward during Kitchener’s Sudan campaign. It is a simple tale of valor glorifying British courage, lifted out of the ordinary by the sincerity of its treatment and the admirable all-round acting of a fine cast. The period is the 1890’s and the setting is the Sudan after the murder of General Gordon. Filmed in Technicolor some of the scenes are of breath-taking beauty. Excellent entertainment. Adults and young people.

JAMAICA INN (Paramount - Associated British)

Charles Laughton, Leslie Banks, Maureen O’Hara, Emlyn Williams.

A gripping version of the Daphne du Maurier novel, skilfully directed, well acted and beautifully photographed. The film is a conventional tale of smugglers and wreckers on the Cornish coast in the early nineteenth century. Mr. Laughton gives an impressive performance as a decadent country squire with a strain of insanity, and his supporting cast is an exceptionally strong one. A sinister atmosphere pervades the production which is mystery adventure at its melodramatic best. Adults.

SECOND FIDDLE (20th Century-Fox)

Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power, Rudy Vallee, Edna May Oliver.

Irving Berlin has written six new songs for this gay romance featuring Sonja Henie’s dancing on ice, Rudy Vallee’s singing and Miss Oliver’s particular type of enjoyable comedy. Ingeniously combined with music, there is a dramatic tale of the end of a long search by a motion picture company for a girl to play the heroine of a best-selling novel. A country school teacher, who is also a talented skater, is selected and her arrival in Hollywood and the filming of the picture make up the story content. A great array of talent offers entertainment that is outstanding. Adults and young people.

THE WARE CASE (20th Century-Fox - Gaumont British)

Clive Brook, Jane Baxter, Barry K. Barnes.

A vivid, engrossing screen drama based on the famous English stage play of the same name. The plot concerns an English lord, born to the purple, who is unable to adjust himself to changing economic conditions, shirks his responsibilities and becomes tragically involved both financially and socially. The unexpected climax provides the dramatic highlight of a story which is directed and played with imagination and effectiveness. Adults.

Shorts

AIR WAVES (RKO Radio)

A short story of radio and its phenomenal advance since the first sets were made. The time and effort necessary in preparing a broadcast is clearly shown. Good. Family.

ANGEL OF MERCY (MGM)

A brief outline of the career of Clara Barton and her trying experiences in the formation of the American Red Cross. She attempted to enlist in the army as a nurse during the Civil War but was refused. She gathered volunteers, however, and established a field hospital and in 1869 in Switzerland was made a member of the International Red Cross. It was not until 1882 that her efforts to establish an American unit were finally successful. Sara Haden gives an admirable portrayal of Miss Barton. Excellent. Family.

COLORFUL CURACAO (MGM)

Interesting pictures and description of this island of the West Indies—a Dutch possession—and its principal city, Wilhelmstadt. Good. Family.

GOOD NEIGHBORS (20th Century-Fox)

The panoramic beauty of several of the South American countries is pictured, and their scenic charms commented on. There are some remarkable shots of the famed crater “Mystique” included. Excellent. Family.

HELP WANTED (MGM)

An enlightening expose of the heartless racket carried on by crooked employment agencies in taking a large part of a worker’s salary and offering him no security in exchange. Excellent. Adults and young people.

PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR (MGM)

A naval officer little known outside of nautical circles, Matthew Fontaine Maury, is singled out of the Hall of Fame and his great achievements pictured. Among them are the first charts of winds and currents which to a large extent are still used today. A Tennessean by birth he was the author of many books on meteorology. The discovery of the Northwest Passage and the system used by the United States Weather Bureau are credited to him. Excellent. Family.

YANKEE DOODLE GOES TO TOWN (MGM)

A commendable patriotic subject presenting a brief panorama of the important highlights in our American history. Although every period has had its critics, the spirit of democracy (represented by Yankee Doodle) has moved steadily forward since ’76 and has met each crisis and solved its problems. The ending is an impressive one. Excellent. Family.

Marion Lee Montgomery, (Mrs. LeRoy Montgomery.)
National Chairman, Motion Picture Committee.
National Defense Through
Patriotic Education

Aviation Day

AUGUST 19 has been designated as Aviation Day, by resolution of the Congress of the United States. The President by proclamation will each year call citizens to give heed to the achievements and progress of aviation, even as Army Day and Navy Day serve to commemorate and promote the welfare of those services.

Kitty Hawk has become a national shrine; the Federal Government having placed a memorial "in commemoration of the conquest of the air by the brothers Wilbur and Orville Wright, conceived through genius and achieved through dauntless resolution and unquenchable faith." Twenty years ago Captain John Towers commanded the Navy's trans-Atlantic flight and twelve years ago Charles Lindbergh made the first non-stop flight across the Atlantic and arrived in Paris mid wild acclaim. Pacific and Pan-American Airways have established passenger service. One may fly from San Francisco to Hong Kong and from New York to the west coast of South America.

On May 20, 1939, the Yankee Clipper set forth on the first passenger service schedule to Europe. She carried the mail and a crew of fourteen, and three observers. Within the week she was back in port to see her sister ship, the Atlantic Clipper, ready to make her start.

Just previous to the take-off the Yankee Clipper had hovered over the New York's World Fair and exchanged greetings with Chairman Hinkley of the Civil Aeronautics Authority who was participating in the ceremonies incident to the opening of the splendid Aviation Building. "Everything is fine. We are ready to go on. We are now about to proceed to Europe, sir," came from the air. "Proceed to Europe, Captain La Porte. Proceed to Europe with the mail!" responded Hinkley, and the well-prepared ship headed into the East.

A new epoch in aviation begins and progress goes on apace. Safety measures are being perfected so that the Air Transport Association records for the past winter "50,000,000 passenger miles without so much as a single forced landing." Air mail service is being brought almost to our doors as automatic pick-up and delivery devices add one community after another to the lists already served, and without the necessity of landing.

An expanded air force and provision for training 6,000 student pilots and an adequate number of mechanics is part of the present national defense expansion program. Military flying students will be given training in nine selected civilian schools. Groups of 370 recruits will receive the three months' training under direction of the War Department. Those who make good will be passed on to Randolph Field and then to Kelly Field for an added three months at each. Other classes of 370 students will begin training every six weeks until the student body reaches 2,000. Those who complete the full training and graduate will be rated as airplane pilots and called to active duty as second lieutenants.

Under a civil air pilot program approved by the Congress, 20,000 college students will be trained annually in some 200 to 300 universities and colleges. They will constitute a potential reserve for the army and the navy, and will be an aid to the industry in providing pilots and increasing the demand for small private planes.

Naval aviation is part of the fleet and depends upon the well-equipped aircraft carriers, and upon tenders which give mobility to the patrol planes operating from the shore. Appropriations provide for 500 new planes this year.

The necessity for accepting the lowest bid prevents the establishment of a policy to so spread orders that as large a number of plants as practicable may be kept in efficient operation. Foreign orders for American airplanes are imperative in order to keep American plants capable of producing the output necessary for emergency.

It is believed that Secretary Hull looks to a neutrality policy that will not hamper the development of American industry nor tie American shipping in home waters.

Aviation Day is a time for far looks ahead to the future of aviation and its employment for closer cooperation among the peoples of the world.

MADELEINE PREBLE SCHARF,
Secretary, National Defense Through Patriotic Education Committee.
Deacon Silas Mosman of Chicopee, Mass., was in the fifth generation of Mosmans in America. The immigrant ancestor, James Mosman, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1626 and died in Boston, Mass., in 1722.

Deacon Silas Mosman's father, seven uncles, one great-uncle, and numerous first cousins were Revolutionary soldiers as were the father, maternal grandfather and five uncles of Betsey (Goodale) Mosman, and a great uncle on each side, James Mosman and Samuel Whitney, was member of the Provincial Congress.

Silas Mosman brought his family to Chicopee, then a hamlet of Springfield, in 1829, and with his older sons entered the employ of the newly established Ames Manufacturing Company, where he was a superior worker in bronze and steel. The Mosmans, since 1400 have been metal workers; several generations in Scotland were goldsmiths to the kings of Scotland, and in this country they were frequently blacksmiths, engaged in the various kinds of iron work so essential in pioneer communities. When not ironworkers they were frequently physicians, occasionally goldsmiths, painters or sculptors. It is very interesting to see how these lines of work recur in all branches and generations of the family.

After its establishment in Chicopee, the Ames Co. specialized in making fine steel swords for the United States Government, and also began making bronze cannon, the only bronze foundry in the country. The Mosman brothers continued in this line of work for many years. During the War Between the States, Silas, Jr., George and Nathan were in the Ames shops working on war implements and Abner, Dexter and Martin were U. S. Government Inspectors of swords, sent to the factories in various places. Three of the next generation went to the front, one of them not to return.

Deacon Mosman and his wife were very active and influential in church and civic affairs of the rapidly growing community of Chicopee which he represented in the Massachusetts Legislature for one term as did his son Silas, Jr., to whose efforts was largely due the incorporation of Chicopee as an independent town. All of the brothers became closely identified with the best interests of the town and were useful citizens and prosperous men.

Mary, the sister, was renowned for her faith and piety—became the Apostle of the Faith Cure and was the instrument of many wonderful healings, throughout her long and useful life. Someone, writing of her life and work said "had she lived in medieval times she would have been canonized as a saint."
DEAR JUNIORS:

HOW can I ever thank you for the wonderful way in which you responded to the new Junior Groups project, the Helen Pouch Memorial Scholarship Fund. It is indeed a great joy to acknowledge your gifts, and still a greater joy to announce to you that we have gone over the top. Last year more than seventy-five groups supported this project, and during the Junior Assembly meeting, more than forty groups pledged their support this year. I invite all of you to take part again.

The scholarships this year (one hundred dollars each) went to:

Katherine Mauldin of Tamassee, a lovely girl of sixteen; Orville Ayers of Kate Duncan Smith, a first grade pupil to whom the scholarship will mean an eye operation; and Kathlyn Joanis of Northland College, a brilliant pupil.

These students are our own responsibilities. If you wish to correspond with them do so, for I am sure that they will be happy to hear from you.

As Juniors, we wish to express our sincere thanks to our National Chairman of Approved Schools, for her helpful cooperation during the past year. May our new Junior Group project live in the hearts of Juniors for many years to come. Many thanks to all Committee Chairmen and may we meet again next year.

My best wishes to you for the coming year,

Ever faithfully yours,

FLORENCE C. HARRIS, Chairman,
Helen Pouch Memorial Scholarship Fund for Approved Schools.

JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

DESSERT
Bridge Garden Party was given by the younger members of Lucy Jackson Chapter, N.S.D.A.R. The gardens belonging to this old chapter house were in full bloom, and a bit of color was added to this scene by many bright umbrellas. Dessert was served by Mrs. Chester D. Phipps, chairman, and her committee.

Several of the state officers were present, including Mrs. Frederick G. Smith, State Vice Regent; Mrs. Chester D. Daniels, State Recording Secretary; Mrs. Lyman Brown, State Registrar; and Mrs. J. Walter Allen, State Corresponding Secretary, a member of this chapter.

MRS. CHESTER D. PHIPPS, Chairman,
Lucy Jackson Chapter.

GREAT BRIDGE GARDEN
Party was given by the younger members of Lucy Jackson Chapter, N.S.D.A.R. The gardens belonging to this old chapter house were in full bloom, and a bit of color was added to this scene by many bright umbrellas. Dessert was served by Mrs. Chester D. Phipps, chairman, and her committee.

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MRS. CHESTER D. PHIPPS, Chairman,
Lucy Jackson Chapter.

JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP Postal Cards

JUNIOR Membership Postal Cards are sent out in lots of one hundred at one dollar, by the chairman, Mrs. Charles H. Layng, Chairman, 45 Prospect Place, New York. All funds received from the sale go into the Helen Pouch Scholarship Fund for Approved Schools. These attractive cards may be used also as place cards, tal-
KATHLYN JOANIS OF NORTHLAND COLLEGE, A RECIPIENT OF THE SCHOLARSHIP FUND.

dozen pairs of stockings which will be given to the boys at Hillside School.

Mrs. Willard Richards, Massachusetts State Chairman of Junior Membership, was unanimously elected Honorary Member of the Greater Boston Junior Group.

OLIVE WEBSTER, Chairman,
Greater Boston Junior Group.

Fort Pontchartrain, Detroit, Michigan

FOLLOWING is a report of the accomplishments of Fort Pontchartrain Junior Group for 1938-39:

Soap shower for Crossnore; $50 scholarship to Crossnore; forty gifts of toys and clothing to Crossnore for Christmas; $10 donated to Helen Pouch Junior Scholarship Fund; presented three D. A. R. baby spoons to Junior members; $5 to assist with expenses of National Junior Assembly; assisted with the State Junior Assembly; $10 donated to the community fund; collected magazines and books for Merchant Marine Library; donated fifty-two dresses (nineteen home made) to Free Press Goodfellow's dress campaign for little girls at Christmas; proceeds of bake sale of $37.10 donated to chapter; provided program for regular meeting; $10 donated to Cadillac Society to aid C. A. R. building fund; $25 donated to Rehabilitation Fund for Federal Probationers; $5 donated to Free Press Fresh Air Camp; charge of Junior Membership Luncheon at State Conference.

This group meets for a dessert luncheon the first Friday of every month except July and August. There is a short business meeting and then the girls play bridge.

RUTH A. HALL.

In Memoriam

We announce with sorrow, the passing, on June 11, 1939, of Mrs. Mary Louise Butler Reed (Robert Jeffrey) of Wheeling, West Virginia, Honorary Vice President General, 1938; Curator General, 1935-1938; Vice President General, 1925-1928; and State Regent of West Virginia, 1922-1925.

Also the death, in July, 1939, of Mrs. Richmond V. Walton McCurry (Julian) of Athens, Georgia, Vice President General, 1934-1937; and State Regent of Georgia, 1932-1934.
### MEMBERSHIP OF N. S. D. A. R.  
As of June 1, 1939

**Miss Page Schwarzwaelder, Treasurer General**

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(Organized—October 11, 1890)

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(please write the state—New York—as so much of our mail goes to Ohio.)
EACH week I buy a magazine that I rarely have time to read. Wasteful? Not when you know the story.

About three years ago dozens of bulbs disappeared nightly from lighted trees at Christmas time. Two tiny youngsters that should have been in bed were caught far from home, popping the bulbs on the pavement just to hear the noise. It took a little courage, so near Christmas, for interested citizens to take the children to the police justice. He wisely called the parents, advised them to keep their children off the streets, and asked them to reimburse those who had suffered losses. Even though a principle was at stake, it was hard, at Christmas, for some who had lost bulbs to accept the payment. As the children left, a woman said kindly to them: "I want to ask you boys a question. How would you feel if, after you had decorated a tree in your yard, some boys ran away with all your bulbs?"

Both were wide-eyed, and one ventured, "I wouldn't like it."

Several months ago a boy of perhaps ten years appeared at my home with magazines. As I was glancing at one he said: "You don't know me, do you?" I didn't. "Don't you remember? I'm the boy that smashed the Christmas tree lights." We met as old friends. Now that he attempts to earn an honest living, I must do my bit in helping him to maintain a respectable citizenship. Each week he announces his presence, as if expected. When I am at home we have a little visit, while outside on the walk waits a big collie dog. Somehow, I think that he is safe from mischief while Cuff is his companion.

As I talk to him, I often think of our Junior American Citizens. It takes so little to mean so much to a boy. Perhaps nothing that I do is more important than to buy the magazine that I seldom have time to read.
When speaking of the assistance given by the Daughters of the American Revolution to the foreign-born of our country, our officers have often said that the Society extends the first welcome by presenting its Manual for Citizenship in any one of eighteen languages, as the newcomers reach Ellis Island. This statement must now be revised, for recently we have the encouraging news that a great Trans-Atlantic steamship company now presents a copy of our Manual in the desired language, to those passengers on its ships who are entering America under regular immigration quotas. The helpful influence is thus beginning even before these prospective citizens reach our shores.

Another incident in appreciation of the Manual for Citizenship is expressed in a magazine designed to assist in the Americanization of one great foreign group. Their committee on citizenship prints this statement: "It was the original thought of this committee to print a pamphlet . . . covering the entire field on the subject of Citizenship. The committee, instead, mailed three copies of a citizenship manual to the chapters, the manual having been given to the committee by the Ladies' Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution."

The activities of the Society often reach out to touch groups that we little expect. The chaplain of a Prison Farm of a great mid-western state writes as follows:

"Copies of your very instructive and entertaining magazines have been coming to us through the Volunteers of America. Major Thom died recently and our supply avenue has been temporarily cut off. If not inconsistent with your business policies, we should be glad to have you ship us any off our sale returns you have to spare, as the men are much interested in your National Historical Magazine. And—we would be glad to have you place the name of our library on your free subscription list.

"Sorry to bother you with a request of this kind and we only do so because we have no appropriation for book purchases or magazine subscriptions.

"Thanking you for any help you give the men."

It is interesting to know that the Volunteers of America are passing on copies of our magazine, but the letter brings the thought that in every state there may be prison farms, houses of correction, detention homes and other institutions which may find pleasure and profit from a regular subscription to the magazine. We have no returns, and no free subscriptions, but the chaplain's letter has been sent to the Daughters in his state. We have faith that the Prison Farm will soon be on our subscription list. Our opportunities are limitless.

Throughout our nearly forty-nine years a large number of business and professional women have become members of our Society. In Washington, where many members are in government service, many chapters hold their regular meetings at night. In cities with large chapters, successful evening groups have been organized. It has been my pleasure to visit two of these, one, the Mary Clapp, Wooster Chapter of New Haven, and the other, the Chicago Chapter in Chicago. In Los Angeles, the Milly Barrett Chapter, the first to be composed entirely of business and professional women, has recently been organized. Teachers, lawyers, doctors, nurses, secretaries, and business executives make these groups thoroughly worth while. Those chapters whose numbers do not justify the organization of evening groups may easily interest more professional women through holding regular meetings occasionally at night. Frequently, speakers not available during the day may be secured for evening meetings, making these gatherings of unusual interest.

The picture opposite was taken on Flag Day, June fourteenth, at the World's Fair in New York, shortly after the President General had presented to Mr. Messmore Kendall, President General of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, a thirteen-star flag as the gift of our Society for Washington Hall, the building of colonial design which Mr. Kendall erected as a center of patriotic activity at the fair. Many rare relics from Mr. Kendall's personal collection of Washingtonia are on exhibition at this Hall. The picture is a snapshot from the ever-ready camera of Miss Katharine Matthies, whose hobby for photography has generously supplied the National Society with many of the films in its loan library of moving pictures of the Approved Schools.
WITH the honor of being a Vice President General comes the appointment as member of our National Historical Magazine committee. This is a special privilege to work directly for the many interests of our Magazine. Through the courtesy of the Editor of our official organ, a page is being given to each newly elected Vice President General. This is an appreciated kindness and affords me an opportunity to greet the members of our Society and say to them for the Arkansas Daughters, “We thank you for the confidence and trust bestowed upon one of the members during the forty-eighth Continental Congress.”

Looking back over a period of thirty-five years of membership in the National Society, one realizes more and more that memory is a paradise from which we can not be shut out. One of my fondest recollections is being delegated an Arkansas Daughter to attend the National Society’s observance of Founders Day, October 11, 1904, held at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis, Missouri. This outstanding celebration was presided over by the President General, Mrs. Charles Warren Fairbanks. Many of the Founders were in attendance. All spoke of what it meant to be a Daughter of the American Revolution and of plans for the growth of the organization. The enthusiasm during this occasion was so contagious that one who had descended from eight of Virginia’s Revolutionary soldiers could not fail to declare her support to a truly American organization. My time could not be given directly for service until ten years ago. Through this period I have been active in the Arkansas Society by filling many of the State offices.

From 1903 to date, issues of our Magazine are my valued possessions. Nowhere else can we find recorded the untiring efforts of the Daughters of the American Revolution, for advancement of home and country, patriotism for America inherited from the Revolutionary soldier. At no time during the publication of the Magazine, until it merited the name National Historical Magazine have we had more varied information and entertainment for all members of the family. The event of the month in receiving the Magazine and reading first is, “If I Could Talk to You,” the message from the President General. Her timely suggestions aid greatly the advancement of projects carried forward by the Daughters of the American Revolution.