THE AMERICAN SCENE IN POTTERY
WHEN MONTREAL WAS AMERICAN
THE CRADLE OF THE STATES

PUBLISHED BY THE NATIONAL SOCIETY
DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
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Copyright, 1940, by the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution
Entered as second-class matter, December 8, 1924, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., Under the Act of March 3, 1879
ALTHOUGH the Annual Roll Call of the American Red Cross is already in progress in some cities, most communities in the United States will be receiving their memberships from Armistice Day to Thanksgiving. The drive takes on new interest and new meaning this year. I hope that our Society will have the same fine record that is maintained by our staff at Memorial Continental Hall. Recently when I received a request to permit a worker to speak at the Hall to enlist the interest of our employees, I had a distinct pride, and I believe a just one, in answering that for several years our staff has been one hundred percent in membership in the American Red Cross. The commendable feature is that they have maintained this record as a habit of steady humanitarian service and not acquired it as a spasmodic enthusiasm in time of crisis.

Our members everywhere are giving daily service in the making of garments and dressings. Even those who seldom sew or knit are finding their place. A member recently said to me: "I count the articles and wrap the bundles."

Many members individually are interesting themselves in the children brought from war-torn areas. In the home of one of them I saw a little five-year-old boy who recently had arrived. When the first plane flew over he ran in fear to his new protector and cried, "Why didn't the siren blow?" In Ohio one Chapter was in process of restoring an historic Tavern as a Museum. It has decided to postpone that effort. With the cooperation of other groups in the city it will house twenty little refugees in the Inn for the duration of the war.

When it became known that our members of the Walter Hines Page Chapter of London were joining other Americans in securing ambulances especially for care of civilians injured in raids, the response was immediate. As I write, about $2,636.25 has been received, and this at a season when few chapters are meeting. Many chapters are now interesting themselves in contributing an ambulance to be named for Miss Clara Barton, Founder of the American Red Cross and a Charter member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. The office of Surgeon General of our Society, later abolished because it carried no duties, was created in honor of Miss Barton.

In summer a Regent in a distant land wrote to ask if we might include in the Magazine occasional news items from our overseas chapters. We have had no word whatsoever from several of them during recent months. As the Golden Jubilee approached I sent every chapter outside of the mainland of the United States a letter of greeting. That these overseas members need all of the encouragement we may give is indicated by a letter from which I quote: "We are living in nightmare days; they seem a kind of Limbo, unconnected with life as we have ever known it. You no doubt read of what we here are undergoing in these weeks; but except by being on the spot, I doubt if it is possible to realize the complete calm and steadiness shown by all. After a night when my husband's hospital was in the very center of terrific 'activity,' and all spent four hours in the hospital shelter, the Matron was surprised to see all the charwomen arrive punctually at the accustomed hour next morning. When she thanked them for coming so promptly in spite of the ordeal of the night, one of them said: 'Bli'me, we're not goin' to let nobody get us down!' That, in other words, is the attitude of all classes."

The Society little realizes its own far-reaching service. A well-known law firm in Chicago recently asked for the membership record of a former member so that her granddaughter, born in Paris in 1890 of American parents, may prove her American heritage and citizenship. An affidavit of the information contained in our lineage book was promptly sent. How little that member knew that her application paper would become a source of security to a descendant in an hour of need. The possibility of similar use of application papers for future service elsewhere should not be overlooked.

Appreciation of the Good Citizenship Pilgrimage increases. I quote from a paper pre-
pared by Illinois’ most recent pilgrim for use in speaking before schools and clubs: “Mere words cannot express what my trip has unfolded for me. It was wonderful, inspiring, educational. ... I brought home something that I shall treasure always. I brought home an appreciation of our Flag and our Country that I long to instill in the hearts of my friends and fellow students. I pledge myself to be a better student and citizen and I will strive to inspire in others the fire of patriotism that burns within me.”

A letter came recently from a pilgrim of a former year. A lifetime ambition was about to be realized. She had received an appointment for the nurses’ training course at Johns Hopkins Hospital. The journey to Washington two years ago had permitted the essential personal interview otherwise impossible, for she lives in a far Western State. Knowing that I would be unable to extend a personal welcome I wrote to Maryland. A second letter brings the word that she was happy to receive a telephone call of friendly welcome to Baltimore almost immediately upon arrival. Two years after the pilgrimage she is still grateful to the Daughters of the American Revolution. In passing I will say that, when asked to do this friendly service, I have never known our members to fail their President General.

The Chairman of the Good Citizenship Pilgrims Clubs often suggests co-operation between chapters and clubs. In Vermont, the members of the club at the State University were invited to serve at the tea given in honor of the State Conference. A happy suggestion for other states whose conferences meet in college towns!

The Health Houses at the Society’s two mountain schools are becoming important factors in community improvement. Already it is said that at Kate Duncan Smith the finest public health demonstration in the State of Alabama is in progress. At Tamassee, just before school opened there was held the first training institute for white midwives ever to take place in South Carolina. The State Department of Health co-operated in the course which continued for one week. The death rate of both mothers and infants is high in these mountain communities where methods of proper care are unknown. It is gratifying to know that our own two schools are endeavoring to remedy this condition. We not only educate for citizenship, but we try to create the environment conducive to better citizenship.

A chairman of the Manual for Citizenship in a New England State called upon every lawyer in her town to leave a copy of the manual and to explain its use. The response was enthusiastic—their interest carrying the manual to many whose need had not been known.

In New Jersey another chairman has been working at the local post office giving out the manual in the desired language to aliens who register in accordance with the new law. The local postmaster gave his hearty support. Possibilities for enduring benefit through this service are beyond estimate. Our Society has urged registration of aliens for some time. Its obligation is therefore the greater in showing the alien that there is no stigma attached either to registration or to finger-printing, but that it gives us opportunity to learn just who may need help in becoming citizens. This assistance is both your duty and your privilege for the next few weeks.

There are still a few days before election. Those citizens who neglect to vote are aiding in creating the same conditions of apathy and indifference that have been so disastrous elsewhere. The best way to show the world that our democracy is alive and healthy is to poll a record-breaking vote in the forthcoming election. What can you do about it?

I spoke before a large public meeting held out of doors. I had endeavored to make the address one of general interest. As friends gathered about me after the meeting, a small woman worked her way toward me. As she slipped a card into my hand, she looked up and smiled and said in decidedly broken English: “I love America too.” She was gone without another word. When I had opportunity to look at the card I saw the picture of an American Flag under which were written these words noted as being by A. T. Bohan, 1917:

Teach me to be proud of thy glory,  
Solicitous of thy honor,  
Courageous in thy defense,  
Worthy of thy protection and  
Ever ready to shield thee with my life.
The American Scene in Pottery

HELEN S. JOHNSON

The current exhibit in the Museum of the Daughters of the American Revolution at Memorial Continental Hall, entitled "The American Scene as Represented by English Potters," continues through December 13. In connection with the exhibition, gallery talks are given at 11 o'clock on Wednesdays and 3:30 on Fridays for the public. The pottery which is described in the article below is on display in the Museum and is a part of the exhibit.

IN RECENT years western and midwestern painters have been giving us pictorial representations of their own regions, dramatically, realistically, robustly, sometimes satirically. This new school of American art has brought marked attention of our peoples to their environments and to that of their neighbors. This may be due to the situation in foreign countries where aggression prevents the happy contempla-
A GREEN PLATE, MADE BY THOMAS GREEN, COMMEMORATING WILLIAM PENN'S TREATY. GIFT TO THE MUSEUM BY MRS. HARRY MAURER, OF THE BERKS COUNTY CHAPTER, PENNSYLVANIA

tion of the land one occupies. Americans have been literally forced to take note with new interest, pleasure, and devotion, of the scene we survey. We who are travelers in vacation-time have been obliged to travel within our own continent. More Americans have recently seen more of America, and found it a wonderful experience.

Similarly, after our War for Independence, our forebears noted with interest what was good and beautiful in their surroundings. They began to take an immense pride in the possessions of their loved land. This, and their moving about and pushing the frontiers farther west, made them strongly conscious of the marvels about them. Painters, who during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries had done portraits only, started to paint scenery. A group called the Hudson River School were specialists in this new interest, landscape. Soon engravers, too, were making recordings of what they saw all about them and often the engravings were made from the paintings.

Previous to the American Revolution, chinaware had been little used in America. The colonists ate their substantial fare from wooden trenchers and plates at first, and later from pewter and coarse slipware. Thirst was quenched with cider or strong rum in flagons, tankards, and mugs of horn or pewter. When regular trade between western Europe and the Orient was established in the seventeenth century, the East India Company brought to the Occi-
dent porcelain which had long been used in the East. The Europeans named it "china," and the world of fashion was delighted with the new delicate, translucent ware. There commenced a china mania in Europe. Wealthy men and women followed the lead of Louis XIV in collecting fine porcelain. Western ceramicists set about to find the way of producing this new substance. In the Meissen works near Dresden in Saxony, the first hard-paste vessels of Europe were produced. France and England soon followed with factories producing the finest of china. But it was costly. Before it could be universally used, a cheaper ware had to be made. And so we find the large colony of potteries clustered near the Trent River in Staffordshire, England, producing an inexpensive earthenware for local consumption. The Staffordshire potters were alert to the interest and pride which was being evinced by England's erstwhile subjects in the actual land about them and in the fine buildings they were raising in their growing cities. Thus began a very lucrative trade with the American states of pottery bearing American scenes. The pots could be heavily covered with decoration, and a strong blue was used which covered up defects in the dishes from Staffordshire. An inferior quality of clay was used, so that these pieces, produced in great quantities, were sold for just a few shillings.

Of recent years, since collectors have become interested in this historical view "china," prices have soared. It has been a temptation to counterfeitors to reproduce some of the favorite scenes and "palm" them off on unsuspecting buyers. Recently, a method of procuring the "old blue" of the early potters has been found. The wary collector will therefore do well to look for certain signs to help him not to be misled. Modern reproductions are much heavier than the original pots from the kilns of Burslem, Hanley, and Longport. Also a genuine article will show on the underside the three point marks left by the clay braces which supported the plates during the firing.

At the present time, nearly seven hundred designs in American Staffordshire ware are known. New ones are reported occasionally as more and more people become interested in the American Scene "china." In many instances, we know by whom our plates and teapots were made, for the potters stamped or impressed their names or devices upon the back. To those pieces belonging to a series, a small and attractive landscape with a cartouche bearing the name of the scene is printed on the reverse. Occasionally some potter's assistant slipped and put the wrong label upon the back of a piece.

At the end of the eighteenth century, the potteries of Staffordshire were all producing deep blue transfer printing and bold and often almost voluptuous border designs. After 1830, when the use of lithography was introduced, various pale colors—red, rose, violet, brown, and green, in addition to black—were used. The center designs received a much more romantic treatment, and the borders became more delicate.
delicate, often rigid and of poorer design. One might say that pottery decoration experienced a decline in quality as the century advanced.

The subject of borders on Staffordshire ware is an interesting one. All of the well-known potters used special ones, characteristic of themselves alone. Enoch Wood, who is considered the father of Staffordshire ware, had an especially unique wide edging formed of various kinds of sea shells, always of an intensely deep blue. Clews’ Picturesque Views were always ringed around with a graceful arrangement of parrots, roses and scrolls, while Godwin combined morning glories and nasturtiums, and Stubbs’ eagles and scrolls. William Ridgway’s borders for his Beauties of America series repeated medallions with rose centers.

Not infrequently, the English potters sent their artists to America to sketch what they considered beautiful or striking in this country. They were aided in making their sketches by the newly invented camera-lucida and camera-obscura. Several American artists contributed extensively to the amassing of painted American views. Two particularly prolific artists were William G. Wall, who did Hudson River scenes in water color, and William H. Bartlett, who traveled in England, the continent, Canada, and the United States, drawing and sketching for engravings.

Michele Felice Corne was the creator of the Landing of the Pilgrims picture, from which Enoch Wood’s plate was made. He came to America in 1799 to escape service in the Italian Army and while living in Boston and Salem painted both interiors and seascapes. He is especially well known for his pictures of naval battles of the War of 1812. One is amused in looking at his “Landing of the Pilgrims” painting to discover the Pilgrim fathers clad in Napoleonic garb. A wintry scene in December, 1620, is pictured on the plate. Two Indians said to be Squanto and Samoset are the welcoming committee. The youngest pilgrim, John Alden, has leapt upon Plymouth Rock to secure the cable. Another pilgrim with a boat hook prevents the small boat from crashing against some other rocks. The Mayflower might be the ship Constitution for all its cannon lined along the side, and the size and shape of the vessel. In the border, not one of Wood’s traditional ones, are two medallions saying “America Independent July 4, 1776,” and “Washington Born 1732, Died 1799.” Two other medallions show the brigs Enterprise and Boxer, and a steamboat. These were still “those newfangled” things when this plate was made in 1820. It is probable that a dinner set of this design was commissioned for the banquet given by the Sons of Pilgrims for their Bicentennial Celebration.

Many painters, for want of information about another period, represented their story with the costumes, accessories, and implements of their own time.

Another episode of historical importance, commemorated on earthenware, is William Penn’s treaty with the Indians. Due to Penn’s wise handling, all arrangements were agreeable to both parties. They swore eternal friendship under a great elm. Thomas Green’s plates show that he knew very little about America. The potter has represented this event near Philadelphia as in a tropical land. Coconut palm and banana trees wave over a pagoda-like tent where sit three figures which one’s history book tells were Indians. The two in the foreground bargaining with Penn and his companion are likewise fanciful figments, so far as their costumes are concerned.

The War of 1812 was represented on pottery by several different makers. Sometimes, for commercial reasons, the mother country pocketed her pride and represented historical events in which the British had been worsted. One example is the Battle of Lake Champlain, where the American lieutenant, Commodore Thomas MacDonough, at Plattsburg Bay gained one of the most brilliant victories of the war. Though the British outnumbered the Americans, MacDonough’s strategic maneuver prevented invasion of New York State and the cutting off of New England. Enoch Wood has depicted this triumph on plates of deepest blue, with his irregular sea shell border. Under the scene appear the words, “Commodore MacDonough’s Victory.”

Another event which the British potters seem to have taken delight in showing is
the Marquis de Lafayette's return visit to America in 1824. During their thirteen months' tour, "The Nation's Guest" and his son, George Washington Lafayette, visited all twenty-four of the states. Everywhere the distinguished visitors were fêted and acclaimed. Throngs of Americans crowded to pay respect to the man who nearly half a century before had "conducted the electric spark of liberty from the Old World to the New." These were the words of America's greatest orator, Daniel Webster, who addressed Lafayette and a large gathering at Bunker Hill on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle fought there.

The honored guests arrived on a sailing vessel, the Cadmus, placed at their disposal by its owners. As the arrival took place on Sunday, the visitors were taken ashore on Staten Island and entertained quietly by Vice President Tompkins. The official welcome took place the following day, at what is today called Battery Park, in New York. On Monday morning the General steamed down New York Bay in a "floating palace," as Lafayette himself called the newest and best-equipped steamboat of the day, the Chancellor Livingston. It was accompanied by the Fulton and other steamers which "bore in triumph rather than towed" the Cadmus. On the beautiful blue plates and teapots entitled "Landing of Lafayette at Castle Garden, August 16, 1924," we can see how joyously the metropolitan citizenry received their idol. Flags are flying from all vessels and the fort. Six cannon are booming forth their salutes. A squad of soldiers is along the shore, while officers on spirited horses prance back and forth. Castle Garden, the fortress which later became an amusement palace, looms largely on one side, while the heights of Staten Island rise up in the background.
If one were looking for discrepancies in this scene, he would find a puffing steamboat with tall stack but no masts or sails. In 1824, confidence in the new power was not great enough for launching a ship without an auxiliary means of locomotion.

A tour covering the length and breadth of the country gave former companions at arms as well as younger citizens an opportunity to pay homage to their Revolutionary War hero. On "china," portraits of Washington and Lafayette often appeared together, with inscriptions such as "Welcome Lafayette, the Nation's Guest and our Country's Glory" and "As Brave and Disinterested as Washington." As the Grand Erie Canal was opening at this time, Lafayette's portrait appeared on many Anglo-American dishes commemorating that event. The engraved portrait by Amede Geille is frequently seen.

The French guests and their escort arrived at Albany after steaming from West Point, Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, Clermont, and Catskill on their journey up the Hudson. Extensive festivities were offered at Albany. This town had provided the General with headquarters when it had been a mere wilderness outpost half a century earlier. In the span of half a century, Albany had become rich and powerful, the capital of the state. A Liverpool pitcher of this time shows, besides Lafayette's portrait, the Albany theater dated 1824, and a scene of the state capitol with a figure of Justice flanked by portrait medallions of Chief Justice Coke of England and James Kent, Chief Justice of New York.

Lafayette was an admirer of Benjamin Franklin, who had paid many official visits to France. He visited the tomb of our philosopher-publisher-statesman. A deep blue teapot by Enoch Wood shaped like some of the silver teapots of that time shows the Frenchman mourning at Franklin's tomb. There are some who say this is a false attribution, because the mourner wears knee breeches, and only the most ancient and conservative gentlemen had retained that fashion until 1824.

If it were possible to take a journey through America at the end of the first
quarter of the nineteenth century, traveling to the places represented on English earthenware, we might begin in the White Mountains with a red printed plate by W. Adams and Sons called “Near Conway, New Hampshire.” This town on the Saco River is in a lush intervale within sight of the Presidential range. The pointed peak in the background, however, represents a much closer mountain, Mt. Chocorua. Not many of the English or American artists came so far north as this in search of American scenery to paint or engrave. Thomas Cole, one of America’s first landscapists, is responsible for immortalizing this lovely bit of mountain valley.

In Massachusetts we can visit Boston and Pittsfield. On a blue plate with a flowery border, by Enoch Wood, Boston’s State House stands out bold and clear. This imposing edifice which crowns Beacon Hill with its golden dome, was built in 1795 by Charles Bulfinch. This first professional architect in the Republic has this building as a “monument to his architectural genius.” His greatest work, the façade known as the Bulfinch front, is a fine “expression of classicism in American design.”

Pittsfield, in the Berkshire hills of western Massachusetts, is the chief metropolis of this area. This town is depicted on a plate by Clews, called “Winter View of Pittsfield, Massachusetts.” Within its border of three medallions of churches is a view of the village green with First Church, designed by Bulfinch, beyond. A curious feature of the illustration is the circular fence. We are told this was erected to prevent drivers from using the venerable elm tree as a hitching post. Under this tree, the Fighting Parson, Reverend Thomas Allen, organized the men of his congregation into the first Berkshire Minutemen.

Let us leave New England, traveling west to the headwaters of the Hudson River where it is not “so mighty a stream” as we usually see it. We come, just south of Lake George, to a point where the Cacandaga River joins the Hudson. This junction is represented with black decoration on pottery by Clews. It is one of his Picturesque Views which include twenty scenes along this noble river. Near Glens Falls and Sandy Hill is Baker’s Falls, the subject of another plate design. The cataract supplies power for saw, grist and bolting mills, and the turbulent waters flow past great stands of hemlocks and other evergreens. Coming down the river we encounter another Clews’ scene, “Near Hudson.” Hudson is a town on the east bank. In early maps it is represented as a large place. This is the most northerly point on the river visited by Henry Hudson, the English navigator and explorer who sailed the tiny Half Moon in search of the north west passage to China. In Picturesque View, “Near Hudson,” the Catskill Mountains can be seen towering across the river.

W. Adams and Sons, using a painting by Thomas Cole, one of the founders of the Hudson River School of Painting, whose studio was among the hills not far from that river, produced a red transfer plate showing Catskill Mountain House, 2200 feet above the Hudson. In 1824 on Pine Orchard plateau, an inn of ten rooms was built. The next year fifty rooms, several parlors, and a piazza, were added. The resort and its scenery were famous for years.

Fishkill is near Mt. Beacon, where signal flares burned to indicate the movement of British troops. Immediately south of this town are the Highlands of the Hudson. Fort Montgomery, also in the Hudson River series, was located at one of the narrowest spots. In Revolutionary times, great iron chains were stretched across the river at this and several other narrow sections to prevent the passage of English vessels.

New York City itself could be represented by an unusually handsome view of the City Hall, the work of J. & W. Ridgway, with the characteristic border of the Beauties of America series. In lower New York, this building, designed by McComb and Mangin, stands with dignity, its fine proportions as pleasing today as when it was built.

The Erie Canal brought great growth and prosperity to the towns through which it passed. The city of Utica had an inscription plate by an unknown maker which read: “Utica, a village in the State of New York. Thirty years since, a wilderness. Now (1824) inferior to none in the western
section of the state, in population, in wealth, commercial enterprise, active industry, and civic improvement." They would seem to have had a good Chamber of Commerce even in that time! We can imagine ourselves traveling very slowly on a canal barge, being lowered in the locks which are seen on the border of the Utica plate.

Still in New York State, we might visit Lake Ontario, represented by Joseph Heath and Co. with a fantastic scene of turreted castles upon high banks. The colors are delicate, and the romantic treatment also shows this to be a late production.

Next let us travel to New Jersey, where Joseph Heath and Company’s pitchers and chocolate pots showing the residence of the late Reverend Jordan are representative for the state. This prominent Quaker minister built his home in Newton, Gloucester County, in 1809.

The next scenery to be viewed is in Pennsylvania, Joseph Stubb’s Fair Mount near Philadelphia. Made in 1824, the plate shows the new dam and waterworks on the Schuylkill River. Wealthy Philadelphia citizens built estates along the banks of the river. Two can be seen on the plate under consideration. Perhaps these are the homes
known as “Lemon Hill” and “Solitude.” A plate was made to show the beauties of Delaware—a peaceful, rural scene, made toward the end of the period when American scenes were sold. The view is not characteristically American. Like certain other late ones, it could easily be confused with dishes having European scenes. John Ridgway is the potter.

In the Federal City, the most important building is the Capitol, or Congress House as it was called in the early days. Thomas Godwin, of the nasturtium and morning glory border, is one of the potters who utilized this view. Designed by William Thornton, an amateur architect, the original building with its squat wooden dome was a very satisfactory structure because of its fine proportions. In the 1850’s, large wings were added on either side and a tall steel dome surmounted by a large bronze figure of Freedom.

Sixteen miles down the Potomac River from Washington is Mount Vernon, the seat of the late General Washington. Made by an unknown potter, in the deep blue, this decoration has a primitive quality. Washington and a negro boy holding his horse stand before the colonaded building, a large sailing vessel being visible on the river.

Our trip around North America in the first half of the last century will be concluded with a ride on the railroad. It is 1831, and we travel on the Baltimore and Ohio road which has only recently been opened. The little locomotive with a smoke stack three times as high as its boiler is a brave experiment. Many are skeptical of its performances. The engine designed by Phineas Davis of York, Pennsylvania, is the first to prove practical for regular service. Enoch Wood and Sons are the makers of this charming illustration of early transportation in America.

The plates and platters by Clews which commemorated the United States in 1791 have a scalloped border with the names of
the first fifteen states admitted to the union. A figure of America, blindfolded, wearing a masonic apron, and holding a medallion portrait of Washington, is balanced by a kneeling figure of Independence bearing the liberty cap atop a staff.

An inscription plate, which is lacking in pictorial qualities but is full of interest, is called the Lovejoy or Abolition plate. Lovejoy was known as the “first martyr to liberty.” Dated 1837, the inscription is from the first amendment to the Constitution which states that “Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition their government for a redress of grievances.” Two medallions say “We hold that all men are created equal,” and “Of one blood are all nations of men.” In 1837, Mr. Lovejoy, in Alton, Illinois, was thrown into the Mississippi with his printing press for having antagonized certain citizens with his stand against slavery. The money raised in the sale of these Staffordshire plates was used for the purpose of freeing slaves. The maker is unknown.

The creamware with black transfer printing made from copper plates was produced several decades earlier than the dark blue Staffordshire. Sadler and Abbey made and decorated gallon cider jugs and sometimes half gallon ones, with scenes to please buyers across the Atlantic. This Liverpool ware often displayed allegorical subjects. “May Commerce Flourish,” and “Washington Ascending to Glory,” are two of the themes. The Liverpool potters also produced jugs bearing Masonic devices. Another favorite scene was Washington and Franklin shown with figures representing History, Justice, Fame, and Liberty surveying a large map of eastern North America. The reverse may show a brig, full-rigged. A gold border and inscription can be a later addition.

Proverbs made popular by Benjamin Franklin in “Poor Richard’s Almanack” were printed on children’s mugs in the Liverpool potteries. “Keep thy shop and thy shop will keep thee,” and “Many a little makes a mickle,” are typical. One such mug, inscribed “The Way to Wealth, or Dr. Franklin’s Poor Richard Illustrated, being Lessons for Youth on Industry, Temperance, Frugality. If you would know the value of money try to borrow some. When the well is dry they know the worth of water,” might still be applicable in this day!

Old China

EMMA MAYHEW WHITING

Willow, Queen’s Ware, Bennington, Bristol, Chelsea, old Canton
Wedgwood, Spode, blue Staffordshire—
A patter sounding very queer
To all the uninitiate,
Who smile upon us as we prate,
But not to you and not to me.
We say it like some litany;
Repeat the words with reverent tone,

So thankful for the few we own.
We know the treasured porcelains may
Recall for us a by-gone way;
May lure us forth in ardent quest,
Which means an added daily zest.
These decorated bits of clay
Bring graces of a vanished day;
Charming manners, voices soft,—
Lustre, Leeds, and Lowestoft.
A Piece of Painted Calico

EDITH COLLEY

STRICTLY speaking, the bit of chintz illustrated is not a “painted callicoe,” for it is single-color, brown on a cream background. The highly decorated cotton fabrics, imported into England from India in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, were properly called painted callicoes, chintz, or India prints.

These India prints were the prototypes of our lively presentday chintzes. They were richly colored and elaborate in design. The dyes were permanent, secrets of such fast colors remaining hidden for decades with the fabricators in far away India. The patterns oftenest found were all-over floral designs similar to our wallpaper, oriental scenes, and the Tree of Life design. The colors used were red, pink, lilac, green, brown, and black.

These “callicoes” were imported in such numbers and became so popular with fashionable ladies in England that the weaving industry suffered greatly. Factory owners and workmen as well felt the influence of this new competition. Labor troubles arose. There were riots in the streets. Some accounts tell of incensed workmen tearing the dresses from the backs of women if they ventured into the streets dressed in these imported chintzes.

These ladies were called “callicoe madams” by the angry workers. Lampoons and doggerel calculated not at all to allay the wrath of the mob were popular. One of these, called “The Spittlefield Ballads, or The Weavers Complaint against the Callicoe Madams,” ran in part as follows:

“Our trade is so bad
That the weavers run mad
Through the want of both work and provisions;
That some hungry poor rogues
Feed on grains like our hogs,
They're reduced to such wretched condi-
tions."

At least even the government realized
that something must be done, and so in
1700 the importing of such fabrics was
prohibited by law.

As is true in most cases of this sort, the
weaving trade benefited little by this law,
so that about the middle of the eighteenth
century it was repealed. By this time, how-
ever, the English factory owners had been
experimenting on their own account, and
various inventions were perfected so that
these chintzes could be produced at home
rapidly and were much cheaper than the
imported ones.

During this same period in France was
founded the famous factory of Oberkampf,
at Jouy, a suburb of Paris, where were pro-
duced from 1760 until 1815, the year of
Oberkampf's death, his charming "toiles de
Jouy." These were rivals of the English
goods for many years.

For a time both the English and the
French designers followed the fashion of the
India prints in color and design. By 1770,
however, single-color prints came
into use, especially after the introduction
of printing by copper plates. This lowered
the cost of these fabrics so that now even
the common people could have their
chintzes. The single-color prints were not
made to the exclusion of the many colored,
however, for gorgeous patterns in bright
colors were still produced.

Pastoral scenes, in the single-color print-
ing, became very popular both in England
and France. Mythological subjects, the
chase, shepherds and shepherdesses, peas-
ant life, hunting scenes,—all provided ma-
terial for the designers of chintzes. They
were used for wall hangings, bed curtains
and valances, and furniture covers as well
as dresses. The output of the factories was
enormous, and a large export business
grew up.

During the period of our Revolutionary
War, the French people being sympathetic
with the colonists, many patriotic subjects
were produced for the American trade.
Among the best known of these are "Frank-
lin at the Races," and "America Trium-
phant," which depicts Washington being
crowned by an angel. An English "toile" of
about 1782 pictures "America Presenting
on the Altar of Liberty Medallions of Her
Illustrious Sons."

Incidentally, we see here the close rela-
tionship of the various home and household
arts, for at this time many pottery and china
pieces were produced by English factories
for the American trade commemorating
persons, places and events in American
history, the English manufacturers sacri-
ficing patriotism, perhaps, to the dictates
of good business. The output of the Staff-
fordshire factories is probably the most
widely known of these products.

The piece of chintz illustrated belongs to
this period of single-color prints. Its sub-
ject matter also places it in this period.
The first tier of pictures shows a serious
event in a cotters' family life. The faithful
horse, having drawn the sand cart to the
cottage has now succumbed, and we hardly
need the placard "Dead in the Cart" to
show us its import. Next is pictured the
grand sire and the boy resting beside the
road as a neighbor boy on his donkey
greets them.

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(Continued on page 77)
The Mystery of ex-Chancellor Lansing

JAMES OWEN TRYON

THE captain of the palatial Hudson River steamboat, De Witt Clinton, leaning from the pilot-house window to see that all was clear, blew a short blast on the whistle. The mooring-lines were cast off; the jingler signalled full-speed to the engine-room. With churning paddle-wheels and a prolonged blast of the whistle to clear the way of small craft, the big steamboat edged away from her dock at Albany and started on her over-night journey to New York.

It was the afternoon of December 11, 1829. Ex-Chancellor John Lansing, standing on the hurricane deck beside the pilot-house, where he had been chatting with the captain, took a last look at the city he was leaving. He was able to pick out his own large, red-roofed mansion among the smaller houses which dotted the hillside, and his eyes dwelt fondly on the wide avenue named State Street, running from the river-bank to the hill-top, and narrow, curving Pearl Street, which intersected it. As he turned away to go below, he little thought that he had taken his last look at his native city.

In the saloon he sank into a plush-upholstered chair beside his old friend, Peter Ten Eyck.

"How are you these days, Judge?" asked Ten Eyck.

"Fine, for an old fellow," said Mr. Lansing. "I am seventy-five, you know."

"You've had an active life," remarked Ten Eyck. "It's kept you young. Wish I could say the same. My trouble's been too much money; never had to work for a living!"

"I don't know of any man who has proved what he is 'good for', as you say, better than you have," said Ten Eyck. "You were Speaker of the House and Mayor of Albany. You and Yates and Mel Smith were always the most consistent anti-Federalists in the state. You were George Clinton's right-hand man. I always thought that if you and Yates had not stood up to Hamilton the way you did in the Constitutional Convention, we might not have had half the state-rights we have now. Why, Judge, I believe that it was the best thing that ever happened to this country that Hamilton wasn't permitted to have his own way at Philadelphia. He'd have had the United States a monarchy!"

"I fought Hamilton until his death," said Mr. Lansing. "Yet he hated Burr so fiercely that he was prepared to support me against him for the Governorship. And I might have won if I had accepted the nomination. Lewis did."

"How long were you Chancellor, Judge?" asked Ten Eyck.

"Thirteen years. Judge Kent succeeded me in '14." He paused, reflectively. "Peter, I'd like to have your opinion about a certain matter, as an old friend. I have had an anonymous letter."

Ten Eyck looked at his friend questioningly.

"The gist of the communication is to bid me to be on my guard against an enemy. It seems, according to my unknown correspondent, that Aaron Burr had some staunch and loyal friends who have never ceased to believe that all of that unfortunate man's troubles and disgrace were chargeable to Hamilton. Hamilton is beyond reach of their vengeance, but some of Hamilton's friends, among whom they class me, still survive. Though I was never a friend of Hamilton, he tried to get me the nomina-
tion for Governor to defeat Burr, and some of his attacks upon Burr were erroneously believed to have been inspired by me. So, in the eyes of these loyal, but misguided friends of Burr, I am an enemy upon whom vengeance is to be wreaked. Do you think it possible that this can be true?"

Ten Eyck smiled, and looked at his friend pityingly. "Nonsense!" he said. "Your unknown friend must be crazy. Why, it's a quarter of a century since Burr and Hamilton fought."

"I cannot bring myself to believe it, myself," said Mr. Lansing. "But at my age I should dislike having to go about, continually on my guard against some half-crazed, unknown assailant."

"I should not give it another thought," said Ten Eyck, positively. "It is too ridiculous for words!"

"Yet that is a good maxim which says, 'Forewarned is forearmed'. The great difficulty here is to know against what to arm myself. Should I carry a deadly weapon, do you think, or will my trusty umbrella suffice?"

Mr. Lansing smiled whimsically as he spoke, but Ten Eyck laughed heartily and soon his friend joined in the laughter.

The following morning, after breakfasting leisurely on the boat, Mr. Lansing took a carriage to the City Hotel, on Broadway near Trinity Church. Having engaged a room, in which he left his valise, he called at two business offices nearby—one a banker’s and the other a lawyer’s—where he transacted some business in connection with a personal investment. If any thought of peril occurred to him again, he probably dismissed it from his mind as of no importance. He returned to the hotel for dinner at noon.

The clerk behind the desk of the City Hotel was the last person of Mr. Lansing’s acquaintance to see him alive. The old gentleman left the hotel in the middle of the afternoon, carrying his umbrella, and pausing at the desk to exchange a few words with the clerk. He remarked that he was going to tea at the house of a friend, Mr. Ray, near the Battery. He never reached Mr. Ray’s house and, from the moment of leaving the hotel, was never seen or heard of again.

Mr. Ten Eyck, of Albany, never forgave himself for having laughed at his friend’s fears. He offered a reward for information of the missing man, but to no avail. To this day, the disappearance of ex-Chancellor Lansing remains an unsolved mystery.

JUBILEE MAGAZINES

A limited number of copies of the October issue, commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the National Society, are available. Use the blank for ordering gift copies at fifty cents each.

Please send copies of the October issue at 50¢ each to:


Ordered by I enclose a check to cover the cost of these made payable to the Treasurer General, N. S. D. A. R.
Several Recent Issues of Stamps
Painless History

Katharine Matthies

SOMEONE has said "Knowledge of history is more easily and permanently acquired from postage stamps than from abstract terms. Important events in the development of our national life are made real to the stamp collector." With this thought in mind, look at the next stamps you receive at the post office, and instead of feeling annoyed because they are different than usual see what bit of new information you may acquire about the United States of America. It may be that you have received the three-cent Coronado stamp, issued September 7, 1940, which shows the Spaniard, Coronado, and his captains in New Mexico in 1540. Who was Coronado? The encyclopedia tells us he was governor of a Mexican province who explored our southwest four hundred years ago in search of riches which he did not find. It was this expedition which gave the Spanish their first claim to that section of the country.

Perhaps the stamp is one of those in the Famous Americans series of thirty-five stamps, depicting authors, poets, educators, scientists, composers, artists, and inventors. Many of their names are familiar to us while others are not so well known, but each did something to deserve recognition as one of America's peacetime heroes. Among them are Dr. Crawford W. Long, a surgeon who discovered and first used anesthesia in 1849; Charles W. Eliot, educator and president of Harvard College 1869-1909; John Greenleaf Whittier, the kindly New England poet, and Victor Herbert, whose tuneful melodies give pleasure to untold numbers of people. Quite recently the artists' set appeared, which included Gilbert Stuart, best known for his portraits of George Washington, and James McNeill Whistler, whose painting of his mother appeared on a three-cent stamp in 1934.

Even the current regular set of United States stamps, ranging in face value from a half cent to five dollars, is interesting because some of them bear the portraits of every President of the United States except Herbert Hoover and Franklin D. Roosevelt, there being a ruling that no living person may be depicted on a United States stamp.

The heads on these stamps were taken from statues.

The head depicted on the one-and-one-half-cent adhesive is of particular interest to the Daughters of the American Revolution. After a long search the government found that the only known bust of Martha Washington is the one in the corridor of our Memorial Continental Hall. This statue was sculptured by Mrs. L. McDonald Fleeth, a member of the Society and art instructor at the National Cathedral School for Girls in Washington, D. C.

Other recent stamps commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the admission of Wyoming and Idaho into the United States. A third fiftieth anniversary stamp is that for the admission to statehood of North Dakota and South Dakota, Washington, and Montana. These stamps make one realize how young our country is.

There is a group of stamps honoring the one hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Territory of Iowa, the opening of the Oregon Territory, the statehoods of Arkansas and Michigan, and the independence of Texas. The bicentennial of the founding of Georgia, the sesquicentennial of the founding of Vermont, and the two hundred and sixtieth anniversary of the founding of South Carolina are also recorded on stamps.

We usually think of the states on the eastern coast as the oldest, but we find Wisconsin joining Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Maryland in issuing a stamp commemorating the three hundredth anniversary of its settlement. In 1937 there were various celebrations in connection with the sesquicentennial of the Ordinance of 1787, which created the Northwest Territory and set up a government in the region north of the Ohio River. The stamp has a map of the territory and pictures of the two men who were most influential in drafting the Ordinance.

One of the most interesting of recent commemoratives is the stamp issued on April 3, 1940, for the eightieth anniversary of the Pony Express. An entire article might be written upon that romantic sub-
ject alone, but space does not permit more than the statement that between 1860 and 1864 mail was carried on horseback from various points in California to St. Joseph, Missouri, taking less time than the boat routes. Special stamps were issued by Wells, Fargo and Company for this mail service which are attractive and interesting. The rates at first went as high as $4.00, but later were cut to ten and twenty-five cents.

In 1937 a stamp picturing the signing of the United States Constitution was issued in commemoration of that event on September 17, 1787. This was followed in 1938 with one showing a colonial courthouse and commemorating the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the ratification of the Constitution. A third stamp in this series appeared in 1939, showing George Washington taking the oath of office as first President, signifying that the Constitution was functioning.

Two other interesting sets of stamps, issued in 1934 and 1937, respectively, bear pictures of our national parks and territorial possessions. Several expositions and fairs, including New York and San Francisco, have been honored by stamps, the San Francisco one being especially attractive.

In 1936 and 1937 heroes of our Army and Navy were honored on stamps; as was Susan B. Anthony, who brought about the constitutional amendment granting suffrage to women. In 1937 appeared also a stamp bearing a picture of Virginia Dare and her parents. Virginia Dare (born 1587) was the first white child to be born of English parents in America. Her parents were members of Sir Walter Raleigh’s colony on Roanoke Island, North Carolina. No one knows what happened to them, but it is interesting to have the stamp commemorating the three hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of this child.

But we must not confine this article to the stamps of the twentieth century alone, as some of those of the nineteenth century deserve mention. The first adhesive stamp used in the United States was that issued on February 15, 1842, by the City Despatch Post in New York. The circular announcing this service said:

"The necessity of a medium of communica-
tion by letter from one part of the city to another being universally admitted, and the Penny Post, lately existing having been relinquished, the opportunity has been embraced to reorganize it under an entirely new proprietary and management, and upon a much more comprehensive basis, by which Despatch, Punctuality and Security—those essential elements of success—may at once be attained, and the inconvenience now experienced be entirely removed.

"*** Branch Offices—Letter boxes are placed throughout every part of the city in conspicuous places; and all letters deposited therein not exceeding two ounces in weight, will be punctually delivered three times a day *** at three cents each.

"*** Post Paid Letters.—Letters which the writers desire to send free, must have a free stamp affixed to them. An ornamental stamp has been prepared for this purpose *** 36 cents per dozen or 2 dolls. 50¢ per hundred. ***

"No money must be put in boxes. All letters intended to be sent forward to the General Post Office for the inland mails, must have a free stamp affixed to them.

"Unpaid Letters.—Letters not having a free stamp will be charged three cents, payable by the party to whom they are addressed, on delivery.

"Registry and Despatch.—A Registry will be kept for letters which it may be wished to place under special charge. Free stamps must be affixed for such letters for the ordinary postage, and three cents additional be paid (or an additional fee stamp be affixed), for the Registration."

This was followed by a number of such stamps, known as Carriers and Locals, issued in various cities by private companies which transported mail at moderate rates that met with the approval of the general public.

In 1845 the Congress established rates of postage, and from then until the Congress authorized the Postmaster General to issue stamps in 1847 the postmasters in different cities used provisional stamps. These are some of the rarest stamps in the world, especially in used condition.

The first government stamps were authorized by the Congress on March 3, 1847, and were issued on July 1, 1847. These were the brown five-cent stamps bearing the portrait of Benjamin Franklin, first Postmaster

(Continued on page 79)
There is a Tradition, that in the Planting of New England, the first Settlers met with many Difficulties and Hardships, as is generally the Case when a civilized People attempt establishing themselves in a wilderness Country. Being piously dispos’d, they sought Relief from Heaven, by laying their Wants and Distresses before the Lord in frequent set Days of Fasting and Prayer. Constant Meditation and Discourse on these Subjects kept their Minds gloomy and discontented; and like the Children of Israel, there were many dispos’d to return to that Egypt, which Persecution had induc’d them to abandon.

At length, when it was proposed in the Assembly to proclaim another Fast, a Farmer of plain Sense rose and remark’d, that the Inconveniences they suffer’d, and concerning which they had so often weary’d Heaven with their Complaints, were not so great as they might have expected and were diminishing every day, as the Colony strengthen’d that the Earth began to reward their Labour, and to furnish liberally for their Subsistance; that the Seas and Rivers were full of Fish, the Air sweet, the Climate healthy; and above all, that they were in the full Enjoyment of Liberty, civil and religious.

He therefore thought, that reflecting and conversing on these Subjects would be more comfortable as tending more to make them contented with their Situation; and that it would be more becoming the Gratitude they ow’d to the Divine Being, if, instead of a Fast, they should proclaim a Thanksgiving. His Advice was taken; and from that day to this they have, in every Year, observ’d Circumstances of public Felicity sufficient to furnish Employment for a Thanksgiving Day; which is therefore constantly ordered and religiously observed.

I see in the Public Papers of different States frequent Complaints of hard Times, deadness of Trade, scarcity of Money &c. It is not my Intention to assert or maintain, that these Complaints are entirely without Foundation. There can be no Country or Nation existing, in which there will not be some People so circumstanced, as to find it hard to gain a Livelihood; people who are not in the way of any profitable Trade, and with whom Money is scarce, because they have nothing to give in Exchange for it; and it is always in the Power of a small Number to make a great Clamour. But let us take a cool View of the general State of our Affairs, and perhaps the Prospect will appear less gloomy than has been imagined.

The great Business of the Continent is Agriculture. For one Artisan or Merchant, I suppose we have at least 100 Farmers, by far the greatest part, Cultivators of their own fertile Lands, from whence many of them draw, not only the Food necessary for their Subsistance, but the Materials of their Clothing so as to have little Occasion for foreign Supplies; while they have a Surplus of Productions to dispose of, whereby Wealth is gradually accumulated. Such has been the Goodness of Divine Providence to these Regions, and so favourable the Climate that, since the first three or four Years of Hardship in the first Settlement of our Fathers here, a Famine or Scarcity has never been among us; on the contrary, tho’ some Years may have been more and others less plentiful, there has always been Provision enough for ourselves and a Quantity to spare for Exportation. And altho’ the Crops of last year were generally good, never was the Farmer better paid for the Part he can spare. Commerce, as the published Price-Currents abundantly testify. The Lands he possesses are also continually rising in Value with the Increase of Population.; and on the whole, he is enabled to give such good Wages to those who work for him, that all who are acquainted with the old World must agree that in no Part of it are the labouring Poor so well fed, well
cloth'd, well lodg'd, and well paid as in the United States of America.

"If we enter the Cities we find that since the Revolution, the Owners of Houses and Lots of Ground have had their Interest vastly augmented in Value; Rents have risen to an astonishing Height, and thence Encouragement to encrease Building, which gives Employment to an abundance of Workmen, as does also the encreas'd Luxury and Splendor of Living of the Inhabitants thus made richer. These Workmen all demand and obtain much higher Wages than any other Part of the World would afford them and are paid in ready money. This Rank of People therefore do not, or ought not to complain of hard Times; and they make a very considerable part of the City Inhabitants.

"At the Distance I live from our American Fisheries, I cannot speak of them with any certainty; but I have not heard that the Labour of the valuable Race of Men employed in them is worse paid, or that they meet with less Success than before the Revolution. The Whalmen indeed have been deprived of one Market for their Oil; but another, I hear, is opening for them, which it is hoped may be equally advantageous; and the Demand is constantly encreasing for their Spermaceti Candles, which therefore bear a much higher price than formerly.

"There remains the Merchants and the Shopkeepers. Of these, tho' they make but a small Part of the whole Nation, the Number is considerable too great indeed for the Business they are employ'd in; for the Consumption of Goods in every Country has its Limits; the Faculties of the People, that is, their Ability to buy and pay, being equal only to a certain Quantity of Merchandise. If Merchants calculate amiss on this Proportion and import too much, they will of course, find the Sale dull for the Overplus, and some of them will say that Trade Languishes. They should, and doubtless will, grow wiser by Experience and import Less. If too many Artificers in Town and Farmers from the Country, flattering themselves with the Idea of leading easier Lives, turn Shopkeepers, the whole natural Quantity of Business divided among them all may afford too small a Share for each, and occasion Complaints that Trading is dead; these may also suppose that it is owing to Scarcity of Money, while, in fact it is not so much from the Freeness of Buyers, as from the excessive Number of Sellers that the Mischief arises; and if every Shop-keeping Farmer and Mechanic would return to the Use of his Plough and Working-tools there would remain of Widows and other Women Shop-keepers sufficient for that Business, which might then afford them a comfortable maintenance.

"Whoever has travelled thro' the various Parts of Europe, and observed how small is the Proportion of People in Affluence or easy Circumstances there, compar'd with those in Poverty and Misery; the few rich and haughty Landlords, the multitude of poor, abject and rack'd Tenants, and the half-paid and half starv'd ragged Labourers; and views here the happy Mediocrity, that so generally prevails throughout these States, where the Cultivator works for himself, and supports his Family in decent Plenty, will, methinks see abundant Reason to bless Divine Providence for the evident and great Difference in our Favour, and be convince'd that no Nation that is known to us enjoys a greater Share of human Felicity.

"It is true, that in some of the States there are Parties and Discords; but let us look back and ask if we were ever without them? Such will exist wherever there is Liberty; and perhaps they help to preserve it. By the Collision of different Sentiments, Sparks of Truth are struck out, and political Light is obtained. The different Factions, which at present divide us, all aim at the Publick Good; the Differences are only about the various Modes of Promoting it. Things, Actions, Measures, and Objects of all kinds, present themselves to the Minds of Men in such a Variety of Lights that it is not possible we should all think alike at the same time on every Subject, when hardly the same Man retains at all times the same Ideas of it. Parties are therefore the common Lot of Humanity; and ours are by no means more mischievous or less beneficial than those of other Countries, Nations and Ages, enjoying in the same Degree the Blessing of Political Liberty.

"Some indeed among us are not so much grieved for the present State of our Affairs,
as apprehensive for the future. The Growth of Luxury alarms them and they think we are, from that alone, in the High Road to Ruine. They observe that no Revenue is sufficient without Economy, and that the most plentiful Income of a whole People from the natural Productions of their Country may be dissipated in vain and needless Expences and Poverty be introduced in the place of Affluence. This may be possible. It however rarely happens; for there seems to be in every Nation a greater Proportion of Industry and Frugality, which tends to enrich, than of Idleness and Prodigality, which occasion Poverty; so that upon the whole there is a continual Accumulation. Reflect what Spain, Gaul, Germany and Britain were in the Time of the Romans, inhabited by People little richer than our Savages, and consider the wealth they at present possess, in numerous well-built Cities, improv’d Farms, rich Movable stor’d with valuable Manufactures, to say nothing of Plate, Jewels and ready Money; and all this, notwithstanding their bad, wasteful plundering Governments and their mad, destructive Wars; and yet Luxury and Extravagant Living have never suffered much Restraint in those Countries. Then consider the great proportion of industrious frugal Farmers inhabiting the interior Part of the American States, and of whom the Body of our Nation consists; and judge whether it is probable the Luxury of the Seaports can be sufficient to ruin such a Country. If the Importation of foreign Luxuries could ruin a People, we should probably have been ruin’d long ago; for the British Nation claim’d a right, and practised it, of importing among us, not only the Superfluities of their own Production, but those of every Nation under Heaven; we bought and consum’d them, and yet we flourished and grew rich.

“At present our independent Governments may do what we could not then do, discourage by heavy Duties, or prevent by Prohibitions, such importations, and thereby grow richer; if, indeed, which may admit of Dispute, the Desire of adorning ourselves with fine cloaths, possessing fine Furniture, with good Houses &c., is not by strongly inciting to Labour and Industry, the occasion of producing a greater Value than is consumed in the Gratification of that Desire.

“The Agriculture and the Fisheries of the United States are the great Sources of our encreasing Wealth. He that puts a seed into the Earth is recompens’d perhaps, by receiving twenty out of it; and he who draws a Fish out of our Waters draws up a piece of Silver. Let us (and there is no Doubt we shall,) be attentive to these, and then the Power of Rivals with all their restraining and prohibiting Acts cannot much hurt us. We are Sons of the Earth and Seas, and like Antaeus, if, in wrestling with Hercules, we now and then receive a Fall, the Touch of our Parents will communicate to us fresh Strength and Ability to renew the contest. BE QUIET AND THANKFUL!”

A Chapter Prayer
HELEN H. LAWTON

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER, we come before Thee today, a little band of loyal women carrying the torch which Thou gavest our ancestors one hundred and fifty and more years ago that they might establish a country where thought and speech, church and state, might be free so far as freedom may exist where each must first consider his fellow man and not himself.

Help us to carry the torch, to keep it burning brightly, and to prepare others to receive it from us that this freedom may not perish from our land. Aye, help us to make our torches burn so brightly that the light may fall on distant lands now plunged in darkness.

Bless us this day and give us the victory over self which we so sorely need. We ask this in the name of Thy Son who taught us the meaning of brotherly love. AMEN.
When Montreal Was American

GAELE RENFREW

MONTREAL, Canada's chief metropolis, includes an “American interlude” in its storied career. For seven months, between 1775 and 1776, Montreal was in American hands, the nucleus of a potential fourteenth colony! It was legislated for by the Congress then sitting in Philadelphia, and its brief chapter of American occupancy has left pages in Canadian history to names like Franklin, Chase and Carroll.

One day in the dreary November of 1775, a body of footsore colonial troops marched into Montreal. (The Recollet Gate by which they entered is now the bustling intersection of McGill and Notre Dame streets.)

The leader of this expedition, which had followed the well-worn path along the Lake route, into Canada, was the gallant young Richard Montgomery. He had been appointed second in command, under General Philip Schuyler, but due to the General's illness it was his subordinate who led the men to their destination.

Headquarters were established in the Chateau de Ramezay, a story-and-a-half
manor house that lends a touch of the picturesque to down-town Montreal today. It was built in 1705 and had already done yeoman service as a residence for French and British governors, when Montgomery took it over.

His stay at the Chateau, however, was short. On the first of December, General Montgomery joined Benedict Arnold’s troops. To quote from John Henry’s “Campaign Against Quebec” published in 1844: “Arnold’s corps was paraded in front of the chapel. It was lowering and cold, but the appearance of the General here, gave us warmth and animation. He was well-limbed, tall, and handsome, though his face was much pock-marked. His air and manner designated the real soldier. He made us a short, but energetic and elegant speech, the burthen of which was, an applause of our spirit in passing the wilderness; a hope that our perseverance in the same spirit would continue; and a promise of warm clothing... New life was infused into the whole of the corps.

“The next day (December 2) we retraced the route from Quebec. A snow had fallen during the night, and continued falling. To march on this snow was a most fatiguing business. By this time we had generally furnished ourselves with sealskin mocassins, which are large, and according to the usage of the country, stuffed with hay or leaves, to keep the feet dry and warm.”

Benedict Arnold had brought his men through Maine’s virgin forests by an entirely new route to Quebec. In a blinding snowstorm on the night of December 31, 1775, the combined forces of Montgomery and Arnold made an assault on the heights of Quebec. In the words of John Henry: “It was not until the night of the 31st of December, 1775, that such kind of weather ensued as was considered favorable for the assault. The forepart of the night was admirably enlightened by a luminous moon. Many of us, officers as well as privates, had dispersed in various directions among the farm and tippling houses of the vicinity. We well knew the signal for rallying. This was no other than a snowstorm. We repaired to quarters. By 2 o’clock we were accoutred and began our march.”

The attack failed. Montgomery met a hero’s death in action, and Arnold was spared to earn the brand of traitor.

Back in Montreal much was going on. The Chateau was the scene of a gala reception to which the leading French-speaking citizens were invited. Charles Carroll spoke their language beautifully. That was one reason why he had been appointed a member of a “Commission” that had arrived from Philadelphia to seek support for the colonial cause. Its other members were Samuel Chase and Benjamin Franklin. Franklin had brought along a French printer, Fleury Mesplet, who set up his press in the basement of the Chateau. A steady flow of pamphlets issued from it, but Canada did not elect to join her neighbors to the South and the Americans went home next spring.

But associations between Montreal and the United States are not limited to this seven months of American occupancy.

One of the treasures of the archives of the Jesuit Fathers (on Bleury Street) is the first history of the City of New York, written by Father Jogues.

Then Montreal’s most famous church, Notre Dame, was designed by John O’Donnell, the celebrated New York architect of last century. It was finished in 1824, to replace a structure dating from 1672. Like its namesake, Notre Dame de Paris, this Montreal church is distinguished by twin towers rising to a height of 200 feet, and one of its ten bells, Le Gros Bourdon, is the largest in America. In the nave and galleries of Notre Dame 10,000 people can worship at one time.

A member of Montreal’s most illustrious family—that of le Moyne—founded New Orleans and became first Governor of Louisiana. He was Jean Baptiste le Moyne de Bienville, one of the eleven sons of Charles le Moyne—they all rose to fame.

Montreal also figures prominently in the story of the American trader prince, John Jacob Astor. Montreal from earliest times was the headquarters of the lucrative fur trade, and when Astor came up on his annual visits he joined the Beaver Club members at their famous fortnightly meetings. “Beaver Hall,” the handsome Fro
JOHN ALLAN PLANNED TO DISTRIBUTE HIS TROOPS SO AS TO MAKE THIS COUNTRY A "FOURTEENTH STATE" FOR WASHINGTON AND THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS

John Allan: His Fourteenth State!

R. H. Haley

IT was December 22 and cold, a season inhospitable alike to patriot and traveler. General Washington must have been deeply considering his fateful Delaware crossing when General Gates stamped into headquarters accompanied by John Allan. Both appeared tired and Allan's road-stained breeches and greatcoat were very evident. Gates rumbled the introduction for a momentous yet forgotten meeting of two bold and forthright men.

Before Washington's appraising glance Allan did not quail, and no sickening adulation filled his eyes; he seemed quietly confident, offering trust yet reserving integrity. In giving General Washington a silent pledge of loyalty, John Allan was but serving a cause he had long and most earnestly championed.

"My new friend tells me he brings a . . . a splendid plan endorsed by the patriots of Massachusetts," Gates said, bowing.

The plan Gates mentioned was no armchair strategist's scheme. John Allan was the son of an officer stationed along the troubled Scottish border who, like many military men, had taken a land grant in the New World where the Allans helped clear rugged Nova Scotia hillsides for the future city of Halifax. In 1763 they had removed to their grant deeper into the New England hinterlands of Nova Scotia and
New Brunswick for which New England had repeatedly fought; these present Canadian provinces were then thoroughly Yankee, and here, in the fertile isthmus between the two, John Allan lived a New England frontier boyhood.

How long and bitter was John Allan’s road to this meeting with Washington, not even Gates guessed. Allan was thirty now; as a youth he had studied in Boston, perhaps at Harvard, and in the seething Bay State capital he first felt America’s mission and sensed the inexorable sweep of events that would rally and hold his red blood in early heat and December chill. Back at his home near Fort Cumberland on the isthmus, “Boston ways” continued to channel John Allan’s thoughts, yet he prospered with a spacious farm, “Invermary,” and wide, saltgrass meadows; his wife was charming and loyal, his three sons promising, and he served in a number of public offices.

News of Bunker Hill fell heavily on Western Nova Scotia; for many men it was a convincing British victory; for John Allan it was the moment of irrevocable decision: Should he live on in ease, and silence? Or should he fight for Liberty? Some men tried to do both by stealth, but John Allan felt he must speak his opinions and immediately his life was in danger. From Cumberland, the Beau s’jour of the vanished Acadians, the authorities issued a warrant for his arrest offering a bounty, and John Allan resolved to leave for the “thirteen free states.” At great risk before his departure he made several trips up the Northumberland Strait shore of New Brunswick gauging the temper and feelings of the Indian tribes toward the American cause. What he learned was afterward of inestimable value to America, but the troops of the King pressed him so closely he was forced to flee by boat down the mighty Chignecto tidal inlet to turbulent Bay of Fundy, arriving safely after ten days at Machias on August 2, 1776.

An exile, barred from those he cherished, John Allan’s road was indeed bitter when he learned that his house was burned and all its contents destroyed. In the weeks he remained at Machias indefatigably meeting with local patriots, news came that his family had fled to the woods for fear they might disclose his whereabouts before he was safe. Rain forced them back to his father’s house after three days, and Mrs. Allan was taken prisoner to Halifax, where she was to be held about eight months as bait for the traitorous Allan’s surrender.

John Allan, however, pushed southward toward his meeting with Washington, tortured by care, yet firm in his beliefs, and at Boston in October, he first presented:

“Some proposals for an attack on Nova Scotia, with some other observations respecting the province, laid before the Honorable Council of the Massachusetts State.”

“Three thousand men with provisions and ammunition; cannon for the siege of Fort Cumberland, eight armed schooners and a sloop for the expedition . . .”

Knowing the tremendous effort New England had made thirty years before at Louisbourg, John Allan’s proposal was based soundly for the prize this time was far greater. Strategically the plan called for:

(‘Fifteen hundred men to proceed up the Basin of Minas, 500 of which to go on to the settlements at the head of Cobiquid Bay in order to take the road that way for Halifax; 750 to go on to the landing at Windsor, or up the (little) St. Croix, 150 of which with that party at Chobiquid will join within about 14 miles from Halifax. 50 men to be left at Partridge Island to secure that ferry. 200 to land near the town of Cornwallis in order to march through the settlements to secure the disaffected, then to join those left at Windsor, there to make necessary preparations for a retreat, or succor those gone to Halifax. By this operation all the avenues to the Capital (Halifax) by land will be shut up from the country . . .’)

The plan audaciously continued with methods by which the Capital itself could be seized, describing the character of the fortifications likely to be encountered and pointing out that even if it were found inadvisable to hold Halifax, the foray would provide an opportunity to rescue “any families who might be suspicious or afraid of difficulty from the King’s troops . . .”

“The rest of the troops,” John Allan’s proposal reads, “I would have proceed up Chignecto Bay to River Memramcook. I doubt not that Fort Cumberland could easily be taken by surprise notwithstanding what has happened, but should it not, the different avenues must be guarded and the disaffected secured. Artil-
lery, if necessary, can be easily conveyed to a proper place for use by many means, either sea or land. Any armed vessels after this to proceed up Cumberland Bay, where they may lie a sufficient distance to prevent any hurt from the cannons of the fort and secure from any vessel of greater strength than themselves. This would prevent any escape by water, or any assistance going to them . . .”

Shrewdly John Allan pointed out that the St. John River was the main highway between Upper and Lower Canada which Fort Cumberland controlled.

Very briefly, that was John Allan’s excellent plan to bring a “fourteenth” state under the American banner at once; it was drawn with knowledge of country and peoples and after a reconnaissance made at great risk. The worthy Massachusetts Council, however, was forced to send him on to General Washington for the same reasons that caused the General, though he likewise approved and marked his esteem with an invitation to dine, to refrain from action.

There were no men, ships, no guns or ammunition to be had!

With admirable resolution John Allan departed for Baltimore, where before a respectful but helpless Congress he presented his great dream. He was made Superintendent of Northern Indians, however, which office after his return to Boston he was able to use most effectively.

For three months he urgently promoted his basic plan of holding the northern hinterland for the American cause; he begged the Massachusetts patriots to uphold their historic position and defend the far frontier of his boyhood. He pictured the enemy in final control of the great flowing rivers to the north and contrasted the assured benefits should the Continental forces secure them. Above all he insisted on the necessity of establishing truckhouses throughout the vast wild in order to hold the Indian chiefs and tribes to a friendly neutrality.

His earnestness brought promises of truck goods and quickly he headed north again, reaching Machias on May 11, 1777, closely trailed by bales of cloth, beads, mirrors and needles which he swiftly loaded into whale-boats and set out to lure the savages from furtive advances toward the King’s truckmasters.

Sometimes in the months that followed, his party numbered five hundred savages, squaws and children; sometimes he was alone. As he succeeded, the bounty on his head had increased and he came to know the quiet reaches of the St. John as a long wilderness road of safety.

Sweating at the oars in pursuit, the lobsterbacks swore, “We’ll follow this fellow to the gates of hell!” They pressed him far into the country where he crossed over to the St. Croix and paddled down to the security of Machias again. Here he found a commission of Colonel in the Militia waiting.

The next year the truck goods arrived from Boston in safety.

The following year an assassin nearly took his life; that was the year the Tories exerted themselves, and the British fleet seized the Penobscot because they suddenly realized that one man, John Allan, was occupying this vast frontier, holding it safely for the Americans. Occupation in warfare, they were aware, often means victory! That was the year the truck goods did not come and the Indians became restless. John Allan explained and promised and prophesied.

The vital goods did not appear in the spring. The Indians became openly rebellious and spoke of the Cause as lost. John Allan’s promises were no longer valid in the villages of the St. John tribes. Fiercely they whispered that he was about to leave. Yet if he hurried to Boston all he had worked and fought for would vanish.

If he stayed, he could do no good. Countless written pleas to Boston remained unanswered for the British fleet cut off communication. In his dilemma there was but one solution: He must give hostages! And this he did; two of his young sons he delivered to the St. John tribes to hold till he returned from Boston with truck goods—to hold till he could renew his fight to retain this northern frontier for Washington and America.

For two years the boys remained with the tribes while their father sought to evade a host of mortal enemies and bring supplies the Indians needed. Now he was in Massachusetts, now again in Machias, next week he was heading into the wilds, next month
flying across trackless wastes pursued by vengeful enemies intent on bounty money. There was no rest; no assurance of final victory. In this far corner a man had to have faith! Distant victories made the enemy more determined.

In 1782 the two youngsters were still held by the sullen savages, and the father wrote them from Fort Gates, Machias:

“Be very kind to the Indians (and) take particular notice of Nicholas, Francis Joseph and old Cawcawguash. I send you your books, papers, pens and ink, wafers and some other little things; shall send more in two or three days. Let me entreat you my dear children be very careful of your company (sic) and manners, be moral, sober and discreet . . . Duly observe your Duty to the Almighty, morning and night. Mind strictly the Sabbath Day, not to have either work or play, except necessity compels you. I pray God to bless you, my dear sons . . .”

Lying out under frosty stars, in the steamy, pulsating forest, Colonel Allan could recall his fateful Delaware meeting in 1776; thirty then, he was thirty-six now; his sons were growing to manhood in an alien culture; his wife had suffered much; the snows of many winters had sifted and bleached the ashes of Invermary till it was hardly a memory. The season was still inhospitable to patriots and travelers in the north, yet he could not rest.

He could foresee the end, but when . . .? This year—next? Ten years from what moment? . . . from his flight down the Bay? . . . from the moment the flames leaped about his home? . . . from his meeting with General Washington? Fifteen years perhaps, from the surrender of his sons to the Indians? . . . from the last attempt on his life? Suppose the war should not end in his lifetime!

Colonel Allan moved doggedly, his whale boats piled high with goods. The Indians must be held as friends; the frontier must be occupied by those friendly to his budding nation!

Surprisingly the long struggle was finished. Colonel Allan inventoried goods on hand, goods sent from Boston over the years . . . 500 mirrors, 40 pounds of beads . . . He was still a Colonel, but true to the promise of the New World he was not a soldier at heart. When wars are over America’s men were not to loaf and strut in braid and decorations. Colonel Allan headed for Boston again when the May flowers were all but gone; elder bushes threw white blossoms at him as he pushed south. At Portsmouth the Selfheal was thrusting through the grass; at Medford the Evening Primrose and Nightshade were wilting, but there were Jewel-weed and Everlasting, and it seemed he could hear the same city confusions he had known in his youth.

The inventory and disposal lists tallied exactly with the records according to the high-stooled, long-nosed clerk who delved minutely into seven years of the Colonel’s life. According to mathematics the United States owed Colonel John Allan of Fort Gates, Machias, “1600 and 14 pounds, 19 shillings.” Would the Colonel sign a voucher?

By this time eight years had passed since the Delaware meeting and a man who gives eight years of his life to a Cause won’t argue about trifles. The Colonel took the quill and signed—then he resigned his commission!

Look on a map of North America and ask why Maine is broad and full? Why the boundary swings upward in the east? Why it does not slide straight across from the river, St. Lawrence? Was it because the councillors and statesmen who later drew that map were fools on the one hand and astute bargainers on the other?

The British fleet held the Penobscot while the St. John, to the north, was held throughout the war by John Allan and the tribes who attested their friendliness to him!

The truth is that OCCUPATION decided the boundary. The river, St. Croix, where the International Line now strikes into the Atlantic, was midway between these two places definitely occupied by the opposing forces, and so a compromise was made. The line is there today, though John Allan’s vital part is all but forgotten.

He started to drop from sight when he returned to Maine where he opened a merchandise business on Allan’s Island, near Lubec. Two years later he removed to Lubec Mills.

America lost a man whom Washington esteemed in 1805.
Through the Year with Feminine Revolutionists

LOUISE HARTLEY

During the past year, Louise Hartley Fairman presented to our readers sketches of famous American men. Many subscribers have expressed the hope that a similar series on women might soon appear in our pages, and to gratify this desire we present the first story of a group of women who participated in events directly or indirectly connected with the American Revolution and for whom chapters of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution have been named.
Anne Frisby Fitzhugh was probably the only woman who "conscripted" and equipped her own army and with an apron full of extra cartridges, led her men to meet the Redcoats during the early stages of the American Revolution. Regardless of the fact that the little army consisted of faithful slaves and helpers on her large Maryland plantation, a well-drilled army with standard equipment could not have done more. Anne's army of raw recruits had been called from the field, the barn, the dairy, the kitchen, and hastily armed with "twenty stands of arms besides hunting rifles, pistols and fowling pieces," belonging to her absent sons and her husband. Anne's command to "fire at sight," routed the British soldiers who had planned a raid on the Fitzhugh home while the menfolk were away.

This going to any length to win a point seemed to be a characteristic of the Fitzhughs. Anne Frisby, noted for her beauty and dignity, first married at the age of eighteen, Honorable John Rousby, son of Colonel John Rousby of famous "Rousby Hall." At the age of twenty, in 1759, Anne was left a widow with an infant daughter and a large estate to manage. In due time among her many suitors was Colonel William Fitzhugh of Virginia. To go on with the story, which is vouched for by the family, in the words used by James W. Thomas in the "Chronicles of Colonial Maryland," "his (Colonel Fitzhugh's) position and fortune were good but the fair, wealthy widow of 'Rousby Hall' was inflexible. Colonel Fitzhugh, who had served under Admiral Vernon, was not to be subdued and continued to press his suit. On one occasion, having paid a visit to Mrs. Rousby, and on leaving the house to take his boat, the nurse appeared bearing in her arms the infant heiress of 'Rousby Hall.' Snatching the child from the nurse and unheeding the cries of the infant, the desperate soldier-lover sprang into his boat and ordered his men to push from the shore. When some distance out in the Patuxent River, he held the child high out over the water, threatening to drown her if the mother did not relent and agree to become his wife. The mother, half frantic, stood upon the river bank, and believing that the threat would be executed, she yielded and sealed her fate by shortly afterward becoming Mrs. Fitzhugh. The baby that was not drowned became the wife of Governor George Plater."

Affairs went well with the Fitzhughs until about 1775, when the colonists decided to throw off British oppression. Colonel Fitzhugh, a retired British army officer, had espoused the cause of the American settlers. Although he had been offered full pay by Great Britain to remain neutral, he gave much of his time and wealth to the Americans and for this reason was a "marked man" with the British. He and his family had received several warnings to this effect.

The first attempt of the British army to raid the Fitzhugh home was thwarted when Anne called out her recruits. At another time, knowing that Colonel Fitzhugh was away making stump speeches and attending the Executive Council of Maryland, the British commander dispatched a small detachment to plunder the Fitzhugh plantation. They soon discovered to their chagrin that the "Colonel's Lady" was more than a match for them and forthwith made a hasty retreat to their barracks.

Anne, at a later date, barely escaped with a handful of family valuables a few hours before another attack. She had received word that there was a plan afoot to capture Colonel Fitzhugh. Although exhibiting no emotion outwardly, the heart of Anne was crying for revenge as she took the veteran Colonel by the arm, picked up a sheet into which she had flung a few belongings, and hurried to the home of a neighbor farmer for protection.

Upon returning to the scene the next day, the Fitzhughs found their home burned to the ground, stock and slaves scattered hither and yon. Only the foundation of the fine old southern mansion remained.

Indulging in but few reminiscences, Anne Fitzhugh gave one last look at her demolished home, gathered together as many slaves as possible and all of the stock which could be rounded up, and set face to-
ward a new horizon. She knew that a faint heart would not win out in this struggle for a life of liberty. With the help of slaves and neighbors, the Fitzhughs moved fifty miles up the river to Upper Marlboro, where it is claimed they lived, not wholly in ease and peace, until the close of the Revolution.

According to tradition, the Fitzhughs were in constant terror of insults and cruelties from the British until some time after independence was won. But Anne never lost hope and was unshaken in her belief that better times would surely come. In the fall of 1781, just before the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, a company of British soldiers landed on the shores of the Patuxent River close to the Fitzhugh home and headed for that haven. It had been raining and a heavy mist hung low. Arriving at a prearranged time, midnight, when all “were abed,” the British soldiers beat upon the Fitzhugh front door and demanded that it be opened at once.

Calling out from the upstairs window, Anne answered that she would be right down. Stopping for slippers and a lighted candle, she descended the stairs. Two of her sons, William and Peregrine, at home for a short vacation, were asleep in a back room. She tarried just long enough on her way to the door to kiss them both goodbye and “push them out the back door” to escape an unjust capture.

After the soldiers had demanded and taken prisoner Colonel Fitzhugh, now a blind, old man, they searched the house. Needless to say, the surliessness and arrogance of the soldiers was not softened when they discovered the Colonial cloaks and holsters left by the two young men in their hasty retreat. This was mute evidence of the fact that Anne’s sons were also following in the patriotic footsteps of their mother.

The British informed Anne that they were taking the Colonel to New York to be sent to England for trial and imprisonment. Unshaken in her conviction that Providence would surely send help, Anne, taking her husband by the arm, descended the stairs and without a quaver in her voice announced that she would have to go along to take care of the Colonel. When the officers saw that she meant what she said, someone threw a cloak over her shoulders, and they started on the march for the river where the British boat was moored.

Suddenly through the cold, rainy night a shot was heard. Believing this to be Colonial soldiers on their trail, the British abandoned the Fitzhughs and hurried to their boat for safety, but not until they had harassed the couple and made the old Colonel forfeit his parole.

News traveled very slowly in those days, and Anne did not know until some time later of the surrender of Cornwallis. But eventually the usual cry of the watchman of “All’s well,” to which he now added, “Cornwallis is taken,” soon spread over the country. Special thanksgiving services were held in the camps and in churches. The Old State House bell in Philadelphia was set ringing the glad tidings. Truly this was a time for thanksgiving thought Anne, so the fatted young pig and strutting turkey were placed upon the “sacrificial table.” And what a Thanksgiving! Anne’s sons came home for a short visit and in her heart reverberated the prayer of centuries.

“Surely it was worth the long struggle,” declared Anne in later years. Three-fourths of her life had been lived during the turmoil and battle for Independence; she had served under two flags; Colonel Fitzhugh lived to see his greatest wish materialize, a free America; her sons had attained high military offices and honors, Captain Peregrine Fitzhugh serving for some time on Colonel Washington’s staff. Anne had lived sixty-odd years of usefulness.

In 1793 this courageous woman went to her well earned rest. She was buried in the family ground at “Rousby Hall,” which remained for many years one of the show places of Maryland.

A chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution was organized in Bay City, Michigan, in 1900. Since one of its members was descended from this little-known heroine of the American Revolution, it was decided that the chapter be called Anne Frisby Fitzhugh in her honor.
COLONEL WILLIAM FITZHUGH, 1725-1798, WEARING THE UNIFORM OF A CAPTAIN IN THE BRITISH ARMY. He served under Admiral Vernon at Cartagena and was wounded there.
**THE AIR WAVES**

**STATION WDAR** begins a new series of three broadcasts, each including items on the history of radio, the educational work being pursued therein, and the patriotic use of the radio medium by our Society. The kind Fairy Godmother must have had a large and puissant wand when she waved it over mankind in 1920 and bid us all to Listen!—to beautiful music and lovely voices in the “air waves.” Even after twenty years of development it is still magical.

But no! Its accomplishment has not been so easy as our Fairy Godmother figure might lead us to feel. This latest of modern sciences has developed only by long hours, months, and years of hard work, discouragements, defeats, and legal entanglements.

Since the “beginnings” men have sought to master intercommunication. The Greeks, back in 300 B. C., invented and successfully operated a crude telegraph system with the use of torches. Fire beacons and smoke signals were employed in many ways.

It is also interesting to note the use of a mirror, one inch square, which could flash a ray which was visible seven miles away. This system found favor with us until, in 1861, signal beams were flashed ninety miles, and in 1890 the United States Army flashed signals from mountain peaks for more than two hundred miles.

From a juvenile prank, by which lads in two nearby schools signaled to one another, developed the semaphore system. The first semaphore-telegram in history was sent in France in the year 1794. This system continued to develop until at the beginning of electrical telegraphy, France alone had 533 semaphore stations. Most all other nations followed in its use.

The Fairy’s wand waved again, intriguing the human mind in electrical demonstrations—electricity styled by Dean Archer, the recognized historian of radio and the radio industry, as “The Riddle of the Ages.” This brings us to the romantic story of the life and electrical discoveries of our own Benjamin Franklin. It is a matter of record that, while we think of Professor Morse as the inventor of the electric telegraph system, yet Benjamin Franklin is said to have been nearly a century ahead of him in the basic idea. After many disheartening experiences with underground cables, Ezra Cornell, the future founder of Cornell University, became foreman of the trench gang of the underground work, in this manner becoming identified with the enterprise that was finally to bring him wealth and fame. Again defeat was faced, and delay followed delay until May 24, 1844, when the first words were relayed between Washington and Baltimore. Professor Morse gave Miss Annie Ellsworth the honor of choosing the language of this historic communication—thus originating the historic inaugural message of the Morse Telegraph System: “What Hath God Wrought.” The historic strip is now in the museum in Hartford, Connecticut. More of the history next time!

As to educational work—Radio exerts such a vital influence on American life that the broadcasting companies are concentrating on Public Service Programs. The National Broadcasting Company has cooperated whole-heartedly in providing information.
on these developments. They comprise education, news, special events, women, children, and international short wave. Mention should be made here of what seemed a program of even "uncanny" magic! Late winter or early springtime, Queen Wilhelmina spoke from Holland, Mary Anderson sang from Canada, our President spoke from Washington, another speaker from a ship at sea, all coming in naturally and promptly at the invitation of the conductor in New York. I was permitted to enjoy this wonder of wonders over my own little radio.

A good example of a classroom listening program is the "Music Appreciation Hour," as planned and directed by Dr. Walter Damrosch, which continues through its twelfth season. While this program is heard regularly by seven million students, those who wish may enjoy them in the happy surroundings of their own homes. Well-known plays are given, and art and artists are given their share of the magic air waves.

The Women's and Children's Division, under the able guidance of Miss Margaret Cuthbert, has received its share of the "air." Let us here explain to our Children of the American Revolution how the "Good Fairy" brings to us over the air, for our entertainment, some fascinating story hours. The Bud Barton program is a story of "an American boy in a mid-western river town, a little younger than some and a little older than others." It is written by Harlan Ware with a special appeal to children of school age, but it cannot fail to interest all those who remember the joys and tragedies of their youth. The "Pilgrimage of Poetry," by Ted Malone, in broadcasts each week, brings from the homes of America's best-loved poets descriptions of the environments which influenced the writers, and human-interest stories concerning the poets themselves and their personal belongings. Readings from their works also add to this delightful quarter hour.

To return now to the patriotic use of radio by our Society: Through the many committees of the Daughters, members find "happiness in service." Everyone loves music, and first of all is listed our committee for "Advancement of American Music." What interesting radio programs this subject makes! Our "Americanism" committee arranges most instructive sessions on "How to become a citizen of the United States" and tells of the splendid service rendered by the distribution of the "D. A. R. Manual for Citizenship." The "Approved Schools" committee performs a remarkable individual and collective service in the raising of money for scholarships and improving communities, thus performing a civic service. Our committee on "Conservation" covers many phases of American life—trees, gardens, Indian tribes. We wish here to quote from a state chairman's report of another avenue of conservation—"That we pursue unremittingly the conservation of the aims, interests, and occupations of youth . . . for I firmly believe that the preservation of their aims and ambitions is the preservation of the American homes of tomorrow." Good material for radio programs is giving the Indians an opportunity to tell of their work, particularly in handicraft.

The American "Stars and Stripes" makes arresting programs. I have been privileged to read many scripts on this subject, broadcast over the air from as many different studios. All chairmen of the "Correct Use of the Flag" committee should give one "air" program a year; then the millions of our citizens would know better how to use and display the national emblem. "Good Citizenship Pilgrims"—one from each state—meet in Washington and are conducted about our National Capital. Many inspiring radio programs have been given by these young people on their return to their homes.

So—

**DAUGHTERS**

**ADOPT**

**RADIO!**

This is Myrtle M. Lewis speaking for Station WDAR and now signing off!
"THE YOUNG MOTHER"

MANY OF THE PAINTINGS BY DUTCH MASTERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY SHOW THE TYPE OF CRADLES BROUGHT TO OUR SHORES BY THE SETTLERS OF PLYMOUTH AND OF NEW NETHERLAND
The Cradle of the States

Catherine Cate Coblentz

Catherine Cate Coblentz, who needs no introduction to readers of this Magazine, has been gathering for several years items regarding first babies to be born in what is now the United States. The New England and Middle Atlantic groups are covered in the following installment. The second section of the "Cradle of the States," which Mrs. Coblentz has appropriately termed the roster, will include our Southern babies.

The most dramatic exodus of history occurred last summer when Great Britain began sending hundreds of children westward to America. The coming of these children, many of them destined to remain here, turned our thoughts toward other children whose descendants have peopled this country, until we were wondering about those first white babies born in the various portions of the Northern Continent which later became the United States of America.

The very first such baby was rocked in a cradle in a house fashioned of logs, built at a place called Vinland. Vinland was somewhere along the northern coast line, though historians are not yet agreed as to the location.

We know that this baby's mother sang to him and that she was noted for her sweet singing. Her name was Gudrid, and she herself was from Greenland, while the baby's father, Karlsefni, was from Iceland. Both were descended from Northmen who had colonized these islands.

The first American baby was named Snorri, and he lived in the Northern Continent until he was three years old. Then the danger from the natives, whom the Vinlanders called Skraelings, made it necessary to abandon Vinland. With his father and mother he sailed back to Greenland, going from there to Norway, and finally to Iceland, where he spent the rest of his life.

The first New England Babies

The "Mayflower" and Massachusetts

Three children were born in that small and crowded ship, The Mayflower. The first baby was born in mid-ocean to Mistress Elizabeth and Master Stephen Hopkins of Billerica-in-Essex. The year was 1620. The month is thought to have been October, and the child was named Oceanus because of the circumstances of his birth. That name was prophetic also, since it is told that Oceanus Hopkins became a seaman and died "in the Barbadoes before 1650."

Peregrine White was the second Mayflower baby to see the light of day. He came into the world in the shadow of New England on December 7, when the ship lay at anchor off Cape Cod Harbour. His uncle, Samuel Fuller, the Pilgrim physician, presided at his birth on a morning when "it blew and snowed all day . . . and froze withal." His parents were Susannah (Fuller) and William White. William White was a weaver by trade.

Peregrine's cradle may still be seen at Plymouth. It is woven of willow withes and is of early Dutch pattern and manufacture. It was brought from Holland by his parents, and cradles of exactly similar design may be seen in many a Dutch painting of that period.

Before he was three months old, Peregrine's father was buried. In the spring Susannah White married Edward Winslow, whose wife had also died soon after reaching New England. At that time there was no place in the tiny colony for a widowed woman with children, for Peregrine had an older brother, Resolved, who had sailed with his parents from Leyden. So it is often said that Susannah Fuller White was the...
first mother, one of the first widows and the first bride of the Pilgrim group in the New World.

Peregrine died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, at the age of eighty-four, the "last survivor of the Mayflower passengers!" Noting his death the Boston News Letter of November 15, 1704, says: "Although he was in the former part of his life extravagant, yet he was much reformed in his last year and died hopefully."

The third Mayflower baby came into the world when the ship was anchored in its final New England harbour, that of Plymouth. Here on another stormy day the goodwife Allerton was delivered of a son. A little later a few words tell the poignant story of how Mary, the wife of Isaac Allerton, died "not having mended well since the birth of her child, dead-born about a month agone."

Although Peregrine White is generally considered the first New England baby and was duly presented with two hundred acres of land because of this honor, it appears that the first child to be actually born on the soil of New England was the son of Martha Ford.

Mistress Ford was a widow who arrived on The Fortune in November, 1621, just after the celebration, by the Pilgrims and their Indian neighbors, of the first Thanksgiving Day. "The goodwife Ford was delivered of a son the first night she landed." So the Ford baby, too, narrowly escaped being born on the sea.

The Anne and the Little James arrived at Plymouth two years after the Fortune, and here again the angel of birth hovered, for the Captain of the Little James wrote with apparent delight: "We safely arrived at our port with all our company and one more, for Goody Jenenges was delivered of a child in the ship a month before we came ashore, and are both well yet—God be praised."

Someone has suggested that through the mercy of Providence, those first New England babies were all boys. The first little girl to be born was the eldest of the eleven children of Priscilla (Mullens) and John Alden, whose romance has been immortalized.

It is said that the first-born of the Massachusetts Bay Colony was Elizabeth Patch, whose birth took place in Salem in 1629. She died in 1716.

**Maine**

The Royal Province or Palatinate, Maine, contained a little settlement of English folk at a place known first as Bristol, then as Agamenticus, Gorgeana, and finally York. This settlement-of-many-names was of course a royalist colony, and is said to have been a prime favorite of Gorges, the Lord Proprietor. The Maine proprietors considered that Massachusetts, with its Puritans, was being settled by radicals, rebels against the King and the established Church. They desired to have as little to do with such a group as possible.

To York came young William Hook, barely past his majority. He was to represent his father's interests in the new settlement. He had married Mrs. Eleanor Norton, widow of a Lieutenant-Colonel Norton. In 1638 this young Englishman was appointed Governor of the Maine settlement, despite the fact that the year before he had been fined for "an uprore," which consisted in shouting "divers pieces in the night."

Since William Hook had a son, William, born that year, it is suggested that this event may have been the occasion for his hilarity, which seems not to have been repeated. William was not the first son, however, for according to the records Humphrey Hook was born about 1635. So far as the records indicate, Humphrey was the first child to be born in Maine. However, the father of these two children became "contaminated" by the teachings and spirit of the Massachusetts "rebels," thus cutting short his political career in the Royal Province of Maine.

Concerning his sons there is a report that Humphrey Hook "died young." But the descendants of William are now to be found in Massachusetts and New Hampshire.

**New Hampshire**

Portsmouth and Dover in New Hampshire had been settled by followers of the Lord Proprietors of Maine. But a brother-in-law of Anne Hutchins, who, like that brave-minded woman, opposed the theology of the Puritans, went northward in 1638 and, with his followers, founded Exeter;
while a group of like-minded folk were responsible for the founding of Hampton.

Since there is no record of children being born at Portsmouth and Dover, the honor so far as record goes is taken by Uzell Wardell, the son of William Wardell and Alice, his wife—the child's birthday being on the 7th of April, 1639, the year following the migration of the Antinomians, as these protesting people were called. The father of Uzell was one of the group signing the "combination for government," which made of Exeter "a democratic republic without authority from outside, subject only to God and the King of England."

There is another baby, born to a New Hampshire mother fifteen years later on the 31st of August, who is said to be a first baby—the first girl to be born in what became Vermont. Since she so narrowly missed being born in New Hampshire and later returned there to live, we include her with that state's babies.

This was Elizabeth Captive Johnson, daughter of Mrs. Susannah (Willard) and Captain James Johnson, who, as a small lad, had been brought to this country on a transport from Ireland and had been sold to Susannah Willard's uncle as a "bound boy." Captain Johnson and his entire family were captured by Indians from their home on the east side of the Connecticut River and taken across Vermont to the French Fort at Crown Point, and thence to Montreal for sale to the French. Besides Mrs. Johnson there was a boy of six, two girls, one of four and one of two, together with the fourteen-year-old sister of Mrs. Johnson, named Miriam.

The children were clad in nothing but their shifts while Mrs. Johnson had been permitted to slip on a dress, but nothing else. The next day the family was increased by the arrival of the baby, Elizabeth Captive, born on a flat rock within the present limits of Cavendish, Vermont, with the fourteen-year-old Miriam as midwife.

Elizabeth Captive, however, fared better as to clothing than did her brother and sisters, the Indians promptly sending to her some of the baby clothes they had stolen from the Johnson home, together with "a needle and two pins," and some bark to use in tying the clothing to her. They also presented Mrs. Johnson with a wooden spoon with which to feed her. In fact, the Indian to whom Mrs. Johnson "belonged" was delighted at the baby's birth, since it meant as he expressed it "Two monies for me."

Riding part of the time on a stray horse, and when that creature was killed for food, on a saddle strapped to her husband's shoulders, Mrs. Johnson managed to survive, as did the baby girl in spite of being spilled into a swift-flowing river before she was a week old, and of being given horse broth and chewed horsemeat for food.

After a period of captivity in Canada, the husband and son were allowed to return home to obtain ransom for the others, and finally, by the roundabout way of England, Mrs. Johnson, with her three daughters, reached New England in 1758 and was reunited with her husband. Half a year later Captain Johnson was killed and his widow eventually remarried. At her death she had twelve children, ninety-two grandchildren, one hundred and twenty-three great-grandchildren, and four great-great-grandchildren. During her lifetime she revisited three times the spot where Elizabeth Captive was born, and had two stones erected there, one of which bears the following inscription:

"If mothers e'er should wander here,
They'll drop a sympathetic tear
For her who in the howling wild
Was safe delivered of a child."

**VERMONT**

Massachusetts built forts along the Connecticut River to protect her northern frontier. The first such fort built on what later became Vermont soil was Fort Dummer, erected in 1724, now included in the township of Brattleboro.

The fort was a blockhouse type of yellow pine. The houses faced a hollow square, and their backs were a portion of the fort wall. They had barricaded windows and doors, both of which could be closed in case the Indians broke into the square itself.

Lieutenant Timothy Dwight, who built the fort, was also its first commander. His wife, Experience (King), was with him at least part of the time, for his son Timothy was born at Fort Dummer in 1726, and was therefore Vermont's first white baby.
Lieutenant Dwight, who later became a Colonel, however, returned after a year's time to Northampton, Massachusetts, and continued to live there. It is told that the first tea ever to be seen in Northampton was sent him as a gift from Boston. The whole quarter pound was steeped at once with rather bitter results.

Among other things Colonel Dwight bequeathed to his son, Timothy, a silver tankard which bore on its side the family coat of arms. A hundred and twenty years later that tankard was still in the possession of a Timothy Dwight.

As for Vermont's first baby, born in a fort, he, too, had a military career, becoming a Major.

Vermont's second baby was also born at Fort Dummer, December 4, 1732. He has been more widely publicized and is frequently called the first Vermont baby. This was John Sergeant, son of Lieutenant John Sergeant, then commander of the fort. This baby, too, had a military career, bearing the title of Colonel at the time of his death. From his youth John was accustomed to danger. His father and brother, David, were ambushed by the Indians; the father was killed and scalped while the boy, David, was carried into captivity and adopted by the Indians, assuming their habits and manners. Later he returned to his friends and took up the white man's manner of life once more.

RHODE ISLAND

There is an early publication which declares that "May Godfrey, the first-born of
Rhode Island, was born in Newport in 1639 and died there."

But so far as the portion of the country which became known as the State of Rhode Island is concerned, there are two other children who clamor for recognition as the first-born. According to the records of the Society of Friends, Matthew Borden, the son of Richard and Joan Borden, was born in the month of May, 1638, at Portsmouth, Rhode Island. The same records indicate that, having grown to maturity and raised a family of his own, he died at Boston, "where he was taken of a fever."

If Maine had considered that Massachusetts was settled by radicals, that attitude was more than equalled by Massachusetts toward Rhode Island where the principle of full toleration was preached, and where the first settlers were individuals banished from Massachusetts.

However, the Welsh Roger Williams, whose name is always associated in our minds with this state, seemed little concerned about his neighbors to the north. The second baby born in Rhode Island appears to have been his son. He was born at Providence Plantations in September, 1638, and he, too, was named in honor of that Power, which his father trusted to provide refuge, Providence Williams. It was a large name for a small baby.

CONNECTICUT AND LONG ISLAND

Lyon Gardiner was a Scotchman and served as a Lieutenant in the British Army. He emigrated to America in 1635 under Lord Say and Seal and built a fort at Saybrook, taking over its command after it was completed. The land on which the fort stood, later to be part of Connecticut, then belonged to New Netherland. At this fort there was born to Lyon and Mary (Wilemson) Gardiner a son, David, who has the distinction of being the first white child born in Connecticut, that event taking place during the winter of 1636-37.

A little later David's father purchased a small island just off Long Island, from the Indians, together with a confirmation of his title from the agent of the Earl of Stirling, who had a grant from James I of England, of Long Island itself, as well as its adjacent islets. To this island, which bears the name Gardiner Island to this day, Lyon Gardiner moved his wife and son, and here his daughter, Elizabeth, was born on the 14th of September, 1641. According to tradition the small Elizabeth is considered to have been the first English child born in this vicinity. But this is not literally true, since her father was not English but a Scotchman and her mother was Dutch.

The Mid-Atlantic Babies

NEW YORK

The first white babies of what is now the State of New York were born, of course, when that portion of our land was New Netherland. These babies, however, were not Dutch, but French babies.

The first one was a boy, Jean Vigne, whose parents were probably Huguenots, since they had taken refuge in Holland from the religious persecutions then rampant in France. He was born in 1614 at a fur trading post in New Netherland, and lived to be very old, but left no descendants. He became a brewer by trade, and served four times as Schepen or Municipal Councillor of New Amsterdam.

Several years after the establishment of their profitable fur trade in the New World, the Dutch West India Company determined to colonize New Netherland. The first settlers sailed on the Unity, and among them were Catalina de Trice (or Triso) Rapalje and Joris Jansen Rapalje. Catalina claimed Paris as her birthplace while her husband is supposed to have been a proscribed "noble Huguenot" from Rochelle. The child Sarah was born to these refugees at Fort Orange in the year 1625. When she was two years old her father and mother moved back to Manhattan where they had lived after first coming to the New World. Here they dwelt in a house on Pearl Street for twenty-two years; then Joris Rapalje sold his house and lot and retired to a farm which he owned near Wallabout.

It is to be noted how soon the New World melting pot began boiling merrily. For when she was fifteen, Sarah, the American-born child of French parents in a Dutch colony, was married to a man of Norwegian birth, Hans Hansen Bergen. After the death of Hans, Sarah was wed to Thenis Gysbert Bogaert. Sarah died about 1685
leaving many descendants whose names are to be found in histories of Brooklyn and Long Island.

Catalina de Trice Rapalje outlived her daughter and has been affectionately called "the Mother of New York," while, until quite recently when it was discovered that Jean Vigné merited the honor, Sara was considered the first white child born in New York’s present boundaries.

Although he was not a "first" baby, it is interesting to note that a Dutch baby born at sea was named "Storm van der See." He recalls to us Oceanus of the Mayflower, and another early English baby born under like conditions, who was christened "Sea-born."

PENNSYLVANIA

Philadelphia's first baby, John Key, was born in a cave located on the northwest corner of what is now Vine and Water Streets, then known as Pennypot Landing. Though he was probably not Pennsylvania's first-born since there were Quakers already settled in what is now Allentown, and German protestants at what was later to be known as Germantown, nevertheless he was the first at Philadelphia, and William Penn presented him with a large lot on Race Street. So, though born in humble circumstances, John Key immediately became a propertied person. He became an "honored citizen" and died in 1767.

We learn a little about Philadelphia's first girl baby through a story which concerns one of her descendants. Hector Saint John de Crevecoeur, that French farmer who wrote many letters to his homeland concerning conditions in the New World in the middle of the eighteenth century, tells of stopping in Philadelphia, "at —-’s, the most worthy citizen I know." According to Crevecoeur the home was also the neatest he had ever seen, and he was especially delighted because the sheets on his bed seemed to hold the fragrance of a garden of roses.

The next morning he pretended surprise that his host, a Quaker, should indulge in luxuries of this sort, but the man deftly turned the tables upon his guest by explaining that his wife, Philadelphia, sprinkled her linen with rose water, a fancy with regard to which he had naught to say, but he would call Philadelphia, and Crevecoeur must settle that matter with her.

While waiting for the lady, Crevecoeur inquired whether his host's wife was really called by that name, whereupon the husband explained that "her grandmother was the first female child born after William Penn landed with the rest of our brethren, and in compliment to the city he intended to build she was called after the name he intended to give it; and so there is always one of the daughters of her family known by the name Philadelphia." But further than that we do not know, since Crevecoeur never mentions the name of his host.

(Continued on page 77)
John Alden wed Priscilla, the little pilgrim maid;
Myles Standish then was lonely, for John with him had stayed:
John was his secretary, companion and dear friend,—
Although, to like his courting, poor Myles did not pretend.

Myles thought of Barbara Allen, whom he had known of yore,
Ere he upon the Mayflower had sailed from Holland’s shore.
And then it somehow happened (just how I do not know)
That Barbara came over, and acourting Myles did go.
He did not trust another to tell the sweet love lore,—
Himself, he wooed and won her, as Rose he’d won before.

Now Captain Myles and Barbara,—John and Priscilla too,
Had both some sons and daughters, (and this is really true!)
Alexander Standish was Myles and Barbara’s son,
While Sarah was John Alden and Priscilla’s lovely one.

Alexander Standish, when he of age arrived,
Went courting Sarah Alden, and thus romance revived.
He had his father’s valor, his charm none could gainsay,
And his engaging manner won Sarah’s heart away.
When they their vows had plighted, they made a little home:
With it they were delighted, and neither cared to roam.
One day the stork descended, (I’m sure that cupid smiled) . . .
John Alden and Myles Standish were grandsires to the child.

Now they again were “rivals,” while infant Lydia scored:
John Alden pledged to her his pen, Myles Standish pledged his sword!
Motion Pictures and National Defense

Marion Lee Montgomery

There are significant pictures on the screen today to be watched for at your theatres. These are stirring times, and we need to recall something of the indomitable courage, the strength and fighting spirit that has gone into the making of our country. This you will find in The Howards of Virginia, Northwest Mounted Police, Brigham Young, Arizona, The Westerner, Land of Liberty, and The Ramparts We Watch.

We need also to be aware of the dangers threatening our democracy today through the menace of the totalitarian system of government. Much can be learned from such pictures as Pastor Hall, based on the life of the great Lutheran minister, Martin Niemoeller; The Mortal Storm, 1933, and the old culture of Germany disappearing as the Nazis came into power; Escape, Ethel Vance’s gripping story of Germany in 1938; The Man I Married (originally I Married a Nazi); Foreign Correspondent; Four Sons; The Great Dictator and others to be released.

The part being taken by the motion picture industry in the National Defense Program, a subject close to our thoughts and efforts, is worth our careful attention. First by way of relief from the suspense under which we are all living there are pictures filled with light-hearted comedy, with adventure or mystery. These can serve us as an excellent balance for the more serious historical themes and those interpreting current events.

As an organization we are indebted to Mr. Harry Warner for the outstanding contribution he has made to the country with his patriotic short subjects. Some of our members may have read of the “gold medal of citizenship” presented to him a few months ago by the Veterans of Foreign Wars. The citation was a worthy one and read: “For outstanding service as a citizen of the United States for sponsoring a great American program through consistent production of a series of patriotic feature pictures and short subjects, bringing America’s true history, its thrilling chapters and immortal personalities to the citizens of the nation.”

During the past four years Warner Bros. have released twelve two-reel Patriotic Shorts.

2. The Song of a Nation—The story of the writing of our national anthem.
3. Declaration of Independence—The historic events that led to its signing.
5. The Romance of Louisiana—1803 and the Louisiana Purchase.
7. Lincoln in the White House—From 1861 to the immortal address at Gettysburg.
9. Bill of Rights—The story of the incorporation of the Bill of Rights in the federal constitution guaranteeing the rights of man in America.
10. The Monroe Doctrine—The historic message of President Monroe to Congress and what it has meant to the Americas in important stages of history.
11. Old Hickory—Briefly told incidents in the life of President Jackson.
12. Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders—A short biography from 1895 to his retirement from public life.

A new series for the current year has been announced by Warner Bros., “Service Short Subjects,” made in cooperation with the Government’s Defense Program and dealing with current problems. They are all in Technicolor and of the same high order as the historical short subjects, with feature directors and feature casts. Six are already completed or in preparation.

1. Young America Flies—Produced at the request of the United States Government Civilian C.A.A. Corps, it has
been called a remarkably fine motion picture presentation of this subject.

2. Service with the Colors—Produced at the request of the War Department of the United States and dedicated to the soldiers of the United States.

3. The Flag of Humanity—The story of the founding of the Red Cross by the immortal Clara Barton.

4. March On, Marines—Made at the request of the Marine Corps.

5. Meet the Fleet—Made in cooperation with the United States Navy.

6. The Tanks Are Coming—Made at the request of the War Department.

All of these films represent a remarkable combination of patriotic education with entertainment of a high order and should be asked for at your local theatre.

No subjects could be more timely or important to our organization and questions will be asked as to their availability for use.

Up to last September the subjects were made in 35 mm. (theatre) size only and comparatively few schools have that projection equipment.

Our chapters throughout the country will be glad to know that through an arrangement made by Warner Bros. with Teaching Film Custodians, Inc., the following group of Patriotic Subjects will be produced in 16 mm. in Technicolor and can be leased at very nominal rentals on a cost basis for any period of time up to three years: 1. Give Me Liberty. 2. The Song of a Nation. 3. Under Southern Stars. 4. The Declaration of Independence. 5. Lincoln in the White House. 6. Sons of Liberty. 7. Bill of Rights. 8. Man Without a Country. 9. Romance in Louisiana.

Educators have pronounced these pictures of inestimable value because of their great patriotic messages. They are for the use of schools only.

What Can We Do?

1. Our Society, probably above all other organizations, will want to see a wide use made of the films to stimulate interest in the history of our country and in the National Defense Program.

2. Each chapter chairman can communicate with the local school authorities in the neighborhood and encourage the schools to take advantage of this opportunity. All communications should be addressed to Teaching Film Custodians, Inc., 25 West 43rd Street, New York City, and complete information and details will be forwarded immediately.

3. No finer contribution can be made to a town or city than that these great films be made available to it.

Here is a program made to our order. Let us use it.

The Loom

NANITA MAC DONELL BALCOM

Our God who made us knew this hour should be—
Foresaw for each his need, for each his doom,
However dimly we behold the loom

Whereon He interweaves our destiny
Or Him the Weaver of the tapestry
Alternately revealed in light and gloom,
Within the pattern some appointed room
Awaits each multicoloured thread; and we
Are conscious of design we scarcely see.

Thus yielding to the shuttle of his might
We meet and merge our individual ways,
The warp and woof of all humanity,
In forms of beauty woven of delight
That constitute the garment of His praise.
THE discovery of gold in northern Georgia in the early 1830's brought a rush to that region of men from many states of the union. Charles Hodge, late of Connecticut, had staked out his claim at Dahlonega where his uncle was engaged in building a goldstamp mill.

One day early in November of 1833 he set out for Augusta to execute a commission for his uncle. Near nightfall of the second day his horse went lame and he decided to ask shelter for the night at the first plantation house he might come to in that sparsely settled countryside. Darkness fell and with it a long-threatening rain which drenched him to the skin. It was with immense relief that he discerned presently a gleam through the darkness. Speaking reassuringly to his stumbling mare he headed her in that direction under the dripping trees.

Beyond a fence was a clearing with the vague outline of a house, the lower windows of which were dim squares of light. Charles raised his voice in a shout. "Hoy there!"

There was the sound of running feet. A lighted lantern sprung out of the darkness and shone on the black, wrinkled face of an old negro. Half a dozen others of assorted sizes appeared from nowhere and unbarred the gate. The door of the house opened and light streamed out over stone flagging. A tall old man with snowy hair advanced to meet him.
In no time at all Charles found himself steaming in front of a crackling fire while fiery peach brandy, the native drink of the countryside, burned his throat. He had a curious feeling that everything that had ever happened to him throughout his twenty-four years was merely preparation for this moment. To this end had he been born—to find himself on this November night in a plantation house in Georgia dreamily watching the flames of a crackling fire of pine knots while members of the household, utter strangers to him, went through certain motions like figures in a dream.

A middle-aged woman, short and stocky of build, bustled about with a tray of food which presently he found himself eating. A young girl sat near the fire, her head bent over some knitting. The curve of her cheek was toward him, her lowered lashes a line of ink against its pallor. Except for the flying hands she might have been asleep, so immobile and withdrawn was her aspect.

Charles slept that night in the guest cabin, a log structure a short distance from the house. The noise of rain drumming on the roof became confused in his disturbed sleep with the sound of horses hooves and the rhythmic movement of two pale hands.

The next morning was clear and bright with a tang of the North in the air. Charles rose early and went at once to the stables to see how his mare had fared during the night. The stable boys were already astir fetching water and feed for the horses. Old Joe shook his grizzled head over the mare.

"Dat's a mahty fine hoss, sub. Yo' dasn't ride her lahk she is, lame an' all. Ole Marse, he gib yo' hoss to ride effen so 'tis y'all mus' git t' 'Gusta."

Charles felt a sudden lift in spirits. Why of course he shouldn't ride Bess yet! He slapped her glossy flank cheerfully and rubbed her nose.

"We are in no haste to get to Augusta," he said. "Besides it's Sunday—there'll be no trading there on a Sunday."

He sauntered back across the big, clean-swept yard, past the cotton sheds, smoke-houses, loom-house. Smoke issued from the wide chimney of the kitchen end of the main house. The house itself was an unpretentious, frame dwelling, badly in need of repairs.

His host, Mr. Meredith Watson, paced the veranda. When he saw Charles he descended the steps to meet him. After courtly inquiries into the state of Charles’ health and the comfort of the guest house, they went in to a breakfast of fried ham and eggs, beaten biscuit and hominy with rich ham gravy. Mrs. Paisley, the stocky woman who had prepared food for Charles the night before, presided at the table. She was Mr. Watson’s sister. To Charles’ intense disappointment, the girl did not appear.

But after the meal, when the old man rose to conduct family prayers, she slipped in and took a seat near her great-aunt, looking more frail than ever by daylight.

The services over, Charles, impelled by a desire to get away to himself and enjoy the strange, new happiness that suddenly overwhelmed him, strode away from the house. A gate opened onto a path bordered by mulberry trees. Their yellowing leaves added a mellow glow to the sunlight. This sudden glory that flooded his whole being, what could it be? So immersed was he in his question with no apparent answer that when at a turn in the path he came face to face with the girl, he could only stare stupidly. His heart nearly choked him with joy.

"Am I such a sight that I frighten you?" she asked, her dark eyes brimming with laughter.

"I don’t even know your name!" he said at last.

"Meredith Watson."

"Your grandfather’s name?"

"And my father’s. But they call me Mimi."

Mimi! He wondered if he would ever dare call her so!

"Meredith is an odd name for a girl," he said abruptly.

"My grandfather wanted it so. I am his only grandchild. My father and mother both died when I was six months old. A dreadful smallpox epidemic took them and Aunt Paisley’s husband. And half of grandfather’s negroes died of it too. Nothing has ever been the same for him since."
His bad luck started then and has never turned."

“You sound very pessimistic,” remarked Charles.

“No, only resigned. We have to accept our fate.”

“That we don’t,” retorted Charles energetically.

She looked at him, startled by his explosive tone.

“Let me carry that basket for you!” said Charles, wondering when he should dare to tell her that he intended changing whatever fate she had been expecting for herself.

“You’ve been carrying alms to the needy, I see,” he went on lightly. He walked beside her along the way he had just come.

“We do not call it alms,” replied Mimi with pleasant directness. “Old Molly was born on the place and has always been a hard worker. And now that she is old and sick and her men-folks are down the river, I carry her meals to her. I love doing it because I am fond of her.”

“Men-folks,” repeated Charles absently, noticing a tendril of dark hair that made a perfect question mark on her white forehead. “Down the river—in jail, I suppose.”

She turned and eyed him with indignation. “Certainly not! Surely you—all know that when cotton has been picked, the field hands are hired out for work on the river?”

“No,” answered Charles, “I didn’t know. Tell it to me over again—I like to hear you talk.”

She flashed him a reproachful look and walked on.

“But really,” pleaded Charles, “I am interested. But this aspect of slavery interested him less than the way the curve of her cheek was limned against the plum-colored silk lining of her woven-straw bonnet. Her dress was of plum color too, very wide and full as to skirt and very small and trim as to waist.

The rest of the way back was made in silence. Yet Charles felt as if a kind of communion had been established between them, as if her spirit and his were one with the warmth of the sun and the brooding stillness of the mellow, autumn fields.

They found the yard in an uproar of barking dogs. “You have another guest!” exclaimed Charles. Mr. Watson was welcoming a middle-aged man of soldierly bearing who had just alighted from his horse.

“My—a—a—friend of ours,” said Mimi. Her voice was constrained. She was covered suddenly with confusion.

“I think I won’t go in yet,” said Charles abruptly. He lingered by the gate, his mood of happiness shattered.

Sam, the house boy, found him there, still lost in thought.

“Marse Watson, he say come to dinnuh—de folks is all ’seemed.”

“Who was that—that man who came a while ago?”

“Him on de black hoss? Dat am Marse Payne—him gwine marry young missie ‘fo’ long.”

It was torture to sit at the table and pretend to eat. Huntley Payne, the man Mimi was engaged to marry, was in his forties. Everything about him was offensive to Charles—his glossy black hair, his heavy mustache, the elegance of his clothes, his ease of manner, and above all, his proprietary manner toward Mimi.

Mimi sat with downcast eyes, scarcely touching her food. Her white face had taken on that immobile, withdrawn look that Charles had noticed last evening.

After dinner Mr. Watson proposed a canter through the woods for the whole party. Mrs. Paisley, though an expert horsewoman, declined, and Charles had an impulse to do likewise. But in the end he could not resist the chance of being near Mimi.

As it turned out, he had no difficulty keeping close to her. Huntley Payne and Mr. Watson had evidently much to discuss, and the two rode together at a slow pace. And so all that golden afternoon Charles had Mimi to himself.

Charles told her all about himself, described in detail his life in the prim little town of Littlefield, Connecticut. He told her of his dreams and ambitions, of how he hoped to make a fortune in the gold field—or if not that, a good living as a civil engineer.

Mimi listened with shining eyes. A flush dyed her pale cheeks. She leaned toward him breathlessly, hanging on every word.
“I believe,” she said, “that you will do all that you plan.”

Their horses had stopped and were comfortably pulling at the wayside grasses. Slanting sunbeams flecked the woods with gold and cast a silky sheen on long, floating threads of cobweb glistening among the upper branches. The aromatic fragrance of the pines filled the air.

Charles drew a deep breath in an effort to quiet his thumping heart.

"Mimi," he said, "if only I could have you with me—always!"

For an instant she swayed toward him. Her whole face was aflame with rich color and she caught her breath sharply. Then she turned her head away and Charles saw that she was weeping.

He sprang from his horse and would have drawn her down into his arms. But she drew back.

"No! No! Oh, what was I thinking of! Please—do not ever speak so to me again!"

She gathered up the reins and urged her horse on. Charles remounted and was after her in a trice. Drawing alongside he reached over, grasped her reins and brought both horses to a walk.

"Why did you do that?" he asked sternly.

She had recovered her composure. "I—don't quite know," she answered in a low voice.

Charles was silent, frowning. "Answer me this!" he burst out at last. "Do you—care for Huntley Payne?"

"I am going to marry him," she said quietly, and added, "within two weeks."

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"No!" cried Charles violently. "You can not—you don't love him!"

She made no reply.

Presently Charles spoke more quietly.

"You have seen how things are with me, and unless you tell me you don't love me I intend to marry you."

"Ah!" she murmured. Tears trembled in her eyes for a moment, then quietly wiping them away she said, "Grandfather planned my marriage with Huntley when I was a little girl. His heart is set on it. Huntley is a distant cousin, very wealthy. He will do so much for Grandfather!"

"The plantation has been running down for years. Grandfather has had so much bad luck—and for such a long time! And it all began when I was born. He wanted a grandson, not a granddaughter. And being a girl this is all I can do to help—don't you see?"

"I've known for years that I was to marry Huntley and—" a tremor crept into her voice, "until—you came I didn't mind at all!"

Charles felt an overwhelming joy.

"Then," he cried exultantly, "you do care for me!"

She made no reply. He was suddenly anxious. "You don't deny it?"

Still she was silent, her face averted.

"If your grandfather consents will you break your engagement and marry me?"

After a pause she said softly, "Yes."

He laughed happily. "'Tis as good as done!" he exclaimed. "This is America, 1833! Girls aren't forced into marrying against their will—not in these modern times!"

They rode in silence for a time. Charles was deep in thought. He must plan a campaign to win over the old man. Perhaps after supper would be a good time to talk to him.

The meal was over and they sat on the veranda sipping peach brandy. The old gentleman seemed in a mellow mood. Twilight had fallen. Lights twinkled out from the negro cabins. There was the sound of a banjo and a deep, throaty voice singing.

"The trumpets blow,
The bugles sound—
Oh—stand yo' ground!"

Charles cleared his throat nervously. Somehow he did not feel nearly so confident as he had felt that afternoon with Mimi beside him in the autumn woods. He was suddenly acutely aware of how preposterous his plea must sound to his host. He cleared his throat again and plunged in.

"I—I know it may surprise you very much, but—I want to—to marry your granddaughter, sir. She is willing if you consent—"

Meredith Watson started up as if a scorpion had stung him. His face was suffused and puffy with the surcharge of indignant blood. "I am astounded, sir—astounded! Never have I had such an outrage—you, a guest in my house presuming to sneak—"
Now it was Charles' turn. "I did nothing of the kind, sir. I couldn't help it if I—fell in love. And I have come to you at the very first opportunity—as soon, almost, as I knew it myself."

"Why—good God! You never saw her till last night." The old gentleman felt literally deprived of breath, as if a whirlwind had struck him. "Besides," he went on, "she is betrothed already."

Was it possible that his granddaughter could so far forget her position, her pride, her obligation to her fiancée, as to consider this stranger, this Yankee, in the light of a suitor? A fine, upstanding young fellow, as was obvious, but an alien and a stranger. None of them had ever set eyes on him till yesterday. The affair could not, of course, be taken seriously. He aroused himself to listen to what the young fellow was saying now.

"Why, sir!" roared Mr. Watson, "that is just plain impudence. You overstep your privileges! If your mare is unfit for travel you shall have a horse from my stable—I will not detain you another hour!"

But Charles was very determined. He went over to Mimi and cried, "Ask her, sir—ask her what she wants!"

The old man glared at them both a moment, then he snapped, "Very well. Mimi, my child, tell me—is it true that you are willing to break your old grandfather's heart by running off with this—this stranger? Does your pledged word mean nothing to you—does honor mean nothing to you—would you bring disgrace upon my gray hairs by calling off this honorable marriage I have arranged for you—would you call it off at the eleventh hour? Mimi—answer me!"

Mimi looked at his tortured face and drew a deep breath. "Grandfather," her voice was the merest whisper, "I—cannot break your heart. It shall be as you wish."

"There, young man, you have your answer!"

"But," cried Charles in desperation, "she is not thinking of her own happiness—she is doing it for you! Would you accept such a sacrifice to save your pride? Tell her, I entreat you, that you will consent—and see what she says!"

"You heard what she said—now begone!"

"Sir," begged Charles in one last appeal, "change your mind—for your granddaughter's sake!"

"Change my mind!" repeated the old man, "Never. Not until—" his arm shot upward toward the deep, blue dome of sky where already points of light were pricking through, "Not until the stars shall fall from their places in the Heavens!"

A grim little smile played about his set mouth as he added more quietly, "so, get you gone—and don't come back—unless the stars fall between now and Mimi's wedding day!"

Feeling utterly beaten, Charles went down the steps and across the yard. Old Joe had already saddled Bess. The day's rest had improved her lame leg, and if he rode carefully they could get as far as Aplington where he would see that she got another rest.

His business in Augusta kept him a week. It was not until the 12th that he was free to depart, and as he went along the familiar road he recalled that the morrow was Mimi's wedding day.

The air was sharp, the sky cloudless. Bushes, grasses, the mulberry trees and white-oaks flaunted varying shades of red and yellow, but the dark green of the evergreens prevailed over all. He did not ride hard but kept along at a leisurely pace. Even after nightfall he continued on his way, for he wanted to make Aplington before stopping. It was close to midnight when he reached the public square of the town and drew up at the little tavern.

The innkeeper, a rotund little man who had been drowsing before a banked fire, "allowed" he could accommodate him and showed him to a room.

Charles flung himself fully dressed upon the bed and gave himself up to overwhelming misery. He had just begun to doze fitfully when excited voices and running feet aroused him, and he realized that the room
was filled with flickering light as if from some great fire at a distance. He rushed to the window and leaned out.

Such a sight met his eyes as to stop his breath. All the stars in the universe seemed to have been freed from their accustomed places. They were sliding down the great vault of the Heavens, drawing in their wake trails of living fire. He had seen shooting stars before, but never more than one or two at a time. Now all the stars were falling, falling in drifting showers of sparks toward the earth.

It was an awesome sight. His misery, the Self that had loomed so importantly, all that made up his life as an individual, shrank to nothing. He was lost in the immensity of the universe. Half forgotten fragments of the Psalms rose to his mind—"The Heavens declare the Glory of God"—"What is man that Thou art mindful of him—"

Then a new thought flashed into his half dazed mind—a phrase spoken recently—"Not until the stars shall fall!" "Why the stars are falling!" He ran out of his room down the stairs, and found the innkeeper shaking as if from palsy. Charles thrust some money into his hand, made a dash for the stables, and led Bess onto the open road.

He bent low over his horse and babbled in her ear like a madman. "He would change his mind if the stars fell—Bess, girl, do you understand? And the stars are falling! An Act of God—may God be thanked!"

Great streaks of light shot across the expanse above. Whorls of fiery sparks made pinwheels or broke into strange shapes. An eerie radiance shone all around.

When at last he reached the Watson plantation he found the yard filled with shrieking, shouting, praying negroes. The family were gathered on the veranda—old Mr. Watson, Mrs. Paisley, Mimi, and a man whom Charles, even at this moment, recognized as the itinerant preacher of the countryside. They all stood transfixed, their eyes uplifted to the blazing Heavens.

And now Charles was beside Mimi, looking exultingly into her wide, startled eyes. His voice was tremulous with excitement. "Mimi—the stars—Mr. Watson, sir,—you gave your word—well, you see?" He waved his hand dramatically toward the sky.

The old man stood motionless, stricken speechless. For a long moment he stared at Charles' glowing, happy face. Then slowly, without a word, he turned and looked long at Mimi. Her face was radiant with the same glow he had beheld on the face of Charles. Still he spoke no word.

Mrs. Paisley laid her hand on her brother's arm. "Meredith," she said in a loud, clear voice, "you cannot deny it. It was like an oath before the Lord. This may well be a sign from God!"

The old man still stared, first at Charles, then at Mimi. Suddenly he bowed his head. Perhaps he recalled the stricken look on the face of his granddaughter when this young man had ridden away two weeks ago. Or maybe this unparalleled display in the Heavens brought home to him the feebleness of man's power in the face of God's omnipotence, and with it came doubt of himself as the arbiter of human destiny.

Whatever had been his thoughts, he suddenly threw back his head and said quietly, "So be it!"

Mimi flung her arms around him. "Grandfather, Oh Grandfather!" The joy in her voice was such that Mrs. Paisley exclaimed, "La, child! I had no idea it was as bad as that! There now, I'm as pleased as can be that the Lord saw fit to stop the wedding!"

Charles laughed aloud. "But the Lord hasn’t stopped the wedding! Here is Mimi, here am I, and there stands the minister! With the rest of you as witnesses, that’s all is needed for a wedding."

And so, in the fitful light of that historic, Heavenly bonfire, early in the morning of November 13, 1833, Charles Hodge and Meredith Watson were made man and wife.

Excerpt from the Savannah Daily Georgian, Thursday, November 14, 1833: "Phenomenon—From 12 at night and all yesterday morning before day we are informed that the Heavens were lit up in a most splendid manner by the most brilliant coruscations and small shooting meteors."
IN this our post Jubilee number we present a brief review of this department of our Magazine and of the genealogical assistance afforded by the various publications of the Society.

The need of an official publication was early recognized and in July, 1892, the “American Monthly,” Volume 1, appeared. The announcement was made that a Department of Notes and Queries would soon be introduced.

In the early days, the Genealogical Department consisted of articles on Ancestry and Biography. By 1907, the importance of genealogical assistance was recognized, and the Notes and Queries became a regular department. The Magazine in the years following has been to many the only source of genealogical research, the importance of which has resulted in the preservation of complete files in many libraries and chapters throughout the United States, and even chapters in foreign lands rely to a great extent on the Genealogical Department for assistance.

Accessions to our library are published in the minutes of the meetings of the National Board of Management. Through the years, these constitute the much-desired and oft-requested catalogue of our library books.

Another source of genealogical information is our annual report to the Smithsonian Institution which is a requirement of our articles of incorporation and is published as a Senate document. These reports, through the years, contain lists of Revolutionary soldiers, cemetery records, etc. Volume 17 contains Pierce’s Register, the names of more than ninety thousand soldiers to whom the government owed money at the close of the Revolutionary War. This list was discovered among government archives by Mrs. Amos G. Draper, Sr., for many years an editor of the Genealogical Department of the Magazine, and has afforded eligibility requirements for scores of applicants. A complete file of these Smithsonian Reports may be consulted in our library and in many other large libraries throughout the country.

The importance of our Lineage Books has long been recognized and many libraries contain a complete file of 166 volumes with lineages to National number 167,000, the membership list accepted before 1922. Volume one, which contains the lineages with service references of the 848 charter members, was revised by the Twelfth Continental Congress.

* * *

Our aim is to continue items of genealogical interest that may be helpful in establishing eligibility requirements, the awakening of interest in the compilation of individual family histories, the encouragement of Family Association organizations, and mutual helpfulness through the Notes and Queries. So, as we contribute our mite of genealogical information to you in this post Jubilee month, our hope is that the future will afford greater development of that absorbing and hobby-forming vocation.

* * *

In these days of bombs over Europe anxiety increases over the welfare of even distant relatives and the probable destruction of our ancestral homes.

One of these is brought to mind through the daily broadcast of “Fred Bates speaking from London”. From “One Line of Bate Men” by Mrs. E. B. Grosvenor, 1912, Katherine Lee Bates says: “On the mid-
summer noon the green levels of south Kent lie far and tranquil gleaming in the warm sunshine. Lydd, once a member of the Cinque Port of Romney,” lies only four miles from the sea which we all have an ancestral right to love.

In the Domesday Book, in that part called Bolden Book, a survey of the palatinate of Durham was made in 1183. * * * In the reign of Edward I, 1272 to 1307, a survey was made which gave the land of one John Bate and others of that name. An account of the Chamberlain and Church Warden, 1428-1448 and 1520, Church of All Saints, Lydd, Kent County, England, mentions the Bates as having been important in Lydd for over three hundred years.

An inscription in the Church of All Saints, Lydd, England, on which is the date “Ye 6 day of September, 1567, reads thus: Bate of that ancient family in ye towne of Lydd.” In an out of print book, “Lydd & Its Churches,” owned by Mr. A. Butler of Lydd, is mentioned an epitaph “Bate, Gent. and of most ancient house” dated April ye 16, 1642. Burke’s Peerage gives crest—a stag’s head pierced by an arrow; arms on a shield sable, a fesse between three dexter hands, couped argent.—Motto: “Et Corde Et Manu”.

1. **John Bate**, October 25, 1415, was a legendary soldier in the Battle of Agincourt.

2. **Thomas Bates**, son of John, was born in Lydd, married Margaret —. He died in 1485. His sons were John and William. On October 19, 1485, Thomas Bate made his will, leaving to his affectionate wife Margaret and his family all his worldly goods. The abstract of his will was proved and a record of it kept in the Archives of the Cathedral of Canterbury, where all records of the town of Lydd were kept prior to 1542.

3. **John Bate**, the Jurate, son of Thomas and Margaret, was born in Lydd and died in 1522. He had two sons, Thomas and Andrew. In his will, dated July 31, 1622, and proved September 12, 1622, he gave “to the High Altar 6s 8d, to the reparation of the Church, £6; to a Priest to sing for my soul one whole year, 6 marks; to the poor for the health of my soul for five years, £10.” This was the Church of All Saints in which “all the way down the main aisle sleep our ancestors in godly company of old neighbors” says Katherine Lee Bates.

4. **Andrew Bate**, the Zealot, son of John, was born in Lydd and died 1533. His children were Joan, Simeon, William, John, Katherine and Thomas. He was a farmer of Dange marsh. Following the example of his father he also gave liberally to the Church in the town of Lydd, County of Kent, in the parish of All Hollow.

5. **John Bate**, the Jurate, son of Andrew, was born in Lydd. He married Mildred Ward in October 1546 and had Mary, James, Thomas and Andrew. He was buried March 1, 1580. He was possessed of “sundry articles of furniture and left his wife a fortune of £20”. The “fair trade” (of smuggling) was the insurgent protest of the brave men of those times against unjust laws. The “Men of the Marsh” all followed this “fair trade” in those good old days and almost every Church set aside an aisle or chantry for a store house. Dungeness was a point of peril and yielded many a rich gift of the sea.

6. **John Bate** the yeoman, son of John and Mildred Ward Bate, was born in Lydd. He married Mary Martime June 6, 1580 and had James, Robert, John, William, Thomas, Edward, Clement, Joseph, Isaac, Rachel and Martha. He died in 1614.

7. **James Bates** born in Lydd, Kent, England, December 2, 1582; died in 1655; came to Dorchester, Massachusetts, 1635; was an Elder in the Church; married September 13, 1603, Alice Glover of Saltwood, who died August 14, 1657.


9. **Samuel Bates** of Saybrook, Connecticut, who was born in Dorchester and baptized there April 19, 1648; died December 28, 1699; married May 2, 1676 Mary, daughter of Robert and Ann (Bliss) Chapman, both of Connecticut. They had six children, the fourth of whom was Stephen.

10. **Stephen Bates**, born June 1, 1689, married December 29, 1715, Patience Seward, daughter of Joseph Seward, the first
physician of Durham, Connecticut, and granddaughter of Lieutenant William Seward, the Immigrant. They had ten children, the fifth of whom was—

11. **Stephen Bates**, born March 20, 1722, married Lois —, who died February 5, 1791, age 62, and was buried in Granville, Massachusetts. Of their five children—

12. **Phineas Bates**, born July 22, 1749, married December 5, 1771, Esther Curtiss. She was the daughter of David and Thankful Thompson Curtiss and granddaughter of James and Hannah Curtiss. Phineas Bates served in the Lexington Alarm April 18, 1775, from Hartford County, Connecticut. He died in New York in 1829. The family lived in Granville, Massachusetts; Hartland Connecticut and Canandaigua, New York. Of their six children, the eldest was—

13. **Sarah Bates**, born Granville, Massachusetts, October 25, 1772, died June 28, 1836, married November 8, 1787 in Hartland, Connecticut, Orange Brace, and with him journeyed to the western country. The State of Massachusetts sold to Phelps & Gorham a portion of the 2,200,000 acres in what was known as the Genessee County in Western New York, an unexplored region inhabited only by Indians. The first sales made of this land was to a company of twelve men from Berkshire County, Massachusetts. Orange Brace was one of fifteen children of Captain Abel and Keziah (Woodruff) Brace of Farmington and later of Hartland, Connecticut.

Here ends the Bates surname in this particular branch of the family, but the name Bates has been carried down through five succeeding generations, all of whom have left honorable finger prints upon the pages of pioneer history.

The value of genealogical Notes and Queries is being recognized by many newspapers and by special publications which are devoted exclusively to this phase of genealogical work. We wish to publish a list of such newspapers and publications in the near future and invite sample copies or information pertaining thereto.

Family Association meetings have been numerous during the summer. Many notices of date and place of meeting were received too late to be published. The large attendance at these meetings is evidence of the growing interest in family history. However, to be of permanent value a record should be kept with references for each historical or genealogical statement. Tradition is not acceptable as proof in most Societies with lineage requirements.

The Battle of Cooch's Bridge, Delaware, September 3, 1777, is a recent publication by Edward W. Cooch, Lieutenant Governor of Delaware, who is also author of "History of Iron Hill; The Folks of Welsh Tract; Valentine Hollingsworth and Newark Monthly Meeting," and other interesting stories of Delaware History. The book is well indexed and contains the list of Pencaders Oath of Fidelity in 1778, containing 129 names.

Additional Abstracts of Wills of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, contributed to this Department by Miss Eleanor J. Fulton, 905 East King Street, Lancaster County, are published "to satisfy some of her many inquiries". The interest created by this fine work is gratifying. We again remind the "Anxious Inquirer" that common courtesy requires at least the enclosure of postage if replies are expected.

(This list is continued from the September issue.)


Dau. Agas Walker; Grandson James Carothers; Son Archibald Walker; Dau. Sarah Carothers; Dau. Mary Roan; Son Andrew Roan (this of course means son-in-law). Executors: My sons Archibald Walker and Andrew Roan. Ratified.


* * *

Queries

Queries must be submitted in duplicate, typed double-spaced, on separate slips of paper and limited to two queries (a) and (b) of not more than sixty words each. Add name and address on same line following second query.

All information available to us is published, so correspondence regarding former publications should not be sent to this department.

Answers to queries are voluntary but information of general interest therefrom will be published. Mutual assistance to those seeking the same or related information is the purpose of this department.

Queries conforming to the above requirements will be published as soon as space is available.

K-40. (a). Love-Matkin.—Ancestry of James Samuel Love and wife Ophelia (nee Matkin) who lived in Mecklenburg Co., N. C.; he was too young to serve in Rev.; children were John Thomas m. Agnes Hensley born Va., Lucinda and Melinda (twins) m. Matkin brothers. Perhaps other children. These three lived Morgan Co., Alabama. John Thomas Love moved to Cherokee Co., Texas, 1848.


K-40. (a). Maddux (Maddox)-Smith.—Wanted parentage and information on Zachariah Maddux and wife, Sarah Smith natives of Georgia. Married before 1812. Children born in Macon Georgia. He was a local Methodist preacher. His brothers were Leonhard, Levin and Alexander Maddux. All came to Illinois about 1816.

(b). Losey (Losee)-Taylor.—Wanted information on Daniel Losey and wife Esther Taylor. Married about 1796. Lived near Macon Georgia. He was a local Methodist preacher. His brothers were Leonhard, Levin and Alexander Maddux. All came to Illinois about 1816.


K-'40. Dent.—Interested in getting in touch with descendants of Thomas Dent, John Dent, Richard Edelen, John Hanson, and Humphrey Warren, all of whom were early settlers in Charles County, Maryland.—Harry Wright Newman, 1701 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

K-'40. (a). Hammock.—Wanted parentage and ancestry of Jackson Hammock b. 1808 and his wife Rebecca who was a Mrs. Hattiway or Hathaway, b. in 1803. They lived in Heard Co., Ga., moving to Ala. prior to Civil War.

(b). Howard.—Wanted ancestry and date of birth of Henry Hawkins Howard who died about 1840 in Ga. His wife was a Miss Crow. was she a dau. of Abner and Annis Crow who were early settlers of what is now Fulton Co., Ga.? Both are buried in Carroll Co., Ga.—Mrs. Judson Darden, Sylacauga, Ala.

K-'40. (a). Blair.—Wanted ancestry of Emily (Amelia) Blair, daughter of a Judge Blair, Frederickstown (Frederick) Maryland. Emily born about 1765. Married Charles McClure of Carlisle, Pa. 5-7-1783. Where were they married? Emily died 1792-3 aged 28, buried Carlisle, Pa. Children: John, b. 1784 m. Jane Blair; Mary, b. 1786 m. Joseph Knox, Carlisle, 1812.

(b). Who was the Judge Blair of Frederickstown, Md.? Could he have been William Blair, Jurist, who with eleven other jurists repudiated the Stamp Act in Maryland 1765-6? Like to correspond with anyone who can give information.—Mrs. James H. Welch, Box 426, Hemet, California.

K-'40. McAllister.—Want to correspond with anyone having data on McAllister family of western part of Va. which would help establish the ancestry of Garland McAllister, born 1793, married 1811, in Rockingham Co., Va. to Mary Ochiltree; moved to Ross Co., Ohio, 1830-5, died in Missouri 1857. Rev. service records and ancestry desired.—Mrs. W. T. Bishop, 616 West 6th Street, Sedalia, Missouri.

K-'40. (a). Howland.—Wanted ancestry of Tara Howland, who married Bernice —. They had a daughter Sarah (Sally) Howland born in Vermont Oct. 24, 1807, died near Brandon, Vt., April 16, 1889. She married Johnson Westcott, Jr., of Clarendon, Vermont, who was born 1804. Tara and Bernice Howland had thirteen children, may have been of Burrville near Rutland, Jefferson County, New York. Who is this Tara Howland?

(b). Holgat.—Wanted the ancestry of Asa Holgat (Holget) born 1736 died 1830. Was a member of Rogers Rangers. May have come from Beverley, Mass. Martha? lived in Vermont. (His wife, married 1764.)—Mrs. George S. McFarland, 2245 Coventry Road, Columbus, Ohio.

K-'40. (a). Ashcraft-Lewis.—Wanted the parentage of Elizabeth Lewis, a cousin of General Andrew Lewis, who married Daniel Ashcraft in 1735. Daniel Ashcraft was born in 1700 in northern England and came to America in 1728, settling at Point Pleasant, now in W. Va. Who were his parents? Wanted information concerning marriages of the daughters, Elizabeth, Rachael, and Margaret, Ashcraft.

(b). Coleman-Ashcraft.—Wanted ancestry of Elizabeth Coleman who married Ichabod Ashcraft in 1760, son of Daniel Ashcraft and wife Elizabeth Lewis. Her children were Daniel, Ephraim, Amos, Ichabod, John, Catherine, and Elizabeth Ashcraft. Also Ichabod Ashcraft's Revolutionary War record wanted. Would like to correspond with descendants of this family.—Mrs. Gladys Ashcraft Wehrly, Portland, Indiana.

K-'40. Reid.—Wanted ancestry of James Reid, born June 21, 1794 in Pa. Scotch-Irish descent. Married Oct. 11, 1818 to


(b). Squires-Eastep. — Asa Squires (born May 12, 1785) married June 27, 1803, Fredtown(?), Maryland, to Sara Cartwright Eastep (born Oct. 6, 1785). (His Mother, Elizabeth, was born March 30, 1746, died March 8, 1840.) Their children married into these families: McCoy, Cheney, Titchnel, Meeks, Metcalf, Newhouse, Bush, Carper and Morrison. Information on parentage—ancestry of Asa Squires and Sara Eastep desired.—Mrs. C. L. McArthur, 1240 Buckingham Road, Birmingham, Mich.


(b). Landram — (Landram or Lendrum). — Information as to ancestry of Edward Landrum, of Orange and Spotylvania Co., Va., married Agnes Hollanday. They had a son born in 1815.—Mrs. P. O. Gunn, 314 N. Main, Huntsville, Mo.


K-'40. Worthington. — Would like to correspond with descendants of any Worthington (especially Robert or Samuel) who removed from Virginia to Tennessee, North or South Carolina before the year 1800.—Mrs. Arthur Newton, 3924 Morrison Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

K-'40. Smith. — Wanted names of parents of Nancy Smith. Also date of her birth and death. Nancy Smith was married 11/14/1811 at Phelps, N. Y. by Rev. Powell to John Buchan, b. 5/25/1776 at Prince George’s County, Maryland and died 1/11/1829 at Hopewell, Ontario Co., N. Y.

(b). Blair. — Wanted parentage of Charlotte Blair and date of her marriage. She was born 1825, Ontario Co., N. Y., d. 1/19/1890, Waverley, Iowa. She was married to Alexander Smith Buchan, who was born 1816 and died 6/4/1903 at Beloit, Wis.—Mrs. R. J. Nesbitt, 3018 Humboldt Ave., So., Minneapolis, Minn.

K-'40. (a). Howze. — Wanted any information on the ancestry of James Howze who died, about seventy-five years old, Nov. 18, 1846 at the home of his Grand Daughter, Mrs. Robert Gilliam in Oxford, N. C. He had two daughters, Eliza T. who married Benj. Kittrell and Charlotte, who married Major Thomas. One son, James and maybe other children. His brother, Wm. D. Howze lived in Petersburg, Tenn. Wm. had a son Isham, who also lived in Petersburg, Tenn.
(b). Freeney. — Parentage, and any other information, of Elizabeth Freeny, born in Maryland about 1777. She married first, Benj. Retnolds and moved to Georgia. They had two children, Emily and a son Benj. Her second husband, was — Stanford. They had one daughter, Eliza and three sons, Frank, Tom and Will.—Mrs. James Trotter, 1811 Arlington Avenue, Bessemer, Alabama.

K-'40. (a). Dobbins-Farmer-Marks. —Wanted ancestry and Revolutionary War service on any or all of above lines. Joshua Dobbins (b. 1792, d. 1870) married Nancy Farmer (b. 1797) in Farmersburg, North Carolina, moved to Bloomfield, Indiana. They had 12 children. Their daughter, Mary Ann (Polly Ann), (b. 1831, Indiana, d. 1883, Illinois) married Jesse Marks (b. 1829 (?), d. 1855, drowned).

(b). Fields-Rife. — Wanted ancestry and Revolutionary War service on these lines. John Fields (b. 1785, died 1849) and Sarah, his wife (b. 1788). Children: Mary, Benton, Cynthia, Edmon, and Libby (b. 1831). Libby married Silas Rife (b. 1834, d. 1883), probably son of Abraham Rife, Pennsylvania.—Mrs. F. L. Bear, 1142 Sixth Street, Charleston, Ill.

K-'40. (a). Wilson.—Ancestry wanted of Clarissa Wilson, b. 1786 or 7, mar. Ezra, Andrews at Norfolk, Conn. Nov. 9, 1802. They lived in Burke, Vt. where ten children were born. Later they migrated to Franklin, Delaware County, N. Y.

(b). Edmonds-Brock. — Can anyone furnish information concerning William Edmonds and his second wife, Rachel Brock? They were living in or near Hoosick, Rensselaer County, N. Y. in 1814, where their only child, Angelina, was born Apr. 20, of that year. By his first marriage William Edmonds had at least three children, William, Nathaniel and Pollyette. Rachel Brock Edmonds died in Ononta, N. Y. Aug. 20, 1866.—Mrs. C. H. Sweetser, 5868 Virmar Ave., Oakland, California.

K-'40. (a). Everett.—All information possible of Sarah Everett born 1721 or 27 —wife of David Wade—born May 1733 at Wade's or Conn., Farms, N. J. Where and when married? She died Oct. 4, 1764 where? where born? Supposed to be an Aunt of Edward Everett, as he was a cousin of her only child, David Everett Wade. Who were her parents, brothers and sisters?

(b). Jones.—All information possible of Mary Jones 10-1765—4-1811—married June 20, 1786. David Everett Wade of Wades Farms, N. J. said to be a dau., of Rev., John Jones, a Welsh Presbyterian minister who went thro Rev. She had sister named Lock, one named Stephens and supposed to have one named Mc Makin as Gen. Mc Makin her nephew. When and where was he born, married, died and who was his wife?—Mrs. Estella Wade Spinning, 263 S. Belmont Ave., Springfield, Ohio.

K-'40. Cady-Pierce.—Were Isaac Cady b. Alstead New Hampshire, July 26 1793 d. Sept. 11, 1883 in Holly New York, m. Oct. 26, 1816 Betsey or Elizabeth Pierce d. Dec. 5, 1876, age 80, the parents of 1 George, 2 Elijah, 3 Mary Jane Cady b. about 1817 d. Dec. 17, 1902 Holly New York m. Eli L. Carey or Cary. If not, who were the parents of Mary Jane Cady who m. Eli L. Carey or Cary.—Edith McCullough, 1626 Garden Street, Santa Barbara, Calif.

K-'40. (a). Howe.—Wanted Revolutionary record of Captain Daniel Howe, whose daughter Lucy married Daniel Smith January 19, 1758. Lived in Shrewsbury, Conn.

(b). Smith. — Wanted Revolutionary record of Daniel Smith, born 1733, baptized May 10, 1736, died December 12, 1811.—Mrs. Conrad C. Klee, 23 St. John Avenue, Binghamton, New York.


K-'40. Tippery.—Wanted descendants of John Tippery who served in Captain Chas. Gobin’s Company, 6th Battalion
NATIONAL HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

Berks County Militia Commanded by Colonel Joseph Heister.—Henry Tippery, Callensburg, Pennsylvania.

K-‘40. Anderson-Steele. — Wanted parentage of Presley Anderson and wife, Elizabeth Steele, who settled in Fayette Co., Ky., about 1789. He died in Bath Co., Ky., 1816. She had bro. Cuthbert. Children: Nancy, (1776-1842) b. Culpeper Co., Va., m. Capt. Isaac Gray; Elizabeth, m. John Beale Howard; John Alexander Steele Anderson, died in Mo.; Presley, m. Euphemia Jones; Sally, m. Macabbee; William; Polly; James; Cuthbert; Maria; Eliza. m. John H. Dabney.—Mrs. S. Peyton Welch, R. 5, “Cedar Grove”, Lexington, Kentucky.


(b). Saunders. — Wanted the name of first wife of James Y. Saunders, married about 1785; lived in North Carolina moving to Sumner County, Tenn. Married second time Levisa Bowen. He had three children by the first marriage. A. B. Saunders of Mississippi, Nancy, who married Richard Irvine, and Winifred.—Mrs. John W. Pope, 722 Mercantile Bank & Trust Company Building, Dallas, Texas.

K-‘40. (a). DuBose. — Wanted name of the DuBose (was it Jean brother of Pierre?) supposedly of Darlington District, S. C., who had wife Mary Worthington, and daughters: Lany, married Woodham; Arya Jane m. John Josey; Dupre m. two Dicksons; Harriet m. (1) Belk, and (2) Joel Stokes; Jenny m. Stukey; and Rosamond died early. This DuBose had one son Middleton who married Dickson.

(b). Stokes. — Wanted name and ancestry of the Stokes of Darlington District, S. C., who had wife Martha Dickson, and sons Joel, born 1799, m. Harriet DuBose; Sylvestus, Henry, Hastings, James, Jefferson, and Dickson. Children of Joel Stokes and Harriet DuBose were Elliot Augustus, Compton, Columbus, Arya Jane, Rosina.—Mrs. Julius W. Melton, 1717 Edgewood Street, Jackson, Mississippi.

K-‘40. (a), Shelton. — Wanted, ancestry, wife’s name and ancestry and any other information about the family of Wilson Shelton born Charles County, Maryland, 1747. Was Revolutionary soldier in Virginia line from Stafford County, Va. Moved 1810 with daughter Margaret to Shelby County Kentucky. Margaret married Mason Harding in Shelby County Kentucky in 1811. Family moved to Parke County, Indiana about 1836, where Wilson Shelton died about 1839.

(b). Harding. — Who were ancestors of Mason Harding who married Margaret Shelton in 1811, in Shelby County, Kentucky? Family tradition says they were related to family of George Washington (President). He came from Virginia to Kentucky with Wilson Shelton and daughter Margaret. Want also dates of his birth and death; latter occurred in Parke County, Indiana, prior to 1865, possibly several years earlier.—Miss Ida G. Lyons, 936 New Hampshire St., Lawrence, Kan.

K-‘40. (a). Bond. — Wanted ancestry of Austin Bond b. 7-24-1813 in Franklin county, Va. wife Anna Wilson md. Clay Co. Ind. He may have been son of Robert Bond and Anna Starkey, b. in Va. d. Lawrence Co. Ind. Want Revo. service.

(b). Wright. — Arinda Jane Wright b. 1838 at Reelsville, Ind. md. John Galway Bond, 1861. She was dr. of Ira Del Wright b. Clay Co. Ind. and Elizabeth Leslie, dr. of Nicholas Leslie. Want ancestry of Ira Del Wright.—Miss Tine C. Houston, Mexico, Missouri.

K-‘40. Stewart-Carter. — Wanted ancestry of David Stewart and wife, Sarah
Carter who were married about 1803. Were living in Wythe Co. Va. in 1804 and Culpepper Co. in 1811. Both died in Ky. Their children were Elizabeth who married Josiah Gover and moved to Ala. John m. and went to Texas; Angelina m. Calvin Carter and lived in Ind. Susan m. a Burford and remained in Ky. Lorenzo’s wife’s name was Margaret and they went to Oregon. After David’s death, Sarah m. John Gilmore and had a daughter Sarah who m. a Buchanan and lived in Ky.—Mrs. H. Howard, Sylacauga, Ala.

K-40. (a). Pollitt.—Who were the parents of Thomas Rollins (Rawlins?) Pollitt who left Maryland about 1837 for Carondelet, Missouri. Later going to Bond Co., Illinois. We believe he came from near Baltimore.

(b). Quigley.—Did Thomas R. Pollitt marry Sarah Catherine Quigley before leaving Maryland? Who were her parents and where did they live?—Mrs. John Humphreys, 780 Highland Ave., Glen Ellyn, Illinois.

K-40. (a). Branch.—Wm. Branch, Chowan Co., N. C. will probated 1721, names wife, Margaret (“Lott of land in Edenton on Queen Anne Creek”) Sons: William (plantation near Edenton), Issachar (plantation on S. W. side of Mattachamacak creek) Solomon. Dau. Elizabeth, brother, Francis. Who were parents of William and Francis?

(b). Branch.—Wm. Branch, Sr., Halifax Co., N. C. will probated 1794, names wife, Elizabeth, sons Nicholas and John, dau. Ann Flewellen, Elizabeth Marshall, Jane Overstreet, Martha Dillard, Mary Scurluck, Sarah Hill, executor, friend, John Branch. Was Wm. Branch, Sr., of Halifax Co. son of Wm. Branch of Chowan Co. and how related to Col. John Branch? Will be glad to exchange Branch data.—Mrs. Clem Wilson, 5304 Collinwood Avenue, Fort Worth, Texas.


J-40. (a) Miller.—Wanted ancestors, date of birth and all information possible of Peter Miller, born in Saltsburg, Indiana County, Pennsylvania. Died Feb. 11, 1889, at the age of 62 years 11 months 17 days. Wife’s name was Susan Catherine . He was a member of Company G, 11th Pennsylvania Infantry, under command of Captain Robert Anderson. His name is on the Pennsylvania State monument at Gettysburg National Cemetery.

(b) Wagoner. — Wanted ancestors, date of birth and all information possible of Francis Wagoner, born May 3, 1762. He came from Germany to America with his mother when a child. Mother’s name was Susan Hepler, he was confirmed in 1780 by Melchoir Muhlenburg. He died Jan. 8, 1845, and is buried at Schellsburg, Pennsylvania. Mrs. La Alva Pachal, Box 1174, Woodland, Washington.

J-40. (a) Weiser.—Revolutionary record of Peter Weiser, (fifth child of Col. John Conrad Weiser (1696-1760) and Anna Eve Fech—) born at Tulpahochen, Pennsylvania, February 27, 1730, married Maria Catherine Muhlenberg.

(b). Sherman.—Ancestry of Elkanah Sherman and his wife, Lois H. King. They were married in Ridgefield, Connecticut, October 12, 1797. Mrs. Josiah W. Jones, The Briers, Olney, Maryland.

J-40. Murray-Brooks.—I would like to know the parentage, birth and death records of James Murray and his wife, Frances Brooks, probably married in Orange County, North Carolina. They moved from North Carolina to Southern Illinois in 1820. They were said to have 8 children, Frances Murray Baker, Anice Murray Hammock, Sally Murray Hammonds and Margaret (Peggy) Murray Davis. The four boys were Mark, James, Abner and William R., the youngest son, who was born in 1812. Edith Ann Murphy, Route 2, Eldorado, Illinois.

J-40. (a). Link.—Wanted the parentage and birthplace of Capt. John Link, of Augusta County, Virginia, who served in War of 1812 in Col. Coleman’s regiment of Virginia militia from August to December, 1814. Wife was Barbara Hernsberger.
He died July 31, 1851, in Greene County, Tennessee. Children were Thomas Newton, Ephraim, Mary Ann, John, Peter, Henry, Harvey, Catherine Eveline, Emanuel.


J’40. (a). Harrison.—Wanted names of parents of Jesse Harrison died 1806, married Sarah Truesdell born 1776, Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, who married 2nd Benjamin Westlake, April 29, 1810, died October 21, 1840.

(b). Goltry.—Wanted names of parents of Paul Goltry who married Sally Moffet, whose daughter (Polly) was born October 1792, died August 17, 1885. Mrs. David G. Miller, 2232 Elandon Drive, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

J’40. Sibley.—Wanted names of the children of Solomon and Catherine Sibley and who they married. They would be the grandchildren of Col. Ebenezer Sproat, and great-grandchildren of Commodore Abrahama Whipple. What is the connection with the McGuire’s? Mrs. Jessie McGuire Lanham, 40th Central Avenue, Shadyside, Ohio.

J’40. (a). Staples.—Wanted name and all data of Staples who married Elizabeth Lamb daughter of Thomas and Sarah (Beckwich) Lamb, born Springfield, Mass. 1729 removed early Salisbury, Conn. Died 1798 Camden County, N. C. as Elizabeth Staples. Lamb family lived Dutchess County, N. Y., Little Egg Harbor, N. J., St. Martin’s Parish, Md., Sussex County, Delaware, finally settled North Carolina. Mrs. W. P. Jackson, 1406 Riverside Avenue, Elizabeth City, N. C.

J’40. (a). Roerback-Sedgwick.—Wanted birth, death and marriage of George Roerback and Tabatha Sedgwick. First son Johannes bpt. Feb. 8, 1730, sponsors. Thammes Seddewick, Matheus & Antjen Sleight. Early Amsterdam Records. Was Thammes Seddewick father of Tabatha? Who was her mother. (b) Wanted birth date of their daughter, Catherine Roerback, married Dec. 14, 1757, to Peter White, born in Kinderhook. Ref: Claverack Dutch Reform Church Records. (c) Who were the immigrant ancestors of Roerback; Sedgwick; White?


J’40. (a). King-De Wolf.—Want data on Lyman Oscar King, born 1802, Berkshire Co. (?) N. Y. Parents were Reuben King and Roxanna De Wolf. Roxanna was born April 11, 1777, daughter of Peter De Wolf and Elizabeth Clemens or Clemons, had sister Betsey Card, brothers William, Clemons, and Horace De Wolf. Understand De Wolf descendants are living in Chicago. I have complete Revolutionary record of Peter De Wolf.

(b). Powers-Clemons (or Clemens).—Sarah Powers, born in Chesterfield, Essex Co., N. Y. in early 1800, want birth date, also when she and Lyman Oscar King were married. Clemons, Elizabeth, date and place of marriage to Peter De Wolf, Revolutionary soldier, born Dec. 26, 1754, in East Hartford, Hartford Co., Conn. Miss Mary Alice Warren, 2209 Old Shell Road, Mobile, Alabama.

In Memoriam

We announce with sorrow the passing, on July 14, 1940, of Mrs. Agnes Holton Banks (Charles Read) of New Jersey, Vice President General, 1926-1929; and State Regent of New Jersey, 1923-1926.

A CORRECTION—The article entitled “Fort Wilkinson”, which appeared on page 47 of the July-August issue gave the wife of General James Wilkinson as Anne Craig instead of Anne Biddle.
Genealogical Records

The National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, was organized to perpetuate the memory of the founders of these United States, to keep alive their ideals of truth, freedom and democracy, and to insure that future generations yet unborn would know of their lives and their deeds and be inspired by their example.

To perpetuate their memory we must know of them; to know of them we must preserve the records of them. Before we can transmit to future generations their ideals, we must know what those ideals were. Therefore, we must preserve the records, not of the leaders and heroes alone, but of every man and woman who lived during the formative period of the nation, as each in his own place contributed his part to make this country come into being.

In its genealogical work, in its preservation of the records of our forefathers, the Daughters stand supreme. Members of the Genealogical Records Committee are the "hewers of wood and drawers of water" who preserve and place on file those records for others to use.

It is fitting that this year as the Society celebrates its Golden Jubilee, the Genealogical Records Committee looks, not back at the past, but to the Centennial we will celebrate fifty years hence. For the Genealogical Records Committee is embarked on a fifty-year program, to copy or abstract, index, and place on file in one central place for the nation, the Daughters of the American Revolution Library in Washington, all records (up to some fifty years ago) dealing with the personal life of the men and women who made the nation.

It is a magnificent conception. People laughed when it was announced, and said it could never be done. But we are doing it! Last year over a quarter of a million typewritten pages of wills, marriages, deeds, diaries, tombstone inscriptions, court records, etc., properly indexed and bound, were placed on file. Every year more and more states and chapters undertake this work, and find it fascinating!

Do you want to do something for America? Help to save the records of the men and women who made it!

Jean Stephenson,
National Chairman.

Advancement of American Music

Secular solo songs, the subject chosen for this month's consideration, make up one of the most popular types of composition pursued by women of the United States of America. Because of the great breadth of interest on the part of the composers, the music assumes a decided variety of character.

Often these secular songs are inspired by love, nature and patriotism. "The Hand of You" (Bond Music Shop) by Carrie Jacobs Bond; Mrs. Crosby Adams' "Four Love Songs" (Clayton F. Summy); Clara Edward's "Song of the Brooklet" (G. Schirmer, Inc.); Annabel Morris Buchanan's "Wild Geese" (G. Schirmer, Inc.); "The Still of Evening" (Galaxy Music Co.) by Louise Snodgrass, and the songs suggested for September because of their expressed patriotism, bespeak the above characteristics.

Many songs are imaginative and some are enlivened by touches of playful humor such as Pearl Curran's "Ho! Mr. Piper" (G. Schirmer, Inc.); Elizabeth Merz Butterfield's "Little Old Sandman" (Composers Press, Inc.); Gladys Rich's "American Lullaby" (G. Schirmer, Inc.); and "Chrys-
anthemum” (G. Schirmer, Inc.), by Mary Turner Salter. This last song also shows an understanding of children. This subject has been an inspiration to many women composers. One of the foremost has been Jessie L. Gaynor, composer of “The Land of Nod” (Theo. Presser) and many other such songs.

Sometimes foreign lands have attracted the composer. Ethel Glenn Hier has a “Japanese Lullaby” (Composers Press, Inc.); Grace Warner Gulesian sings of Balinese Weavers, Sita, Sayonara, and a Tahitian Sash in her “Songs of the East” (White-Smith Music Pub. Co.); and Kathleen Lockhart Manning presents an atmosphere of old Paris in her suite “In the Luxembourg Gardens” (G. Schirmer, Inc.). This last composer also displays another type of inspiration. Selecting four “old masterpieces,” one of which is Mona Lisa, she has allowed a sister art of music to influence her song cycle “The Art Gallery” (R. L. Huntzinger).

Women of the United States of America have been composing songs for almost one hundred years. The first to receive recognition was Constance Faunt LeRoy Runcie, born in Indiana in 1836. Since that time the number has increased each year. At the present time Mrs. H. H. A. Beach probably heads the list with more than one hundred songs to her credit. Her “Ah! But a Day” and “The Year’s at the Spring” (both A. P. Schmidt publications) are known to every singer.

Of the many other women composers of secular songs, one might mention the following together with a representative composition: Margaret Ruthven Lang, “Day is Gone” (A. P. Schmidt); Mana-Zucca, “Roaming Gypsy” (Harold Flammer, Inc.); Karolyn Wells Basset, “Take Joy Home” (G. Schirmer, Inc.); Pearl Adams, “Sea Wind” (Manhattan Music Pub. Co.); and Harriet Ware, “Your Birthday” (G. Schirmer, Inc.).

In the spirit of secular songs are the unusual recitations to music by Lula Jones Downing. Her suite, “Pipes of Pan” (Bryant Music Co.), is an interesting example.

JANET CUTLER MEAD
National Chairman.

Approved Schools

Because of the deletion in the October issue of all regular departments, the following article which deals largely with summer activities at our schools is slightly unseasonable. However, we believe that our readers still will be interested in these happenings.

BRIEF items of interest concerning every school on our approved list will appear in these columns. Those not included in this issue will appear at a later date.

TAMASEE (South Carolina). New building plans are on foot at Tamasee, and by the time you read this perhaps the ground will have been broken for the first unit of a new high school building. This unit is to be composed of about six classrooms, rest rooms, and office. Later a similar unit will be built, completing the main portion of a new building, to the rear of which it is hoped may be added a suitable gymnasium when funds for such a project become available.

At present $7500 is on hand and as soon as a few outstanding pledges come in work will start on the first unit. It is planned to construct the building of stone similar to that used in the Illinois Cottage and Pennsylvania Health House. When the building is finally completed the old Administration Building will be used for school offices, primary and elementary grades. For the information of individuals or States, who might be interested in contributions to the second unit, the needs are as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Department</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Science Room</td>
<td>$1650.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Home Economics (2 rooms)</td>
<td>3300.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>High School Library and Study combined</td>
<td>2000.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Agriculture</td>
<td>1650.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Handicraft</td>
<td>1650.00</td>
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Enrollment this year will exceed that of last year with about 175 in the boarding department and around 125 day pupils. With the increased number in the dormitories additional scholarships will be greatly needed.

KATE DUNCAN SMITH (Alabama). It is with regret that your National Chairman announces the resignation of Mr. Wilson Evans as Superintendent of Kate Duncan Smith School. He and Mrs. Evans will return to Berea where he has accepted the
position of Secretary of the Berea College Alumni Association. During the past few years Ellen and Wilson Evans have greatly endeared themselves not only to the children and families of Gunter Mountain but to all D.A.R. members who have come in contact with them. Our best wishes go with them in their new work. The Board of Trustees of Kate Duncan Smith have announced the appointment of Mr. Marvin O. Baxter as Mr. Evans' successor. Our good wishes are with him also as he assumes his new duties.

Fourth of July was observed on the mountain by an "Old Folks Day" at the school. Guests gathered in Dogwood Circle for a patriotic program and supper was provided by the various health groups. Community work is greatly stressed at Kate Duncan Smith, and much interest is shown in such gatherings. Two old men walked, as they claimed, two miles to the party, but when driven home it was found to have been nearer seven!

Typhoid immunization clinics have been held at outlying schools as well as at the Health House, and a constant campaign goes on against hookworm. About forty-five per cent of the children suffer from this disease.

A jolly trip by bus to Campbell Folk School was one of the summer diversions. We hope that members will not forget the great need of a heating plant for the Kate Duncan Smith School building and send in contributions large or small to swell this fund. All money should go through the Treasurer General's office clearly marked for whatever project it is designated.

Linc0n Memorial University (Tennessee). This summer saw the completion of a new building for the Department of Home Economics, Munson Home, so named in honor of our loyal D.A.R. member, Mrs. Marion Munson of Watertown, Connecticut, whose gift of $4500, added to a sum already on hand, made this building possible. This addition to the campus, furnished with all up-to-date equipment, will be used for a home management house and will be a practice laboratory for students in that department who will take turns living in the home.

Additional building activities during the summer included complete reconditioning and partial refurnishing of Grant-Lee Hall made possible by a very generous gift from Mrs. Sarah M. Lynn of New York City. Norton Hall has been given a new roof and has had the third floor entirely reconditioned and refurnished through the generosity of Mr. H. Fletcher Brown of Wilmington, Delaware. Both of these buildings were in great need of repair, and although we cannot claim credit for the gifts, as neither of the donors belonged to our Society, we commend their interest in this fine mountain college. Do our members realize that there is a D.A.R. hall on the same campus sadly in need of repair? What we build we should not forget!

Northland College (Wisconsin). Great news! Ground has been broken and, as your chairman writes, building is in progress on the fine D.A.R. Library, a replica of Washington's home at Wakefield, which, when completed, will house the twenty-five thousand volumes. This thirty-thousand-dollar building has been made possible by Mrs. Helen Kimberly Stuart of Neenah, former State Regent, whose splendid gift of fifteen thousand dollars, together with the contributions and support of the Wisconsin Daughters and available school funds, enabled the school to begin construction. Further contributions to the sum of about eight thousand dollars will be needed before this building can be entirely finished and completely furnished.

Hillside School (Massachusetts). Seventy-eight New England boys have been cared for this year, each one needing a home and understanding care. This is a home and school combined for three-fourths of the students who remain throughout the summer. During this vacation period there are large gardens to weed, haying to be done, all the usual farm work. But the boys also enjoy the season's sports.

Regarding needs, Mr. Sanford, the Superintendent, tells us:

"Next to contributions for current expenses, our greatest present need is a new and more adequate fire-proof intermediate dormitory building, to include classrooms, playrooms, sewing-room, and modern lockers. Tentative plans are already being considered. At present this is only a dream, but one which we hope may become a reality in the near future. "To bring the home atmosphere of Hillside nearer to your hearts, let us look in on the
various groups at the bedtime hour. Supper over, we will take you upstairs to the Junior Dormitory, where you will see twenty-three boys, from five to nine years, getting ready for their bath and listening to their favorite program on the radio. Then they listen to a story read by their House Mother, and finally, each boy kneels at the foot of his bed, sings a song and prays, then into bed.

"On to the Matthies Cottage, we find eight boys playing games and going to bed a little later. In the infirmary room, we meet one smiling chap interned for a few days with an infected arm.

"Then over to the intermediate group. Tonight is Amateur Night, and we hear a clear soprano voice singing, others eagerly waiting their turn to perform. Sorry to hurry you, but we must look in on the oldest group.

"One quarter of a mile down the road, we come to a brightly lighted farm house, teeming with activity. In one room we find a group of radio listeners, in another boys discussing sports. Several boys have just arrived from a final checkup in the dairy. Now it is nine o'clock. All is quiet on the Hillside front!"

PINE MOUNTAIN SETTLEMENT SCHOOL (Kentucky). It is your chairman's aim to give you original contributions from the schools when possible.

"SUMMER AT PINE MOUNTAIN"

"Although summer for most schools usually means less to do, Pine Mountain is humming with activity. We are busy with the construction of a new Laurel House to replace the one destroyed by fire on January 23. This served as dining room and dormitory, but now we have decided to house the girls in a separate building, so that we have two buildings to construct. We are repairing Boys' House which has served as a dormitory for twenty years and which needs some remodeling to bring it up to date. Aside from this, other general repair work is being done in other buildings on the campus.

"Perhaps the most interesting thing we have done this summer, and which we have done for the past two summers, is to carry on a one-month camp for young underprivileged children of Harlan County. It is a joy to see them blossom out during their stay here.

"Of course, work must continue on our farm. Thirty of our students stay to do this. They are selected on the basis of their ability and the amount of money owed to the school. For those who have no other way of paying their tuition of $7.50 a month, this is a golden opportunity.

"We are busy now, too, in selecting students. Writing, 'I hope you can scrounge me in on a workship,' one youngster summed up the expressions of so many who seek a place at Pine Mountain. They ask only for opportunity which can be paid by their own efforts. Although we cannot take all of them, we are glad for what Pine Mountain can do and are grateful to you for your part in making this possible."

CROSSNORE (North Carolina). The following is from an interesting letter to your chairman from Dr. Sloop:

"Our mountains have been really beautiful this summer with the heaviest bloom of wild flowers and shrubs that I think I have ever seen. We have wished that all our friends might share the beauty with us.

"We are making no effort to raise money for the completion of our new building, but are bending our energies to increase our scholarships and other gifts which will enable us to carry on with a deficit and to pay off more of our debt.

"Already we have far more applications for boarding children than we can take and we will try to select carefully from these for next year; we do not intend to exceed two hundred this year. Most of our children are in homes for the summer. All of them seem well and happy except small George who undertook to stand up in a farm wagon that had a hay rack on it. At the first rough place George fell through the rack and broke his leg. The kind lady who had him for the summer and said she was enjoying him so, had the best of surgical attention for him and he is now in a cast in our hospital.

"If you see a copy of Look for July 16, you will be interested to see the picture of the 'Yankee' boy who has enlisted among many other American boys in the Canadian forces. Malone (or James as he is called in the Magazine) was a Crossnore boy here in our Big Boys' Dormitory, and we realized there were unusual possibilities in him. We are proud that he was chosen as the typical American boy. He will make a splendid soldier, and I have just received a postal from him in which he says, 'I'm happy to inform you that I am on active service with the Canadian forces. Love, Malone Street.' Three more of our big boys have joined the American Army within the last ten days. We are proud of their loyalty, though our hearts ache for what may be their future."

ILEEN B. CAMPBELL, (Mrs. Samuel James Campbell), National Chairman.
Motion Pictures

Land of Liberty

Very soon there will be released through the theatres of all the cities and towns in the United States a picture called Land of Liberty, heretofore shown only at the New York and San Francisco fairs. Described as "a cavalcade of one hundred and fifty years of American history, recreated from the film classics of the past quarter century," it is proudly presented to the nation by the entire motion picture industry.

It has been twenty-five years in the making, for it is composed of scenes selected from all available features and short subjects produced over that period, offered without restriction by existent producing organizations and, in some instances, by distributors who possess product made by companies no longer in business. Land of Liberty tells its story in eleven reels. The selection of material involved the examination of more than 2,000,000 feet of film in features and short subjects, 117 of which are represented by scenes in the finished production. No estimate has been made of the number of feet of newsreel film that was also examined and from which many scenes have been taken.

The oldest film used in the production was taken from D. W. Griffith's America, made in 1914, showing scenes in the Revolutionary War. The most recent is from Warner Bros. The Bill of Rights, dealing with the period immediately after that war. Land of Liberty, besides being a cavalcade of the nation, is also a history of motion picture technique. The student of the motion picture will be able to trace in this production interesting developments in technique, lighting, set designing and construction, make-up and other mechanical aspects of making motion pictures. With respect to acting and direction no such progressive history is traceable, since the artist in either of those fields will do good work or indifferent according to his abilities, irrespective of other conditions. The quality of film is likewise more difficult to trace over the years because the entire production has been printed under uniform conditions of modern laboratory equipment and positive stock.
Dr. James Shotwell of Columbia University, who acted as historical consultant for the picture, has this to say about *Land of Liberty*: "The theme of American history as set forth in the Declaration of Independence is the keynote of this film. Its background is a rich tapestry into which have been woven the folkways of the American people. It presents customs and costumes, the everyday life, the restless movement, the homes and cities, and a thousand other items of social history. Then, by the magic of its creative art, the moving picture touches the living past with poetry and drama, and the great characters of history become again living personalities in action."

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.

**ARIZONA** (Columbia)


Spectacular drama with the sweep and power of "Cimarron," based on the recent novel by Clarence Buddington Kelland. It deals with a strange and unwritten chapter in American history and features the first white woman pioneer to figure in the Apache State's history, who, with a thousand men, withstood a four-year siege of the last wild frontier in what is now the United States of America. Old Tucson in the years 1859-1864 was recreated for the picture with its authentic roads, river, wells, and locales for scenes of immigrant trains, of Indian battles and a great cattle stampede. An impressive combination of an historic incident and one of the greatest of outdoor dramatic productions, to the making of which pioneer families and historical societies have given their help. Family.

**BITTER SWEET** (MGM)

Director: W. S. Van Dyke, II. Cast: Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Ian Hunter, George Sanders.

One of the best-known works of the playwright-composer, Noel Coward, serves as a co-starring musical for Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald. The story, set in the Gay Nineties, in London and on the Continent, is told in retrospect. In a prologue to the main story a discouraged young artist meets a charming old lady who had been a famous singer, hears the story of her life and finds himself a new set of values. Nine of the Coward song numbers are heard and the production is lavishly staged and costumed, has some delightful comedy and is filmed in Technicolor. A picture to enjoy. Family.

**ESCAPE** (MGM)


All the suspense and excitement of the much-talked-about story by Ethel Vance are pictured in the film version, starring Norma Shearer as the Countess, and Nazimova and Robert Taylor in the roles of Emmy Ritter and her son. The story is concerned with the experiences of a young American in Germany in 1936 who attempts to secure the release of his mother, a former great Continental actress, from a concentration camp. It is powerful drama, interpreted with an admirable sincerity by a distinguished cast. Adults and young people.

**KNUTE ROCKNE—ALL AMERICAN**

(Warner Bros.)

Director: Lloyd Bacon. Cast: Pat O'Brien, Gale Page, Donald Crisp.

The life story of the immortal "Rock," the simple, lovable football coach of Notre Dame, known and admired wherever the game was played. His tragic death in an airplane accident in 1931 was a shock to the whole country. The title role is played by Pat O'Brien, and Notre Dame University and its campus in South Bend, Indiana, provide the settings. Rockne's life was a disciplined one, and this code of discipline he passed on to his students together with high ideals of honesty and loyalty. An inspirational picture and one of the year's finest. Family.

**LADDIE** (RKO Radio)


One of the late Gene Stratton Porter's popular stories with its setting in Indiana about 1876, and with farmhouses, a forest clearing, farm lands and country lanes for its backgrounds. The romance of a young Indiana farmer and a high-spirited English girl, with the young man's adoring sister trying to help the affair along, forms the theme of the simple story. Capiably directed and acted, the film completely captures the spirit and charm of the original story. Family.

**LITTLE MEN** (RKO Radio)


Changes, for dramatic purposes, have been made
in this film version of Miss Alcott's story, but the spirit and atmosphere of the famous book have been brought to the screen in vivid fashion. Plumfield has been duplicated in perfect detail, as described by Miss Alcott, and the peaceful New England farm school presided over by Professor Bhaer and Jo has been recreated. The period is 1864 to 1877, and there will be nostalgic memories for many as the famous characters of this sequel to "Little Women" come to life. It is well acted and has an entertaining mixture of drama, romance and comedy. Family.

Short Subject

OUR NATIONAL DEFENSE (Columbia)
Washington Parade No. 6

This Washington Parade series is always important, dealing as it does with some vital phase of national government and presenting it in an intelligent and interesting way. Today, while the United States continues its preparations for defense, this subject is most timely in its portrayal of every phase of modern soldiering from recruiting to warrior, including war games and fleet maneuvers. A heartening picture emphasizing the complete and serious effort being made to protect our liberty. Family.

Marion Lee Montgomery,
(Mrs. LeRoy)
National Chairman.

Junior American Citizens

To all who are interested in children, and especially the Junior American Citizens throughout this country,—here is what young Lloyd Cooper, a member of the Abraham Lincoln Junior American Citizens Club, sponsored by Monmouth Chapter, New Jersey, thinks the clubs mean. Is this not an inspiration for leaders, an urge to help them further, and proof of what the clubs mean as an influence for good citizenship?

"What the Junior American Citizens Stand For."

J — Justice for all
U — Unity in our Country
N — Neighbors to one another
I — Insist on respect to our Flag
O — Optimistic for the future
R — Religion for our Foundation
A — America first, last and always
M — Merciful to the weak
E — Eager to help others
R — Resourceful in emergencies
I — Intelligent Citizens
C — Courageous Always
A — Alert to all that's helpful
N — Never tired of doing
G — Cheerful at our task
I — Interested in our Community
T — Truthful in our statements
I — Improvement in ourselves
Z — Zealous for our Club
E — Ever ready to the call of our Country
N — Noble in our manner
S — Soldiers of Service

Eleanor Greenwood,
National Chairman.

Real Daughters

Readers of our Jubilee issue will recall the photographs of our two remaining Real Daughters, Mrs. Annie Knight Gregory of Pennsylvania and Mrs. Caroline Randall of New Hampshire. Your National Chairman of this committee would like to share with you this month a brief account of her recent visit with Mrs. Randall in Claremont.

Owing to her poor health, Mrs. Randall has been placed in a nursing home where she is exceedingly well cared for. Her mind is not always clear, and she did not remember the writer. But when she was asked, "You will not forget that you are a Daughter of the American Revolution and one of our two Real Daughters, will you?" a smile came to her face and she quietly murmured after a few moments, "I am proud." A moment or two later, she added, "I sha'n't forget anything," and again later, with a happy expression, "I sha'n't forget anything." And then she went to sleep.

Helen N. Joy,
(Mrs. Henry Bourne)
National Chairman.
On the American Bookshelf

THIS is the month when Children’s Book Week is being celebrated. The following books, therefore, have been selected and recommended for them, bearing in mind the special interests of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the ideals which they desire to inculcate in their own children and other young people in whom they are interested.

For Older Boys and Girls

The United States Navy, by Merle Armitage, for all the family, and especially for the boy who is fascinated with ships and the sea, and wants to know the factual data about our own Navy, its history, heroes, ships, and its future. Navy flags and symbols are in color. The book is beautifully printed and is in all ways unusual. Foreword by Commander Lovette, U.S.N., endorsement by Admiral H. R. Stark, U.S.N. Longmans, Green, $5.00.

We Called Them Indians, by Flora Warren Seymour, a history of the Indian from earliest times to the present. By a former member of the board of Indian Commissioners. D. Appleton-Century, $2.00.

The Bridge of Water, by Helen Nicolay, the story of the canal across Central America, from the beginning of the dream to the opening day. Especially recommended for the older boy interested in engineering. D. Appleton-Century, $2.00.

Quest of the Cavaliers, DeSoto and the Spanish Explorers, by Faith Yingling Knoop, links together nearly all the fascinating tales of early Spanish exploration in the New World, not generally known by most children. Longmans, Green, $2.00.

River Empire, by Helen Clark Fernald and Edwin M. Slocumbe, a fast-moving adventure and mystery tale, taking place on the waterways from Canada to New Orleans, at the time of Aaron Burr. Intrigue and narrow escapes of the youthful hero are plentiful. Longmans, Green, $2.00.

Quest in the North-Land, by Elizabeth Yates, a pleasant story of young travelers in modern Iceland, a country now of great interest to all Americans, who will enjoy this glimpse of the people and the scenery. Knopf, $1.75.

Elizabeth, The Tudor Princess, by Marian King, an authoritative and well-told account of the childhood of the daughter of Henry VIII, who, like the present Elizabeth of England, grew up in a difficult period, and in whose reign England was likewise threatened with invasion. Stokes, $2.00.

Horses I Have Known, by Will James, in his usual colloquial style, the author takes you into that world he knows so well, the world of horses of the western plains and ranges. A suitable book to give a whole family. Scribners, $2.50.

Michel’s Island, by Mabel Leigh Hunt, a tale of the Great Lakes country in the days of the voyageurs, and of a lad whose father is a French trader and whose mother, an Indian. Michel has an engaging personality, and the author knows not only her subject, but how to tell it. Illustrations by Kate Seredy. Stokes, $2.00.

Science Picture Parade, by Walton Davis, a book of photographs and authoritative articles on the “parade of science,” which may help some young people to take a more active interest in scientific fields and possibly point the way to their life work. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $3.00.

For the Middle Group

The Land He Loved, by Elizabeth Emmett. In this story of a “bound” boy...
from London entering into the home-life of a family in old Narragansett, there is portrayed one of the most lovable characters in children's literature for a long time. With all his faults you will love and grow to be very patient with Tim. He dreamed of London and hated America—then the choice came—but that's the story. Macmillan, $2.00.

The Fair American, by ELIZABETH COATSWORTH, a gracefully told story of a French lad, a refugee of the 18th century. Besides being a good story, it should make children more thoughtful of today's refugees in our country. The illustrations by Helen Sewell are excellent. Macmillan, $2.00.

Happy Times in Czechoslovakia, by LIEBUSHA BARTUSEK. In these stories of festivals and happy days in Czechoslovakia, the understanding mother or teacher will read much between the lines, indicating how fortunate America is when welcoming the people from this now unhappy country to her shores. There is great appeal also in the pictures in color by Yarka Burés. The foreword and commendation is by Eleanor Roosevelt. Knopf, $2.00.

The Brave Frontier, by HELEN FULLER ORTON. This book reminds us that even children were involved in the struggle for American Liberty. The setting is the Schoharie Valley in New York at the time of the Revolution. Stokes, $1.75.

Early American, by MILDRED MASTIN PACE. The first complete biography of the son of a French refugee, Paul Revere, who did much more for his country than make one stirring ride through the night. Scribners, $1.50.

Daniel Boone, by JAMES DAUGHERTY, is the Newbery Prize winner for 1939. The prose is beautiful—singing and strong, the illustrations full of action and will fascinate everyone in the family from the baby up. It is a good book to live with. Viking, $2.50.

A Mystery for Margery, by GLADYS BLAKE, fulfils the demand for a "mystery story" for girls and gives at the same time an accurate picture of the days of Andrew Jackson. Appleton-Century, $2.00.

The Long Winter, by LAURA INGALLS WILDER, life in the 1880's in a little town, on the American frontier, the sixth volume in a popular series. Harpers, $2.00.

The Beaver Twins, by JANE TOMPKINS, a true story of these interesting creatures which have played so great a part in American history. Only one who had observed these animals for a long time would have been able to write this book. Stokes, $1.50.

Up The River to Danger, by ELIZABETH PALMER, a story of life in Minnesota in the early days, and of a boy who, being full of woes, ran away into adventure. Scribners, $1.75.

The Youngsters from the Baby Up

The American Mother Goose, by Ray Wood, should be one of the baby's first books, because it is a collection of American folk rhymes, as fashioned by the early settlers and pioneers, and the illustrations by Ed Hargis are exactly right. Stokes, $1.25.

This Is The Way We Build a House, by CREIGHTON PEET, is an ideal book to satisfy the eternal curiosity of those youngsters who hover about the builders of the modern-day house, from the time of its foundation to the finishing touches. Bountifully illustrated. Holt, $2.00.

The Little History of The United States, by MABLE PYNE, is a marvelous introduction to American history, which should at once predispose children in its favor, interlarded as the book is with humour and the most amazing illustrations in color for every paragraph, illustrations which have a way of fastening on childish imagination and memory. Houghton Mifflin, $1.75.

Abraham Lincoln, by INGRI and EDGAR PARIN D'AULDIRE, illustrated with lithographs in five colors by the authors. This is the winner of the 1939 Caldecott Medal for the most distinguished picture book for children. Doubleday-Doran, $2.00.
Sir Noble, the Police Horse, by Mary Graham Bonner. All children enter easily into the world of animals, and this story is written by one who knows both the world of animals and the world of children. Story of a real horse on the police force in New York. Illustrated with photographs. Knopf, $1.50.

They Were Strong and Good, by Robert Lawson, the record of the immediate ancestors of an average American family, told mostly in pictures by the creator of the pictures of Ferdinand; strongly reminiscent of the days of the family album. Viking, $1.50.

The Story on The Willow Plate, by Leslie Thomas. Here is the Chinese legend which is treasured by all those who have willow plates with the old design of pagoda, bridge and the flying doves. Morrow, $1.25.

Stories For Little Children, by Pearl S. Buck, tales for small children about the sun, clouds, thunder, winter and summer, the moon and the dark. John Day, $1.50.

Other Books Received

Pageants Past, by Onez Temple. A book of pageants, performed by clubs, schools and churches, illustrated by the author. This material seems particularly suitable for presentation by D. A. R. groups and is published as the Golden Jubilee Project of the Ruth Wyllys Chapter at Hartford, Connecticut.

Image of Life, by John O. Beaty, "essays on literature and cultural subjects." Thomas Nelson & Sons, $2.00.


Mrs. Larsen's volume on Anglo-American pottery gives all one could ask for in such a book. It was published after twenty years of research and includes nearly seven hundred varieties of Staffordshire ware.

Not only is each piece of china illustrated with actual picture or word picture, but the facts of size, shape, and color are given, also the name of the artist who inspired the plate and the name of the engraver who put the painting in a form usable to the potter. The history of the event or place and other interesting facts are usually given. Also the collector benefits from the section on borders and the various addenda—the process of transfer printing, biographical list of artists, alphabetical list of illustrations, bibliography, list of American Historical china, and a general index. This book is an invaluable aid to the serious student of American view china.

H. S. J.

Montreal

(Continued from page 25)

bisher mansion which was the rendezvous of the Beaver barons, has disappeared, but the glamor of the name is retained in Beaver Hall Hill and Beaver Hall Square, the hub of modern city traffic.

Montreal, like New York, is one of the world's island metropoli, but where Manhattan is flat Montreal is built round a mountain that towers above the city. The Look-Out, which commands a breath-catching view of shops, houses and miles of docks below, is within ten to fifteen minutes' walking distance of the uptown business section.

Then the French atmosphere sets the city apart. Only one French city outranks Montreal, and that, legitimately enough, is Paris. St. Lawrence Main, a wide busy thoroughfare, is recognized as the linguistic dividing line. French is the medium of business to the East of this street, while English has precedence on the West. Of the 1,000,000 inhabitants two-thirds speak French as their mother tongue, but the majority of Montrealers are bi-lingual. All public notices, traffic signs and theatre posters are printed in the two languages—and thereby the newcomer picks up colloquial French with facility. It is so much easier to remember "Pas de stationner—No Parking," if it is on a street sign and not in the dictionary!
"Example has more followers than reason.—We unconsciously imitate what pleases us, and approximate to the characters we most admire.—A generous habit of thought and action carries with it an incalculable influence."—BoVEE.

NON-AFFILIATION

IN answer to many questions recently received by your Parliamentarian it seems imperative that chapters be acquainted with a national ruling that was reaffirmed at the Forty-second Congress, April, 1933. This same matter was discussed in the November, 1939, issue of the Magazine, but that does not seem to suffice and many evidently did not see that article which explained the fact that Chapters of the N. S. D. A. R. are not permitted to affiliate with other organizations.

Resolution No. 12—Non-Affiliation—was adopted Friday, April 21, 1933, and is as follows:

WHEREAS, The National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, is being constantly requested to join or affiliate with other organizations in various projects necessitating the expenditure or collection of dues; and

WHEREAS, The By-Laws of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, make no provision for affiliation where financial obligations are involved; and

WHEREAS, Dating from May 5, 1894, various resolutions have been adopted to the effect that we adhere strictly to the objects as defined in Article II of our Constitution and that neither the Society nor any part thereof shall identify itself in any official capacity with other organizations; and

WHEREAS, A legal opinion was sought and given stating that we cannot legally affiliate with other organizations; be it

Resolved, That the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution assembled in the Forty-second Continental Congress, hereby reaffirms these resolutions, and expressly states that it cannot affiliate in any way with other organizations or group of organizations, but that it may co-operate, when it seems advisable, with any organization having objects kindred with its own.

"Affiliation" means becoming a part of; to unite with. "Co-operation" means associating with, or acting in conjunction with. "Affiliation" entails the matter of dues or a monetary obligation which in the end means official membership in, and becoming a part of, the organization. If you "co-operate" you informally take part in meetings of an organization in an unofficial capacity. Civic organizations may receive the approval of a D. A. R. Chapter, also members may join as individuals, but a Chapter which "is a part thereof" (of the N. S. D. A. R.) cannot become a member of any other organization or group of organizations.

I have chosen from my mail of the past few months questions that are duplicated any number of times and I am going to answer these questions for the benefit of all concerned.

Ques.—Why is it necessary for a Chapter to accept applicants by a majority vote; why is it that a Chapter cannot accept an applicant by the rule that two or three black-balls reject a candidate for membership?

Ans.—In the first place applicants are joining the National Society primarily, and if it is proven that the applicants are not eligible to the National Society then these applicants are not permitted to join any Chapter.

"Robert's Rules of Order Revised" is the adopted authority of the National Society; these rules specify that all motions unless otherwise stated shall require a majority vote to adopt. (See page 202, R. R. O. R.)

The National By-Laws, Article I, Section 1, specifies the entire procedure for electing an applicant to membership in a Chapter, and may I say here that this rule, or any other rule of the National Society cannot be added to, or changed, or modified in any way. Formerly a Chapter had the right to decide which group voted on the name of an applicant, a Chapter or the Chapter's Executive Board. But at the recent Congress (April, 1940) an
amendment was adopted and both the Chapter and the Board may vote upon the names of applicants, but only by a majority vote.

Past records in the files of your Parliamentary record the fact that General Henry M. Robert stated definitely that only a majority vote can be required to elect an applicant to membership in a Chapter and that a rule requiring a larger vote would be out of harmony with the underlying policy of the National Society and would be in conflict with the by-laws of the N. S. D. A. R.

When a Chapter organizes the Chapter accepts the obligations requisite to becoming a part of the National Organization which in all cases is conceded to be supreme. (See page 380 of "Robert's Parliamentary Law"). The first principle laid down on the interpretation of by-laws is as follows:

"Each Society must decide for itself the meaning of its by-laws. When the meaning is clear, the Society, even by a unanimous vote, cannot change that meaning. Where a by-law is ambiguous it must be interpreted, if possible, in harmony with the other by-laws. If this is not possible, it should be interpreted in accordance with the intention of the Society at the time the by-law was adopted, as far as this can be ascertained and a majority vote is all that is necessary to decide the question."

General Robert had much to do with the drafting of the by-laws for the National Society and he well knew the intent and purport of those by-laws and his opinion rendered on this matter of accepting applicants by a majority vote was given shortly after their adoption.

Ques.—Our local Chapter dues are due the first of September of each year. May a member resign during the fall and still be in good standing with the National Society, without paying her dues for 1941?

Ans.—The national ruling is that the annual dues of $2.00 are payable to the National Society on or before the first day of January. A member cannot be in arrears for dues if she pays them on or before that date. If your member paid her 1940 dues within the required time stated above she can be said to be in good standing with the National Society when she resigned. I repeat again, the rules for the payment of Chapter dues should be made to coincide with those for national dues or constant confusion will be the result.

Ques.—Calling your attention to the ruling that, "no member shall be entitled to more than one transfer in a year," may I ask how a member could be allowed to resign and be reinstated and be transferred in the period of less than a year and will you explain just when (the exact date) a member may transfer without having to pay the next year's dues?

Ans.—Part 1—A resignation is not a transfer in membership nor is a reinstatement a transfer in membership. After a member resigns and her resignation has been accepted she has no connection with the Society then. Article V, Section 7 of our national by-laws provides for the reinstatement of members who have resigned and it is my opinion that under the stipulations as prescribed in Section 7 that the applicant for reinstatement should pay dues for the current year even though she paid dues for that year before she resigned.

Ans.—Part 2—A member may transfer any time up to January 1 without the payment of the next year's dues, providing the notice of her acceptance is received in the Treasurer General's office by that date, from the Chapter receiving the member. All members are required to pay their dues through the source of which they are enrolled on January 1.

Ques.—What shall we do when we find that we have a Chapter by-law that is in direct conflict with our national by-laws? How may we correct such a mistake without taking the time to amend our by-laws?

Ans.—"Robert's Parliamentary Law," on page 538, answers your question I believe. I think it is very much better at all times for the chair to call attention to the mistake and give the organization a chance to correct the mistake made. If this "mistake" has been in force for a number of years and the assembly persists in taking the improper action, then such action is null and void and should be so declared. An improper procedure should be corrected as soon as the fact of its illegality is recognized. May I add right here that all Chapters must obey the national rulings without any exception. Strange though it may seem, some Chapters feel that they should be allowed to be "an exception to the rule."

Remember that "Robert's Rules of Order Revised" is the accepted authority for the National Society and the National Society legislates for all Chapters and for all states alike.

Faithfully yours,

ARLINE B. N. MOSS
(Mrs. John Trigg Moss),
Parliamentarian.
Dedication of Markers

A bronze plaque commemorating what is thought to be the last battle waged in Franklin County with the Indians was dedicated by the Columbus Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Columbus, Ohio, as a part of the Golden Jubilee celebration of the National Society. The wording on the plaque is as follows:

"Crawford's Raid on Indians. In October, 1774, Lord Dunmore sent Colonel William Crawford and soldiers against the Mingo Indians, who had refused to sign a treaty. An Indian village at the forks of the Scioto, near here, was destroyed. Erected by Columbus Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, June, 1940."

Early in 1774, Lord Dunmore, then Governor of Virginia, sent a circular letter to all settlements along the frontier urging the settlers to place themselves in a state of defense against the Indians. By September, Chief John Logan, of Cayuga Indians, had collected ten white scalps for each of his warriors killed. As soon as this news reached the Virginia capital, Lord Dunmore sent General Andrew Lewis and his division to Ohio. They crossed the Ohio River where the battle of Point Pleasant took place October 9, and the Indians were defeated.

The second division under Lord Dunmore marched to the mouth of the Hocking River where Fort Gower was built. They proceeded up the Scioto to Pickaway Plains, a few miles from Chief Cornstalk's camp, where they built Camp Charlotte. Cornstalk, realizing he was defeated, invited Lord Dunmore to council, and a treaty was signed.

Mingo Indians refused to take part in the council and Colonel William Crawford and a company of picked men quelled them. Their village was destroyed, and this altercation is believed to be the last between the whites and the Indians in the vicinity.

At the unveiling, Mrs. James F. Donahue, State Regent, and Mrs. Nelson J. Ruggles, Chapter Regent, spoke. The ceremony was most impressive with the second platoon of Company B, Tenth Infantry of Fort Hayes, acting as guards of honor.

Sponsored by the Jane McAfee Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Harrodsburg, Kentucky, as a Jubilee project, a marker was recently placed on the grave of John McGee, a soldier of the American Revolution. The McGee house, built in 1790, is still well preserved. The tablet placed on the house reads: "Pioneer Home of John & Mary McGoun McGee erected 1790 on his survey of 1773 granted by Patrick Henry, Gov. of Va. Placed by their great great grandchildren Col. John J. McGee and Dorothy W. McGee."
Dedicated July 3rd, 1940, by Jane McAfee Chapter, D. A. R.” The marker at John McGee’s grave was unveiled by John McGee, 5th, and Miss Dorothy McGee.

The John Rolfe Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Hattiesburg, Mississippi, recently paid tribute to the memory of Mrs. Lou Robertson Hemeter, a charter member of the Chapter and a granddaughter of a Revolutionary soldier. A marker was unveiled and dedicated, under the direction of the regent, Mrs. T. C. Hannah.

Under the auspices of the Old White House Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of White House, New Jersey, a bronze marker was recently unveiled in honor of Charles Pidcock, a soldier of the American Revolution, at his grave in Lambertville. The ceremony was directed by Miss Gladys G. Pidcock, regent of the Chapter, and historical sketches were given by Mr. George M. Pidcock and the regent, who are descendants of Charles Pidcock. The bronze marker was unveiled by Ralph Pidcock, another descendant.

Mrs. T. C. Maguire, State Regent of Florida, recently officially presented the State a marker erected by the Edward Rutledge Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Lake City, to commemorate an Apalachee Indian trail in Florida’s early history. The marker was erected at the intersection of the Jacksonville and Palatka highways, just outside Lake City. Mrs. Maguire stated that the marker was the eleventh to be erected and presented to the State by the chapters in Florida. The inscription on the marker reads: “The Apalachee Indian trail of early times passed in this vicinity through Alligator, now Lake City, to near the upper mineral springs, White Springs on to Tallahassee via Alapaha. This marker also commemorates the historically prominent Chief Alligator, whose village stood at Lake City nearby.”

The Ralph Clayton Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Clayton, St. Louis County, Missouri, recently presented a bronze tablet in honor of Ralph Clayton, the founder of the city. The tablet bears the D. A. R. Insignia and the inscription, “In Honor of Ralph Clayton, 1788-1888.” The tablet was placed at the City Hall.

The regent of the Chapter, Mrs. Lorena Jamison Christophel, made the presentation to the city, and Mayor Alfred Kerth accepted the tablet on behalf of the city. Mr. Ralph Schwenck, Chairman of the Board of Public Relations and Members of the Board of Aldermen, also participated in the ceremonies, which were opened by the Chapter Chaplain, Mrs. W. W. Henderson, a granddaughter of Ralph Clayton.

Ralph Clayton was born in Augusta County, Virginia, February 22, 1788, and moved to Missouri in 1820. He settled in Central Township on the land which he opened and lived on until his death. He gave one hundred acres of this land for the county seat of the new county. The city of Clayton was laid out on the ground in 1878.

Under the auspices of the Robert Cooke Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Nashville, Tennessee, dedicatory services, marking the completion of the planting of one thousand trees on the campus of the State Training & Agricultural School, were held recently. The Junior American Citizens led in the singing of patriotic songs. Mrs. Ben K. Espey, regent of the Chapter, who presided, dedicated the trees to Dr. Lacey H. Elrod in recognition of his services in the training of our American boys to uphold the standards of honor, to understand and appreciate the value of good citizenship, patriotic education, and respect for our Flag.

The trees, secured by the Conservation Chairman, Mrs. W. R. Austin, were given by the Chapter and planted by members of the Junior American Citizens Clubs of the school.

Historical Tour

The Governor Edward Coles Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Mattoon, Illinois, recently chartered a bus and took twenty-five school children on an educational and historical tour to Springfield. The reconstructed Lincoln Village at New Salem was also visited.

Anniversary Celebrations

The Eve Lear Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of New Haven, Connecticut, recently cele-
brated the silver anniversary of the founder of the Chapter with a luncheon. Guests of honor were Mrs. Frederick P. Latimer, Vice President General; Miss Mary C. Welch, State Regent; Miss Katharine Matthies, State Vice Regent, and Mrs. James F. Hunter, State Secretary.

At the home of the organizing regent, the late Mrs. Helen Piper Benedict Manson, a group of one hundred and seven met to found a new chapter. It was named Eve Lear in honor of Mrs. Manson’s ancestor, a sister of Tobias Lear, Washington’s secretary. Of the charter members, eighteen are now living.

In celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the National Society, and the Silver Jubilee of the Chapter, the Logan-Whitley Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Stanford, Lincoln County, Kentucky, presented a play entitled, “The Launching of the Good Ship, D. A. R.” The scenes, written and directed by a Chapter member, tell of the founding of the Society. Following the play, the State Regent, Mrs. Frederic Wallis, gave an address. Preceding the interesting program, a birthday dinner was given.

The Ellen Hardin Walworth Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of New York, New York, celebrated Constitution Day at the World’s Fair. The program was given on the plaza on City Hall Square in front of the New York City Building. The regent, Mrs. Henry A. King, presided and welcomed the public audience. Patriotic songs were sung, led by Miss Lilian Richardson. A most inspiring address on the Constitution was given by Mr. John Cecil. The guest of honor was Mrs. William H. Pouch, former Organizing Secretary General of the National Society. During tea in the afternoon, the Chapter was honored by a call from the President General of the National Society, who invited the Chapter to participate in the Jubilee.

The Chickasha Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Chickasha, Oklahoma, attracted county-wide attention to the observance of Flag Day when members of the Chapter sponsored a program at one of the local theaters. The singing of patriotic songs was featured. At the end of the program, the theater manager presented the patriotic short entitled “The Declaration of Independence.”

The affair was one of the most successful patriotic features ever given in the county. In fact, the Daughters are so delighted over the success of this program that they are now attempting a “Flag for Every Home in Chickasha” campaign, hoping to increase patriotism among our citizens by purchasing flags to display about their homes constantly.

During June the Great Conewago Presbyterian Church near Hunterstown, Pennsylvania, celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of the founding of the church organization. As a part of the celebration, the Gettysburg Chapter, N. S. D. A. R., of Gettysburg, unveiled a bronze tablet commemorating the more than thirty Revolutionary soldiers buried in the church graveyard. Mrs. Harper D. Sheppard, a Vice President General of the National Society and a member of the Gettysburg Chapter, unveiled the tablet which was mounted on a native boulder.
Painted Callico
(Continued from page 15)

English fox hound, however. The occupants of the hack are a fine lady and gentleman about to pause for some refreshment along the highway, even as we of this day do.

This bit of chintz is from the bed hangings of the wife of a long ago Revolutionary War captain. As he was an ardent patriot this goods must have been imported from England before the war started, for he would certainly not have purchased cloth with such a decided English slant after the outbreak of hostilities. That, and the general detail of the chintz, place it at about 1765 or 1770.

While the events delineated in the first tier of pictures might seem a bit gruesome for bed hangings, the brown prints on cream colored cloth would blend well with the rich walnut furniture that the captain undoubtedly owned and together produce an effect of harmony and repose.

Our chintzes today are chosen for harmony of color and appropriateness of design for the purpose intended. Many of them follow the patterns of those early days both in floral and scenic effects. They are even called “toiles” by the manufacturers, and yet few people realize how interesting a history these bright colored draperies have enjoyed.

Maryland

The identity of the first white child in Maryland is not known. It appears possible, however, that such a child may have been born at William Claiborne’s settlement on Kent Island.

Delaware

From the Pennsylvania Gazette of August 20, 1767, the following obituary is taken:

“On the 10th instant, at Brandywine Hundred in New Castle County, died Emanuel Grubb, in the 86th Year of his Age, and the next Day was interred in St. Martins Churchyard at Lower Chichester, in Chester County, attended by a large number of his Relations, Neighbors and Acquaintances. He was born in a Cave, by the Side of Delaware River not far distant from where he always lived and died, and was the first Child born of English Parents in his Province. His constitution was remarkably healthy during his whole life, having never been affected with any sickness until a few days before his death.... This instance among many is a proof of the longevity of people born here.”

Emanuel, who in many histories of Delaware is called Edward, was the son of John and Frances Grubb. He was born July 19, 1682, and sometimes, instead of a cave, the place of birth is spoken of as a dugout. In 1708 he married Ann Hedge. He continued to reside at or near Grubbs Landing and purchased other lands in Brandywine Hundred. In a lease he is styled a tanner. The Grubbs appear to have been Quakers.

The claim, however, of being the “first-born” in this province has also been made in behalf of the eldest child of Richard Buffington, who was born about 1679. But, even this birth appears to be superseded, for according to the records of Chester Monthly meeting, Rebecka, the daughter of Roger and Rebecka Pedricks, was born at Marcus Hook on the 14th of the seventh month in 1678, “as also four other births antedating that of Emanuel” or Edward Grubb.

Nevertheless the Grubb baby is commonly spoken of as Delaware’s “first.”

NOTICE—In response to requests for Golden Jubilee programs and Golden Jubilee buttons, the office of the Treasurer General is filling orders upon receipt of twenty-five cents. Since only a limited supply is still available, we suggest that you submit your order with its remittance immediately.
**Junior Membership**

**Membership Cards**

These cards may be used as postals, place cards, tallies, etc. They are sent out in lots of one hundred for one dollar. All funds from these sales go into the Helen Pouch Junior Membership Fund for Approved Schools. Order from Mrs. Charles H. Layng, 45 Prospect Place, Tudor City, New York.

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**New Jersey Juniors**

A state meeting in Red Bank with thirty-seven members present, a representation of nine groups, was held recently to make plans for the coming year.

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**Massachusetts Juniors**

Fall means action! At the first meeting of the State Round-table which took the form of an outing and general get-together, the outline of work was discussed. In line with the National Junior Project for the year, “work with crippled children,” we have contacted the State Bureau which takes care of this work.

Red Cross work appeals greatly to the girls. During the summer, much work has been done in all the groups and a heavy schedule of work has been planned for the winter.

Three new groups were formed last year, but the girls realize the need for a concentrated campaign to interest the chapters which have no Junior Groups as yet. At the Assembly this year an appeal will be made to the chapter regents, of which we expect a large number in attendance. We hope that they will carry away with them inspiration to form groups in their chapters. We know how much Junior Membership can mean to the National Society, and as Juniors we hope to prove their worth to every chapter in Massachusetts.

Mrs. Willard Richards,
State Chairman.

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**Georgia Juniors**

One of the members of the Georgia group brought a little mountain girl, by the name of Bethenia, age nine, to Atlanta for her first sight of a city. Bethenia had never seen a paved highway, an electric light, a telephone, running water, or any of the other things which go to make up our modern civilization. Her eyes, wide with incredulity and delight, more than repaid us. Upon riding down Peachtree Street, our famed boulevard, and gazing in amazement at the lights and tall buildings, Bethenia chanced to see the Medical Arts Building towering above her. “Ooho,” she exclaimed in awe, “city folks mus’ get awful tired climbing ladders to get ‘way up thar to the top!”

Bethenia stayed a week in this land of wonders and then was more than ready to go home and tell her family about the city. That is one little girl, we believe, who will carry a beautiful memory through life, for it is unlikely that she will ever again see a city.

Virginia S. Dabus,
Atlanta Chapter Junior Group.

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**Northern Juniors**

The Middle Atlantic Conference of Junior Groups was held at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York City, with the Juniors of the city acting as hostesses. Much real planning and work was accomplished.

At the state conference held in Utica, the Juniors had a breakfast with Mrs. George Duffy, State Regent, Mrs. William Pouch, and Mrs. Walter A. Henricks, State Chairman of Indian Conservation, as guest speakers. The Juniors took part in the banquet program by furnishing music and Jessie Patterson told about the “Echoes” of the Junior Daughters.

The Wiltwyck Chapter of Kingston
started the fall season with a picnic. In December they are going to help the Mayor of Kingston spread Christmas cheer. In January they will have a “Backward Party.”

In Pelham, the Knapp Chapter is enlarging its membership to enable the Juniors to hold separate meetings.

At Spring Valley a new group is being organized by Frances Frederick, and the girls hope to contact other groups in New York and New Jersey within a radius of possibly thirty-five miles for an exchange of meetings. (Why couldn’t we all do this? It sounds like a great idea.)

Abigail Fillmore Juniors of Buffalo have nineteen prospective members. This is certainly a wonderful way to start the fall season. Members are active in Junior American Citizens at the Crippled Children’s Guild, in collecting clothes for Crossnore, filling stockings at Christmas for the Protestant Home for Unprotected Children, and one member sponsors a group of C. A. R. girls.

The Katherine Pratt Horton Group, as you probably know, is the original “Junior Group,” starting in 1898 as a Page Committee. Pages are furnished at each meeting of the Chapter. The Juniors sponsor a C. A. R. group of sixty members, they engage in Red Cross work, sponsor four Junior American Citizens Clubs, and present eighty-five medals each year for good citizenship to the public schools.

The Massachusetts Juniors plan as their Jubilee project to bring many more members into the chapters, and have established a Junior Membership Loan Fund for Membership. Their system is to pay the initiation fees of new members, and these fees can be repaid in monthly installments.

Connecticut Juniors are at work on the Catherine Nettleton Endowment Fund as their Jubilee project.

The Martha Pitkin Wolcott Juniors of East Hartford plan to give five dollars to the state and national Jubilee projects. One of their fall meetings will be of great interest, since a representative of Maryville College will speak on the Consumer’s League.

Mary Clapp Wooster Juniors of New Haven are spending one afternoon each week at Red Cross Headquarters and helping their chapter with War Relief Unit work.

Eve Lear Juniors have been meeting for picnics during the summer. They plan to raise money through the fall for a Jubilee project.

Ruth Hart Juniors of Meriden opened the year’s program with a Garden Bridge. They are working to establish a fund for the upkeep of Meeting House Hill Burying Ground.

The Eunice Dennie Burr Junior Group has just been organized. (Congratulations!)

JESSIE WALTERS PATTERSON,
Northern Division Chairman.

Painless History
(Continued from page 20)

General, and the black ten-cent stamps with a portrait of George Washington, first President. They are not particularly rare but are a beautiful and interesting set to own. The issue became invalid in 1851 when a new and longer set came into being. These and many later stamps bore portraits of the Presidents.

A set issued in 1869 is quite interesting, with pictures of a pony express rider, a locomotive, a steamboat, etc. This set contains several of the few bicolored stamps issued by our government, which often are more attractive than the plain-colored ones. 1893 saw the issue of the first commemorative stamps in celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. These stamps bear pictures of different episodes in the life of Columbus and are a popular set.

And so the history of our country—and that of other countries—may be learned from stamps. Since the appearance of the first adhesive stamp in Great Britain one hundred years ago many thousands have been issued which have not only increased communication but in themselves have spread information about the countries they represent. Truly painless history, if one but examines the stamps one buys or receives on mail.
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Owing to a surplus of certain volumes of our Lineage Books, a special price of $1.00 per volume, plus 15 cents each for postage, is made for volumes 65 to 125 inclusive. The books in this group are in good condition. There is also another special offer of volume 1 and volumes 43 to 86 inclusive, for fifty cents each, sent express collect. Many of these have soiled or worn covers but content is in perfect condition. Send all orders, with remittance, to the Treasurer General, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C.

Some other Lineage Books available at this time are $5.00 each, but the majority are $3.00 per volume. The four volumes of Index are on sale at $5.00 each.

Flag Material

The following publications of the National Society may be obtained through the Business Office, Memorial Continental Hall, Washington, D. C. All orders with remittance should be sent to the Treasurer General.

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