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YEAR BOOK
OF
AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR
SOCIETY



CONTAINING THE PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
SEVENTH ANNUAL GATHERING
1913



OFFICIAL SPRIG OF PINE.

Mrs. Maryel Alpina (MacGregor) Magruder sent a sprig of pine from Scotland to each officer of A. C. G. S. to be worn at the Gathering of 1915, and the above is a picture of one of them.

YEAR BOOK

OF

American Clan Gregor Society

CONTAINING THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE SEVENTH
ANNUAL GATHERING, 1915.

EGBERT WATSON MAGRUDER

EDITOR.

**MEMBERS ARE REQUESTED TO SEND NOTICE OF CHANGE OF ADDRESS
TO THE SCRIBE, DR. JESSE EWELL, RUCKERSVILLE, VA., AND TO
THE TREASURER, MR. JOHN E. MUNCASTER, ROCKVILLE, MD.**

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1916.

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BY

EGBERT WATSON MAGRUDER,

Editor.

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1912-

OFFICERS.

HEREDITARY CHIEF,

SIR MALCOLM MACGREGOR OF MACGREGOR, BART..

Edinchip, Balquhiddar, Scotland.

OFFICERS—ELECTED 1915.

DR. EDWARD MAY MAGRUDER.....	<i>Chieftain</i>
CALEB CLARKE MAGRUDER.....	<i>Ranking Deputy Chieftain</i>
DR. JESSE EWELL.....	<i>Scribe</i>
MRS. ROBERTA JULIA (MAGRUDER) BUKEY.....	<i>Registrar</i>
MRS. JENNIE (MORTON) CUNNINGHAM.....	<i>Historian</i>
JOHN EDWIN MUNCASTER.....	<i>Treasurer</i>
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DR. STEUART BROWN MUNCASTER.....	<i>Surgeon</i>
ALEXANDER MUNCASTER	<i>Chancellor</i>
JOHN FRANCIS MACGREGOR BOWIE.....	<i>Deputy Scribe</i>

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MRS. LAURA COOK HIGGINS.
CALVERT MAGRUDER.
HORATIO ERSKINE MAGRUDER.
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MRS. CAROLINE HILL MARSHALL.
CLEMENT WILLIAM SHERIFF.

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MRS. MARGARET ROBERTS MCFERRIN.....	<i>Tennessee</i>
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HARLAN PAGE MACGREGOR.....	<i>West Virginia</i>

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DR. EDWARD MAY MAGRUDER, Chieftain.....	<i>Charlottesville, Va.</i>
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MRS. ROBERTA JULIA (MAGRUDER) BUKEY, Registrar.....	<i>Vienna, Va.</i>

SPECIAL COMMITTEES FOR THE GATHERING OF 1916.

I. COMMITTEE AT LARGE.

Dr. William Edward Magruder.

II. COMMITTEE ON PROGRAM.

Rev. James Mitchell Magruder, Chairman; Alexander Muncaster, Mrs. Ann Wade (Wood) Sheriff.

III. COMMITTEE ON PINE.

Caleb Clarke Magruder, Jr.

IV. COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

Miss Helen Woods MacGregor Gantt, Chairman; John Francis MacGregor Bowie, Miss Jessie Waring Gantt, William Newman Dorsett, Miss Susie Mitchell Dorsett, Mrs. Rose Virginia Golladay, Miss Dorothy Katherine Golladay.

V. COMMITTEE ON HOTEL ARRANGEMENTS.

Clement William Sheriff, Chairman; Henry Hall Olmstead.

VI. COMMITTEE ON DECORATION OF HALL.

Miss Mary Therese Hill, Chairman; Mrs. Julia (Magruder) MacDonnell, Mrs. Agnes Woods (MacGregor) Bowie.

VII. COMMITTEE ON REGISTRATION.

Oliver Barron Magruder.

VIII. COMMITTEE ON RECEPTION AND REFRESHMENTS.

Mrs. Rose Virginia Golladay and Mrs. Phillip Hill Sheriff.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR
SOCIETY FOR THE SEVENTH ANNUAL
GATHERING—1915.

THE MUSTER PLACE,
The New Ebbitt, Washington, D. C.

THE TIME,
October 28th and 29th, 1915.

PROCEEDINGS.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28TH, 3 P. M.

Music, "Hail to the Chief," as the officers march in.
Society called to order by Chieftain, Dr. Edward May Magruder.
Prayer by Reverend James Mitchell Magruder.
Song, "Our Gathering" (words by Donald Fitz-Randolph MacGregor),
sung by whole assembly.
Report of Special Committees.
Report of Scribe, Dr. Jesse Ewell.
Report of Treasurer, John Edwin Muncaster.
Report of Registrar, Mrs. Roberta Julia (Magruder) Bukey.
Report of Editor, Egbert Watson Magruder.
Report of Historian, Mrs. Jennie (Morton) Cunningham.
Unfinished Business.
Song, "MacGregor's Gathering," by John Francis MacGregor Bowie.
Song, "Laddie," by Mrs. John Francis MacGregor Bowie. (As en-
core) "Coming Through the Rye."

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28TH, 8 P. M.

Song, "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon," by Mrs. John Francis
MacGregor Bowie.
Address of Chieftain, Dr. Edward May Magruder, of Virginia.
Song, "Roaming in the Gloaming," by John Francis MacGregor Bowie.
Original Poem, "On Scotland's Hills—A Fragment," by Mrs. Annie
Leonidine (Clowes) Birkhead, of Virginia.
Song, "The Land of the Leal," by Mrs. John Francis MacGregor
Bowie.
Address on "Scottish Clans in America, With Special Reference to
Clan Gregor," by Judge Henry Stockbridge, of the Maryland
Court of Appeals; introduced by the Ranking Deputy Chieftain,
Caleb Clarke Magruder, of Maryland. (As Judge Stockbridge
was sick, Caleb Clarke Magruder read the address.)
Song, "Adieu," by Mr. and Mrs. John Francis MacGregor Bowie.
Reception—Refreshments.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29TH, 3 P. M.

Song, "Bonnie Blue Flag," by Mrs. John Francis MacGregor Bowie.
Original Poem, "Glenfruin," by Donald Fitz-Randolph MacGregor, of District of Columbia.

Song, "My Haeme is Where the Heather Blows," by Mrs. John Francis MacGregor Bowie.

Paper, "Origin of the Clan System," by Arthur Llewellyn Griffiths, of Maine.

Song, "Somebody," by Mrs. John Francis MacGregor Bowie.

Paper, "Echoes of the Lives of Magruder Matrons," by William Edwin Muncaster.

Song, "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose," by Mrs. John Francis MacGregor Bowie.

Election of Officers.

New Business.

Song, "Annie Laurie," by Mrs. John Francis MacGregor Bowie.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29TH, 8 P. M.

Paper, "Daniel Randall Magruder, Associate Justice of the Maryland Court of Appeals," by Calvert Magruder, of Maryland.

Song, "Yesterday and To-day," by Mrs. John Francis MacGregor Bowie.

Dance by Miss Anita Brooks.

Song, "The Rose Taken From My Garden," by Miss Dorothy Katherine Golladay.

Paper, "Religious Affiliations of the Descendants of Alexander Magruder," by Mrs. Roberta Julia (Magruder) Bukey.

Song, "A Perfect Day," by George Calvert Bowie.

Original Poem, "The Lovely Lady—Mrs. Maryel Alpina (MacGregor) Magruder," by Miss Alice Maud Ewell.

Song, "MacGregor's Gathering" (by request), by John Francis MacGregor Bowie.

Adjournment.

Social Gathering—Refreshments.

RECORD OF PROCEEDINGS.

The American Clan Gregor Society held its Seventh Annual Gathering at the New Ebbitt, Washington, D. C., October 28th and 29th, 1915, and carried out the program essentially as given on the preceding pages. The Gathering was a most interesting one, and the members present were more enthusiastic than usual.

The Treasurer reported that the Society was solvent as all debts to date had been paid, and \$5.86 was left in the treasury, a rather narrow margin. He also reported that the dues owed by members amounted to \$137.00. If the delinquents would pay up the treasury would be in good shape.

The following was adopted:

"Whereas, on account of the present gigantic struggle there are a great number of wounded and a tremendous amount of suffering, and,

"Whereas, the descendants of the members of Clan Gregor of Scotland are engaged to a very large extent in this war, and,

"Whereas, many have been wounded and are in need of assistance,

"Therefore, as a mark of Clan fellowship and of brotherly affection and sympathy for our Clan brethren across the water, be it

Resolved, That the American Clan Gregor Society direct the Council to examine the state of the treasury, and, if feasible, to send such a sum of money as may be possible to Sir Malcolm MacGregor to be used for the assistance of a wounded MacGregor sailor or soldier."

The Council voted to send \$25.00, which has been done.

On the afternoon of October 29th, the officers whose names are given on page 3 were unanimously elected by the Society. Later the Chieftain appointed the Councilmen, Deputy Chieftains, and Special Committees, as given on pages 3, 4, and 5.

The following was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this Society extends its sincere thanks to all of the committees and officers for their efficient work and faithful performance of their duty, and to the management of the New Ebbitt for the use of the hall and for the many courtesies extended the members."

The "Official Sprig of Pine." The pine worn at this Gathering by the officers was sent from Edinchip, Balquhider, Scotland, by Mrs. Ernest Pendleton (MacGregor) Magruder.

NUMBER OF MEMBERS PRESENT AND STATES REPRESENTED AT THIS GATHERING OF 1915.

Alabama	1
California	2
District of Columbia.....	51
Indiana	1
Louisiana	1
Maryland	25
Virginia	22
West Virginia	1
	<hr/>
Total	104

A REMINDER.

The Editor wishes to call the attention of the members of this Society to the fact that the Year Book is the organ through which the acts and doings of the members are recorded and communicated to each other, and that each member should try to furnish something for publication which would add to its interest and value. Whenever there is a death or a marriage amongst the members the Editor wishes to be informed of the matter so that a proper notice may be put in the Year Book. Whenever a death occurs the Historian should be notified in order that a proper notice should be presented at the Gathering and that a memorial may be written for the Year Book. Any old Bible records of Clan families are wanted for publication, and any historical data will be most welcome received by the Editor.

HELP FOR THE SUFFERERS.

Early in January of 1916, our Chieftain, Dr. E. M. Magruder, received a circular from the President of the Clan Gregor Society of Scotland giving the following statement of facts and asking aid for the wounded and imprisoned MacGregors:

"In the course of the present war more than sixty MacGregors have been killed, more than one hundred and seventy-three have been wounded and are missing, and at least six are prisoners of war in Germany; three have been recommended for the Distinguished Conduct Medal, one has been recommended for the Companionship of the Distinguished Service Order, and one has been

mentioned for gallant and distinguished service in the field. It is impossible to say how many are serving in the army and navy."

On January 20th our Chieftain sent out, with the approval of the Council of the A. C. G. Society, an appeal to the individual members asking aid for the relief of those of Clan Gregor in Scotland who may be wounded or prisoners in the hands of their enemies. The response to this appeal was most generous and gave substantial proof of Clan sympathy and the strength of racial bonds. The following statement speaks for itself:

Amount donated by A. C. G. Society.....	\$ 25 00
Amount subscribed by individual members.....	230 00
	<hr/>
Total subscribed	\$255 00
Cost of stationery, stamps, etc.....	9 84
	<hr/>
Amount sent to Scotland for wounded and imprisoned Mac- Gregors	\$245 66

ADDRESS OF DR. EDWARD MAY MAGRUDER,
CHIEFTAIN, OCTOBER 28, 1915.

My Clansmen:

IN view of the rare privilege we are about to enjoy of listening to one of Maryland's most distinguished sons, who has generously consented to address this Society and whom we are proud to welcome among us on this occasion, the annual address of the Chieftain will be brief in order that you may be the better prepared for the treat that is in store for you.

It is now in order to extend to you my annual greetings and congratulations upon the continued prosperity of the American Clan Gregor Society, which I do most heartily and cordially.

I have also to report that negotiations with the Scottish Clan Gregor Society with regard to affiliation with the American Clan Gregor Society are still pending. A letter upon this subject received by me from the President of that Society contains the following paragraph:

"There is one very strong feeling among members of the Clan Gregor Society which may be mentioned, and that is that the American Clan Gregor Society should make every endeavor to increase the number of its members bearing the name MacGregor or Clan names."

I think this sentiment will be unanimously endorsed by this Society, as it is not only reasonable but highly important that the suggestion be carried out. In a membership of over 400 there are only fifteen members bearing the Clan names. If there is one criticism to be made of this Society it is the seeming lack of zeal in increasing the membership roll. In this country there are thousands of eligibles, many of whom only need to have the matter brought to their attention in order to have them apply for enrollment; and if we would all only carry out the suggestion made at two previous gatherings that each member bring in one new name per year, this would soon become a powerful organization.

In accordance with the inherent right and duty of the Chieftain I come before you with two propositions that I desire to offer for your consideration:

1. This Society is doing a great literary work and its success in this line, as is proved by its Year Book, is phenomenal; but it seems now to be an opportune time to extend its work in a new direction. The annual income of the organization, when all dues are collected, is about four hundred dollars; but allowing fifty dollars per year as reasonable arrears of dues and fifty dollars for the annual cost of the gathering (these allowances are liberal), there should still remain the sum of \$300.00 that ought to be counted upon.

Now I wish to propose that, instead of expending this whole

amount of \$300.00 upon literary work, we use some of it for benevolent purposes, setting aside yearly a certain sum for this purpose, the recipient of this benevolence to be determined by the Council.

Hitherto we have been rendering service to the departed members of our Clan and the proposition mentioned above does not contemplate any dereliction in this respect. The objects of this Society require this to be continued, as it should be; but I think you will agree with me that an organization as dignified, as respectable, as efficient, as this, should, when possible, enlarge the sphere of its activities and add to its accomplishment some service to the living.

2. At various times in the past the subject of the adoption of a Society pin has been under discussion, which, however, has led to no result, and recently it has been renewed by our Clansman, Arthur Llewellyn Griffiths, Deputy Chieftain for Maine.

I would now recommend that some form of metal pin with appropriate design be adopted which may be constantly worn by members upon all occasions. The wearing of such a pin in public in different parts of the country would serve the useful purpose of identification and introduction and thus lead to useful and happy results. The pin should be simple and durable and may be made of gold, silver, bronze, or gun metal, and enamel, at the option of the members ordering and purchasing the same.

I would suggest that these two propositions be referred to the Council for a study of their feasibility, for elaboration of detail if approved, and with plenary powers to take such action as they may deem advisable at this or some time in the future.

While extending to you the felicitations of the year 1915, I wish also to congratulate you that, whereas, our Clansmen on the other side of the water are in a death grapple with their foes, our American Clansmen can retire to their slumbers lulled only by the symphony of peace; but while we are in the enjoyment of this happy state our sympathies should go out to our less fortunate brethren of the Mother Country, over whose land hovers the dark cloud of threatened conquest and ruin—ruin more vast than any yet suffered by the human race and conquest more terrible than that of Attila and his Huns.

In this great war are many races, more than twenty-five as I count them. I once heard a military man say that no race has a monopoly of courage, but that courage is the common heritage of mankind, and I believe this is true. Courage is the natural possession of every race and when it seems to be lacking in any there are always extenuating circumstances that make it only seem to be lacking. These extenuating circumstances are always present and can be found if search is made, and they will account for the fact that at one time one race will dominate another and later will itself be dominated by the same race.

The Spartans were superior in war to the other Greeks on account of their iron laws which forbade retreat or surrender;

The Romans conquered all neighboring races, not because of greater courage, but by reason of superiority in organization and discipline; but many centuries later, through laxity of discipline and lapse into luxury, their Empire was riven asunder by the Teutonic barbarians whom Rome had often vanquished;

The Anglo-Saxon, as brave a race as ever struggled for freedom, succumbed to superior Norman Civilization, but not to superior Norman valor;

The Mohammedans threatened the conquest of the world by means of their desperate fanaticism, but were finally checked by races they had previously defeated;

Carthage was crushed by Rome on account of disunion among her leaders;

The Moors wrested Spain from the Goths because the latter had been disarmed by their king as a precaution against rebellion; but the Goths gradually recovered their military prowess and eight centuries later expelled the invader;

The American Indian was conquered by the white man, not because he was not brave, for no braver race ever faced an enemy in fight, but because he lacked effective weapons, in which his foes were far superior;

The French were driven by the English from North America on account of French governmental corruption at home, but no one questions French courage; and later these same French overran Europe, not because of racial superiority over their neighbors, but because of Napoleon's transcendent genius;

The Southern Confederacy, meteoric in its course among the nations and victorious on many fields, fell before superior numbers and resources leaving a record for courage unsurpassed;

The Russians were defeated by the Japanese because of distance from the theatre of war, but Russian valor is unquestioned;

The MacGregor was ousted from his ancient domain through ignorance of the law and by the might of Government, but his valor was a proverb among his foes;

And today the Germans are victorious on almost every battle front because of their far-reaching preparedness, though Napoleon's genius had once made them easy victims of the French.

And so it will be found throughout the world's history, *certain races* have predominated at different times because of some exceptional circumstance that rendered their work in war more effective, but not as a rule on account of superior courage. This, however, is not true of the *individual*, as among all races there have always been *certain individuals* who towered in courage head and shoulders above

their fellows and who often by reason of this quality assumed the leadership in time of stress.

Of all the races now engaged in this great war neither Britain nor any other land is sending forth better soldiers than the Scotch Highlanders, from whom the members of this Society claim descent; and when the history of this war is written and credit is given where credit is due, none will be found standing on a higher plane in the discharge of every duty, civil or military, as has often been proved, than those in whose veins flows the blood of MacGregor. As a living example of this we can point with pride to our own gallant Chief, who, since the outbreak of this war, has been serving his country as a naval officer and has measured up to the highest standards, having already been mentioned by the British Admiralty in Special Orders for the efficiency of his work. We all feel assured that the great British Navy has no more faithful and courageous officer than this scion of our ancient Clan and we will watch his career with interest, pride, and enthusiasm, in the full confidence that the prestige of Clan Gregor will be fully sustained. It will be of interest to you to know that his work is in the transportation of British troops across the English Channel to France, a post of the greatest importance and of great danger on account of German Submarines.

In this mighty upheaval, the greatest and the most terrible, and one that has deluged whole continents with blood, not only is the foe to be encountered brave men with modern weapons of fearsome destruction, but that most horrible of all foes, contagious disease, a foe more to be dreaded than one armed with machine guns and sixteen-inch shells.

Amid the struggles of nations at war our own land takes no part, observing, through the efforts of our great leader in the White House, neutrality and impartial treatment of both sides in the struggle. But it is no breach of neutrality to aid in the war upon disease wherever found, and in this phase of the contest the peoples of neutral nations, including our own, especially medical men, are permitted to take part and many have done so. There is no compulsion, however, but the aid thus extended is entirely voluntary and we see physicians and surgeons and nurses from all over the world generously offering their aid and risking their lives and losing them that disease among foreign peoples and their armies may be stamped out. The courage needed in this kind of warfare is even greater, if such a thing were possible, than that required on the battle front, because the foe to be encountered is insidious, invisible, and strikes his blows unseen.

The Good Book says, "And now abideth these three, Faith, Hope, and Charity, but the greatest of these is Charity." To sacrifice one's self for one's own is considered a noble deed; how much greater then the deed and the mark of Charity to suffer the dangers of loathsome

disease in behalf of an alien race, to give one's life for a strange people! His must be a heart limited only by the universe, his a generosity measured only by infinity, his a courage that dares all things, who deliberately and unconditionally lays down his life that strangers may profit thereby. The American Clan Gregor Society claimed such a man in its membership, and the name of Ernest Pendleton Magruder* and his great work in disease-stricken Serbia will be held in honored remembrance as long as memory lasts—as long as there is appreciation of the three characteristics of the Gregor race, Devotion, Constancy and Truth, to which we will add the greatest of human virtues, Charity towards our fellow man; and his noble record in yielding up his life that others, though strangers, might live, this Society claims as its own precious heritage and reverently demands that it be put in durable form and deposited in its archives for eternal preservation as a monument to one of its illustrious dead, for whose glorious end we mingle our tears with pride that he was one of us.

And should the war cloud now spreading its pall over Europe extend its baneful shadow to our country, and should our great Chief in the White House send forth the "Fiery Cross" for a gathering of Americans in defense of home and liberty, the conduct of our heroic kinsman will be an added inspiration to emulate his glorious example, and the battle field and hospital will again bear testimony to the Courage, Constancy and Devotion, of our American Clansmen.

* Dr. Ernest Pendleton Magruder, of Washington, D. C., soon after the outbreak of the present great war, volunteered for service with the Red Cross in disease-stricken Serbia and, at Belgrade, on _____, 1915, succumbed to typhus fever.

ON SCOTLAND'S HILLS, 16—
A FRAGMENT.

BY MRS. ANNIE LEONIDINE (CLOWES) BIRCKHEAD.

I.

Proud Spain, defeated, mourns her dead;
Fair France all quiet lies;
The little Sea-Girt Kingdom dread
Looks out from tired eyes.
Hushed is the sound of war's alarms,
The tattered banners furled;
No more there comes a call to arms,
Peace broods o'er all the world.

II.

Yet, in that Sea-Girt Kingdom, there
Base passions have their sway;
Men in the name of Power dare
Their fel'owmen to slay.
On Scotland's hills the Gregor Clan
Have no respite from strife,
For Britain's King, their countryman,
Has signed away their life.

III.

Still lie the waters of Loch Earn
Beneath the summer sky,
And down the Glen the Kendrum Burn
Through bracken frolics by;
Soft falls the sunlight on the pine
That waves on Ranaich's height,
And glinting crimson tints the vine
That clammers to the light.

IV.

Across the moor the shy grouse call,
The pheasants whirring rise,
And through the tangle by the wall
Glimmer the red deer's eyes;
The heather carpet soft and clean
Creeps to the water's brink,
And there two little children lean
And cup their hands to drink.



THE BRAES OF BALQUIDDER.

V.

Upon the air a medley sound—
 A horn blast loud and clear,
 A shout, the baying of a hound,
 A laugh, a curse, a sneer—
 And Argyle's men the Craig come round,
 Their lusty voices ringing,
 In leash they hold the dread beast bound,
 And this is what they're singing:

VI.

“Death to all the Gregor Clan,
 Women, children, babe and man!
 Search the valley, hill and glade,
 Let not one escape our blade.

VII.

“Homeless, nameless, cursed band,
 Drive them from their father's land!
 We the hunters, they the prey,
 Let not one escape this way.

VIII.

“We the Royal warrant bear,
 Onward to the outlaws' lair!
 There to torture, there to slay,
 Let not one escape, today.”

IX.

Close comes the sound of tramping feet;
 Grim Death is stalking near;
 The little children, fair and sweet,
 Grow cold and shriek with fear.
 The leash is slipped, a sudden turn,
 The bloodhound's awful cry,
 And man and horse come down the Burn
 To see the Gregor die.

X.

The low of kine, the song of birds,
 The rustling leaves grow still;
 The waters hushing at the words
 Flow silent round the hill.
 O Mother Mary, listen now!
 O Jesus, hear their cry!
 O God in heaven pity show—
 The children must not die!

XI.

ARD CHOILLE! rings through the valley,
 A shot from overhead,
 And the last of Argyle's kennel
 Lies on the greensward, dead.
 A woman, fair like applebloom
 Tangled in red-gold hair,
 Comes springing from the pine tree gloom
 Into the sunlit air.

XII.

Snatching the children to her breast,
 Her eyes all blazing fire,
 She prays God's blessing on them rest
 Defying Stuart's ire;
 "Go back, ye heartless craven,
 And say to your Lord Argyle,
 'Tis Helen MacGregor has saven
 Your souls from a crime most vile."

And Argyle's men in sullen shame
 Stand silent by the Burn,
 Then, turning, go the way they came
 Round Ranaich by Loch Earn.

"Deep, deep, lies the ocean and wide the trackless sea,
 Across their stormy waters the New World calls to me.
 Alpine's blood flows through my veins, my children I must rear
 To bend no knee to Britain's King, to feel no slavish fear.
 There, side by side with savage, I will plant my royal tree;
 It's roots will deep and deeper grow and spread from sea to sea.
 Soldiers, patriots, jurists, ministers of God,
 I see you down the coming years where no white foot hath trod
 Fighting, toiling, conquering, enduring, stanch and true,
 MacGregor faithful to the old and loyal to the new!
 God, give me strength to keep this trust," she kneels upon the sod,
 Then, turning Westward with her bairns, keeps covenant with God.

INTRODUCING

Hon. Henry Stockbridge, Associate Judge of the Court of Appeals of Maryland.

BY CALEB CLARKE MAGRUDER.

(The following is a summary of Mr. Magruder's introduction—Editor.)

OUR State has eight judicial circuits. In the Court of Appeals, Judge Stockbridge represents the city of Baltimore, as one of the Judicial Circuits. He does no Circuit work, but is occupied at all sessions of the Court of Appeals, with the other Judges, in deciding cases from the whole State. He is an L. L. B. of the University of Maryland, an L. L. D. of St. Johns College, Annapolis, and of his alma mater, Amherst, was Editor of the "Baltimore American," member of Fifty-first Congress of the United States, Associate Judge of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore, was appointed Judge of the Court of Appeals of Maryland in 1911, elected for the term of fifteen years from 1912 to 1927, was an incorporator of the American Red Cross Society, is a member of the American Bar Association, also of the International Law Association, is Secretary to Colonial Wars, Secretary of Founders and Patriots, and one of the Vice-Presidents of the Maryland Historical Society. He is one of the Commissioners from Maryland on "Uniform State Laws," etc. etc.

SCOTTISH CLANS IN AMERICA WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO CLAN GREGOR.

By JUDGE HENRY STOCKBRIDGE.

IT is a rare privilege and honor for one who can not claim a single drop of ancestral Scottish blood to appear before you on an occasion like the present. It is only surpassed by the audacity of such an one as I to presume to tell you anything, either of the history of this clan, its ideals, or the moving spirit which gives it vitality to-day, thousands of miles from the land of its birth.

Of the Clan of MacGregor it was, that Scott wrote, "That they were famous for their misfortunes, and the indomitable courage with which they maintained themselves as a clan,—a clan the most oppressed for generations." This almost common-place statement is rich in its suggestiveness, and at the same time points the attention to some of the elements which have given this sept a life of more than a thousand years, during which kingdoms and empires have arisen and crumbled into dust, to be saved from an eternal oblivion only by the recording muse of history.

Let us linger for a moment and see some of the factors which have combined to produce so remarkable a result. And first of these is undoubtedly to be ranked the furnace of persecution which for centuries blazed about them. The annals of mankind are replete with illustrations of the fact that nothing is more productive of a devoted allegiance than a rigorous persecution, and the more wanton and violent it is, the greater the cohesion and devotion it creates among those against whom it is directed. To take but a single example: Does any one question to-day that one of the most powerful aids to the upbuilding of the early Christian church and its extension was the severity of Nero and Aurelian? The fact that men and women were willing to endure the pangs of torture, the most fiendish that could be devised, and lay down even life itself for their faith not only knit more closely together others who held like beliefs, but aroused inquiry, then interest, and finally adhesion to the new doctrines, on the part of many whom nothing else could have aroused. And may I not, without sacrilege, draw the parallel with the successive acts of parliament by which the seizure of the lands, and the killing of their best and bravest was made a virtue, and which culminated in the vain attempt to obliterate even the MacGregor name?

We do not always sufficiently estimate the influence of environment upon a family or a people. It may and often does control our mode of life, gives direction to our energies and employment, and moulds our thoughts and acts. It is also true that those who live along a border land where friction may at any moment develop, become imbued with a tenser interest, a more positive bias, than those further removed from the probable theatre of strife. But these very conditions also bring into active exercise the corresponding virtues of a more virile manhood, and the frontiersman, for such he really is, thus becomes a being in whom appear traits of contradictory description. A high sense of chivalry and an almost ruthless ferocity, a loyal friend but a relentless foe, an almost feminine tenderness and a dauntless courage, all of these combine to produce men and women of the type of the Clan MacGregor, and which have so often formed a favorite theme for the poet and the novelist. That they should have incurred enmities was inevitable.

"He, who hath mingled in the fray
Of duty that the brave endure
Must have made foes. If he have none,
Small is the work that he has done.
He has hit no traitor on the hip;
Has cast no cup from perjured lip;
Has never turned the wrong to right;
Has been a coward in the fight."

The passing years bring changes in all things, and the Clans of Scotland are no exception to this rule. These from being confined within the narrow region where they had their inception have scattered over every quarter of the habitable globe. Wherever the members have gone they have carried with them, and perpetuated in their descendants those distinctive traits which distinguished them on their native heath. It is no flattery to say, that of all who have fared forth from the British Isles no people have been more tenacious of racial traits than the Scots. The same characteristics which marked them there have appeared in them and their descendants in the lands of their adoption, modified in but a single manner. As the horizon widened for them they have found a broader field for the employment of their energies and special virtues. Clannish they are, but not in the restricted, unfavorable sense in which the expression is so frequently employed. The loyalty, zeal and courage which distinguished the Clan Gregor in the border warfare and in the lowlands of Scotland, have been no less marked where they have found new homes across the sea. I shall not attempt any enumeration of these, or even tell the story of individual cases. This has been and will continue to be done by far more capable hands. There has been one instance, however, of recent occurrence that can not be passed over in silence.

It is easy to be courageous amid the din of battle's roar, or where clashing claymores beat out a music all their own; the tramp of armed men, the rattle of the musketry's leaden hail fires the blood and leads to deeds of valor. But a different, higher type of courage is that which alone, by night as by day, faces the insidious enemy of mankind, Death, as he stalks abroad bearing disease and pestilence, and carries down before him hundreds and thousands of mankind. No higher, more self-sacrificing exhibition of such dauntless courage was ever shown than that of Dr. Ernest P. Magruder of this city, a member of this Society, who was with you one short year ago, and who a few months later laid down his life in plague stricken Serbia, that his fellow men might live. His is the glory of the martyr and of him this Society of the Clan of Gregor may well be proud.

Events of the past year have brought into peculiar prominence and directed special attention to one matter which is deserving your serious consideration. Most of you are American by birth, and your forebears have been for a number of generations. To what end does this Society tend? Is its purpose to extend the personal touch between those who take pride in the achievements of an illustrious ancestry, or is it to add one more to the number of organizations of hyphenate citizens, of whose full loyalty the hyphen itself suggests in many minds a doubt? If the latter of these alternatives is the true case, the sooner the Society ceases to exist the better, both for the members and for the country. Divided allegiance, divided loyalty

can not exist. In holy scriptures it is writ that no man can serve two masters. Such terms as Irish-American, German-American, Scottish-American embody as a fundamental idea an attempted dual allegiance, which must inevitably break at the first strain to which it is subjected. America needs to-day as much as at any time in her history a citizenship of unswerving, unquestionable loyalty. That loyalty it has always hitherto had in the Scots who have come to us, and in their descendants. On many a battlefield from the time when this Republic first separated itself from the domination of Great Britain, to the present, no blood has been more freely poured out, no more valiant deeds recorded than of those who traced their lineage back to the Lowlands and Highlands of Scotland. Therefore, I repeat, that if Societies like this are to be used as a means to bring about a change in this unblemished record, the sooner such bodies go to the scrap heap of oblivion the better for its members, its stainless record of the past and the country where you have made your homes.

But if the purpose of this Society is the first of the alternatives suggested, then by all means foster it, advance and extend its influence. How many of you have seriously considered the peril in which we as a nation stand, that we are in fact standing on the crust of a volcano, which may at any moment burst into eruption, and severely maim if it does not entirely blot out that in our body politic which we prize the most. In the first three-quarters of a century of our existence as a nation, the great preponderance of immigration to our shores was composed of those coming from the British Isles, peoples kindred in race, in traditions, in ideals. True, they were different in religion, in conception of what went to make a State. They were the differences such as may and sometimes do exist in members of a family, and presented no serious difficulty of adjustment in a new environment.

But the last half century has witnessed an entire change. The tide which has been sweeping upon our shores in that time has had no homogeneity of language or of race, it has come deeply imbued with conceptions alike of morals and government widely at variance with our own; in city and country alike it has grouped itself together, and maintains the manners, customs and language which it had in other lands; its respect for and conceptions of authority are but ill adapted to the atmosphere into which it has come. Some of its members become in law our citizens, but it may be fairly questioned whether theirs is an Americanism upon which we can count with absolute confidence in an hour of trial; whether their hearts are not really among the groves of sunny Sicily, or the mountain fastnesses of Montenegro or the ice cleft fiords of Scandinavia. How shall this condition be met and counterbalanced? This is the question which is calling for the best and most serious thought of the genuine American to-day. And may I suggest, not as a solution of the prob-

lem, but as a preliminary step thereto, that there is a need that our truest and best citizenship should come together in a closer touch, one which breeds confidence born of knowledge. And for this no better nucleus can be found than the bond which naturally arises between those who take pride in the valor and the glories of a common ancestry.

I do not wish to appear before you either in the attitude of an alarmist or a jingo, and on the other hand I have no disposition to enact the part of a certain bird, which, when danger threatens, imagines that by concealing its head, it has thereby rendered itself secure from attack on the part of its foes. Better, far better is it to face squarely conditions as they are, to get a true estimate of the source from which, and the power and extent of those elements or forces which may menace our body politic. Knowing this we shall be enabled to properly prepare ourselves to meet the danger which may arise. To do less is to invite disaster and our fate may well be that of Imperial Rome. To this high purpose, though others may sulk by the way, or lull themselves to slothful sleep in reliance upon a self-sufficiency born of ignorance or over-confidence, may I not summon you of the Clan Gregor, whose ancestors have proved their valor and devotion upon many a hard fought field? And when the pibroch sounds, will not you, the victims of centuries of persecution, gird up your tartans, prepared to battle as valiantly as did your forebears in the olden days for the sake of the land of your adoption or your birth, against any foe, whether from without or within, who seeks to trail in shame and dust the starry banner beneath the protecting folds of which we are gathered here to-night? So will you bring new laurels to the name you are so justly proud to bear, so will you show yourselves worthy of the name MacGregor, true heirs of those who won for themselves an imperishable name throughout the lowlands and along the borders.

It is the fashion among some scoffers to deride such just pride by calling it ancestor worship of an Oriental type; but let no one be frightened off by such a cry, which but too often emanates from those who have no ancestors of whom they can be proud. The divine injunction to "honor thy father and thy mother" was not limited to but a single generation, and few things in this life inspire to a higher, more unselfish devotion to lofty ideals, than the knowledge of those events of the past which have called forth the admiration of men. Let us by this means, among others, so prepare ourselves for the day when trial shall come to this nation, as sooner or later it will, that we may all be able to raise our voices in unison in the prayer which has been so well expressed by a poet of your own city.

"O Thou whose equal purpose runs
 In drops of rain or streams of suns,
 And with a soft compulsion rolls
 The green earth on her snowy poles;
 O Thou who keepest in thy ken
 The times of flowers, the dooms of men,
 Stretch out a mighty wing above—
 Be tender to the land we love.

"If all the huddlers from the storm
 Have found her hearthstone wide and warm;
 If she has made men free and glad,
 Sharing, with all, the good she had;
 If she has blown the very dust
 From her bright balance to be just,
 Oh, spread a mighty wing above—
 Be tender to the land we love!

"When in the dark eternal tower
 The star-clock strikes her trial hour,
 And for her help no more avail
 Her sea-blue shield, her mountain-mail,
 But sweeping wide, from gulf to lakes,
 The battle on her forehead breaks,
 Throw Thou a thunderous wing above—
 Be lightning for the land we love!"

The following was unanimously adopted at the conclusion of the reading of this address:

"Resolved that this Society extend to Judge Henry Stockbridge its sincere thanks for and high appreciation of his splendid address, and desires to convey to him its sincere sympathy during his sickness and expresses the hope that he will soon enjoy his usual good health."

MACGREGOR.

BY JOHN BAILEY NICKLIN, JR.

MacGregor, MacGregor, thy name old in story
Resounds through the ages and will ne'er fade away;
Forever, forever we cling to thy glory
And think of fair Scotland's day!

MacAlpin, MacAlpin, thy sons live forever,
Imbued with the spirit of honor and truth;
The heart of a coward doth dwell with them never
In weakness of age or in strength of their youth!

MacGregor, MacGregor, thy voice is calling
From out that dear Past that lives o'er and o'er;
The Finger of Fate, though the words were appalling,
Will write such a Destiny here nevermore!

MacAlpin, MacAlpin, thy Kings are departed,
The Lineage of Judah no longer is thine;
The Race of the German, from Brunswick upstarted,
Now rules in their Seat with its Stone all divine!

MacGregor, MacGregor, thy fate is lamented
By all thy fond sons in this Land o'er the sea;
Culloden's dread Field in defeat hath presented
The throne to the Georges, forever to be!

MacAlpin, MacAlpin, our Bonnie Prince, fleeing,
His hopes shattered all, on his head a great price,
Hath 'scaped with MacDonald the sentries unseeing,—
The love of the Scots for his loss did suffice!

MacGregor, MacGregor, thy name old in story
Will live through the ages in honor arrayed;
The heart of a Scotchman will thrill at thy glory
And weep at thy suffering, but ne'er be dismayed!

THE ORIGIN OF THE CLAN SYSTEM.

BY ARTHUR LLEWELLYN GRIFFITHS.

Amongst Jews and Christians the prevailing belief, founded upon the authority of Scripture, has ever been that all the nations of the earth originated from a common parentage. With those who reject the evidence of sacred history insuperable difficulties arise, for even profane history mocks the scoffers, as every pagan nation which has its dwelling place in or near Asia Minor has an age old tradition to the same effect. Without exception they trace their origin to an original two, and tradition in those countries which are not supplied with an extensive literature has never been disproven. The poems of Homer, for example, were not written for century after century, but were handed down without a word's change from one bard's lips to those of another until, entire, they were transcribed to the written page. How much the more, therefore, could one isolated fact be easily handed down through the centuries, and especially when that isolated fact was the all important one which dealt with the origin of man.

To further corroborate the Scriptures, if it needs a worldly corroboration for heavenly authority, there is also a tradition of a great Flood in every one of the aforementioned countries and the debris and residuum of that Deluge have been found on the mountain sides of that portion of the globe which was the cradle of the human race. The scriptural version of the origin of the human race is, therefore, not one which can be questioned with success.

The origin of the Scottish race has been traced back with as much accuracy as any tracing can acquire when penetrating the mists of extreme antiquity, to the Shepherd Kings of Egypt, and, back of that, to the Palestinian race and the region of humanity's cradle. The Garden of Eden in Mesopotamia was the actual cradle. With the coming of the human race came government. What form did it take? It took the form of the clan system in the very first family of earth. Adam was the chief of that first clan, Eve the chieftainess, and Seth, Cain and Abel the clansmen. Subsequently, Abraham became the chief of a great clan and the Hebrews of the present day are a clan and openly call themselves the sons of Abraham. Strictly speaking the origin of all things human was in Adam and Eve, and, therefore, the origin of the clan system could be fittingly said to be in Paradise. But that does not give the answer I seek.

Passing over the lapse of thousands of years to that time when the Caledonians were found by the Romans, we find from Roman observation, which must have been from a long distance, that it was

impossible to deduce to a certainty under what form of government the Caledonians lived. They were too warlike to permit close inspection, yet the historian says that even at that remote time analogy may supply materials for well grounded speculations—that like most of the other uncivilized tribes, the Caledonians were under the government of a chief to whom they yielded varying degrees of obedience.

The origin of the clan system—where was it? Where its source, fountain head, inception, wellspring? Its source is in the heavens. As has been said, the ancestors of the Scottish race came from Palestine. Eden was near Palestine. The first family was a clan. Back of that first family was God.

In the truest clan way the hosts of heaven look to the Great Chief as their Father, and literally He is, for He created them all. In that celestial clan perfect harmony reigns, since the expulsion of Satan, the only rebellious one, even amid the known storms of earth for there the end is known from the beginning. Those angelic throngs know that the clan government is the only all satisfying government ever set up. On earth it would mean the brotherhood of all mankind. Those celestial myriads know the beauties of clan-ship as they look into the face of their Great Chief, and they also remember that He whose word cannot be broken has uttered the promise to Abraham "In thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed." And when that happy time shall have arrived and the ever rising question of Cain "Am I my brother's keeper?" has been answered in the affirmative to the satisfaction of all, then the whole world will realize that we are all one great clan and that our Chief is Jehovah. Surely we look forward to the morning when the Day-star shall appear and the joy of the knowledge of the clansmanship of man and the Chieftainship of God shall cover the whole earth as the waters cover the great deep.

THE FIERY CROSS OF CLAN ALPINE.

From Sir Walter Scott's, "The Lady of the Lake."

The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,
 A slender crosslet framed with care,
 A cubit's length in measure due;
 The shaft and limbs were rods of yew.
 The cross thus formed he held on high,
 While his anathema he spoke:—
 'Woe to the clansman who shall view
 This symbol of sepulchral yew,
 Forgetful that its branches grew
 Where weep the heavens their holiest dew
 On Alpine's dwelling low!
 Deserter of his chieftain's trust,
 He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,
 But, from his sires and kindred thrust,
 Each clansman's execration just
 Shall doom him wrath and woe;'
 The while he scathed the cross with flame,
 A goat, the patriarch of the flock,
 Before the kindling pile was laid,
 And pierced by Roderick's ready blade.
 But when he shook above the crowd
 Its kindled points, he spake aloud:—
 'Woe to the wretch who fails to rear
 At this dread sign the ready spear!
 Far o'er its roof the volumed flame
 Clan Alpine's vengeance shall proclaim.'
 The crosslet's points of sparkling wood
 He quenched among the bubbling blood.
 And, as again the sign he reared,
 Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard:
 'When flits this cross from man to man
 Vich Alpine's summons to his clan,
 May ravens tear the careless eyes,
 Wolves make the coward heart their prize,
 As dies in hissing gore the spark,
 Quench thou his light, Destruction dark!'
 Then Roderick with impatient look
 From Brian's hand the symbol took:
 'Speed Malise speed;' he said, and gave
 The crosslet to his henchman brave.



BRIAN PRESENTING THE FIERY CROSS TO THE MACGREGORS.

ECHOES OF THE LIVES OF MAGRUDER MATRONS.

BY WILLIAM EDWIN MUNCASTER.

When we read the Year Books that have been published since the formation of American Clan Gregor Society, we find much said of its heroes and but little of its heroines. We peruse accounts of governors, judges, generals, doctors and professors, but seldom mention is made of the matrons, the mothers, who by precept, example, and steady adherence to duty, encouraged their sons to grow into the great men they became. Then should not these mothers have an honorable place in our records?

It is the mothers who, by untiring efforts, instill into the minds of their growing sons worthy ambitions and correct principles, which place them as men in high and honored positions. All along our ancestral lines there are matrons whose lives are well worthy of a place in our history. To go back to our very great-grandmother, Sarah, the wife of Samuel Magruder, son of Alexander the immigrant. It appears she is the grandmother of nearly all of us. She married Samuel Magruder and lived with him on the tract of land called "Good Luck," near what is now Forestville, Prince George's county, which was given him by his father. Here she became the mother of twelve children, seven boys and five girls, raised them all, and married them off. Just think of what she had to do! It was a work equal to any depicted in the glowing accounts of the great men of our Clan. This troop had to be clothed, nursed when sick, and comforted when in trouble. As a governor, she had to keep them in bounds, as a judge she had to settle their disputes, as a general she led them to fight through difficulties, as a doctor she nursed their hurts and pains, and as a teacher she taught them words and numbers, thus combining in her work what it required a number of men to perform. Besides, every day she had seven tousled heads of the boys to comb and brush, and five ribbons to select and tie on the girls, seven pairs of grimy paws to scour, and Oh! twelve lunches to put up for school, for five mornings every week, for eleven months of the year. But it may be said that grandfather Samuel, helped about these things. Not he. He really did not have the time. He had to sit out on the porch and smoke, while he meditated as to what he should tell his men to do next, or, he had to ride away to *see a man*, or, he had to go down to town to find out the latest price of bright tobacco. He need not bother his head about such things. "Sary" the pet name he gave her, was fully capable of attending to all these things, he thought, and look after his comfort besides; and he could depend upon Good Luck to support him. He departed this life in 1711, and she did not join him until 1734. Thus for

twenty-three years she had the care of this large family upon her. Should not the record of such a mother be placed upon our pages?

Leaving her and coming down the lines from generation to generation, many other grand old matrons are found who raised large families of eight to ten children. They hovered over their homes like the birds and cared for the fledglings with all a mother's love, and when they were old enough to fly, sent them forth into the world to become great men and home-making women. They picked up the threads where their mothers dropped them and continued to weave them into the woof of life, making it "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Coming on down the line, nearer to us, there is one Magruder matron, deserving of especial mention, on account of the beauty of her character, which can be set forth best by giving a partial history of her life, and in connection therewith some account of the customs of the time in which she lived. This was my paternal grandmother, Harriet Magruder Muncaster. She was born May 1, 1783, daughter of Walter Magruder and Margaret Orme. Walter Magruder was a son of Nathaniel, son of Alexander, son of Samuel and Sarah Magruder, mentioned above.

Margaret Orme was daughter of Archibald Orme, son of Rev. John Orme and Ruth Edmonstone, and her mother was Eliza Johns, whose parents were Richard Johns and Margaret Crabbe.

In the will of Nathaniel Magruder, her grandfather, which was made in 1793, there is the following—"Item: I give and bequeath unto my grand-daughter, Harriet Magruder, one negro girl named Amy and her increase, and one feather bed and furniture." Thus when she was only ten years old she was picked out as the only grandchild that received a legacy from her grandfather, and in getting a feather bed showed she was high in his favor.

On September 25, 1804, she married Zachariah Muncaster. He died in January 1815, leaving her a young widow of thirty-two years, with three small sons, Walter James, Edwin Magruder, and Otho Zachariah, the oldest, being ten years, the second, six years, and the youngest, one year of age. Here was a problem for the young widow; these were left her to support, educate and start in life. This she did, and showed the untiring energy of her will and the strength of her character.

In the year 1845 I was living with my parents in Baltimore, being six years old, and had been what they called, in those days, "somewhat ailing," for some months. The doctor advised that I should be sent to the country to get the fresh air, fruit and farm fare, and roll on the earth and grass. So my father sent me to my grandmother, this Harriet Magruder Muncaster. Thus I learned to know her fully, as I lived with her on the farm she occupied, for six years, in the most impressible period of life. When I came to her

she was sixty-three years old, and as a widow with three sons to prepare for their places in the world, she had fought the battle of life and won. She had educated her sons and they were established, one as a merchant in Baltimore, and one as a merchant in Georgetown. The oldest son was with her, but in very poor health. He had been hurt while helping to handle a large stone on the farm, and died before a great while. Grandmother was tall and erect, with fine brown eyes, regular features, a winning smile, and a soft, clear voice. She was a staunch Presbyterian. She was not a mere Sunday Christian, but she brought her faith and religious belief into her everyday life and all her business transactions. She went in her carriage to church, five miles away, every Sunday with great punctuality. Truth, honesty, industry and punctuality were what she taught by precept and example. She was firm in the enforcement of right, but never raised her voice in anger in maintaining the same. She owned a number of servants, men, women, girls and boys. A lot of the young ones were about my age, and they became my companions in all out-door sports.

By coursing over the fields, fishing in the streams, climbing the fruit trees, and riding the horses, the grand son soon became strong and hearty. As there was no school near enough for him to attend the grandmother taught him. He liked the lessons well enough, and liked to read and learn, providing the lessons were not so very regular, just when he was interested in doing something else. One morning when the boy was over by the garden with his daily attendants laying plans for some amusement, the call of "William," came in a clear voice from the dining room door; no answer. "William," no answer, he was suspicious. "William Edwin, come to your books,"—Now he was certain. Bip—bip—bip, went the speeding feet of him who was called, closely followed by his dusky cohort. Around the garden they ran and plunged into a deep, wide gully behind it where grew a thick clump of Morello cherry trees, doubtless planted by the hand of some thrifty Magruder who was fond of bounce and cherry pickle. The party sat down, Indian fashion to hold council as to what to do next. One of them looking up exclaimed, "Yonder comes old Miss," Yes, there she was, tall and straight, coming right to the hiding place, and near by. Evidently a spy had reported at headquarters. An ignominious retreat must be effected. With bent forms and hurrying feet they all started through the bushes. "Oh never mind, you need not run, I see you, come back and right up here," came her clear tones. A surrender was effected. "Now, come on to the house." The captor and judge walked on erect, the prisoner moved with hanging head and lagging feet. He was thinking over what kind of punishment would be inflicted. When the sitting room was reached, the order was given to sit down. Oh, how joyfully he sat down. A load of evil anticipation was lifted—he straightened

up. The judge also took a seat. "Well what do you think of yourself?" "I don't know." "Well I know that I am surprised and grieved at your behavior. What would your father think and say, if I wrote to him of your conduct?"

Then followed a discourse on honesty in purpose, attention to duty, the benefits of education, and much more in that line. When the lecture was over, the audience was told to get his book, and study the lesson for the day. He did not run off again.

While we had many visits from friends and relations, the visitors who were treated with the highest consideration were the preacher and the doctor. They were the ones upon whom we were dependent for bodily and spiritual comfort. The preacher came frequently to see us and always staid to take a meal. Then the choice of everything was set forth. The best china and silver were put on the table, the pick of what was stored in the pantry was produced, and the fried chicken, when in season, that Aunt Jane, the colored cook, got up with cream gravy and a dash of parsley was, as the young lady says about her newest hat, "a perfect dream." When the doctor came he was looked up to as a man of the highest distinction, especially by the ladies, and every word he said was listened to with marked attention. He did not stop to take meals, he could not spare the time. For treatment his main dependence was bleeding. He bled for everything. I am not sure if he did not bleed for the tooth-ache. After he had looked at the sick person, he would say, "It is necessary that I take some blood. Bring me a basin." When he had drawn as much of the fluid as he thought proper, he would say, "Now set this basin aside, and after awhile I will look at the contents and I can tell by the color what medicine is needed." After a bit, when he made the proper examination, he would give the sick a big dose of calomel, and as he went away he would charge every one not to give the patient a single drop of water until he came again, for if they did he, "would not be responsible for the consequences, as a bad case of salivation might develope."

The ordinary sickness in the family, grandmother treated herself. Her chief reliance was the mustard plaster. It was not made of the pale yellow mustard one gets in these days, but of a rich brownish sort whose very smell would burn. When you had been plastered with one of these for five minutes, you would think it had been on an hour and call for it to be taken off, which you may be sure was not done. I have a warm memory of the remedy.

The colored people of that day were very superstitious and suspicious of each other. They believed firmly in ghosts, witches, conjurers, "trickers," and signs for almost everything. Early one morning it was announced that Aunt Jane the cook, was sick, and another woman was sent to get breakfast. I was a great crony of Aunt Jane; I loved to hear her thrilling ghost stories, and tales of the peo-



MRS. HARRIET (MAGRUDER) MUNCASTER.
Born, 1783; Died, 1865.

ple of the past, and their doings, so after breakfast I went to the kitchen to call on her. I found her sitting at the side of the big fireplace in a crumpled up position, looking very forlorn. "Well Aunt Jane, how are you feeling now?" "O Lordy, honey, don't talk! I have gist got a awful misery in my side, and a terrible gnawing on my vitals, and a dreadful rapping in my head; I believe I'm conjured and I gist know the very black nigger who done tricked me. She done had a grudge agin me for a long time, and I shore hope the good Lord, who is over all of we'alls, will plougn up her dirty, sneaking soul with a red hot plough share!"

The doctor came, Aunt Jane survived his treatment, and afterwards baked for us many a fine chicken and toothsome pie.

A few years after I came to live with my grandmother Eliza Talbott's husband died, and she, being my grandmother's sister, came to live with us, making a pleasant addition to our little family. When I was twelve years old my father and mother, on account of the health of the latter, moved to a farm about five miles from Rockville. I then left the home of my grandmother and joined my parents, so I could attend the Rockville Academy and ride to school every day.

Some years later Aunt Eliza passed away, and my grandmother, after dividing her property between her two sons, came to live with my father, where she spent the rest of her days, an honored member of the family, always busy and ever doing something to add to the pleasure and comfort of others. With all her faculties unimpaired, an active body and clear mind, she took interest in all around her until December 16, 1865, when after only a very short sickness she passed from this life at the ripe age of eighty-two years, truly a Magruder matron, the echoes of whose life still sound around us. When we count them over we find she has forty-six living grandchildren of the different degrees. Three of her grandsons are officers of our Clan, the Chancellor, the Surgeon, and the Treasurer.

A stone was erected to her memory, but she did not need this; a better memorial of her exists in the lasting influence she exerted upon all those who came near to her, and we may believe it will continue to pass from generation to generation, and like our Scottish river, flow on and on, forever and forever.

GLENFRUIN.

BY DONALD FITZ-RANDOLPH MACGREGOR.

I.

MacGregor has summoned his Clansmen once more,
 As his fathers have called them for ages before;
 The Fiery Cross carried o'er mountain and glen,
 Has brought to the banner two hundred brave men;
 For fast by the door of the Chieftain's abode,
 A widowed MacGregor has laid her sad load,
 And knelt o'er her dead as she prayed for this boon—
 "MacGregor! Revenge on the Clan of Colquhoun."

II.

The sons of this widow had ventured away,
 Beyond the wild lands where MacGregor held sway;
 Like young foxes playing away from their lair,
 Enjoying their freedom with never a care.
 They gazed from the heights on the grandest of scenes,
 And carefully crept in the deepest ravines,
 They ran through the pines with a joyous hurrah,
 While the roebuck went bounding to safety afar;
 But no life of a bird or its young did they seek,
 For the Clan has gone never oppressing the weak;
 Yet they gazed on the eagle that swept through the blue,
 And longed for to climb to the eyry they knew.
 They made themselves cudgels and strutted with pride,
 And said they were claymores they held at their side,
 They sang of the struggles their fathers had won,
 Of the glorious deeds the MacGregors had done,
 And they looked to the Southward away far away,
 Where the Clan would go marching to battle some day.

III.

But dark grew the pathway beneath the green pine,
 And high on Ben Lomond went up the bright line;
 For the afternoon, passed in this vigorous play,
 Like the dew on the heather had faded away,
 And the sun, that had smiled on the children's unrest,
 Sank out o'er the ocean, afar in the West,
 And the low hills they happily played downward by,
 Now seemed to go towering high up in the sky;
 The peaks that had been so familiarly known,
 In the dusk of the twilight all strangely had grown;

But their father had died bravely facing the foe,
Then how could a son of his, cowardice know?
So they picked out the way that they thought was the right,
And boldly they started ahead in the night.

IV.

When the sun on the mountains was shining at noon,
And all the wild songsters were gayly in tune,
These wild young MacGregors thought only of play;
But now at the night on the passing of day,
They wished they had played in their own little glen,
And vowed they would never go roaming again.

V.

Now off to the Eastward behind the high peaks,
Flashes of lightning the threatening sky streaks,
And soon as if trying the land to deform,
O'er the mountains break madly the fierce Highland storm;
And the boys skeltered onward protection to find,
From the fast falling rain, and the cold cutting wind;
And unknowing kept plodding still farther astray,
From the path that had lead them upon the right way.

VI.

It is often something that we dread or despise,
That is just what we need most, but comes in disguise;
So a sharp flash of lightning a welcome view gave,
And showed they were near by the mouth of a cave,
And hastening within to the youngster's delight,
In the back was a fire that was yet burning bright,
And part of a sheep, the remains of a feast,
Hung high to protect it from dog or wild beast.

VII.

Soon the main storm had passed, but the rain it still fell,
So they built up the fire and dried themselves well,
Then little they cared for the downpouring rain,
They thought themselves safe in MacGregor's domain,
Believing that even a wild mountain cave,
The proverbial free Highland welcoming gave.
They cut from the part of the sheep what they thought
Would assuage the hunger their roaming had brought;
And over the fire they prepared their repast—
Poor boys never thinking that meal was their last;
For the brave little lads were discovering soon,
That their shelter belonged to the Clan of Colquhoun.

VIII.

A group of this Clan on the mountain that night,
 Were led to the cave by the fire burning bright,
 And finding the boys were MacGregor's astray,
 They kept them close guarded till breaking of day,
 Then bound as if each were some dangerous man,
 They marched the two boys to the head of the Clan.

IX.

The boys told their tale in a plain childish way,
 How lost in the mountains were they while at play,
 When only on pleasure their hearts had been bent,
 No damage or trouble had been their intent;
 They thought that their shelter belonged to their friends,
 But for all their good mother would make just amends,
 They knew she had watched at her door all the night,
 For the boys who had wandered away from her sight.

X.

Their captors now told of the desperate crimes,
 They believed these MacGregors had done other times,
 How they had a great fire in a cave on the height,
 And were roasting a sheep in the dead of the night.

XI.

Then Sir Humphry of Luss who was Chief of the Clan,
 Exclaimed that he feared they some outrage did plan,
 And he dared not to think what might happen too soon,
 If such scourges might prey on the Clan of Colquhoun;
 So the Clan from such terrible danger to save,
 He condemned the two boys to be hung at the cave.

XII.

Helen MacGregor no moment has slept,
 But her eyes are blood red for the mother has wept;
 For all of her thought, her hopes and her joys,
 Were centered upon these two proud orphan boys,
 Their life has been part of her every great plan,
 Since their father died bravely defending the Clan.

XIII.

At last came the morn with its hope and its doubt,
 The MacGregor country was searched all about,
 And uncanny footprints were found in a ditch,
 Then the mother thought all was the work of a witch;
 But from the Colquhouns came a straggler to tell,
 The fate that had the MacGregors befell;
 So a party set out by the route the man gave,
 And found the dead bodies strung up by the cave.

XIV.

'Tis night when the men with the dead boys return,
In the heart of each Clansman doth bitter hate burn,
The bodies are borne to the door of the Chief,
Where the women all join in the sad mother's grief,
And the men kissed their dirks in the light of the moon,
An oath of revenge on the Clan of Colquhoun.

XV.

Now Sir Humphry of Luss feared MacGregor's just ire,
He knew the Clan's country was rightly on fire,
That only by quickly assembling his Clan,
Could he breast the attack the MacGregors would plan,
And Camerons and Walters, Buchanans and Graeme,
At the call of Sir Humphry of Luss also came.

XVI.

Sir Humphry when thinking he had well in hand,
Fully four times the men at MacGregor's command,
Made up of the foes the MacGregors had met,
Who hoped for to see the Clan drawn in his net;
But catching young birds by a cowardly might,
And the Ben Lomond eagle was different quite.

XVII.

Sir Humphry requested the chief of each Clan—
He and MacGregor—should meet man to man,
And to avoid blood-shed, the matter talk o'er,
While the men of each guard was to be but five score.
And Sir Humphrey did come with his five score of men,
But the rest of his Clan was near by in the glen;
And joined with Colquhouns in the ambush were Graemes,
And Buchanans and others of like Lowland names.
But MacGregor was equal to every such plot,
By the treacheries heaped on his Clan was he taught;
So a different route than the Colquhouns had planned,
He chose for the march of his gallant command,
And at the last pass ere he entered the glen,
His brother remained with a hundred good men;
Then with piper and banner and bonnets of blue,
And tartans of red they marched out in review.

XVIII.

Sir Humphry imagined this five score was all,
MacGregor was able against them to call,

He taunted the Chieftain as leader he planned,
 To go on a foray with such a command,
 He brags of his numbers, his houses and lands,
 And with the king's highness he tells how he stands;
 But MacGregor proudly then answered him thus:
 "We are few in number, Sir Humphry of Luss,
 But Highland and Lowland are Clans that well know,
 That our ranks have been thinned in the face of the foe,
 No clan that has met us, with like scores of men,
 Would dare for to meet the MacGregors again.
 We boast not of titles, Sir Humphry, aware,
 No title could add to the name that we bear;
 For our blood was royal a long time before,
 The first of the Stuarts a diadem wore,
 And pure and untainted that blood to-day runs,
 Unmixed in dishonor with dishonored sons;
 We too might have castles and titles and gold,
 If our daughters had been to these profligates sold;
 But these are not statements I came here to make,
 I came here, Sir Humphry, for a fond mother's sake,
 Sir Humphry of Luss, I came for redress,
 Which, backed by my Clan, I am able to press."

XIX.

Sir Humphry had five hundred horsemen in hand,
 Which with three hundred footmen made up his command;
 But only one hundred stood out on the moor,
 So he looked at MacGregor's one hundred, quite sure
 That with eight times their number awaiting his call,
 The MacGregors would now to his treachery fall.

XX.

When the craven Sir Humphry MacGregor's speech heard,
 He turned to his Clansman, but said never a word,
 And this was a signal to Cameron and Graeme
 To spring from their hiding and add to their shame,
 Buchanan and Walter, MacGregor's old foes,
 From the tall matted grass of the wild land arose,
 And to make the defeat of the MacGregors sure,
 The rest of the Colquhouns charged over the moor,
 And the town of Dumbarton surged out from the lee,
 A great Highland pageant expecting to see,
 And the boys from a school in the town came to view,
 What MacGregor with all these opponents would do.

XXI.

This trickery did not MacGregor dismay;
With his handful of men was the host held at bay,
While he safely retreated from off the smooth plain,
Where his enemies thought their advantage to gain.
Foot, yard and furlong did craftily yield,
Till he had the whole force where his men were concealed,
Where still as the bowlders behind which he lay,
His brother awaited the call to the fray,
With muskets well loaded and bows gathered tight,
Eagerly awaiting to enter the fight;
Watching the Lowlanders run into a net,
Like that which they had for the MacGregors tried to set.
Colquhouns and Walters, Buchanans and Graemes,
And Camerons were all to MacGregor's foes names.
As Clan after Clan in the narrow pass drew,
Each MacGregor his dirk raised and kissed it anew;
But unnoticed along with the men of each Clan,
The hot-headed boys from Dumbarton's school ran.

XXII.

Now like a torrent let loose in its might
By the gorge that has held it aback on the height,
The MacGregors now turned on their foes with a shout,
That put the whole Clan of the Colquhouns to rout,
And each pine tree a hostile MacGregor became,
To the rear guard formed on the Clan of the Graeme;
For each of the men that the chieftain left there,
Arose like a lion surprised in his lair.
With dirk and with musket, with claymore and bow,
The two bands of MacGregors attacked their foe,
The Colquhouns the Chieftain hewed down in their tracks,
The Graemes found his brother's reserve at their backs,
Camerons, Buchanans and Walters between
Struggled to climb from the narrow ravine;
But all who in despair thus hopelessly tried,
Met a claymore sharp-whetted on Ben Lomond's side.

XXIII.

And with those that battled were the innocent caught,
For daring to follow where bearded men fought;
Like the son of Apollo of old Grecian lore,
Who dared for to drive over heaven's arched floor
The steeds that alone the great sun god could guide,
The boys from Dumbarton now paid for their pride;

For to cheer the Luss and his allies they came,
 The Cameron, Buchanan, and Walter and Graeme;
 And these in their anger at being restrained
 By the fear-stricken boys that the rear guard had gained;
 These men that the boys came to cheer and to praise,
 In the terror of battle now ended their days;
 For being so hotly and mightily pressed,
 They dashed the life out of each wild throbbing breast;
 The Clansman thought nought in his frenzied retreat
 Of the youth being crushed on the rocks at his feet,
 For tramping each other as madly assailed,
 The bravest defender Sir Humphry had quailed,
 The horseman in frenzy the footman rode o'er,
 Till an arrow unhorsed him to never ride more,
 And riderless horses dashed madly away,
 To take to Dumbarton the news of the fray.

XXIV.

The Colquhouns had led the Clans into the rout,
 Now madly they struggled to be the first out;
 But to the free moor was a dangerous way,
 For through the MacGregors the only path lay;
 And some did the claymore-lined gantlet break through,
 A feat that no one cared again for to do.
 Remnants only escaped of the Clans,
 To tell of the failure of Sir Humphry's great plans,
 Each for to tell when his latch had been lowered,
 What it was for to face a MacGregor's good sword.

XXV.

With his foes scattered or dead at his feet,
 The MacGregor's victory now was complete;
 So with proud pipers playing and banner held high,
 And their blue bonnets waving up to the blue sky,
 Their red tartans o'er broad shoulders they threw,
 And from the Pass red with foe's blood they withdrew,
 To the MacGregor country by Loch Lomond's side,
 The deeds of each other to tell in their pride:
 That the MacGregor widow was granted her boon,
 Her sons were revenged on the Clan of Colquhoun.

XXVI.

But fear of the strength the MacGregors had shown,
 Spread o'er the border, and then to the throne,
 And the Colquhouns had all of their widows to bring,
 Their dead husband's tartans to show to the king.



A HIGHLAND MOOR.

And the friends of the boys who had followed the Clans,
For their death in the battle now made their demands;
Trying to charge the MacGregors alone
The deaths at the time to them wholly unknown;
While our brave Clan's detractors knew well that the blame,
Was on Luss, Walter, Cameron, Buchanan and Graeme;
And the changeable king tried ends for to meet,
By turning the victory into defeat.

XXVII.

But the king and the lords and hostile made Clans,
Had but little success in MacGregor's own lands,
The clan believed rightly, it had broken no law,
And so long as a man his good claymore could draw,
The Clan would defy both the lords and the throne,
And hold with the sword all they claimed as their own;
For so long as they breathed that free Highland air,
The name of MacGregor would always live there.

XXVIII.

But years brought a change unto Scotland's proud race,
The Stuarts were in exile: MacGregor held place;
But never a people, such forgiveness has shown,
As the Clan turning back in support of the throne.
They fought with Dundee, and they followed Montrose.
The Highlands but called, and MacGregor arose.
Forgetting the wrongs they had heaped on the Clan,
For Bonnie Prince Charlie they fought as one man,
The MacGregors his proud banner carried in turn,
And in every fierce struggle new glory did earn;
And on the line's center on Culloden's field,
The Clan of MacGregor was last for to yield.

XXIX.

And so we are proud our descent for to claim,
From a Clan that fought always for Scotland's fair name,
With life and with fortune, defended their own—
The lands of their fathers—the Church—and the throne.
From the MacGregors who rose in their might,
Whenever assailed and defended their right;
And from the MacGregors who fought the Colquhoun,
Avenging their dead in the pass of Glenfruin.

LIFE OF DANIEL RANDALL MAGRUDER.

BY CALVERT MAGRUDER.

Honored Chieftain, Fellow Clansmen:

I here present an imperfect sketch of one who possessed in an eminent degree those qualities which are the glory of our MacGregor race. A burning sense of loyalty, deep domestic affection, the crusading spirit of an idealist, that neglects material fortunes, courage and tenderness finely interwoven—all this he had, and more. My only regret is that I attempted to write this memorial, for I soon found that the picture was too great to be painted by my unpracticed hand.

Daniel Randall Magruder was born in Annapolis, Maryland, on January 6, 1835, the youngest son of George Lee and Henrietta Sanford (Randall) Magruder. His brothers were John Read Magruder, who still lives in bodily and mental vigor at the age of eighty-six; Richard Randall Magruder and George Lee Magruder. He had one sister, Deborah Knapp Magruder. In 1839 the family moved to a farm in Carrolltown, Illinois. It was here the subject of our sketch first went to school, and Prof. Norton, his discerning teacher, remarked that he had never seen a boy "with such facility for learning and who comprehended so quickly." In 1846 he moved with the family back to Annapolis, in the fall of which year he entered the preparatory school of St. John's College. He graduated from St. John's on February 22, 1853, as honor man in the class of which he was the youngest member, and later he received the degree of Master of Arts from this institution.

He studied law in the office of the late Alexander Burton Hagner, for years a justice of the supreme court of the District of Columbia, and was admitted to the bar when barely twenty-one. Later he settled in Calvert County, Maryland. In a remarkably brief time he earned the confidence of his fellow-citizens there, who elected him to the legislature before he had reached the constitutional age of twenty-five. Curiously enough, he came of age on the very day the Legislature assembled, January 6, 1860. He was re-elected to the legislature during the early days of the Civil War "and was among the noble minority that held in check the passions and excesses growing out of the war." While a member of the House of Delegates he was Chairman of the important Judiciary Committee and secured the passage, inter alia, of legislation simplifying the rules and forms of Pleading and Practice in the courts of law.

We come now to the interesting circumstances wherein Mr. Magruder obtained his title of Judge. On November 8, 1864, he was elected a judge of the Second Judicial Circuit (then composed of Anne Arundel and Calvert Counties), having defeated one of the

ablest and most popular lawyers of the district, the Hon William H. Tuck. But he was not yet of the requisite age—thirty years—prescribed by the Constitution as a qualification for judge. The Governor consequently nominated Mr. Tuck to fill the vacancy which nomination was confirmed by the Senate. On Nov. 7, 1865, Mr. Magruder, having meanwhile reached the requisite age, was again elected. Upon the refusal of the Governor to issue a commission and the refusal of Judge Tuck to surrender the office, he appealed to the courts, against the advice of many able lawyers, and was sustained by the Court of Appeals, Governor Swann being directed to issue his commission. Mr. Magruder thereupon qualified and entered upon his official duties. In 1867 a new state constitution was adopted, rearranging the judicial circuits, and in the fall of that year Judge Magruder was elected associate judge of the second judicial circuit, comprising Calvert, Charles, Prince George's and St. Mary's counties. Thus it is that he was elected judge three times in as many years. It is the abundant testimony of those who knew Judge Magruder on the bench that he possessed the highest judicial qualifications—abiding faith in the justice of the law, a broad humanitarian outlook, a lively intellect and a wide range of a dependable memory, dignity, patience and unflinching courtesy. A great many lawyers have spoken feelingly of the kind helping hand and the generous encouragement with which he met the struggling young members of the bar.

In the early 70's he became convinced that the development of Southern Maryland imperatively demanded the construction of a railroad connecting with the metropolis, and he accordingly was an active mover in the attempt to organize the Drum Point Railroad. He accepted the presidency of the road, while yet having the burdens of his judicial office and against competent advice that "it would make his hair gray." His persevering effort of years finally was defeated by ill-designed opposition, and involved him in considerable financial misfortunes. To this day the road has never been built—no one else seems willing to make "his hair gray"—and Calvert County shut off as it is, is deprived of the beneficent growth which would have resulted, in the opinion of many, had Judge Magruder's policies for the development of the road been accepted forty years ago.

In 1881 when Chief Justice Brent died, Governor Hamilton appointed Judge Magruder, Chief Justice of the seventh judicial circuit, with a seat on the Court of Appeals, Maryland. Here his expressive and lucid decisions were worthy of the best traditions of the court, which at this time boasted a most distinguished personnel. Judge Magruder was defeated for re-election by a political combination, one element of which resented his effective and fearless enforcement of the existing liquor laws, and the other disliked his moderate views on the temperance question and his refusal to cham-

pion prohibition. After retiring from the bench, he moved to Annapolis and resumed the practice of his profession. His versatility, especially in the field of criminal law, where he was a recognized authority, his gift of public speech, and the universal confidence in his integrity, combined to create a demand for his legal services. At the ripe age of eighty years, on February 19, 1915, he died of pneumonia in the city of his birth, and there he is laid at rest.

Judge Magruder was twice married. His first wife, whom he married in 1867, and who died in 1876, was Mary Sollers, daughter of Hon. Augustus R. Sollers, of Calvert County, member of Congress from the Fifth District of Maryland. They had three children. Mary Randall, who now survives, Alexander Randall, and Frances Rebecca, both of whom died in childhood. In 1883 he married Rosalie Eugenia Stuart Webster, daughter of Captain William Eugene Webster, of New Haven, Conn., a West Point man who went South and was killed in the service of the Confederate Army. She survives him, with four children, Rosalie Stuart Magruder, Reverend Daniel Randall Magruder, Eugene Webster Magruder, a civil engineer, and Calvert Magruder, a student at Harvard Law School.

To what I have said of Judge Magruder's public career I must add something concerning the man himself, as it was my fortune to know him in his later years. He was of splendid physical mould—six feet two and well proportioned with an erect and noble carriage which was his till the end. Advancing age made his step slow and difficult but could not make him bend or lose that bearing which so faithfully revealed his nature. He was, as one of the papers said, "the embodiment of every phase of courage. Physical courage, which after all is the least worthy form, Judge Magruder possessed abundantly, but it was his moral courage that placed him above the ordinary run of men. That he would have gone to the stake, if necessary, to maintain the righteousness of a cause in which he believed, no one for a moment doubted." He was utterly independent in thought and action. No considerations of expediency or self-serving ever curbed his out-spokenness. If he thought a man a scoundrel, the thought would clothe itself in candid words. No fear of standing alone and being ridiculed altered his honest convictions, "Come one, come all, this rock shall fly from its firm base as soon as I"—such a man was Daniel Randall Magruder. I never heard him swear, but he had a most effective non-profane vocabulary, and he could say "confound it" with all the vehemence of a good-sized "damn." An indomitable will sustained him and gave him, in his failing years, a strength to go about that astonished his physicians. Even in his eightieth year, when he could just creep feebly along, he greeted every one cheerily, always insisted that he never felt better and that at his last birthday he had dropped off forty years. As late as last Christmas he was looking forward to a return to ac-



JUDGE DANIEL RANDALL MAGRUDER.

Born, 1835; Died, 1915.

(Insert shows him when a young man, while other picture represents him near the close of his life.)

tive practice, with me as his junior partner. While age generally leaves men enveloped in the past, Judge Magruder had his eyes to the future. He was ever sympathetic with new interests while not forgetting the old. The foundation of this society readily stirred his enthusiasm, and his last laborious trip from Annapolis was to attend one of the gatherings of this clan, to which he was so warmly attached. Then, too, he was devoted to his old Alma Mater, St. John's College—in later years he was the oldest living alumnus—and as a member of the Board of Visitors and Governors he labored faithfully for her advancement. His remarkable memory held a rich store of information about matters, historical and otherwise, concerning the affairs of the state and nation. His interest in political measures and men never abated, and he never missed an opportunity to vote on public questions. Though a thorough-going Democrat in principle, he frequently wandered from the party reservation. Somehow he did not fancy Woodrow Wilson (I believe he would have changed his mind by now) and at the last presidential election he insisted that he would not vote for Wilson but only for the Democratic electors. He loved his fellow-men, and this love was not restricted by the accidents of birth, race, or religion—in fact I never knew a man who was so little conscious of the artificial distinctions of society. All who knew him speak of his tender solicitude for the wants of others, of his charity that was boundless and truly genuine because it did not stop short of self-deprivation. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me"—we have put that on his gravestone and nothing could be more appropriate. As one of the newspapers said, "It was ever Judge Magruder's delight to help others, and as he advanced in years the idea of serving others possessed his whole being." He had an abiding religious faith—he was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church and served several times with credit and influence as lay delegate to its General and Diocesan Conventions. But above all, he was a Christian, and his Christian brotherhood was not limited by denominations. As he contemplated the past he saw the divine purpose in his life, his trials and disappointments, and felt that all was for the best. Thus were the clouds dissolved and his last years happy in the abundant practice of his Christian faith. In the following lines from a poem he wrote at a time when the winds of adversity beat heavily upon him, one may catch a glimpse of the spirit that moved him:

"Go forward! bravely bear thy lot,
Whatever woes befall,
Go forward! strive and falter not,
For Heaven's thy all and all.

Go forward! thy reward is bright,
 No longer foes nor fears,
 Among the children of the light
 No pain, no grief no tears!"

Judge Magruder was a man of the greatest public spirit, and when he saw opportunities to benefit the community he cheerfully bore personal sacrifices. His efforts with the Drum Point Railroad, which I spoke of earlier, is an instance of this characteristic. His lack of an eye to self-interest, his prodigal liberality and charity, and his too implicit trust in others, combined to defeat the amassing of a material fortune that one would have acquired who possessed his brilliant intellect and skill as a lawyer but lacked his generous faults. He once remarked to me that he had nothing to leave me but an honorable name—but who could wish a richer heritage? I think he sometimes felt that he had not accomplished all that might have been expected from one of his rare endowments; but he was true to himself and to his God, and he strove to serve his fellow-men. For the rest,

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
 But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it!"

And after all, when a life is judged by its moral impress on those who felt its influence, is not the deserving of success, success itself!

Genealogy.—Daniel Randall Magruder was the son of George Lee Magruder and Henrietta Sanford Randall, grandson of John Read Magruder and Annie E. Addison, great-grandson of John Read Magruder and Barbara Contee, great-great-grandson of James Magruder and Barbara Coombs, great-great-great-grandson of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall, great-great-great-grandson of Alexander Magruder, Maryland immigrant.

A TRIBUTE.

BY JOHN READ MAGRUDER.

Judge Daniel Randall Magruder was of mark throughout his whole career and was prominent in everything he undertook to do, as boy, student, lawyer, judge, in plans for the betterment of the people among whom he lived and in the affairs of the Church he was active and useful. He was a man among men.

OUR GATHERING.

By DONALD FITZ-RANDOLPH MACGREGOR.

(Sung by the whole assembly during the Gathering.)

(Air: Auld Lang Syne.)

Another year has gathered here
Our Clan from many climes,
To proudly claim MacGregor's name—
Ours from olden times.

From the days we now hold dear,
Of Auld Lang Syne,
The days of sires we now revere—
Of MacGregor's line.

Today we know no treacherous foe
At our Gathering is to be,
No coward plan stands 'gainst the Clan,
Our name is free.

Free as on Loch Lomond's breast
The white waves leap,
Free as round Ben Nevis' crest
The eagles sweep.

This peace was bought by battles fought
Mid mingled hopes and fears,
Bathed in a flood of man's best blood
And of woman's tears.

And so we glory in the past
Of your sires and mine,
And shall do so while time doth last—
For Auld Lang Syne.

THE MAGRUDER FAMILY IN ITS RELIGIOUS AFFILIATIONS.

BY MRS. ROBERTA JULIA (MAGRUDER) BUKEY.

WHEN a family has lived in a country or State two hundred and sixty years, almost any enduring interest of that family becomes inherent in the history of that country and State. It is so with the subject of this sketch—the Magruders in Maryland. We are particularly deprived in that none of the early members of this family in Maryland has left to posterity anything from his own pen on the subject of religion, or what could be called an account of family life, and one must accept the circumstantial evidence of wills and such transactions as are found in the public records of the times, where their names were enrolled in support of certain principles and methods of procedure, both political and religious. And religion was represented by the Church of State and was actively concerned in the history of the Country and State politically as well as religiously. Under such conditions, tradition will remain unwritten at this time.

To find something about the religious affiliations of our immigrant ancestor we must revert to his Scotch home for a record. Acts of Scotch Parliament 1649, Charles II, gives the names of a commission, divided into Committees of the Parishes, to put the kingdom in a state of defence against the English under Cromwell. In this commission of lords or lairds giving seats, appears the name of the eldest brother of our immigrant ancestor, "James Mackgruder in Carghill." "The laird of Kethick to be convener of the first meeting, and for the Sheriffdom of Perth three subcommittees all three to meet in one committee of Perth first at Dunblane." "The said third committee to sit at Coupar, comprehending the five kirks of the East Larss, and the kirks of the Presbytery of Miggill, and the kirks of the Presbytery of Dunkell, by eist the water of Tay." This word Presbytery indicates Presbyterian Church in Scotland and America. From the hand of Alexander Magruder first in Maryland, the only document we have is his will, in which he shows decided Presbyterian affiliation in that he chooses Col. Ninian Beall and two others, said to be Presbyterians, as overseers of his will and his estate. A matter entirely under his own control. Leaving a widow with young children to raise and educate, heirs all under age. Colonel Ninian Beall was called the Father of Presbyterianism in Maryland. It is said of him by historians of highest character, that "The Presbyterians on the Patuxent were kept together by their Godly Elder Colonel Ninian Beall, from the time of Mathew Hill

*Briggs, American Presbyterian, pp. 114-119.

untill the arrival of Nathaniel Taylor." In November, 1704, Colonel Ninian Beall made a "Deed of Gift" of a lot in Marlboro, Prince George county, "for erecting and building a house for the service of Almighty God." The first name in this deed being "Nathaniel Taylor minister of ye Gospel." It was witnessed before Samuel Magruder, eldest surviving son of Alexander Magruder, of Scotland and Maryland, as Justice. The comparatively short time Alexander Magruder lived in Maryland was previous to the establishment of the Protestant Church by law. He could very easily have found citizens of Maryland's best blood among Catholic gentlemen to take charge of his family and estate, had he preferred to do so. Consequently, the meagre evidence supports the deduction, Alexander Magruder 1st was a Presbyterian in affiliation and faith.

The Church of England was established by law in Maryland in the year 1692. The following is found of record for Prince George county, erected 1696: "At a court held at Benedict Leonardtown the 14th day of Feb. in the year of our Lord 1692, and in the fifth year of the reign of our sovereign lord and lady, King William and Queen Mary, by the Grace of God, Queen of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, Defenders of the faith &c.—by the Justices thereunto authorized and appointed, together with the principal Freeholders thereunto called, for the laying out the Parishes on the west side of the Patuxent River in Calvert County, being in obedience to an act of Assembly, entitled, 'An Act for the service of Almighty God, and the Establishment of the Protestant Religion in this Province. Made at the City of St. Mary's on the 10th day of May Anno Domini 1692. It is agreed and concluded by the Justices present and by the principal Freeholders at the time and place above said, met together, viz: That from the upper part of Mount Calvert Hundred to the main Branch of Swanson's Creek be in one Parish. The church for said Parish being already buildt at Charlestown, called St. Paul's." Samuel Magruder was one of six vestrymen. He had been appointed vestryman 1689 and at the above date five others were added—making the usual six vestrymen. When the Hundreds were divided into Parishes in 1692 and churches ordered built, this church was *then finished* and named, under its one vestryman Samuel Magruder. He appears to have held the office of vestryman of "Old St. Paul's" Parish the remaining years of his life, as his name appears in this office 1711, the year of his death.

Alexander and Nathaniel, sons of Alexander Magruder by his second wife, Elizabeth Hawkins, inherited home place of our immigrant ancestor, Anchovy Hills, in St. Paul's Parish, and they seem to have made no change, until they were in the fourth generation, and were included, some of them, in the great wave of Methodism, preceding and following the Revolutionary War. Others of this branch of Magruder descendants remained constant to the

Church of England, and to the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America. Notably our present chaplain and the William Howard Magruder line. The daughter of Alexander Magruder 1st is said not to have left any descendants, and it is presumable that she also lived and died at her home estate "Craignich," near her brother Samuel. See her father's will.

April 9, 1705, St. Paul's Parish was divided by act of Assembly, and Queen Ann Parish formed, and the following is recorded: "The inhabitants of Queen Ann Parish being assembled at the church of St. Barnabas, their Parish church, according to the laws of this Province, have unanimously elected and chosen persons to be and to act as Vestrymen for the ensuing year." "Samuel Magruder Sen. and Ninian Magruder contributed to the funds." "April 10, 1721, Ninian Magruder was elected warden," and the following is recorded: "Ordered—Gustavus Hesselius to paint a picture on the history of the blessed Savior and the twelve apostles at the last supper, the Institution of the Blessed Sacrament of His body and blood, proportionate to the space over the Altar piece. 6 March 1722." "Easter Monday April 15th 1723 Ninian Magruder elected Warden." "1729—Mr. John Magruder church Warden."

"June 17, 1734—Mr. Samuel Magruder Jun. and Mr. James Magruder were elected wardens, and Mr. Wiliam Magruder and Mr. John Magruder had pews in St. Barnabas church. Easter Monday April 26, 1736. Mr. James Magruder elected Vestryman." *

There is nothing to show that the religious affiliations of the Magruders were disturbed in Maryland until we approach the period of the Revolution, when the people began to feel the burden of so many demands from England, and the Clergy of the established church were an everpresent reminder of it, though many were men of exemplary life and in sympathy with the Colonies. St Paul's Rock Creek was particularly fortunate in this respect in that from the founding of this church as a mission its clergy were Americans, viz: Rev. John Frazier its first Rector, 1712, whose daughter Mary married William Magruder†; Rev. George Murdock, whose young kinsman

* As the office of vestryman was held from generation to generation among the Magruders, it may be well to consider the requirements for this office. It appears to have required six oaths and subscriptions to properly qualify a vestryman in those days. These oaths were taken before one of his Majesty's Justices and became a record of the church where the vestryman served. The political oaths were three in number, the third one quite long, and were required of all civil and military officers by the laws of England and of the Provinces. These oaths may be seen in "Mead's Old Churches of Virginia," and in "Henning's Statutes at Large."

† Ancestors of the Bankhead Magruders.

of Revolutionary Army, Lieut. Benjamin Murdock married Mary Ann Magruder, daughter of George Frazier Magruder; Rev. Reade, who lived during and following the Revolution, who married Sarah, daughter of Col. Zadok Magruder. In his will Samuel Magruder, 1st provided that land should be bought in Frederick county for his son Alexander, whose sons Nathaniel, Hezekiah, Zachariah, Samuel Wade, were all identified with Rock Creek Parish as well as Col. Zadok Magruder, son of John Magruder, of Dunblane in Prince George county, and several sons of Ninian Magruder of Prince George county. "Samuel Magruder ye 3d"—and his three sons and three daughters and his brothers John, Ninian, Nathaniel and John's son Archibald. Many times the records of Vestry meetings show a good majority of Magruders present. Not to exclude those who had married Magruders. All were gentlemen and remembered their oaths. Wardens were "paid for fixing the lock" as well as for "bread and wine for sacrament." In 1758 the following signed a petition for the division of Rock Creek Parish. It then included nearly all of Western Maryland and before a division was secured several years later, there were four Episcopal churches in Montgomery county. In the Records of St. Paul's, Rock Creek Parish, signers of 1758 appear, viz: Nathan Magruder, Samuel Magruder, Jr., Hezekiah Magruder, Zadok Magruder, Nathaniel Magruder. "Captain George Beall's Troop of Horse," of the Colonial Militia, was almost a family affair to Rock Creek Parish, which escaped friction with English Clergy. In Montgomery county, Md., descendants of Alexander Magruder and Col. Zadok Magruder, both of Rock Creek Parish, intermarried, and represent several denominations in present day members of A. C. G. S., viz: Presbyterians—Chancellor Alexander Muncaster, Surgeon Dr. Stuart B. Muncaster, their sisters Mrs. Laura Muncaster Higgins and Mrs. Helen Muncaster Gassaway; Mr. Walter James Muncaster of Cumberland A. C. G. S.; the late Dr. Otho Magruder Muncaster of Washington City, and brother, Mr. William E. Muncaster of Montgomery county. Episcopalians—Treasurer John E. Muncaster and family, Mrs. Emma Magruder Waters, Mrs. Sarah Magruder Stevens and family. Quakers are Dr. William E. Magruder and family of Sandy Springs, including our Clanswoman, his daughter, Miss Mary Magruder. In this connection, perpetuating early religious affiliations, are descendants of Rev. Reade and Sarah, daughter of Col. Zadok Magruder, represented by Rev. Alexander Suter of the Episcopal Church of Virginia, whose services to that church in modern times included twenty years as rector of Christ's Church, Alexandria. Sons and daughters in Georgetown, Alexandria, and Washington City faithful to the old Episcopal Church.

It is of record in Maryland that Enoch Magruder, of Piscataway, gave the land whereon Broad Creek church stands as well as the

land for the Glebe farm. Enoch Magruder was son of James of St. Barnabas church. The descendants of his several daughters of names not Magruder, as well as of his son Dennis Magruder—Loves, Claggett, Burgess, Bowie, Beall, Brooke, Magruder, remaining in Maryland and faithful Episcopalians. Rev. Enoch Magruder Thompson, of Washington, founded a mission now an independent church, and he has lately been appointed Vicar, in testimony of devoted services. James Magruder is ancestor also of our Clansmen the late Judge Daniel Randall Magruder and his brother, Mr. John Read Magruder of Annapolis, and Mrs. Kate K. Henry of Washington, Mrs. Viers of Rockville, all Episcopalians of A. C. G. S. The families of daughters of Maryland Magruders, some of whom remaining in Maryland, were ancestresses of distinguished men of other names and of other churches.

Descendants of Nathan Magruder, through his son Isaac Magruder are Catholics. This family has given A. C. G. S. our ranking Deputy Chieftain, Mr. C. C. Magruder now and for many years past Clerk of the Court of Appeals of Maryland. Also his precious son, the young surgeon of Washington, Dr. Ernest P. Magruder, whose life was sacrificed in founding the work of American Red Cross in Serbia, in the early months of the "great war," and other sons.

Washington descendants of Samuel Wade Magruder, of Montgomery County are also Catholics. Notably the late Dr. George Lloyd Magruder, tuberculosis specialist, his brothers and sisters.

"While the Independents of Massachusetts were persecuting all who differed with them, and the churchmen of Virginia visited the Independents in turn with penalties of dissent, the legislature of Maryland declared, that, 'the enforcement of the conscience has been of dangerous consequences in those countries where it has been practiced' and therefore enacted, that, 'no person professing to believe in Jesus Christ should be molested in respect of his religion, or in the free exercise thereof—or be compelled to the belief or exercise of any other religion against their own consent; so that they be not unfaithful to the proprietary or conspire against civil government,' 'that persons molesting any other in respect of his religious tenet should pay treble damages to the party aggrieved, and 20 s. to the proprietary—that those reproaching any with opprobrious names of religious distinction should pay forfeit 10 s. to the person injured: that any one speaking reproachfully against the blessed Virgin and Apostles should forfeit 5£ sterling—but blasphemy against God should be punished with death.'

In the Johns Hopkins Studies Manors and of Authority—the civil prerogative of the old Colonial Parish Vestry is considered equal to the Count Baron and the Count Leet of the Manor, and the Proceedings of the Vestry of this Parish is used as an example of this civil prerogative of the Colonial Vestry.



ST PAUL'S CHURCH, BUILT 1692.
Calvert Hundred, Prince George County, Maryland.

A story is told of Rev. Thomas Reade, Rector of St. Paul's, Rock Creek, who married Sarah Magruder, daughter of Col. Zadok Magruder of his church. Rev. Reade once told his church "they were a determined and rebellious people and not willing to be governed by the laws of the Church of England." He gave them no services for two years. In that time they called vestry meetings whenever they had business to transact. They tried culprits for misdemeanors and imposed fines and other punishments. They collected tithes, or had the sheriff do it, loaned out their funds and collected interest. They appointed the Tobacco Inspector at Rock Creek Inspecting House, one of their own number—as was customary.

"In 1769 the spirit of unrest was so general, that into this, after many appeals from the colonists, came the preachers sent out by Rev. John Wesley, of England. In 1771 Mr. Francis Asbury was sent to America by Mr. Wesley, who, arriving in Philadelphia in October, later went to Maryland and preached at Bohemia Manor and other places until his first visit to Baltimore 1772. Owing to the distractions of the established church many Episcopalians attached themselves to the Methodist. A society was formed at Fell's Point, Baltimore, 1773, and purchased for five shillings a lot sixty feet on Strawberry Alley and seventy-five feet on Fleet Street, and erected a brick church. By 1774 Methodists had a larger membership in Maryland than any other Province. Rev. Asbury was appointed general superintendent and during his ministry he ordained three thousand preachers. He preached his last sermon in Richmond, Va., March 1816, and died in Spotsylvania County, Virginia, March 31, 1816. The first native American Methodist preacher, Richard Owen, and the first native American Methodist itinerant, William Waters, belong to Maryland. The Methodists held conferences annually in Philadelphia, Pa., and in Baltimore, Md."

"In the year 1777 the Church of England in Maryland was deprived of its livings, and its clergymen were forced to return to England. Some eighteen or twenty clergymen remained in the State when the conflict had closed, and the Declaration of Rights adopted in 1776, secured to the church forever all Glebes, Churches, Chapels and other property then in its possession, directing repairs to go on. It forbade all assessments by vestries for support of ministers, but all incumbents, who had done their duty were to be paid to November 1, 1776. In 1784 the Methodist societies in the United States organized themselves into a regular church under the name Methodist Episcopal church. Rev. Asbury the first Bishop. They preached a salvation without money and without price, and used an alley or a common for a meeting place. ("The groves were God's first temples.") In the disturbed conditions of the established church many Episcopalians went over to them. Officers tried to keep their peo-

ple together in committees in lieu of vestries—such as overseers of the poor and others.

Not until 1789 was the Book of Common Prayer adopted by the General Convention, and 1790 by Maryland Convention, Rev. Thomas Reade Chairman of this body. 1792 by unanimous vote of both orders, the first native American Bishop of P. E. Church, Rev. John Thomas Claggett was elected and consecrated. Family much intermarried with Magruders.

When the Revolutionary war was over the colonists had neither Church nor State, and the same sort of legal procedures were to be followed by those concerned in laying the foundations of both, which took time, and this interval was fruitful in breaking up the love and attachment for the mother church among those especially who moved away from other home ties. Of the Magruders who moved to the South and Southwest, about half of them remained steadfast Episcopalians, and the balance found affiliations among several orthodox denominations of the places where they settled in distant States.* The Georgia Magruders lead as to date. The first deed made to Ninian Beall Magruder in Georgia is dated 1785, in Richland county formerly "Old St. Paul's Parish," near Augusta, Ga., where Ninian Beall Magruder and his first cousin Ninian Offutt Magruder and others made homes. Broadly speaking, the Georgia Magruders were Methodists. They gave land for churches and helped to build churches there as the family has done in Maryland. "The deed for land so given, was returned to a descendant when the church had fallen into disuse. Deed was made by Hezekiah Magruder, grandson of Ninian Beall Magruder of Maryland and of

*Rev. William White, of Philadelphia, rector of Christ church and St. Peter's church, Philadelphia, was the only Protestant Episcopal clergyman in Pennsylvania, and was chaplain of the Continental Congress 1777, then sitting at York, Pa. As the clergy failed to agree, he urged upon the Convention the importance of provision for lay representation in the Councils of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America. (This had never been allowed.) It placed the laws of this church on the same foundation as the National Constitution held: "No taxation without representation." Rev. William White was to the church what Thomas Jefferson was to the country in time of need. He wrote the Constitution of the "Protestant Episcopal Church of United States of America," and suggested essential amendments to the Book of Common Prayer. He was elected Bishop (the youngest of the Bishops). He went to England and was consecrated at Lambeth Palace by the Archbishop of Canterbury, February 4, 1787. He was a friend of George Washington, and presided at the first Protestant Episcopal Convention, 1785. "Lord keep his memory green!"

Georgia, who, with ten other earlier settlers in Merriweather county built a Methodist church—altho they used English Prayer-book service." Deed was returned to the only living heir, Robert Hezekiah Magruder, who sold it and gave proceeds to the Methodist church at Chiple, Georgia.

Some of this family are returning to the Episcopal Church, *i. e.*, our Deputy Chieftain for Georgia, Robert Lee Magruder, Jr. Ninian Offutt Magruder has Georgia descendants who are Presbyterians—which is said to be the church of his affiliation, and seems probable, as his mother was Mary Offutt of Presbyterian family.

Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. M. M. Smith and Mrs. Hutchison, Magruder sisters, descendants of Ninian Offutt Magruder, all of Alabama, are Presbyterians.

Of the daughters of Samuel Magruder 3d, survivors migrated to Kentucky, and so far as known are devoted Presbyterians, conforming to the custom of the wife adopting husband's sentiments—Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Haldiman, and Mrs. Sowell, of Capt. Joseph Magruder, Baptist.

Descendants of John Magruder through his eldest son Archibald in Kentucky are Methodist (not members of A. C. G. S.) Descendants of Samuel Brewer Magruder and of Capt. Joseph Magruder in Ohio, Tennessee and Missouri are divided among Episcopalian, Methodist and Baptist. Rev. John Bowie Magruder, son of James of Ninian—grew up in Maryland during the Revolution and became a Methodist clergyman. Also Rev. John Burgess Magruder, his cousin, son of Capt. Joseph Magruder, became a Methodist clergyman, went to Ohio, freed all slaves of his mother's estate and his own, he left no descendants.

Rev. John Bowie Magruder moved to Virginia about 1790-5 and founded one branch of the Virginia Magruder. And this family has produced a number of brilliant young officers of the C. S. A., whose lives were freely sacrificed to the Lost Cause, as well as many of those present—our distinguished chieftain Dr. Edward May Magruder, a Presbyterian; Mr. Horatio E. Magruder and wife Julia Chewning Magruder, of Albemarle County and Major Edward Magruder Tutwiler and wife Margaret Chewning Tutwiler, of Birmingham, Ala., Mrs. Minnie Chewning Addison, of Eastern Shore of Virginia and Mrs. Agnes Chewning Morgan, Raleigh, N. C., Episcopalians; Mrs. Wallace of Norfolk, Mr. J. O. Magruder of Danville; Mrs. Sallie Magruder Stewart of Charlottesville, Dr. G. M. Magruder of Portland Oregon and Dr. Egbert W. Magruder, (Editor A. C. G. S.) Presbyterians.

Clansmen and Clanswomen—replying to the question, had they any knowledge of an infidel or skeptic in the Magruder family? from Missouri and Kentucky come the response—"No, we know of none.

We are proud to say we are a family of Christians of the Baptist form of worship."

This family represents descendants of two distinct lines of Magruders, of Elias Magruder, son of Samuel 2d, and of Capt Joseph Magruder, son of Samuel 3d Magruders (latter female line). Branches of this family in Missouri, Texas and California have built churches wherever they lived and called them "Salem Church"—Among them our late Clansman Edgar Belt Birkhead, of Dallas, Texas, a bachelor about forty years old, who has been instrumental in founding and building a church in Texas called "Salem Church," and of his kinsman son of David Magruder, in California, the same is true. Dr. Jesse Ewell, our Scribe, and family of Haymarket, Virginia, are Baptists, though the other known descendants of Nathaniel Magruder of Dunblane are all Episcopalians also Rev. J. M. Green (1st Chaplain A. C. G. S.) the Gaults, Bowies, and Mac Gregors. Chief Justice Benjamin Drake Magruder was a devoted member of the Presbyterian church and held office of Ruling Elder many years of his life. His brother Mr. John Burruss Magruder, Ex-Deputy Chieftain of Texas, and family—and also Ex-Deputy Chieftain of Texas, Mrs. Mae Magruder (Wynn) Mac Farlane are Episcopalians.

The decendants of Hezekiah Magruder, of Rock Creek Parish, now residing in Kentucky, Texas, Kansas and Missouri, including family of Ex-Deputy Chieftain of Kentucky Willett Clarke Magruder, are divided among the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian so far as known. Descendants of Capt. Joseph Magruder by his son Greenbury Magruder, Episcopalians, including daughters and grandson of Jane Scott (Magruder) Bukey and Roberta Julia (Magruder) Bukey and family—are Julia (Magruder) Taylor and Julia (Taylor) Phelps of Columbus, Ohio, Presbyterians. Descendants of Capt. Joseph Magruder through his sons—Joseph Magruder and Robert White Magruder; those intermarried in Missouri and also with the Ohio Magruder line—and are Baptist so far as known, including Mrs. Kitty Colma (Magruder) Trescott great grand-daughter of Judge Robert White Magruder—a Presbyterian—and Mrs. Susan Elizabeth (Kilham) Christian, Deputy Chieftain of Missouri—whose mother was daughter of Joseph 2nd Magruder.

Mr. Oliver Baron Magruder and family, Councillor A. C. G. S., is in direct line from Samuel 2nd Magruder of St. Barnabas church, represents eighth and ninth generation of Episcopalians in Maryland and District of Columbia.

The descendants of Samuel Brewer Magruder, of Rock Creek Parish, Md., through his son Ninian Magruder of Virginia, include Deputy Chieftain Vesalius Seymour Magruder of Ohio, and family of his father, James Lyon Magruder who wrote the history of this Ninian Magruder family when eighty-eight years of age, all Methodists.

Of other women descendants of Magruders are the following descendants of Samuel Brewer Magruder, of Maryland, through his son Ninian Magruder, of Virginia: Mrs. McLaughlin, wife of Rev. William McLaughlin, for thirty years pastor of "American Church" of Buenos Aires, Argentina, S. A., and her daughters. The Methodist Church is called the American Church, to distinguish it from the English Church, Episcopalian, Scotch Church, Presbyterian. Rev. and Mrs. McLaughlin are the parents of Wm. McLaughlin, Jr., the youth who gave his life to save women and children at the Iroquois fire in Chicago, Illinois, 1903. See Year Book 1912.

In this group and still living in Ohio is Mrs. Johanna (Mayne) Palmer, President of Young Women's Christian Association of Dayton, Ohio, and the daughters of late John Magruder Riddle, of Bellefontaine, and Mrs. Rebecca Williams also of Bellefontaine, Ohio, Episcopalian whose life spent in retirement expresses her religious devotion by many and generous material benefits to her church and to her town, recently founded a hospital there; and many others whose situation in life is modest or whose youth has only served for the enlisting and enrolling under that word "Salem." One such is 1st Lieut. Edwin A. Bethel, grandson of Jane Magruder and Alexander Bukey, a recent graduate from West Point, where he was not only enlisted in U. S. Army, but also confirmed in Church P. E.—and now needs this training for both armies, down on the Mexican border.

And we hope to claim our own allegiance with our Baptist friends in service of that great Priest and King—"Even Jesus, made our high priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec * * * King of Salem, which is King of Peace." If our "old men are to see visions and our young men are to dream dreams"—oh may it be of the "victories of Peace."

In each branch of the Magruder family, so far as known, there is also, not only devotion of purpose, and gifts of lives and material means—there also appears that executive ability in the work of the church, expressed in the records of "Ruling Elder," in Presbyterians of Kentucky (one such officer having died, it was thought impossible to proceed without his financial and other assistance, when his wife, a Magruder descendant, sent word, "I am here, I shall gladly board the new minister; all I ask in return is that he shall lead the daily family prayers"). This ability to meet all requirements of all sorts of circumstances of religious life is also recorded in offices held because of this—deacons in Methodist and Baptist churches, vestrymen in Episcopal churches, etc., etc. Let us say ability for such work, inherited unconsciously through generation after generation from far away ancestral vestrymen and wardens and other officials of those churches in the Hundreds west of Patuxent river, where two hundred years ago civil prerogative was one of their strongest principles—and tobacco was money.

That the Magruder family has been free from toryism and skepticism, has now the courage of its convictions, both Catholic and Protestant, and find a field for expression and exercise of Christian virtue and love in A. C. G. S.

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?

"Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

* * * * *

"A noble army: men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

"They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train." *

THE LOVELY LADY—

MARYEL ALPINE (MACGREGOR) MAGRUDER.

BY MISS ALICE MAUDE EWELL.

A cloud is on our mirth!
For, in a war-torn land
A lovely woman waits
And lifts a widowed hand.

The ring is on it still;
But he who placed it there
Has passed beyond her ken
Into that region fair.

*Written by request. As it is impossible to mention every Magruder, an effort has been made to give in each family group that one who has put it on record by some act recorded.

See also Memorials in the Year Books.

R. M. B.

Where Time's best heroes dwell
 'Neath amethystine skies
With One who saw as they
 Man's call to sacrifice.

From hills of heather bloom,
 From glens of storied fame,
Hither, at Love's sweet call,
 That peerless lady came.

The blood of chieftains old
 Ran red within her veins,
The blood of dukes and earls
 Crossed it with noblest strains.

Yet simple—sweet was she
 As any matron here,
American indeed!
 For kindness and good cheer.

O, Time! we prithee turn!
 Reverse thy hand of strife!
And let us see again
 The happy, new-made wife!

Far from her girlhood's home,
 Yet smiling—not dismayed—
In a new world all untried
 Yet bravely unafraid.

And he who crowned her youth
 With love the best of all—
O, Time! turn thou memory
 Dear into a blessed recall!

Show us that face again,
 A man's for strength and pride
But a boy's for sweetness when
 All radiant at her side.

Thy ruthless call to arms
 Hath emptied arms of joy.
Too red the sword, the cross,
 For which thou'st found employ.

AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY

Too dark thy sky with woe,
 Thy path, with tears, too wet:
 'Gainst thy dread rule we cry;
 We lift wild hands—and yet,

Would we, in sooth undo
 The noble deed that's done?
 Would we, in sooth, discard
 The martyr's crown that's won?

Are we not richer all
 For Kinsman such as he?
 Gives he not each a share
 Of immortality?

'Tis grief, not joy, that binds
 The world from east to west;
 'Tis pain, not pleasure, spans
 The chasm of dark unrest.

Lady, thy grief is ours,
 Dearer to us thou art
 Than if thou stood'st again
 New-wedded, glad of heart.

Dearer this living link
 With our old chiefly line
 Than if no shadow fell
 O'er path of thee and thine.

And if, some day, thy son
 Shall rule the Clan we love,
 United East and West
 Our loyalty we'll prove.

God give thee joy in him!
 God give thee gain for loss!
 Till war's fell stress is o'er
 And Peace hath crowned thy Cross.

OUR MEXICAN PROBLEM, VIEWED FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY GENERAL JOHN BANKHEAD MAGRUDER.*

(Published for first time in *New York Times*, April 2, 1916, and reprinted here by permission of that paper.—EDITOR.)

Aside from its interest as a record of a remarkable experience, this document, written by General John Bankhead Magruder, possesses an additional value to Americans at the present moment on account of the judgments passed both by its author and by the Emperor Maximilian on the problems of Mexico, especially in their relation to the United States. Though written some fifty years ago, the statements of the ill-fated monarch and the gallant Confederate soldier read as if they had been penned with the present complicated American-Mexican situation before the eyes of the writer.

The account was written by the General himself shortly after his return from Mexico, following the close of the Civil War. It is printed in the form used by General Magruder as a lecture, with only a certain amount of necessary abbreviation.

Before assuming command of the Confederate forces in Texas, General Magruder, as readers of Civil War history know, had won distinction, especially at the outset of the Peninsula campaign and at the battles of Gaines' Mill, Savage's Station, and Malvern Hill. After taking command in Texas, his aggressive operations against the Union troops resulted in the recapture of Galveston. He died in 1871, not long after his return from Mexico.

General Magruder had exceptional opportunities for becoming acquainted with the Emperor Maximilian, and his estimates of that unfortunate ruler and his policies are of remarkable interest just now.

As a young soldier Magruder served with the American forces which occupied Mexico City in 1847.

FOR two years before the termination of the Civil War, I commanded in Texas. The surrender of General Lee in April, 1865, followed by that of General Johnston, cast a deep gloom over the affairs of the Trans-Mississippi Department, which seriously affected our soldiers, some 60,000 in number, of whom I commanded about 40,000. This was followed by news of the assassination of President Lincoln, which was felt to be the severest blow of all.

No exultation followed the act, but the depression of the men continued to increase, notwithstanding the exertions of the officers

*For a sketch of General Magruder, see Year Book of 1918.

to encourage them. For the sake of the unhappy women, children, and old men, if for no other reason, I desired to prevent the dissolution of this large army and the scenes which might attend it. I also wished, as it had become necessary, that they should yield their independent political and military existence, that they would do so, as Cæsar did his life, at the base of Pompey's statue, with decency, and would for these purposes maintain their organization.

But in vain! Sending by night emissaries from camp to camp, they formed their plans, and simultaneously dispersed, taking with them their arms, breaking open the public stores and appropriating whatever they desired. Regiment after regiment, coming from points remote from these scenes of plunder and riot, marched to my headquarters at Houston, and offered their services to put down the mutineers. The offer was promptly accepted by me, but in every case they joined their comrades in order to get their portion of the spoils. Finally, my mounted escort, who swore they would never leave me until I was "across the border," caught the infection and I was left alone with my staff on the boiling ocean of mutiny, of rapine and plunder.

There was no opposing army to surrender to, the nearest Federal troops being at New Orleans. The Confederate civil authorities of Texas were utterly powerless. Those of the United States had not arrived, and thus anarchy reigned supreme. I deemed it my duty, however, to remain firmly at my post, and did so, endeavoring to diminish evils which I could not prevent. Retaining charge of the railroads, I transported the men and their "plunder" to points as near their homes as possible, and recommended the citizens on the line of travel to prepare food for them as a means of safety to themselves. This was done, and on the 2d of June, 1865, General E. Kirby Smith, commanding the department, accompanied by myself, boarded the United States blockading fleet off Galveston, and in the cabin of the flagship surrendered the armies of the Trans-Mississippi Department to General Davis of the United States Army, who had been sent from New Orleans by General Canby to receive the surrender.

By the terms of the written convention of surrender it was agreed that the commissioned officers of our department should be at liberty to select their residences within or without the United States, as they might think proper. I determined to rejoin my family in France, by the way of Mexico, and accordingly set out with three or four of my staff and fifteen gallant young soldiers, who volunteered their services, on a journey of some 1,500 miles to Vera Cruz.

The western portion of Texas and the northeastern frontier of Mexico were swarming with robbers and murderers. I passed with safety, however, through Texas, though several highway robberies, attended with murder, were committed. Having crossed the Rio Grande, we fell into the hands of the Juarez, or so-called Liberal,

party, who relieved us of a part of our arms, but permitted us to go on. We were surrounded twice by robbers while traveling, yet the determined front and bold bearing of my young but veteran escort prevented attack.

Painfully making our progress into the interior, we at length encountered, near Monterey, an outpost of the French Army, and were conducted to the city. The officer, General Jeanningros, at once invited me and some other Generals and Colonels to an exquisite French breakfast. For the first time in many a weary day the light of gastronomic civilization broke upon us in all its glory. The General's cuisine was perfect. Battalions of inviting French dishes, regiments of bottles of the most exquisite French wines, and barricades of boxes of the most fragrant Havanas were placed, as it were, in battle array before us, but at the word melted away before the prowess of the wandering warriors of the Lost Cause like skirmish lines under the close fire of serried infantry.

Before our departure we adopted, at my suggestion, a resolution that under no circumstances would we accept military service with either of the contending parties in Mexico, and that unlike other political refugees we should abstain from plotting against our own country in any foreign country where we might find an asylum.

First. Though we had been engaged in a terrible Civil War in our own country, and the South had lost her cause, yet we were Americans in feeling, and preferred not to compromise ourselves with either party in Mexico by entering into the military service of either.

Second. We were paroled not to wage war against the United States, and military service in Mexico might have placed us in a most embarrassing, perhaps dangerous, position in case hostilities should arise between the Government of the United States and either party in that country.

Having made our arrangements, we separated, some for Havana via Matamoros, some for the towns on the Pacific Coast, and the larger number for the City of Mexico, 600 miles distant, which we reached after many dangers, delays, and mishaps. I presume there must have been 2,500 Confederates in the city. Of these, I was the ranking officer, and from habit on the part of the officers and men, and for convenience on the part of the Imperial authorities, all business connected with the Confederates was transacted through me.

Being refreshed by a few days of rest, I represented to the principal Confederate officers the propriety of calling to pay our respects to the Emperor and Empress. This was at once assented to, and having communicated our wishes, through the proper channel, to the Emperor, a day was appointed for an interview. Our nearly wornout uniforms being exchanged for the plain dress of American citizens, we proceeded to the ancient palace of Montezuma,

now renovated and superbly furnished, and were shown into an anteroom, to await the summons of their Majesties.

I felt quite at home here, as I, with many others, had become familiar with the Palace eighteen years before, when the American Army held possession of the city. In a few minutes an usher in uniform appeared, and said the Emperor desired to see me alone. I entered the hall of reception, and was presented to the Emperor and Empress, who were standing at the further end of the room. The Emperor seemed to be about thirty-four years old. Though tall and commanding in stature, his person was a model of manly beauty, and his face denoted greater firmness and strength than I had expected from the photographs I had seen of him.

The Empress was also tall, beautifully formed, and graceful in the highest degree. Her dark brown hair, and long, black eyelashes, veiling lustrous eyes of gray, seemed to deepen the melancholy expression of her face. Her features were clearly defined, and classic in the extreme. She was somewhat pale, and her complexion was evidently injured by exposure to sun and rain, which it was known she disregarded in the performance of her duties, either of State or charity. Repose was the predominant expression of her face and form.

Seating themselves on a sofa, and requesting me to be seated, the Emperor asked many question in relation to the state of affairs in the United States, the foreign policy of the Government, and the trade and commerce of the country. At length the Empress, who was sitting nearest me, asked if any obstacle existed in the United States to the recognition of the Imperial Government. I did not wish to discuss gravely politics with a lady, particularly as I could give her no hope. I, therefore, treating the subject playfully, answered in these words:

"Yes, your Majesty, I will tell you frankly there does exist in the United States an obstacle to the recognition of the Empire."

"And what is it?" said she.

"Why, your Majesty, it was born of timidity, but I fear it is now the child of arrogance. It is also a thing of air, for it is used by the contending political parties in the United States as a shuttlecock, the politicians being the performers, the people the spectators, and it is kept up with surprising skill and pertinacity, lest it fall to the ground and the losers in the game thus displease the audience."

"What can it be?" she replied.

"Your Majesty, that is the Monroe Doctrine, the shuttlecock of politicians."

She comprehended at once, the pale face broke into smiles, showing her dazzling teeth and eloquent dimples, the light of genius beamed from her expressive eyes, and her whole face seemed lumi-

nous with intelligence. The Empress was at that moment incomparably beautiful. Such was "poor Carlotta." Turning to the Emperor, she suggested that the usher be dismissed, and that I should introduce my compatriots, remarking that it would relieve the interview of stiffness and formality, which might be embarrassing. Bowing my assent, I brought in my friends and presented them. After a warm reception, Maximilian addressed us in the following words:

"Gentlemen: You have had a great war in your country. It has been a war of giants. The world has looked upon it aghast. You of the South have lost, and your misfortunes are so great that they make you the brothers of all honorable men throughout the world. As a brother, therefore, I receive you.

"I am glad to learn that some of you intend to remain in Mexico. I welcome you cordially, but upon two conditions: First, that you obey the laws of this country, and, secondly, that you will not interfere with politics, either domestic or foreign. It may seem natural to you that I should receive such war-worn veterans as you are into my military service and thus secure my throne. But this cannot be. After the most mature reflection, both at Miramar and in Mexico, I have arrived at the conclusion, from which I will never vary, that no Government, of whatsoever form, can exist permanently in Mexico which fails to win the good-will of the Government and people of the United States. Under present circumstances your appointments to military positions in this country would give just cause of offense to your Government and people and therefore you must not expect it. But I will avail myself with great pleasure of the services of such of you as may remain here, in order to introduce into the country the admirable public land system of the United States and your system of immigration. This is the policy of peace. This was the policy of my predecessor. This will make Mexico rich and prosperous for herself and valuable as a neighbor to the United States, and this can give offense to none."

He was quite relieved when he was informed that we had pre-determined, at Monterey, not to enter the military service of either party. The interview being over, we retired, very favorably impressed with the good sense and practical views of the imperial rulers of Mexico.

On our arrival in the City of Mexico the country was almost entirely under the control of Maximilian. The Imperial troops were victorious everywhere. Juarez was at Chihuahua, retreating toward the Rio Grande. Escobido and the robber Cortina were at Matamoros, within a stone's throw of Texas. Yucatan was Imperial, and all of the people recognized Maximilian, except a small number in Michoacan and a few predatory bands elsewhere. Maximilian, having carried out the policy of Juarez of sequestrating and

utilizing the Church property, had excited the ire of the Pope and Church Party, much to the distress of Carlotta, and a change of the Ministry having taken place, the Liberal Party was now in power.

The Emperor, a few days after our interview, published his plan of colonization and a decree for the survey of the public lands. He organized a Bureau of Immigration and Surveys and placed it under the control of Carlotta. Captain Maury, the distinguished author of the wind and current charts, formerly of the United States Navy, was appointed Imperial Astronomer and Commissioner of Immigration, and I became Chief of the Land Office and Superintendent of Surveys. The Emperor authorized proclamations to be sent to all countries inviting immigration on the largest scale, appropriating money for transportation and subsistence, and providing lands for immigrants on their arrival. Captain Maury issued the necessary notices and made arrangements for carrying the designs of the Government into practical effect. I employed some hundred surveyors and prepared the lands for occupation.

Within a few months thereafter some 200 Germans arrived in Mexico and about 500 Americans, some of them from the North, settled and cultivated lands near Cordova in the "Terra Templada," or temperate region, which extends from below Vera Cruz, running parallel with the Gulf Coast almost to Texas, commanding the Gulf on the one hand and the mountain passes into the interior of Mexico on the other.

Could Maximilian have maintained his Government, within ten years Mexico, by this simple means, would have been completely regenerated. He would have aided in giving her a republican form of government suited to her interests. She would have enjoyed real liberty and prosperity, and would have become either a valuable neighbor to the United States or an integral part of the Union. The country was to all intents and purposes conquered and tranquil, and the time had arrived, in the opinion of Marshal Bazaine and the principal men in the Emperor's Cabinet, when a proclamation should be issued announcing this fact to the people and forbidding their resort again to arms under the pains and penalties of treason. The Cabinet was composed of some of the most enlightened men of the Liberal Party.

The most horrible atrocities had been practiced by the Mexicans on the French and Austrians, and were also perpetrated on us during the invasion by the American Army in 1846 and 1847.

The object of the Military Order of the 3d of October, 1865, drawn up by Marshal Bazaine, of which so much has been said in this country, and signed by Maximilian, was, first, to prevent atrocities; second, to retaliate upon any prisoners that might thereafter be taken for the massacres and tortures which the Imperial and French troops had suffered at the hands of Mexicans; and third,

by the fear of punishment to preserve the Government in the tranquil, prosperous, and progressive state it enjoyed at that time. It is said by the enemies of Maximilian that thousands of prisoners were executed under this order. This is entirely false.

Though Maximilian stated in the order that he would not pardon, yet he did intervene with his pardon to such a degree as almost to render the order nugatory, and by the time the Liberal Army was renewed and revived by the moral influence of the United States Government this order had become a dead letter, was so considered by both parties, and was countermanded by Maximilian. The order was justified on the ground of retaliation and the policy of prevention.

His opponents having submitted or been driven from the country, Maximilian now turned his attention to the improvement of the condition of the people. He revised and improved the laws of Mexico. He established public schools and charitable institutions of all kinds, placing these and colonization under charge of Carlotta. He decreed concessions for the building of railroads and telegraph lines over the entire Empire. He contributed a large sum of money yearly toward the establishment and support of a line of steamers from San Francisco to Guymas Mazatlan and San-Blas and from New York to Vera Cruz. He also renewed the grant for the Tehuantepec route, and, though England, France, Spain, and other nations were represented at his court by Ambassadors of energy and skill, who pressed the claims of their respective Governments or their subjects warmly and with pertinacity, yet it is a remarkable fact that Maximilian in every case gave the contracts and concessions to citizens of the United States.

He encouraged Americans in every way, regardless of the section from which they came. The adoption of the American child, the grandson of Iturbide, the Washington of Mexico, and son of a lady of the District of Columbia, was in the same spirit. He desired to educate him to be a useful man, and thus to draw the United States and Mexico into closer affinity. He was an American in feeling, an American in policy, and desired of all things that his purposes and policy should be understood by the people and Government of the United States, and made every effort consistent with self-respect to accomplish it, but in vain! The door was closed against him by our Government, and he was not heard.

At this time, toward the close of the year 1865, the internal improvements of Mexico were rapidly progressing, and I had several interviews with their Majesties. They seemed never to tire of the subject of the United States, and I think Maximilian had some idea of visiting this country himself or of sending Carlotta to represent his views, for one day after a long conversation in relation to the United States the Empress exclaimed: "Oh, how I should like to

make a tour through your country!" and Maximilian remarked: "And I should greatly like it. Do you think, General, that there would be any danger of my being received with rudeness?"

I was about to say, "No," but answered quickly: "Yes, your Majesty, there is great danger in your visiting the United States."

"What is it?" said he, surprised.

"Why," I replied, "if your Majesty visited the United States the danger is that, with your liberal principles, you would be sent to Congress, and then you would be lost forever."

He laughed, and said prophetically: "Perhaps a much sadder fate awaits me."

Early in 1866, when all was serene, prosperous, and progressive in Mexico, Mr. Seward's correspondence with the French Government in relation to Maximilian, and the decision of Napoleon thereon, were published in Mexico. The sound of Mr. Seward's bell was heard in Paris. Its mandate was obsequiously obeyed, and the Empire of Mexico was among the things of the past. By order of the United States, Napoleon affixed a stain upon the honor of France which will remain there through all time. He gave orders for the withdrawal of the army within a specified and short period, and stopped the supplies of money to Maximilian. His desertion of Maximilian's Government was open, decided, complete.

The effect was almost instantaneous. Internal improvements, colonization, public schools, and charities were all given up at once. The offices of Captain Maury and myself were abolished. Bands of men appeared in all parts of the country, who captured the poor native Indians at the plow, and hurried them into the ranks of the Liberal Party. Each robber chief or Liberal Captain left his guitar, fandango, and monte table and hastened toward a common centre, to be in at the death and to get his share of the spoils and power. Backed thus by the United States, Juarez, who up to this moment was a mere cipher, became a formidable power. Maximilian, without an army and without money, was still calm, dignified, and collected. At this moment a report reached him that Almonte, whom he had sent as Minister to Napoleon, had visited his old chief, Santa Anna, at St. Thomas, and had favored the plan of the latter to invade Mexico from the United States with the view of wresting the power from the Emperor. He exclaimed in Cabinet council: "If Almonte has betrayed me, I can trust none." Carlotta, who had just returned from a long and dangerous journey to Yucatan, where she had been to transact some business of State for the Emperor, was present at this Cabinet meeting. No reply being made by the Ministers, she rose and, approaching Maximilian, said: "Your Majesty can trust me; I will be your Ambassador to France. I shall be ready by 10 o'clock tomorrow."

"What," said Maximilian, "will you thus prostrate yourself before the hereditary enemy of your house, and ask favors of him?"

"Yes," said Carlotta, "I will sacrifice my pride and myself if need be for your Majesty and Mexico."

All present were deeply moved by this act of devotion, and as she left the hall to prepare for her journey they profoundly bowed their thanks, as to a superior being. Carlotta set out on her melancholy mission with a courageous heart, but full of forebodings of evil. The roads to the coast were bad; the climates through which she had to pass were treacherous. Yellow fever lurked everywhere, and the presentiment of failure after all her sacrifices must have been in the last degree oppressive to her. I suppose at one time that these natural causes might account for the wreck of her firm, comprehensive, and vigorous mind, but I have since been satisfied that, though her body might have become the victim of disease, it was scarcely possible that her firm and vigorous intellect could have been destroyed by the ordinary diseases of a tropical climate or by the misfortunes of herself and the Emperor. She was far too brave a woman to yield to misfortune of any kind.

I have learned from Mexico that Carlotta was the victim of poison, and I fear this theory, dreadful as it is, is the true one. There is in Mexico an herb or small tree called *el palo de leche*, which is mixed with food, and when eaten gradually produces paralysis of the brain, and it is believed that this herb was administered to her by an educated Mexican lady in whom she reposed entire confidence and on whom she showered every favor. After a cold reception and denial by Napoleon of her petition for aid to Maximilian, she hastened to Miramar and thence to Rome, and on the way frequently expressed her opinion that she was poisoned. Arrived at Rome, she proceeded to the Vatican, where in an interview with the Pope her mind gave way entirely, and she has remained insane ever since—her husband and herself having fallen victims to the treachery of two Mexicans whom they had loaded with favors.

In the meantime Maximilian removed himself from evils and difficulties he could not overcome by going to Orizaba, which is within a day's trip of the coast. I determined to visit him there, and to induce him, if possible, to leave the country. This was in the fall of 1866. I found the Emperor without a Cabinet and with no one to consult, except his private chaplain, Father Fischer, a Roman Catholic priest, a devoted friend, an honest man. The British Minister, the Hon. Mr. Scarlett, a man of the highest character, was also in Orizaba, but I think was not authorized to interfere. The Austrians, gallant fellows, were willing to die for Maximilian, but had too much respect for him to approach him unbidden. I saw he was in need of a friend, procured an interview, and told him at once and frankly that I came to serve him as a personal friend. He asked me how?

"By inducing your Majesty," I said, "to leave the country at once, to-morrow, to go on board the Austrian frigate, lying near Vera Cruz at your orders, and to issue a proclamation to the world, stating the motives which induced you to come to Mexico, to show, by reference to your acts, what you have done already toward the advancement of Mexico, and to put the responsibility of any failure on Napoleon, where it justly belongs."

He said: "I came to this country from no selfish motive. I came to do good. I was happy at Miramar when there arrived a committee of the first men of Mexico, called the Committee of Notables. They were represented to be the best educated, the wisest, and the most influential men of this country. They formally asked me to accept the Crown of Mexico. I told them that I could not then decide, but requested them to return at the expiration of a month. During this period every crowned head in Europe advised me to accept. The notables did return at the end of a month, and I then informed them that if, at the end of six months, they could bring me the proof that I had been elected fairly by the Mexican people their Emperor, I would accept the position. They did return at the appointed time with proof of my election as Emperor, and even then I would not have accepted but to please the Empress, and now I learn to-day that I have lost her, perhaps forever."

The tears came into his eyes for a moment. He took a turn of a few steps on the portico where he had received me and, recovering himself, said: "General, I will take your advice, but I wish you to be guided by my directions. Captain Graves, the Second Captain of the Austrian frigate, is now here. He will act under your orders at Vera Cruz. Leave here to-morrow morning at 4 o'clock and have cars ready for myself and escort the next day. Thus I will be on board by the day after to-morrow. In the meantime proceed by the French Mail steamer to Havana and await my arrival there. I shall be with you in ten days."

I was delighted with my success. Captain Graves and myself arrived at Vera Cruz the following evening at 6 o'clock. We sent immediately for General Stephens, late of the Confederate Army, the superintendent of the road, and by 9 o'clock all was arranged for Maximilian and his suite, to come down the next day. But at 12 o'clock that very night a guerrilla party burned a bridge on the railroad by mere accident, and as it required several days to repair it, the Emperor could not come, I learned, at the time appointed, but would be down in a few days. In the meantime I sailed in the French steamer for Havana, according to the Emperor's directions. Day after day passed without news. At length I boarded a steamer just from Vera Cruz and learned from the British Ambassador, Mr. Scarlett, who was on board, that after I left the whole plan was changed, that Maximilian's friends in Mexico had telegraphed him

at Orizaba and begged him not to leave the country until they could send a committee to receive from him the resignation of his authority.

This was a pretext to detain him. He remained, and when the committee arrived they appealed to him as a man of honor not to leave them, but to fight for terms for them if he could not save the Empire. He assented, and thus the burning of a small bridge cost him this delay and his life.

I expressed my conviction to the British Ambassador that he would either be sent out of the country ignominiously as a prisoner, or be executed, probably the latter. The die was cast! I had done all in my power to rescue him. If I had been so inclined I could not have joined him in time to save him or to share his fate. You know the rest. He returned to the City of Mexico. Meeting on the road Marshal Bazaine, the latter requested a conference. His carriage stopping a moment, Maximilian said to the Marshal: "No conference is necessary. Your master has left me the alternative alone of death or dishonor. Of the two I prefer the former. Drive on."

Placing himself at the head of his small army, and leaving Marques to defend the city, he marched straight for the enemy. At Queretaro they met. Fighting against hope, Maximilian performed prodigies of valor, and at length fell a victim to the treachery of one of his Mexican officers, whose fortune he had made. In the dead of the night, after a hard day's fight, while he was seeking a short repose from the cares which oppressed him, the gates were opened by Lopez, this "Arnold" of the Empire, the enemy was placed in possession of all the strongholds, and Maximilian awoke to find himself a prisoner, without a chance of resistance or hope of escape. After the mockery of a trial he was led to execution.

Maximilian's policy for the regeneration and prosperity of Mexico should, in my judgment, be the settled policy to be favored by the United States in her intercourse with that country. The sequestration of the Church property left large tracts of land at the disposal of the Government. Vast regions in the hands of private individuals are uncultivated and useless, and can be had at very low prices. The introduction into Mexico of the United States system of public lands, public surveys, and immigration, is the only means of improving that country except by conquest.

In regard to the latter, apart from its being contrary to public morality, I am satisfied, as a military man well acquainted with Mexico, that the task of her conquest now by the United States would be no easy one, and that the expense would be altogether too great. The Mexico of to-day is not the Mexico we conquered in 1846. She has learned the art of war, not only from us, but from the French, Austrians, and Belgians, and she knows far better now how to defend the strong passes and desert plains by which she is protected than formerly.

That idea should, therefore, be abandoned; but let the United States advocate and support any party in Mexico, both by her influence and her money, which will put in practical operation a comprehensive system of colonization, the American system of public lands and public surveys, and in a few years Mexico will be prosperous, life and property will be secure, and she will be a valuable neighbor to this country, remaining either content with her own welfare or ready, both parties being willing, to become annexed to the United States.

Now she stands between us and the West Indies like a contumacious little outlaw, as she is neither using her advantages herself nor permitting others to do so.

ALBERT BINGHAM SOWELL.

BY MRS. NANCY KATHERINE (WADE) SOWELL.

ALBERT BINGHAM SOWELL, the subject of this sketch, was born in Maury county, Tennessee, on the fifth day of January, 1849. He was the son of Colonel David Rainey Sowell, Confederate service, and Mary Mills (Bingham) Sowell. On the twentieth day of October, 1875, he was married to Miss Nancy Katherine Wade, of Murfreesboro, Rutherford county, Tennessee, a daughter of Dr. Samuel Magruder Wade, a charter member of American Clan Gregor Society, and in the second year of its existence Mr. Sowell became an associate member of the Society, ever evincing the deepest interest in its growth and prosperity.

He became a member of the Christian Church when quite young, and through life maintained the highest standard of morality and justice. He was brave and true to every claim made upon him, showing always those strong characteristics of integrity and strength for good, inherited from Huguenot ancestors. He was a most potent factor for good in his home community during the reconstruction days of the South after the Civil War, and rose to the demands of practical usefulness in a manner most unusual for one so young. But the demands made upon his time and earnings in those days did not bar him from an education. In the schools of his own country, and by the midnight lamp in his own room, after days of toil and care, he acquired a fine text-book education, and his love for reading, together with a quick, well-trained mind, made him a man of wide information, always informed on the live issues of the day. He was a student of the Bible and few men were more familiar with its teachings or adhered more closely to its precepts.

He owned and operated a cotton factory at Pulaski, Tennessee, for a number of years, for the manufacture of cotton rope and warps. In 1888 he moved to Paducah, Kentucky, and engaged in the lumber business. He was, for several years, president of the Sowell-King Lumber Company, and in 1892 he was one of the incorporators of the Paducah Veneer and Lumber Company and was business manager for that company, covering many States with the sales of his products and doing an extensive export business.

In his home life he was provident and kind, and the testimonials of love and bereavement from those who had been in his employ were numerous and strong beyond description.

"The tears of the poor fell upon his casket." His illness covered a period of three days, the combat being with that dreaded foe, pneumonia. He passed away April 24, 1915.

The departed, the departed,
 They visit us in dreams,
 And glide above our memories,
 Like shadows over streams;
 But where the cheerful lights of home,
 In constant luster burn,
 The departed, the departed,
 Can never more return.

MRS. MARY RIDOUT (GREEN) GRIESSER.

MARY RIDOUT (GREEN) GRIESSER, daughter of John Marshall and Inez MacGregor Green, was born in Howard county, Maryland, June 13, 1886.

July 26, 1911, in Fredericksburg, Va., she was married to Rev. Robert A. Griesser, a missionary to Soochow, China.

Her death occurred June 22, 1915, at Soochow, China. She is survived by her husband and two children.

Genealogy (furnished by the Registrar from Mrs. Griesser's application papers).—Mrs. Mary Ridout (Green) Griesser was the daughter of Inez MacGregor and John Marshall Green, granddaughter of John Ridout MacGregor and Mary Eliza MacGregor, great-granddaughter of Alaric Mortimer MacGregor and Martha Potts Key, great-great-granddaughter of John Smith Magruder and Eleanor Hall, great-great-great-granddaughter of Nathaniel Magruder and Margaret Magruder, great-great-great-great-granddaughter of John Magruder of "Dumblane" and Susanna Smith, great-great-great-great-great-granddaughter of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Hall, great-great-great-great-great-great-granddaughter of Alexander Magruder, immigrant from Scotland.



ALBERT BINGHAM SOWELL.
Born, 1849; Died, 1915.

JOHN SMITH EWELL, JR.

BY MISS ALICE MAUDE EWELL.

JOHN SMITH EWELL, JR., was born January 3, 1874, at "Edge Hill," Prince William county, Virginia, the home of his father, John Smith Magruder Ewell, and died October 13, 1915, after a short illness, at the George Washington University Hospital, Washington, D. C. Though a comparatively short life, it was one full of useful, manly activity. He was the third son and ninth child of a family of twelve. (For a list of brothers and sisters see Year Book A. C. G. S., 1914, pp. 42 and 43.)

I shall always think of him as the most striking embodiment of the constructive instinct, the best and strongest example that I have known of the younger manhood of the South. Let no one underrate the difficulties which that young manhood has had to contend with. The shadow of war—such a war as that between the States—is long as well as dark. Though many, indeed most of those who had taken active part in it, went to work bravely afterward; it was unaccustomed work and often unprofitable. There were the helpless old people, bereft of earlier comforts and past the adaptable age. Then such social cataclysms leave even the middle-aged without a fair share of that nervous energy which is after all the mainspring of life. Some things—terrible things—leave one with little power to do more than talk them over. In 1874 this subject of conversation was just ten years old. Think of it. When the fathers have eaten such harshly acid fruit, the children's teeth are necessarily set on edge, and, as a rule, the better the blood the keener the sense of taste. It was a world of fallen fortunes, of constant karking cares and deprivations. And when John Smith Ewell, Jr., came to the age of fifteen the nottiest part of a difficult problem had been reached. The two old homes on the tract of land belonging to his father and grandfather were in disrepair. Outbuildings were largely gone. Some of the land left desolate by those four years of strife had been refenced, recleared and cultivated, but much was still uninclosed, overgrown and profitless. With a singleness of mind, a steadfastness of purpose remarkable in one so young he took things in hand. There are people gifted in this respect. John Smith Ewell, Jr., was one of them. Without seeming to hustle or drive unduly, he worked himself and influenced others to work. He had been a child of strong and clean-cut individuality; he became a strong man. And under his touch the ancestral acres bloomed and yielded anew. Crops and conveniences seemed to spring as by magic under the constructive and reconstructive hand—continuing to a marked degree until almost

the day of his death. Now he is gone, but his works do follow him. Not only two grass blades grow where one had grown before, they are trebled—multiplied.

The farmer on a large scale works with materials that give dignity to results. The writer's home is itself a monument to this younger brother. By his help was replaced another home destroyed by fire some years ago. Among the near objects which reminds her of him are some huge piles of stones, cleared from the rugged, rocky soil at the foot of a Virginia mountain. They look like cairns. I take pleasure in thinking that when perhaps the house is gone, when I am gone also, they will be there, his most enduring memorial.

Mr. Ewell was a dutiful son and grandson, a good brother, and when it came to less near relatives clannish in the best sense of the word. He had many friends in all classes of life, but especially among the poor and unfortunate, many of whom attended his funeral and bewailed their loss. Though unmarried, he was a lover of children and a favorite with them. The lower animals found in him unfailing kindness. He was fond of horses, nor did he put them out of the way when no longer profitable. He took much interest in breeding and rearing the best, and at times exhibited successfully. But the importance of live stock did not make him slight machinery. He believed in it for lightening the hard labor of farming. The key-notes of his life were indeed progress, improvement, development. Surely such a mind survives death and finds it but another way to discovery.

He became a member of the Clan Gregor Society several years ago, and had thus a double right to the pine boughs which deadened the fall of earth where he was laid to rest at "Edge Hill," October 15, 1915. There were few dry eyes that looked on the scene.

"Now the laborer's task is o'er,
Now the battle day is past;
Now upon the farther shore
Lands the voyager at last.
Father in Thy gracious keeping
Leave we now Thy servant sleeping."

Genealogy.—John Smith Ewell, Jr., was the son of John Smith Magruder Ewell, and Alice Jane Tyler, grandson of Jesse Ewell and Ellen MacGregor, great-grand-son of John Smith Magruder and Eleanor Hall, great-great-grand-son of Nathaniel Magruder and Margaret Magruder, great-great-great-grand-son of John Magruder and Susan Smith, great-great-great-great-grand-son of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall, great-great-great-great-great-grand-son of Alexander Magruder, emigrant.



JOHN SMITH EWELL, JR.
Born, 1874; Died, 1915.

WILLIAM MAGRUDER WATERS.

BY MRS. JENNIE MORTON CUNNINGHAM.

WILLIAM MAGRUDER WATERS was born in Brookville, Maryland, 9th September, 1861, and died in Washington, D. C., 29th August, 1915.

He was educated at the Brookville Academy and Randolph-Macon College, Virginia.

After leaving college he taught at the Rockville Academy, Maryland, and entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1888, and in 1890 he was elected to Deacon's Orders, and in 1892, he was elected and ordained Elder.

For twenty-seven years, or just one-half of his life, he used his talents and best efforts in the cause of humanity and the church, preaching in the states of Virginia, West Virginia and Maryland.

He was appointed by Conference to serve Piedmont Virginia, 1888-1889; as preacher-in-charge, Beltsville, Maryland, in 1890; Emory, D. C., in 1891, and Elkton, Virginia, 1892-1893.

During the next twelve years, he served four years each, the churches at Franklin, West Virginia, Reisterstown, Maryland and Hillsboro, Virginia; 1906-1907 his appointment was Moorefield, West Virginia; in 1908 to 1911, Calvert, Maryland; 1911 to 1914, Remington, Virginia. In March, 1915, he was sent to Glen Wilton, Virginia, but during the year, on account of the complete breaking down of his health, he was released from his work by his Presiding Elder.

Hoping by a change of scene and complete rest in congenial surroundings to prolong his life, and looking to the welfare of his family, he moved to Washington, D. C., but was spared only two weeks to enjoy his new home.

To quote from a memoir, written by a friend of Rev. Waters, and read at the session of the Baltimore Conference at Alexandria, Virginia: "The writer stood with him at the parting of the ways in early manhood. The way of the world seemed so alluring and attractive. He was splendidly equipped with perfect physical life, with courage of manly strength, with inherited grace of manner and charm of personality, with well-trained intellect, and with wide family influence. He seemed ready for any high enterprise."

Under a powerful sermon by Rev. W. M. Leftwich, on "The Call to the Ministry," he saw his duty clearly, and without delay entered the ministry.

Thus we see him at the threshold of life's activities, and at its close while still in his prime, that he made good in his high calling. The foundation of his life work was laid in the home of his eminently

pious parents, Zachariah Dorsey and Elizabeth Hammond Magruder, where he was reared in an atmosphere of culture, refinement and deep religious devotion.

With an innate refinement, and deep sentiment, Rev. Waters appreciated and loved the beautiful things in life, and his great delight was to commune with Nature and through Nature with Nature's Designer.

Rev. William Waters was a man of the strictest integrity, a preacher of ability and of sterling qualities. He was talented in music, and his rich, full and marvelous voice in singing and speaking added greatly to his power in religious service.

As the beloved Chaplain of the American Clan Gregor Society, there are many who will remember this sweet voice that brought benedictions to rest on the gatherings.

Rev. William Magruder Waters was married to Miss Bessie Woolf, daughter of Henry and Katherine Woolf, of Fauquier County, Va., on the 18th of February, 1891. They had three children, Elizabeth Hammond, who married Obediah King, of Prince Frederick, Catherine May and Henry Dorsey Waters.

He preached the Gospel as he absorbed it in his Christian home, as he deepened his convictions of its truth in his study, as he drank in its beauty in God's great out-of-doors, as he felt its power upon his knees.

Few men have questioned themselves so closely in their quest of self-discovery. Few have held themselves through all the years more finely to the Christ-ideals in a struggle for self-mastery.

He was buried at Glenwood Cemetery, Washington, D. C.

Genealogy.—William Magruder Waters was the son of Elizabeth Hammond Magruder and Zachariah Dorsey Waters, grandson of William Bowie Magruder and Mary Ann Hammond, great-grandson of Dr. Zadok Magruder and Martha Wilson, great-great-grandson of Colonel Zadok Magruder and Rachel Bowie, born Pottinger, great-great-great-grandson of John Magruder and Susannah Smith, great-great-great-great-grandson of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall, great-great-great-great-great-grandson of Alexander Magruder, the Maryland emigrant.



REV. WILLIAM MAGRUDER WATERS.
Born, 1861; Died, 1915.

COLONEL SPENCER CONE JONES.

BY MRS. JENNIE (MORTON) CUNNINGHAM.

COL. SPENCER CONE JONES was born in Rockville, Maryland, 3rd July, 1836, and died 1st April, 1915, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Thomas Falvey in New Orleans, Louisiana. He was the eighth and youngest child of Rev. Joseph H. Jones and Elizabeth (Clagett) Jones.

He was educated at the Rockville Academy, the public schools of Frederick and Frederick College, read law with William J. Ross, of Frederick County and was admitted to the bar of Frederick County.

At the outbreak of the Civil War he crossed the Potomac into Virginia and enlisted in Company D, 1st Maryland Confederate Cavalry, and as private served with honor throughout the war.

After the Confederates had entered the strongly union county of Frederick, on the march to Gettysburg, Col. Jones was indicted by the grand jury of that county as a traitor against the state, charged with conspiring with General Robert E. Lee and others against the sovereignty of the state of Maryland, of which Col. Jones was a citizen.

He used to recur frequently in conversation to the fact that he had been considered by the grand jury of his home town to be of importance enough to be called a conspirator in the county in which he was named in the indictment, and he used to show a certified copy of the old indictment to his friends with a great deal of amusement.

At the close of the war he went to Texas and taught school at Huntsville until the general immunity act passed by Congress in 1868 made it safe for him to return to his native state to practice law in Rockville.

Col. Jones was long an active leader in the Democratic party in his state and county, and the confidence of his party was never misplaced, for he discharged every position he held with fidelity and honor.

He began his public career when in 1871 he was elected State's Attorney for Montgomery county, and was continuously in office for over forty years.

In 1875 he was re-elected State's Attorney, and in 1879 was chosen Clerk of the Court of Appeals, to which position he was again elected in 1885. The Legislature elected him State Treasurer in 1892 and in 1894. After serving two terms, 1898 and 1900, as Mayor of Rockville, he resigned to represent Montgomery county in the Maryland Senate. In 1902 he was Chairman of Finance Committee, and

in 1904 he was President of the Senate, at the same time his close friend and relative, Hon. Edwin Warfield was Governor of Maryland.

As a citizen, Col. Jones was public spirited, charitable and always on the alert to advance the public interest.

In addition to his work as a public official, he was a financier of ability, a banker and practicing lawyer.

The Montgomery National Bank of Rockville was organized in 1884 with him as Director, and after 1892 its President.

Col. Jones was a consistent Christian, and long a leading member of the Rockville Baptist Church, of which his father was the minister. He served his church with the same zeal he served his country, gave liberally to its causes, and contributed largely from his wealth to the erection of the handsome new church as a memorial to his father, and was interested in building the new parsonage. He was a Mason and Knight of Pythias, in which orders he held high office.

On the 21st of December, 1871, Col. Spencer Jones married Miss Ellen Brewer, daughter of John and Elizabeth Brewer, of Rockville, Md. Mrs. Jones died on the 21st of July, 1876, leaving an only child, Elizabeth, now Mrs. Thomas Falvey.

The mutual devotion, admiration and tender care of the father and motherless daughter were beautiful.

Col. Jones was always loyal to his kindred, and when the call came for organizing the American Clan Gregor Society, he promptly responded, and was a charter member, a member of the organization committee and of the council, until illness caused him to resign.

The old saying that, "Blood will tell" was exemplified in Col. Jones for his whole life bespoke the gentle birth and generations of noble men and women behind him.

Reared in a home of Christianity and refinement, with an unusual commanding appearance, personal attractions, courtly manners, strict integrity, a well balanced mind and executive ability, he deserved the honor, confidence and admiration bestowed upon him by his fellow-men, and won for him the loving epithet, "The Grand Old Man of Montgomery."

True to public trust, to his church, to his family and to every obligation in life, the good he did will live after him, and in him the world has had, "Assurance of a man."

Monday morning, the 4th of April, the remains of Col. Spencer Jones were laid to rest in the family lot at Frederick, Maryland. The casket was draped with the Confederate flag, a token of respect from descendants of comrades of the Lost Cause.

Genealogy.—Spencer Cone Jones was the son of Rev. Joseph H. Jones and Elizabeth Clagett, grandson of Joseph Clagett and Susan Hawkins, great-grandson of Henry Clagett and Ann Magruder, great-



COL. SPENCER CONE JONES.
Born, 1836; Died, 1915.

great-grandson of Samuel Magruder and Margaret Jackson, great-great-grandson of Ninian Magruder and Elizabeth Brewer, great-great-great-grandson of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall, great-great-great-great-grandson of Alexander Magruder, the immigrant.

MRS WILLIAMS' NOBLE CHARITY.

Mrs. Rebeca (Rutan) Williams, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, and one of the charter members of this society, presented to the city of Bellefontaine, Ohio, on April 26th, 1916, a farm of 877 acres, variously estimated to be worth from \$100,000.00 to \$175,000.00, for the purpose of establishing and maintaining a hospital for the city. The institution is to be called the "Mary Rutan Hospital" in honor of the mother of Mrs. Williams. Very few restrictions are thrown around the gift. All classes of physicians recognized by the state are allowed to practice at the hospital. It is primarily a charitable institution, but those able to pay can be taken in.

Mrs. Williams has made several other splendid gifts to the city, among them being the use of a splendid homestead for Y. M. C. A. purposes and the gift of "Rutan Park," to which she has made several additions.

The city owes much to Mrs. Williams, and has benefited not only by her splendid gifts, but also by her generous spirit, splendid character and noble life.

The American Clan Gregor Society is proud to have among its members such a clanswoman, for she is another shining light in the long line of distinguished McGregors, and fittingly exemplifies the nobleness of the MacGregor blood.—Editor.

AMONG THE MEMBERS.

The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon our Clansman, the Reverend James Mitchell Magruder, of Hockley Hall, Annapolis, Maryland, Rector of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster Parish, by St. John's College, Annapolis, at its Commencement, June 21, 1916.

Mr. Burton Magruder Bukey was promoted to the position of Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company in November, 1915.

RECORD OF THE MAGRUDER FAMILY IN OLDHAM COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

Enoch Magruder—born February 22, 1759, died September 15, 1828.

Susannah Willson—born May, 1763, died, 1821.

Children of Enoch and Susannah Willson Magruder.

William Willson Magruder—born December 28, 1788, died August 13, 1869.

Horatio Magruder—born September 8, 1790, died July 27, 1824, married Eliza Woolfolk daughter of Edmund Woolfolk.

Grandison Magruder—born September 6, 1792, died single.

Tilman Magruder—born May 31, 1794, died May, 1867 (married Linthicum).

Lilburn Magruder—born March 22, 1796, died August 7, 1868 (married Sarah Bowen about 1839).

Charity Willson Magruder—born January 13, 1798, died (married Henry Jones previous to 1821).

Margaret Magruder—born May 24, 1800, died (married Wm. Adam, M. D., after 1821).

Susan Magruder—born November 4, 1802, died January 25, 1872 (married Thomas Camp previous to 1821).

Eliza Magruder—born January 25, 1805, died (married Stephen Shallcross after 1821).

Benjamin Franklin Magruder—born February 12, 1807, died April 17, 1871.

Note: This record was copied from Magruder Family Bible now in the possession of Lilburne D. Magruder and his brother Richard Magruder, and the correctness thereof was sworn to before a notary by Lilberne D. Magruder. The dates in parentheses were not from the Bible but supplied by Mr. Lilberne D. Magruder from other authentic sources. The copy as sworn to by Mr. Magruder is now in the archives of the Society.—Editor.

ENROLLED MEMBERS.

This list contains the names of members who have joined the Society since the publication of the Year Book of 1914.

(m) Indicates minor members.

(a) Indicates associate members.

Figures in front of the names are enrollment numbers, and maiden names of married members are in parentheses.

- 432 Arnold, Mrs. W. B. (Mary Elizabeth Magruder), R. F. D. Route No. 6, Shelbyville, Ky.
- 419 Beall, Miss Virginia Louisa, 1831 California St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
- 420 Beatty, Mrs. Phillip A. (Edith Worley), Lock Raven, Baltimore county, Maryland.
- 438a Bowie, Mrs. John Francis (Mary Sherier), Beverly Courts, Washington, D. C.
- 421 Gregory, Alora W., 30 Chestnut St., Rockland, Maine.
- 433 Hardy, Mrs. George Fiske (Johnetta Beall), Cryder's Point, Whitestone Landing, Long Island, N. Y.
- 437 Hutchinson, Mrs. William P. (Tracey Magruder), 988 Government Street, Mobile, Ala.
- 422 Kincheloe, Mrs. Jesse Buckner (Mary Logan Morton), Shelbyville, Ky.
- 409 McCormick, Mrs. William G. (Annie Rebecca Magruder), Prairie Grove, Washington county, Ark.
- 428m MacGregor, Malcolm Parker, Rayville, La.
- 427m MacGregor, Robert Henry, Jr., Rayville, La.
- 426a MacGregor, Mrs. Thomas Henry (Duffy Willis), Rayville, La.
- 429 Magruder, Alexander Leonard Covington, 509 Trenton Avenue, San Antonio, Texas.
- 431m Magruder, Alexander Dalton, 509 Trenton Avenue, San Antonio, Texas.
- 430m Magruder, Miss Alice Hartwell, 509 Trenton Avenue, San Antonio, Texas.
- 413 Magruder, Nathaniel Hawkins, Austwell, Refugio Co., Texas.
- 412 Magruder, Paul Kleinster, 404 West Marshall Street, San Antonio, Texas.
- 435 Magruder, Richard Johnson, 419 Washington Avenue, Fayette, Arkansas.
- 414 Magruder, Robert Thomas, 731 Townsend Avenue, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y.
- 434 Magruder, William Howard, 419 Washington Avenue, Fayette, Arkansas.

- 425a Magruder, Mrs. William Robert (Elizabeth Wright Cardwell),
Route No. 6, Shelbyville, Ky.
- 424 Magruder, William Robert, Route No. 6, Shelbyville, Shelby
county, Ky.
- 411 Morrison, Mrs. Robert Henry (Mary Shipman), Wardman's
Courts East, Washington, D. C.
- 418 Offutt, Miss Nancy Graham, 1222 Garvin Place, Louisville,
Kentucky.
- 442 Offutt, Mitchum Webb, Engineers Club, 22 West Fortieth St.,
New York, N. Y.
- 441 Offutt, Reuben Ford, Maplewood, Georgetown, Ky.
- 440 Offutt, Dr. William Nelson, 230 N. Broadway, Lexington, Ky.
- 417 Offutt, Winfield Roach, 1222 Garvin Place, Louisville, Ky.
- 423 Powell, Dr. Lewellyn, 201 Washington St., Alexandria, Va.
- 415 Poole, Katherine Riggs, 1520 R St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
- 416 Poole, Miss Martha Sprigg, 1520 R St., N. W., Washington,
D. C.
- 408 Snively, Mrs. Henry (Elizabeth Harrison), 2 Sixteenth Ave-
nue, South, North Yakima, Washington.
- 443 Spiller, Mrs. William H. (Cynthia Boyd), Wytheville, Va.
- 410a Stout, Judge Robert Lee, Versailles, Ky.
- 436 Taylor, Henry Magruder, Eastham, Albemarle county, Va.
- 439 Walters, Mrs. Jacob F. (Sarah E. Drane), 2218 Crawford St.,
Houston, Texas.

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