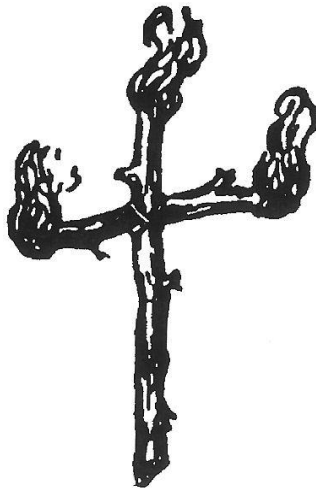


**YEAR BOOK
OF
AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR
SOCIETY**



**CONTAINING THE PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
NINTH ANNUAL GATHERING
1917**

YEAR BOOK

OF

American Clan Gregor Society

CONTAINING THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE NINTH
ANNUAL GATHERING, 1917.

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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BY
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Dr. William Edward Magruder, Jr.

II. COMMITTEE ON PROGRAM.

Dr. Edward May Magruder.

III. COMMITTEE ON PINE.

Caleb Clarke Magruder, Jr.

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V. COMMITTEE ON HOTEL ARRANGEMENTS.

Clement William Sheriff, Chairman; Henry Hall Olmsted.

VI. COMMITTEE ON DECORATION OF HALL.

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VII. COMMITTEE ON REGISTRATION.

Oliver Barron Magruder.

VIII. COMMITTEE ON RECEPTION AND REFRESHMENTS.

Mrs. Philip Sheriff.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR
SOCIETY FOR THE EIGHTH ANNUAL
GATHERING—1917

- P. M.— Music, “Hail to the Chief,” as Chieftain enters with officers,
preceded by Bearers with American Flag.
Music, “Star-Spangled Banner.”
Society called to order by Chieftain, Dr. Edward May
Magruder.
Prayer by Chaplain, Rev. James Mitchell Magruder, D. D.
Music, “Annie Laurie.”
Report of Special Committees.
Report of Scribe, Dr. Jesse Ewell.
Report of Treasurer, John E. Muncaster.
Report of Registrar, Mrs. Roberta Julia (Magruder) Bukey.
Music, “Auld Lang Syne.”
Report of Editor, Egbert Watson Magruder.
Report of Historian, Mrs. Jennie (Morton) Cunningham.
Volunteer Papers.
Music, “Maryland, My Maryland.”
- 8 P. M.— Music, “MacGregors’ Gathering,” by John F. MacGregor
Bowie.
Address of Chieftain, Dr. Edward May Magruder.
Music, “My Country, ‘Tis of Thee.”
Address: “On the Life of the late Caleb Clarke Magruder,
Sr.,” by the Hon. Isaac Lobe Straus: Introduction by
the Ranking Deputy Chieftain, Caleb Clarke Magruder
of Maryland.
Poem, “Clan Gregor’s Badge,” by Donald Fitz-Randolph
MacGregor.
Music and Sword Dance by Miss Ginevra Brooks.
Paper, “How the Name MacGregor Became Magruder.”
Reception—Refreshments.
Music, “Blest Be the Tie That Binds.”

Friday, October 26.

- 3 P. M.— Memorial Sketches.
Volunteer Papers.
Election of Officers.
Appointment of Non-Elective Officers and Special Committees.
New Business.
Music, “A Hundred Pipers.”

- 8 P. M.— Music, “Bluebells of Scotland.”
 Paper, “Doctor Julian Magruder,” by Geo. C. W. Magruder of Oklahoma.
 Paper, “General Leonard Covington,” by Nellie Covington Wailes Brandon of Mississippi.
 Music, “Where the Four-leaf Clovers Grow;” “Mother Machree,” by Calvert Bowie.
 Original Poem, “Duncan MacGregor’s Fair Daughter, Janet,” by Donald Fitz-Randolph MacGregor, of The District.
 Music, “Afton Water.”
 Paper, “Personal Reminiscences of Country Boyhood in Virginia,” by Dr. Edw. M. Magruder.
 Music, “Auld Lang Syne.”

YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG.

By Wilbur D. Nesbit.

Your flag and my flag
 And how it flies today
 In your land and my land
 And half a world away !
 Rose-red and blood-red
 The stripes forever gleam;
 Snow-white and soul-white—
 The good forefathers’ dream;
 Sky-blue and true-blue, with stars to gleam aright—
 The gloried guidon of the day; a shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag !
 And oh, how much it holds—
 Your land and my land—
 Secure within its folds !
 Your heart and my heart
 Beat quicker at the sight;
 Sunkissed and wind-tossed—
 Red and blue and white.
 The one flag—the great flag—the flag for me and you—
 Glorified all else beside—the red and white and blue !

RECORD OF PROCEEDINGS.

The Ninth Annual Gathering of the American Clan Gregor Society convened at the New Ebbitt Hotel, Washington, D. C., at 3 P. M., October 25, 1917. The program was carried out essentially as given on pages 6 and 7. The Gathering was especially interesting, and although the attendance was not as large as usual, due to the war, the interest was not abated.

On the afternoon of October 26th the election of officers was held. Mrs. Jennie (Morton) Cunningham declined re-election as historian, and Caleb Clarke Magruder, Jr., was elected in her place. The names of the officers elected are given on page 3. The Chieftain appointed the Councilmen, Deputy Chieftains, and Special Committees as given on pages 3, 4, and 5. The following resolution was passed: "That the Chieftain shall appoint a committee of five, consisting of himself as chairman and four other members, two ladies and two gentlemen, whose duty it shall be to form an honor roll of those members of this Society who are serving, and who may serve in the great war now raging." In accordance with this resolution, Dr. E. M. Magruder, the Rev. James Mitchell Magruder, Caleb Clarke Magruder, Jr., Mrs. Roberta (Magruder) Bukey, and Miss Laura Cook Higgins, were appointed. The following resolution was also passed: "That the American Clan Gregor Society purchase a \$50 4% bond of the second Liberty Loan of 1917 out of the funds in its treasury; and to this end the Treasurer of this Society is directed to subscribe for such a bond in the name of this Society; and he is hereby authorized to convert said bond of equal denomination which may be issued by the Government of the United States bearing a higher rate of interest." The Treasurer stated that after all debts were paid there would remain in the treasury \$50 or \$60 that would not be needed before next August. Mr. C. C. Magruder, Jr., said he would obligate himself to buy the bond, should the Society need the money before next year. The resolution was passed without dissent and Mr. C. C. Magruder, Jr., was appointed a committee of one to buy the bond, which he did, delivering it to the Treasurer.

A vote of thanks was extended to the committee and officers for their efficient work, also to the management of the New Ebbitt Hotel for its courtesies, and the Scribe was instructed to report the same to the management.

The "Official Sprig of Pine" worn at the 1917 Gathering, was cut from "Arthur's Seat," Prince George's County, Maryland, home and burial place of Isaac Magruder (born, 1755; died, 1808), and was the gift of Caleb Clarke Magruder, Jr.

NUMBER OF MEMBERS PRESENT AND STATES
REPRESENTED AT THIS GATHERING OF 1917.

Alabama.....	2
District of Columbia	40
Georgia	2
Maryland.....	31
Virginia.....	14
Total	<hr/> 89

REPORT OF TREASURER—JOHN E. MUNCASTER.

RECEIPTS.

From dues 1913	\$ 3 00
From dues 1914	6 00
From dues 1915	24 00
From dues 1916	270 00
Sale of Year Books	8 50
Balance, November 1, 1916.....	46 78
	<hr/> \$360 28

DISBURSEMENTS.

Expenses of Gathering of 1916.....	\$47 25
Miscellaneous printing.....	57 35
Postage of Scribe, 1916	23 14
Postage of Treasurer, 1917	14 46
Badges	2 50
	<hr/> \$144 70
Balance on hand.....	<hr/> \$215 58

SIR MALCOM MACGREGOR HONORED.

On January 29, 1917, Sir Douglas Haig, in a dispatch to the Secretary of State for War, gives the names of those under his command whose distinguished and gallant service and devotion to duty he considered deserving of special mention. In that list is the name of Captain Sir Malcolm MacGregor of MacGregor, our Chieftain, who had been commended for distinguished service three times prior to this order.

WHY AMERICA IS AT WAR.

ANNUAL ADDRESS OF DR. EDWARD MAY MAGRUDER,
CHIEFTAIN, OCTOBER 25, 1917.

My Clansmen:

At the time of our last Gathering our country was at peace, though there were mutterings heard in the distance and "a little cloud no larger than a man's hand" was visible on the horizon. Now those distant mutterings have changed to thunder roar and that little cloud has grown 'till it darkens the whole vault of the heavens, and America has at last been drawn into the maelstrom of universal war.

There must be some good reason why these United States, the most peace loving nation in the world and led by the coolest and most patient of men, should involve itself in this calamitous war.

It is not because of the sinking of the Lusitania and the Gulfight with the murder of American citizens; it is not because of Boy-ed's and Von Papas's treachery, nor the disgraceful machinations of German Ambassador, Von Bernstorff; it is not because of German plots against the peace and dignity of this nation. These are comparatively small matters when considered along side of the real issues and were merely the exciting causes—the last straw, as it were.

The real cause of this country's beligerency lies deeper; America and her allies face the gravest crisis of History; there are mighty principles involved, in which the liberty, safety, and happiness, of the human race, as a whole are concerned, and never before have these been in such grave peril.

The question at issue is this; * * * Shall Autocracy or Democracy dominate the world? Shall this earth be ruled by absolute despotism as represented by the Kaiser of Germany, the Emperor of Austria-Hungary, and the Sultan of Turkey, or by the free will of the people as represented by the governments of the United States and her Allies? That is the issue, and the attempt of Germany to force Autocracy or Absolute Despotism upon the world as its form of government, is the real, fundamental, cause of America's entry into the war. America is the Champion of Democracy or government by the people, while Germany is the Champion of Autocracy or absolute one-man despotism, and the issue for the people of the world is clearly joined. Which will they have?

In order to understand the conditions that led up to the present conflict, it is necessary to make a brief review of History.

Germany, which consists of twenty-six states of different sizes, including small kingdoms, grand duchies, duchies, principalities, and free towns, of which Prussia is the largest, was, up to the time of

the great Napoleon, a very loose confederation, called an empire, but without much cohesion amongst its constituent elements, which were frequently at war with one another, though of the same race. Napoleon overran the country and held the different states nominally as allies but practically as subject states, and after his overthrow in 1815 they all became separately independent; and from this time on the history of Germany may be divided into two stages: 1, The stage of Prussia's ambition to dominate Germany; 2, The stage of Germany's ambition to dominate the world.

Prussia, the largest and most powerful of the German states and whose government has always been arrogant and tyrannical, after the fall of Napoleon, began (under the leadership of the great Bismarck who was born the year of Waterloo, 1815) to plan the union of all the German States into one great empire with her royal family of Hohenzollern at its head and hence with Prussia as the leading state.

To this end, she first reorganized and strengthened her army, introducing compulsory military service, and then, in 1864, schemed with Austria to rob little Denmark of the two duchies of Schleswig and Holstein and part of Lauenberg, which, after a short conflict, the two robbers took and held conjointly. In 1866, Prussia brought on a quarrel with Austria and, in the "Seven Weeks' War", forced that country, which was entirely unprepared, to relinquish in her favor all claim to the Danish territory they had stolen, and likewise proceeded to annex, some by persuasion and some by force, all the other North German States.

The opposition of France now stood in the way of further Prussian expansion but, in 1870, that country was aggravated into war, though unprepared, and defeated, surrendering her two provinces of Alsace and Lorraine to the greedy Prussia.

All these wars were deliberately premeditated, prepared for, and provoked, by Prussia, who succeeded in catching her neighbors at a disadvantage, when they were not prepared for war, and forced from each a big indemnity in money. She was the trained bully, the highway robber, among nations, and acted the part of the "Robber Barons" of the Middle Ages, who lived by preying upon their weaker neighbors.

With the defeat of France, the way was open for the consummation of Prussian ambition and, late in 1870, the five South German States, all that were left, united with the rest, and there was formed the great German Empire, with the Prussian Capital, Berlin, as Capital of the whole, and the Prussian king, William Hohenzollern, as Emperor of the whole. As a humiliation to France, which had been opposed to the formation of the empire, the coronation took place in the great Hall of Mirrors in the French Palace of Versailles, January 18, 1871, before the German army retired from France.

Thus has been fulfilled Prussia's ambition to dominate all Germany, upon which she has engrafted a military system more exacting, despotic, and merciless, than that of Rome or Sparta. In the first two years of this war the German officers did not hesitate to shoot down their own men for the slightest infraction of a military rule, as hesitation in obeying an order, or a disposition to give way before a superior force of their enemies. But that species of barbarity has had to be modified, as many German officers have been found at various times slain by German bullets and by their own men, on the principle that the hair of the dog is good for the bite.

With the union of all Germany under one head, began the German or rather the Hohenzollern ambition to dominate the world, and the question arises will this likewise be fulfilled? It will not, provided the Entente Allies and America hold together; but to consummate this German Ambition every effort and preparation has been made. The whole empire has gradually come under the influence and control of a military party called "The Junker's", who revel in war and thirst for conquest and have the sympathetic support and encouragement of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince, both. The people at large have been carefully trained along these lines; universal military service was long ago adopted and the army has always been a kept upon a war footing; the navy has been built up to second place in the world (that of Great Britain occupying first place); immense arsenals for the manufacture of arms and munitions have been erected; the Kiel Canal, joining the Baltic and North Seas, and furnishing immense naval advantages, has been constructed; the Island of Heligoland, in the North Sea off the coast of Germany, was purchased from Great Britain and fortified as a naval base; the whole population has been trained to stand in awe of and bow down to the military, to which precedence is always given; even in time of peace a German officer may, with entire impunity, run through with his sword, any one who happens accidentally to jostle against his uniform on the street (this has been done); the children have been taught in the schools that the Germans were superior to all other races and that the Kaiser was next to God in power and infallibility (and I believe the Kaiser half way believes it himself); and an elaborate system of espionage has been established, at great cost, in every foreign country, spies being maintained even in foreign governmental departments, in order to keep the German Government informed of the doings of its neighbors.

Every conceivable preparation for war, as far as possible in secret, has been made, and this has been going on for forty years, and other nations, bent only upon peaceful pursuits, failed to appreciate to the full the activities and designs of Germany or to realize the danger till she was far ahead in preparedness, tho' Lord Roberts sounded the warning several years before war broke out.

Now, nations do not spend huge sums of money in preparation for war except for a purpose, viz., for Defense or for Attack.

If these preparations were for Defense, against whom was Germany preparing to defend herself? No other nation, except possibly Germany's ally, Austria-Hungary, was making any preparation for war. That no one of the Entente Nations had any hostile intentions towards Germany is proved by their utter lack of preparation. When the war began, not one of them was prepared for it; in fact, most of them were, as Germany well knew, woefully unprepared and strove to avert the war. The army of Great Britain numbered only 250,000 while that of Germany was four or five millions. Great Britain, it is true, has always maintained a tremendous navy, but this was an absolute necessity as, owing to her insular position, her very existence depends upon control of the seas. On the other hand, with Germany making every preparation for war, with no provocation or corresponding preparation on the part of other powers, there can be but one conclusion, viz., that it was Germany's intention to attack some other nation or nations when a suitable time should come. How ridiculous is the German claim that this war was forced upon Germany and her allies and that they went to war in self defense ! One might as well accuse a rabbit of harboring an intention to attack a bull dog, as to say that any other nation was planning an attack on Germany.

The German Creed is founded upon force, the theory that "Might makes Right," that the Kaiser is infallible and can do no wrong, that weak nations have no rights that need be respected, and that German Civilization, Kultur, and Ideals, ought and are destined to dominate the world. German Discipline is Iron Mercilessness, and the whole population as well as the army is held in subjection by its means. The German citizen will put up with any form of intolerance if perpetrated in the name of the Army or the Kaiser, and though there is a kind of Parliament or Reichstag, as it is called, whose duty it is to enact laws, whatever legislation is desired by the military clique is carried out, whether or no. On one occasion when Bismarck, the head of the military party, asked the Reichstag for a grant of money for the army, he remarked in private, "I hope they will give it; or we will have to take it as we can." The military party dictates the policy and legislation of the country, all of which points to War as the Ultima Thule. The government is most paternal and does all the thinking for the individual, who follows along a beaten track, with the government pointing the way, and that way always leads to preparation for war. The government values its citizens in proportion to their military capacity and efficiency, and absolute obedience to authority is exacted under the severest penalties.

The officers of the army and navy have, for a long time, been in the habit of ending all festive occasions with the toast, "Der Tag," or

"The Day,"—that is, they drank to the day when Germany would suddenly break loose and run amuck, with fire and sword, among the unprepared nations of the world, like a wolf among a flock of sheep, when they were the least prepared. The time was eagerly awaited.

The opportunity came on June 28th, 1914, with the assassination of the Crown Prince and Princess of Austria, by some irresponsible Serbian agitators; and it happened on Austrian soil, not Serbian. Austria unjustly accused Serbia of complicity but, if she had been let alone, would probably have composed her differences with Serbia peacefully; but, being already in alliance with Germany, she was persuaded by the latter to force war upon little Serbia by making demands that no self respecting nation could grant; and so the war started. Russia espoused the cause of Serbia and Germany declared war upon Russia. This brought France to the aid of her ally, Russia, and the invasion of Belgium and attack upon France by Germany involved Great Britain. Little Montenegro joined her ally, Serbia, and Italy soon forsook the old Austro-German Alliance and cast in her lot with the Entente; and later Roumania and the United States did like-wise. Since then Cuba, Liberia, and Siam, have also declared war on Germany, while Brazil, Bolivia, Uruguay and Peru, have severed relations, with China, Panama, Argentina, Chile, and Ecuador, contemplating the same. An interesting point in this connection is the declaration of war upon Germany by the Republic of San Marino, the smallest independent state in the world, situated in the Appennine Mountains of Italy, with an area of thirty-two square miles (4 miles wide and 8 miles long), a population, in 1891, of 8200 and an army of 950 men. It is a Republic with two presidents, and its independence dates from the 13th century. Its rights were scrupulously respected by Napoleon.

The German word, "Kultur," so often seen in the newspapers, means "Efficiency," and the Germans have certainly shown themselves the most efficient and practical people in the world as well as the most advanced in Science and the Arts.

The Germans have also, by their conduct of the war, shown themselves the most deliberately brutal, cruel, merciless, and unscrupulous, nation that ever existed. Caesar, in his commentaries on the conquest of Gaul, describes them as of this character, and they were the race that finally destroyed the great Roman Empire. The term "Vandal" is derived from the name of an ancient German tribe especially noted for its savage and cruel ruthlessness in war and its seeming delight in the destruction of works of art, literature, and every thing civilized that came in its way; hence the quality of "Vandalism" is a natural inheritance of the German people, who have left nothing undone in this war to prove their just claim to the title of "Vandals." When

the German troops went to China during the Boxer Rebellion, a few years ago, the Kaiser in a public address bade them give no quarter and take no prisoners.

Germany's allies, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, are of the same moral character as she, though less efficient; and with that combination of powers Germany, it is said, has in contemplation, in case of victory, the annexation of all their small neighbors, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Serbia, Montenegro, Roumania, Poland, and portions of France and Russia. There would thus be erected in central Europe and Western Asia a military power founded upon might and conquest and under the guidance and dominance of Germany, such as the world has never seen. Prussian Militarism, which means military despotism, would be supreme, and no nation or combination of nations would be able to stand against it. The British Empire would probably lose India, Egypt, Australia, South Africa, and many Island Possessions, which would become German. The world would become Germanized or, worse still, Prussianized. Personal liberty, individual rights, freedom of speech and of the press, with which the governments of Germany and her allies are not in sympathy, would be destroyed; Autocracy would be in the saddle rough riding it over the people; and Democracy would perish from the earth.

It is to prevent this consummation; it is in defense of the principles set forth in our Declaration of Independence that every man has the inborn "right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," that America has drawn the sword and has drawn it on the side of the Entente Allies, who are fighting for the same principles. Had America lost the Revolutionary War, the principles for which she fought would still have been secure, though possibly retarded, as Great Britain was already sympathetic with those principles, though with less intensity; yet they would have survived and blossomed into full fruition later. On the other hand, the powers that rule Germany and her allies have absolutely no sympathy with these principles and, if victorious, would suppress them root and branch, so that the lands that know them would know them no more.

Rome, without the aid of the telegraph, steam power, railways, the wireless, and other scientific inventions, for many centuries by the might of her genius, ruled the world with comparative ease. Let defeat overtake our arms, and highly efficient, scientific, and unscrupulous, Germany, with the wealth, power, and scientific inventions, she could command, would dominate the world of today with more ease than Rome dominated the shores of the Mediterranean; and once she gets the whip hand she will not easily lose the reins.

During the past three years America has been an idle though interested spectator of the world drama being enacted in Europe; but

now that she has cast off the shackles of an over-patient neutrality, it behooves her to enter into the conflict with all the energy she possesses as the champion of Freedom, Right, and Justice, and our government is doing that very thing. Never did a nation prepare for war along such stupendous lines and in so determined, businesslike, manner. Much has been done, but there is a great deal more to be done before this country will be in a position to accomplish much in the field, as it has been more than fifty years since it was on a war footing. The time when "a million men could," according to Mr. Bryan, "spring to arms in a night," has passed. Then all that was needed was a rifle or shot gun, a full powder horn and bullet pouch, and a little practice in shooting squirrels; but now in forming an army we have to start from the ground and lay the foundations carefully, and it takes about three years for an average sized nation to get into first class fighting trim.

We sometimes hear such expressions as, "Let America send money, munitions, and provisions, to Europe, but not a soldier to fight the battles of those foreign nations." Aside from the moral viewpoints of justice, pride, and humanity, which would and should never allow this country to take such a stand, there are two answers to this proposition from a material standpoint: . . .

1. The battles that are now being fought in Europe are as much our battles as they are Europe's; for if the Entente Allies do not win this war over there, just as surely will those battles be transferred to our shores, German guns will bombard New York and Washington, and we will risk the horrors of Belgium and France, and will probably have to pay to unscrupulous Germany the cost of the war to her, an indemnity that will stagger the world. It is ever Germany's custom to compel the conquered to defray all expenses and, with this rich country at her mercy, no mercy would be shown. This calamity might not befall in this war but, with the vast increase in German power in case of victory, our time would certainly come in the not distant future.

2. The best kind of defensive war is a vigorous offensive. The six greatest soldiers of the world, Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Caesar, Gustavus Adolphus, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon, never waited to be attacked, but carried the war into the enemy's country, which was thus made to bear the brunt of the conflict.

Though the Despot's heel is not yet on our shores, his eyes are tuned this way for robbery and plunder, and we know not what a year or two may bring forth.

Already the MacGregors of the other side of the ocean, dead and wounded, are numbered by the hundreds and, as always, their record

is high and their place in the Hall of Fame secure. Our chief is serving his country, and were his activities now stilled forever, his services to the cause are already sufficient to earn for him, the pride and gratitude of his countrymen; and we of the American Clan Gregor Society can be counted upon to follow his lead and lend ourselves to the cause he so loyally serves.

Should the question arise, WHERE STAND OUR CLANSMEN TODAY in this world wide tempest of contending forces? if we judge the present and the future by the past, the answer comes, AT THE POST OF DUTY, where was found the grand patriotism of the past as exemplified in the lives of, Governor Thomas George Pratt, General John Bankhead Magruder, Dr. William Edward Magruder, Governor Enoch Lewis Lowe, William Hezekiah Nathaniel Magruder, General David Lynn Magruder, Colonel Spencer Cone Jones, William Howard Magruder, Judge Daniel Randall Magruder, Dr. John Smith Ewell, John Read Magruder, William Woodward, and John Burruss Magruder; in the courageous gallantry of the "Frescatti Magruder Boys," and in the superb devotion of Captain Edward Jones Magruder before Richmond, of Colonel John Bowie Magruder at Gettysburg, of Captain John Hillery Magruder at Jack's Shop, of William Lancaster MacLaughlin in the Iroquois Theatre Fire in Chicago, of Dr. Ernest Pendleton Magruder in Serbia, and of hosts of others who might be mentioned. Though those have passed away, their spirit survives in their kindred to inspire emulation of their great name and to aid, each in his own way as best he can, his country's cause; nor has there ever been or will there ever be a Benedict Arnold or a LaFollette amongst us.

This Society as a whole can do something and each individual member can do something, however small, to help the cause of Liberty, Humanity, and Justice, against Slavery, Brutality and Injustice. It is the small things that count.

1. Our Society can give to our great chief in the White House its undivided support and encouragement;

2. Individual members can organize, in the different communities in which they reside, for the purpose of giving material aid and comfort to our gallant soldiers in the field. This should take the form best suited to each individual community.

Of course, those of military age not exempt should join the colors. Those that are exempt can do much to aid without firing a bullet; they can aid in the business of those that serve; they can buy Liberty Bonds if they have the money; they can encourage their well-to-do neighbors to do the same; the women and children can make clothing, dressings, and other comforts, for the soldiers, etc.

Germany, by her merciless dealing with conquered peoples, by her unscrupulous disregard of Right and Justice, by her ambitious designs upon world domination, has made it absolutely necessary that she be crushed and put in a position in which she can do no harm, as under her dominion the world would not be fit to live in.

If ever a war was justified this one is on the part of America and her allies. Every shot fired by them is in self defense and as a protection to individual hearths and firesides. It is not merely in defense of the country at large but of the family itself and of each individual member of the family, as the enemy has shown himself capable of invading the most sacred and private rights of the individual. Let Germany win and there will be no private and individual rights or personal liberty, but a machine whose component parts are the individual whose individuality is swallowed up in the state, which will be run for the benefit and glory of the dastard Hohenzollern.

CLAN GREGOR'S BADGE.

Air—"Annie Laurie."

By Donald Fitz Randolph MacGregor.

The badges worn are many,
 But this that's yours and mine,
 Is not surpassed by any,
 Our sprig of Scottish pine—
 Our sprig of Scottish pine,
 From old Ben Lomond's side—
 And for the heights it grew on
 How oft MacGregors died.

Our Tartan tells the story,
 In red, white, black and green,
 In all its ancient glory,
 Its colors may be seen—
 For Constancy is green,
 By red Devotion's shown,
 While black's for Persecution
 And Truth by white is known.

To-day we join in singing,
 The songs of bygone days,
 And offerings we are bringing,
 In Clan Mac Gregor's praise,
 And Clansmen loyally,
 Shall flaunt our badge as proudly
 In ages yet to be.

FIELDER MONTGOMERY MAGRUDER.

By Oliver Barron Magruder.

Fielder Montgomery Magruder was born at Hickory Hill, a farm near Bladensburg, Prince George's County, Maryland, January 29th, 1829. He was the youngest child of Edward and Teresa (Barron) Magruder.

He had two half brothers, Edward and Jesse, and two full brothers, Oliver Barron and Thomas Jefferson. He had three sisters Jane Beall, Ruth and Virginia Teresa. He attended a private school taught by Mr. Alaric Mortimer MacGregor and later the old Bladensburg Academy. At the age of fifteen shortly after the death of his father, he entered business in Washington, D. C. In 1849 he caught the "gold fever" and joined a party of young men, who had organized for the purpose of seeking gold in California. Although his dreams of digging a fortune out of the ground were not realized, he was more fortunate than the majority of "forty-niners," as he brought back as much money as he started with. In February 1853, he married Mary Ann Cummins, daughter of James and Mary Ann (Thomas) Cummins. They are survived by seven children, Edward, Oliver Barron, Sarah Cummins, Mary Teresa, Virginia Howell, Jane Beall and Russell. Another son, Fielder Montgomery, Jr., died in the year 1912. Six of the children, four of the grandchildren and a daughter-in-law, Margaret Jane Graham Magruder, wife of Oliver Barron Magruder, are members of the American Clan Gregor Society.

When he was about forty years old, his health was so bad that he retired to his farm near Beltsville, Prince George's County Maryland. Here he spent the rest of his life. He died November 9th, 1898, after a year's illness. He was buried in the church yard of St. John's P. E. Church at Beltsville

Mr. Magruder was a man of strong personality. He was one of the leading men of the community in everything that could better its condition but he took no active part in political matters. He claimed to be very independent in politics and always said that he would vote for the best man for local offices, but somehow the democrats always nominated the best men. He was very popular with every one but especially with the young people, and he liked nothing better than being surrounded by them. Every one who knew him held him in highest esteem. His genial and hearty manner endeared him to every one and made every one who met him feel at ease. But for all this he was quick tempered, a rare characteristic in a Magruder. He despised anything underhanded or mean, and never again

trusted a person who treated him in this way. His motto was "Whatever you do, do with all your might." Throughout his whole life he lived up to this motto.

He was a member of the Episcopal Church as were his forefathers for six generations before him. As a communicant of St. John's P. E. Church at Beltsville he entered into the work of the church with the same enthusiasm and energy that characterized all his work. He was a vestryman for about thirty years. He taught in the Sunday school and was superintendent of it for a good many years until ill health compelled him to relinquish the work he loved so well. He was also president of the local chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, from its organization until his death. He was also an active member of the local Grange and of the Vansville Farmers Club. Several years before his death the "good roads" movement was started in Maryland and although nearly seventy years old, he entered into the movement with his usual energy and was recognized as the leader in the neighborhood. As a result of his energy and personality nearly every farmer in the neighborhood became interested in the work and they were enabled to nearly double the size of the loads they could haul.

In summing up his characteristics, we may say that he was a fine, intelligent and large hearted gentleman.

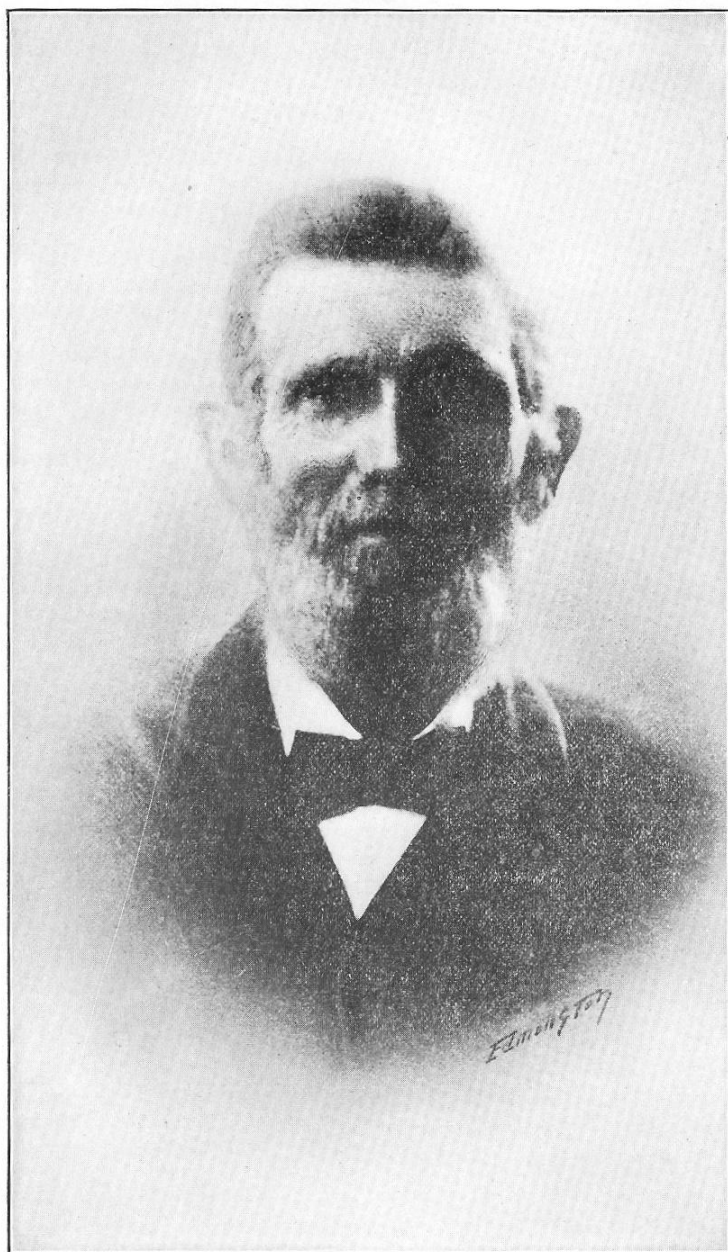
Fielder Montgomery Magruder was the son of Edward Magruder and Teresa Barron, grandson of Haswell Magruder and Charity Beall, great grandson of Samuel Magruder and Jane Haswell, great, great grandson of Samuel Magruder and Eleanor Wade, great, great, great grandson of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall and great, great, great, great grandson of Alexander Magruder, Maryland emigrant.

AMONG THE MEMBERS.

Mrs. Elizaeth Robards (Offut) Haldeman of Louisville, Kentucky, was made Colonel of the Woman's Auxiliary of the First Regiment, soon after this country declared war, and has done a splendid work in supplying the soldiers with the necessities for health and comfort. Under her able management much also has been done to entertain the soldiers of the First Regiment in order to keep them from moral and physical danger.

NOTES OF INTEREST.

Mr. Benton Magruder Bukey was called to Washington in January, 1918, to help the Government straighten out the Railroad tangle. Mr. Bukey was Assistant General Passenger Agent of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway Company. His ability, experience, and initiative fits him most admirably for the difficult work assigned him.



FIELDER MONTGOMERY MAGRUDER,
Born, 1829; Died, 1898.

ISAAC MAGRUDER "OF ARTHUR'S SEAT."

By Caleb Clarke Magruder, Jr.

Isaac Magruder was born at Knave's Dispute, then Frederick, now Montgomery County, Maryland, in 1755.

He was the first mentioned beneficiary in the will of his father, probated in Montgomery County, Maryland, April 25, 1786, and was probably the first-born child of his parents, Nathan Magruder and Rebecca (Beall) Magruder.

In the words of the testator: "I give & bequeath to my son Isaac Magruder all that land & Plantation whereon he now lives to be divided from his Brother John's Part by a line beginning at the end of the first line of a Tract of land call'd Turkey Thickett, and Running South Ten Degrees West, until it strikes the outline of said land; then continuing with the said outlines so as to include his said land and Plantation to the first mentioned beginning, to him my son Isaac Magruder and his heirs forever."

It has been thought that the house standing on Knave's Dispute, razed about 1907, now the property of Thaddeus T. Buzzard, was the manor house, and as such occupied by Nathan Magruder of Montgomery County, Maryland, but recent searches, taken in connection with the words of Nathan Magruder's will devising his son Isaac," * * * that land and Plantation where he now lives," indicate that it was not the old home of Nathan Magruder but was that of his son Isaac.

Here he undoubtedly took his bride, Sophia Baldwin, of Prince George's County, Maryland, about 1778, five generations removed from John Baldwin, her immigrant ancestor, known in Virginia history as "The hero of Warrasquake," because of his valorous actions during the Indian uprisings thereabout, March 22, 1622.

In 1778 a return was made of those who took the Patriots' Oath in Montgomery County, Maryland, on which list appears the name of Isaac Magruder.

It is not known how long he remained a resident of Montgomery County, Maryland, but he was living there as late as 1781, according to his father's will, and had become a resident of Prince George's County, Maryland, by March 30, 1799, at which time he was a private in Captain Jacob Duckett's Company of the 34th Maryland Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Hill commanding. This regiment was recruited during the period of the French menace—1799-1800.

There has always been so much fuss raised over France as our ally during our struggle for independence that school historians hardly mention the French war, while more voluminous historians handle the subject most gingerly.

What prompted a descendant of Louis the 14th, a royal-born French Bourbon seated upon the throne of France, to lend assistance to the struggling colonists, but a desire to weaken her hereditary enemy—Great Britain?

And what interest did the wily Corsican feel in the destinies of an American democracy when he gave Thomas Jefferson the title deeds for the Louisiana Purchase? Himself has given the answer—to bring on war between Great Britain and America in ten years and history records that war followed within the period mentioned.

Harrison Rhodes in "The Myth of Anglo-American Antipathies" (Harper's Magazine, October 1917), writes: "The phrase coined in England is now familiar that George Washington was really the Father of the British Empire, since he taught England how not to treat colonies.

"A distinguished Englishman spoke lately with enthusiasm of the Revolution as the time when the Englishman George Washington whipped the German George III.

"English school-books are not as ours, and an English child may grow up and never suspect that his country is our hereditary enemy. Here an emotional infant, if by any chance he studies his text books, still feels himself intrenched at Bunker Hill waiting 'till he can see the whites of their eyes.'"

Far be it from me to belittle the assistance rendered by France—regardless of motive—my sympathies have been hers so long as I can recollect; most gladly do I hail her as our sister republic, but Great Britain is our mother country, and as between mother and sister I know where the larger measure of our affections should be.

Isaac Magruder owned no real estate in fee in Prince George's County, Maryland, Arthur's Seat, his home therein, being his wife's property, originally patented by Colonel Joseph Belt. Neither did he acquire any real property in Montgomery County, Maryland, by purchase. But he held his patrimony there until his death, following which, by a decree in Chancery, dated October 31, 1811, Henry Williamson was appointed trustee to sell the same, then known as Magruder's Farm, 297½ acres.

The purchaser was John Turnbull, but before the purchase price had been paid he died, whereupon Williamson, on November 11, 1816, conveyed the property to decedent's heirs: Mary Young, wife of John Young of Caroline County, Maryland; Margaret Dickerson, John Turnbull, Elizabeth Dickerson, William Turnbull, James Turnbull and Rebecca Turnbull, Junior, all of Montgomery County, Maryland.

Isaac Magruder died intestate in Prince George's County, Maryland, in 1808. Many years ago I had a genealogical interview—

probably my first—with John Beall Magruder, a great-uncle, at the home of his sister, Mary “Tom” Magruder, wife of William W. Hill, a nephew of Isaac Magruder’s second wife.

I am still in possession of the notes then taken, and in the light of subsequent researches the information given me by “Uncle Jack” is singularly exact and lucid.

According to him his great-grandfather was Nathan Magruder of Montgomery County, Maryland, who married a “Miss Beall,” from whose family my informant had his middle name.

His grandfather was Isaac Magruder who married Sophia Baldwin, both of whom were buried at Seabrook. The genealogical line as given by him has been proved absolutely correct, but to locate Isaac Magruder’s grave at Seabrook, a station on the Pennsylvania Railroad, about eleven miles from Washington, was no easy task.

Isaac Magruder was an Episcopalian in religious faith, and there was neither a church nor chapel of that denomination near Seabrook at the time of his death. Neither had Isaac Magruder been conveyed any property in Prince George’s County, Maryland, as previously stated, on which there might have been a family graveyard.

The records of Prince George’s County, Maryland, did, however, show that on November 9, 1807, Isaac Magruder and his wife Ann conveyed to James Webb and Clarissa Harvey Webb, his wife, 233½ acres of land known as Arthur’s Seat, and thirteen slaves, the consideration being an annuity of \$125.00 to be paid to the grantors during their lives and the survivor of them, the first annuity being payable January 1, 1809.

The tax records of Prince George’s County, Maryland, show that 71 acres of a so-known tract (Arthur’s Seat) is in the name of the estate of Hugh Masterson, lying in Kent election district, which taxable land adjoins Seabrook station, south of the Pennsylvania Railroad track.

With this information I went on Sunday last (October 21, 1917), accompanied by my brother Arthur to locate Arthur’s Seat. My objective caused saddened reminiscences for I recalled climbing Arthur’s Seat on the outskirts of Edinburgh, Scotland, with my brother Ernest P. Magruder, in which city we were together exactly six years ago—as I write this—October 23, 1911, the occasion being his wedding day.

Inquiry among older residents of the Seabrook neighborhood established the location of the old Arthur’s Seat home on a slight elevation, due southwest and less than a quarter of a mile from Seabrook station. Nothing remains of the old home or the foundation bricks, but depressions show where they once were, while in the yard stand three ancient catalpa trees.

Further southwest, within a stone's throw, was located the old graveyard, entirely unenclosed, carpeted with matted honeysuckle vines, some clinging to four cedar trees and a dying sassafras within its bounds.

There is no marble to mark a grave, but several red sandstones and mounds unmistakably indicate graves.

Excepting the 71 acres mentioned Arthur's Seat has lost its identity, the remaining acres of the 233½ acres having been sold to different purchasers, while the sites of the old home and the graveyard are within the boundaries of a subdivision owned by Arthur E. Randle and now known as Halleywood.

August 29, 1808, Ann Magruder, Thomas Magruder, Richard Hill and James McGill gave bond in the sum of £5.000 (\$25.000) for Ann Magruder and Thomas Magruder as administrators of Isaac Magruder, planter, late of Prince George's County, Maryland, deceased.

March 14, 1809, Thomas Magruder was appointed guardian of Emma C. Magruder, miner of Isaac Magruder, whose age was given as twelve years on April 11, 1810, with Basil Duckett and Richard Isaac on his guardian bond for £5000.

An inventory of Isaac Magruder's personal estate in Prince George's County, Maryland, dated November 21, 1808, was filed by Thomas Magruder, joint administrator with Ann Magruder. It showed a total valuation of \$5,592.77 including 32 slaves valued at \$4,485. An item in the inventory was, one box of cock gaffs, appraised at \$5.00, which I mention as an evidence that the good old pastime of cock fighting, a subject to which "Porte Crayon" did not falter to lend his brush, had not yet been relegated to the limbo of uncountenanced sports.

Also on November 21, 1808, Thomas Magruder filed an inventory of Isaac Magruder's personal estate taken in Montgomery County, Maryland, by William Worthington and Ignatius Waters, under date of November 12, 1808, including nine additional slaves, valued at \$1.800, with a total valuation of \$2,074.45.

January 3, 1809, Thomas Magruder filed a list of debts due the estate, sperate, \$6,331.36, desperate, \$84.50.

Subject to an order of the Orphans' Court Benjamin Berry and Basil Duckett, on January 7, 1809, made a division of the personal estate among the heirs. The Montgomery County, Maryland, inventory was reduced to equalize it with the Prince George's County, Maryland, inventory, which after certain allowances was valued at \$1,668.45.

The Prince George's inventory after allowances showed a

value of	5,557.77 ½
Second inventory of latter county showed value of	1,072.00

Estate to be accounted for	\$8,298.22 ½
Less commissions of 10% allowed administrators.....	829.82

Balance due estate.....	\$7,468.40 ½
From which was deducted this amount, the widow not taking 1/3	1,072.00
Balance	\$6,396.40 ½
Widow's 1/3 is.....	2,132.13 ½
1/2 commissions added.....	414.91

Amount due widow.....	\$2,547.04 ½
Thomas Magruder's commissions	\$ 414.91

	\$2,961.95 ½
Balance less widow's share and commissions	\$5,336.27
To each of four children.....	\$1,334.06

Ann Magruder ,widow, also received fourteen slaves valued at \$2,100; James Webb, husband of Clarissa H. (Magruder) Webb, daughter, twelve slaves valued at \$1,135; Thomas Magruder, son, seven slaves valued at \$1,145; Emma C. Magruder, daughter, eight slaves valued at \$1,130; Levin Beall, husband of Henrietta (Magruder) Beall, daughter, eight slaves valued at \$1,135; and each gave to or received from the other heirs a sufficient amount in money to equalize the distribution.

First administration account of Thomas Magruder
and Ann Magruder, June 12, 1810:

Charged themselves with receipts.....	\$1,028.44
Disbursements (including taxes paid in Prince George's and Montgomery Counties)	587.70

Balance to be accounted for	440.74
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The first additional account of these administrators was filed

November 29, 1810:

Charged themselves with balance of.....	\$ 440.74
Disbursements	120.78

Balance to be accounted for	\$ 319.96
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Final account of the administrators filed May 20, 1817:

Charged themselves with balance of.....	\$ 319.96
And with collections made.....	381.72

Balance to be accounted for	\$ 701.68
Disbursements	412.23

Balance due estate.....	\$ 289.45
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Distributable as follows:

Mrs. Ann Magruder, widow of deceased, 1/3 or \$96.48-1/3, the balance, \$192.96-2/3 to be divided between deceased's three children, Thomas Magruder, Henrietta Beall and Emma C. Berry.

Sophia (Baldwin) Magruder, born in 1759, first wife of Isaac Magruder, predeceased her husband and died between April 11, 1798, the birth-date of Emma C. Magruder, their youngest child, and April 3, 1802, when Isaac Magruder was granted a license to marry his second wife Ann Hill.

The former couple had these children, grouped according to their ages:

Thomas Magruder

Henrietta Magruder

Clarissa Harlowe (christened Harvey) Magruder

Emma Corbett Magruder

Ann (Hill) Magruder, widow of Isaac Magruder, died in 1824

She devised her nephew Philip Hill her dwelling plantation, Baltimore Manor of 500 acres, provided he surrendered his interest in his father's land adjoining thereto, otherwise Baltimore Manor was to be divided between her brother's children, Philip, Mary Ann, William and Elizabeth Hill. Nephew Philip Hill old Sail and her three children, he to keep and support them always out of respect for the testatrix. Same nephew, Nicholas Darnall and Mrs. Emma Berry, personalty, including locket and tea-spoons to the latter; with nieces Mary Ann and Elizabeth Hill and nephews Philip and William Hill residuary legatees. Francis L. Darnall was named as executor.

May 18, 1825, Francis L. Darnall, Samuel Magruder and Philip Darnall gave bond in the sum of \$5,000 for the first named as executor. September 6, 1825, was filed inventory of Ann (Hill)

Magruder's personalty, including nineteen slaves,	
appraised at \$2,500, valued at	\$3,242.00
And this amount found in decedent's home	248.25

Estate to be accounted for	\$3,490.25
December 20, 1825, was filed account of Francis L. Darnall as executor:	
Charged himself with amount of inventory.....	\$3,490.25
Disbursements	476.49

Balance due estate.....	\$3,013.76
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June 2, 1826, was filed final account by the executor:

Charged himself with balance	\$3,013.76
And with additional inventory	4.62

	\$3,018.38
Disbursements	245.18
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Balance to be distributed.....	\$2,773.20

Thomas Magruder, son of Isaac Magruder and Sophia (Baldwin) Magruder, born 1779, died 1830; married 1800, Mary Clarke, born 1779; died 1864.

Issue:

Dr. Thomas Baldwin Magruder
Isaac Grandison Magruder
Sarah Magruder
Sophia Magruder
Caleb Clarke Magruder
John Beall Magruder
Walter Smith Magruder
Staley Nicholls Magruder
Richard Weems Magruder
Archibald Smith Magruder
Mary Thomas Magruder

Henrietta Magruder, daughter of Isaac Magruder and Sophia (Baldwin) Magruder, married, January 6, 1802, Levin Beall, a planter who lived in the forks of the Patuxent River just over the Prince George's County, Maryland line in Anne Arundel County, Maryland.

Both of them died intestate, without administration of their estates, and, according to family tradition, without issue surviving.

Clarissa Harlowe (christened Harvey) Magruder, daughter of Isaac Magruder and Sophia (Baldwin) Magruder, married, October 14, 1806, James Webb of London, England, who came to these United States in 1800 bearing letters of introduction to President Jefferson.

The will of James Webb, planter, was executed November 10, 1842, and admitted to probate in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, March 7, 1843.

His daughters, Mary Edge, Sarah Maria and Henrietta Susan were bequeathed personalty including a slave each; remainder of estate to wife Clarissa H. during widowhood, the three daughters before named being privileged to live at home while unmarried. At wife's death all property to be equally divided between children, Mary Edge, James M., John N., George R., Sarah Maria and Henrietta Susan Webb. Wife and son George R. were named as executors. April 14, 1843, George R. Webb filed inventory of James Webb's personalty, including seven slaves, amounting in all to \$3,110.09½.

December 3, 1844, George R. Webb and Clarissa H. Webb, executors, filed their first and final account:

Charged themselves with amount of inventory	\$3,110.09 ½
And with collections	537.52

Estate to be accounted for	\$3,647.61 ½
Disbursements	543.87

Balance due estate.....	\$3,103.74 ½
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Clarissa H. Webb, died January 11, 1858. Her will was executed February 28, 1857, and admitted to probate in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, February 10, 1858. By its terms her daughters, Mary E. Woodward and Sarah Maria Webb were bequeathed specific personalty, and daughters Sarah Maria Webb and Henrietta Susan Follensbee all the remaining personal estate acquired since her husband's death. No executor was named in the will.

March 17, 1859, was filed an inventory of her estate by John N. Webb, administrator, amounting to \$1,009.57. There was no further administration.

Clarissa Harlowe (christened Harvey) Magruder and James Webb had issue:

Isaac Webb, born October 4, 1807; died October 9, 1810.

Mary Edge Webb, born May 3, 1810; died March 12, 1894; married February 24, 1835, Henry Williams Woodward.

James Magruder Webb, born February 10, 1812; died December 22, 1865.

George Randolph Webb, born December 14, 1814.

John Nelson Webb, born May 29, 1815.

Sarah Maria Webb, born June 7, 1818; died March 13, 1901.

Jane Henrietta Webb, born August 8, 1819; died October 2, 1825.

Henrietta Susan Webb, married ——— Follensbee.

Clarissa Webb, born May 29, 1825; died June, 1903.

Emma Corbett Magruder, daughter of Isaac Magruder and Sophia (Baldwin) Magruder, married, January 25, 1815, Brooke M. Berry, a native of Maryland, who was a clerk in the Office of the Clerk of the National House of Representatives almost continuously from 1816 to 1844.

He died intestate, and without administration on his estate, in Washington City, and was buried in the Congressional Cemetery; his tombstone reads:

In
Memory of
BROOKE M. BERRY
Died
Feb. 6, 1847
Aged 53 years

Emma C. Berry's will was executed September 1, 1870; admitted to probate in Prince George's County, Maryland, November 5, 1870, and an authenticated copy filed in the District of Columbia.

"I desire a monument over my remains, similar to that over my son William enclosed by an iron railing, & I desire that my niece Mary T. Hill and Mary T. Young visit it annually, fill with flowers and keep it clear of weeds." Sarah B. Pope, supposed to be in Ohio, was bequeathed \$500. Niece Sophia Hill, \$200; and should Sarah B. Pope be dead the \$500. bequeathed her to be divided, \$100. to Sophia Hill, \$100. to niece S. Maria Webb and \$100. to Virginia M. Hill, daughter of my niece Mary T. Hill. To Mary T. Young, \$500. and my gold watch* and chain. Niece S. Maria Webb, \$200. Niece Henrietta Follenshee, all silver ware. Nephew John B. Magruder, \$300. Grandniece Virginia M. Hill, furniture. My lots 15 and 16, square 686 on First Street, Washington City, to be sold and all legacies paid out of the proceeds. Niece Mary T. Hill, residuary legatee and executrix.

November 7, 1870, Mary T. Hill, William W. Hill and C. C. Magruder gave bond in the sum of \$3,000, for Mary T. Hill and William W Hill as executors of Emma C. Berry, deceased.

November 16, 1870, these executors filed an inventory con-

sisting of miscellaneous articles valued at	\$ 345.00
United States Government bonds.....	1,200.00
Cash	252.00

Estate to be accounted for	\$1,797.00
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First and final account filed November 28, 1873:

Executors charged themselves with amount of inventory	\$1,797.00
Disbursements	558.35

Balance due estate.....	\$1,238.65
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The beneficiaries named in the will gave receipts for their respective legacies as follows:

Mary T. Young, November 24, 1870, for gold watch and chain valued at \$125.

Henrietta Susan Follensbee, December 12, 1870, silver ware valued at \$50.

Sophia Hill, July 24, 1871, \$100; May 1, 1872, \$100.

John B. Magruder, August 15, 1871, \$100; May 21, 1872, \$200.

S. Maria Webb, November 18, 1871, \$50. part payment of legacy of \$200; May 16, 1872, \$155.25 balance of legacy.

Mary T. Hoyle, formerly Mary T. Young, April 30, 1872, \$500.

Sarah B. Pope, May 24, 1872, \$400. November 6, 1872, \$100.

Virginia M. Hill, November 15, 1873, furniture.

Detached, but within a few paces of the grave of Brooke M. Berry is that of his widow marked by a monument inscribed:

To the Memory of
EMMA C. BERRY
Died
Sept. 3, 1870
May she rest in peace.

* This watch is now (Oct. 25, '17) in possession of Mrs. Philip H. Sheriff.

While within the iron enclosure, according to the desire expressed in her will, is the monument erected to her only child, identical in design as her own, on which are the words:

WILLIAM I[SAAC] BERRY
Born Nov. 16th 1816
Died Sept. 2nd 1839
The unbroken silence covers all
How sweetly he sleeps !

Isaac Magruder was the son of Nathan Magruder and Rebecca Beall, grandson of John Magruder and Susanna Smith, great-grandson of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall, great-great-grandson of Alexander Magruder, Maryland immigrant.

WHY HE EMIGRATED.

Sir Douglas Haig, the Scottish commander in chief of the British armies, once said at a London dinner party:

“A Scot bored his English friends by boasting about what a fine country Scotland was.

“Why did you leave Scotland,’ a Londoner asked, “since you like the place so much?”

“‘It was like this,’ he said. ‘In Scotland everybody was as clever as myself, and I could make no progress, but here—and he chuckled again—here I’m gettin’ along vera weel.’”

THE TIE.

By Alice Mande Ewell.

Comrades, hats off—gaze in silence !
Here be no bluster or brag !
This is the flag of our country,
For this is George Washington's flag.

Red as the blood of his manhood,
Blue as the skies that he loved,
White as the soul of his honor,
These are the tints he approved.

Starred like the reaches of Heaven,
Barred like the home fields of earth,
Emblem of him who once choose it,
Emblem of courage and worth.

Faction in dust may have trailed it,
Cant may have weakened its hold,
Still to the heart of a nation
Dear is each soft-gleaming fold.

We of the South knew another
Dear to us once and still dear,
Red with the blood of our heroes,
Washed in full many a tear.

Can we forget what it stood for ?
Can we forgive the long pain ?
Can we return to our first love
Free from suspicion again ?

This is the tie that should draw us,
Quickened each step that would lag,
This is the flag of our country,
For this was George Washington's flag.
Key with his genius has sung it,

Son of the Southland was he,
Under its folds in the old days
Once marched our own Robert Lee.

Let each dark stain be forgiven,
Never in dust let it drag;
Valor to Victory bear it !
This was George Washington's flag.

LIFE OF DR. JULIAN MAGRUDER.

Physician and Planter

By Geo. C. W. Magruder

Dr. Julian Magruder was born in Rockville, Montgomery County, Maryland, in 1824; died in Ohio in 1888. He attended lectures in Frederick City, and graduated in medicine from the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, in 1846, after which he settled on his farm of two hundred and fifty acres known as "Cleveland," which adjoined his sister's, (Harriet Muncaster), farm of five hundred acres, given them by their mother, Rachel Cooke Magruder, daughter of Nathan Cooke and Rachel Magruder. Nathan Cooke's father was John Cooke, who came to this country about 1745 and took up by grants from Lord Baltimore 4568½ acres of land, and bought other grants to the amount of 499½ acres, making in all 5068 acres. These patents covered the lands he got near what is now called the village of Redland, and the farms "Cleveland," Harriet Muncaster's farm, and the farm now owned by the heirs of Nathan Cooke, called "Gray Rock," also farms of Nathan Cooke and his son Zadock Cooke. John Cooke built a home on the tract near Redland, which is still standing, and now occupied by Mr. Carson Pope who bought some of the land a few years ago. John Cooke, Jr., seems to have come into possession of all the land owned by his brothers and sisters, and his will was the first put on record in Montgomery County.

Dr. Magruder was domestic in his ideas. He was a great reader and kept abreast of the times. He loved his home and family, and was particularly fond of fine sheep, chickens and fruit. He was a good provider, and kind and considerate to his servants; a true friend, and loyal to his country. He was a man of fine appearance and physique, and weighed 210 pounds when he died; he had blue eyes, and dark hair. His practice extended from Rockville to Laytonville, and from Rock Creek to Darnestown. As a physician he had many staunch friends who appreciated his ability and conscientious efforts in relieving them of disease and suffering. He had a mind of his own. If, after diagnosing a case, he thought it best not to give medicine, his patient would get none. He often said medicine was a necessary evil, and should be used carefully to assist nature, that's all, and that he would not make an apothecaries shop out of a sick man's stomach just to get a fee, but would study the health and interest of his patient. In his dealings with his fellow men he was honest, conscientious, cautious, generous, provident, and amicable, and a true Christian gentleman. Dr. Magruder enjoyed a good joke, but was very careful about repeating reports unless they were correct. He was a man of few words, but what he said was always to the point.

The main question with him when entering into an engagement or business proposition was "Is it right." This characteristic, coupled with caution, often saved him trouble and expense. One day when I was a boy there came a handsomely dressed pedler strutting up the road and across the lawn, where he met my father. The long-tailed coat pedler took off his high hat, and wiping the perspiration from his face, said, "This is Dr. Magruder, I believe." "Yes, sir," said Dr. Magruder. The pedler then let his tongue go like a mowing machine. "Doctor, the horse disease is raging and sweeping the country from New York to Washington. Trains have been quarantined, business at a stand-still, greatest calamity since the Civil War. No street cars running in New York except a few drawn by oxen. It is dreadful, sir, and owing to this condition of things I am forced to lease my large wholesale store in New York and go to purchasers to unload my goods. We must sell our goods regardless of cost to pay our rent and expenses."

"You say the horses are dying like flies in the cities; strange I haven't seen something of this in the Baltimore Sun," said Dr. Magruder. "Why Doctor, have you not read of this great plague existing over the entire country from Washington to Maine?" "Well I did see something sometime ago in the Baltimore Sun about a horse disease which had made its appearance in Baltimore, I think it was." "Well, that's it sir." "But I did not know that it had reached such an alarming stage. Won't you come in sir?" Just a few moments, Doctor, I thank you. I must push right on through the country, as I am advertising a large sale of goods to take place at your town, Rockville, next week." Just then a tall lean hungry looking negro staggered up with a tremendous bale of samples of carpets, rugs, and goods on his back. The pedler helped to unload the negro at the door, took out of the bale a beautiful sample of Brussels carpet and spread it upon the floor, which made my mother's eyes sparkle with delight when he said that sample would be sold in Rockville next week for 50c. a yard, and like this sample of three ply for 25c. a yard. He then opened a roll of cloth and said to my father, "You can have that beautiful piece of goods (make a whole suit) for only \$45.00. Then I will make you a present of this piece sufficient to make another suit worth \$85.00, another piece to make a coat and pants, worth \$25.00, another piece to make a coat and pants, worth \$25.00, another piece to make a pair of pants, worth \$10.00, and another piece to make pants for each of the boys, all for the \$45.00." Just then my mother said let's all dine now and look at your goods after dinner. The man tried to clinch the sale before dinner, but my father seemed more interested in the horse disease and kept asking questions. He asked the pedler how the oxen worked to the street cars and if their feet got sore. "Ah! no sir, the oxen are shod." The

pedler ate a light dinner; seemed excited; face red; anxious to be going. Asked my father if he wanted the goods he had practically offered to give him. My father said, "Well, I will see." Asked my mother for the yard stick. He measured off the yards in each piece and after figuring was surprised to find that his goods on an average were higher than some goods my mother had bought only a few days before in Rockville. The man said, "Well, as long as you are such a close buyer I will give you another piece." But my father said that that was not a sufficient inducement for him to buy such a supply at one time. The pedler packed his goods and left without saying good-bye. The negro thanked the cook for his dinner.

I could give you many incidents of this kind to show that my father weighed matters well before acting and never jumped at conclusions. He saw through this slick tongued pedler, who sold to a number of persons in the country to their regret.

Dr. Magruder admired the inner man more than the exterior, even if that man was covered with a black skin. An old colored man, Basil Taylor, came over from "Flower Hill" one day to see my father professionally. "Well, Basil, how are you?" "I thank you Mar's Julian I is poorly, I's mighty poorly." "What seems to be your trouble?" "I's got a misery down in de pit of my stomach. Law, so much belching. Its belch and belching all de time more or less Mar's Julian, yes sar. But I am thankful Mar's Julian dat I is able to belch." My father said, "Well, Basil, that is the right spirit. Instead of grumbling about your condition as many would do, here you are thanking the Lord that you are able to belch."

My father admired the old negro's spirit, so prescribed for him and sent him away rejoicing.

Dr. Magruder was a man of his word. An old maid came to him once to have a tooth extracted, but she was so nervous she could not sit still long enough for my father to make an extraction. After much difficulty he located the tooth and was ready for business. She would clinch her teeth as if she had the lockjaw. She was anxious to have it drawn, but when he asked her to open her mouth she would close up tight as an oyster and ask for time to consider, but when the pain would come on she would yell, "Oh!, yes, pull it—quick please." But when he would ask her to open her mouth she would hang her head, until my father got so disgusted he quietly took his seat, saying, "Miss when you make up your mind to let me draw your tooth I will serve you." At last she promised to let him place his instrument around the tooth providing he would let go in case she threw up her hands. My father thought he would be safe in making that promise for he thought if ever he got hold of it he would be able to have it out before she would raise her hands. But she was too quick, for when the tooth was about half out she threw up her hands

and scuffled for him to stop. He kept his word—stopped right there. Then she made signs for him to proceed and in a moment it was out. Then she blamed him because he didn't pull it all the way out while he had hold of it. He said, "You raised your hands and I obeyed your request."

While my father was not a graduate of dentistry he accomplished a piece of dental work which should entitle him to a professorship in that line.

Just about the close of the Civil War a Union soldier was taken sick while passing one of our neighbors, also a Northern man, who lived on the Frederick road and who had a large family of daughters. The soldier spent some time recuperating under the hospitable roof of his Northern friend.

The soldier was so charmed with the oldest daughter, (Mary Jane), that she later became his wife. My father, being the family physician, was called to the bedside of this sick soldier, whether before or after his sickness terminated in love sickness, I do not remember, but this successful Yankee love maker asked my father to draw a large tooth which was destroying his happiness. After looking over the piece of ivory my father, at the suggestion of the patient, made a tooth of hickory the same size, polished and drove it down firmly in the excavation. The gums healed around it and I heard my father speak of the successful operation, which I am quite sure was the only hickory tooth ever driven into a Yankee's jawbone, to stay in and do service by a Southern physician.

My father had a number of valuable slaves, among whom was Rev. Jeffery Mackabee, who was his overseer or leader. My father had great respect for the excellent character of this particular slave, as he did not run away like most of the others, but remained faithful to his master until he got his honorable discharge from slave life.

My father was kind to his servants and never put one in his pocket as many did. Jeffery was the wagoner. He hauled the crops to the Washington market, and bought the groceries, hardware, and etc. per order of my father. His accounts, though kept in his head, were correct and satisfactory. I never heard of this faithful servant being accused of one wrong deed in my life. Late in life he became a local Methodist preacher. He died respected and beloved by all who knew him.

Jeffery, in early life, became the property of Uncle Jonathan Magruder of Cumberland, Maryland. He and negro Tobe traveled all the way from Montgomery County, Maryland, to Cumberland in an ox cart. After a time spent with Uncle Jonathan he became, through distribution of the estate, the property of my father, then a young man. It was a great trip for Uncle Jef to travel away out

into the Alleghany Mountains. On rainy days he would delight in telling his experiences in the "Glades." About the black bear, deer, wild turkey, ground hog, trout, and rattlesnakes.

My father allowed Uncle Jef to ride one of his horses whenever he wished to visit his children or attend church. One or more of his children lived in Washington during the war and one day he rode down to visit them. Uion soldiers were stationed all around the city, and no one was allowed to pass after sun set. Uncle Jef had been told by his daughters that he had better be starting for home, as no one was allowed to pass the picket lines after sunset. He said, "Oh! I reckon dey will let me pass." So he remained until about nine o'clock. When he got to Tennallytown the picket called to him to halt and advance and give the counter-sign. The officer asked him "Don't you know no one is allowed to pass at this hour?" "Well, boss, my children told me I would have some trouble gettin through, but here I is boss." "Who are you, and what is your business?" "I is a slave of Dr. Julian Magruder, Montgomery County, who lives 4½ miles from Rockville. I done been down to de city to see my chillen and you know boss how tis when a man ain't seen his chillen for a long time." The officer, after talking to his superior returned .and said, "Well, old man, we don't believe there is any mischief in you. If you will sing us a song you may proceed." "I'll sing you a hymn if dat will do boss, cause its agin my religion to sing songs." "Well, sing us a hymn." He then sang "Remember Lot's Wife."

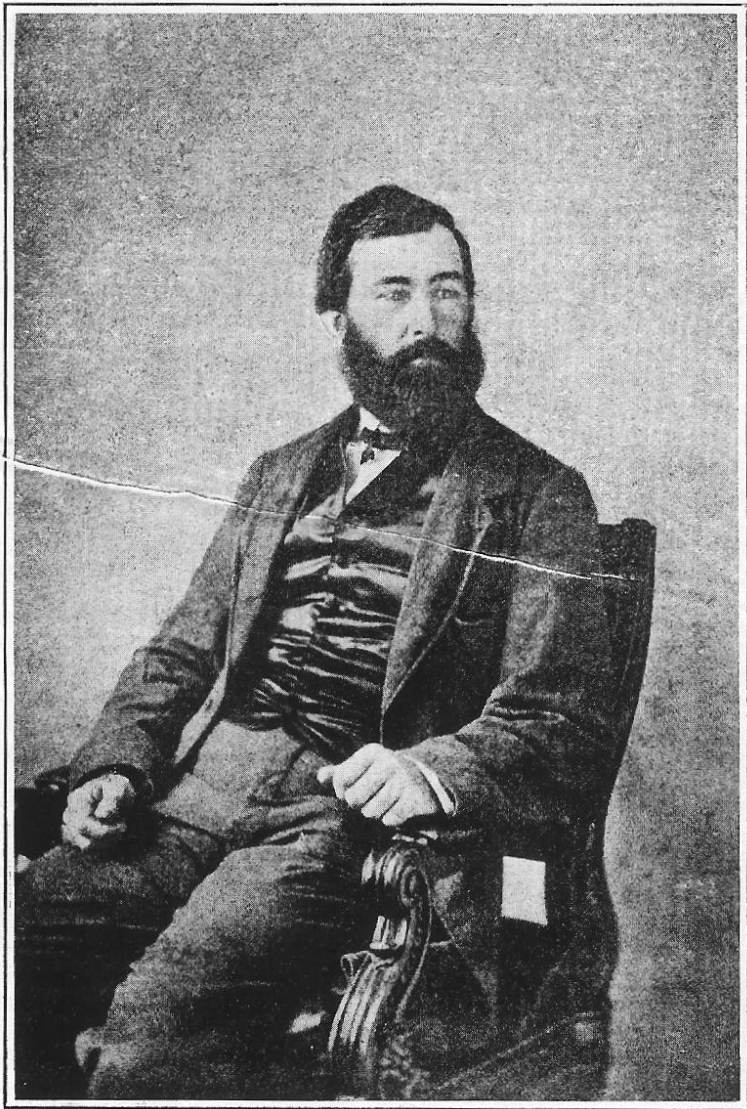
1— I am a soldier,
My Captain's before,
He's given me my orders
And tells me not to fear.

Chorus.

God calls you to arise
And escape for your life,
And look not behind you
Remember—Lot's wife.

2— If you meet with temptations
And trials on your way,
Cast all your cares on Jesus
And forget not to pray.

3— Farewell to sin and sorrow
I bid you adieu,
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
My journey I pursue.



DR. JULIAN MAGRUDER,
Born, 1824; Died, 1888.

I am sure he made a good job of it, for he was a splendid singer to the last. When he got two miles farther he was halted again by another picket, and told to advance and give the counter-sign. He told this officer the same story. The officer asked him how he managed to get through the line at Tennallytown. Uncle Jef said, "Well, boss, I sung dem a hymn and dey let me pass." "Well, sing us the same hymn and you may go home to your Master."

This is probably the only instance on record of anyone ever passing the lines in Civil war time by singing a hymn.

Jeffery was buried in the Methodist Church yard at Emmory Grove in sight of my father's farm, on which he served so faithfully.

Dr. Julian Magruder married Margaret Ann Johnson, daughter of Rev. Wm. P. C. Johnson and Eliza Ann (Washington) Johnson, who was the daughter of Bushrod Washington, Jr., and great-grand niece of General Washington.

After my father's marriage he joined the Presbyterian Church, and was elder in the Rockville church until he moved to Ohio, 1881. He then united with the Presbyterian church at Fostoria, where he was a regular attendant until his death. "Blessed are they who die in the Lord."

My father and mother are buried at Independence, Ohio.

They left four sons and one daughter, Geo. C. W. Magruder and Arthur Magruder, both members of the American Clan Gregor Society, Julian Magruder and Wm. A. Magruder, and Elizabeth Cooke Leonard, wife of Dr. Wm. Leonard of Fostoria, Ohio, whose son, Dr. Walter Magruder Leonard, is a member of the American Clan Gregor Society.

7.—Julian Magruder lived near Redland, Montgomery County, Maryland; born 1824; died in 1888. Son of Zadok and Rachel (Cooke) Magruder. He married Margaret Ann Johnson, who was born in 1835 and died in 1896. He was a planter and physician. Late in life he moved to near Fostoria, Ohio, where he died.

6.—Zadok Magruder of Rockville, Montgomery County, Maryland, was born in 1795; died in 1831. He was the son of Dr. Zadok and Martha (Wilson) Magruder. He married Rachel Cooke in 1822, and she died in 1855. He was a lawyer, and was admitted to the bar in 1816, and by an act of the Assembly of Maryland was appointed to purchase surveys, plats, and etc. for the County.

5.—Zadok Magruder, Jr. of Montgomery County, Maryland, was born in 1765 and died in 1809. He was the son of Colonel Zadok, Sr., and Rachel (Pottinger) Magruder. He married Martha Wilson, who died in 1837. He was a planter and physician.

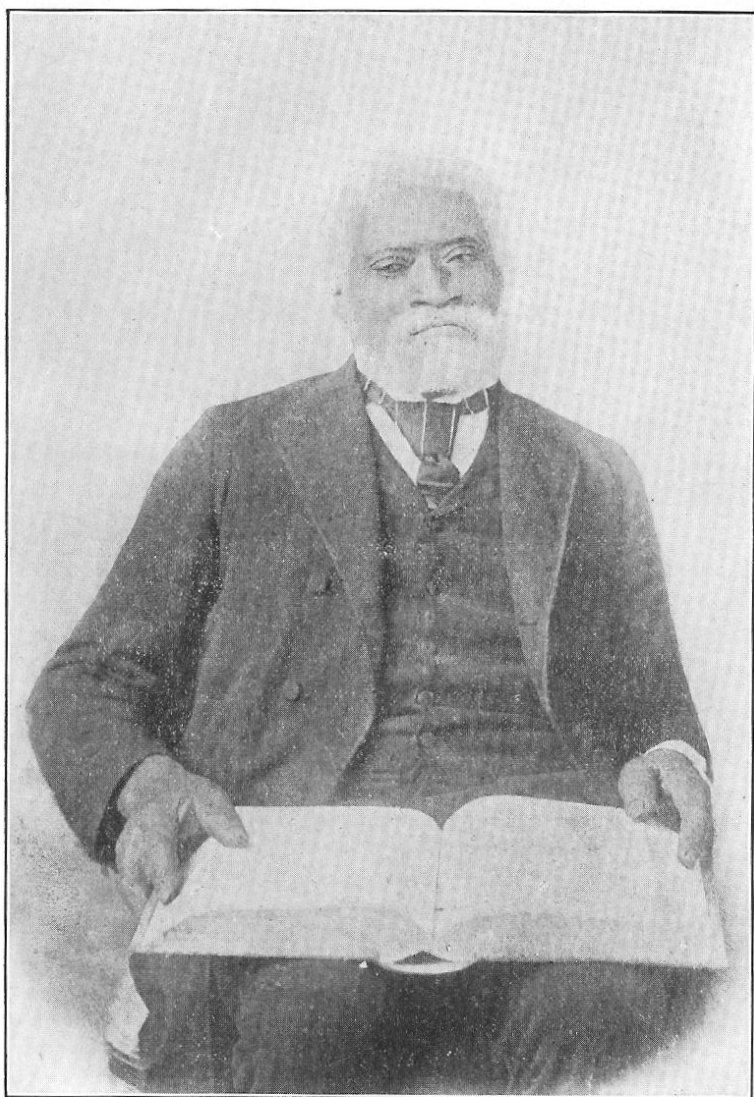
4.—Zadok Magruder, Sr., planter, of Frederick County, Maryland, was born in 1729 and died in 1811. He was the son of John and Susanna (Smith) Magruder. He married Rachel Pottinger, who was born in 1732 and died in 1807.

He was one of the Committee of Observation to prevent any infractions of said Association, and to execute the resolves of the American Congress and of the Provincial Convention. One of the Committee to attend the general convention at Annapolis and of Correspondence for the lower part of Frederick County, Maryland. He was elected Colonel of the Lower Battalion of the Lower District of Frederick County, Maryland, Jan. 6th, 1776.

3.—John Magruder, planter, of Prince George County, Maryland, was the son of Samuel and Sarah (Beall) Magruder. He died in 1750. He married Susanna Smith.

2.—Samuel Magruder, planter, of Prince George County, Maryland, was the son of Alexander Magruder. He died in 1711. He was married to Sarah Beall.

1.—Alexander Magruder, planter, of Prince George County, Maryland, came to this country about 1652; died 1677.



"UNCLE JEFF."

Rev. Jeffery Macabee, once slave of Dr. Julian Magruder.
Made famous by singing his way through Union picket
lines during the War Between the States.

COUNTRY BOYHOOD IN VIRGINIA.

(THE GLENMORE MAGRUDER BOYS.)

Personal Reminiscences
Of
Dr. Edward May Magruder.

The following sketch is not intended as a biography or historical paper, but simply to give an idea of the life of a country boy in Virginia during the last year of and the first two and a half decades after the Civil War; and owing to the frequency of personal mention The Writer feels a delicacy in boring you with this conglomeration of personalities and that an apology is owed, his excuse being threefold:—

1. This audience is one big family in which personalities are allowed and expected;
2. The events and incidents herein narrated, however unworthy of your time, are all true and founded upon fact;
3. Chaplain Jim and Chancellor Alec said it was all right, and that settles it with me.

Now, when a fellow begins to reminisce he is apt to become tiresome, so I am going to ask Chaplain Jim, when he observes any drowsiness among you, to cough three times, just as one of his own vestrymen does when he preaches too long.

The Glenmore Magruder Boys, whose activities are the subject of this narrative, were reared on a large plantation, "Glenmore," in Albemarle County, Virginia, the property of their father, Benjamin Henry Magruder who, as was often the case in those days, while engaged in agriculture, also followed politics and the practice of law in the adjoining counties, leaving the management of the plantation to an overseer and, after the war, to one of the older boys, whom you will probably recognize as our big member, "H. E."

There were two marriages and two sets of children, in the order of ages as follows;—Six by the first marriage, Julia, John, Evelyn, Henry, Horatio, and Sallie, and four by the second, The Writer, Opie, Mason and Little Egbert.

John and Henry, being considerably older, do not figure in this paper; John won immortality as Colonel, at twenty-three, at Gettysburg, and Henry, after a useful and successful life as lawyer and farmer, died in 1891.

The boys herein concerned are, Horatio and the four of the younger set, The Writer, Opie, Mason and Little Egbert.

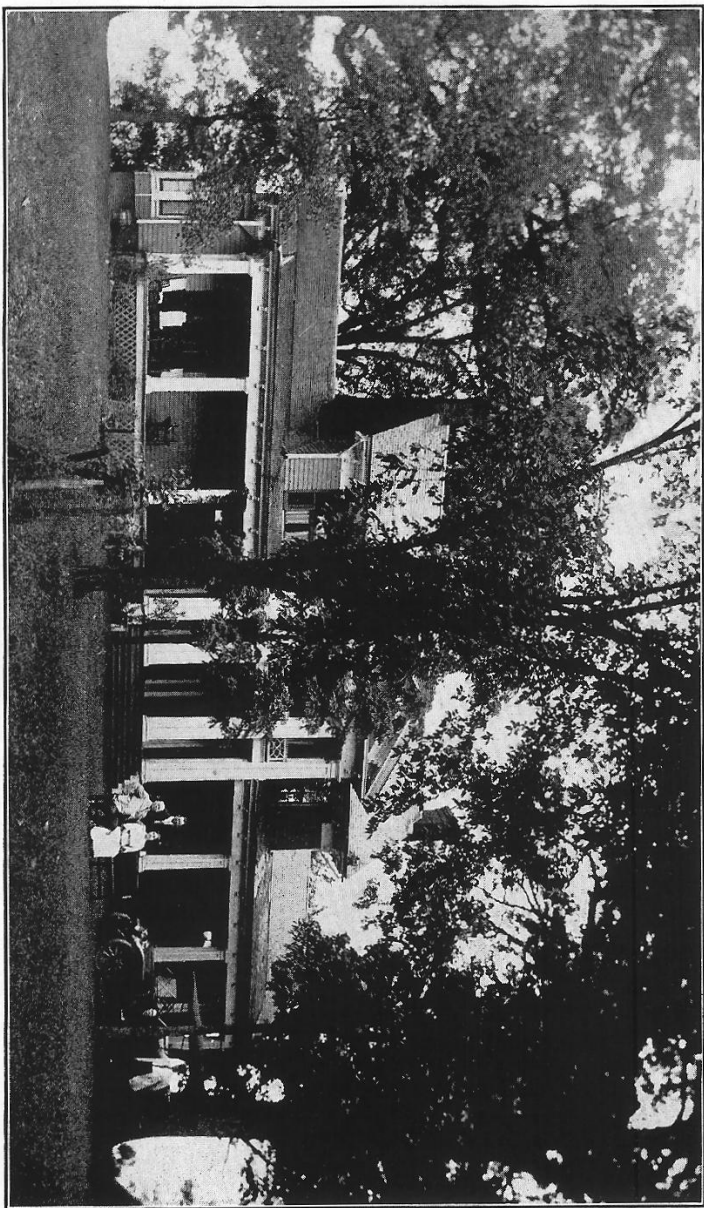
Horatio, called "Rash" for short and nicknamed "Old Rover" because of his fondness for visiting around the neighborhood, especially where pretty girls were to be found, was a soldier at seventeen and general manager of the plantation after the war.

The Writer and Opie were "Partners" and generally ran together, loved the great outdoors, and had the same sweethearts; but, in the matter of girls, Opie was much the bolder and would go so far as to sit on the same bench at school with the lovely Louise, of the big black eyes, and occasionally venture to stammer a question at her, while the Writer could only worship at a distance, in mute admiration and envy of Opie's consummate "cheek."

Mason, who had quite a mechanical turn, kept more to himself in his "den" in the cellar, where he accumulated all manner of tools and wonderful mechanical contrivances and manufactured a variety of articles, as, picture frames, book-shelves, chairs, toys, etc., and abhorred the society of girls. On rare occasions and as a great favor, he would allow the others to inspect his "den," which was always kept under lock and key.

Little Egbert, much younger than the other boys, grew up more or less by himself, as the others left home when he was quite young; but their mantle fell upon worthy shoulders as he continued their activities alone and with fully as much benefit to the nation at large, and acquired even greater prominence than Mason in the matter of dodging girls, of whom he stood in still greater horror; for if, on returning from school, he espied from afar the presence of a girl in the yard, he would always take to the woods, whence neither a belated dinner nor the pangs of hunger could lure him till all danger was past. Country boys are often similarly affected—girl fright, they call it—but recovery generally takes place as they grow older. In going to and from school, about one and one-half miles, he always traveled in a trot and would invariably climb the fence in preference to going through the gate, his explanation being that he did not have time to fool with gates.

Some of the servants were:—Old Uncle Billy, the miller, much afflicted with the asthma; Uncle Shelton, the carriage driver and the best wheat cradler and wood chopper to be found and an exhorter of great power in the church; Uncle Mose, the shoe maker, bow legged and genial, who made rough shoes for The Boys and servants; Tom Washington, the ox-driver, who could drive six oxen by word of command only; Aunt Big Patty and Aunt Little Patty, seamstresses, who lived on the hill in a log cabin called "T'other House" to distinguish it from "The Great House," the abode of the "White Folks;" Aunt Lucy, the cook, who excelled in making biscuits and waffles; Stephen, Lou, Big Jim and Bella, playmates and caretakers of The Boys,



"GLENMORE," ALBEMARLE COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

when the latter were small, and older; and lastly Mammy, who had been a wedding present to The Mater and looked after the children in infancy. There were many others of lesser note.

The earliest recollections of The Writer go back to the storm cloud days of 1864, when he was riding stick horses and listening undisturbed to the booming of Early's and Sheridan's guns across the Blue Ridge, in "The Valley of Virginia," and the nickname of "Little White Reb" was opprobriously applied to him by his darky playmates. The recollection is also vivid of a present, at that time, to The Mater by a neighbor, of a gallon of rye for parching and making into coffee, as Uncle Sam's embargo was then strongly in force.

These were the days in which the ladies, aided by The Boys, were occupied with picking lint from old rags to be made into dressings for the soldiers, cotton being scarce; and well The Writer remembers the convalescence of one of the gallant "Frescatti Magruder Boys," George, who had been wounded and brought to Glenmore for treatment. Loyalty to the Confederacy was further manifested in the naming of two roosters, "Jeff Davis" and "General Beauregard" which were constantly fighting, with the odds in favor of "The General."

When the news was brought in by the servants, who always heard things first, that "The Yankees were coming," there was great stir to transfer the bacon from the meat house to a closet in the back parlor, the door of the closet being concealed by a book case placed before it; and later, when ever-loyal Aunt Little Patty reported that disloyal Aunt Big Patty was threatening to tell the Yankees to look behind the bookcase, all that store of meat was removed by night to the attic, which long afterwards smelled of bacon and dripped with grease. There was also the hiding of the horses and other livestock in the woods amid dire reports, among the negroes, of Yankees with horns growing out of their heads, jumping their horses sidewise over fences, and tearing jewelry from the fingers and ears of ladies.

But the expected did not happen for the Yankees never reached Glenmore during the war, though Sheridan's raid passed within a mile and his camp fires were visible through the intervening forest. This immunity from a hostile visit was due to the fact that the plantations on the near side of the public road were reserved, by order of the general, for foraging in case of enforced retreat, while those on the opposite side of the road were pillaged in the advance. The retreat was not necessary, as Sheridan found no opposition and so passed on to join Grant before Petersburg. Thus Glenmore escaped.

The Writer recalls conversations with The Mater, who was ever the god mentor of The Boys and a solace in time of trouble, concerning cherished visions of British and French aid to the Confederate Cause and the big guns of the French were particularly held in anticipation. These were visions only.

Later, the Confederates came under Gordon and camped in the field near the house, the officers' tents being in the front yard, where The Boys were constant visitors and recipients of small packages of sugar and coffee, though it was against the orders of The Mater to receive them, as the soldiers were in greater need than they. How the dining room swarmed with hungry soldiers and how The Boys feasted their eyes, through the crack in the door, upon brass buttons, pistols, swords, and gray uniforms ! And the sorry plight of those hero veterans as they marched away, with their hungry looks and shabby equipment, remains a memory still.

Then one fine April morning, two jolly fat neighbors, Captain Billy Rogers and Mr. Edmond Thurman, came riding up with news of Lee's surrender; and though The Boys failed to appreciate its full significance, they realized that something momentous had happened, but were reassured by a devoted Christian Mother that it was all for the best and that an all-wise Providence had not intended success for the South.

The only "Yankee" visitation at Glenmore was a short time after the war. The Boys were in the front yard gathering cherries, when a Company of Federal Cavalry rode up. While the officers were at the house interviewing The Pater upon the subject of reported negro disorders, the soldiers tried, though with little success, to make friends with The Boys, and were sullenly informed by Opie that he "did not talk to Yankees."

Then, there was the post bellum homecoming of Old Rover who, after participating in several battles and imprisonment at Point Lookout in Maryland, had been exchanged in time to surrender with Lee at Appomattox. The small boys were greatly impressed with the superb appetite he brought from the army, his capacity for the storage of ham and biscuit being the wonder of the youngsters, who marvelled where he put them. Besides his appetite he brought specimens of horse hair watch chains and gutta percha rings made in prison for sale to help out his commissary there.

For some time after the war there was talk, in political circles of wholesale confiscations against those who had aided the Confederacy, which would have caused widespread ruin; and at Glenmore apprehension reigned supreme with visions of a log cabin in the woods. But late one night The Pater returned from Charlottesville, riding bareback, as his saddle had been stolen in town, bearing the glad tidings that the danger was past and the home secure.

In the early post bellum period many a make shift had to be resorted to. Among other things, private conveyances were scarce and in many instances the old discarded army ambulance was utilized as the family coach. Such was the case at Glenmore and whenever a journey was in contemplation, it was the job of The Boys to rise by times in the morning and tighten up the wheels by soaking them with water and wedging the tires, spokes, and hubs; one hind wheel in particular was so wobbly that the family could be trailed for miles by its serpentine track in the road.

It was about this time that The Writer's attention was first called to the family claim to MacGregor origin in the naming of some of the horses on the place; "Rob Roy" was a big black carriage horse with a savage disposition, and "Helen MacGregor," a blazed face sorrel, who was so balky she "would not pull the hat off your head."

The Boys were of tough fibre and paid small heed to the weather; overcoats were held in contempt except in pouring rain, and the idea of changing damp socks and other clothing was not thought of, unless they were very wet. The Writer never wore an undershirt until he was twenty-one, and then only because of teaching school in a northern clime with zero weather and at the earnest solicitation of an anxious Mother. No doctor was ever called for a mere "cold" or "sore throat," but the patient got well on a home made mixture of paregoric, sugar, honey, molasses, and vinegar, which was a sovereign remedy for everything.

There was much on the plantation for boys to do and many ways of getting pleasure out of life.

Among the greatest of boyhood joys was the breaking of colts and young mules, Old Rover being the "leading man" in this, and fond memory dwells upon the experiences of The Writer and Opie in training a beautiful pair of yearling steers, "Bob" and "Bill." blood red in color and of a spirited disposition. The front wheels and axle of an old discarded family carriage served as the foundation for the construction of a cart, and many an upset and tumble was caused by these lively young animals ere they yielded to the blandishments of "Gee Bob" and "Whoa come here Bill." They made it a rule to run away when going down hill and, with only a rope around the horns for control, the only way to stop them was for the fleetest of The Boys to jump out and run ahead to the bottom of the hill, flourishing a long whip in their faces. It was not long before the energies of The Boys and their team were turned to utilitarian purposes, as hauling apples, potatoes, melons, trunks, etc., and on one occasion a lot of young ladies to a picnic.

The harvesting of the wheat with the catching of young rabbits in the stubble was a source of delight to The Boys and also a joy

to the "hands," who got big wages and were fed pie and coffee in addition to their other rations, while some plantations supplied a draught of which Mr. Bryan would not approve.

But threshing wheat time was probably a still greater pleasure. Every "hand" that could be found and every work animal on the place—even children and colts—were enlisted in the cause. Steam threshers were unknown, the power being furnished by eight to ten horses which walked in a circle around a central platform where stood the driver, and the ambition of The Boys was to stand on that platform and drive those horses, which they were sometimes allowed to do. Their chief function, however, was to help fan the wheat, bag it, and accompany the teams to the station. Uncle Billy with the asthma turned the fan, and his labored breathing rivalled the noise of the machine. The hauling to the station was done by Tom Washington with his four and six ox-team, and in hot weather it was with difficulty the thirsty animals could be kept in the road if any shade or water was in sight, but they would go tearing over every obstacle to reach it. This work occupied several weeks and The Boys remained with the thresher until it was over, sleeping in the straw and fighting mosquitoes at night. Their meals were sent in tin buckets from the house and how they watched the sun and how slowly it moved as dinner time or night approached! After the threshing was over the busy season ended, with company at Glenmore, dances in the neighborhood, and protracted meetings with fried chicken, pie, and other good things. The Boys would ride ten to fifteen miles, dance all night, and get home to breakfast.

Perhaps "watermelon season" was the favorite time of the year. The melon patch was always down on the river, a mile and a half from the house, and the melons had to be pulled between daylight and sunup while still cool, as at that time it was easier to distinguish the ripe ones, which was done by thumping with the thumb and middle finger; the sound produced gave the desired information, a hollow sound indicating a green melon. Old Rover was the boss thumper and puller while the younger boys, under many an admonition "not to tread on the vines," toted the melons to the edge of the patch, where they were loaded into the cart and drawn by Bob and Bill to the house. The Boys were at liberty to eat all the melons that rolled off the cart and bursted open, to prevent waste. Forty or fifty was considered a fair pulling. The ice house received those intended for immediate consumption, while the remainder was stored away in the back parlor until there was room for more in the ice house. There was one melon, of the Joe Johnston variety, that served thirty people with some to spare. The rule pursued by The Boys in eating watermelon was to continue eating until there was an uncomfortable feeling—and then some.

The autumn "hog killing," to which the neighborhood negroes were invited for their aid, was another festive occasion. This necessitated assembling at the hog pens soon after midnight and an enormous fire in the open, with stones interspersed among the logs and used for heating water in a large barrel in which the slaughtered animals were scalded, in order to loosen the hair. Then came the cooking of breakfast, consisting of fresh liver and ashcake roasted on the hot coals. The boy that has not attended an old fashioned "hog killing" is to be pitied.

The Boys had historic predilections and, when very young, revelled in calling themselves by the name of distinguished men, whose life story had been told by the best of Mothers—the one strutting around as George Washington, another as Napoleon Bonaparte, and a third as Alexander the Great. On the occasion of the visit of a distinguished stranger to Glenmore, who asked five year old Mason his name, the visitor was astounded upon being informed that he was addressing the Duke of Wellington.

The Pater was strong on early rising and setting The Boys to work by the light of the stars and moon if there was any, requiring each boy during vacation to hoe three rows of vegetables daily before breakfast; this being done, the rest of the day was theirs. The work had to be performed before breakfast, though, to meet with The Pater's approval, otherwise it did not count for much. During the school months the reading of Latin, Caesar, Horace, Virgil, etc., was substituted for gardening, and it was difficult to say which The Boys enjoyed most. As the different boys grew proficient they were discarded and the next in age taken in hand. The Pater's instruction was so strenuously imparted and so dolorously received that, as Little Egbert's time drew near, The Mater passed a law exempting him from service; this he escaped, but he has never been the linguist the others were.

The Boys were strict attendants at Sunday School and Church, where The Pater was Superintendent of the Sunday School and Teacher of the Bible Class and always assembled The Boys Sunday afternoons after dinner to review the next Sunday's lesson, to their great delight, of course. Some went to church on horseback and, meeting other boys on the road similarly equipped, there was sure to be a horse race, which, however, for some reason or other, was never discussed in the presence of The Pater.

Trapping in the fall was a great delight and the prospect of frosty nights was anxiously looked for, as then only would Brer Rabbit and Old Brer Possum enter the traps. The rule was to visit the traps as early as possible. In those days boots and shoes were scarce and not usually worn by the young fry till nearly Christmas;

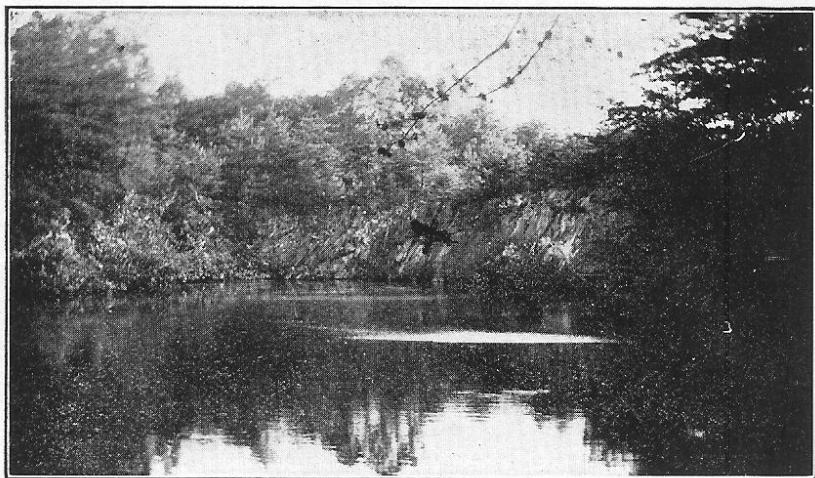
but this did not deter bare feet from scampering short distances through frost and light snow to the traps and, if one was found "down" with a hare or possum inside the cold was forgotten; nor did "colds" result from such exposures. Brer Rabbit was taken out and dispatched immediately, but Brer Possum, who knew how to use his teeth, was treated with more respect, trap and all being toted home and the contents dumped into a barrel, where the victim was kept and fattened for the table. The only objection to Brer Possum was the prevalent superstition that he was a grave robber; but this was probably a slander most likely put out by mischievous Brer Rabbit. Little Egbert was the boss trapper, but he hated to catch a possum on account of having to tote the trap home to get the possum out—on the principle of catching a Tartar.

Inspired by emulation of the Indians, The Boys built a bark canoe; in lieu of birch, chestnut bark was substituted. The time was the Easter holidays when bark slips easily. The tree was felled and the bark peeled off about twelve feet long, the ends being sewed with wire. The canoe was then dragged on a ladder drawn by "Old Mag," two miles to the mill, where pitch was used to stop the cracks, and launched, The Writer being appointed chief navigator. But the boat capsized and sank, the sailor swam ashore, and that ended the seafaring ambition of The Boys. The canoe was afterwards fished out by Old Rover and used as a feed trough for the work horses.

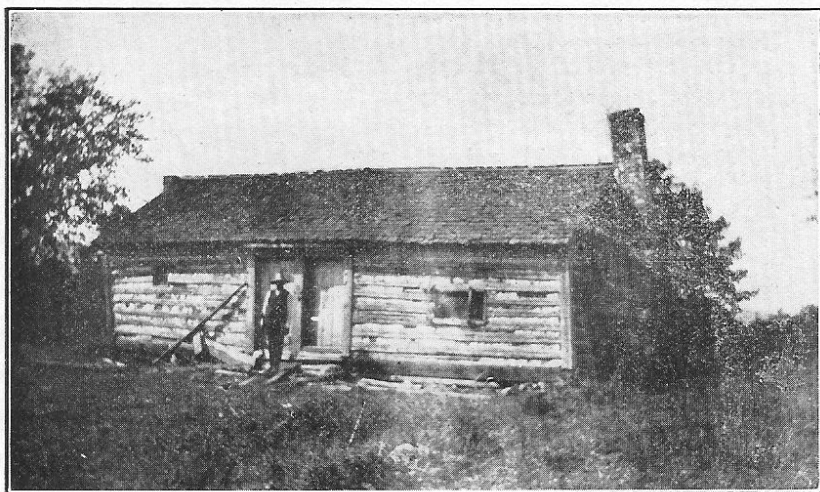
The Boys were mighty hunters and nearly every Saturday, in season, found some of them, gun in hand, roving the fields, woods, and mountains, in pursuit of Mrs. Partridge, Miss Lark, Mr. Robin, Brer Rabbit, or Brer Squirrel. The first hunt participated in by The Writer was at the age of eleven in company with about a dozen other small boys, each with a weapon of some description; there were single and double barrelled shot guns of ancient pattern, old army muskets shortened by sawing off the barrel, and a pistol or two, some loaded with shot and others with slugs of finely chopped lead, with newspaper wadding. The Writer proudly bore his grandfather's single barrelled gun, one hundred years old; longer than the bearer, and nicknamed "Old Residenter," and presented to him by his grandmother. Strange to say there were no casualties among this motley crowd and the game suffered almost as little. As The Boys grew larger they sometimes followed the hounds, provided they could circumvent The Pater, who did not favor his horses going fox hunting.

Opie's first gun was a light single barrelled shot gun, which he bought from Old Rover and in lieu of cash, paid for in trade by taking the latter's horse to stable a certain number of times. This method of exchange was common in the transaction of business among The Boys.

Big boys do not like to have small fry tagging after them, while small boys are never happier than when in the company of boys



"SLATE QUARRY,"
Swimming Pool and Diving Rock +



"TOTHER HOUSE."

larger and older than themselves. The Writer and Opie, the biggest of the younger set, were particularly congenial and intolerant of the company of smaller boys; and so, to get rid of Mason when he attempted to follow, or to punish him on the way to school for some misdemeanor, they would strike a fast run on a hot day, knowing that, being afraid to stay behind, Mason would try to keep up, but that in so doing his nose would soon bleed compelling him to stop at the first stream to bathe it; thus punishment and riddance were assured. Boys are half savages you know.

Every country boy is bound to have a place to swim in and, if nature does not provide one, beaver fashion, he goes to work and builds a dam of poles, mud, and rock, across the nearest stream, be it ever so small, forming thereby a pond. Such was the natatorium in which the Glenmore boys learned to swim. But the truth is that after emerging they needed a bath worse than before, on account of the mud stirred up. Often the Rivanna river attracted them. On one occasion a small boy was rescued from drowning by the other boys forming a line across the stream below and feeling for him with their feet as he was rolled along the sandy bottom by the current. He was unconscious when drawn out and had stopped breathing, but soon recovered under crude methods of resuscitation, which consisted of vigorous rubbing all over till the skin was nearly loosened. He yelled for an hour afterward and complained that he had had "too much water to drink." The Writer was himself once nearly drowned by swimming across the river with this same boy on his back.

Later, the favorite swimming hole was a large abandoned slate quarry, which had filled with clear water thirty feet deep; here the boys of the neighborhood would meet on summer afternoons and enjoy aquatic sports; though the legend that little Tommy Holly had, years before, been drowned in its depths, caused a feeling of awe and respect for the place.

The Plantation being strung out several miles along the river, it was frequently necessary to send to Old Rover, then general manager, the midday meal in a tin bucket. This duty devolved upon The Boys, who generally went, two together, riding double upon "Bacchus," a spirited little bay, who had been in the war with Colonel John and would put up with no nonsense; and when on the road the riders came to blows, as they generally did, over the question as to which should ride in front, Bacchus would run away spilling the dinner along the road, to the disgust of hungry Rover. This same Bacchus could open almost any gate and spent many a night in the cornfield and garden regaling himself with the best. He would never allow any one with a bridle in his hand to catch him, spurning the allurements of an apple or ear of corn until the bridle was put out of sight; after being caught though The Boys would ride him without bridle or saddle. The

Writer once rode him home from the cornfield a mile or more with his suspenders tied around his lower jaw for a bridle; but he never liked to have a fight staged on his back.

With what longing was the first pair of boots anticipated. They had red tops and brass tips and were paid for in pennies and nickels, the combined hoarding of all The Boys. The first night Opie was found in bed with his boots on and it was with difficulty he could be separated from them till morning. "Old George" was a relic of the Confederate army who came into the family as a carriage horse, and when he departed this life his skin was tanned and turned over to Uncle Mose, who converted it into a pair of boots for The Writer. Now Uncle Mose's artistic temperament believed in variety, for he made the two boots of different shapes and sizes and they were about as well mated as two boys with a difference of six years in their ages. They did good service, however, but when horse leather gets wet and then dries it is as hard as tin and those boots then required two strong men to draw them on.

One summer evening about dark, there arose a great commotion in a chicken coop. All immediately rushed to the scene, one with a lamp and The Writer with a double barrelled shot gun. The lamp revealed two enormous black snakes, one holding a hen around the neck in its coils. A shot from the gun killed one snake and the other was wounded as it disappeared in the darkness. The dogs trailed it to the woods and "treed" it in a pile of brush where it was killed with a hoe. Those snakes, when stretched out on the ground, were the same length as The Writer, who laid down beside them for measurement, nearly six feet. As a severe drought was then prevailing, the snakes were carefully hung up in a tree to make it rain. This method of bringing rain was often resorted to by The Boys, who learned it from the negroes, and it was found fully as efficacious as any recommended by scientists.

On a wild turkey hunt with Opie, The Writer was fortunate enough to shoot, with Old Residenter loaded with slugs, one of a pair of wild gobblers that fed on a wheat field near the woods, while the other turkey escaped; but a conspiracy was laid against him too, and early the next morning The Boys, well armed, repaired to a suitable place in the woods carrying a tame young gobbler which was tied to a bush, in the hope that he would "yelp" and thus attract the wild one. Hiding behind a hastily constructed "blind" they waited until nearly frozen for that gobbler to say something; but, like a country boy on a visit to his girl, he hardly said a word, and in disgust they returned home. There some one suggested that a lady turkey be tried as a decoy, on the ground that ladies have more to say than the other sex. This was done and that lady turkey surely kept up the reputation of the sex for talking. She "yelped" and made the woods resound with

the most alluring calls, and right in the midst of it all one of the hunters, rendered careless by waiting, made a slight movement or snapped a twig; immediately the wild turkey, which had been stealing up unperceived in response to the "call," arose and sailed off out of harm's way. The Boys nearly had a fight over the question, Who made the noise that scared off the turkey?

During a squirrel hunt by Mason and Little Egbert, a squirrel was seen to run into a hole in a small chestnut tree, about fifteen feet above the ground, and left his tale protruding. Little Egbert climbed the tree, grabbed the tale, and vainly tried to extract the squirrel, which held by its claws on the inside of the hollow in the tree. Little Egbert then slid down the tree a few feet and Mason with his rifle shot through the trunk of the tree, killing the squirrel, which was then triumphantly brought down by Little Egbert.

The Pater, himself quite handy with carpenter's tools, kept a good assortment and, in consequence, The Boys all became pretty fair carpenters and did much of the rough carpentering on the place, as making hare traps, chicken coops, fences, shingling roofs, etc., and were fair workers in leather, doing repair work on harness, saddles, bridles, etc. Mason even essayed to make a pair of shoes, which rivalled Uncle Mose's horse leather boots in elegance of pattern.

An effectual method employed by The Boys of getting rid of stray dogs, was to attach, by means of a long string, an old tin bucket to the tail and then turn the dog loose. It was wonderful what an amount of energy and speed could be thus developed in a quiet peaceable looking canine, who always departed instantly as if he had urgent business at home. This stunt was learned from the older boys and had to be pulled off privately, as it did not find favor with The Mater and The Pater, though the dog suffered nothing except fright; but he surely did run.

The age old antipathy between small boy and cat raged fiercely at Glenmore and no cat could live there with any degree of happiness or comfort without the best credentials, the advent of a stray feline being hailed with belligerent joy by both boy and dog who were always leagued together for pussy's persecution.

For pocket money The Boys resorted to various expedients as raising chickens, potatoes, and melons, picking and drying shumach, collecting scrap iron, etc., which were sold chiefly at the country stores. The Writer was once the owner of a little runt pig, a present from Old Rover, which could be put into a quart cup and, then drink the same cup full of milk—the pig, I mean, not Rover. If you doubt it, I will refer you to Old Rover, as he it was who fitted the pig to the cup. That pig, when butchered, weighed 240 pounds and the owner realized a tidy sum,

When Uncle Billy, the miller with the asthma, became too feeble for his job, The Boys often took his place during vacation, especially

Mason, on account of his fine mechanical ability, who used to vary the monotony of milling by shooting water snakes, rats, doves, etc., and became so expert with the rifle that old one legged Confederate Jim Bellamy, a patron of the mill and admirer of good shooting, mourned his departure for college with the remark, "It is a great pity such a good rifle shot should be spoiled by wasting time on college foolishness." The Pet of the mill was a large black snake which had undisturbed possession of the building, being highly esteemed as an exterminator of rats and mice, and his death at the jaws of a visiting cur, as the snake emerged from the door with a rat in his mouth, was greatly bemourned.

Country boys when they begin "to take notice," as it is called, and go out, find great difficulty in talking, especially to girls. One fellow electrified his girl with the question, "Can you pick ducks?" Sitting and twirling the thumbs and clearing the throat soon cease to interest the average girl to any great extent, so The Boys hit upon the seemingly happy and practical expedient of preparing a written list of interesting topics, to be carried up the sleeve for quick reference in emergency—a state of preparedness, as it were. Now, any one would think this project as bound to succeed; but it never did. Those topics never seemed to fit in any where and conversation lagged as before the invention.

The Pater, a great reader (especially of History), fluent speaker, and fine conversationalist, strove to cultivate these attainments in The Boys and, to this end, he made a rule that each member of the family should, every morning at breakfast, say something bright and witty or tell an interesting anecdote, in order to liven up things at table. This also would seem an eminently practical and effective proposition, but it likewise never worked. Instead of being bright and cheery, those meals were the saddest and most doleful of the day, and the boys seemed to lose all appetite for breakfast. Working vegetables by moonlight and reading Latin before breakfast were hilarious compared to them, and the agony became so acute that the rule was repealed for fear The Boys would go into a decline. The principle is alright though and deserves further trial, as it ought to work.

One task appointed The Boys was to read one page daily of Rollins's Ancient istory, and when the bottom of the page was reached the book was always closed regardless of punctuation.

Before Closing the writer would like to emphasize the point that the country is the place to rear children, especially boys. The qualities of initiative, self reliance, and resourcefulness, can no where be as well developed and cultivated as in rural life, where the child is more often thrown upon his own resources, which serves to develop that independence of thought and action so necessary to success in life.

I thank you for your patience.

LOCUST GROVE, AN OLD MAGRUDER HOME, AND SOME WHO LIVED THERE.

By

The Rambler

(Extract from the Sunday Star, June 3, 1917)

Three miles north of Bethesda, on the old Georgetown-Rockville road, is the hamlet of Beane.

Leading west from Beane is a narrow road that is not much traveled. It leads from the old Georgetown-Rockville road to that which runs from Seven Locks to Rockville, and the narrow way enters the latter road at the old mill on Cabin John creek, which is now called Williams' mill. For generations before it became Orndorff's mill it was Magruder's mill.

Two minutes' walk along the narrow road west from Beane one reaches the top of a ridge and looks out upon a wide green landscape to the west, north and south. About two miles from the place of beginning the road mounts to high and gently undulating country and far off to the right one catches a glimpse of a red house more than half concealed by trees taller. Soon you will come to a pair of gate posts and by the side of one of these grows a solitary cedar tree. A straight lane leads from the road to the red house and its village of red barns that may be seen from this point.

The lane is about a third of a mile long and bordered on both sides with middle-aged apple trees. Outside the lane on both sides are extensive fields of prosperous wheat until one comes rather near the house, when the scene changes from green and waving wheat fields to fresh-plowed corn land. The lane ends at the fence inclosing the house lot. Within is an acre of tall grass above which tower ten or twelve old locust trees. Two monster black walnut trees and some younger trees are growing with the locusts, but it is the locust trees which give name to this famous home. It is Locust Grove and one of the old homes of the Washington region. The main part of the house is brick on heavy stone foundation walls and with three broad outside chimneys. The kitchen is a one-and-a-half-story frame structure and stone foundation and with an outside chimney hat is stone to a point considerably above the wide fireplace and then of brick. Close by the kitchen chimney rises a weather-beaten pole surmounted by a bell, which has stood there time out of mind and has called generations of field hands to their meals.

In the National Intelligencer in 1838 was published this notice:

By virtue of a decree of the Montgomery county court, the subscriber will sell at public auction on Monday, the 28th day of February, at the late residence of Lloyd Magruder, deceased, all real

estate consisting of a tract of land called Magruder's Discovery and part of a tract called Resurvey on part of Hensley and Addition to Hensley, containing three hundred acres, more or less.

These lands lie in a body and form one of the most desirable farms in the neighborhood, being about eight miles from the District of Columbia.

"The improvements are a commodious brick dwelling house two stories high, kitchen, barn, stable, corn house, etc.

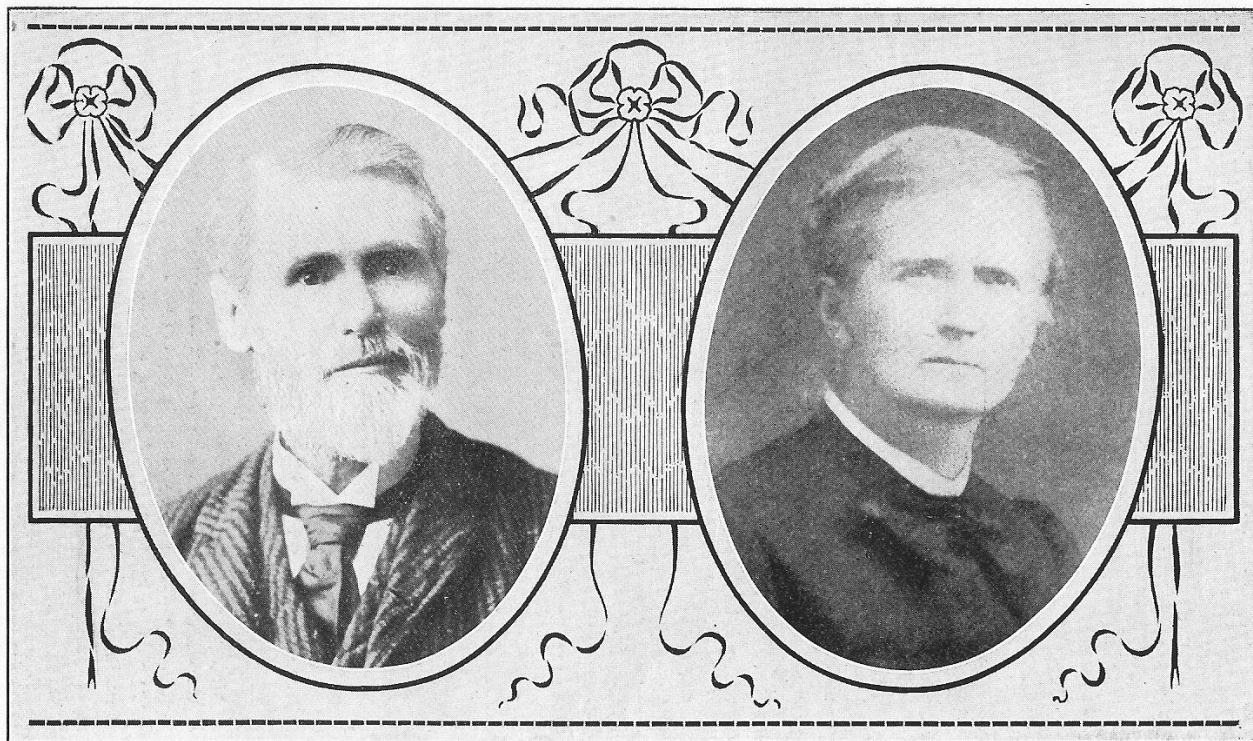
"There is also on the property a gist and saw mill upon a fine and constant stream. Also a tract of land called Hobson's Choice. John G. England, Trustee."

The property was bought in at that sale by John A. Carter, who was the husband of Lloyd Magruder's daughter, Mary C. H. Magruder. In 1853, the property, including the "gist and saw mill," was sold to William Orndorff, whose name is spelled in some of the old records "Orndorf." The Rambler has seen bills long antedating the year 1800 for grinding and sawing at this mill. The mill stands on that tract which was called Hobson's Choice.

The history of this property, so far as the Rambler has heard, goes back to 1749, when it was the home of Alexander Magruder, who had evidently inherited it from his father, Samuel Magruder, who died in 1711 and who very probably had it from his father, the first Alexander Magruder, the emigrant who came to Maryland following the defeat of Charles II and his Scottish army by the troops of Cromwell at the battle of Worcester, in 1651. That Alexander Magruder was one of Charles' soldiers.

From Alexander Magruder the second the property descended to his son, Samuel Wade Magruder, and then to the latter's son, Lloyd Magruder, who died in 1836. Alexander the second, whom it might be convenient here to call Alexander of Locust Grove, married Anne Wade, a daughter of Robert Wade and Elizabeth Sprigg, both of whom were members of old landholding Maryland families. Their children were Nathaniel, Samuel Wade, Hezekiah, Sarah, Anne, Elizabeth and Eleanor. The latter became the wife of Alexander Wallace. The will of Alexander Magruder of Locust Grove was made May 19, 1749, and probated June 16, 1751, the witnesses being Alexander Beall, Samuel Magruder 3d and Zachariah Magruder, the last two being the testator's nephews.

In that will Alexander described himself as of Frederick county, that part of Frederick county having been included in Montgomery county on the creation of Montgomery in 1776. He bequeathed to his eldest son, Nathaniel, 300 acres in Montgomery county, called Grubby Thicket; to his son, Samuel Wade Magruder, "the land taken up in partnership with Samuel Magruder 3d, and two lots in Marlboro, which I got from my father, Samuel;" to his son Hezekiah, 100 acres



JOHN RIDEOUT MACGREGOR,
Born, 1829; Died, 1900.

MRS. MARY ELIZA MACGREGOR MACGREGOR,
Born 1831; Died, 1916.

“next to Zachariah Magruder’s tract, which is next to the tract I now live on;” to his daughter Elizabeth, “100 acres of land that was taken up with Samuel Magruder, 3d, where Thomas Edmonston settled, and at her death then to her son Maximilian.” He left a bequest in cash to his daughter Sarah, who was the wife of John Claggett. He disposed of slaves named Merear, Eve, Nero, Jenny, Jane, Harry, Kate, Harry Cain and Charles.

Alexander Magruder of Locust Grove was among those who voted for locating the chapel at Rock Creek, August 13, 1728. He was chosen warden April 7, 1729, and elected to the vestry March 3, 1729. In some of the old memoranda now under the Rambler’s eye is this: “He was chosen counter from the mouth of Captain John Run up (to count tobacco hills) June 30, 1730.” On October 4, 1748, he was recommended for inspector of tobacco at Ben Gordon’s warehouse, at the mouth of Rock Creek, and qualified for that office April 16, 1750. The vestry of Rock Creek was notified of his death May 12, 1751. John Claggett succeeded him as inspector of tobacco at Ben Gordon’s warehouse.

The son of Alexander Magruder, Samuel Wade Magruder, to whom descended the tract on which stand the old red brick house and the ancient mill on Cabin John run, married Lucy Beall and Elizabeth Brooke. The will of Samuel Wade Magruder was dated March 31, 1792, and probated August 18 in the same year. His children were Levin, who married Betsy Lynn and died in 1801; Charles, born in 1761 and died in 1801; Eleanor, a resident of Georgetown in 1796; Sarah, born January 15, 1763, and became the wife of William Wilson; George Beall Magruder, born in 1770 and married, first, Elizabeth Turner of Georgetown and, second, her sister, Ann Turner; Patrick, born in 1768 and died in 1810. and married, first, Sallie Turner and, second, Martha Goodwin of Virginia; Lucy Magruder, who married William Warman Berry; Lloyd Magruder, born July 7, 1781, and died March 9, 1836, and who married, first, his cousin, Eliza Magruder, February 1, 1803, and, second, Ann Holmes in 1807; Warren Magruder, who married Harriet Holmes, and Thomas Contee Magruder, who was an officer in the navy and married his cousin, Mary Ann Magruder April 22, 1812.

Patrick Magruder, son of Samuel Wade Magruder, was a representative from Maryland in the Second Congress and was clerk of the House of Representatives and Librarian of Congress from 1807 to 1815. He was an active and conspicuous man in his day, and the Rambler could tell many anecdotes of him if space permitted.

Samuel Wade Magruder, in his will, left a tract called Piney Level, bought from Herbert Wallace, to his sons Levin and Charles; to his sons George Beall and Patrick he left a “lot on Cherry street,

Georgetown, and the house where I formerly dwelt,” and other land “bought from Col. John Murdock about two and a half miles above said town.” He left to these sons the lot in Marlboro which figured in the wills of several other Magruders.

Samuel Wade Magruder was a man of mark in his generation. In the writings of William Wirt, who was born at Bladensburg, was Attorney General in President Jackson’s cabinet, and a candidate for the presidency, one may read some references to Mr. Magruder. Wirt writes, in part:

“Samuel Wade Magruder, showed marks of Highland extraction. He was large, robust and somewhat corpulent with a round florid face, short, curling, sandy hair and blue gray eyes. He was strong of limb, fiery of temperament, hospitable, warm-hearted and rough. At times he was kind and playful with the boys, but woe betide the unfortunate boy or man who became the object of his displeasure. He took an early part in Indian warfare.”

Samuel Wade Magruder was a lieutenant in Capt. Alexander Beall’s company in 1755, was chairman of the revolutionary committee of safety for the lower district of Frederick county in 1776, captain and later major of the 29th Battalion of Maryland Militia in the revolution, and a justice of the first court of Montgomery county, which was convened in the house of Leonard Davis at Rockville.

Samuel Wade Magruder figured in many land transactions. There is one deed recorded December 30, 1761, in which Christopher Lowndes of Bladensburg, Prince George’s county, merchant, sells for 2,000 pounds of tobacco a tract in Frederick, now Montgomery, county, called “White’s Good Luck or Burgess White’s Good Luck, lying “on Captain John run, about a mile below Rattlesnake den.”

The mill and old brick house called Locust Grove descended from Samuel Wade Magruder to his son, Lloyd Magruder. Lloyd was born at Locust Grove in 1781. He married first his cousin, Elizabeth Magruder, who was born December 2, 1781, and died in 1803, soon after her marriage. She left one child, Elizabeth Lloyd Magruder, who was born December 21, 1802, Lloyd’s second wife was Anne Holmes, a daughter of John Holmes and Mary Turner. They had a numerous family. The first child was Mary C. H. Magruder, who was born July 18, 1808, died December 1, 1894, and married on May 11, 1830, John A. Carter. The second child was Lucy Beall Magruder, born June 22, 1810, and died January 24, 1881. The third was Eugenia Beall Magruder, born May 15, 1812, died June 23, 1816. The fourth was Charles Brooke Magruder, born November 25, 1813, married Isabel Ann Pelham in October, 1843, and died at Santa Fe, New Mexico, in the 70s. The fifth child was Anne Holmes Magruder, born September 23, 1815, died August 18, 1880, and married September 25, 1855,

Judge Thomas Johnson, who was at one time chief justice of the supreme court of Arkansas. She died at Little Rock. The sixth child was Olivia Dunbar Magruder, born March 22, 1817, died June 20, 1880, and married October 11, 1842, Philip Stone. The seventh child was Thomas Contee Magruder, born October 22, 1819, died April 28, 1883, and who, on February 5, 1844, married Elizabeth Olivia Morgan of St. Mary's county, who was born in 1820, and died April 17, 1902.

The eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh children were Arthur Magruder, who was born in 1823 and died in 1849; Lloyd Magruder, jr., who was born July 7, 1825, and married Caroline Pelham; John Holmes Magruder, born September 28, 1827, and died Decemer 16, 1853, in California, and William Ogden Chapel Magruder, who was born October 2, 1829, and died October 31, 1854. The twelfth and last child was Rebecca Johnson Magruder, born January 4, 1832, married Robert Grant Davidson and died October 26, 1879.

In the garden at the rear, or what might be called the north front of the old brick house, among the venerable locust trees, there was the family burying ground of the Magruders of Locust Grove. The tombs were standing and the holy plot well cared for when the property passed out of possession of the family. Under one of the numerous owners and tenants the tombstones were removed and cast away and the burial plot plowed over. No vestige of the old tombstones can be found and only those persons who were acquainted with Locust Grove many years ago can tell where the graveyard was. After passing through many hands this historic property was purchased by Robert D. Weaver of Georgetown.

It is a beutiful country and should you walk along the road from Beane to Bell's mill, or Magruder's mill, and come to the lone cedar by the big gateposts with a lane lined with apple trees leading far back to an old red house among locust trees, you should not fail to stroll down that lane and look at this historic home, a home that is of great interest to the thousands of Magruders and their collateral relations living in the District of Columbia, Maryland and Virginia.

GENERAL LEONARD COVINGTON.

By Nellie Covington Wailes Brandon.

In accordance with our Chieftain's urgency in the matter of gathering all possible items of interest to our Clan, I beg leave to submit a sketch of Brig.-General Leonard Covington, of Prince George's County, Maryland, who having laid down his life on a well fought battlefield, proved himself a worthy descendant of our unconquerable clan and deserves to be mentioned in the annals of their deeds on this side of the Atlantic.

The Covingtons are said to have been Huguenots, and even to the present day with all the commingling of other bloods through marriage, there is so much of the French stamp of countenance as to bespeak the truth of this tradition. The early records show them to have landed in Virginia from England, and they came into Maryland by way of Somerset County, and thence to Prince George's where in 1722, Levin Covington and his wife Margery Hollyday built their home on Aquasco Plantation on the Patuxent River near Nottingham, which was part of a patent to Thomas Paget by Lord Baltimore, in 1698, and according to the title deeds, was bounded in part "by the ancient lines of Quarsico Manor." Here the Covingtons lived for four generations and here the subject of this sketch was born Oct. 30th, 1768, his mother and his grandmother both being Magruders. The father, Levin Covington, died young leaving them to the care of their mother, who succeeded in giving them a good education in the neighboring schools.

Leonard Covington held as the most vivid recollection of his childhood of the burning and pillaging of the estate of a relative at Hallowing Point by the British during the Revolution. His youth spent in such scenes as marked the stormy birth of our nation, it was little wonder that he adopted a military career along with his maturity and the death of his young wife rendering distasteful to him, for a time at least, the quiet pursuit of agriculture, he sought distraction in the far off frontier Indian troubles. General Arthur St. Clair's attempt to establish a military post at what was afterwards Fort Wayne, Indiana, having met with fearful slaughter and defeat by the Miami and Wabash tribes, General Wayne was appointed to succeed him, and Leonard Covington seeking a share in this dangerous border warfare, obtained from Washington a commission as cornet of Light Dragoons in March, 1792, and the year afterwards was promoted to a lieutenancy. Many delays occurred in the raising and equipping of the troops, so it was the summer of 1794 before they reached the scene of St. Clair's disaster. Lieutenant Covington now at the head of 90 riflemen and 50 dragoons was active in all the



GENERAL LEONARD COVINGTON,
Born, 1768; Died, 1813.

engagements which followed and distinguished himself in the battles of Fort Recovery and Miami. The campaign closed with victory for our troops and the Indians were forced to sue for peace.

This pacification of the Indians and the conclusion of the long pending negotiations with Great Britain by which Fort Miami and other military posts erected in our territory were evacuated, insured peace and repose for that section for years to come, and the army, no longer needed for offensive warfare, was reduced.

Leonard Covington resigned his commission on Sept. 12th, 1795, and retired with the rank of captain, to which he had been promoted by a commission from Washington dated July, 1795. He returned to his agricultural pursuits and in 1796 married his cousin Rebecca Mackall of Hallowing Point, Maryland. In 1802 he was elected to a seat in the Senate of his native state, which he declined, but in 1805 was chosen to represent his state in the 9th Congress and served until 1807, when he was, on Nov. 17th transferred by unanimous election to the Senate of the state.

All public matters were now beginning to show the impress of that encroaching shadow of trouble with the mother country, and our relations with Spain were anything but satisfactory. The adjustment of the boundary lines of Louisiana and the acquisition of Florida threatened to go beyond peaceful measures of settlement. On the question of war like preparations, Leonard Covington was opposed to a standing army, his military experience having satisfied him that the volunteer militia were more reliable than the raw recruits of the regular army. The prospects of a rupture with England becoming more imminent, an increase of the army was determined on, and embraced a reorganization of the regiment of Light Dragoons, and on January 9th, 1809, the appointment of Lt.-Col. of the regiment was, without solicitation or expectation tendered to Leonard Covington. He had left the army as senior officer of the Cavalry force of the United States, and when that department of the army was reorganized, it was but natural for the Government to look to the surviving officers of that corps and tender this honor to one who in the spring of his manhood had so distinguished himself.

He was now to decide between the life of a private gentleman of means, in a home endeared by family tradition and surrounded by a society unsurpassed for refinement and culture, for the hardships and exposure of a soldier's life, possibly in a far border state where society was the crudest, with transportation slow, tortuous and dangerous, and no mall facilities; to submit to entire separation from wife and children, or subject them to the vicissitudes and deprivations of barracks life. Well, his country needed him and the sacrifice was made, and his order named the cantonment at Washington, Miss., then the territorial capitol, as his post of duty.

As in the previous century there had been an influx of Virginians to Maryland, where they had added brilliancy to their councils and luster to society, built up private fortunes and public enterprises and assisted in establishing Maryland on a plane unsurpassed by any of her sister states, so now, true to the spirit of progress and drawn by the fair promises of the rich lands of the great southwest, numbers of Marylanders had preceeded him to this section. In Adams, Jefferson and Claiborne Counties, Miss., the Chews, Frisbys, Bealls, Freelands, Archers, Waileses, Magraders and others brought their old manners and customs and endeavored to reproduce Maryland in Mississippi, and left a tie that even to the fourth generation gives Maryland the second place in the affections of their descendants.

Col. Covington then sold his plantation of Gallilee in the Forest, divided his negroes, leaving half on the Aquasci Plantation under the management of an agent, and with the other half proceeded, partly by land, and partly by flat boats on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to his new home, where his only brother Alexander Covington was already established. He arrived in January, 1810 bought a place, which from the nearness to the military cantoonment was called "Propinquity", and located his family near friends and relatives.

The strained relations between the adjoining Spanish possession of West Florida had now reached a breaking point—many of the inhabitants being English and Americans, rebelled and desired to establish an independant state, and had taken possession of Baton Rouge and appealed to the United States for assistance, but this country claimed that its title to this province was only held in obeyance pending negotiations with Spain, and since matters had come to open rupture between the people, the Governor proposed to establish that title without further delay. Col Covington, with a force, was sent against Baton Rouge on Dec. 10th 1910, and the fortress was surrendered to him without any hostile encounter. In March, 1811, he was ordered to Fort Stoddard on the Alabama River, the Spanish still having possession at Mobile. He made the trip by land through an unsettled wilderness, cutting his way through forests and building "corduroy" foundations through the swamps. The little town of Covington north of Lake Pontchartraine, about 90 miles from New Orleans, bears his name, and the old military road now echoes to the auto horn. He arrived and assumed command at Fort Stoddard and was informed that an additional compan of dismounted dragoons, and a company of riflemen were sent from the cantonment at Washington, and that the force of Col. Constant were subject to his orders "to meet the wants on the extensive frontier confided to his immediate and particular command." All expectation

of active service, however, soon subsided and he settled down to a monotonous inactivity very irksome to his disposition. He writes,—“All hopes of gathering laurels for the present have vanished.” In July there was a gleam of war. Commodore Bainbridge lying off Mobile with ten gun boats and a transport of ammunition and supplies for Fort Stoddard was informed by the Commandant that he would be fired upon if he attempted to pass. This threat was ignored and the transport conveyed by one gun boat passed and arrived safely at the Fort. Covington writes:—“The affair terminated in an invitation to our officers to dine with the Dons, and thus the war ended.” In April 1812 General Wilkinson was ordered to assume the command of the troops in Orleans and Mississippi territory. He arrived in New Orleans the 9th of July and was met by a dispatch from the Secretary of War, announcing the declaration of war with Great Britain. A council of war was held in New Orleans Aug. 4th and it was determined to embody the troops of the line at Pass Christian and hold them in readiness for prompt and active service. Col. Covington was charged with the command of this now important post, and on the 26th of Sept. he writes:—“My duties leave me but little liesure, but are not of a kind to be irksome. All of our forces from Mississippi are concentrating at this point and an anxious eye is east toward Mobile and Pensacola.” His duties also called him to Fort St. Philip below the English turn on the Mississippi River, where operations for strengthening the fortifications were progressing. At last on the 14th of March 1813, General Wilkinson was ordered to take possession of the country west of the Perdido and particularly the town and fortress of Mobile. A detachment of his forces under his immediate command, supported by the naval forces under Commodore Shaw, made a rapid, and to the Spaniards unexpected descent at Fort Charlotte at Mobile, which was surrendered by the Commandant Coyeltano Perez. Returning to New Orleans, General Wilkinson found orders to join the army operating on the borders of Canada. Thus Col. Covington, taking leave of his family on the 13th of May 1813, entered upon a long and fatiguing journey horse back to Washington and then to the Great Lakes. Here he found himself confronted by the most unpromising aspect. The troops transferred from the mild gulf states to this bitter climate at the beginning of winter were desimated by disease. The army inadequate, equipment insufficient, and in many cases the officers raw and inexperienced. The war had not lasted three months when General Van Ransaleer, with solicitation for his own reputation and the honor of his country had occasion to use this emphatic language in a letter to Gen. Dearborn:—“One army has surrendered in disgrace and another has little more than escaped; the national character is degraded and the disgrace will remain

carroding the public spirit until another campaign, unless it be wiped out by the brilliant close of this.” How galling was such reflection to those officers who had before seen service and gained renown; with what desperation were they prepared, if the opportunity was offered them, to wipe off this stigma so humiliating to honor, pride and ambition, and by none was it more keenly felt than the subject of this sketch. It was this rankling feeling of reflected disgrace that forced Van Ransaleer, the comrade of Covington in Wayne’s campaign, into the unequal, desperate but successful conflict at Queenstown, where he made himself the target to be riddled by the enemies’ balls—that led Covington and Swartout to expose themselves recklessly as volunteers with inadequate commands under an incompetent general, and prompted many others to acts of personal gallantry and daring which too often led to death without distinction or glory.

Shortly after his arrival at Sacket’s Harbor, Col. Covington received a commission of Brig. General, dated August 1913. He assumed his command and began preparations for the campaign, and what followed is written into the history of the country, minus the impotent condemnation of the soldiers of the old line of long service and experience, who saw the mismanagement and mistakes without the power to remedy them. General Dearborn was now, on account of advanced years and infirm health superceded by General Wilkinson, from whose former services and experience much was expected, but ill himself and hampered by innumerable drawbacks consequent upon this ill advised and unprepared for expedition, whose purpose was to take Montreal, the army was embarked in open boats where they suffered terribly from a raging tempest and the continual harassment of the enemy who filled the gorges along the shores. Finally after many skirmishes they came into battle at Christler’s field, and in General Wilkinson’s account he states that some error had been made; that his regiment formed the advance and he had no idea of encountering the enemy until within half a musket shot; a body of regulars arose from a ravine. In the early part of the action there was perfect concert between General Covington’s regiment and his own, but no concert with the first brigade. The battle he considered a drawn one, and he attributes it in part to the fall of General Covington at a moment when he was gallantly leading his column to carry the enemy’s artillery. By his fall a partial confusion was produced in his brigade, and another cause was the failure of the first brigade to follow Covington’s, and the artillery not being brought into action till late. Thompson in his historical sketch of the war of 1812, states in his description of this battle that “General Covington had advanced upon the enemy’s right, where his artillery

was planted and at the moment when Ripley's regiment assailed the enemy's left, this brigade forced the left by a vigorous onset and the result was now looked upon with certainty. The gallant conduct of General Covington attracted the attention of some sharp shooters stationed in Christler's house, and one of them shot him from his horse. The ball entered at the bottom of his vest and proved fatal, he dying two days later.

The account of Headley, concerning him and his Brigade is to the same effect:—He says—"General Covington falling further on the left flank where the artillery was posted, forced it to recoil, but at the critical moment, while bravely leading his men he was shot through the body. His fall disconcerted the brigade, and a shower of grape shot at this moment scourged it severely. The conflict was close and murderous and nearly one-fifth of the men were killed or wounded." An extract from the report of the Commander in Chief states:—"It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to give a detailed account of this affair, which certainly reflects high honor on the valor of the American soldiers, as no example can be produced of undisciplined men with inexperienced officers, braving a fire of two hours and a half without quitting the field or yielding to the antagonist." And concludes by saying:—"It is due to his rank, his worth and his services that I should make particular mention of Brigadier General Covington, who received a mortal wound through his body while animating his men and leading them to the charge. He fell where he fought, at the head of his men, and survived but two days. He died lamented by the whole army from the commanding General to the private soldier, as well for his private virtues as for his valor as an officer."

Headquarters French Mills, Nov. 15th, 1813.

General Order:

The remains of the patriotic and gallant Brigadier General Covington are to be interred tomorrow, with all the honors his rank and services entitle him to; the procession to begin at 12 o'clock; the officer of the day to form and direct the procession and interment agreeable to the plan which will be submitted to him by the Adjutant General.

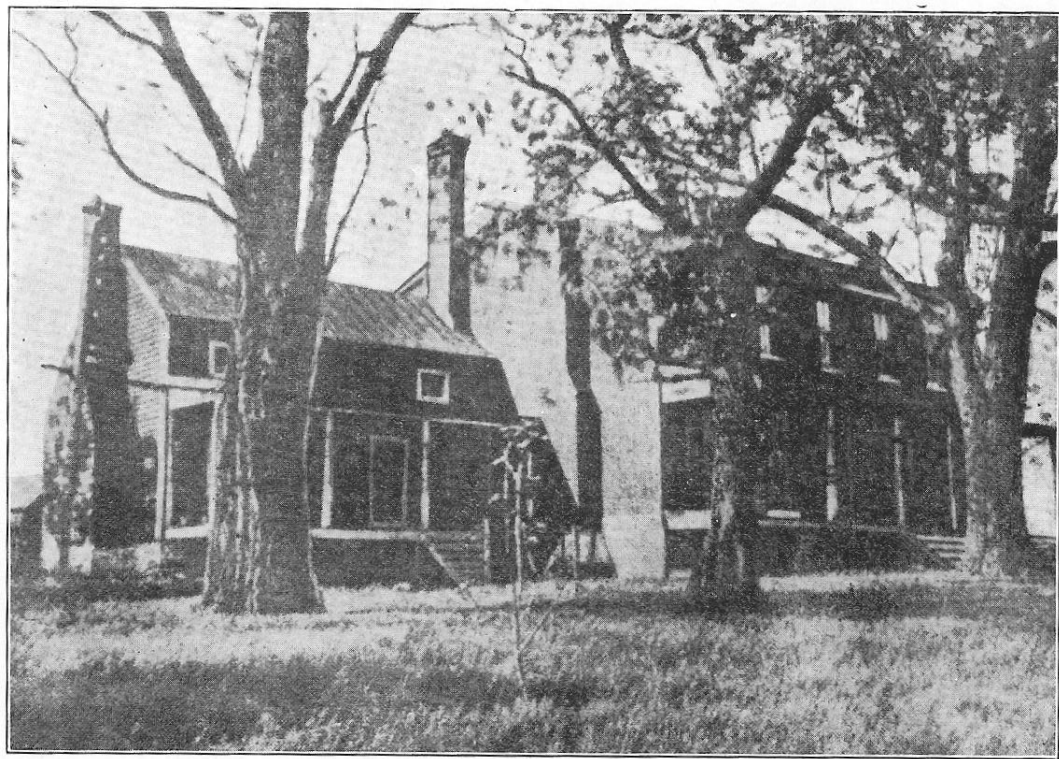
James Wilkinson, Maj. Genl.

The gallantry displayed by General Covington, and the heroic sacrifice of his life in the service of his country, together with his early and not forgotten services in the Indian Campaigns with General Wayne, made his name honorable in the estimation of his countrymen who vied in the determination to perpetuate it in the cities, towns and counties in many states by which it is borne.

Thus, at the early age of 45 years another was added to the list of Maryland's illustrious dead, and another shining example set up before her coming generations. In public and private he had lived for the higher ideals, and this simple tribute from a life long friend tells best the story of his life:—"His heart was equally consecrated to friendship and the rigid obligations of eternal justice."

He left a wife and six children to mourn his loss. Of his three sons not one left a son, so that the name is now extinct. In 1915 the last member of the family born a Covington died, and though there are, many grand children and great granchildren, they are all the descendants of his eldest daughter, and all bear other names.

Leonard Covington, son of Levin Covington and Susannah Magruder—grandson of Leonard Covington and Priscilla Magruder—also, grandson of Alexander Magruder III and Elizabeth Howard—great grandson of Alexander Magruder 2nd and Susannah—great, great grandson of Alexander Magruder the Emmigrant.



LOCUST GROVE,
Home of Alexander Magruder, son of Samuel Magruder.

MARY ELIZA MACGREGOR.

By John Smith M. Ewell, Age 90 Years.

Mary Eliza MacGregor-MacGregor—was the second child of Nathaniel Mortimer MacGregar, of Prince George's County, Maryland, and Susan Euphemia Mitchell, of Edinburg, Scotland. Susan Mitchells's father was one of five brothers, who were all Doctors of Medicine, at a period of time when a diploma from that source, pronouncing that fact was the highest distinction that could be won by aspirants for the honor of the knowledge of the art of healing, the world over. Miss Mitchell's father dying, when her age was back of her teens, she came with her brother, John Woods, to the care of her cousin, Dr. John Kirsley Mitchell, in America, and lived with him in the city of Philadelphia, where he was classed among the most skillful and trustworthy members of his profession, as a man and as a citizen. But he soon won fame by his literary abilities. His writings, redolent of love and war, the chief cornerstone and topmost pinnacle of all the fiction which has cheered and charmed the people of all the ages, were never sleepy, but, as a canny Scot, chary of ink and sentiment, kept high moral principle and sound economy of thought and action as his scenario. Thus instructing and elevating the youthful mind, while entertaining it. Dr. Weir Mitchell, the world renowned specialist in obscure diseases, was the son of John Kirsley Mitchell.

Miss Susan, growing tired of city life, then made her home with her uncle, Dr. Spencer Mitchell, who lived in Long Old Fields, Prince George's County, Maryland, where she soon grew into a beautiful and most attractive womanhood, and in due time became the bride of a man every way worthy of being her true partner in a varied and strenuous life.

“There's a bliss, beyond all that the minstrel hath told
When two hearts are linked in one heavenly tie;
With brows never changing, and heart snever cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die.

One hour of a union so sacred, is worth—
Whole ages of heartless, and wandering bliss;
And Oh, if there be an Elysian on Earth,
It is this—It is this.”

Altho nearly related, I did not see Mary Eliza MacGregor until she was well advanced in her third year. She was born near

Bladensburg, in Prince George's County, Md., Oct. 23, 1831, and surely was a sunny, winsome lassie, with a head full of golden curls, which kept their lustrous hue until sickled over by the pale caste of Old Time, "whose touch turns all to dust, the dust we all have trod." Her leading traits of character were apparent in her earliest days. Dauntless courage, untiring energy, fealty to her own people—the injunction of Polonius to his son, Laertes, might have been her own principle of personal action.

"The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Buckle them to thy soul with hooks of steel,
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment of each new
 hatched, unfledged comrade.
 This above all: to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou can'st not then be false to any man."

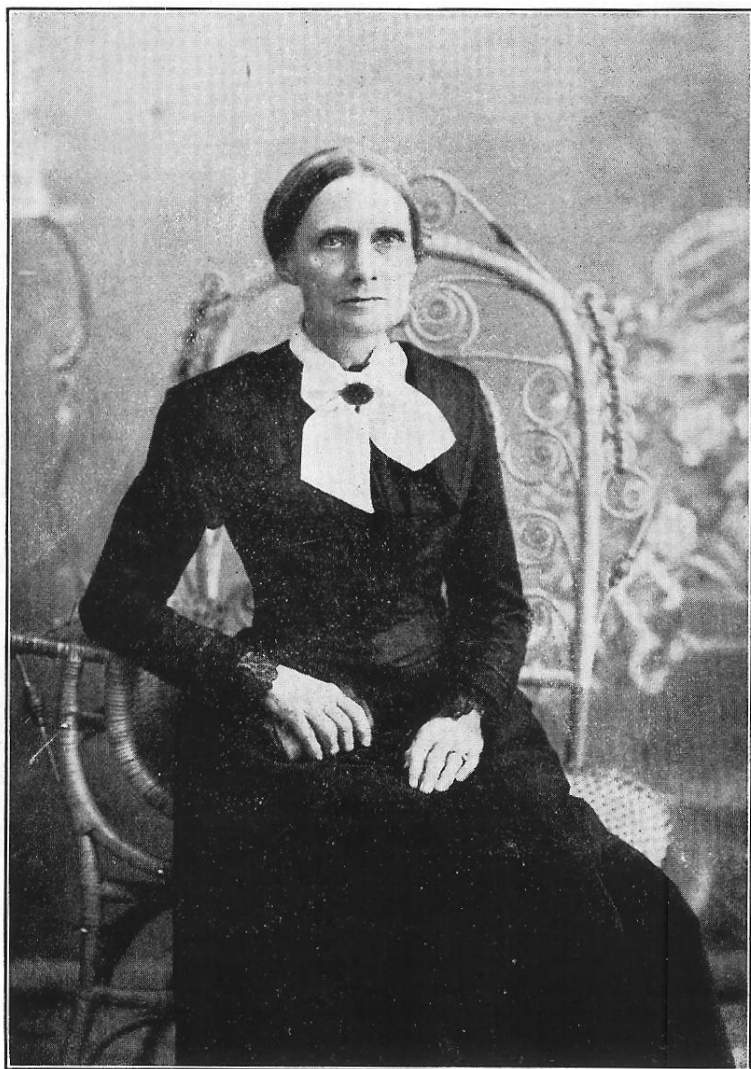
True to her own high conception of duty and justice, of loving kindness and tender mercy, the charity that hopeth all things, endureth all things.

On June 13, 1854, in Wesley Chapel, Washington, D. C., she married John Ridout MacGregor, a cousin, an attachment existing from early days. He was also a lifelong friend of the writer. A man of remarkable ability, superior intellect and charm of manner, but the heritage of enfeebled physical constitution, and the hardships endured during the Civil War, so wrecked his health as to permanently incapacitate him as a business man.

The weight of the burden of caring for a growing family fell mainly upon her, and manly; and well, did she perform the task. Reduced by the exigencies of a predatory war, from comparative affluence to the hard times universal in the South.

But the "Stings and arrows of outrageous fortune," seemed to be poured upon her, for her beautiful and promising children, died early of the prevalent malarial fever, its character and curse then unknown to physicians. Such tragedies seemed to pursue her almost to her life's end. But for all that, she kept her home peaceful and unencumbered and it is today a home for her children and grandchildren, which like an altar, should be consecrated to her memory by her descendants, and held as holy ground.

The years that have passed, since I last beheld her, I do not remember, they have fallen into the gulf beyond. But this I do know full well, though verging on to fourscore years, I soon found that the snowy crown of the octogenarian was still a fit covering for the brave true heart of the dauntless girl I had known and loved so long. The



MISS ELEANOR MILDRED BEALE EWELL,
Born, 1832; Died, 1916.

very same old laugh would ring out at the humorous song or story, and you could see the moisture in the bright blue eye, at the recital of the sad or pathetic.

“Time could not wither or custom stale her infinite variety.”

She with all my other early friends have passed on to the Land o’ the Leal. I long for their company. There could be no heaven for me without them, for my soul is linked to theirs with adamantine chains, that the passage of the Eons of Eternity cannot corrode, or wear out.

“And if there be some land of rest,
For those who love, and ne’er forget,
Oh ! comfort ye, for safe, and blest,
We’ll meet in that fair region yet.”

Write her life “Nulli Secundas.”

Mary Eliza (MacGregor) MacGregor died Dec. 3, 1916, and was buried in the family graveyard at Concord, Stafford Co., Virginia.

ELEANOR MILDRED BEALE EWELL.

By Miss Alice Maude Ewell.

There is no one who more deserves biographical mention in the American Clan Gregor Society than the subject of this sketch, for she was not only a member of the Society, but one of its originators. It owes its beginning to her influence.

At a time when few Virginians and Marylanders of MacGregor descent, even those who bore the name, had either time or interest sufficient for this subject, her unfailing zeal, her patient researches, were sowing the seed which has blossomed and grown into this pleasant fruit.

Miss Ewell was my aunt and almost life-long companion. I knew her better than anyone now living. She was one of the most timid, gentle, and peaceably disposed of women, but her long life covered the time of three great American wars. In her early youth our first War of Expansion, that with Mexico, added vast territories to the Country. Her maturity saw and felt the great struggle between the States; and later the Spanish War reeled out its spectacular effects. Her death came in 1916, when the United States Government was being slowly, but surely drawn into the present world-wide strife. Like many other peaceable folk, my Aunt was very fond of reading about War. It is a sort of vicarious service. She lost in the Mexican

War a much admired cousin, Lieutenant Thomas Ewell, killed at Cerro Gordo. One of her treasured possessions in after years was a poem written in honor of his memory and of the same battle. He was one of the many Ewells who took part in such conflicts. The first whom we know of fought in 1346 at Cressy. My Aunt lost a brother, Albert Ewell, at Williamsburg in 1862—a great grief to her. Of the war between the States she not only read, but wrote, as I shall later touch upon. Her fondness for strife at second hand found a congenial subject in MacGregor history. Everything she could find in connection with that stormy theme was read and re-read. The charm of contrast must have been what drew this gentle spinster to Rob Roy.

The first printed article that I knew of anent the Maryland Magraders or MacGregors was written by Miss Ewell, by request. The family had been slightly mentioned by a would-be historical writer of Prince George's County. My Aunt's sketch, correcting some errors and giving the facts, came out in the Marlborough Gazette, and excited much interest, especially among MacGregor descendants. It led to correspondence and research which finally culminated in the organization of the Clan Gregor Society, of which she became at once a member. I wish it understood that I make this claim for her without meaning to detract from the claim of others. Those who join a movement late often eclipse its founders; but the subject of this sketch none the less is entitled to especial credit.

My Aunt wrote at times for the New York Churchman, and later, some Confederate "War Time Memories." These an enthusiastic friend pronounced "As good as Mary Johnston." They showed how much even the most retiring person can see and hear at such a time. The uttermost waves of two great battles, the First and Second Manassas, beat against her home at "Dunblane," fifteen miles away. There were brought friends and relatives sick or wounded, and as a penalty for sheltering these same the house was afterwards searched repeatedly by the enemy. On one of these occasions my Aunt stood for some time with a loaded pistol cocked in her face. She said long afterwards that she knew how the Belgians felt, and yet she died a loyal citizen of the United States. Long life enables us to see things not in part but wholly. This was still to her the Government founded by Washington, and the times called for loyalty.

Miss Ewell was born at Dunblane, the Virginia home of her parents, Dr. Jesse and Elen MacGregor Ewell. In the year 1911 the old house at this place was burned to the ground; a great shock and trial to my Aunt, but she bore it with dignity and fortitude. A new house was built which she enjoyed for nearly four years. She passed away in April, 1916, after a short illness, at her old home, Dunblane. Her only brother, John Smith Ewell, who still survives,



IVAN MARSHALL GREEN, JR.
(When 4 years old), Born, 1910; Died, 1917.

pronounced her at this time the most sinless person whom he had ever seen. It was high praise and seemingly true. She was certainly one of the best of women, a deeply religious person, and a devoted member of the Episcopal Church; a good daughter, sister and aunt, and very true to her friends. Her kindness to children and servants sometimes became over-indulgence—a failure leaning to virtue's side. She was a Daughter of the Confederacy, and a most loyal member of the Clan Gregor Society.

In these days of feminine unrest it is pleasant to dwell on such a character.

Miss Ewell was the grand-daughter of John Smith Magruder and through him traced back to Alexander Magruder, the Immigrant.

IVAN MARSHALL GREEN, JR.

By Rev. P. P. Phillips, D. D.

Son of the first Chaplain and the first baby of "The Clan."

Ivan Marshall Green, jr., was born May 26, 1910. He was baptized by his father in St. Paul's Church, Alexandria, Virginia, July 10, 1910. He died March 7, 1917. The only child of his parents, after his father's death in 1911, the mother gave him more than usual affection and care. The hope of many interests were with this little boy. Some children from infancy seem to live more than others nearer the border line of the land of promise, too near to stay long with those who love them. They seem to belong to that country that knows no pain, no trouble, no sorrow. This was the impression of those who knew little Ivan Marshall. For a child, he showed rare spiritual intuition, reverence, and childlike faith and fearlessness; so much so that it occasioned remark. Was this earnestness and spirituality an inheritance from a sainted father, or was it a directly divine gift? Considerate, unselfish, thoughtful of others, especially those near him, yet a happy normal child, he lived his short life here faithful to his duty, obedient, responsive to affection shown him, and when the call to the higher, more perfect, and endless life came, as he lay upon his bed, he folded his little hands, and as the words of his childlike prayer fell from his lips, the angels took him.

Genealogy.—Ivan Marshall Green, son of Rev. Ivan Marshall and Kate Evelyn (Makely) Green, grand son of John Marshall and Martha Isabella (MacGregor) Green, great-grand son of John Ridourt MacGregor and Mary Eliza MacGregor, great-great-grand son of Alaric M. MacGregor and Martha Potts Key; great-great-great-grand son of John Smith Magruder and Eleanor Hall; great-great-great-

great-grand son of Nathaniel Magruder of Dumblane and Margaret Magruder;
great-great-great-great-great-grand son of John Magruder and Susan Smith;
great-great-great-great-great-great-grand son of Samuel Magruder and Sarah
Beall; great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grand son of Alexander
Magruder, the emigrant.

DOROTHY EDMONSTONE ZIMMERMAN ALLEN.

By Dorothy Allen Conard.

Dorothy Edmondstone Zimmerman Allen was born 17th March, 1846 at Alexandria, Virginia, and died 26th April 1917 at Sandy Spring, Maryland. She was the eighth child of Reuben Zimmerman and Mary Waters Zimmerman.

Her early years were spent in the home of her Grandfather, Benjamin Waters, a lumber merchant of Alexandria, Virginia. He was a slave owner, and for those days adjudged a man of substance. She attended Mr James Hallowell's school in Alexandria and later was sent for a brief period to a boarding school opened at Washington by Professor Charles Loomis. Her school days, however, came to an abrupt close with the opening of the Civil War.

She married on 1st of June 1871, Pay Inspector Robert Wright Allen, U. S. N. He was a native of Northampton, Mass., and a collateral descendant of Ethan Allen.

The years immediately succeeding were largely spent in travel in the usual effort of a Navy wife to "follow the ship." She spent about two years in the East, both in Japan and China, and while there wrote letters to the New York Tribune descriptive of her trips through that then little-known, country. Later she went to Europe, passing through France, Switzerland and Portugal and contributing letters on her experiences in visiting their towns of interest.

Pay Inspector Allen, while a native of Massachusetts, spent his early years in Hartford, Connecticut; and it was through him that Mrs. Allen became intimately acquainted with the famous literary coterie of Hartford and counted among her friends Mark Twain, Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

After the death of her husband, she devoted her time to the study of Geneology, and gave a number of years to indefatigable research through forgotten records in almost forgotten court-houses. Her efforts crystalized in the publication of a book in 1908 entitled, "Zimmerman, Waters and Allied Families." This book is marked for its accuracy, charity and completeness.

Her native intelligence together with her opportunities for travel and culture made her a woman of broad interests and many re-



MRS. DORA EDMONSTON ZIMMERMAN ALLEN,
Born, 1846; Died 1917.

sources. She kept abreast of current events and political questions of the day; and equal franchise for women had, all her life, her warm championship.

She was one of the founders of the Washington Club and of the Colonial Dames in Washington. She was also a member, and at one time, Regent of the Army and Navy Chapter of the D. A. R.

Mrs. Allen was buried in the National Cemetery at Arlington. She is survived by two daughters, Miss Roberta Z. Allen, and Mrs. Dorothy Allen Conard who is the wife of Pay Inspector Charles Conard, U. S. N. Her third daughter, Mary Allen Koerper was the wife of Major Koerper, Surgeon U. S. A., and died in the spring of 1915.

Genealogy—Dorothy Edmonstone Zimmerman Allen was the daughter of Reuben Zimmerman and Mary Waters, granddaughter of Benjamin Waters and Dorothy Edmonstone, great-granddaughter of Thomas Edmonstone and Mary Beall, great-great granddaughter of Alexander Beall and Sarah (name unknown), great-great-great granddaughter of William Beall and Elizabeth Magruder, great-great-great-great granddaughter of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall, great-great-great-great-great granddaughter of Alexander Magruder the immigrant.

MRS. MARGARET GORTON SCARFF.

(Extract from "The Daily Index Republican," Bellefontaine, O.,
March 1, 1916).

Mrs. Margaret Gorton Scarff, the daughter of Jno. M. and Margaret J. Riddle, was born in Bellefontaine, Ohio, December 9, 1870. She attended the Bellefontaine schools and received her early education here. On November 1, 1885, she united with the First Presbyterian Church and from then on took an active part in the church work. Mrs. Scarff finished her education in Oxford College for Women. She was possessed of much ability in a literary way and often was called to cities in Ohio to give addresses at missionary conventions. In these engagements she availed herself of the opportunity to spread the joyful tidings of Christianity. In 1894 Mrs. Scarff was honored with election to the office of president of the Christian Endeavor Society of the Presbyterian Church. She was a worker in this society for years. As a member of the Women's Missionary Society of the local church she also took great interest. Her activities in the local church and its societies were always marked by earnestness and great sincerity.

Mrs. Scarff was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Synodical Missionary Board of the Presbytery of Ohio and this office she

conducted in a thoroughly efficient manner. She was also a member of the missionary board of the Marion Presbytery, which includes Bellefontaine.

Mrs. Scarff was well informed as to the operations in foreign and home mission fields and this attainment rendered her presence extremely desirable at the missionary conventions. She was also for years a teacher in the Presbyterian Sunday School.

The ancestors of Mrs. Scarff were identified with the war of the Revolution. Consequently she was prominently associated with the Bellefontaine branch of the Daughters of the American Revolution and at one time served as Regent of the order. Mrs. Scarff was a member of the Alpha Circle of King's Daughters and she was ever ready to assist in the good work accomplished by this organization in extending assistance to the sick and needy of the city.

From early youth Mrs. Scarff was interested in things of a literary nature. She was a member of the Art Club and often contributed interesting and valuable papers at the meetings.

The marriage of Margaret Gorton Riddle to Edwin C. Scarff occurred in Bellefontaine in 1897. Although she was active in church, missionary and social work, the home was the chief interest to Mrs. Scarff. A happier home did not exist in Bellefontaine. The love which marked the beginning of the courtship dominated in the years that followed and today the heart of the husband and father and of the children are torn with grief. Two sons are left, John and James, both of whom are known for their culture and intellectuality and who are entering the state of young manhood well equipped to fight the battles of life as a result of careful training of the mother and also of the father.

REPORT.

**Regarding Casualties and Honours received by those of the name of
MacGregor (including Gregorsons and Gregors) serving
in H. M. Navy and Army and**

LIST OF HONORS.

Gained by them, from Aug. 31, 1916, to Aug. 31, 1917.

**By John MacGregor, Honorary Treasurer, C. G. I., 3 Coats Crescent,
Edinburg, Scotland, Sep. 27, 1917.**

In my last Report I brought down the Lists of Casualties and Honours to the end of the month of August, 1916, and I now continue these for the twelve months from the beginning of September, 1916, to end of August, 1917.

I am perfectly assured the lists are by no means complete, for owing to the insufficiency of paper, no newspaper contains full lists. At the beginning of August, 1917, the War Office commenced to issue weekly lists of casualties, and in future it will be more easy to get complete lists of the MacGregor casualties.

It may be as well to point out that what I purport to give is only the totals of those I have noted, and one man's name may be repeated in different lists. For example he may be counted as missing, and afterwards as dead, or a prisoner, or he may be mentioned on two different occasions as wounded.

My lists are as follows:

IN THE ARMY.

Killed, died of wounds, or died, or missing and reported killed	123
Wounded.....	235
Missing	33
Prisoners	4
	<hr/>
	395

IN THE NAVY.

Missing	3
Injured.....	1
	<hr/>
Or in both Services.....	399

or more than One per diem.

The Honours gained are (From Aug. 31, 1916, to Aug. 31, 1917):

IN THE ARMY.

Order of St. Michael & St. George—in recognition of valuable services in connection with the War:

Temp. Lt. Col. J. MacGregor, Royal Engineers, 1.

Sir Malcolm MacGregor of MacGregor, Captain Royal Navy, 1.

The **Military Cross** was gained by eight MacGregors:

Temp. Capt. George Balfour MacGregor, M. B., R. A. M. C. He tended and dressed the wounded under very heavy fire with great courage and determination. He has on many previous occasions done very fine work.

Temp. Lt. R. P. MacGregor, Royal Irish Rifles. He led a raid with great courage and determination, himself killing two of the enemy and wounding three of them. Later he blew up a machine-gun emplacement and repelled a counter attack.

Sec. Lt. David H. MacGregor, Royal Engineers. He laid a cable over a canal in France. The bridges were destroyed by the Germans, and Lieut. MacGregor crawled over the remains of one of them, which was partly under water, and succeeded in laying the cable. His party was shelled heavily all the time.

Sec. Lieut. (Temp. Capt.) G. A. A. McGregor, Royal Scots. For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. After his Company had gained their objective, he found a large portion of the captured trench still held by the enemy. His able and vigorous handling of his men at a critical moment drove the enemy back and enabled the neighboring unit to carry on the pressure until all the enemy surrendered.

Lt. William Alan McGregor, Canadian Infantry. He led his platoon with great skill through heavy artillery barrage. When seriously wounded he refused to be attended to until the men of his platoon had been seen first.

Sec. Lt. D. E. F. MacGregor, Seaforth Highlanders. For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty. When wounded severely in the head he led his company, and himself bombed a number of dugouts, which were fully occupied by the enemy.

Lieut. Harold Philip MacGregor, Canadian Infantry. During a raid on the enemy's trenches he handled his men with marked ability, and inflicted many casualties on the enemy. He was the last to leave the enemy's line, and brought back most valuable information.

Capt. Roderick Ian Clarence MacGregor, Australian Infantry. He led a patrol against an enemy strong point and obtained valuable information. Later, he skilfully withdrew his men under heavy fire and returned with a prisoner.

Capt. R. F. D. MacGregor, M. B., I. M. S., in connection with military operations in the field in Mesopotamia.

In All.....8

MILITARY.

Military Medal for bravery in the field	9
Distinguished Conduct Medal.....	1
Septially mentioned for distinguished services	1
Names brought before the Secretary of State for War for valuable services	1
Mentioned in Despatches for valuable services rendered in connection with the war	12
(of which—one was in Egypt and three in Salonica).	

IN THE NAVY.

There were mentioned in Despatches (including our Chief, Sir Malcolm MacGregor of MacGregor, Bart.)	3
	<hr/> 37

The above is a record of which any Clan might be proud. Our chief is still absent on Naval duties. He was the third man to land in France in 1914 and has had charge of the transportation of all the men and materials which have been despatched from this Country to one of the principal seaports in France.

SUMMARY LIST.

Of members of Clan Gregor of the British Army and Navy killed, wounded, missing, and died of wounds and disease, and Prisoners, from beginning of war, Aug. 4, 1914, to Aug. 31, 1917:

Killed	247
Wounded.....	527
Missing	73
Prisoners	14
	<hr/>
Total losses in Arm and Navy	859
Non-combatants murdered on Lusitania	2
	<hr/>
Total losses of Clan Gregor.....	861
Of the above losses the Navy sustained	10
Total medals, honors, and distinctions, won in the war to date.....	45

MARRIAGE OF THE CLAN MEMBERS.

- Bowie, George Calvert and Miss Susan Beall Sheriff, November 4, 1914,
Washington, D. C.
- Bowie, John Francis MacGregor and Miss Mary Sherier, March 3, 1915,
Washington, D. C.
- Ewell, Miss Mary Ish and Mallie Massie Hundley, December 24, 1913.
- Higgins, Miss Laura Magruder and William Randolph Talbott, July 1, 1918,
Rockville, Md.
- Magruder, Robert Harper and Miss Elizabeth Pattison Robinson, July 17, 1918,
Albion, Miss.
- Magruder, Egbert Watson and Miss Frances Byrd Alvey, November 8, 1916,
Richmond, Va.
- Magruder, Miss Margaret and William Anderson Fisher, May 17, 1916,
Washington, D. C.
- Wynn, Miss Mae Samuella Magruder and Ike Barton McFarland, April 13,
1914, Huntsville, Texas.

The Editor is very desirous of printing the Year Book a notice of all marriages among the members since the organization of the Clan, and he would appreciate it if the members who have taken unto them a partner would notify him of the fact with date and place.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENROLLED MEMBERS.

Members enrolled since publication of the Year Book of 1916, together with members whose addresses have been changed:

- (c) Indicates charter members.
 - (m) Indicates minor members.
 - (a) Indicates associate members.
- Figures in front of names indicate enrollment members.
Maiden names of married members are in parentheses.

- 469a Barrett, Mrs. Eugene H. (Maude Smith), 502 Boulder Avenue, Tulis, Okla.
- 474 Bethel, Major Edwin A., U. S. Military Academy, West Point, N.Y.
- 196 Beall, Miss Ruth, 924 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.
- 420 Beatty, Mrs. Edith Worley, 229 E. North Ave., Baltimore, Md.
- 476 Bethel, Lieut. John Magruder, Vienna, Va.
- 466 Fuller, Mrs. Robert Waight (Elizabeth Smoot), 1810 Riggs Place N. W., Washington, D. C.
- 487 Garth, Miss Frances Walker, "The Pines," Profitt, Albemarle County, Va.
- 246 Haldeman, Mrs. Elizabeth Robards (Offutt), 517 Ormsby Avenue, Louisville, Ky.
- 479 Higgins, Capt. Walter Muncaster, 1340 Park Place N. W., Washington, D. C.
- 480 Higgins, Lieut. Jesse Alexander, Box 88, Rockville, Md.
- 457 Hunter, Mrs. Robert F. (Julia Bradley Singleton), 104 Harlem Avenue, Baltimore, Md.
- 112 Lewis, Mrs. Matilda Frances (Beall), 924 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.
- 467 Magruder, Alexander Covington, 1331 Nevada Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colo.
- 468a Magruder, Mrs. Alexander Covington (Winifred Carlton), 1331 Nevada Avenue, Colorado Springs, Colo.
- 473 Magruder, Sargeant Richard C., Foley, Missouri.
- 35 Magruder, Dr. James William, Potomac Headquarters, Red Cross, 930 165th Street N. W., Washington, D. C.
- 382 Magruder, Lilburn Duerson, Box 906, Miami, Florida.
- 399 Magruder, Miss Mary Emma, Box 405, Wowata, Okla.
- 450c Magruder, William Pinkney, Woodside, Silver Spring, Md.
- 475 Magruder, Corporal Donald D., 73 Townsend Avenue, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y.
- 483 Magruder, Julian, Choctaw, Okla.

- 484 Magruder, William Augustine, R. F. D. No. 3, Oklahoma City, Okla.
485 Magruder, Robert, Jr., 58 Bayview Avenue, Rose Bank, Staten Island,
N. Y.
486 Magruder, Miss Margery Lockhart, 1359 Fairmount Street N. W.,
Washington, D. C.
455a Muncaster, Mrs. Otho Magruder (Mary Rittenhouse Nourse), 919 20th
Street N. W., Washington, D. C.
477 Martin, Randolph Magruder, 212 Alamosa Avenue, San Antonio,
Texas.
478 Martin, James Woodward, 212 Alamosa Avenue, San Antonio, Texas.
64m Pope, Milton Smith, 1723 11th Avenue, Birmingham, Ala.
63 Pope, Mrs. Olive Magruder (Smith), 1723 11th Avenue, Birmingham,
Ala.
62 Smith, Mrs. Sue (Magruder), 1723 11th Avenue, Birmingham, Ala.
470 Strong, Mrs. Blanche Turner, The Cumberland, Apartment 36, Thomas
Circle, Washington, D. C.
471 Strong, Miss Helen Augusta, The Cumberland, Apartment 36, Thomas
Circle, Washington, D. C.
472 Trescott, Corporal Richard Ferman, Winfield, Mo.
481 Waters, Perrie Etchison, Germantown, Md.
482 Wade, Thomas Magruder, St. Joseph, Tensas Parish, La.
42 Woodward, William, 9 East 56th Street, New York.

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