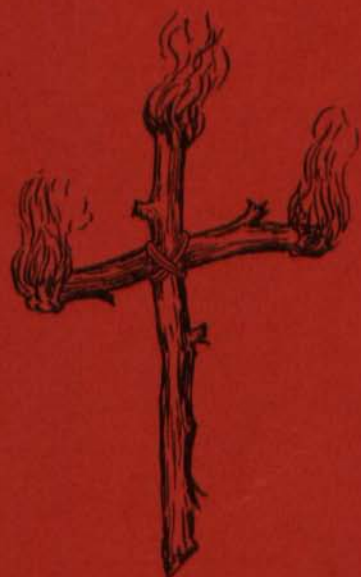


YEAR BOOK
OF
AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR
SOCIETY



CONTAINING THE PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
TWELFTH ANNUAL GATHERING
1921

YEAR BOOK
OF
American Clan Gregor Society

CONTAINING THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE TWELFTH
ANNUAL GATHERING 1921

EGBERT WATSON MAGRUDER
EDITOR

MEMBERS ARE EARNESTLY REQUESTED TO SEND NOTICE OF CHANGE OF
ADDRESS TO THE SCRIBE, MR. J. B. FERNEYHOUGH, FOREST HILL,
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA AND TO MR. JOHN E. MUNCASTER,
ROCKVILLE, MD.

THE MICHIE COMPANY, PRINTERS
CHARLOTTESVILLE VA.

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Editor.

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Dr. William Edward Magruder, Jr.

II. COMMITTEE ON PROGRAM.

Caleb Clarke Magruder, Jr.

III. COMMITTEE ON PINE.

Caleb Clarke Magruder, Jr.

IV. COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

Miss Helen Woods MacGregor Gantt, Chairman; John Francis MacGregor Bowie; Mrs. John Francis MacGregor Bowie; Mrs. Jessie Waring Gantt Myers; William Newman Dorsett; Miss Susie Mitchell Dorsett; Mrs. A. W. W. Sheriff.

V. COMMITTEE ON HOTEL ARRANGEMENTS.

Clement William Sheriff.

VI. COMMITTEE ON DECORATION OF HALL.

Miss Mary Therese Hill, Chairman; Mrs. Julia (Magruder) McDonnell; Mrs. Phillip Sheriff.

VII. COMMITTEE ON REGISTRATION.

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VIII. COMMITTEE ON HONOR ROLL.

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Dr. Ed. May Magruder, Chieftain..... Charlottesville, Va.
Calvert Magruder, Historian..... Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.
Mrs. Roberta Julia (Magruder) Bukey, Registrar..... Vienna, Va.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE GATHERING OF 1921.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10TH.

3 P. M.

Music, "Hail to the Chief," as officers enter the hall preceded by bearers with American Flag and Service Flag.

Society called to order by Chieftain.

Invocation by the Chaplain.

Report of the Scribe.

Report of the Registrar.

"The Star Spangled Banner," Chorus, Miss Helen Woods Gantt, Accompanist.

Report of Historian.

Tribute to Dr. Jesse Ewell, by the Chieftain and by C. C. Magruder, Jr.

Report of the Treasurer.

Report of the Editor.

"Valse Arabesque," Piano Solo by Miss Etta Webb.

Biographical Sketches of the following were read by Mr. Alexander Muncaster: Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth Sheriff, Mr. Donald Fitz-Randolph MacGregor, Dr. Jesse Ewell.

Unfinished Business.

New Business.

8 P. M.

Society called to order by Chieftain.

"MacGregor's Gathering," Vocal Solo, by John Francis MacGregor Bowie.

Annual Address by the Chieftain.

"Where, O Where Has My Highland Laddie Gone," Song by chorus.

Original Poem, "Sunset," by C. C. Magruder, Jr.

Paper, "William Isaac Hill," by Albert Sidney Hill of California, read by William Hill of Maryland.

"A Bunch of Blue Heather," Solo by Miss Jean Campbell; Accompanist, Miss H. W. Gantt.

Paper, "A Boy Soldier of the Civil War" (1861-1865) by Horatio Erskine Magruder, read by R. L. Magruder in the absence of the author.

"Annie Laurie," Piano Solo by Margaret Firor.

Paper, "Magruder Students at Leading Educational Institutions of the United States," by C. C. Magruder, Jr.

"Jessie's Dream," Vocal Solo, by Miss Jean Campbell; Miss H. W. Gantt, Accompanist.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 11TH.

3 P. M.

Society called to order by the Chieftain.
 Paper, "Benjamin Henry Magruder," by Dr. E. M. Magruder.
 Response to the Toast, "The Virginia Bill of Rights," delivered in Richmond, Va., February 2nd, 1860, by B. H. Magruder, read by Dr. J. M. Magruder.
 "O, Charlie Is My Darling," Violin Solo, by Miss Leah Pattison.
 Unfinished Business.
 "Peggie," Piano Solo, by Miss Mildred Koontz.
 Election of Officers.
 New Business.

8 P. M.

Society called to order by the Chieftain and announcements made of appointive officers and committees.
 Paper, "Some Incidents of the Spanish American War and of the World War," by Rear Admiral Thomas Pickett Magruder.
 A Recital in Song, Dance, and Story of the Old Scotch Romance of Bonnie Prince Charlie and Flora MacDonald, by Captain and Mrs. Clarence Crittenden Calhoun.
 "Highland Fling," by Miss Nellie Cowen.
 "Highland Reel," by Leah Pattison, Mildred Koontz, Mildred Soter, Jane Firor; Miss Helen Woods Gantt, Accompanist.
 Duet, by Mr. and Mrs. John Francis MacGregor Bowie.
 Final Adjournment.
 General Reception and inspection of the Claymore used in the Recital which was presented to Charles Edward Stuart in the '45 by The Lord MacDonald of the Isles and Chief McKenzie of the day.

SYNOPSIS OF THE MINUTES OF THE ANNUAL GATHERING OF THE AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY.

NOVEMBER 10TH AND 11TH, 1921.

The Eleventh Annual Gathering of the American Clan Gregor Society met in the Ebbitt Hotel, Washington, D. C., November 10th and 11th, 1921. The Society was called to order by the Chieftain, Dr. E. M. Magruder, at 3 P. M., on November 10th and the proceedings were carried out essentially as given on pages 6 and 7.

On the afternoon of the 10th after the tributes to Dr. Jesse Ewell had been read, the Gathering stood in prayerful silence in memory of Dr. Ewell. On motion of Dr. James Mitchell Magruder, a committee consisting of C. C. Magruder, Jr., Alexander Muncaster and J. M. Magruder was appointed to draw resolutions on the death of Dr. Ewell and forward a copy to his family and to spread one copy on the records of the Society.

Mr. C. C. Magruder, Jr., called attention to the fact that the identity of the wives of Alexander Magruder, the immigrant and Samuel Magruder first was not definitely known, and as it would be of interest to the Society to have the facts concerning these women, he proposed that the member who furnished to the Society definite information about any one wife be elected a Life Member of this Society. On motion of Mr. C. C. Magruder, Jr., this subject was referred to the Council with the suggestion that a committee of five of which the Chieftain shall be Chairman, be appointed to carry out the wishes of the Society in the matter. The Council later reported to the Society on the matter and the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, that the Society confer a Life Membership upon such member or members who shall first establish to the satisfaction of a committee composed of the Chieftain, the Registra, Mr. Alexander Muncaster and two other members of the Society to be appointed by the Chieftain, the full maiden name of a wife or wives of Alexander Magruder, Immigrant, or of the wife of Samuel Magruder the first. The Chieftain appointed C. C. Magruder, Jr. and Dr. James Mitchell Magruder to this Committee.

On motion of Rev. J. M. Magruder, which was carried, Mrs. Eugene R. Barrett, Denver, Colorado and Mrs. Brooks E. Shell, Lancaster, Ohio, were introduced to and greeted by the Society.

After the address of the Chieftain at the evening session, a rising vote of thanks was tendered him for his untiring devotion to the Clan in spite of ill health and heavy professional duties.

Mr. C. C. Magruder stated that as the Society would not be in session at midday tomorrow, "Armistice Day," he would request that each member at that hour would pay a tribute to the unknown dead by remaining silent for one minute.

At the request of the Chieftain, Rear Admiral and Mrs. Thomas Pickett Magruder came to the front and were greeted by the members.

During the afternoon session of the 11th, the officers were elected as given on page 3 and at the night session of the same day the Appointive Council, the Deputy Chieftains and the Committees were appointed by the Chieftain as given on pages 3, 4 and 5.

During the evening session Captain and Mrs. Clarence Crittenden Calhoun gave a most interesting recital of "Bonnie Prince Charlie and Flora MacDonald," which was composed by Mrs. Calhoun. The performance was interspersed with Highland Scotch songs and dances, and was greatly enjoyed by all.

Addressing Captain Calhoun at the close of the recital, Mr. Magruder said,

"Captain Calhoun: We thank you most sincerely for your participation in this most enjoyable entertainment, an innovation in our usual program, but I am sure I voice the thoughts of all here present when I say, we are quite delighted at this departure from the beaten path.

Looking back some three hundred years I vision Glenfruin where your ancestors and my ancestors met in mortal combat.

I vision the cavalcade waving their bloody shirts in protest while passing before King James at Stirling Castle.

I recall all the acts of persecution and prescription of the MacGregors which followed. Yet, happily I recall the laconic message sent his government by a distinguished American naval officer after a deep-sea victory:

'We have met the enemy and they are ours.'

And so I paraphrase that message and say to you, as spokesman of this Society, We have met a representative of our ancient enemy, and we are his.

And now, as a MacGregor, I am more than pleased to extend the hand of good fellowship to you as a Colquhoun and by so doing prove that after all America is the real melting-pot of the universe."

(The speaker and Captain Calhoun here grasped hands, and the latter assured the audience of his pleasure in being present; voiced a hearty reciprocation of the friendly feeling evinced by the speaker, and expressed thanks for his cordial reception by the Society. Applause.)

Continuing, Mr. Magruder said:

"Mrs. Calhoun: All the nice things I have said, or meant to say, to your lesser half, doubly apply to yourself.

It is indeed a great pleasure to have with us, in your person, a de-

scendant of the doughty old Earls of Marr, the premier Earls of Scotland.

We revere this evidence of your descent graciously presented by the Lord Garioch fondly held by Flora MacDonald, and valiantly wielded by 'Bonnie Prince Charlie.'

We thank you heartily for this delightful rendition of your own composition, so deftly and so delicately interwoven with fact and fancy, and we acknowledge a fascination for a period in Scottish history which has never failed to prove a touch-stone of inspiration to poet and historian.

And now, as a further evidence of this Society's appreciation, I hand you these 'American Legion' roses on this, the third anniversary of 'Peace on earth.' May they perfume your homeward way, and when they are faded and gone, may this thought be yours,

'You may break, you may shatter, the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling, 'round it still.'"

(Here Mrs. Calhoun spoke of the pleasure experienced in showing "Bonnie Prince Charlie's" Claymore to a society of Scottish descendants; thanked the Society for the roses and for the sentiment expressed upon their bestowal, and concluded by saying that she would be glad to meet the personnel of a membership which had given her such rapt attention and evidenced such genuine interest in the rendition. Applause.)

The Claymore of Charles Edward Stuart ("Bonnie Prince Charlie"), which now belongs to Mrs. Calhoun, was exhibited. The Claymore is a very handsome one, the blade is of the finest steel, beautifully etched and the handle and scabbord are of silver handsomely engraved.

The following Guard of Honor for the Claymore was appointed by the Chieftain:

Dr. S. B. Muncaster, Mrs. C. H. Marshall, Mr. H. T. Magruder, Miss Helen W. M. Gantt, Mr. W. E. Muncaster, Mrs. J. S. Bukey.
The Society adjourned sine die.

MARRIAGES OF CLAN MEMBERS.

Magruder, Miss Evelina Norris and Captain Irwin Lytle Lummis, July 6th, 1922, on the lawn at "Glenmore," Albemarle County, Va.

Magruder, Herbert Thomas and Miss Dorothy Wemple, April 29th, 1922, at Randalls Memorial Church, Sailors Snug Harbor, Staten Island, New York.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER, GATHERING OF 1921.

There was a time when we could buy a street car ticket for 4 1/6 cents and Ride all over the District of Columbia on that one ticket; cigars were a nickel, and gasoline was some kind of stuff that was used to clean up spots on the winter suit when it was put away for warm weather. In those days nobody had much money but he enjoyed what he had and there were no drives to take it away. Those times seem to be over.

Nowadays when the treasurer sends out a reminder that you seem to owe on the books of the Society a certain little sum, the fellow close to hand is on the job of collecting for some vaunted charity or something of the kind and the slip is laid aside until the effect of that drive is over and then overlooked until another one comes along.

The Treasurer also has been saving time. He uses the telephone to visit his neighbors. He runs a Ford to do his business with, and has spread the same business over three counties where he used to be content with one. He uses improved machinery on the farm and wherever it can be used, and in fact, saves so much time he has not any to use, like every other fellow who puts his money in the savings bank. The consequence is that the second reminder does not get sent and another member is very much surprised to find that he is two years in arrears when the next notice reaches him, and most of them spend a two-cent stamp writing to ask about it instead of sending a check along.

We seem to be about the same in numbers and while the membership number is now above 500 we are still a long way from the five-hundred voting members which will make all members pay one dollar each for dues. Quite a number have moved and left no address, according to the post office people, and others seem to have pen paralysis, but the revenues will soon catch up to expenses, if each one will just come up with his.

The annual statement follows:

RECEIPTS.

From dues of 1914.....	\$ 2.00
From dues of 1915.....	2.00
From dues of 1916.....	7.00
From dues of 1917.....	9.00
From dues of 1918.....	30.00
From dues of 1919.....	79.00
From dues of 1920.....	235.00

AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY

From dues of 1921.....	41.00	
From Sale of year books.....	11.00	
From Interest on Liberty Bond.....	3.00	
From Interest on Bank deposit.....	7.78	
	<hr/>	
Total receipts	427.78	
Balance from last statement.....	286.46	\$714.24

EXPENDITURES.

Programs, Gathering 1920.....	\$ 7.67	
Postage, Chieftain, 1920.....	4.27	
Postage, Treasurer, 1920.....	2.50	
Postage, Editor, 1920.....	32.10	
Postage, Registrar, 1909-20.....	15.00	
Engraving Year Book 1919.....	7.41	
Envelopes Year Book 1919.....	11.00	
Printing Year Book 1919.....	457.50	
Two service medals.....	2.00	
Ribbon badges	5.68	
Engraving Year Book, 1920.....	10.35	
Envelopes Year Book, 1920.....	9.25	
Postage, Treasurer, 1921.....	5.90	
Postage, and Envelopes, Scribe.....	10.26	\$580.79
	<hr/>	
Balance on hand.....		133.45

Outstanding to be met are as follows:

Printing Year Book of 1920.....	\$ 234.50	
Printing Programs 1921.....	7.50	
500 Envelopes, Scribe.....	2.50	244.50
	<hr/>	
Deficit		\$111.05

The usual collection at the Gathering has been more than enough to meet this amount, but it looks like a new treasurer will be an addition to the finances of the Society. Members are no longer afraid of this one and do not mind anything he says. Sort of used to him you see.

ANNUAL ADDRESS

OF

CHIEFTAIN, DR. ED. MAY MAGRUDER.

(Delivered November 10, 1921.)

My Clansmen:

At our last gathering I summed up the work done by the American Clan Gregor Society during the eleven years of its existence and it made a most creditable showing, a showing so creditable that our pride in it should furnish inspiration for continuous effort in its behalf.

The one distressing feature that afflicts us is the loss of so many of our members, through death and resignation, that is constantly going on.

While the work of the "Grim Reaper" cannot be checked we devoutly mingle our sincerest sympathy with the tears of our Clansmen thus bereft.

The principal reasons given by those who resign are (1) the burden of paying the annual dues and, (2) inability, by reason of distance from Washington, to attend the annual gatherings.

Of course, we all appreciate and feel the stringency of the times where money is concerned, but when we take into consideration that, for the sum of from one to two dollars per year we receive the Year Book, which in itself is worth many times that amount, and enjoy the many other advantages (including the unravelling and preservation of genealogical lines, the commingling of kindred, etc.) derived from membership in an organization of this sort, it requires but little computation to show that, in spite of inability to reap the full benefit of membership by also attending the gatherings, it is a good investment not only for ourselves but for future generations. If our people could be brought to look at the matter from this viewpoint resignations would probably be fewer.

It is a matter of deepest regret to those of us who are able to attend the annual gatherings, that we are deprived of the privilege of meeting our kindred, who are kept away by distance, but whose loyalty in support of this, our mutual Society, is most highly appreciated and adds so much to its power and dignity; and we look forward with eager pleasure to the day when a happy combination of circumstances will allow a freer commingling of Clansmen.

Now, with regard to the great work accomplished by this Society, I wish to give you some plain talk—not in the nature of a curtain lecture, such as John Muncaster and Bill Sheriff and Chaplain Jim and I have been in the habit of receiving, and such as Caleb Magruder, Jr.,

and Alec Muncaster will some day receive;—no, this will not be a curtain lecture, but a plain talk dealing with facts:—

When this Society was organized in 1909, twelve years ago, there were not lacking **some** who harbored the belief and prophesied, that it would live only a short time and then pass out of existence from lack of interest and support on the part of its members.

But all prophets are not true prophets, as is proved by the fact that the American Clan Gregor Society is still very much alive, is doing fine work, is now celebrating its twelfth birthday, and every year growing in numbers, dignity, and influence, with no sign of weakness or decay anywhere visible, and is even stronger today in the affection of its members than it has ever been. A movement in a bad cause does not last, but a good cause attracts friends and supporters from every side.

Did you know that there is involved in the life history of this Society a veritable **miracle**? The miracle is that it has lived and grown and accomplished a wonderful work, and all this without dividends or emoluments of any sort for its members, without the slightest remuneration of its officers, without even the alluring prospect of an annual banquet, and hence with no appeal to either pocket or appetite. With an organization of such vitality, it would seem that its continued existence cannot be a matter of doubt.

But because this Society has been a great success, with little effort on the part of its rank and file, it does not necessarily follow that this will continue so. Organizations of this kind, in which there are neither dividends nor salaries, are hard to maintain and there is generally a strong retrograde tendency. Therefore, while this Society is still in a healthy condition and strong, I wish to sound a note of warning that, if we desire to keep it so, there must be more effort on the part of our members at large.

Now, along what lines should our efforts be directed in order to keep this organization in its present state of vigor and efficiency—to prevent retrogression and decay? The answer is simple. **Build up its membership.** Do not wait till retrogression begins, but start about it at once while it is sound and healthy. It is easier to prevent disease than to cure it.

In the profession of medicine there is an old adage, "Prevention is better than cure". Scientists all over the world are studying how to **prevent** disease, and this accounts for their great success in combatting it.

The same theory applies to the management of other things and the **policy** for us to pursue is to institute, without delay, measures of **prevention**; and the best way to do this is to build up the membership of our Society. A larger membership means more money in the

treasury, which in turn means ability to accomplish more and better work and to care for that already done. Money is the oil that lubricates the rusty gears and the power that makes the wheels go round.

What this Society needs then more than any thing else is a large membership. I do not mean that we should increase our membership at the expense of the quality and character of the members taken in. The eligibility rules take care of that. But how is a large membership to be obtained? This is comparatively easy, but it will require a little effort.

Just remember and act up to the promise you have been making for the past several years that each member be the means of bringing into the Society one new members each year. If you will do this, it will be amply sufficient and we will soon have the most flourishing organization any where to be found.

But for the thoughtfulness, energy, and interest, of "**A few staunch workers**" our losses in the battle for existence would exceed our reinforcements, with the inevitable result of total extinction in a short time. No army can survive under the drain of continued losses without reinforcements sufficient to counterbalance losses.

Now, I am sure that none of us desire the extinction of this Society. On the contrary, we all most earnestly desire to see it flourish like a green bay tree and live forever. But because it has lived and flourished and has been a great success without giving the majority of us much if any trouble, that thoughtless majority has fallen into the habit of taking it for granted that it will continue so to do to the end of time; but a little reflection will convince us of such error.

But you will no doubt ask **WHENCE** is this large membership to be obtained and **HOW**? My friends, there are hundreds; nay, I will say thousands of good people who are eligible for membership and who would be glad to join with us, and all that is needed is to have their attention called to the matter with a thorough explanation of eligibility requirements and of the objects aimed at.

If you will only take the trouble, whenever opportunity offers, to bring it into notice—to advertise it as it were—among your kindred and friends, we will gain many members. When you meet your kindred talk to them about it; tell them what a fine organization it is; what pride its members feel in it; what it has achieved; how it has brought kindred together who would otherwise have remained strangers to each other; how it has published about our people historical facts that would otherwise have remained in darkness; how it has aided in doing justice to real heroes who were too modest and retiring to blow their own trumpets and would have gone to their

final account with many a worthy deed unrecorded, but for the unselfish zeal of our noble Society.

Give us a large membership and it will be comparatively easy to continue the work so auspiciously begun, and in even better fashion than before.

Now that we have set our hands to the work, as an inspiration to carry it on with zeal and unrelenting purpose, let us but remember that this Society is made up of persons of MacGregor stock who never knew surrender and whose characteristics are shown in the Clan Tartan Colors, Green, Red, White, and Black, whose meaning is Constancy and Devotion to principle with Purity and Honesty in the discharge of Duty, regardless of the Black Cloud of persecution that constantly overshadowed the life of the Clan.

Laying aside now the consideration of matters of pure business and turning to things partaking more of the sentimental, I wish to point out **one particular** especially in which this Society comes up to my ideals and aspirations. The essence of Clanship is made up of the mutual loyalty of Chieftain to Clansmen and of Clansmen to their Chieftain and nothing is more touching, pleasing, beautiful, and binding, than the existence and display of this feeling and relationship as they exist in this Society, which it has ever been my aim to promote. Nor can I let pass this opportunity to proudly recall what occurred in this hall one year ago in connection with my reelection as chieftain—an incident in which were exhibited by you such friendship and devoted loyalty, together with such spontaneous and unanimous approval of my efforts in behalf of this society, that it touched me to the heart; and if I fail to convey to you all that I wish to say, I beg that you will supply in imagination the full measure of my affectionate regard for you and of my appreciation of what you did and of your manner of doing it.

My Clansmen, I am proud to be numbered as one of you.

"THE OFFICIAL SPRIG OF PINE".

The Official Sprig of Pine worn at the 1921 Gathering of the American Clan Gregor Society came from "Glenmore", for a long time the home of Benjamin Henry Magruder, now owned by his son, H. E. Magruder, and the early home of our Chieftain, Dr. Ed. May Magruder.

"SUNSET".

BY CALEB CLARKE MAGRUDER, JR.

1.

Out of the silence by distance made sweet,
O'er the heads of the yellowing wheat,
In delicate treble as fresh as dew:
We greet you! We greet you! We greet you!

2.

The inward moan of the sad-eyed dove,
Calling afar her absent love,
From o'er the hills and the feeding ground,
While the wing of night is spreading 'round.

3.

The timid hare with a list'ning fear,
Stops on the brink of a running mere,
The great dank weeds and the marsh flowers.
Rustle their leaves in shaded bowers.

4.

In the thick of the tangled briars' way,
The mother-bird with her young at play,
Safe in the cover of the paling light:
Bob White! Bob White! Bob White!

5.

Couchant in a dusky brake,
Listless lies the emerald snake,
Then drags his lazy length along,
Moved by sweetest even song.

6.

The soul of the day is on his flight,
He'll pass with the coming shadows of night,
His requiem, the drowsy zephyr's sigh,
The West, the grave where he must lie.

7.

Off in the shadow of the low'ring sun,
In the peacefulness of a day quite done,
On the slender twig of a flow'ring tree,
The breath of a voice: *Pe wee! Pe wee!*

8.

A tinkling sound comes o'er the lea,
While gath'ring now beneath the tree
Where verdant fields to hill-tops rise,
Like bells on the trees of Paradise,

9.

Up from the South a whisk of air,
Fans my cheek, and stirs my hair,
Stirs the top of a lonesome pine,
'Freshment gives and a thought divine.

10.

Hushed, as if all nature's pulse were still,
I hear nor sound nor ripple,
And one, last, crimson flush is thrown,
Athwart the golden stubble.

REMINISCENCES OF SCHOOLDAY LIFE.

BY WILLIAM E. MUNCASTER.

WHEN I was eighteen years of age, I had passed through a regular course at the Rockville Academy, which I had attended for six years. This had been conducted by Mr. Oliver Treadwell, as principal, and Mr. James Anderson as assistant. These informed me that I was prepared to enter the Junior Class at College.

Like many other youths I then began to think I should like to go off somewhere to finish my education and see a little of the world while doing so. In looking over the Christian Observer, a Presbyterian paper published in Richmond, Va., my eye fell on an advertisement of Roanoke College, located at Salem, Va., with directions to inquire for further particulars of Professor Henry Osborn, acting President, at that time. The notice seemed to attract me and I read it over. The next day it came to my mind, and I determined to write to Professor Osborn in regard to the Institution. Thus began a correspondence which resulted in my determining to try what Roanoke College would do for me, and in my accepting the Professor's offer to take board with him, or as he termed it, "make one of his little family".

Brought up to punctuality by my parents and teachers, I arrived in Salem the day before College opened, and was what might be called rather a green young fellow. When the 'bus placed me at my destination, I rapped at the Professor's door. A very pretty girl opened the door for me. "Is your father in?" was my question. She gave me a stare, and then with a half-suppressed giggle, asked me if I wished to see Mr. Osborn. I told her I did. With another giggle she informed me he was not at home, but was expected; that I had better walk in and take a seat, and then rushed off in great perturbation. My meditations on the curious behavior of the young person were interrupted by the entrance of a handsome, middle-aged lady, with one of those open faces, full of warm smiles, so attractive to a boy who has just left home. "So you are the young gentleman we were expecting, but we did not think you would get here until tomorrow; the Professor will be home on the late train—in the meantime you must make yourself at home".

In a few moments we were called to supper. At the table I found my acquaintance of the door now looking quite demure. The lady introduced me by name, which I had given to her, to her daughter Rose. We had gotten on very comfortably till our meal was about half over, when turning to the lady at the head of the table, I said:

"Mrs. Osborn, shall I help you to bread?" when again the giggle broke out anew from the fair daughter, as if it had gained power from its long suppression. "Why, Rose, I am surprised at you!" was the maternal reproof.

The trio at that, our first meal, would have made a good picture at that time. There was one very red-faced boy, industriously spreading his bread with butter, one very laughing girl, and one lady, struggling between the composure of politeness and unstrung risibles. The end came at last, and I went to bed to ponder long on the events of the day, especially of what had transpired since I had come beneath this roof. Professor Osborn had invited me to come and board in his family but I found no one in the house but a girl of sixteen, whom I took to be his daughter, and her mother, whom I took to be his wife; and, yet, when I connected them with him, from their manners there seemed to be some mystery in the matter. The next morning the Professor was the first to greet me, as we met with "Ah, so you are our new man; glad to see you; ha, ha, ha! Oh, we will have a nice time!"

The Professor was tall and straight, quick and restless, the embodiment of a skeleton with a skin shrunk to it, which want of flesh was easily accounted for, afterwards, as I found he ate very little—he never thought of it or could not take time from carrying out some new ideas. He was as full of science and theories "as an egg is full of meat". So he got his coffee, we might have all else besides, and withal, an old bachelor, as he informed me, "who never had time to get married". He said that he had taken a fancy to the little Rose, who was the daughter of a very dear friend of his, who died when yellow fever scourged the city of Norfolk, Va., whom he was educating, and that her mother, Mrs. Emma Boutwell had come to keep house for him a while to be with her daughter, hence the merriment over my blunders. During the day two more students, who were to board with us, arrived; and in a day or two another, which completed our little family.

Their names were Somerset B. Burroughs from near Upper Marlboro, Md., who became my roommate; William L. Armstrong from near Rogersville, Tenn.; and Henry Curtis, from Tazewell Co., Va. Armstrong and Curtis took a room upstairs and Burroughs and I took another opposite, across the passage.

O, ye walls! Remember ye not that quartette! Burroughs was a fine fellow and we remained roommates for two years, as long as I remained at College. Armstrong was a little fellow, but of large mental capacity, full of wit and humor, and Curtis was a fine youth.

We took our places in College, I entered the Junior Class, and all became engaged with our respective studies, and the Professor with

his duties, lectures, improvements about College, and various outside lines. He was ever on the go. He did something of everything—he used the pencil and paintbrush; he played on the organ and piano; he knew all languages—in natural sciences he was at home; he was a minister and preached, and withal, as good-hearted a fellow as ever lived, kind and courteous, but as little fit to keep boarders as I was to fill his chair as Professor of natural sciences. For a little while we got on finely; he had laid in some flour, a sack of coffee, and some other articles. In a short time the other articles gave out, and we were then reduced to the first two articles of food. Days elapsed—nothing else came in, the Professor never could think of procuring other supplies, though Mrs. Boutwell advised him to do so. There were three or four old apple trees growing out in the garden. Our housekeeper got us to bring her some apples to give us a change. So we came to try apples in all forms—we had baked apples, stewed apples, fried apples, apple pies. For breakfast we had apples and coffee, for dinner coffee, apples, and apple pie; for supper apples and coffee, and some bread with all meals.

At last, after this had been running on for weeks, it became a serious question with us, if feeding on apples so constantly might not result in sickness, for some of us were possessed with very curious feelings, at times. So we concluded we would bring things to a crisis. At the next meal an opportunity presented itself.

The Professor happened to be at the table, and was dilating on the customs in the East, their articles of food, etc. The boldest of us, the ever-ready, Armstrong spoke up. "Professor, don't you think where people are restricted to one diet, for a long time, they are apt to get the scurvy? For instance, where people eat apples as long as we have been doing?"

"Well, now, I declare, I hadn't noticed it, but I believe we have not had any meat for a good while; why, I got Snyder to put me up a barrel of beef; didn't I send for it? I must have forgotten it, but I will send for it, and have it come up at once."

The beef came, our old friends, the apple trees were neglected; we had more substantial fare. For a while we reveled in roast beef, but alas! the salt began to strike in—each day it got saltier and saltier, harder and harder; each day we took a smaller and smaller piece. At length it became, as if it were petrified with salt—one may as well have eaten the pure article out of the saltcellar, at once. One day we were all seated at the table; the Professor was in fine spirits, rubbing his hands the one over the other, while discoursing to his assembled family, for he never stopped talking, as we were about to be helped to the repast.

"Well Armstrong, what will you be helped to?"

"I will take a piece of that Lot's wife there, sir", pointing to the beef which fairly glistened in a coronet of crystal salt that had come out in the cooking.

"Ha, ha, ha! well, now, that is not so bad, Armstrong; why-why-why 'pon my word that is pretty good. I inquired a good deal about the venerable lady when I was in Palestine, but I did not suppose we would have to eat any of her here. Now, this meat, I remember, has been getting very salty lately. I hardly think we will have any more of it; ha-ha-ha! I will get some poultry tomorrow". And sure enough he did. The barrel of beef was rolled into a house in the back yard, and there it stayed. Several years after I left College, I visited Salem for a few days, and on my enquiring after that beef, I was assured that there it sat, where we had left it, in as perfect a state of preservation as it was on the day we put it there. About this time our house became very popular with the students, they were all coming to see us, we were such fine fellows, you know; but somehow or other, when they first came, or before they went away, they would get into the parlor. One wanted to look at pictures, another wished to see curious things brought from the far East by the Professor. Particularly a tall classmate of mine, Luther R. Holland, was continually coming, he had so much to talk to me about; yet, he seemed to be most interested in the study of botany—admired Roses excessively. Curtis took to going out of nights, he too had found an object of interest down town, Miss Jennie Jeter, a tall, handsome girl. He got himself a fine, large-fringed shawl, which was the fashion at that time, to wear, instead of an overcoat, which was thrown over his shoulders in the most approved style.

He diligently colored his incipient mustache with burnt cork; he sported a fancy cane and a pair of buckskin gauntlets; and straps to his trousers. But his one trouble was his boots. Nature had been rather profuse in his pedal extremities, and he could not wear small tops; indeed he became famous for the size and creak of his boots. When he would be walking up the street with the lady to whom he was paying his devotions, feeling, Oh! so fine—suddenly a boy would pop his head around the corner and cry "bull hide, bull hide, go it, leather." He would be dangerous for the rest of the day.

The Professor's rules were doors closed at ten o'clock. This did not suit our young friend—he would not get through his confab with the lady he admired, down town, by that time. His roommate must let him in when he gave notice of his arrival, by throwing something up on the windowpane.

For this purpose he generally kept his pockets full of wormy chestnuts. About 12 o'clock, pop would come a chestnut against the window, but his roommate always pretended to be very hard to awaken,

and he would generally let him pretty well exhaust his bomb shells, and patience before he would tip down to open the door. I remember very well one very cold night, when he threw against the window what seemed to be nearly a quart of gravel besides his usual equipment of ammunition, before any of us could be aroused, and there we lay, all the time, judging the strength of his feelings by the force of his projectiles.

Just as the winter set in Mrs. Boutwell and her daughter left us for Washington City, where Professor Osborn had determined to place the daughter Rose, in a finishing school for young ladies. In after years, when I had left College, I met them frequently in the city and many were the talks we had over the times we had enjoyed under the same roof. Miss Rose had grown up into a young lady of grace and beauty, admired by all who met her. At the close of the war of the States she married Col. Moore of the United States Army.

After the ladies left us, Professor William Yonce and his wife took a room in our house, and the gap in our little family was very agreeably filled. We found them quite an accession to our number, ready for anything that was truly enjoyable. Professor Osborn installed Mrs. Yonce, our housekeeper, and many were the discussions we had with her over the emptiness of our larder, and the irregularity of our supplies, for the Professor still maintained the post of quarter master.

After Mrs. Yonce had managed for us a while, the Professor concluded to go to Philadelphia to complete and have published a work which he had been compiling for sometime, under the name of "Palestine Past and Present".

Dr. David Bittle, the President of the College, had returned from a tour he had been making through the country to collect funds to add more buildings to the College, and had taken up his duties, so Professor Osborn was able to get away.

He wished us to keep together as his boarders, until he came back. We were to remit him our board as it became due each month, and feed ourselves at his expense; he would pay the bills when he would come down to see us, every once in a while. By a unanimous vote this arrangement was accepted by the household.

He left, and we fully made up for past plain fare: roast fowls, fruits, and the best of everything loaded our table. Mrs. Yonce was installed stewardess as well as head of the board, and a most excellent provider she proved to be. We all certainly had a good time.

The Professor wrote to us frequently, which letters it took the assembled family to decipher. He could not take the time to form his letters.

About the first of April, he wrote to us that he found his book would take longer to finish and have printed than he had supposed,

and he would not be able to come to Salem that season, so we had better break up our establishment and seek rooms elsewhere. This we did.

No reminiscences of schoolday life is as dear to us as that of the little fruit-lifting one does at that time. It is dearer even than the honors gained or prizes awarded. I believe that few go through College without some experience in this line. All of the boys attending College, while they would look with horror upon the act of stealing anything, cannot resist the temptation of "picking up a little fruit". There is some excitement about a thing of this kind, and fruits thus procured are sweeter than any others, while in long after years, if other trips are forgotten, we see standing out in bold relief the tramps we took after cherries, apples, grapes, or melons. Supposing that debts of this kind, owed by us are now fully out of date, I may risk bringing to light an adventure or two made by some of us students. One of the greatest troubles to a student after he has procured the fruit is to get it home. How shall it be accomplished? is the all-important question, especially if the depredation is committed in the daytime. Through the inventive genius of our partner Armstrong, we adopted quite a novel method.

Armstrong sported, as his fall wrap, an old dove-colored talman, that hung down about his knees. One day it struck him that this would be an excellent vehicle for hauling apples by cutting a hole in the inside and dropping them between the lining and the cloth. Why, he could get in it a half bushel or more! The thing had a natural downhang, so who would think there was anything in it? The greatest trouble was the stiffness it gave to his gait, produced by the weighty garment. Notwithstanding this drawback many a load of good eating apples he hovered 'neath the wings of the old dove. I can picture Armstrong to myself now, as he stepped up the street with all the naive innocence of a hard student, taking a walk for the sake of his health, looking for all the world like one of the Pilgrim Fathers that came over in the Mayflower, with his high felt hat drawn up to a peak, his talman cloak hanging in Puritanical rigidity, and his little legs barely sustaining the weight of his dignity. But one day he was surprised by discovery, and all through his own thoughtlessness.

Armstrong and I had taken a walk to the Graveyard Hill, and while there loaded up the talman with some good red apples that grew in the orchard nearby.

On our road home, near the old tanyard, there was, for some distance, a bridged walk made of plank nailed on a framework, which in some places was several feet above the ground. About midway of this walk one of the planks had been broken out, leaving a space some nine

or ten inches wide. Just as we got to the bridge two young ladies came up behind us. Observing them Armstrong said: "I am going to make those girls laugh; when I get to the hole in the bridge I am going to make out I did not know it was there and will fall into it". So we began to walk along pretty lively, I a little ahead, by arrangement. Just as I stepped over the space, down went Armstrong into it with a frightful squall. But, alas! that was not all. He had forgotten his apples. As he fell upon the plank, the lining of the talman ripped and the rosy reds rolled out right and left. I scrambled the tell-tales into the hole as my friend scrambled out; but when he arose he just showered apples; there seemed to be no stopping the stream of falling reds, so we beat an ignominious retreat. We made the girls laugh, 'tis true, but it rather struck us that they laughed overmuch, and the tone of the laughing did not exactly please us. But we consoled ourselves with the thought that those who dance must pay the fiddler, and those who get up laughs must abide by the consequences.

One bright, sunny Saturday afternoon, in the early fall, my classmate, Luther R. Holland and I, enticed by the beauty of the day, started for a stroll. We went in a north-eastern direction towards that long range of mountains that serve as a background to the picturesque beauties of the College and its surroundings. Delighted by the scene, enjoying the fresh air and feeling of freedom that will come to youth, when it escapes from the obligations of books and studies, we strolled from field till our footsteps led us to a little stream that came wandering down from the mountain. Following along its winding banks, we presently came to a point where it widened out into quite a lake, and lo! upon its shining waters sported a flock of ducks, which had slipped off from some farm home to have a little Saturday relaxation.

The first instinct, I may say, of a little boy seems to be to throw a stone. By the time he can walk, up goes the tiny arm to throw a stone at whatever is passing. As he grows older the impulse seems to get stronger. Nothing escapes him, from a cat to a windowpane. My companion had not been so long removed from his earlier sports that he did not have an irresistible impulse to throw at those ducks.

"Gracious!" says he, "what a shot! do you want to see me make that brood give a splatter dash?"

Suiting his actions to his words, he ups with a stone and whizzed it into the midst of the unthinking swimmers. Out they came with all desirable surprise, splash and splutter, but as they reached the bank one poor fellow went 'round and 'round, over and over, and in a moment lay still and dead, the missile had struck a vital part and ended his life. Our student looked somewhat aghast at the result of

his thoughtlessness; he had killed somebody's duck. What was to be done about it? He did not know whose duck it was. Was it a young one? Yes, this year's duck, full grown and fat. Suddenly we smelt roast duck with all its delicious flavors.

"It can't do the owner any good lying here. It is dead now and it can't be helped, it is a pity to let the buzzards eat it up. Hadn't we better take it to College with us and cook it?"

This we thought was best. So Holland gathering the duck under his arm, we struck a bee line for home. We had already entered the College campus, and were coming up the walk by the old vine-clad summer house, when we were taken all aback by a sudden appearance in our path. Between us and the college a figure was approaching, unmistakable, dressed in a shad-cut swallow-tailed coat of blue black, his high silk hat sitting on the back of his head (to give a better chance of seeing, it was supposed). It was the Doctor! President of the College. There was no evading him, no shrubbery was thick enough to hide in. It was firmly believed he would see a boy who was out of place through a stone wall. So putting on as bold a front as possible, we strode along.

"Good evening, gentlemen. Mr. Holland, what have you got there?"

"Wild duck, Doctor" (going on).

"Wild duck, how did you get it?"

"Killed it with a stone" (going on faster).

"O, but stop! I would not think you could get near enough to a wild duck to kill it with a stone, let me see it".

At this critical moment in our adventure Professor Yonce had stepped up. His big kind heart took in the situation, at a glance; couldn't he help the poor boy out, was his mental query. Turning to the Doctor, taking his hat off with his right hand, running his left through his top hair with a caressing motion, as was his custom, he turned his head to our side, and said, "Or-r-r yes, Doc-tor, I remember once when I was a boy-e I killed a guinea two hundred yards with a stone". Our student was saved. The Doctor could say no more; he gave an incredulous smile out of one corner of his mouth at the student, and another out of the other at the Professor, and with his mouth spreading into a broader one, he settled his head down into his shoulders raised his eyebrows, twinkled his eyes, placed his thumbs into the armholes of his waistcoat, with the palms of his hands setting up to the front, and ambled away toward town, laughing in his heart no one knows how long.

Professor Billy Yonce went up another walk, feeling so light and happy that the boy had got out of any trouble. Our hero beat a double-quick to the home of an old colored woman, a fine cook, who lived

near the College, congratulating himself on the narrow escape he had made, and turned the duck over to the old woman. In due time the wild duck was dressed, cooked, seasoned and eaten, with some other things he had procured, by himself and especial friends, with much enjoyment. It was pronounced by the guests to have not the least fishy taste, but to have as fine flavor as any corn-fed duck that ever quacked.

NUMBER OF MEMBERS PRESENT AND STATES
REPRESENTED AT THE GATHERING OF 1921.

District of Columbia.....	50
Kentucky	2
Maryland	44
Missouri	2
New York	1
Ohio	2
Virginia	19
West Virginia	4
<hr/>	
Total	124

WILLIAM ISAAC HILL.

BY ALBERT SYDNEY HILL, DEPUTY CHIEFTAIN, AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY, FOR THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

WILLIAM Isaac Hill, whose parents were Philip and Sophia (Magruder) Hill, was born December 28th, 1836, near Bladensburg in the State of Maryland. His birthplace, "Baltimore Manor," was devised to John Hill, a direct ancestor, by his father, Clement Hill, 2nd progenitor of the Hill Family in Prince George's County, Maryland, and in part this property remains in possession of the family at the present time.

After attending the public schools of the county, he entered Georgetown College, District of Columbia, from which institution he was graduated with the degree of A.B. in 1857 and subsequently the degree of A.M. was conferred upon him. With a natural bent towards letters, he began the study of law in Upper Marlboro, Maryland, in the office of his uncle Caleb Clarke Magruder, his interest in law increasing until he became one of the leading lawyers of his county.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, he was among the first from his state to respond to the call of the Confederate Cause—a cause which he sincerely believed to be right, and he felt a pride in having fought and suffered for what he believed to be just. He enlisted in Dement's Battery of the first Maryland Artillery, commanded by Captain Richard Snowden Andrews, and served in that command during the entire war. With rank of Lieutenant, to which he had been promoted, he was in command of his battery during the winter of 1863-4. He received but one wound throughout the entire struggle and that of so slight a nature that he was not long absent from his battery. The First Maryland Artillery was engaged in many of the fierce conflicts of the war and its officers and men were distinguished for their brave and heroic stand in the face of danger.

At the close of the war he returned to Upper Marlboro and resumed the practice of law. A gifted and fluent speaker, he soon became recognized as a leader in democratic politics in his county and as chairman of the State Central Committee, he served his party for a number of years.

In 1875 he was elected State Attorney for Prince George's County for a term of four years and reelected to succeed himself. He served

in the House of Delegates of the Maryland Legislature in 1892, was Reading Clerk of the State Senate in 1894, and Sergeant of Arms of that body in 1896.

It was during this time that he was especially active in politics, and in every campaign, whether personally interested or not, "Billy" Hill, as he was familiarly called, was present, if possible, and his influence was always felt. His fearless, yet generous nature, friendly and unassuming attitude towards all and conscientious discharge of duty won for him many friends, both personal and political—notably among whom were the late United States Senator Gorman and Representative Barnes Compton, both powers in local and national politics. During the latter part of the first administration of President Cleveland he was appointed as Assistant Attorney-General under Attorney-General Garland, from which position he was removed by the Harrison Administration. He was afterwards appointed special attorney in the Department of Justice and held that office during part of the Harrison Administration and the second term of President Cleveland.

He was for a number of years special correspondent of the Marlboro Gazette and his contributions to that Journal possessed high literary merit. His articles, whether political, local or historical, were couched in that graceful, easy style characteristic of a man of his scholarly attainments. His tastes were decidedly literary and although devoted to his chosen profession—the law—there was always present with him a lingering regret that he had not entered the field of journalism where he thought his talents would have found their best expression. He was a great lover of the works of Charles Dickens and nothing seemed to please him quite so well as to read that great author—pausing now and then to read aloud some favorite passage, many of which he could quote from memory.

Failing health caused him to retire from active life several years before his death, which occurred July 17th, 1898, at the age of 62. His latter years were spent on his farm, "Pleasant Hills," near Upper Marlborough, in which he always took a great pride.

He married Henrietta Smith Sasscer October 11th, 1866 and became the head of a family of seven children, all of whom—with his widow (died October —, 1912) survived him; survived to mourn the loss and cherish with pride the memory of one in whom unwavering faith in God and Right and thorough conviction of duty were ever dominant characteristics—which attributes coupled with courtly manners, generosity of nature, unswerving fidelity and a reliance upon Truth, never fail, through all time, to make felt their influence for good.

Issue of William Isaac Hill and Henrietta Smith Sasscer:

- (1) William Sasscer
- (2) Albert Sydney
- (3) Henrietta Sophia May
- (4) Marie Bronaugh
- (5) Amelia Hollyday, d. April 15, 1916.
- (6) Fredericka Dean.

William Isaac Hill was the son of Sophia Magruder and Philip Hill, grandson of Thomas Magruder and Mary Clarke, great-grandson of Isaac Magruder and Sophia Baldwin, great-great grandson of Nathan Magruder and Rebecca Beall, great-great-great grandson of John Magruder and Susanna Smith, great-great-great-great grandson of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall, great-great-great-great-great grandson of Alexander Magruder, Maryland Immigrant.

THE PINE TREE.

BY GEORGE CORBIN WASHINGTON MAGRUDER.

O! the beautiful tree, the Scotch pine tree,
Its evergreen branches stretch o'er earth to the sea;
Some sprigs from its branches to the wearers of our clan
Should inspire them with courage, every woman and man.

Then whenever or wherever we behold the pine tree,
Let us remember that it stands for you and for me,
Since our ancestors chose this unchangeable pine
To represent their face among all mankind.

I trust each member will carefully plant
At least one tree, and don't you say can't.
I think from observation it likes poor clay best;
But listen to me when you have talked to the rest.

It is my fond wish to perpetuate our race,
Which in Ancient days had no certain dwelling place,
But was hunted and hounded by our much dreaded foe
Until it was impossible to work with plow or hoe.

Again let me urge you to plant a Scotch pine,
That you may admire it daily as I do mine.
By so doing we will a monument make,
Not only for ourselves but for Clan Gregor's sake.

A BOY SOLDIER OF THE CIVIL WAR, 1861-1865.

Chapter First.

BY HORATIO ERSKINE MAGRUDER.

FROM the beginning I was troubled lest the war should end before I became old enough to be a soldier; but the time spent in waiting was not altogether wasted, for at the age of thirteen I had already commenced military preparations by having constructed from a large file, in a blacksmith shop, an 18-inch bowie knife, sharp pointed and double edged, with which to slay Yankees. I carried it first stuck in my waistband extending down inside the leg of my trousers. This, however, interfered with locomotion by causing me to walk stiff legged and furthermore the blade made a hole in my trousers leg. I then carried it in a belt around my waist and wore it with much pride, especially to church and Sunday School.

Memorable, however, was the fourth day of May, 1864, when at the age of seventeen, having volunteered and joined a company of great reputation, the Rockbridge Artillery of Stonewall Jackson's old Brigade, I boarded a passenger train with a highly prized government transportation ticket for Lee's army then at Orange Court House.

Superior to the "Conductor" did I feel when exhibiting it and then retaining it for future use when I changed cars at Gordonsville, Va., when it would again become apparent that I belonged to and was travelling at the expense of the great Confederate States Government. But, alas! for such visions, for there, meeting with reinforcements from Richmond, I was with them herded on to a freight train like dumb, driven, cattle, and was from that time a soldier indeed, and my treasured transportation ticket was of little value, as in that horde nothing less than a ticket from General Lee himself could keep one from his army.

The cars were packed, tops, bottoms, and ends, and we, "fresh" insiders, must have smothered but for the numerous air holes cut and broken in the sides of the cars, through which, when the train was in motion, fresh air would enter. But, alas! when stoppage for wood or water occurred! We needed no hurrying from that hot den to disembark on the suburbs of Orange Court House whence we were marched off rapidly down what was called the "Plank Road". The planks of this road had either been placed at an early date, and had passed away, or had never been placed at all, for there were none visible at that time.

After a few hours rapid march in pursuit of the army, which moved during the night and early morning, I began to feel that soldiering was getting a little monotonous, for soldiers, soldiers, I saw every-

where. A dog or a rabbit would attract much attention and comment, but a soldier none, and all I had heard since leaving the Court House was, "Close up, men, close up," and I felt so hot, dusty, and dirty, that it would have taken an acre lot with a creek running through it for me alone to get my breath and get clean again—and still the old song "close up," when it was **space** I craved. My interest was here revived, however, on reaching the scene of a cavalry encounter, in counting the dead horses, and I was much pleased at the conclusion that they were all Yankee horses, as we were too scarce of horse feed to keep ours so fat. Later on I observed that a few hours of hot sun produced the effect upon the thinnest of ours. I looked eagerly, but in vain, for dead men. Late in the afternoon, however, I passed a seedy looking Confederate, cooking his evening meal near a badly wounded but still living Yankee. He said, "Them is my boots and clothes, but I don't want to hurt him getting 'em off, for he is 'most dead; so I'm a-waiting on him". From then on I forgot my trials and at 9 p.m., after a tramp of 19 miles, overtook the artillery, to which I belonged, camping. They were bivouached on the roadside and hastily gathered around me for "home eatings"; but to their disgust and my regret I had been "cleaned up" by the Richmond horde in just a little less than two minutes. The next morning, a little before light, I was awakened by such sounds, about a mile off, as I had never imagined. The great Battle of the Wilderness had commenced.

In a little while the dead and wounded officers and men were being carried by us in great numbers. Our Colonel now moved his battalion forward and seemed much chagrined that none of his guns were "in"; during the day he lost his life while spying around in the scrub oak thickets, where one could not see twenty steps, in search of a suitable place for artillery. After seeing the road so strewn with cripples I was not especially anxious to be "in" and reasoned that, from the sounds in front, it could not last long and that we would have less of it if our getting "in" was deferred a bit.

We finally took position on the extreme left near the hospital and in front of a large body of Federal Cavalry that was threatening our flank and rear. But the sight of our guns and their ignorance of our supports, which were nothing, rendered them loathe to advance and, as our part was only to keep them back, we played hands off. Had they moved in any direction we would have opened on them, but as long as they were quiet and in sight we thought it better to let them remain so and our rear safe. Doubtless they felt that they were performing valiant service in protecting their right and rear from artillery supported by a heavy body of infantry. We here found it expedient to cast away our Confederate paraphernalia, consisting of canteens, haversacks, knapsacks, gum cloths, etc., in exchange for new

Yankee outfits with which the fields abounded. We moved off when darkness obscured our outwitted cavalry antagonists literally loaded down with plunder and grieving because we could not carry more, taking the Catharpin Road in the direction of Spottsylvania Court House, often during the night within hearing of the rumble of Grant's column, which was also moving by a parallel road. During the frequent brief halts of the night the men would fall asleep on the way-side and be awakened by orders or by the others tramping over them, when the march was resumed. After being trampled over a few times I dropped outside of the line of travel. How long I slept, I know not and awoke quite bewildered, but hearing the peculiar click of artillery wheels I ran in that direction meeting infantry. I met nearly a whole battalion of artillery ere I realized I was going in a direction opposite to that of the army, and then I had a hard tramp of six miles to catch up with my command.

The next morning we were halted and taken off to stop a large woods fire that was threatening the road. Leaving our luggage near the guns we had a hot, dry, smoking, fight and returned thirsty and worn out to find our baggage pillaged, especially haversacks and canteens. Although many commands had passed our loss was attributed to a Louisiana battery quite famed for fighting but by us ever remembered as thieves and associated with the wharves of New Orleans, and to the end we were eager to meet them in battle array but without guns, as we thought a soldier's fate too good for them. Just here I would state that, in all the private fights and quarrels of the soldier I have seen, it was always "knock in the head" or some other threat than shoot, their common methods with the enemy. We were ordered to keep in readiness to make or receive a flank attack at any moment and had frequent alarms when the road would bring the columns close together. Our orders were to stay close to our guns; but when the "Mat", "Ta", "Po", and "Ny", rivers had each to be successively crossed, and one had waded the "Mat" resulting in wet shoes and socks filled with sand, the temptation to patronize a foot log over the "Ta" was too great. So my first "double duty" was for such an offense, as the roll was called while I was shinning a distant log over the waters of the noble "Ta".

Matters looked serious indeed when we were ordered to refill swab buckets and canteens in crossing the "Nye" near the Court House, where fighting was then in full blast, our troops having won in the race and blocked Grant's front at that point. In the imminence of danger I took the "Ny" nobly, not caring for wet socks, sand, or foot-logs.

Instead of going to the line of battle we were parked in reserve and it was there that I was in close proximity to my first live shell which

struck in a large pine lap and kept pine knots and limbs flying for minutes that seemed hours. During the night of the eleventh of May, 1864, one of our companies moved to the line. At light the bugle sounded and, being late in "falling in," while running past some I took to be later ones, I kicked them without response; then jerking the blanket off, to my horror, I found they were three dead of the company that had moved out a few hours before to the "Bloody Angle". In a few moments a fine blooded mare of our Major, David Watson, ran up slightly wounded and badly frightened, and we soon learned her rider had been killed. The firing became very heavy and we went forward at full gallop crossing a deep ditch with the guns before we knew it was there and without accident. On reaching the line of battle, I was amazed at the agitation of one of our Lieutenants at the loss of his sword which he had left behind. He ordered a little fellow back for it, which seemed a perilous errand indeed, with the shells plowing the intervening space, and I thought it the last I would see of that boy; but in due time he returned, without the sword, saying he could not find it. I doubt if he searched very closely, for the "game", to him, "was not worth the candle". All of the twelfth was a dreadful day; during the struggle for the "Bloody Angle" we repelled three infantry charges in rapid succession, but I could not see a Yankee for the smoke, although some were killed within sixty yards of our guns. We would hear them yell and know they were coming; we would then keep our guns lumbering until we knew they were driven back to cover again.

I was one of the carriers of ammunition from the limber to the gun and we worked so well that we had the limber empty and enough ammunition piled about the gun to permit us to get into the side rifle pits during the hottest of the fight. Many of our men were badly wounded and killed about us, but the greatest demoralization was caused by a large man pitching head foremost upon us, and then pitching and tumbling about and yelling at the top of his voice. When an examination was made it was found that only his collar bone was broken. He was more demoralizing than all of the other injured combined. One man lying under his caisson had a shell strike his head and go through him lengthways, and before he was removed another shell exploded the caisson and there was nothing left of him. Our Lieutenant's horse had a shell pass through him in a similar manner and our Captain had the hind quarters of his horse nearly torn away, and yet the poor creature rose up and hobbled to the rear when turned loose. One of our men had a three inch shell cut two holes through his rubber coat only burning his pants, and many other freaks occurred. We were one hundred yards to the right of a large brick kiln and it was a notable feature the number of big officers that met

there to consult. I often felt like consulting too, but General Lee and General Early held a long consultation sitting on an oil cloth just in our rear and not at the brick kiln. Some of us commenced piling our luggage behind a stump the size of one's head and in a few moments a car load was there.

I had existed on army fare as long as we were permitted to do our own cooking; but when we got on the line of battle and were not permitted a fire, and had had flour and water mixed and heated only, by cooking detail 2 miles in the rear and brought to us in a glutinous condition in a gum cloth, one bushel in a ball, to be eaten cold, it was a little more than I could stand and, being too weak for the coming march, an ambulance permit was given me, which procured the entree to an army wagon, and we set out with the army, as I thought, to drive General Grant into the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, General Gordon having turned his right flank the evening before and reported him moving. Our company had figured it out that there was nowhere else for him to go, whipped as he was, with us on his left and Gordon on his right, with the short route to the upper fords. We jolted through an interminable night and when I landed at Milford Depot at dawn to be placed on the train for the hospital in Richmond I concluded that they had made a mistake and put me in the wrong wagon. So without any conference with such blockheads I started on foot up the railroad for Fredericksburg and Lee's army. I spent a portion of that night at the house of a relative east of the Richmond road, but at midnight our cavalry were driven back by what we supposed a cavalry raid so we took to the woods and by dawn found that Hancock's Corps was between us and Lee's army. So, after spending the day and most of the night hidden in the marshes of the Mattaponi, we selected about two hours before day as the best time for the venture and Major Kyle and I crossed the road through a sleeping encampment of Hancock's wearied, unsuspecting, corps of Grant's army, where it was difficult to keep our horses from trampling his men, they being so thickly jammed. After going two miles and thinking we were safely within Lee's lines we rode into the midst of a Federal Cavalry outpost, which was on the lookout, and were captured.

(The foregoing comprises about one third of my military career which I consider sufficient to inflict upon this Clan at one sitting.)

MAGRUDER STUDENTS AT LEADING EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS OF THE UNITED STATES.

(To be concluded)

BY CALEB CLARKE MAGRUDER, JR.

Some years ago Alexander Muncaster showed me a list of Magruders who had attended the United States Military Academy. The thought occasioned was, that a paper dealing with Magruder Students at our leading institutions of learning might prove interesting to this Society. The thought, however, remained dormant until last spring when the Chieftain mailed me a list of Magruder students who had attended the University of Virginia. I thereupon determined to prepare this paper, and I herewith express appreciation to Mr. Muncaster for its growth, and to Dr. Magruder for the motive power of its production.

With the view of securing the data desired I wrote to the Registrars of numerous State universities and other recognized institutions of learning the following letter:

"Please furnish me a list of Magruders who have been students in the several departments of your university (college) and the years they were in attendance.

"Give full names, as far as shown by your records, their legal residences, as given upon entrance, with the title of such degrees and honors (in course and in honoris causa) as may have been conferred upon them, together with the date of same.

"These data are desired for a family publication, and your assistance will be appreciated."

On the whole the several Registrars were quite prompt in their responses and the exactness of their replies is reflected in this paper. Several of them were unusually courteous, in which latter connection I especially desire to mention Mr. Joseph R. Anderson, historiographer of the Virginia Military Institute; and Mr. Gordon G. Sikes, assistant to the Secretary of Princeton University; both of whom have either given or suggested data for other papers most appropriate for presentation to this Society.

UNIVERSITY OF ARKANSAS.

Cecil Lue Magruder, Ark., 1918-20.

UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO (1).

UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA (1).

UNIVERSITY OF IDAHO (1).

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS.

Denton Adlai Magruder, Ill., 1912-14.

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS.

Millard Franklin Magruder, Jr., Ark., 1917-18.

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND.

Charles Magruder, Md., M.D., 1914.

David Lynn Magruder, Md., (2) M.D., 1849.

Edward R. Magruder, Md., M.D., 1833.

Hezekiah Magruder, D.C., M.D., 1826.

I. Wilson Magruder, Md., M.D., 1862.

John A. Magruder, Md., M.D., 1825.

Thomas Baldwin Magruder, Md., M.D., 1821.

Thomas Lynn Crittenden Magruder, Md., M.D., 1867.

William Bowie Magruder, Md., (3) M.D., 1825.

William Beanes Magruder, D. C., (4) M.D., 1831.

William Edward Magruder, Md., (5) M.D., 1854.

W. W. Magruder, Md., M.D., 1819.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

Bernard Fewell Magruder, Mo., B.A., 1920.

UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI.

Benjamin Hughes Magruder, Miss., 1877-78.

Beulah Childs Magruder, Miss., 1909.

James Mitchell Magruder, S.C., (6) 1880-81.

John Martin Magruder, Miss., 1899-00.

Lawson William Magruder, Miss., 1901-02.

Lawson William Magruder, Miss., 1909.

Robert Harper Magruder, Miss., 1877-78.

Thomas Samuel Magruder, Miss., (7) 1864.

Walter Drane Magruder, Ohio, 1900.

Walter Drane Magruder, Miss., 1899-02.

William Hezekiah Nathaniel Magruder, Miss., (8) LL.D., 1885.

William Howard Magruder, La., B.A., cum laude and M.A., 1879.

William Wailes Magruder, Miss., 1883-84; LL.B., 1895 with special distinction.

UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI.

Alva Bryan Magruder, Mo., (Agr.) 1914-16.

Mrs. Anna Laura (Morris) Magruder, Mo., 1911-13.

John Gilmer Magruder, Okla., A.B., 1907; B.S., 1911; A.M., 1914.

Frank Cecil Magruder, Mo., (Engr.) 1899-05.

Glen Gentry Magruder, Mo., (Agr.) 1911-13.

Lawrence Magruder, Mont., (Agr.) 1908-09.

Porter Elias Magruder, Mo., A.B., 1911.

William Leslie Magruder, Mo., B.S. (Agr.) 1916; B.S. (Ed.) 1919.

Mrs. William Leslie Magruder, Mo., 1916-17.

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA (1).

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA (1).

UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA (1).

UNIVERSITY OF NEW MEXICO (1).

UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA (1).

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY.

Charles Sceart Magruder, Ohio, (Pre-Med.) 1895.

John Magruder, Ohio, (Phil.) 1900.

Leonard Anthony Magruder, —, Ph.B., 1895; LL.M., 1896.

Thomas Malone Magruder, Ohio, B.A., 1921.

William Thomas Magruder, Jr., Ohio, B.A., 1915; B.S., (Agr.) 1916.

UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA.

Lawson William Magruder, Okla., 1909-10.

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Alexander Leonard Covington Magruder, Miss., M.D., 1842.

Julian Magruder, Md., (9), M.D., 1846.

Leonard Magruder, Miss., M.D., 1849.

Ninian Magruder, Md., M.D., 1792.

William Ridgely Magruder, Va., M.D., 1833.

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS.

Hamilton Magruder, Tex., (Engr.) 1912-15.

UNIVERSITY OF UTAH (1).

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT (1).

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

Augustine Freeland Magruder, Miss., 1920 ———.

Benjamin Henry Magruder, Va., (10) 1825-26.

Caleb Clarke Magruder, Jr., Md., (Law) (11) 1860-61.

Carter Bowie Magruder, Va., (12) 1917-19.

Edward May Magruder, Va., (13) 1878-79; M.D., 1884.

Egbert Watson Magruder, Va., (14) 1891-92.

Franklin Minor Magruder, Va., (15) 1889-91.

George Magruder, D. C., 1853-56.

George Mason Magruder, Va., (16) M.D., 1885.

George Williams Magruder, Va., 1856-57.

Henry Minor Magruder, Va., (17) B.L., 1868.

Hilleary Magruder, Va., (Med.) 1830.
 Horatio Erskine Magruder, Va., (18) 1865-66.
 James Mosby Magruder, Md., (19) 1919-20.
 James Watson Magruder, Va., (20) 1857-58.
 John Bankhead Magruder, Va., (21) 1825-26.
 John Bowie Magruder, Va., (22) A.M., 1859.
 John Hillary Magruder, Va., (23) (Med.) 1858-59.
 Mark W. Magruder, Va., 1888-89.
 Phillip Wilson Magruder, Va., (24) 1853-59.
 William Ridgely Magruder, Va., (Med.) 1830-31.

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON.

Miss Nola M. Magruder, Mo., 1917.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN.

Denton Adlai Magruder, Ill., 1916.

BROWN UNIVERSITY, R. I. (1).
 BOWDOIN COLLEGE, ME. (1).
 CLARK UNIVERSITY, MASS. (1).
 COLLEGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY, VA. (1).

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, N. Y.

Herbert Thomas Magruder, N. Y. (25) Class of '04.
 Hugh Sisson Magruder, Md., (Fine Arts) Class of '98.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, N. Y.

Caleb Clarke Magruder, Jr., (26) (Law) 1896.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, N. H.

William Francis Magruder, D. C., B.A., 1915.

DRAKE UNIVERSITY, IOWA (1).

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY, D. C.

Caleb Clarke Magruder, Md., (27) A.M., 1834 (Honorary).
 Caleb Clarke Magruder, Jr., Md., (11) A.B., 1858 cum laude; A.M.,
 1861 (Honorary).
 Caleb Clarke Magruder, Jr., (28) 1887-88; LL.B. 1897.
 Denis Magruder, Md.,
 Edward Walter Magruder, Md., (29) 1856-58.
 Ernest Pendleton Magruder, Md., (30) 1888-89.
 Fielder W. Magruder, Md.,
 George Lloyd Magruder, D. C. (31) A.M. 1870 (Honorary) M.D.,
 1871.
 Lloyd Magruder, D. C.

- Mercer Hampton Magruder, Md., (32) 1892-94; LL.B. 1898.
 Richard Magruder, D. C.
 Richard Alexander Contee Magruder, D. C., LL.B., 1912; LL.M., 1913; M.P.L., 1913.
 Thomas Magruder, Md.
 Thomas Belt Magruder, Md., (33) 1852-53.
 Waring Magruder, D. C.
 William Magruder, D. C.

GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, D. C.

- Alexander Magruder, D. C., 1862-66.
 Alexander F. Magruder, D. C., M.D., 1871.
 Bruce Magruder, D. C., (34), 1903-04.
 Caleb Clarke Magruder, Jr., Md., (26), M.A., 1899.
 Edward Magruder, Md., 1869-70.
 Ernest Pendleton Magruder, Md., (30), M.A., 1900; M.D., 1902.
 Hamlin Magruder, D. C., 1862-'63.
 Jchn R. F. Magruder, D. C., 1863-1865.
 Marshall Magruder, D. C., (35), 1904-07.
 Oliver Barron Magruder, Md., (36), 1870-71.
 Oliver Graham Magruder, D., C., B.S., (Engr.), 1916.
 Willis B. Magruder, Jr., D. C., (Polit. Sci.), 1906-07.
 William E. Magruder, Md., (Med.), 1892-93.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY, MASS.

- Alexander Richardson Magruder, D. C., A.B., 1906.
 Calvert Magruder, Md., (37), LL.B., cum laude, 1916.
 Kenneth Dan Magruder, Md., 1918 —.

LEHIGH UNIVERSITY, PENN. (1).

NORWICH UNIVERSITY, VT.

- Denis Magruder, Md., 1825-26.
 John Hanson Thomas Magruder, Md., 1825-26.

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY, N. J.

- Lawson William Magruder, Miss., (38), A.B., 1861.
 Patrick Magruder, Md., (39).
 Richard Brown Magruder, Md., (40), A.B., 1805 A.M., 1809 (Honorary).
 William Magruder, Md., A.B., 1805; A.M., 1809 (Honorary).

PURDUE UNIVERSITY, IND.

- Roy Magruder, Ind., (Agr.) Class of '21.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, MD.

Alexander Contee Magruder, Md., 1790-92.
 Calvert Magruder, Md., (37), B.A., 1913 cum summa laude.
 Daniel Randall Magruder, Md., (41), B.A., 1853 cum summa laude.
 Daniel Randall Magruder, Jr., Md., 1899.
 Eugene Webster Magruder, Md., B.S., 1907.
 James Mitchell Magruder, Md., (6), D.D., 1916 (Honorary).
 John Randall Magruder, Md., 1878.
 John Read Magruder, Md., (42), 1846-47.
 Peter Hagner Magruder, Md., 1885.
 Richard R. Magruder, Md., 1846-48.
 Robertson D. Magruder, Md., 1914-16.

UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY, N. Y.

Allan B. Magruder, Va., 1830.
 Carter Bowie Magruder, Ore., (43), 1919 —.
 Francis D. Magruder, Md., 1825.
 George Lloyd Burns Magruder, D. C., (44), graduated in 1905.
 John Bankhead Magruder, Va., (21), graduated in 1830.
 John T. Magruder, Va., ("at large") (45), graduated in 1857.
 William B. Magruder, Va., (46), graduated in 1827.
 William Thomas Magruder, Md., (47), graduated in 1850.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, ILL.

Denton Adlai Magruder, Ill., 1920-21.
 Margery Lockhart Magruder, Ark., 1915-16.
 Mary Emma Magruder, Okla., 1915.
 Wm. Howard Magruder, Ill., 1898-99.

UNIVERSITY OF CINCINNATI, O.

Howard B. Magruder, Ohio, LL.B., 1883.

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH, PA. (1).

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, TENN.

Albert Sidney Johnston Magruder, La., 1879-81.
 Henry A. Magruder, Tex., (Dental) 1894-95.
 John Hawkins Magruder, Miss., D.D.S., 1882.

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.

Edward Jones Magruder, Va., (48), graduated in 1855.
 George Allan Magruder, Jr., Va., (49), graduated in 1861.
 John Bowie Magruder, Va., (22), 1861.
 John Williams Magruder, Va., (50), 1862.
 John Magruder, Va., (51), graduated in 1909 cum summa laude.

WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, VA.

Frank Abbott Magruder, Va., B.A., 1905.

Harrison Philip Magruder, Va., B.A., 1916.

O. Riddleberger Magruder, N. Y., 1916-19.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, MASS. (1).

FOOT NOTES.

- (1) No Magruder student enrolled up to 1921.
- (2) Brigadier-General, Medical Department, U. S. A. Sketch read before A. C. G. S. in 1914.
- (3) Sketch read before A. C. G. S. in 1911.
- (4) Mayor of Washington, D. C.
- (5) Sketch read before A. C. G. S. in 1914.
- (6) Chaplain, A. C. G. S.; Civilian Chaplain, World War. H. R. M.
- (7) Killed C. S. A.
- (8) Sketch read before A. C. G. S. in 1912.
- (9) Sketch read before A. C. G. S. in 1917.
- (10) Sketch read before A. C. G. S. in 1921.
- (11) Ranking Deputy Chieftain, A. C. G. S.
- (12) Second Lieutenant, World War; Cadet U. S. M. A. H. R. M.
- (13) Chieftain, A. C. G. S.
- (14) Editor, A. C. G. S.; Private, World War. H. R. M.
- (15) Sketch read before A. C. G. S. in 1913.
- (16) Lieutenant-Colonel, U. S. P. H. S., World War. H. R. M.
- (17) Sketch read before A. C. G. S. in 1920.
- (18) Private, C. S. A.; Councilman, A. C. G. S.
- (19) Private, Marine Corps, World War. H. R. M.
- (20) Lieutenant, C. S. A., killed at Yellow Tavern, Va. Sketch read before A. C. G. S. in 1911.
- (21) Major-General, C. S. A.; Sketch read before A. C. G. S. in 1913.
- (22) Colonel, C. S. A. Mortally wounded in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. Sketch read before A. C. G. S. in 1910.
- (23) Captain, C. S. A., Killed near Rochelle, Va. Sketch read before A. C. G. S. in 1911.
- (24) Lieutenant, C. S. A.
- (25) Councilman, A. C. G. S.
- (26) Historian, Editor, Councilman, A. C. G. S.
- (27) Sketch read before A. C. G. S. in 1919.
- (28) Winner Scott prize for best contribution ("The Poetry of Tennyson") to Georgetown College Journal by a student of any department of the University, 1896; President, graduating class (Law) 1897.
- (29) Private, C. S. A.
- (30) Chief Surgeon, American Red Cross Unit; Died of Typhus fever, Serbian epidemic, April 8, 1915. H. R. M.
- (31) Sketch read before A. C. G. S. in 1914.
- (32) Holder of Scholarship and Winner of Faculty prize for best essay ("The Law of Injunctions as applied to Boycotts and Strikes") from among the members of the graduating class, and of a "Special Prize" for the best essay from among the members of the graduating and post-graduate classes combined.

- (33) Died Georgetown College March 26, 1853.
- (34) Lieutenant-Colonel, World War, A. E. F. H. R. M.
- (35) Lieutenant-Colonel, World War, A. E. F. H. R. M.
- (36) Councilman, A. C. G. S.
- (37) First Lieutenant, World War. H. R. M. Historian, A. C. G. S.
- (38) Major, C. S. A.
- (39) Member of Congress, (Md.) 1805-07. Clerk of the House of Representatives and Ex-Officio Librarian of Congress, 1807-15. Sketch read before A. C. G. S., in 1920.
- (40) Judge, Supreme Court, Baltimore, Md.
- (41) Chief Judge, Seventh Judicial Circuit and Associate Judge, Maryland Court of Appeals.
- (42) Late Deputy Chieftain (Md.), A. C. G. S.
- (43) Second Lieutenant, World War. H. R. M.
- (44) Lieutenant-Colonel, World War; A. E. F., D. S. M. H. R. M.
- (45) Brevet Second Lieutenant, U. S. A.; died 1858.
- (46) Brevet Second Lieutenant, U. S. A., resigned 1827.
- (47) Captain, U. S. A. and Captain C. S. A.; Killed in Pickett's Charge at Gettysburg.
- (48) Lieutenant-Colonel, C. S. A., seven times wounded. Sketch read before A. C. G. S. in 1911.
- (49) Major, C. S. A.
- (50) Private, C. S. A.; Major, Va. Militia; Captain, Spanish-American War.
- (51) Lieutenant-Colonel, World War, A. E. F.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENROLLED MEMBERS.

Members enrolled since publication of Year Book of 1920.

- 570A Beall, Elmer E., Greenfield, Ohio.
- 568 Beall, Mrs. Elmer E. (Julia Taylor), Greenfield, Ohio.
- 569 Beall, Miss Julia Taylor, Greenfield, Ohio.
- 567 Chappellear, Mrs. Harry C. (Edith Robertson Cox), Hughesville, Charles Co., Maryland.
- 561 Higgins, John James, Jr., 3800 Keokuk St., Chevy Chase, D. C.
- 562A Higgins, Mrs. John James, Jr. (Clare Lipscomb), 3800 Keokuk St., Chevy Chase, D. C.
- 565 Higgins, Miss Margaret Tayloe, Rockville, Maryland.
- 563 Higgins, Robert Barnard, 100 South 3rd St., Richmond, Va.
- 564A Higgins, Mrs. Robert Barnard (Marie Helen Brown), 100 South 3rd St., Richmond, Va.
- 566 Male, Mrs. James P. (Lucy Beall Cox), 1324 Emerson St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
- 559 Tutwiler, Herbert, 2224 Sycamore St., Birmingham, Ala.
- 560 Tutwiler, Mrs. Herbert (Mary Addison), 2224 Sycamore St., Birmingham, Ala.

DOCTOR JESSE EWELL.

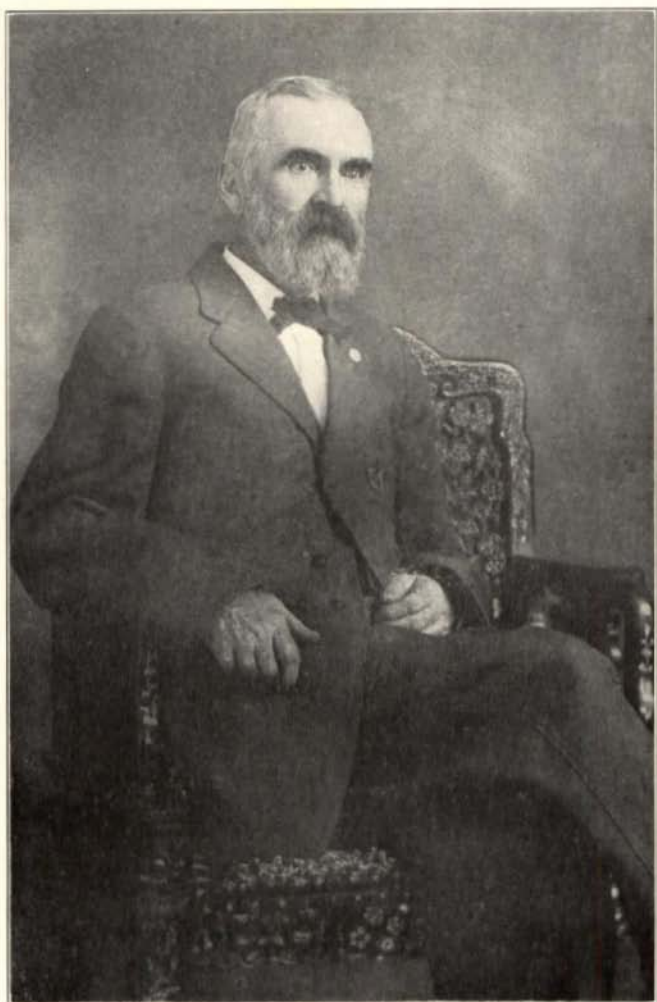
BY MISS ALICE MAUDE EWELL.

DOCTOR JESSE EWELL, beloved physician of Ruckersville, Virginia, and first Scribe of the Clan Gregor Society, died Monday morning May the 30th, 1921, shortly before noon. He was seized on the previous Saturday with neuralgia of the heart, while making preparations to go to a sick child. Returning to the house he informed his wife of his illness and added that he believed his heart was seriously affected and that he would not survive the attack. Medical aid was summoned at once, but all that could be done was to relieve him temporarily. Though never rebust his will-power was strong, and he made a valiant effort to overcome the ailment and live, and even a little while before his death there were signs that he would succeed.

Doctor Ewell though not a native of Greene County had spent more than half of his very useful and exemplary life in that part of Virginia. For thirty-nine years he had practiced his profession at Ruckersville. He was successful and untiring, and there were few homes within his reach where he was not called to alleviate suffering. He always responded with alacrity, carrying sunshine and health with him into the sick room, for cheerfulness was one of his most striking characteristics. He fought many a successful battle with disease. He loved his profession, and with him the financial part was secondary. He was a fine type of the old-time country doctor, now so rapidly passing, yet all the while keeping abreast with the advances in medicine. His greatest treasure was the abiding confidence of his clientele, and the friendship and esteem of those who knew him best.

Dr. Jesse Ewell was born July the 30th 1853, at Edge Hill in Prince William County, Va., a son of John Smith Magruder and Helen Woods MacGregor Ewell. His mother dying while he was still an infant he was adopted by his Grandparents at "Dumblane", the home of Dr. Jesse and Ellen MacGregor Ewell. With them he spent childhood and boyhood. A legacy from Gen. Richard Stoddert Ewell of the Confederacy enabled him to study medicine, and he Graduated in that profession in 1876 at Washington College, Baltimore, now the College of Physicians and Surgeons. In November 1883 he married Miss Mary Ish of Loudoun County, Va., who accompanied him to Ruckersville, and was a most devoted and efficient helpmate.

Dr. Ewell was very proud of his Scotch ancestry, especially the MacGregor blood which came to him from both sides: His maternal Grandmother, Mrs. Susan Mitchell MacGregor, was from Edinborough, Scotland, and nearly related to Dr. Weir Mitchell, whose father was



DR. JESSE EWELL,
BORN, 1853; DIED, 1921.

her first cousin. It was natural that Jesse Ewell should early develop a taste for Scottish literature, especially the poetry of the great Master, Sir Walter. It was he who first introduced the writer of this sketch, then about ten years old, to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel", the greater part of which he knew by heart. All these things paved the way for his interest in the Clan Gregor Society, of which he was one of the organizers, and in which he filled the office of Scribe until his resignation last year. This interest, however, did not cause him to neglect other duties. During the World War he served in various capacities to help speed up its successful conclusion. One of his last acts just before his illness was an effort to reorganize the Greene County Chapter of the Red Cross, and to increase its membership. At the time of his death he was a member of the County Health-Board. He indeed appreciated all the responsibilities of citizenship, of manhood, of a physician, husband, father, neighbor and friend, son and brother, to the fullest extent, and met them, as he did his last event, courageously.

Dr. Ewell was buried near his home in Ruckersville. The spot was one made sacred to the family by the grave of a son, Robert, drowned some years before. His funeral was very largely attended by friends and admirers who sincerely mourned his loss. The Baptist pastor of whose church Dr. Ewell was a leading member, officiated. On the casket was the emblem of Clan Gregor, a cross of pine. The flowers were many fairly covering the grave, including a large and beautiful wreath from the Chieftain, Dr. Edward May Magruder, and from the brothers and sisters of the latter.

Dr. Ewell is survived by his widow, two sons, Jesse and Nathaniel MacGregor Ewell, and three daughters, Mrs. Mary Ewell Hundley, Mrs. Susan Ewell Hamilton, and Miss Helen Woods Ewell, also two little Grandchildren. He leaves two half-brothers and seven half-sisters, several of whom are members of the Clan Gregor Society.

He was the son of John Smith Magruder Ewell, Grandson of Ellen MacGregor Ewell, Great-Grandson of John Smith Magruder—and through him descended from Alexander Magruder, the emigrant.

TRIBUTE TO DR. JESSE EWELL.

BY DR. EDWARD MAY MAGRUDER.

My Clansmen:—

It becomes my sad and painful duty to announce to you that our beloved first Scribe, Dr. Jesse Ewell, has "passed over the river and is resting under the shade of the trees".

As you already know, to Dr. Ewell is due the credit and honor of originating the idea of organizing all in America claiming MacGregor descent, and it was his suggestion and persistence along this line that resulted in bringing together, in an organization that has achieved so much of value and interest, kindred hitherto unknown to each other.

It is not my purpose to attempt a biography or even an adequate eulogy of the man; for another pen more able than mine is reserved this honor and privilege. But my intimate acquaintance with, and personal regard for, him will not allow me to remain silent on an occasion like this.

For many years it was my good fortune to know Dr. Ewell well, even intimately, and to enjoy the honor of his friendship as he had mine. Therefore I know whereof I speak when I say that,

As a man, he was imbued with every instinct of a gentleman;

As a husband, his faithfulness was without exception;

As a father, his devotion knew no bounds;

As a friend, his loyalty was equal to every call;

As a citizen, his patriotism was pure and true; and

As a physician, he was known for his sympathy, tenderness, and skill.

As the colors of the Clan Gregor stand for the qualities most conspicuous in the character of its members, **Green** signifying constancy, **Red** typifying devotion, and **White** meaning purity and truth, so truly were these attributes predominant in the character of our departed Clansman, for in these he measured up to the full standard of MacGregor characteristics.

But if I were called upon to add another to the sum of those qualities already mentioned, I would name **Loyalty** as that which also adorned his life, as this was truly one of his dominating traits; for loyal was he to kindred, loyal to friends, loyal to country, loyal to self, and loyal to his God.

TRIBUTE TO DR. EWELL AS AN IDEALIST.

BY CALEB CLARKE MAGRUDER, JR.

I WISH to supplement the Chieftain's very fitting remarks about Dr. Ewell as a man, by a few words with regard to him as an idealist.

Idealism requires imagination; the gift of imagination leads to mental visualizing; of these twain sentiment is born, and of such is this Society.

We hear much prating these days of practical men; the practical man takes in hand the tools he finds—not creates—of whatever kind, and fashions what he can.

But does he add aught to art, to literature, to science, to invention—to the world's real advance?

Behold the dreamer who permitting his imagination to run riot visions all things created in seven days—the genesis of the universe—hears the music of celestial spheres and feels as buoyantly joyful as “some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken.”

There is nothing worth while but its germ at least may be traced to the imagination—no art, no music, no poetry, no invention.

Great speeches have been made—spontaneously—and heroic acts performed—impulsively—but they were the concomitants of habits of thought—imagination.

Thomas Jefferson, with splendid thoughtfulness, dreaming of the liberties of the people, and visualizing our territorial expanse, became the greatest genius for statesmanship the American Commonwealth has yet produced when he held aloft the Declaration of Independence and the **Title Deeds** to the Louisiana Purchase.

But success was the result of his dreams, and so it must ever be to win the plaudits of the world.

Originality of thought, and initiative of effort, are forgotten unless success attend.

Hardly a more distressing example may be cited than that of broken-spirited James Rumsey, when his steam-boat model proved a failure upon the waters of the Cacapon river, and he was pitifully styled, “Poor, crazy Jim Rumsey”—and pity is akin to contempt.

But Robert Fulton caught up the threads of Rumsey's day-dreams from “still, cold hands,” and was hailed as an inventive genius from the banks of the Hudson.

Jefferson spells success, Rumsey spells failure; originality is nothing, initiative is nothing, success demands success.

All visions are not reducible to the useful, nor do they contain within themselves the elements of great success; yet why attempt to check the dreamer in his aerial flights to where “a rare and radiant palace,

radiant palace, rears its head", wherein he visions visions and dreams dreams; or seek to obliterate utterly "those ethereal fields through which his spirit has its walk"?

Remember,

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

If I stress these thoughts in connection with Dr. Ewell's name it is with the ardent desire to create a lasting impress—

"Lest we forget".

For we are the heart-child of his idealism, his imagination, his dreams, his sentimentalism.

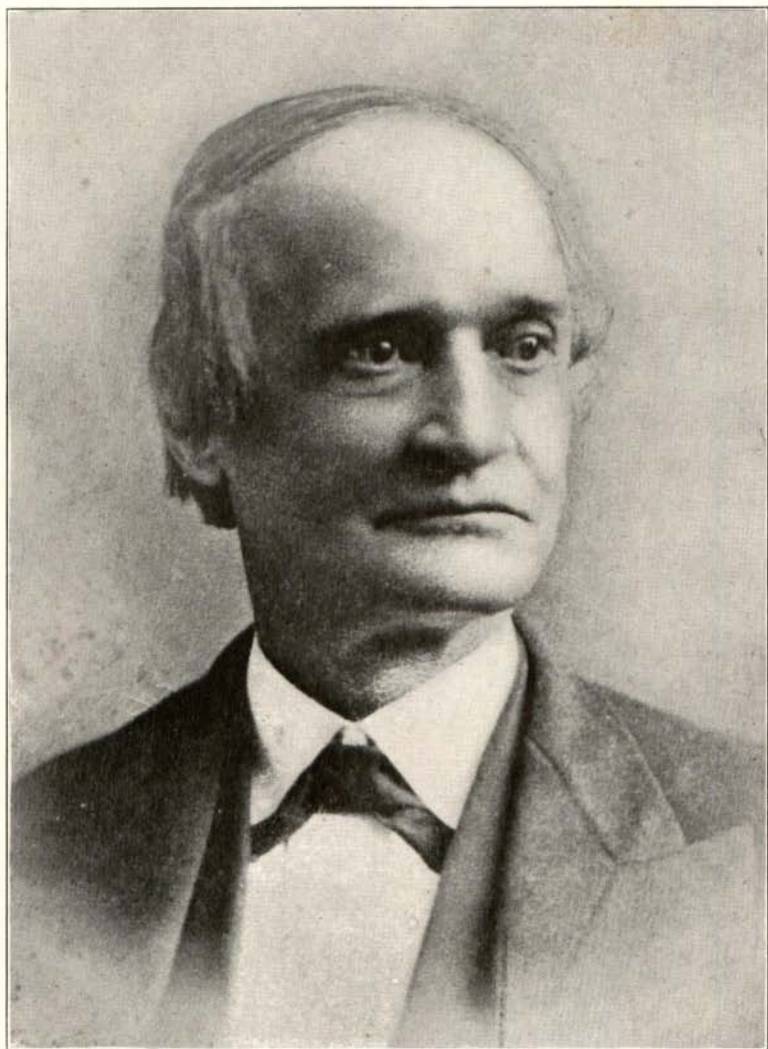
His was the initiative—he blazed the way!

If we continue to flourish, as he would we should, his will be the greatest measure of praise; if we become indifferent and disintegrate, ours should, and will be, the odium of a grievous fault.

And now, as a further evidence of affectionate regard for the memory of our deceased institutor, I ask you to remain standing for a minute.

Those of his friends may now recall him in pleasant, kindly memory; those of his closer kin may now indulge in tenderer emotions;—perhaps may breathe a silent prayer—and be this our comforting thought:

"Nor blame I death because he bear
The use of virtue out of earth,
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit elsewhere."



BENJAMIN HENRY MAGRUDER,
BORN, 1808; DIED, 1885.

BENJAMIN HENRY MAGRUDER.

BY HIS CHILDREN.

(Horatio Erskine Magruder, Mrs. Sallie Magruder Stewart, Dr. Ed. May Magruder, James Opie Magruder, Lt. Col. George Mason Magruder, M. D., and Egbert Watson Magruder.)

In preparing this sketch the desire and purpose of the authors are to pay a tribute of love, honor, and respect, to their father and to record with the American Clan Gregor Society the biography of the ancestor of twenty-two of its lineal members.

JOHN BOWIE MAGRUDER, the father of the subject of this memoir, was a native of Montgomery County, Maryland and, together with his father, James Magruder, Jr., took the "Patriot's Oath" (see below) February 7, 1778, before Justice Joseph Wilson of the same county. He inherited, in his native state, a plantation called "Honesty", which, in 1796, was sold to his uncle, Ninian Beall Magruder, and on February 3, 1791, he married Sarah B. Jones, daughter of Edward Jones, Jr., (a soldier of the Revolution), and Sarah White. In 1800 or 1803 he settled with his family on the Rivanna River, in Fluvanna County, Virginia, his new home being called "Union Hall", and there he became one of the most prominent and enterprising men of his day and section; for besides cultivating his large plantation he established thereon an extensive manufacturing plant known as Union Mills where he engaged in the manufacture of cotton, woolen, iron, leather, and wooden, goods, tanning, lumbering, sawmilling, merchandizing, milling of all the cereals, river freighting, etc. He likewise possessed a large interest in the cotton and grain mills at Shadwell, in the County of Albemarle, on the same river. To his regular business was voluntarily added that of general adviser for persons who came to him from far and near for the adjustment of all kinds of troubles; and though not an ordained minister, yet in his later years he conducted religious services at the mills and the neighboring churches in the absence of the regular minister. At "Union Hall" he and his wife died, he on September 8, 1812, and she in the year 1836, and there they were buried, leaving their twelve children—seven sons and five daughters—well provided for, all his slaves, to the number of about one hundred, being liberated and sent to Liberia, Africa, with funds sufficient to support them for a year.

The children of John Bowie Magruder and Sarah B. Jones were: James, who married Louisa Watson; Horatio Jones, who never married but lived to a great age; John Bowie, who never married and died at Princeton University, N. J., studying for the ministry; Ben-

jamin Henry, who married (1) Maria Louisa Minor and (2) Anne Evelina Norris; William Ridgeley, who never married and was a much beloved physician; Hillary, who never married; Edward, who never married and went West and died young; Mary, who married Basil Magruder Jones, her double first cousin; Harriet, who married Col. Gideon Allaway Strange; Wilhelmina, who married John Timberlake; Sarah and Elizabeth, neither of whom were ever married.

BENJAMIN HENRY MAGRUDER was the youngest son of John Bowie Magruder and Sarah B. Jones and was born at "Union Hall", in Fluvanna County, Virginia, in 1808, where he spent his childhood and youth, doubtless as the average country boy of ante-bellum times in Virginia, hunting, fishing, trapping, driving, going to the post office, attending church and "old field schools," and taking part in plantation work, varied with picnics, dances, and camp meetings, with the attendant fried chicken, pie, and stomachache.

We find his name recorded in the list of students of the first two sessions of the University of Virginia, those of 1825 and 1826 (in the early days each session was included within the year). There he studied the ancient languages, mathematics, and natural philosophy, and was college mate of Edgar Allen Poe, whom he heard, in an oration delivered before one of the University Literary Societies, use these words:

"Genius and dissipation, the characteristic marks of our land, have united in fellowship and in fellowship have fallen".

One of the "Seven Wise Men of Greece" (Bias) used to say that among the most difficult things in a man's life was "To make a profitable use of leisure time". Of this the subject of this paper constantly showed his appreciation, not only by practicing self-improvement himself, but by impressing its importance upon the minds of all the young people with whom he came in contact.

His thirst for knowledge was insatiable and the ease and rapidity with which he acquired it were remarkable, while his unlimited powers of assimilation together with a tenacious memory caused all that he heard and read to remain stored up in his mind ready for use at a moment's notice.

He was particularly partial to history, poetry, and the classics, and one of his favorite modes of entertainment, especially during the meal hours, was quoting and discussing the different authors and their writings, thus enlivening the time of physical refreshment "With a feast of wit and a flow of soul".

His talent for the ancient languages was such that a great source of pleasure with him was reading the works of the different Latin authors in their mother tongue with hardly any use of a dictionary; and at one time he was quite conversant with Greek. He made



"UNION HALL", FLUVANNA COUNTY, VIRGINIA, HOME OF JOHN BOWIE MAGRUDER AND BIRTH PLACE OF BENJAMIN HENRY MAGRUDER.

practical use of his knowledge of Latin by having his boys recite to him every morning before breakfast. These lessons, at the hands of one gifted with a strenuous mode of imparting knowledge, caused the recipients of his instruction to look forward to the lesson hour with solicitude and apprehension.

Being an omnivorous reader and possessed of a bright, quick, mind and lively disposition, he was a brilliant conversationalist and ever prepared "to point a moral and adorn a tale". While his apt versatility contributed generously to social functions, his conversation was marked by an entire absence of slang, profanity, and coarseness of any kind.

As a public speaker, either extemporaneous or otherwise, he had few equals, being equally at home upon the hustings, and before a jury, a legislative body, or a literary gathering, tho like Patrick Henry he hardly ever wrote out his addresses or used notes. His after dinner reply to the toast, "The Virginia Bill of Rights" (see below), was a gem of eloquence and culture.

He was fond of quoting the saying, "Reading makes a full man, speaking a ready man, and writing an exact man", and his untiring efforts at intellectual improvement made him all three, so that he was considered one of the best informed men of his day. He was also, like his father, the general mentor of his neighborhood, his advice being sought on a great variety of subjects, professional and domestic, by members of both the white and colored races, and from his decision there was rarely, if ever, thought of appeal.

From a material standpoint he was, in common parlance, "well to do", owning large interests in the extensive plant at Union Mills and in the Mills at Shadwell, all of which formerly belonged to his father, John Bowie Magruder; likewise, partly by purchase and partly by marriage, he acquired in the County of Albemarle, about seven miles from Charlottesville, the county seat, the large plantation, "Glenmore", where about 1843 he finally took up his residence and, in addition to the practice of the Law, engaged in agriculture, in which he took a deep interest, keeping abreast of all new phases of the subject, especially in the matter of fertilizers and labor saving machinery.

"Glenmore" is a large plantation of one thousand acres with a frontage of two and a quarter miles on the Rivanna River. The house, one of the oldest in that section and T-shaped, was originally built of rock and mud, but at various times it has had framework additions, the whole being roofed with slate quarried on the place. Situated on a high hill and surrounded by trees and shrubs, among which are a number of magnificent white and black oaks measuring sixteen feet in circumference, it makes a handsome home and is now owned by his eldest living son, our clansman, Horatio Erskine Magruder.

He owned a large number of negro slaves but was a lenient and humane master, never over-working them or allowing harsh measures in their management, and **their** descendents are now the only regular laborers on the estate.

He was the founder of the Keswick Farmers Club and took an active part in its deliberations almost to the end of his life.

In later life, gardening was quite a hobby with him and it was his delight to have the boys up for work in the garden so early that a neighbor jocularly remarked, "The boys have to sit on the front steps and wait until there is light enough to distinguish weeds from vegetables".

Like Mr. Jefferson, he was an amateur architect of no mean ability, as is evidenced by the well proportioned remodelling improvements made in the house at "Glenmore", all of which were original with him and compare favorably with the best architecture of the present time.

At the time of mature manhood he was well formed, weighing about 175 pounds, and was five feet eleven inches tall, his hair being black with early tendency to baldness, eyes deepset, brown, and piercing, with strong features showing firmness of character especially about the mouth, lower jaw, and chin, and he was possessed of an iron constitution. He was, moreover, of a generous, hospitable, nature, absolutely fearless, and ever ready to extend aid and comfort to friend and neighbor.

A few anecdotes, trifling in themselves, will sometimes show the manner of man we have better than any thing else:—

On one occasion, two of his sons, while returning home from a neighbor's at dusk, found lying by the roadside a man in a state of intoxication who, on being aroused, angrily asked "Who in h—l are you"? When told it was a son of B. H. Magruder he exclaimed, "D—n it! Go on away; You will never make the man your father was".

The colored people stood in great awe of him as a scholar. One of the authors of this paper when a good sized boy, once overheard two young negro men discussing the reputed vast learning of "Mr. Magruder" in these words:—

"Jim, how much you spose Mister 'Gruder know any way?"

"I dunno; I doan reckon dey is nothin' he doan know".

"Does you spose he know his A B C's?"

"Shuw! Naw; cose he doan know his A B C's **now**."

"He know so much he done clean fergit dem long go".

During one session of the Legislature, of which he was a member, he was wearing a pair of new boots which became so uncomfortable that he slipped them off under the desk. Soon a bill, in which he was interested, came up for discussion, whereupon he arose and, in his stocking feet, made a forcible argument in its behalf.

Games, of all kinds, chess, whist, backgammon, croquet, etc., were popular with him, and every summer found his home, "Glenmore", a resort for the young people of both sides of the family, of whose society he was very fond and into whose sports he entered with the alacrity of youth.

The Law, however, was his chosen profession and, owing to the paucity of law schools, the custom of the times, with those having legal aspirations, was to study privately under the supervision of some distinguished jurist. Thus it was that Judge Brockenbrough of Lexington, Virginia, became his preceptor in Law.

He began the practice of his profession in the town of Scottsville on James River in the County of Albemarle, Va., and, for business in the counties of Fluvanna and Louisa, formed a partnership with Judge Egbert R. Watson, which lasted until the latter became Judge of the Circuit Court. The firm, Magruder and Watson, had an extensive and lucrative practice, at times every case on the docket of Fluvanna County Court having that firm on one side or the other. On one occasion a client, whom they had successfully defended against the charge of murder, was so evidently guilty that after his acquittal, which happened at night, his counsel urged him to get out of the county before morning to avoid being lynched. Needless to say he "got". On another occasion, when the first named member of the firm was successful in bringing about conviction he immediately united in an application to the governor for pardon of the criminal saying he would never again take part in a prosecution, as he preferred employing his energies in defense.

Being a fluent, eloquent, and attractive, speaker and ready debater, with power to grasp details with great rapidity, he possessed all the qualities needed for presenting and arguing legal questions most effectively before a jury. Judge Watson used to say that, "If Magruder would study and prepare his cases as well as he presented and argued them, he would lead the bar of the state."

In 1867 a new firm, Magruder and Magruder, with offices in the town of Charlottesville, was formed with his son, Henry Minor, who had in June of that year taken his degree of Bachelor of Law at the University of Virginia and of whom Judge Watson said that "He had the most promising and profound legal mind of any young lawyer at the bar".

If he ever showed partiality in a question at issue it was when the rights of women were concerned, and the circumstances under which he would participate in a cause against a woman were exceptional and extreme. Chivalry towards the opposite sex was, with him, a part of his religion, and the widow and the orphan had cause to remember him with gratitude.

He was once engaged by an old gentleman to write his will, the

provisions of which were, as he thought, unfair to his wife. After arguing with the old man to no avail he tore up the will he had written and left the house in disgust saying, "Money will not tempt me to be a party to injustice". After the husband's death he was employed by the widow and easily upset the will written by another lawyer and thus secured for her her rights.

For about twenty years he held the position of Examiner of Reports and Accounts for the Virginia Central Railroad, which afterwards became the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad.

In politics he was an "Old Line Whig" until that party went out of existence; then, in the "Choice between rotten apples" as he expressed it, he became a Democrat but cooperated with the Conservatives during their brief span of life.

He represented his County of Albemarle in the Virginia House of Representatives for a period of eleven years, before, during, and after, "The War between the States", and at a time when such service was an honor, having as colleagues such men as William C. Rives, Alexander Rives, B. Johnston Barbour, Williams C. Wickham, Stewart and Baldwin of Staunton, and others of like calibre, and, during his long tenure of office in that august body, he was one of its most active and influential members, as the following incidents will show:—

(1) During "The War between the States" SALT, so necessary to human and animal life and as a preservative of food, became extremely scarce throughout the Confederacy and much suffering was the result. The Federal blockade prevented the importation of salt from foreign parts and the Confederate States were then dependent upon a small amount produced in Louisiana and a still smaller quantity made by private enterprise at Saltville in the Southwestern part of Virginia. The salt works at the latter place were capable of great development but, being worked privately and on a very limited scale, the amount of salt sent out from there fell far short of the needs of the country. B. H. Magruder brought the matter to the attention of the Virginia Legislature and introduced a bill to have the state take over the Salt Works of Virginia and place them on an entirely different basis, with a view to increasing the output of salt. The bill was adversely reported by a majority of the committee appointed to consider it, but Magruder with one other member of the committee made a minority report in its favor. The bill was finally passed by the General Assembly and through it the sufferings of the country and its armies were greatly alleviated. Great importance was attached to these salt works by the Federal Government as they were made the object of a special military expedition for their destruction and, on being destroyed, they were promptly rebuilt by the Confederate Government, as they were indispensable to the welfare of the country.

(2) Through his influence as a member of the General Assembly of Virginia he was largely instrumental in inducing the Confederate Congress to exempt from military service all farmers who constantly employed in agriculture as many as twenty laborers. This largely increased the much needed food supply and materially prolonged the life of the new republic. In appreciation of his work in this cause the immediate beneficiaries (mostly old men) presented him with a handsome silver service, which is now in the possession of one of his sons, Dr. Edward May Magruder, our Chieftain.

(3) Before and during the War of Secession the railroads of Virginia were required by state law to be of different guages, those south of James River being **broad guage** and those north of that stream **standard guage**. The object of this was to build up the river cities at the expense of the shippers and passengers by halting all trains at the river and preventing through traffic. While a member of the Legislature after the war he influenced the passage of a bill for reducing all **broad guage** railroads of the state to **standard guage**, thus facilitating interstate traffic to the advantage of the railroads and public at large.

(4) As a member of the Legislative Committee on Schools and Colleges he rendered valuable service in its early days to the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute for the instruction of Negro and Indian Pupils (male and female), and by his support greatly encouraged and strengthened the hands of its enthusiastic organizer and principal, Samuel C. Armstrong.

Tho a believer in States' Rights he opposed Secession as injudicious and impracticble, favoring settlement of the questions at issue by legislative enactment within the union; but federal treachery connected with Fort Sumter changed these sentiments and after the secession of Virginia from the Union he strenuously devoted his talents, his substance, and his time, to the Confederacy, sending two sons, John and Horatio, to her armies, being himself beyond the age for military service, tho he was a member of the Home Guard and went with the latter to Gordonsville to protect General Lee's line of communication with Richmond during the Gettysburg campaign. In the last year of the war he was elected to the Confederate Congress and was on his way to Richmond, by boat, to take his seat in that body, when General Lee's surrender occurred. He immediately returned home and, for a time, the threat of confiscation of the property of those who had given aid to the Confederate cause hung like the "Sword of Damocles" over his head; but this soon passed and his best efforts were then exerted for the pacification of the country and to bring about good feeling between the sections and between the white and colored races. In this his personal standing and influence enabled him to render useful service.

Altho all his life he had been a whig in political faith yet in 1873, when a man of honesty, ability, courage, and patriotism, was needed to help steer the ship of state thru the difficulties that surrounded her, the best men of the county, regardless of party affiliation, united in demanding that B. H. Magruder be chosen to represent Albemarle County in the Legislature, where-in had appeared names that would shed lustre upon any law-making body, and he was easily elected. During the term that followed, the status of Virginia's public debt (then about \$45,000,000) was the leading issue, and he employed all his energies in behalf of an honest settlement of that question. In this he was an ardent supporter of the McCullough Bill, which provided for the payment of the state debt dollar for dollar, after setting aside, with the assent of the bondholders, one third to be paid by West Virginia, which the latter had agreed to assume when admitted into the union as a separate state, she having reaped her share of the benefits accruing from the making of the debt. He vigorously opposed any form of "Readjustment" or scaling down of the state's indebtedness as only another name for "Repudiation", which he regarded as alike dishonest and dishonorable. In the next campaign, however, the coalition of white republicans, scalawags, and negroes, bent upon dragging the old state's honor in the dust by partial or complete repudiation of her debt, proved too strong, and he went down in defeat holding aloft the banner representing the principles for which he had fought—clean politics and honest dealings.

While he was indefatigable in his efforts for the advancement of friends and colleagues and was never happier than when working in their behalf, he never sought political or other advancement for himself and ever suffered from excess of modesty.

The 23 sessions he served in the General Assembly of Virginia were the following:—December 1857, April 1858, December 1859, April 1860, January 1861, December 1861, March 1862, April 1862, May 1862, September 1862, October 1862, January 1863, March 1863, September 1863, November 1863, December 1863, March 1864, December 1864, March 1865, January 1874, April 1874, December 1874, and March 1875.

In religion he was a Presbyterian of liberal type, freely recognizing the good in all denominations with no fanticism in his creed. He was a thorough student of and believer in the teachings of the Bible, and comparatively few were his equals in ability to expound the Scriptures from both a religious and a historical standpoint, and none more willing at all times to do so for the good of his fellow man. His aptitude and love for teaching were unusual and, being convinced of the efficacy of the Sunday School for the training of the young, for many years he faithfully and energetically participated in this kind of work at South Plains Presbyterian Church situated about



"GLENMORE", ALBEMARLE COUNTY, VIRGINIA, OLD HOME OF BENJAMIN HENRY MAGRUDER, NOW HOME OF HIS SON,
HORATIO ERSKINE MAGRUDER.

two miles from his home and of which he was deacon. In illustration of his broad religious views, he frequently taught an afternoon class in Sunday Schools of other denominations of the vicinity, and ministers of the different denominations, visiting in the neighborhood, were hospitably entertained at "Glenmore".

His energy and endurance under mental and physical strain were extraordinary. While he was in public life he was once heard to say that an average of four hours daily for sleep sufficed him and, like Napoleon, he was most abstemious at table. Tho naturally strong and robust, his last years saw him afflicted with heart trouble but manifesting the same hardy endurance under physical suffering that he did in material affairs. He died April 11, 1885, at "Glenmore" and was buried there by the side of his first wife and his heroic son, Colonel John Bowie Magruder.

It will be seen from the foregoing that Benjamin Henry Magruder lived during and took no inconspicuous part in the most momentous and critical period of American History, and therefore it is altogether pertinent to inquire what, in brief, he stood for before his people. The answer to this question may, in few words, be summed up thus:—

**Clean Politics; Honest Dealings;
White Supremacy.**

On December 15, 1836, during his sojourn at Scottsville, he married Maria Louisa Minor, daughter of Dr. James Minor and Mary Watson, of "Sunning Hill", Louisa County, Virginia. She died at "Glenmore" June 30, 1854, and was buried at that Place. The seven children resulting from this marriage were:

1. **Julia Virginia**; born at Scottsville, Va., October 18, 1837; married George Tyler of "Blenheim", Caroline County, Va.; died at "Blenheim", February 4, 1873, and was buried there.

2. **John Bowie**; born at Scottsville, Va., November 24, 1839; not married; Colonel of 57th Regiment Va. Inf., C. S. A.; mortally wounded in Charge of Picketts Division at Gettysburgh, July 3rd., 1863, and died there July 5; buried at "Glenmore"; age 23 years.

3. **Evelyn May**; born at Scottsville, Va., March 4, 1842; married Capt. Elliott Hawes DeJarnette of "Pine Forest", Spottsylvania County, Va.; died at "Pine Forest" July 2, 1902, and was buried there.

4. **Henry Minor**; born at "Glenmore", February 9, 1844; married Sarah Minor of "Ridgeway", Albemarle County, Va.; B. L. of U. Va.; died in Washington, D. C., June 1, 1891; buried at "Edgemont", Albemarle County, Va.

5. **Horatio Erskine**; born at "Glenmore", September 8, 1846; married his cousin, Mrs. Julia May Wallace née Chewning of "Island Home", Alb. County, Va., daughter of John Wm. Chewning and Mary Strange.

6. **A son** who died in infancy and was buried at "Glenmore".

7. **Sallie Watson**; born at "Glenmore", July 31, 1849; married Lieutenant Colonel Wm. Henry Stewart of Portsmouth, Va., C. S. A.

On February 16, 1858, after his removal to "Glenmore", he married Anne Evelina Norris, daughter of Opie Norris and Cynthia Kelley, both of Charlottesville, Va.; she survived him many years and died in Charlottesville, January 6, 1897. The four children resulting from this marriage were:—

1. **Edward May**; born in Charlottesville, Va., November 27, 1858; married Mary Cole Gregory, daughter of Judge Roger Gregory of "Elsing Green", King William County, Va., and Elizabeth Frances Allen of Richmond, Va.; physician of Charlottesville, Va.

2. **James Opie**; born at "Glenmore", September 24, 1860; married Rosa Williamson of Reidsville, N. C.; Civil Engineer of Lynchburgh, Va.

3. **George Mason**; born at "Glenmore", December 8, 1862; married Isadora Carvallo Causten of Washington, D. C.; Surgeon of U. S. Public Health Service with rank of Senior Surgeon and Lieutenant Colonel.

4. **Egbert Watson**; born at "Glenmore", October 25, 1868; married Frances Byrd Alvey of Richmond, Va.; chemist of the F. S. Royster Guano Company of Norfolk, Va.

Genealogical Line: Benjamin Henry Magruder was the son of John Bowie Magruder and Sarah B. Jones; grandson of James Magruder, Jr., and Mary Bowie; great grandson of Ninian Magruder and Elizabeth Brewer; great, great grandson of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall; and great, great, great grandson of Alexander Magruder, the (Immigrant) and, supposedly, of Margaret Braithwaite.

PATRIOT'S OATH.

Oath taken by those who supported the thirteen American Colonies when they separated from Great Britain.

"I do swear I do not hold myself bound to yield any allegiance or obedience to the King of Great Britain, his heirs, or successors, and that I will be true and faithful to the state of Maryland and will do the utmost of my power to support, maintain, and defend, the freedom and independence thereof and the government as now established against all open enemies and secret and traitorous conspiracies and will use my utmost endeavor to disclose and make known to the governor or some one of the judges or justices thereof all treasons or traitorous conspiracies, attempts, or combinations, against this state or government thereof, which may come to my knowledge, so help me God".

Taken before the open court at Frederick City in Frederick County, Maryland, February 1778.

RESPONSE

OF B. H. MAGRUDER AT A BANQUET GIVEN IN RICHMOND, VA.,
FEBRUARY 2, 1860, IN HONOR OF EX-GOVERNOR HENRY A.
WISE, TO THE TOAST, "THE VIRGINIA BILL OF RIGHTS."

Mr. President:—I experience a most painful sense of the compliment, and a want of any claim to the honor of being selected from this concourse of distinguished men here present to respond to the just and comprehensive sentiment just announced—I may say, to all Virginia here assembled, in the persons of her chosen representatives—the guardians of her rights and interests. It is refreshing to turn aside for a season, from the distracting issues of the day, and dwell for a moment upon the virtues of former worthies. Sir, we honor ourselves in endorsing anew and offering fresh homage to the Virginia Bill of Rights. For that great state paper is the first written charter containing the true fundamental principles and inviolable safeguards for free republican government, adopted by any state or nation throughout the world—AND those, whose giant minds then concentrated the essence of Magna Charta, the petition of right, and all the other muniments of trans-atlantic liberty, not only boldly proclaimed them to the world, but gallantly maintained and upheld them in battle and in blood, against a power hitherto unconquered, and deemed unconquerable.

And those master minds were **truehearted Virginia men—our sires—**and it is but a tribute of filial affection and gratitude we pay them, in recalling to our recollections their virtues and some of their honored names. There were Cary, and Mercer, and Lee, and Henry, and Madison, and, like Saul of Tarsus, head and shoulders above the rest, George Mason, **Clarum et venerabile nomen.**

With no lights of history or experience of other nations to guide them, truly theirs was an arduous task. Maturest judgment, largest wisdom, and most thorough statesmanship, were all required to perfect their work. Mason's mind combined them all, and forth came the Virginia Bill of Rights, full formed and perfect, like Minerva from the brain of Jove; and the tests of time and political vicissitudes have but confirmed and established its claim to immutable excellence.

Two Conventions have since been assembled in Virginia to change her organic law, but **there stands George Mason's Bill of Rights**, at the head of three Constitutions. No profane hand has ever dared to assail it, and none ever will; it will endure, a monument of the splendid genius and profound philosophy of George Mason.*

*Since this address was delivered in 1860, two more constitutional conventions, those of 1869 and 1902, have rewritten Virginia's organic

The framers of our Federal Constitution, too, wise and eminent as they were, bowed down in homage before it. For that was the grand treasury from which they drew the great principles and safeguards of freedom found in that hallowed instrument.

Most graceful, then, was the act of the Virginia Legislature in placing the statue of that august man hard by her capitol, in close companionship with Henry and Jefferson and Marshall, and the father of his country himself—forever to remind us of the giant minds of the earlier days of our Republic, and to incite us to deeds of high emprise.

“See there, the honors Virginia gives,
See there, the hero and the patriot lives,
There, let the rising age in wonder gaze,
And emulate the glorious deeds they praise.”

But let us not forget one grand truth taught in that wonderful instrument—“No free government or the blessings of liberty **can be preserved**, but by a firm adherence to justice, moderation, temperance, frugality, and virtue.”

Let us bear in mind this precept, and, while we obey and fulfill all the obligations the Bill of Rights and the Federal Constitution impose, we will **demand** and **require** the security and protection of all their guarantees. They **shall** be accorded to us. The madness and fanaticism of no part of this Confederation shall withhold them from us. The Constitution shall not be destroyed. The hopes of the friends of freedom throughout the world, resting, as they do, upon the experiment here made, of the competency of man for self-government, **shall not be annihilated** by insane hands, North, South, East, or West, battering down the pillars of our Constitution and riving into fragments our glorious Union.

We will all, from every quarter of the Nation, appropriate and adopt the sentiment and language of our Anglo-Saxon Ancestors—those hardy barons of England, when roused by wrong and oppression, they extorted Magna Charta from King John—their language was “**Nolumus leges anglicas mutari**”—and they maintained **their** declaration. Of these sacred obligations and guarantees of our Constitution, our position shall be “**Nolumus mutari**”—and they **shall not** be perverted. Let all good men, everywhere, unite on this platform, and our noble Constitution, and the blessing of our Union, will continue in **aeternum aevum**, till time itself shall be no more.

laws, but the “Virginia Bill of Rights” headed both constitutions where it stands at present in all its pristine glory. Thus it was the foundation of five Virginia constitutions, those of 1776, 1830, 1850, 1869, and 1902, and of the United States constitution of 1787.

One word now as to the especial object of this banquet. It is known, by all who know me, that I belong not to the same political fold with the distinguished guest of the evening—yet, I came here freely, willingly, to pay the tribute of my respect and regard, not to the politician; oh no! but to the high-toned and courteous gentleman—to the truehearted Virginian—to the upright public functionary.

It may comport with the spirit and temper of others to worship the rising sun—to pay court to him who is entering upon, or in the enjoyment of, the powers and prerogatives of high official station—be it mine to tender the meed of my admiration to him who, the hard toils of long years of service over, lays aside, so gracefully, the robes of power, and resumes that oft-times higher post of honor, "A private station."

In the ranks now forming for political, or, it may be, martial strife, I know not whether you and I, Sir, may or may not be under the same banner. It may be that the same flag will float over us. Stranger things than that have happened in the evolutions of political tactics. But, however that may be, you have just cause for congratulation that, now relieved from the cares and responsibilities of office, you resume the dignified post of a free, sovereign, and independent, fellow citizen, with the plaudits of the people everywhere sounding in your ears, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

And now, with a grateful heart for the kind manner in which this great assembly have listened to these imperfect remarks, I tender you this sentiment:—

"The Virginia Bill of Rights":—The prototype of the Declaration of Independence. The great charter of Virginia's liberty supplied material for the chief cornerstone in the fabric of the Union.

COULDN'T RECIPROCATE.

A Scottish farmer was asked to the funeral of a neighbor's wife, and as he had attended the funeral of both of her predecessors, his own wife was rather surprised when he informed her that he had declined the invitation.

For some time Sandy would give no reason for the refusal, but he could not stand the old lady off, so finally he told her with some hesitation:

"Weel, ye see, Janet, I dinna aye like to be acceptin' ither folks' civilities when I niver hae anything o' the kin' to offer in return."

—Exchange.

DONALD FITZ-RANDOLPH MacGREGOR.

BY HIS SISTER, MRS. MARY E. MCCREADY.

DONALD Fitz-Randolph MacGregor was born in Beaver, Pa., Aug. 15, 1857. He was therefore 63 years of age at the time of his death which occurred January 21, 1921. His funeral the following Monday was attended by a large circle of friends and members of the following organizations with which he was affiliated: American Clan Gregor Society; Anacostia Lodge, No. 21, F. A. A. M.; Anacostia Chapter, No. 12; Electa Chapter, No. 2, O. E. S.; Col. James Pettitt Camp No. 3; Spanish War Veterans and Zion Lutheran Church.

He was a man of the strictest integrity and honesty, and remarkable for his adherence to the truth; with him the opinion of the world had but little influence in determining right. He was a faithful member of the Lutheran Church.

He was married February 15, 1908, to Helene Margaret Botsch of Washington, D. C., a lady of strong intellect and culture. His love for her was a constant element in his poetry.

He wrote his first poem when but eight years of age. His poems were first published when he was twelve years of age. His last poem was written during his last illness:

DESTINY.

I am but the floss of the thistle's flower
That a zephyr keeps afloat;
I am but a ray of the twilight hour,
That blends with the coming night;
And yet I struggle against the wind
And grasp at each fragile thing,
The night comes all too soon I find,
I dread what its hours may bring.

I am but a spark of the phosphoric light
That follows a steamer's wake;
I am but the foam that quivers white
On the waves before they break;



DONALD FITZ-RANDOLPH MACGREGOR,
BORN, 1857; DIED, 1921.

And yet I sparkle and try to shine
When the ship is far ahead,
And I try to make the wild storm mine
And the dreary calm I dread.

I am but the breath of ages past,
Of myriads of years ago;
Then was my lot in the life play cast,
My place in the passing show;
And yet I struggle with all my strength
Against what is to be,
Well knowing I shall find at length
All was my DESTINY.

When sixteen years of age he had the distinction of being the youngest public school teacher in the County. At eighteen he entered the University of Wooster, Ohio, where he completed his education. His desire to see some of the world led him to Philadelphia where he enlisted in the Marine Corps stationed on League Island. He was sent to Norfolk, Va., and became one of the guard of the United States Steamer Galena. Two years were spent in different parts of Europe, Asia, Africa and South America, during which time he served as correspondent to several Western papers. He was with Hobart Pasha in the Nile country, and on the Isle of Chios during its destruction by the terrible earthquake of 1881. He also witnessed the bombardment of Alexandria by the English. After serving five years he received an excellent discharge as a non-commissioned officer.

His father, Gregor MacGregor was editor and proprietor of the Beaver Star. His Mother, Rebecca Fitz-Randolph MacGregor, was a noted contributor of poetry to the journals of her time. His grandfather, Donald MacGregor was born in Scotland and was a descendant of a clan which furnished to Sir Walter Scott the hero of his famous historic romance, "Rob Roy", and was a second cousin of that noted chief and a descendant from Gregor or Gregorius third son of Alpin, King of Scotland. Hence their original patronymic is MacAlpine, being usually termed Clan Alpin, one of the most ancient and historic clans in the Highlands.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF TWO WARS.

BY REAR ADMIRAL THOMAS PICKETT MAGRUDER, U. S. N.

Ladies and Gentlemen—Fellow Clansmen:

WHEN I promised the committee to give you this evening a few of my personal reminiscences in the Spanish American and World War, I promised myself to make them as brief as possible and to try not to bore you. Of course much that was of interest to me as a professional Naval Officer might not interest the laymen and conversely, the incidents to which I attach little or no importance are the very things that would be more of interest from another point of view.

It so happened that the first official order issued which showed there was a prospect of war between Spain and the United States was issued early in January, 1898 to the U. S. S. **Nashville**, to which vessel I was attached at the time. The **Nashville** had been detailed to go to the Mediterranean to join the European Squadron, and she sailed from the Navy Yard at Norfolk, Va., with the European destination in view. Upon arrival off Old Point Comfort in Hampton Roads, a signal was made to anchor and await important dispatches. The **Nashville** received orders then to go to Port Royal, S. C., for the purpose of drilling and training the crew and to prepare for every eventuality. Later as war became more imminent, the **Nashville** was sent to Key West.

In February, while at Galveston, Texas, we learned of the destruction of the U. S. S. **Maine** in Havana Harbor, and the officers surmised at once that war was inevitable. I remember that at the time the battleship **Texas** also was at Galveston, and the two ships were ordered to return to Key West at once. For several weeks thereafter, it was my duty to command the funeral parties of the officers and men recovered from the wreck of the **Maine** and buried at Key West.

Until war was declared early in April, there was a gradual mobilization at Key West of vessels of the Navy, and drills were constantly being carried out to prepare for war. Finally war was declared on April 22, and the Fleet then at Key West received orders, I think about 10:00 P.M., to proceed to the blockade of the Cuban Coast.

We sailed from Key West at daylight the morning of the 23rd of April. The ships had never been drilled at sea together, and the organization was crude.

Soon after leaving Key West the smoke of a steamer was sighted. I was Officer of the Watch at the time on the **Nashville**, and with a telescope I thought I recognized the Spanish flag as the strange steamer drew nearer. Therefore, I prepared a signal to the effect that the

strange steamer shows Spanish colors. The moment I was certain, I reported to the Captain with permission to inform the Commander-in-Chief, who was some miles distant. The request was granted, and the signal made first by the **Nashville**, although other ships were nearer the stranger. Evidently the Commander-in-Chief appreciated the action of the **Nashville**, for almost at once he signalled to the **Nashville** to heave to the stranger.

The **Nashville** left formation, and she thereafter fired a shot across the stranger's bows. The steamer stopped, and I left the **Nashville** in a boat with an armed crew and boarded the steamer, which was the Spanish steamer "Buena Ventura" bound from a Gulf port for Barcelona and laden with lumber. She had sailed before the declaration of war, and the captain was surprised to know that war existed between Spain and the United States.

I received orders to take the "Buena Ventura" into Key West about 15 miles distant. I turned the steamer over to the Admiral in command of the port, and, with the armed crew, later in the day rejoined the **Nashville**.

I tell this incident for it was the **Nashville** that fired the first shot of the Spanish American war. Also later as will appear, it was the **Nashville** that fired the last shot of the war.

A day or two later, the Admiral learned that a large Spanish merchant steamer laden with troops and a large cargo of munitions was bound for Cien Fuegos. The cruisers **Marblehead** and **Nashville**, and the small converted yacht, **Eagle**, were detailed to intercept this liner, which was the **Montserrat**. This little squadron started on the evening of the 25th.

About 4 o'clock the next morning, the **Marblehead** and **Eagle** went ashore on the Coral Reef at the west end of Cuba. This caused a delay of perhaps 8 hours. Upon arrival off Cien Fuegos, the squadron Commander, the late Captain Bowman H. McCalla, U. S. N. communicated with the insurgents and found that the **Montserrat** had already arrived in port. On this trip, however, we captured a small coasting steamer called the **Argonaut** together with a dozen Spanish officers and about 50 men. The **Argonaut** was bound, I think, to a Jamaican port and had on board a large quantity of personal property, including jewels, that was being shipped to Spain to escape possible capture by the Americans.

In those days there was prize money, and several years later I received a check for about \$100.00, which was my share of the **Argonaut**.

We remained off the shore of Cien Fuegos for several days blockading when it became necessary to return to Key West for fuel. Later we returned again to Cien Fuegos with orders to cut the cables which

led from that port to the Dutch West Indies, Jamaica and perhaps other places.

At daybreak on the morning of May 11, four boats left the **Marblehead** and **Nashville** for the purpose of grappling for the cables and cutting out sections of them. Two of the boats were large sailing launches and were equipped with grapnels, tools, etc., for lifting and cutting the cables, while the other two were steam launches with armed crews to protect the launches while they were at work.

It seems that this expedition was reported to the Spanish Commander who sent from Cien Fuegos, a distance of about 6 miles, a battalion of infantry to prevent, if possible, cutting the cables.

The boat expedition started in about 6:00 A.M., went right in shore close to the beach, found the cables near the cable station, grappled them and began cutting out sections. This work continued for several hours, when suddenly I thought that a heavy downpour of rain had started. I was in command of the two steam launches to protect the other boats. Almost at once I realized that we were under very heavy musketry fire.

As a matter of fact the Spanish troops had arrived from Cien Fuegos and were firing at us from a bluff covered with chapparel, a distance of not over 300 or 400 yards. The armed boats immediately opened fire on the enemy, but had no effect in silencing their fire naturally. The two boats engaged in cutting the cables continued their work until it was completed.

In the meantime, the **Nashville** and **Marblehead**, realizing the conditions, began shelling the bluffs where the Spanish were supposed to be. The two steam launches took the sailing launches in tow and took them back to their ships. There were several killed and many wounded in the boats. None of our men were killed owing to the poor marksmanship of the Spaniards. This small unimportant engagement had more casualties on our side than did the battle of Santiago or the battle of Manila Bay.

The **Nashville** continued blockading the South Coast of Cuba until the battle of Santiago. On the day of that battle, the **Nashville** was en route to join the Fleet off Santiago. We arrived several days after the battle, and I visited the Spanish ships; some of them were still burning.

After the capture of Santiago, the **Nashville** was sent to blockade the port of Bibaro. This was a small port connected by rail with the interior town of Holguin, at which was stationed a small Spanish army. Blockade runners had supplied the Spanish army in Cuba during the war through the port of Gibaro.

The armistice came several weeks later, and almost immediately thereafter yellow fever broke out at Key West, whereupon the Ad-

miral commanding the blockading vessels and all other vessels with the exception of the **Nashville** were ordered North to escape the yellow fever.

The little **Nashville** was forgotten, and we remained at Gibaro thinking that a state of war still existed until the latter part of September. One night the light of a steamer was sighted off Gibaro, whereupon the **Nashville** went out to get a shot across the bow, and this was the last shot of the war, and sent an officer on board. The steamer proved to be a small British steamer chartered by the owners of some sugar plantations for the purpose of bringing supplies for the foreign population and with bona fide orders to U. S. Naval vessels to permit the landing of the supplies. In the meantime it seems that the **Nashville** had been thought of again, and a small gunboat came down to give us orders to return to the U. S., which we did at full speed—and then some!

THE WORLD WAR.

In the winter of 1917 I was on duty in Washington in charge of the Division of Naval Militia affairs and had charge of preparing to mobilize the Naval Militia—a force of 10,000 officers and men, in case we should be drawn into the World War. As early as February 3, every thoughtful Naval Officer knew that the U. S. would be compelled to join in the war, and that fact was brought to the attention of higher authority for the purpose of making preparations.

As is now well known, the policy of the Government at that time was to do nothing to show that the U. S. even considered the possibility of entering the World War. Therefore, nothing was done in the way of preparedness. This policy of not preparing for war, not even heeding the lessons from past wars, seems to be unfortunately one of the few drawbacks to a republican form of Government.

The reasons which impelled the U. S. to declare war are too well known to need to be mentioned here. Upon the declaration of war, the Naval Militia were mobilized, and immediately steps were taken to create and organize a large Reserve for the Navy.

I had determined to go to sea as soon as possible and made application to that effect. It was very agreeable, therefore, for me to receive in June verbal orders to fit out and take to France a squadron of small vessels. We had received information from the French that anything that could float and carry a gun would be valuable in the campaign against the *Boch* submarine. The Navy Department had commandeered a large number of vessels and determined to fit out 12 of them as mine sweepers. For this purpose, 12 fishing vessels of about 1200 tons were selected to be fitted as mine sweepers, and I was given

orders to rush the alterations as fast as possible. A large seagoing yacht of about 1700 tons, the **Wakiva**, was detailed to be the flagship and a supply vessel of 5,000 tons, the **Bath**, was assigned to the squadron. In addition I was told to make arrangements to convoy 12 small submarine chasers, which had been purchased in the U. S. by France and manned by French crews.

For six weeks I spent the days at the Navy Yards from Boston to Norfolk and the nights on the train going from one Yard to another, selecting crews and hastening as much as possible the preparations of assembling the squadron and making a start. The squadron was assembled in Massachusetts Bay about the middle of August and sailed for France on the 17th of August without ever having had a tactical or other drill. The guns even had never been once fired, and one may easily imagine the difficulties of such a voyage. The little trawlers were so laden with coal and supplies that they had a freeboard of less than 2 feet. They were not built to carry cargoes, and the hulls working in a seaway caused the oakum to come out of the seams, and many of them leaked. In fact one sank alongside of the dock at the Boston Navy Yard just on the eve of sailing. This vessel joined the squadron in France 3 months later.

The first stop of the squadron was the Azores, which was reached in about 12 days. We had fine weather all the way, which was a blessing for a gale certainly would have caused several of the boats to founder.

On the way to the Azores, such drills as possible were carried out and attempt made to organize the squadron. This was a difficult matter. All the crews were new to the boats, and many had engine and boiler troubles, so that frequently the **Bath** and **Wakiva** would be towing two of the trawlers at the same time; also trawlers had to tow sub-chasers.

In order to practice what would have to be done in the war zone, the squadron steamed at night without lights. In the morning they would be seen scattered over the horizon far and wide, and it would take several hours to get them together and go ahead again as a squadron.

Just before sighting the Azores, I received a radiogram cautioning me to look out for submarines that were supposed to be operating in that vicinity.

The night before arrival at Ponta del Gada I had an experience that was perhaps the most tense of all my Naval career. About 10:00 P.M. I heard the general alarm sound. I went to the bridge and found that some vessel had been making, what the officer of the watch reported as, signals flashing lights. Soon I saw the lights myself in one direction and apparently answered in another. If the ships of the squadron were in the position assigned, they could not be making

these signals. In fact, they had strict orders to make no signals and show no lights whatever.

I at once thought of the warning concerning submarines, and it was possible that the two vessels whose lights were seen could be submarines signalling to each other. Had I been sure of this, I would have had the searchlights turned on the vessels and opened fire on them. Knowing, however, that my vessels could very well be out of position and not sure that the strange vessel sighted was not of my own squadron, I hesitated to open fire. However, the decision had to be made immediately, and I decided that the vessels were not submarines. This luckily was the correct decision, for later I learned that two French submarine chasers were, contrary to orders, signalling to each other. However, the point is, had the vessels been submarines and my decision incorrect, I would have failed signally in the protection of the squadron.

At Ponta Del Garda the squadron refueled as rapidly as possible, changes were made in the crews, and one Captain was demoted. As fast as the vessels were ready to proceed, I sent them outside the harbor for target practice. In fact, I had gunnery drills by every vessel before starting for France. At the Azores I received orders to proceed to Brest. After a stay of four days at the Azores, we started for the war zone.

Soon after sailing we encountered a moderate gale, which caused the squadron to scatter. When the gale moderated, I succeeded in getting information of all vessels with the exception of two. These I communicated with by radio, but despite all efforts I was not able to have them rejoin the squadron until the morning I sighted the French Coast. This was due to poor Navigation on the part of the Captains.

We sighted the French Coast one morning early and soon thereafter were enveloped in fog. Luckily the fog lasted but a short time, and when daylight broke, I had the entire squadron with the exception of the supply ship, which had disappeared during the fog. We were met by an American yacht and without incident steamed into Brest Harbor in good formation. The Bath followed a few hours later, having been picked up by another American yacht. It will always be a source of pride to me that my little squadron, one of four sent over, made the quickest trip from the U. S. to France.

After a short rest, the vessels of the squadron were at once detailed for active duty. The squadron as such was disbanded and attached to other Divisions, and I was detailed as Chief of Staff to the Admiral commanding all the American Forces on the West Coast of France. This Admiral soon after was detached, and I became temporarily commander of the force until the arrival of Rear Admiral H. B. Wilson, a distinguished officer who made a splendid reputation during the

rest of the war in command of all Naval activities in France and the waters on the West Coast of France.

For his services, Admiral Wilson afterwards was made Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet and is now Superintendent of the Naval Academy, one of the most important assignments on shore. Soon after his arrival, Admiral Wilson decided to divide the West Coast of France into Districts, for the purposes of safeguarding the convoys keeping the channels clear of mines, piloting troop ships, etc.

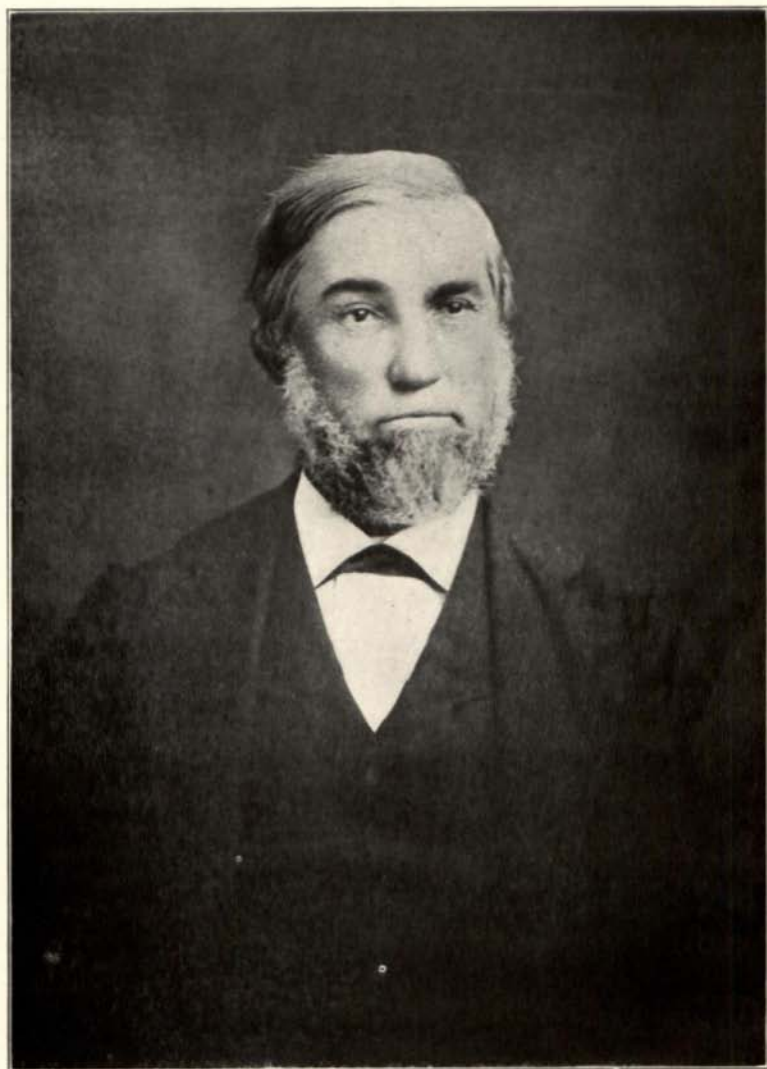
I was given command of the District south of the Brest District with headquarters at Lorient. In my District was the Loire river with the ports of Saint Nazaire and Nantes thereon. All the American mine sweepers in France were again placed under my command, and I was given a small yacht, the **Guinevere** for flagship. I proceeded to Lorient and began immediately to engage in mine sweeping with the French sweepers.

Also I organized the District to provide for the various duties which would soon develop. It was necessary to have a base of supplies for repairs and maintenance of the vessels, a system of communications, and to provide for convoying and piloting the ships going in and out of the harbors in my District. Sites for air stations had been selected, and these were built and manned. Plans were prepared and work started on fuel oil tanks, as it was proposed to base destroyers on Lorient as soon as facilities could be established for their maintenance.

Mine sweeping was perhaps the most dangerous occupation carried on in the war zone. Fortunately, however, the rise and fall of the tides on the west coast of France was about 10 feet so that by sweeping at high water there was not much danger of the sweepers striking a mine. This was not always the case, and the French lost several mine-sweepers. We were very fortunate, however, in not losing any through that cause. The flagship **Guinevere** was wrecked on the rocks in a fog, and one mine sweeper struck some of the rocks and soon after sank. Another one foundered in a gale off the isle of Ushant.

The German mine-layers apparently carried out a routine and laid mines about once a month within my District. These mines were generally discovered by fishermen sighting the submarine or by the submarine sinking the ship and a convoy. Also the fishermen were very expert in watching for mines and reporting them, for they could frequently be seen at low tide.

The mines were swept for by means of wire ropes to which were attached explosive scissors. These scissors would cut the mooring lines of the mines, and the mines would come to the surface. Then the mine was exploded or sunk by small arm fire at a distance of 200 or 300 yards.



WILLIAM THOMAS MAGRUDER,
BORN, 1825; DIED, 1889.

WILLIAM THOMAS MAGRUDER.

From Memoirs of Mississippi.

HON. William Thomas Magruder was one of the County's most illustrious citizens, and from the time of attaining his majority, he occupied himself incessantly with plans for the political and industrial advancement of his section. He was born in Port Gibson Miss., January 16th, 1825 and in that city was reared; his education, which thoroughly fitted him for a life of usefulness, being received in his native city and in Oakland College. After attaining his Senior year in that institution he left College to take up the study of law but later abandoned this to become a disciple of Aesculapius. Failing eye sight, however, compelled him to give up a professional life, and, as he had been brought up to a knowledge of planting, he began ardently to devote himself to this calling, being, at that time, in his nineteenth year.

Being a young man of strong character and tireless energy he soon began to gather about him considerable means; and though assuming a debt of \$5,000.00, soon purchased for \$18,000.00 the plantation known as Askamala. His sole property which was free from incumbrance being ten slaves and the same number of mules given him by his father. By careful management and industry he afterwards became very wealthy and purchased two large tracts of land in addition to his home place, one being the Oak Grove plantation making him the owner of nearly three thousand acres of some of the best land in the County. One thousand three hundred acres being in cultivation. Mr. Magruder was deeply interested in the proper management and cultivation of his broad acres and, as he, at all times, endeavored to keep out of the beaten path and adopt new and improved methods his operations were attended with remarkably satisfactory results. He possessed a brilliant intellect and his views, in nearly every instance, were intelligent, broad and comprehensive, and being devoted to the interest of the planters their affection and respect for him was unbounded. His fidelity to his section and party was rewarded and in 1884 he was elected to represent Claiborne County in the State Legislature, a position he filled with eminent ability for two terms. While a member of this body he was the founder of the Industrial Reform Bill and on the 25th of January 1886 made an able and eloquent speech in its defense, solving the industrial features of the race problem. This speech was a model of logic, eloquence and strength and thoroughly explained every detail of the subject, and wielded a widespread influence among the members. Mr. Magruder was considered

one of the deepest thinkers of the County and was the inventor of several agricultural implements, one being a cotton planter which he had patented in 1887, and which has given universal satisfaction wherever used throughout the South.

He always interested himself in the political affairs of the State and was an earnest patron of education. At the time of his death on the 8th of December 1889, he was a member of the House of Representatives. His death, which was mourned by all who knew him, was caused by an apoplectic stroke.

He was married to Maria, daughter of Nancy Brashear and Benjamin Hughes on the 2nd of April, 1851. Mrs. Magruder (deceased) was educated in Port Gibson Female College and throughout the greater portion of her life she was an active and earnest worker in the Presbyterian Church. She and her husband contributed some of the brick which were made on his place for the erection of the Presbyterian Church of Port Gibson of which Mrs. Magruder was a member and to which she was always a liberal contributor. She was a devoted mother, an earnest Christian and a faithful friend beloved by all who knew her.

William Thomas Magruder was the son of Thomas Baldwin Magruder and Elizabeth Harrington. Grandson of Thomas Magruder and Mary Clarke. Great grandson of Isaac Magruder and Sophia Baldwin. Great, great grandson of Nathan Magruder and Rebecca Beall. Great, great, great grandson of John Magruder and Susanna Smith. Great, great, great, great grandson of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall. Great, great, great, great, great grandson of Alexander Magruder and Margaret Braithwaite.

VICTORIA CROSS WON BY MACGREGORS.

BY JOHN MACGREGOR OF SCOTLAND.

Prior to the last war the only occasion on which, I believe, the Victoria Cross was won by a MacGregor was when R. MacGregor, a private in the 2nd Bat., Rifle Brigade, was decorated for his conspicuous bravery when employed as a sharpshooter in July, 1855, in the Crimean War. Two Russians occupying a rifle pit were most annoying by their continuous fire, and MacGregor crossed the open space under a hail of bullets, took shelter under a rock, and dislodged them, occupying the position himself.

CANADIAN'S MAGNIFICENT BRAVERY.

*From "Scotsman", 7th January, 1919.**Victoria Cross:*

T./Capt. JOHN MACGREGOR, M. C., D. C. M., 2nd C. M. B. Bat.,
1st Central Ontario Regt.

For most conspicuous bravery, leadership, and self-sacrificing devotion to duty near Cambrai from 29th September to 3rd October, 1918.

He led his company under intense fire, and when the advance was checked by machine guns, although wounded, pushed on and located the enemy guns. He then ran forward in broad daylight, in face of heavy fire from all directions, and, with rifle and bayonet, single-handed, put the enemy crews out of action, killing four and taking eight prisoners. His prompt action saved many casualties and enabled the advance to continue.

After reorganizing his command under heavy fire he rendered most useful support to neighboring troops. When the enemy were showing stubborn resistance, he went along the line regardless of danger, organized the platoons, took command of the leading waves, and continued the advance. Later, after a personal daylight reconnaissance under heavy fire, he established his company in Neuville St. Remy, thereby greatly assisting the advance into Tilloy. Throughout the operations Captain MacGregor displayed magnificent bravery and heroic leadership.

FORMER ROYAL SCOTS OFFICER'S HEROISM.

*From "Scotsman", 16th December, 1918.**Victoria Cross:*

Lt. DAVID STUART M'GREGOR, late 6th Bat., R. Scots (T. F.)
and 29th Bat., M. G. Corps.

For most conspicuous bravery and devotion to duty near Hoogmolen on 22nd of October 1918, when in command of a section of

machine guns attached to the right flank platoon of the assaulting battalion.

Immediately the troops advanced they were subjected to intense enfilade machine-gun fire from Hill 66 on the right flank. Lt. M'Gregor fearlessly went forward and located the enemy guns, and realized that it was impossible to get his guns carried forward either by pack or by hand without great delay, as the ground was absolutely bare and fire-swept. Ordering his men to follow by a more covered route, he mounted the limber and galloped forward under intense fire for about 600 yards to cover.

The driver, horses, and limber were all hit, but Lt. M'Gregor succeeded in getting the guns into action, effectively engaging the enemy, subduing their fire, and enabling the advance to be resumed. With the utmost gallantry he continued to expose himself in order to direct and control the fire of his guns, until, about an hour later, he was killed. His great gallantry and supreme devotion to duty were the admiration of all ranks.

AMONG THE MEMBERS.

James Person Magruder, of Port Gibson, Miss., was created an Eagle Scout by the Court of Honor of the Boy Scouts at its New Orleans meeting in November, 1921.

He had previously become a Life and Star Scout.

To become an Eagle Scout it is necessary for a Scout to pass at least twenty-one merit badges. These twenty-one must include first aid, life saving, personal health, public health, cooking, camping, civics, bird study, pathfinding, pioneering, athletics or physical development and any ten others.

To become a Life and Star Scout it is necessary to pass at least ten merit badges which shall include first aid, physical development or athletics, personal health, public health and life saving or pioneering.

James Person Magruder, son of Katesie Richardson Person and James Person Magruder.

GO TO YOUR CLAN.

BY JULIAN MAGRUDER.

Go to your Gathering when called,
And do honor to your name and Clan,
By helping your Chieftain with some plan,
To get new members each year if you can.

Each member should pay his fees when due—
Not put off our Treasurer, help him through;
Try and select a song or hymn to sing,
And thus help make the music ring.

Try and make each meeting a success
By helping each other's mutual happiness.
Some day each one will be called away
To a Gathering, I trust, with Christ there to stay.

Welcome our members of the honored Red Cross,
And praise for those counted for loss.
Honor for our ladies who knitted ties
And stockings and sweaters of the right size.

If you are not a Hero, be simply a man;
If not a Captain, you may play the band;
If not a lawyer, you may till the land;
If not a General, be a soldier with sand.

Go to your Clan, young soldiers from France;
You are welcomed home with song and dance.
Be Christian soldiers forever for Christ;
His life shed for us was the great price.

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