

YEAR BOOK
OF THE
AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR
SOCIETY



CONTAINING THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE
TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL GATHERING

1933

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THE AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY
JOHN BOWIE FERNEYHOUGH, *Editor*
Richmond, Virginia

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BY

J. BOWIE FERNEYHOUGH, *Editor*

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OFFICERS, 1933

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Kenneth Dann Magruder, Caleb Clarke Magruder, Herbert Thomas Magruder.

PINE

Caleb Clarke Magruder.

HOTEL

Clement William Sheriff.

REGISTRATION

Oliver Barron Magruder, William Pinkney Magruder.

DECORATION OF HALL

Miss Mary Therese Hill, Mrs. Clement William Sheriff, Mrs. Philip H. Sheriff, Mrs. Rebecca M. MacGregor.

MEMORIALS

Caleb Clarke Magruder, Miss Mary Therese Hill, Alexander Muncaster.

NOTE—The postoffice address of each officer may be found in the list of members printed on pages 65-71.

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE GATHERING OF AMERICAN
CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY, 1933

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 20, 3 P. M.

The twenty-fourth gathering of the American Clan Gregor Society was called to order by the Chieftain, Dr. E. W. Magruder, at 3 P. M., Friday, October 20, 1933, at the Hotel Willard, Washington, D. C.

The reading of the minutes of the previous meeting was omitted.

The Treasurer, Mr. John E. Muncaster, reported at balance of \$205.64 in the treasury.

The Scribe, Mr. M. M. Harrison, read his report.

The Registrar, Mrs. O. O. van den'Berg, announced the addition of four new members.

Mr. J. B. Ferneyhough, Editor, reported that the 1932 Yearbook had been issued and distributed.

Reports were given by Miss Mary Therese Hill, Historian, and Mr. Herbert Thomas Magruder, Ranking Deputy Chieftain.

Mr. C. C. Magruder, Chairman of the Pine Committee, announced that the pine used for the badges was brought from the old home of Samuel Brewer Magruder, "Samuel's Delight."

Mr. Herbert Thomas Magruder gave his report as Chairman of the Committee on Stationery.

Miss Mary Therese Hill read memorial tributes to Mrs. Maria Cecil Magruder Wolff and Alexander Hill.

Mr. C. C. Magruder read a tribute to Hamlin Magruder.

A paper by Miss Sallie Isora Magruder, of Florida, entitled, "A Florida Home in 1894", was read by Mr. Herbert J. Magruder.

On motion the gathering was adjourned.

OCTOBER 20, 8:30 P. M.

After a buffet supper, which was well attended, the regular meeting of the Clan was called to order by the Chieftain at 8:30 P. M.

After the singing of "America", led by Miss Emma Muncaster, the Ranking Deputy Chieftain took the chair and the Chieftain gave his address.

Piano Solo: "Waltz in E Minor" (by Chopin), Mr. Everett Stevens.

Reading: "Sir Walter Scott", Mrs. William Wolff Smith.

Song: "MacGregor Gathering", Mr. John F. M. Bowie.

Song: "Comin' Thru the Rye", Mrs. John F. M. Bowie.

Mrs. William Wolff Smith presented a direct descendant of

Annie Laurie, Annie Laurie Maxwell, who graciously addressed the gathering.

Mr. Herbert T. Magruder announced that the paper by Ernest Pembleton Magruder had not been received, and requested that a letter which he had written be read. This was done by Mr. John Delton.

Flute Solo: "Annie Laurie", Miss Nancy Harrison.

"Auld Lang Syne", sung by the gathering and led by Miss Emma Muncaster.

After benediction by the Chaplain, Rev. Enoch Magruder Thompson, meeting was adjourned.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 12 M.

The meeting was called to order by the Chieftain at "Stoneyhurst", the home of Mrs. Pelham Stone. This place was formerly called "Samuel's Delight", having been the home of Samuel Brewer Magruder. Mrs. Stone gave a history of the house and invited the members to inspect it, after which lunch was served.

A paper, "Why We Gather at 'Samuel's Delight'," by Kenneth Dann Magruder was then read by Herbert T. Magruder.

A white pine tree was planted by the Clan and named "Lily Stone MacGregor Magruder." A poem written by C. C. Magruder was read by Miss Silver.

Meeting adjourned.

8 P. M.

The final session of the 1933 gathering took place at the Willard Hotel, Saturday, October 21, at 8 P. M. The following program was given:

Singing: "Loch Lomond", led by Miss Emma Muncaster.

Reading: "Our Mutual Ancestor", Mrs. M. M. Harrison.

"Dr. William Beanes Magruder", by Robert H. Harkness, read by Mr. C. C. Magruder.

Song: "The Sky Boat Song", Miss Emma Muncaster.

Reading: Written and presented by Miss Evelyn Magruder Marshall.

"The Magruder Country of Montgomery County, Maryland", Mr. John E. Muncaster.

Singing: "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton", led by Miss Muncaster.

Talk on heirlooms on display at the gathering: Miss Mary Magruder.

Mr. Herbert T. Magruder presented the following resolution, signed by ten active members of the Clan:

RESOLVED, That an Amendment to the Rules and Regulations of American Clan Gregor Society, as follows: be adopted:

In view of the forthcoming twenty-fifth anniversary of American Clan Gregory Society, and as a means of stimulating interest in this Society, those whose membership in this Society may have lapsed on account of non-payment of dues, may, at their request, be reinstated as members upon payment of dues for the year of their reinstatement.

This resolution was adopted.

On motion a rising vote of thanks was extended to the Committee on Arrangements and particularly to Mrs. Anne Wade Sheriff, Mr. C. W. Sheriff, and the Willard Hotel management.

The election of officers then took place.

Mr. Herbert T. Magruder, nominated for Chieftain by Mr. Henry Taylor, and Mr. Kenneth Dann Magruder, nominated for Ranking Deputy Chieftain by Mr. J. B. Ferneyhough, were unanimously elected.

Mr. Henry Taylor then moved that remaining officers be re-elected.

This motion was carried, and those officers were elected for the ensuing year.

Dr. E. W. Magruder, retiring Chieftain, expressed his thanks to the officers and members for their assistance and co-operation, and turned over the gavel to his successor, Mr. Herbert Thomas Magruder.

Mr. George Corbin Washington Magruder then displayed his relics and gave an interesting discussion of same.

After singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again", the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Enoch Magruder Thompson, and the 1933 gathering was adjourned.

M. M. HARRISON, *Scribe*.

REPORT OF TREASURER

Children are a lot of trouble when they are coming up, but the lot of a family in later years is much better when there is a bunch of grandchildren to get some amusement out of.

We have a granddaughter that comes to the home once in a while and livens up things for a season. We just turn her loose and take it for granted she knows where she is, even if we do not, and even if she drives a pound of nails into one piece of plank we let it go at that, as nails at four cents a pound are cheaper than toys from the ten-cent store and more instructive.

One evening every one was awfully busy at suppertime talking over the day's happenings, or figuring out the reason for some piece of real juicy news and little Miss got neglected. No one remembered her at all. She stood it very peacefully for a long time, but when a lull came in the flow of talk, so she could be heard, she tipped her plate so Grandma could see it and said, "Not a sing on my p'ate."

I've been telling you for the past four or five years, "Not a sing on my p'ate," but I am happy to say we seem to have passed the corner and, by close figuring and rigid economy, we have a comfortable balance on hand for the new year. We have money at interest in two banks and enough to give the Editor an early start.

Don't think, though, that because this is so right now, you must sit down on the job, and not meet your dues as soon as you can this year, as well as last.

RECEIPTS

From dues of 1930 and before	\$ 5.00
From dues of 1931	22.00
From dues of 1932	362.00
From dues of 1933	23.00
From sale of Year Books	7.00
From sale of Song Books	3.50
	<hr/> \$422.50
Balance, October 20, 1932	25.28
Total	<hr/> \$447.78

EXPENSES

Ben Lust, for stereopticon	\$ 9.00
K. D. Magruder, Scribe, Postage and Printing	20.14
J. B. Ferneyhough, balance due on Year Book, 1931	40.29
Willard Hotel, supper expense	4.50
J. E. Muncaster, Treasurer, postage	9.00
For Year Book of 1933, in full	147.57
J. B. Ferneyhough, Editor, postage 1933	11.52
Check taxes	.12
	<hr/> 242.14
Balance, October 20, 1933	\$205.64
This includes certificate of Farmers' Bank and Trust Company for 15% of amount in bank (March, 1933)	<hr/> 35.23
Checking Balance	\$170.41
We also have in the Savings Institution of Sandy Spring	\$125.00

REPORT OF THE REGISTRAR

My Chieftain and Clanmen:

Your Registrar is not proud of her report this year, and regrets she has only four new members on her list, but she feels they are good ones, all Magruder, three of them potential chieftains.

First I shall mention Master William Wemple Magruder, who will be five years old on November 6, and his sister, little Miss Dorothy Magruder, aged ten years. These are the son and daughter of our Ranking Deputy Chieftain, Herbert Thomas Magruder, and Mrs. Magruder.

The others are two brothers:

William Marion Magruder, 456 Rose Lane, Lexington, Ky.

Engle Hart Magruder, 1504 Cochran Road, Lexington, Ky.

Respectfully submitted,

SUSIE MAY G. VAN DEN'BERG, *Registrar.*

REPORT OF THE SCRIBE

Last year our Scribe sent in a very gratifying report showing that, in spite of the depression and the consequent loss of members, we had a net gain in membership for 1932.

At the same time he recounted his unsuccessful experiences in urging strangers to join, and recommended that the Deputy Chieftains be not asked to search among strangers having Magruder blood. I believe his recommendation was a good one, and we have followed it in 1933. Nevertheless, we have had a net loss in members.

I have given some consideration to the question of why anyone joins or belongs to a family society such as ours. Just what is the appeal, and just what type of person is a logical prospect for membership? I think we can all agree that the only common characteristic is an interest in family history. And further, I think we can agree that not more than 5 per cent of each generation have such an interest. Our problem of gaining members, then, is simply one of finding these individuals.

I joined the A. C. G. S. as the first representative from the descendants of Archibald Magruder, of Kentucky. Since that time the Clan has had a total of 114 new members. Of this 114, there were at least fourteen who were from the family of Archibald. I think the interest of these fourteen was aroused primarily by the letters of my cousin, W. C. Barrickman, of Texas. We wrote to various distant relatives, most of whom we had never seen, and simply asked for data on their branch of the family. As I remember, in no case did these first letters even invite the recipients to join the Clan. They simply brought to their minds the subject of their family history. Naturally, this method brought forward those who were interested.

Thus, drawing from my own experience, I believe the most hopeful source of increase in membership must lie in the establishment of new lines. We must find a way of reaching the descendants of those Magruders who left this district after the Revolution. We need suggestions as to the best method.

The lines already established should, of course, not be neglected. We must depend on them for the maintenance and gradual growth in membership. I think these can be handled better by the individual members among relatives, than by the Deputy Chieftains.

At the present time we have an active membership of something over 300. Of these only a small minority attend the gathering in any one year. I think we should offer more to that majority who cannot attend. Of course I realize that Kenneth Dann Magruder's *Bard's Notes* are well directed to that purpose. Nevertheless, I believe the main tie we have with those members who are unable to gather with us is one of genealogy, and I believe that genealogical articles by our members published in our Yearbook will do more to maintain and in-

crease our membership than can all the efforts of the Deputy Chieftains.

Here, again, I appeal to each individual member to record the interesting incidents in the lives and members of the elderly members of his family. Otherwise, all too soon they are gone forever, and our family history becomes like part of the Book of Genesis—names alternated with the word begat.

Following last year's procedure we have attempted to gain a reasonable amount of notice from the Washington press. Feeling my own inadequacy in this line, I called upon Kenneth Dann and he kindly prepared the press notices, and even instructed me what to do with them.

Finally, I should like to express my appreciation for the assistance I have received from the officers, deputy chieftains, and members. And particularly, I would mention our former Scribe, Kenneth Dann. I have had his advice constantly.

M. M. HARRISON, *Scribe*.

REPORT OF HISTORIAN

New Members Admitted

William Wemple Magruder, 20 Walnut Street, Staten Island, New York.

Dorothy Magruder, 20 Walnut Street, Staten Island, New York.

Engle Hart Magruder, 1504 Cochran Road, Lexington, Ky.

William Marion Magruder, 456 Rose Lane, Lexington, Ky.

Births

John Gorman McDonald, Jr., son of J. Y. and Dorothy Higgins McDonald.

Marriages

Julia Taylor Beall and Frank Thompson, Columbus, Ohio, November, 1932.

Beverly W. Bond and Louise S. Worthington, Cincinnati, Ohio, April 3, 1933.

Mary Bruce Mackall and Ensign Howard Riche Prince, June 3, 1933.

Deaths

Hamlin Magruder, born November 14, 1878; died October 27, 1933.

Mrs. Laura Muncaster Higgins, Council Member, Charter Member; died December, 1933.

Mrs. Fred L. Price, Deputy Chieftain for Ohio; died May 10, 1933.

Mrs. James Milton Johnson, Urbanna, Ohio, associate member; died July 19, 1933.

REMARKS OF HERBERT THOMAS MAGRUDER UPON
ACCEPTING ELECTION AS CHIEFTAIN OF
AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY

My Clansmen and Clanswomen:

I can think of many reasons why I should not have been chosen to this high office: my comparative remoteness from the center of Clan activity here in and about the Capital City; a regrettably slight familiarity with early Magruder landmarks in Maryland; inconsiderable experience in studies along genealogical lines; but, more conspicuous than all of these perhaps, is the fact that I have too much hair on the top of my head. Clan Gregor Society chieftains have, most of them, as you know, been endowed with broad high foreheads, unburdened by the weight of much hair.

Seriously speaking, I am tremendously appreciative of your confidence and of the compliment you have paid me in choosing me your leader in the coming year—the twenty-fifth year in the history of American Clan Gregor Society, which happens also to be the three hundredth anniversary of the founding of the proprietary colony of Maryland. It should be a memorable year in the history of our Society. I believe it will be a memorable year. As far as is in my power, I shall endeavor to advance the welfare of our splendid Society, and of its members.

With no slight misgivings I assume the duties of this office. Our Society, so finely conceived by the late Dr. Jesse Ewell, of revered memory, our first Scribe; and this office of Chieftain so ably adorned by our well-beloved first leader, Dr. Edward May Magruder, whose memory, all those who were privileged to know him, will always prize dearly. And in line of succession to such leaders as Caleb Clark Magruder, the Rev. James Mitchell Magruder and Egbert Watson Magruder, one can step forward with no feeling of assurance, but only in the sincere hope that vision and courage with strength may be given to hold high the torch which through the past quarter century has lighted the pathway of our beloved Clan Gregor. Our heroic ancestors well deserve one's best efforts to write down a record clear-cut and straight-hewn. Posterity demands nothing less.

So, with the help of all of you, my Clansmen, I take up the charge. Our past has been illustrious; our future should be increasingly creditable.

Let no passing misfortunes dismay us! Instead, let us keep always before us those inspiring words of the immortal Sir Walter Scott concerning the MacGregors:

"They were famous for their misfortunes and the indomitable courage with which they maintained themselves as a clan."

A DISPLAY OF RELICS

The following articles of much interest to many members of the Society were on display, under the care of Miss Mary Therese Hill, during the gathering:

SUGAR BOWL—Owned by the Muncaster family for more than one hundred and sixty-five years. Now the property of Mrs. J. E. Muncaster.

WATCH—Belonged to Colonel Zadock Magruder. Owned by Mr. John E. Muncaster, Jr.

EPAULETTE—Worn by Colonel Zadock Magruder in the Revolution. Owned by his great-great-granddaughter, Mrs. Frederick H. (Annestey Bond) Baugh.

EAR-RING AND THIMBLE—Owned by Betty Steuart, of the family of Col. Jack Steuart of the Revolution. Now belonging to Mrs. C. W. Sheriff.

THIMBLE—Worn by Mary Emma Magruder Waters. Now owned by her granddaughter, Mrs. Robert Rowland Stabler.

NEEDLE BOOK—Used by Edwin Magruder Muncaster, son of Zachariah and Harriet Magruder Muncaster. Owned by Mrs. Robert Rowland Stabler.

"THE ART OF COOKERY"—An ancient cook book owned by Mrs. Robert Rowland Stabler.

WEDDING SLIPPER—Worn by Priscilla Skinner, wife of Lieut.-Col. Truman Skinner, of the Revolution. Owned by Mrs. C. W. (Anne Wade) Sheriff.

WEDDING SLIPPER—Worn by Margaret Johns Skinner, who married Peter Wood. Margaret was a descendant of "Robert Skinner, gentleman", who settled in Maryland early in the seventeenth century. Owned by Mrs. C. W. Sheriff.

POINT LACE—Worn by Miss Susan Greenfield Beall, great-aunt of Clement W. Sheriff.

"THE STORY OF ROB ROY"—Bound in Campbell Tartan. This book was given to Mrs. Robert Rowland Stabler by our first Chieftain, Dr. Edward May Magruder.

PORTRAIT OF LADY HELEN MACGREGOR—The mother of Sir Malcolm MacGregor.

SAND SHAKER—Used by Thomas Magruder (1779-1830). Owned by Mr. C. C. Magruder.

THREAD BREAKER—Belonged to Rachel Pottinger Bowie Magruder, wife of Col. Zadock Magruder. Rachel was the great-great-

great-great-grandmother of the present owner, Mrs. Robert Rowland Stabler, through both the maternal and paternal sides.

NECKLACE—Made of rose leaves from Dunblanc by Mrs. John E. Muncaster.

PORTRAIT PIN OF JOHN BEALL MAGRUDER—An uncle of Miss Mary Therese Hill and a descendant of Samuel Magruder, I.

DAGUERREOTYPE OF MARJORIE WILSON HILL—The grandmother of Miss Mary Therese Hill and the wife of Richard Hill (1812).

PICTURE OF JOHN E. AND LUTHER MUNCASTER—As very young lads.

DAGUERREOTYPE OF DR. WILLIAM B. MAGRUDER.

DAGUERREOTYPE OF MARY ANN HAMMOND—The mother of Mary Emma Magruder Waters. Now owned by Miss Emma W. Muncaster.

PICTURE OF BOUNDARY STONE—This is located on land granted to Joshua Beall and is lettered, "B. Fife, April 16, 1764." Owned by Mr. C. W. Sheriff.

COPY OF OIL PAINTING—Presented by a Doctor Magruder in Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1789, to Captain James Truman Magruder of the United States Navy. This copy was made by Dr. E. M. Magruder and presented to his little friend, Miss Jessie Muncaster, in 1923.

PHOTOGRAPH OF MARIA C. MAGRUDER WOLFE (1846-1933)—From a daguerreotype and owned by Miss Helen Wolfe.

PIN OF HAIR SET IN PEARLS—Belonged to Mary Emma Magruder Waters. Now owned by Miss Emma W. Muncaster.

PICTURES OF MILL AND MILL WHEEL—This mill was on the plantation of Major Samuel Wade Magruder in Montgomery County, Maryland. This mill, built prior to the Revolution, was standing in 1917. It has since been destroyed. These pictures are owned by Miss Helen Wolfe.

QUILT—Made and presented to Rev. Thomas McGee, Methodist Circuit Rider, great-grandfather of Herbert Thomas Magruder, by the Ladies of Severn Circuit, Anne Arundel County, Maryland, 1847-1848.

This quilt, consisting of thirty squares, each the handiwork of a woman parishoner of the Rev. Mr. McGee, was presented to him at the time of his leaving Severn Circuit, in the spring of the year 1848. It bears the following autographs and inscriptions, some done in cross-stitch, some in writing:

"Presented to the Rev. Mr. McGee on leaving Severn Circuit by

the ladies of his Society, on or about the _____, as small token of their love and esteem for him in faithful discharge of his ministerial duties whilst he sojourned with them.

"The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silent before Him. . . . If we say we have no sin we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us."

JANUARY 2, 1848.

*"Thou in distant land we sigh
Parch beneath the hostile sky,
Though the deep between us rolls
Friendship shall unite our souls."*

SARAH G. WATERS. *Design*—Wreath.

M. A. ALER. *Design*—Star.

SARAH A. DUVAL. *Design*—Two Wreaths Concentric.

ELIZABETH W. KING. *Design*—Palm Tree.

ELEN HASLUP. *Design*—Wreath with Flowers.

E. A. HASLUP. *Design*—Flower in Pot.

ELIZABETH A. COOK. *Design*—Conventional with Tulips.

ISABELLA MARK, January 14, 1848. *Design*—Grape Vine.

SARAH F. DUVAL, A. A. County, Md. *Design*—Flag.

MARY ANN SHIPLEY. *Design*—Circle and Stars with Mistletoe.

ELLEN C. CHALMERS. *Design*—Cross with Oak Leaves and Flowers.

SARAH A. WRIGHT. *Design*—Two Sprays Crossed.

ELLEN B. HASLUP, Severn Circuit. *Design*—Two Sprays Red Flowers.

CATHERINE WHEELER. *Design*—Pineapples.

R. M. GRIFFITH. *Design*—Wreath of Yellow and Red Flowers.

MARY FERREE. *Design*—Flower Sprays with Red Center Design.

E. KING, Elk Ridge. *Design*—Oak Tree, Birds and Flowers.

———. *Design*—Tulips, Green Center.

SARAH ANN WHITE. *Design*—Red and White Roses.

M. L. *Design*—Red Flowers, Green Center.

RUTH ANN KING. *Design*—Flower Basket with Yellow and Red Flowers, Black Leaves.

———. *Design*—Green Wreath, Red Flowers.

ANNA FURGERSON. *Design*—Acorns, Green Center.

J. D. *Design*—Wreath, Holly with Berries.

MARY D. HASLUP, 1847. *Design*—Star.

ELIZABETH FERREE. *Design*—Red Tulips, Green Center.

E. BAKER. *Design*—Red and Yellow Flowers.

LYDIA CLARK. *Design*—Flower Basket, Red and Yellow Flowers.

MARY A. HASLUP. *Design*—Grape Vine, Colored Leaves.

MARGARET WILKINS. *Design*—Red and Yellow Flowers, Green and Red Center.

HAMLINE MAGRUDER

1878-1932

Hamline Magruder, eldest son of Robert Magruder and Elizabeth Rebecca Thomas, was born at Arlington, Baltimore County, Maryland, on November 14, 1878. His death occurred at his home, Clifton, Staten Island, New York, on October 27, 1932.

Throughout his early childhood and youth, spent at the home of his parents, "Glengyle", Baltimore County, he entered whole-heartedly into the life of a well-bred healthy country boy. Always of a serious, conscientious type, his early years were filled with acts of helpfulness and consideration for members of his family and his friends. His bent was toward things practical in life, and his education at school and privately was not pursued beyond early high school years. All his life he was a keen observer, a deep thinker and a voracious reader; and early he learned to form his own opinions and stick to them.

Following in the steps of his grandfather and father, his early business experience was in the wholesale boot and shoe business, founded by his grandfather, the late T. J. Magruder, and at that time carried on in the family name in Baltimore. His tireless energy and conscientious devotion to duties, in which nothing was too trivial to be done well, soon made him a dependable member of that organization.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, then in his early twenties, he removed with his parents to New York City, living in Long Island for the first ten years of his New York residence. On June 21, 1905, he married Ethel Cecilia Watts, sweetheart of his early Maryland days, daughter of the late Lunsford and Eliza Watts, of Pikesville, Maryland. His business connection in New York was with R. G. Dun & Company for fifteen years. During the war years he worked heroically for the Emergency Fleet Corporation of the United States Shipping Board, his duties as that time being personnel director in charge of many hundreds of men. Following that period, and up to the time of his death he was associated with his brother, Donald D. Magruder in the stationery, printing and office furniture business on Staten Island.

From 1910 he had made his home on Staten Island, and was a valued and respected citizen of that community, a loyal and devoted member of the Presbyterian Church. Naturally retiring, he seldom had time or inclination for idle gossip or small talk; but in a discussion of those subjects which really interested him, he soon showed the depth of his knowledge and understanding. He was a great reader of the classics in literature, as well as a person vitally interested in life and contemporary matters, both political and civic. Not easy to

know or appreciate, once his real worth was discovered, his splendid qualities of thoughtfulness and consideration were soon recognized.

For the last four years of his life he suffered from diabetes, which malady growing increasingly acute ended his life in his fifty-fourth year. Far too soon to have finished his course, those who knew him may feel well assured that he received the priceless "well done", as he came to rest from his earthly days of labor and suffering.

His children surviving, with his widow, are Janet Elizabeth (Mrs. Edwin Weatherdon), Hamline Watts Magruder and Malcolm Thomas Magruder. Also surviving are sisters Mrs. Willard Jay Tompkins (Ethel Rebecca Magruder), and Helen Eugenia Magruder, and brothers, Herbert Thomas Magruder, Robert S. Magruder and Donald Dilworth Magruder.

ALEXANDER HILL

By MARY THERESE HILL

Alexander was the youngest son of William W. Hill and Mary Thomas Magruder. He was born at Glenway, or Baltimore Manor, which was the ancestral home of the Hill family from 1734. His early life was passed in his home. He attended the country school and also the public schools of Washington, D. C. When he was seventeen years of age he went to New York, where he entered the wholesale house of Denny, Poor & Company, and there he remained for several years. Finally the confinement of city life told on his health, and he returned to Maryland, where for several years he took part in the ordinary farm life. In 1888 he married Mary Matilda Sheriff, his boyhood sweetheart, and established his home on a portion of the Glenway farm. Five children were born to them: Regina Magruder, Doris Therese, Edward Howard, John Sheriff, and Isabel Reed. Both sons died in early infancy. Doris Therese married Francis Merle Freeman. Mr. Hill's wife died in 1909. After a severe attack of grippe in 1902, Alexander's health began to fail, and for several years he suffered apparently from rheumatism, which finally developed into locomotor ataxia. For thirty-two years he was an intense sufferer and spent twenty years of that time in a wheel chair. Naturally of a bright and bouyant disposition, he never lost interest in life. He was keenly alive to the times, and with the newspapers, magazines, and radio, kept fully informed upon the current events of the day. He was greatly interested in baseball, and always knew the "latest" upon the subject. He went regularly to the polls in his wheel chair to cast a good Democratic vote.

Mr. Hill might have been a charter member of American Clan Gregor Society, as he attended the first meeting held in the old National Hotel, but afterwards being unable to get to the meetings,



MRS. MARIA CECIL MAGRUDER WOLFE

SEPTEMBER 8, 1846—AUGUST 20, 1933

it was a pleasure to him to read the year book and to hear an account of the annual gatherings. The last seventeen years of his life were spent in St. Mary's Hospital, St. Mary's County, Maryland, where he passed away on March 16, 1933. His body was brought home and laid to rest in Mt. Olivet Catholic Cemetery.

Genealogy

Alexander Hill was the son of William Wilson Hill, 1st, and Mary Thomas Magruder; 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, and great-great-great-great-great-grandson of Alexander Magruder and Margaret Braithwaite.

MARIA CECIL MAGRUDER WOLFE

By MISS HELEN WOLFE, District of Columbia

Maria Cecil Magruder Wolfe was born in Washington, D. C., September 8, 1846, and died August 20, 1933. She was the daughter of Thomas Contee Magruder, of Montgomery County, Md., and E. Olivia Morgan, of St. Marys County, Md.

She was educated by tutors and at the Convent of the Visitation in Georgetown, D. C. She was a young girl during the Civil War and could give graphic descriptions of those days in Washington. The family had been obliged to leave their home in the nearby country (now the site of St. Vincent's Orphanage) and take a house on "The Island" near the Long Bridge, because their home was in the line of guns of the forts around the city.

Being a strong Southern sympathizer, she rejoiced at the Confederate victory at the Battle of Bull Run; but when the Northern Army retreated over the Long Bridge, bringing their wounded, her heart was touched and she helped with the nursing. One evening while in the company of several Northern officers, a Confederate flag dropped from her pocket. For this and because she took a dare to play "Maryland, My Maryland", she was severely scolded and told she would likely end in Old Capitol Prison if not more careful. She described the review of Grant's Army at the end of the war as a terrible sight.

On January 19, 1865, she married Frank Wolfe, of Philadelphia, Pa., a lawyer and a civil engineer, who had been on the staff of General M. Meigs when the Washington Aqueduct was built and when General Meigs was at Chattanooga.

After the birth of their second child, they moved to Philadelphia, where she lived until her husband's death.

One of the highlights of her married life was the trip she and Mr. Wolfe made to Spain, when he went to get a charter from the King for an American company desiring to search for treasure supposed to have been sunk in ships in the Bay of Virgo.

In 1885, Mr. Wolfe died and Mrs. Wolfe took her eight children to Washington to be with her family. After six years and when the older boys had completed their education at Georgetown University, the family moved to Pittsburgh, Pa., so that the sons might begin their careers in the popular occupations of the nineties: coal, railroad, and electricity. When they were established, two daughters married and one dead, with the remaining daughter, Mrs. Wolfe went to Europe for a prolonged stay. On her return, she made a home for her son, W. Lloyd Wolfe, at Cornwall and Lebanon, Pa., and during the late war at Tuscaloosa, Ala. After the marriage of this son and a short residence in several places, she went to the home of her childhood, Washington, D. C. There she enjoyed the friendship of the children and grandchildren of her early friends.

When Mrs. Wolfe was eighty she made her third visit to Europe, to Baden-Baden, Germany, where her daughter and husband (Mr. and Mrs. F. N. Kollock) were living temporarily. On the return voyage she danced the Virginia Reel with the captain.

She died while visiting her son, W. Lloyd Wolfe, last summer, within a few days of her eighty-seventh birthday.

Mrs. Wolfe was a woman of strong personality and unquenchable spirit, with an unbounded interest in life. A friend said she had the real flame of youth and a gaiety of mind and heart seldom seen in older people.

Two daughters and three sons survive her.

Maria Cecil Magruder Wolfe was the daughter of Thomas Contee Magruder, granddaughter of Lloyd Magruder, great-granddaughter of Major Samuel Wade Magruder, great-great-granddaughter of Alexander Magruder, great-great-great-granddaughter of Samuel Magruder, great-great-great-great-granddaughter of Alexander Magruder, the immigrant.



CORNELIA RACHEL MAGRUDER BIRCKHEAD
MARCH 26, 1850—NOVEMBER 6, 1932

CORNELIA RACHEL MAGRUDER BIRCKHEAD

By MARY E. BIRCKHEAD, *Virginia*

Cornelia Rachel Magruder Birckhead, daughter of Dr. Edward Francis Birckhead and Cornelia Rachel Magruder Graves, his wife, was born at "Morven", Albemarle County, Va., March 26, 1850.

She was educated at home by private instructors and at "Piedmont", a noted school for young ladies in Albemarle County, Va., conducted by the Rev. James Goss.

Early in life she joined the Episcopal Church and was a faithful and untiring helper in its activities until her death at "Morven", November 6, 1932.

For fourteen months she was helpless from a broken hip caused by a fall. During this period, marked by intense suffering which she bore with fortitude and patience, she was unable to walk and required the constant care of her loved family. The fine qualities of her character were shown during this long period of helplessness.

Soon after its organization she became a member of the American Clan Gregor Society and was greatly interested in its objects and gatherings.

After the death of her father, our late Chieftain, Dr. Edward May Magruder, was her family physician, and doubtless was instrumental in enlisting her interest in the Clan and its objects.

Among other accomplishments she was a good musician and a skilled performer on the piano.

Genealogy

Cornelia Rachel Magruder Birckhead was the daughter of Cornelia Rachel Magruder Graves ("Born August 12, 1826—died February 27, 1896; married Dr. Edward Francis Birckhead, April 29, 1846.") She was the granddaughter of Mildred Peed Thrift (Born August 30, 1804—died July 27, 1889; married Thomas W. Graves, April 5, 1826). She was the great-granddaughter of Rachel Magruder (Born October 16, 1773—died November 5, 1811; married, November 17, 1779, Robert Thrift). She was the great-great-granddaughter of James Magruder, Jr., and Mary Bowie; the great-great-great-granddaughter of Ninian Magruder and Elizabeth Brewer; the great-great-great-great-granddaughter of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall, and the great-great-great-great-great-granddaughter of Alexander Magruder, the immigrant.

*DR. WILLIAM BEANS MAGRUDER

By ROBERT H. HARKNESS

The history of a life that was actuated by high purposes and filled with good deeds, is inspiring, stimulating, elevating, a matter of fellow-human pride and satisfaction; and when such a life has been within our own personal observation, it is a duty and a pleasure to place on record our recollections and the results of our investigations about it, both as a memorial tribute and as a lesson and incentive. . . .

In the present instance the performance of that duty has been a labor of love; and the pleasure has been marred only by the author's conscious inability to do his subject full justice. . . .

In many of the older families of the District of Columbia the memory of Dr. William B. Magruder is still green and will be cherished for generations to come. . . .

The Magruder family has been prominent in Maryland since colonial times, and is of Scotch origin. The name occurs frequently in the early annals of Georgetown, D. C. It is a modification of the name MacGregor. . . .

Dr. William B. Magruder's father, James Alexander Magruder, resided, at the time of the Doctor's birth, near Marlborough, Md., but became, not long afterward, a resident of Georgetown, D. C. . . .

The maiden name of the Doctor's mother was Millicent Beans, and the Doctor was named after her brother, Dr. William Beans, a very prominent physician, who used to ride around the neighborhood of Marlborough, Md., a century ago with his coach-and-four. . . .

Dr. William Beans Magruder was born in Marlborough, Md., February 11, 1810. His childhood and youth were spent in Georgetown, D. C., where he received his academic education. . . .

He studied medicine first with Dr. Benjamin S. Bohrer, at Georgetown, D. C., and in 1831 he graduated at the University of Maryland Medical School at Baltimore, his thesis on that occasion having for its subject "Hydrophobia." . . .

He began the practice of his profession in Georgetown, D. C., shortly after his graduation. . . .

In the year 1832 the memorable cholera epidemic visited the District of Columbia, and Dr. William B. Magruder was placed in charge of the Western Hospital in Washington city by a call of the citizens. . . .

He was but twenty-one years old, and yet he remained and did his duty when the other doctors of the neighborhood had fled. And he not only prescribed for the patients, but he staid in the hospital and helped to nurse them, all the while making a study of the disease.

* Reprinted from the Columbia Historical Society, Vol. 16, 1913.

And whenever his great frame was overcome with fatigue, he would actually lie down on the beds beside the sufferers to rest and sleep. He made a record there as a very successful cholera doctor, and a still higher place in the respect and affection of the community. . . .

Not long after the cholera epidemic had come and gone, Captain (subsequently Colonel) John James Abert invited Dr. Magruder to accompany him as surgeon and secretary on an expedition to the South on business relating to Indians. . . .

He afterwards went to Cincinnati, Ohio, during a cholera epidemic, and helped to take care of the victims. He worked very hard there, and was himself attacked by the disease. . . .

Returning to Washington, he settled down to general practice again, locating in the old First Ward, his residence then being on the north side of "I" Street, just east of Twentieth Street. He afterwards moved one square west of that location, and subsequently to the south side of Pennsylvania Avenue just west of Twenty-first Street (the house is now numbered 2106), where he continued to reside until his death. . . .

He was married twice. His first wife was Miss Elizabeth Hutchinson, of Washington city. His second wife was Miss Sarah Van Wyck, of Tennessee. . . .

He was on the Board of Trustees of the public schools from 1838 to 1844 inclusive. . . .

He held office almost continuously from the year 1835 (when he was twenty-five years old) until the year 1863, a period of twenty-eight years; serving three terms in the Common Council, sixteen terms in the Board of Aldermen, ten terms in the Board of Health, and one term as Mayor. . . .

He used to tell the following story as though it was a great joke on himself, and found its way into the "Editor's Drawer" of *Harper's Magazine*. He was called to a little village to attend a man who had swallowed some sulphuric acid. He prescribed magnesia; but, there being no drug store in the place, it could not be obtained; and he was compelled to administer saleratus as the most convenient substitute. Directly the Doctor was horrified to see the man's body swelling rapidly, and to hear him complain of a burning heat in his stomach. The patient was apparently in the very throes of dissolution. The Doctor was thoroughly frightened, but consoled himself with the reflection that the first prescription had been for the true antidote. But, at last, fortunately, vomiting ensued; and as the mingled acid and saleratus met the air, a violent effervescence took place. When the patient saw the bubbling mass, he turned to the Doctor, and, with a queer expression of pain and wonder, gasped: "Doctor, I knew it was hot, but I did not think it would boil." . . .

His manner in the sick-room was very characteristic. Sometimes he would sit by the bed and listen to the patient's long tale of woe; only answering with a grunt or a peculiar sniff, all the while glancing

over a newspaper or a book, if any were near. At other times he would wander around the room inspecting its contents in a leisurely way, inquiring the history of any picture or piece of furniture that struck his fancy, or, perhaps, setting the clock. If he was tired, he would sit and doze a little while; and then, rousing himself, he would dash off a prescription, give his directions, and depart. . . .

Then again, if the conditions were favorable, and he in the humor (and he usually was), he would sit with the patient's whole family around him, telling and listening to jokes and yarns, until they all, even the patient, almost forgot there was anybody sick in the house.

His jovial disposition showed itself in all his intercourse and nobody could tell when to expect one of his pranks. Sometimes he would gravely tell a patient to eat nothing until he saw him again; and they would not see each other again for weeks perhaps. . . .

Sometimes a patient would tell him how much good certain pills had done him, and be surprised and disgusted to have the Doctor tell him they were nothing but bread. . . .

He could, by a seemingly casual joke or remark, set a patient laughing, or rouse his spirits into a state of hopefulness, and send him spinning on the way to health. . . .

At a meeting of the Doctor's Masonic lodge, a subject was once under consideration of such absorbing interest that the discussion of it became quite violent. In the midst of it the Doctor and another gentleman, who was an undertaker, were both clamoring for the floor at the same time. The Doctor silenced his competitor, and brought down the lodge, by raising his stentorian voice and shouting, "Hold on, Brother! Hold on! The doctor should always precede the undertaker!" . . .

Another little anecdote which he told about himself, and which found its way into *Harper's Magazine*, was, that he was once trying to persuade a little boy to take a dose of castor oil, and was expatiating on its sweetness. The little skeptic delighted the Doctor beyond measure by asking, "Well then, if it is so good, why don't you take some yourself?" . . .

On one well-remembered occasion, while he was sitting with a patient's family, the conversation suggested to him Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel", and he recited it in full; and as its pious sentiments rolled majestically from his lips, with all the feeling of personal application, his hearers were thrilled; and as they remember him now they have no doubt that his name was already written in the great "book of gold"; for the ever dominating characteristic of his life was his love for his fellowman. . . .

Dr. Magruder had no false professional pride, and was not a professional pedant. He was never known to rave over a "beautiful case" or a "typical case", but all disease was hideous to him. He fought it fiercely and he had the reputation of dealing the malady a

death-blow with his first prescription if there was a fighting chance of the patient's recovery. . . .

He had no false pride of any kind. He was at home alike in the palaces of the rich and the hovels of the poor. He associated on equal terms with the high, the low, the learned and the ignorant; and he could make an agreeable companion of any one of either sex, of any age or any condition. . . .

Pleasant, cheery greetings were his wherever he went, and few were those whose hearts did not go out to him whenever he appeared. . . .

He was a member of the Episcopal Church. He was confirmed by Bishop Whittingham, of Maryland, in 1854, at Epiphany Church, Washington, D. C. . . .

That Dr. Magruder was a pious man and that his life as a physician was one long act of service and devotion to Almighty God and his Saviour, is the firm belief of all those who knew him well. . . .

It may be he was not as learned and skillful as Benjamin Rush, or Samuel Latham Mitchell, or Moreton Stillé and other physicians whose attainments excited the wonder of their friends and of the world; but he was informed in general literature, well read in his profession and thoroughly equipped for its requirements. . . .

He was not a surgeon like Valentine Mott, or Brashears, or George McClellan, or Ephraim McDowell and many others whose feats with the scalpel astonished even the profession. But he was a fine diagnostician and a skillful, daring and successful operator. . . .

In diagnosis he probably never had a superior for rapidity and certainty. . . .

Dr. Magruder became a leader in politics in Washington city. His old friends say they seldom heard a more fluent speaker or a more impressive orator. He was active in local politics during nearly the whole time of his residence in Washington city, was, as we have seen, many times a member of the legislative bodies of the city, and was once mayor. . . .

His term as Mayor of Washington city extended from June 1, 1856, to May 31, 1858. . . .

Immediately after his election, the boast was made that Dr. Magruder would not dare to show himself in the "Northern Liberties", the stronghold of Knownothingism. Taking a friend, Mr. Joseph Rollins, who desired to accompany him, he rode down Seventh Street to the Northern Liberty Market, now Mount Vernon Square, and twice passed through a crowd of his political enemies there collected, and thence to the City Hall. No one dared to molest him, although everyone must have recognized him. . . .

He was a devoted member of the Masonic order, and that, too, when Masonry was at a great discount here. He was made a Mason, March 2, 1843, served as Master of Hiram Lodge, No. 10, and was elected Grand Master of the District of Columbia in 1854. . . .

At the breaking out of the late Civil War he staunchly espoused the Union cause, and, at a number of meetings in Maryland, electrified those who heard him by his eloquent appeals in favor of the Union; and during the war he and the other physicians here were unstinted in their attention and kindness to the soldiers. And when the war was over, his magnanimity and charity were experienced by more than one ex-Confederate who drifted to Washington and was so fortunate as to fall into his hands. One of these, Captain Thomas J. Luttrell, used to relate how he went to Dr. Magruder to pay his bill, but the Doctor refused to take any money from him, saying that he needed it less than the soldier did. . . .

He kept no account books in his practice, and very few business people kept any accounts against him. In this respect he was, without knowing it, a most delightful socialist. . . .

Often he would go to market without a cent in his pocket, and usually with two large baskets. As he sailed through the place like a great ship among smaller craft, he was saluted cordially by everyone. He would go to the stalls of his friends and patients (and that meant most of the market people), select what he wanted, throw it into his basket, and walk off. It was all right. The dealers knew who were getting the better of the bargain, and they knew, too, that what he saved from them or took from them, went to the poor. . . .

Dr. Magruder was never known to dun a poor patient for money. In fact, he sometimes refused to take money from those he considered unable to pay. The natural consequence was that many took advantage of his leniency and imposed on him outrageously; and many, without intending it, withheld from him what was his due. . . .

He was accustomed to say that the wealthy paid him enough to make up for what the poor could not pay. . . .

Among those whom he numbered as his friends, was Mr. Fox, once British minister here, and who testified his admiration and regard for the Doctor in a singular way. One day he sent for him, requesting that he be at the legation at a certain hour. It happened that the Doctor was punctual; but when he was ushered into the minister's presence, Mr. Fox accused him of being five minutes late. The Doctor protested that he was on time, but Mr. Fox good-humoredly insisted that he was not; so the Doctor let him have his way. Thereupon Mr. Fox produced a fine new English gold watch and presented it to the Doctor as a token of his esteem, and with the hope that it might help him to be more punctual. It is safe to presume that they then proceeded to have a pleasant time together, and that the Doctor got home late that night. . . .

When he came to die he was the great physician still. For some years before his death he suffered from an obscure affection of the stomach, but he concealed his pain and suffered in silence, giving no outward hint of the burden that filled him with apprehension. He

kept at his work, however, until May 23, 1869 (just one week before he died), on which day he visited professionally a few of his personal friends. On returning home, he remarked that he had made his last professional call, and retired to his room, never to leave it alive. During the last four months of his life he lost eighty pounds in weight. He knew that he could not recover, and on Saturday afternoon, the day before he died, he remarked to Drs. Thomas Miller and Joshua Riley, and his attendants, that his death would take place in twelve hours from that time; and his premonition was verified. He had frequently predicted the hour when a patient would die (sometimes even when the patient seemed to be improving), and it did not surprise many that he so accurately measured his own time. . . .

He did not fear death, and took the same cheerful view of that event as of everything else. He requested his friends not to be saddened by his departure, but to act, even while he lay dead in the house, as though he were still alive. . . .

He breathed his last at four o'clock in the morning of Sunday, May 30, 1869, aged fifty-nine years, and at the moment of his death a severe thunderstorm was raging. . . .

He was buried at four o'clock on Tuesday, June 1, 1869. It was a warm, wet, sultry afternoon; one on which he would have looked out into his garden and been glad for his flowers' sake. . . .

Funeral services were held at St. John's Episcopal Church, conducted by Rev. J. Vaughn Lewis. The assemblage was too large for the edifice. Among those present were members of many of the oldest families in the District, and representatives of the city government; and but few of the physicians of the District were absent. . . .

The Masonic burial service was conducted by Grand Master R. B. Donaldson. . . .

He lies buried in Oak Hill Cemetery. His grave is on the south side of the old enclosure next the street, about half way along the low flagstone path that leads from the old to the new part. In the same lot is a grave-stone with the name Van Wyck on it.

Genealogy

Dr. William Beans Magruder was the son of James Alexander Magruder and Millicent Beans, grandson of John Reed Magruder, 1st, and Barbara Contee, great-grandson of James Magruder and Barabara Coombs, great-great-grandson of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall, great-great-great-grandson of Alexander Magruder and Margaret Braithwaite.

WHY WE GATHER AT "SAMUEL'S DELIGHT"

By KENNETH DANN MAGRUDER, *Pennsylvania*

The story of Samuel Brewer Magruder, which has fallen to our lot to present as a great-great-grandson, must be in part a repetition of facts already published by the Clan. But we realize the value of hearing some of these details while on the scene itself, where the life of our ancestor can seem more real. Our hostess, Mrs. Frank Pelham Stone, is deserving of special gratitude for her hospitality in receiving so large a crowd of relatives for inspection of her interesting home, freighted with associations. We know from our own experience here a few years ago, that while she conducts us from room to room, she can give some intimate anecdotes connected with the house. We shall confine our talk to phases which the eye alone cannot absorb here today.

First, let us propose as a human touch on this occasion, that any descendants of Samuel Brewer Magruder who may be here, be identified at once and introduced and recorded in the next Year Book. Scattered far and wide are the offshoots of this large branch of the Magruder family, so that few may be expected at any gathering.

Nevertheless, the builder of this ancestral home was connected closely with the branches to which belong probably most of the Clansmen now assembled. Samuel Brewer Magruder was one of at least thirty-nine—and probably many more—persons whose first name originated with Captain Samuel Magruder, his great-grandfather, son of our immigrant ancestor. His granduncle who married Eleanor Wade, was the second Samuel Magruder of his line. The third one was the father of Samuel Brewer Magruder.

From this Samuel Magruder, 3d, whose wife—Margaret Jackson—readily gave her consent "without Being Induced Thereto by any Threats from her said Husband", as the legal record solemnly assures us, Samuel Brewer Magruder received the property upon which we stand. It then consisted of three hundred and sixteen acres, which at that time were included in Frederick County, but since 1776 have been within the bounds of Montgomery County. You can appreciate now why the tract bore the name of "Samuel's Delight." Earlier this land was a part of "Magruder's Honesty", a name which would seem to describe the character of Ninian Magruder, Sr., from whom his son, Samuel, 3d, inherited the estate.

You have seen by this time, beside the well, the large slab of stone in which are cut the initials, "S. B. M." with "R" crudely inserted. And its date, "1767", suggests the time that the house was built—the same year in which the land was deeded. A reasonable surmise is that 1767 also marks the date that Samuel Brewer Magruder and Rebecca, to whom the "R" refers, were married and established their first and permanent home. Perhaps Mrs. Stone would be glad to add

the precious relic beside the well to the Clan's guarded collection of heirlooms, if some member can discover Rebecca's last name. On this basis, however, she is not likely to lose the stone, which originally was in a mantle of the home. The theory is found convenient, in the absence of evidence, that Samuel Brewer Magruder did not choose to stray beyond the Magruder fold for the lady of his choice. If he acted as many other Magruders of his time and since have done, he wooed and won Miss Rebecca Magruder, a cousin of close affinity.

The middle name of Samuel Brewer Magruder invites a supposition which may be new to all. His paternal grandmother was Elizabeth Brewer, wife of Ninian Magruder, Sr., and daughter of the second John Brewer. A great-granddaughter of this John Brewer and daughter of the fourth of the name was Rachel Brewer, the wife of Charles Willson Peale, whose paintings of George Washington have immortalized him. She belonged, therefore, to Samuel Brewer Magruder's generation. The new thought which we have had, is that Mrs. Peale was named after Rachel Ridgely, the maternal aunt of Mrs. Ninian Magruder. The ten children of this aunt's namesake included Raphaele and Rembrandt Peale, also eminent artists, whose sister Angelica dropped a laurel wreath upon the brow of President-elect George Washington as he proceeded to New York for his first inauguration. And Gustavus Hesselius, who was engaged to paint "The Last Supper" for Saint Barnabas' Church at Leeland when Ninian Magruder, Sr., was warden, was the one who first inspired Charles Willson Peale to become an artist.

Peale and his kinsman by marriage, Samuel Brewer Magruder, both served George Washington during the Revolution, and probably fought in some of the same battles, Magruder's enlistment in the Twenty-ninth Battalion of Montgomery County resulting in his assignment to Washington's army while reinforcements were needed desperately, in 1777 and 1778. In 1780, he was enlisted for a second period of service, promoted to the rank of first lieutenant. He had begun as private.

Samuel Brewer Magruder was a typical Maryland planter. His dress was described by his grandson, Samuel Brewer Watkins, to the latter's granddaughter, Mrs. Thomas Sumner McFerrin, who was formerly our Deputy Chieftain for Tennessee.

"Grandpappy," said Mr. Watkins, was a gentleman clad in buckled knee-breeches, who had his hair neatly tied with a ribbon. He was a "Westerner" when he first settled here, though he never followed the sun's course for a new home beyond this bit of property. According to the Federal Census of 1790, he had seventeen slaves in his possession.

Rebecca, the mother of Samuel Brewer Magruder's seven children—one of whom was named Samuel—died in 1806; and her funeral service was conducted at Saint Paul's (Rock Creek) Protestant Epis-

copal Church two days after Christmas. Little more than two years later, a second wife entered the household. Though the marriage record in the Court House names her as Eleanor Warren, our former Chieftain, Caleb Clarke Magruder, informs us that her correct name was Waring. She outlived her husband for more than three years. How we would like to know what became of the various articles mentioned in his will!

Sixty acres which the testator assigned to Thomas Spencer Watkins, husband of Lieutenant Magruder's daughter Mary, had been "Laid off by Patrick Magruder", who doubtless was the son of Major Samuel Wade Magruder, whose home was not far distant.

Mrs. Stone will show you the sofa which came from the old Beall home in Rockville, to which Samuel Brewer Magruder's daughter Charlotte went as the wife of Kinsey Beall; and she can tell you about the possibility that the Marquis de Lafayette sat upon it while the guest of honor in the Beall home on his return visit to America in 1824.

All of the Clan members descended from Lieutenant Magruder seem to come through his son Ninian. In the Federal Census of 1790 is recorded one Ninian Magruder, of Montgomery County, as the owner of four slaves. The latter probably was Lieutenant Magruder's son, who was eighteen years of age in that year. The Ninian in the census was not the head of a family; but five years later, if he was ours, he changed his status. Calling upon the Rev. Thomas Reade, of Rock Creek Church, husband of Colonel Zadock Magruder's daughter Sarah, Ninian announced his intention to marry his blossoming sweetheart, who had but sixteen of her thirty-four years of life yet claimed. We may be sure that she was a blushing bride and an embodiment of her name, Grace, though she proved that she had a will of her own by renouncing her parents' program to send her to England for the completion of the education befitting a young gentlewoman.

After Reade effectually tied the knot, the young couple continued in Maryland until after the birth of the first child, who was given his mother's maiden name. The baptismal record in Prince Georges Parish, dated the 25th of June, 1797, reads, "Magruder, Townsend, of Ninian and Grace, born Mch. 18, 1797." Then, the father caught the fever of the westward movement, which now had gained full impetus. Probably for the last time, Ninian saw his birthplace here. To present Clarke County of Virginia, on the western slope of the Blue Ridge, between Ashby's Gap and present Bluemont, he emigrated with his family. There, at "Magruder's Mills", he and his first wife spent the remainder of their days.

The ties, however, with "Samuel's Delight" were not broken completely. The fourth child by Grace Townsend was Samuel Brewer Magruder, who was born in 1804, died in 1822, and lies buried in a

typical unmarked family graveyard on the side of the heavily wooded mountain above the Shenandoah River, where later were interred his brother Townsend, their father, and other members of the family. The eldest daughter of Ninian was Grace, who married Emanuel Mayne, later judge, from whom are descended our present Deputy Chieftain for Utah, Miss Mary Mayne, and our former Deputy Chieftains, Mrs. Grace McLaughlin Field, of Argentina, South America; Mr. Harry Teas Mayne, of Minnesota; in Nebraska, Mrs. Clifton Ethel Mayne Welton, Mr. Mayne's daughter, and Mrs. Virginia Mayne Clarke, his sister; and Mr. Tom L. Pollock, of Colorado. The second daughter of Ninian Magruder was named Rebecca after her grandmother, who had died at "Samuel's Delight" less than two months earlier. This child and her sister Grace, after the death of their own mother in Paris, Virginia, and the arrival of a stepmother, Elizabeth Lyons, went to live with their Aunt Charlotte Beall in the Rockville home from which came Mrs. Stone's sofa. Ninian's third daughter, who died in infancy, was named after this aunt.

After Ninian's Rebecca, who became the wife of Abner Riddle, was named her niece, Mrs. Rebecca Rutan Williams, donor of Mary Rutan Hospital in Bellefontaine, Ohio, a memorial to her mother; of the land and building for the Young Men's Christian Association in that city; and of Rutan Park. Another Rebecca with the same origin for her name was Mrs. Field's mother, Mary Rebecca Long, whose husband was the Rev. William Patterson McLaughlin, of the American (Methodist Episcopal) Church in Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Named after the Mrs. Mary Ann Magruder Rutan memorialized by the hospital, was our late Deputy Chieftain for Montana, Mrs. Mary Rutan Magruder Short, who was succeeded in this office by her son, George Ninian Short. Mrs. Short was the only daughter of my grandfather, Thomas Jefferson Magruder, son of the Ninian born here at "Samuel's Delight."

John B. Magruder was one of three witnesses of Lieutenant Magruder's will. He must have been the Rev. John Burgess Magruder, a nephew of the lieutenant and a son of Captain Joseph Magruder of the Revolution. This Methodist minister performed the marriage rites for James Lyons Magruder, the eldest of Ninian Magruder's sons by the second wife, Elizabeth Lyons. The only son of James Lyons Magruder was Vesalius Seamour Magruder, Union veteran of the War Between the States and late Deputy Chieftain for Ohio. In the *Centennial Biographical History, Champaign County, Ohio*, appears a brief sketch of this former Clan officer and his father, which concludes with the tribute, "He bears an excellent reputation in the community, and thus it happens that the name of Magruder, through father and son, has come to be regarded as indicative of business and moral strength."

Vesalius Magruder died in 1930. On his eightieth birthday, May 22, 1926, the members of the official board of Mechanicsburg's Methodist Episcopal Church visited his home to honor him. In the eulogies, some noteworthy facts were disclosed; and since they never have been brought to the attention of the Clan, perhaps this occasion is an appropriate one for mentioning them. He had been a member of the church for sixty-nine years and a regular attendant at all of its services from babyhood until failing health interfered. For twenty-five years, he had been secretary of the Sunday school, in addition to teaching a class for many years. Sixty-two years earlier, he had presented a book to each of his class members, one of whom—with his book received so long ago—was present at this birthday celebration. For fifty-nine years, our Deputy Chieftain had been an active member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. Of the residents of Mechanicsburg who had been born there, he had the distinction of being the oldest.

Mr. Magruder was succeeded in his Clan office by the late James Milton Johnson, younger son of Sarah Ann Magruder Johnson, James Lyons Magruder's eldest full sister. These former Deputy Chieftains and my grandfather were like brothers in their relations.

Our last Ohio Deputy Chieftain died early last summer. She was Mrs. Fred L. Price, who attended our last gathering. Her grandfather was William Walter Magruder, eldest brother of my grandfather and father of our former Deputy Chieftain for Kansas, Mrs. Ida May Magruder Foster. Mrs. Price's niece, Mrs. Irvin Myers, is our Deputy Chieftain for Iowa.

We have not attempted to account for all of the finest representatives of First Lieutenant Samuel Brewer Magruder's race, which has spread amazingly over the world from this old stone house of considerably more than a century and a half in age. We have allowed ourselves to drift from "Samuel's Delight" long enough to show the extent to which his branch has contributed official leaders to carry on the destiny of the Clan. And this story has restricted us, necessarily, to descendants of his son Ninian, whose family Bible now is in my possession, through the generous desire of our Ohio Clansman, Dr. James William Magruder, only son of Vesalius Seamour Magruder, to ensure its preservation for posterity. Incidentally, the Bible contains a lock of brown hair from the head of Ninian Magruder's second wife, Elizabeth Lyons, who was born at Ashby's Gap on the 30th of January, 1797.

Genealogists aver that old American families tend to lose their original identity. I regret to find that this process has had a startling effect upon the only line from Samuel Brewer Magruder which is represented in the Clan. The Maynes have proved to be the most prolific of the descendants. We do not begrudge this "main" position to them. But we do not like to see the Magruder name die out en-

tirely as a surname. The late James Milton Johnson first brought to my attention that I am the only one left among Samuel Brewer Magruder's enormous number of descendants through Ninian who might perpetuate this honored name!

*So here I stand, a single man,
Come get me, someone, if you can!*

Unwittingly, the Program Committee seems to have called upon "the last man" for this dissertation before he passes off the stage of life.

We are no prophet about the future; but we can state unreservedly, that Lieutenant Samuel Brewer Magruder founded a branch which has carried high the torch and continues to do so unfalteringly, whether or not his surname appears.

*His blood still flows through countless veins.
His luster shows e'en through the Maynes!*

THE MAGRUDER COUNTRY OF MONTGOMERY COUNTY, MARYLAND

By JOHN E. MUNCASTER, *Maryland*

Some people can take a supposition and make a good story of it, but when the Chairman of the Program Committee called on me to make a story of the Magruder country of Maryland it was too much of a supposition for this one, so he cut the territory down to the locality of Montgomery County, and was taken up.

After looking over all the Year Books for a model paper to follow, and finding them full of memorials of people of the past, one paper on "The MacGregor Country of Scotland" was found. Here was something to go by! Close reading revealed that it told all about how to travel to get there, how the author was entertained, and how nice the people were, but mighty little else, so I hope the Committee will be pleased with this which is all "my very own."

The Magruders of the old time were like all the other colonists, depending on farming for a living, and always on the move on the lookout for better land, soon spread over the four counties of Calvert, St. Marys, Charles and Prince Georges, quite a stretch of country. About 1700 a few of them sifted over into what was then Frederick County, between the Potomac and Patuxent Rivers, extending west to the Blue Ridge Mountains. Among these there was John Magruder, of Dumblane. Though holding several large tracts in Prince Georges County, he and Captain Alexander, son of Samuel, looked toward Frederick County, and in 1776, when Montgomery County was erected out of that part of Frederick east of the Monocacy, sons of both of them were on the first commission to govern the county.

In 1728 the records show that John bought from Thomas Gittings two tracts of land in Frederick County, known as Knave's Dispute and The Ridges, containing 180 acres. Our Clansman, my first cousin, Thomas D. Singleton, spent a couple of weeks looking up the lines of this section and computing the areas, made this land amount to nearly 400 acres, but a few acres more or less, at five dollars an acre, did not make so very much difference. In 1733 John patented Turkey Thicket, 350 acres. Now keep in mind, that these two tracts were about a mile and a half apart. In 1747, he patented The Ridge, 78 acres. The lines run parallel with Turkey Thicket, about 500 to 600 yards from it and between it and Knave's Dispute. He also bought a tract called Robert and Sarah, adjoining The Ridges, and 50 acres called Charles and Benjamin adjoining The Ridges. All this land lay on the north side of Rock Creek, and is gently rolling, watered by numerous springs most of which never fail. With few marshy spots and no steep hills, it must have been heavily timbered with white and black oak, chestnut and hickory. It will grow double the quantity of tobacco to the acre that the southern Maryland counties will, but of an entirely different quality, and a much lower value.

Caleb Clark Magruder, who, whenever he gets weary of the dry papers of his profession, looks up a will and studies up the administration of an estate or something like that, has looked up all these places, and I am just passing it along as he tells it, being opposed to working myself if I can get some one else to do it. He says John deeded Knave's Dispute, Charles and Benjamin, the Ridges, and an addition to Turkey Thicket to his son, Nathan Magruder, in 1747. He died in 1750, and left the same land to Nathan in his will—310 acres in all. He left to his son Zadoc, The Ridges, Turkey Thicket, and Robert and Sarah—528 acres.

Nathan appears to have been the more prominent of the two brothers, both of whom seem to have come to the county about 1747. Nathan was a county justice in 1748, member of the House of Burgesses in 1751, '61, '62, and '63, member of the commission to erect the county in 1776.

Zadoc was also a member of this commission, and of the committee of safety for Montgomery County during the Revolution, also Colonel of the Home Battalion. He has not been so well looked up as Nathan and some of the others, but he was a farmer and made things grow, but not as well as Nathan.

The two tracts willed to the brothers were still quite a long distance apart and Caleb Clark says that the land left by John to Nathan, with a piece of 13 acres called The Mistake, were all the land that Nathan acquired during his lifetime, according to the records of the county court, but he must have been a planter who made two blades grow where one grew before, for, when he died in 1781, he divided something over two square miles among his sons. He left to his son, Isaac, Magruder Farm, 265 acres. This lies south and west of Turkey Thicket and The Ridges, Zadoc's land, and across Rock Creek from it.

To his son, John Beall, he left a farm he called Granby, 545 acres. As patented, Granby was an odd-shaped tract and included the strip between The Ridges and Turkey Thicket, but the whole 545 acres has been known as Granby since 1781. This was south and east of Zadoc's land and included all the land between it and Knave's Dispute. To his son, Jeffrey, he left Springfield, 552 acres. This included the original Knave's Dispute, and the rest of the original 323 acres he had of record. The two brothers owned at their deaths a tract about two miles long and a mile and a half wide, something three square miles. Zadoc's land grew from 528 to 640 acres during the Revolution. There is a tract called Brooke Creek included in this, but my engineer, Singleton, did not say how he got it.

By search at Annapolis, Frederick and Rockville he determined the outlines of Magruder Farm, which covered all the holdings of Nathan Magruder.

In the olden time when a boy was ten years old, he was taken around the plantation, and spanked on every cornerstone, so he would

remember the lines. If Nathan followed this out he had more than a day's job with each of his sons, and they ate off the mantle for a week. The place had eighty-seven corners.

Both Nathan and Zadoc built brick houses on the land and lived in them. Zadoc's is still standing and is solid and true yet. Nathan's home was sold at the death of the son Jeffery, and afterwards the house was taken down and rebuilt on a different site. He had a brick house on the Granby place, which was replaced about 1820 by an immense frame mansion, the brick being used to line the wall of the first story. This was burned in 1928, and never rebuilt. There was an old story-and-a-half frame building on the part of Magruder Farm left to Isaac Magruder, which was replaced with a new house about 1895 by the family of the present owner.

Captain Alexander Magruder came along up the Potomac to the head of navigation at Little Falls, about 1740, and cut in across the country for a few miles. He took up land bordering on Cabin John Run, and built him a brick house which is still standing, though it has not been owned by a Magruder since about 1840. He gave this place to his son Samuel at his death, and one across the road to his son Nathaniel at the same time. This came into possession of the family of my father, and is the scene of his reminiscences of "Boyhood on the Farm." A number of Magruders followed Alexander and acquired land in this section which extended some six or seven miles, and was several miles wide. The country is entirely different from the Rock Creek section. Wooded with pine, it follows the crooks and turns of Cabin John and its tributary rills. Most of it is hilly, and it was tobacco land.

As those of you who made the pilgrimage to "Samuel's Delight" today could see, it must have reminded even those Magruders who had never seen it, of the highlands of the old country. Hill follows hill, ravine follows ravine. Of course, it is beautiful scenery, and one could wander over it for days, especially at this season, when every tree is colored with the rich reds, yellows, browns and purples of a Maryland autumn. The roads of today follow those of the olden time, and except where modern engineers have run the straight, hard roads across the land regardless of contour, they are so crooked that the driver of a four-horse team in many places looks in the face of his leaders, and so steep in spots that the automobile hums up in low.

Practically valueless as farming land under modern conditions, the whole section has become a playground for Washington, and the splendid buildings of some half dozen country clubs, and the homes of multimillionaires have added some millions of dollars to the taxable basis of the county on land where the old farmers made a bare living.

Some years after the War of 1812, when, as usual after wars are finished, depression set in without the A. A. A. to pay them thirty cents a bushel for wheat they did not sow, nor ten cents a pound for hogs they did not grow, when they got two crops of tobacco on hand

with no sale whatever, they pulled up stakes and took their slaves and livestock to the South, where they did not have to buy so many clothes, nor burn so much wood. There are a number of the descendants of Samuel Wade Magruder in Montgomery County, but not many are members of the Society.

Nathan's descendants went back to Prince Georges County or died out. Those living are still among the prominent citizens of the section, but they cannot make land grow like he did.

Country life cannot be complete without a mill, or could not be in the eighteenth century, and in both of these sections there were mills owned by Magruders. On a stream known as Little Rock Creek, which runs with very little fall through Turkey Thicket and The Ridges, there still stands an old mill building which has not been run as a mill for over fifty years. It stands on land that was Nathan Magruder's, and was probably built by him. The gearing, cog wheels and entire machinery were made of wood with iron journals in the ends of the shafting. It ran one meal stone and a sawmill, with an old up and down saw, which became obsolete many, many years ago. Here was ground the corn meal from the corn grown on the 2,000 acres of the Magruder brothers and probably a much wider section. Nowadays the flow of the stream is so small that it is doubtful if it would even turn over the old overshot wheel, which was about twelve feet in diameter.

In the Potomac section, Captain Alexander built a mill. It was long known as Magruder's Mill, then Orndorff's, having been bought by a man of that name. They ran it for many years, and handed it over to a man named Beall. He may have been a Magruder-Beall, but when I was first circulating around that section it was Beall's Mill, and was a going concern. It was on a large stream called Watts Branch. It made flour as well as meal, and was fitted with heavy cast machinery, probably installed in about 1820, after the old wooden outfit wore out. It was reached from Rockville by a narrow road which crossed the stream about 400 yards below the mill by a ford, and then with a sharp turn up a steep hill continued for about three miles past the Alexander Magruder home to the old Georgetown road at Cedar Lane, now Bethesda.

If I were not so busy nowadays filling in the chinks and doing the errands and odd jobs on a 400-acre farm, I would like to spend a month looking up the old patents and mapping the lines of the Magruder sections in this part of the county as Singleton did for the other, but it now looks like such a time will never come unless another young, enthusiastic Clansman engineer without a job comes along, this short sketch will have to suffice for all time.

HIGHLIGHTS OF A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD

By ERNEST PENDLETON MAGRUDER, *Scotland*

The brief visit which I had been paying Mr. Herbert Magruder at his comfortable home on Staten Island, N. Y., had come to a close, and with it my first return to my father's land since I had left it as a baby.

I was now standing at the rail of my boat waving farewell to my mother and friends, wondering how on earth I should have managed if it had not been for the generous assistance of Herbert. He took us all, together with all my baggage, all the way to the boat, and saw me safely on board.

And now the waving crowd was but vaguely discernible through the mist, and the Empire State Building was turned into a massive pillar of pure gold, gleaming softly and shedding a benign influence on the dim forms of the surrounding buildings. What a glorious sight!

Five days after leaving New York, we reached Havana, Cuba. A large city, Havana, with its 600,000 inhabitants does not look its size. The streets were extremely narrow, the pavements being sometimes only two feet wide. "Columbus Cathedral", or "St. Christopher's" contains a large quantity of fine silver in various forms. I visited the tropical "beer gardens", in which a brewery was working twenty-four hours a day in view of the United States' return to a semblance of real freedom.

The situation in Cuba seemed desperate, there being no organized relief for "down-and-outers" at all. The government seemed quite happy to watch them die in the streets. When I went up to the famous "Sloppy Joe's" bar that night, the unemployed crowd seemed to have turned out in force to try and earn a few cents as best they might. They seemed to labor under the impression that the ship's passengers who were thronging Havana were there for the sole purpose of having the debauch of their lives, and invited everyone to allow them to show them the nearest way.

The next item of interest was the Panama Canal. This tremendous tribute to the ingenuity and perseverance of American engineers was magnificent in its simplicity. The ease and lack of fuss and bother with which we negotiated the forty-odd-mile stretch of water was most impressive. A fact about the canal which is not widely known is that the Pacific mouth is twenty-seven miles east of the Atlantic mouth.

While being entertained at Los Angeles by a friend, I lunched at a Long Beach Club. I was quite impressed by its magnificence; yet when I reached Bombay, I heard that it had all been destroyed by the earthquake. I might mention that the chief impression I received at Los Angeles was of its artificiality—so different from most other American cities.

From Los Angeles, Hollywood and Beverly Hills, home of stars, San Francisco was most welcome with its air of genuine interest in all that one did. Before describing its beauties, I must give some account of the journey up from Los Angeles.

It took us about thirty hours to do the trip. The night was the most beautiful I have ever seen. The sea was quite full of phosphorous, and the effect was indescribably beautiful. White horses were visible all over the sea, lighting it up, although there was no moon. The bow-waves, as they broke beside the ship were too marvelous. The bow was cleaving its way through the water which broke and seethed white all along beside the ship; as it broke, a line of vivid green flame flashed along the top—just taking one's breath away! One groaned from pure ecstasy. I watched the trail left by sharks, of which there were quite a few. A long serpent of light would go twisting and cavorting about in the dark water as the brute left a phosphorescent glow of disturbed water behind it. There were also patches of light with areas varying from a few feet to ten yards square, composed, I suppose, of phosphorescent minutiae.

San Francisco, seen from a distance, has a most attractive skyline. It is a city of skyscrapers built on a hill; it has thus an even more variegated skyline than New York. It is surrounded by some lovely country, including the Bay, Golden Gate and the Red-tree forests.

We left San Francisco towards dusk, and once safely outside the gate, dropped our pilot—a most picturesque affair. The pilot boat was an auxiliary sailing craft, a neat little schooner. It was very rough that evening, and it seemed as much as the pilot's life was worth to try and "make" the small row-boat which came across to meet him, while the schooner circled round and round our boat, its navigation lights twinkling as they bobbed up and down in the darkness. However, after five hair-breath escapes, five men were safely ensconced in a perilously small-looking craft, being pulled strongly towards the schooner, where they arrived safely. Now we were bound for the Fairy Isle of the Pacific—Hawaii and Honolulu.

I began to suspect that Honolulu must be rather a remarkable place when the passengers whose home was there started to make an awful fuss about two days before we were due to arrive. They seemed to go wild with excitement, and simply poured forth the praises of their island to everyone who would listen. Hardly any of them got any sleep at all for the last two nights of their trip. They could do nothing but look at each other with glowing eyes, too thrilled for words at the prospect of getting home.

And then at last the great morning came! I awoke to see the sun just rising over Diamond Head, the promontary of the island of Oahu, on which lies Honolulu. To fit into the general scheme of things, it was a perfectly gorgeous sunrise. The crater of the extinct volcano formed a cup for the flowing red sun, whose beams were flashing in fiery fingers right across the sky. As we drew unto the

harbor, the Honolulu band started playing lively tunes for us, despite the fact that it was still only six o'clock in the morning.

As soon as possible I left the ship and was driven by one of the kind passengers to Waikiki Beach, where I proceeded to try my hand at surf-riding, in the delightfully warm water of the bay. I found that the art was not nearly as hard as I had anticipated, and I managed to ride in, "standing up", on my third attempt. I could have spent days at this delightful pastime if I had had the time, but as it was I could only spare about three hours.

So after lunch at the "Royal Hawaiian Hotel" I went to see the sights of the island. The "Pali", a steep cliff over which a former king had driven his foes to destruction was reached by a road which wound up a beautiful pass, on one side of which was a tremendous precipice over which fell several streams for a clear distance of twelve hundred feet. On occasions the wind blows up underneath these falls, and carries the water right back over the cliff-top!

As we left Honolulu, it was dusk, and a little yacht lying in the harbor flashed us "bon voyage." I left with the deepest regret an island and people whose charm are second to none. The band was again playing, but this time it was the more mournful of their national songs. Almost with tears in my eyes, I gazed at the receding shores, as the fragrance of the "Leis" round my neck was wafted up to my nostrils.

After a fairly rough crossing, during which, when most of the passengers were in the saloon for dinner, the boat gave such a lurch that every single thing was swept clean off the tables, and several of the more elderly ladies were thrown off their chairs, we arrived at Kobe, our port for Japan.

I was immediately impressed with the terrific number of Neon light signs, the effect of which seemed to put even Broadway in the shade! Several days later I pushed on to Kyoto, the "fine-art" city of Japan. I stayed in the Myako Hotel, situated in a beautiful spot overlooking the city. It was winter, and the contrast of the snow on the evergreen-covered hills was very lovely.

The dining-room had a balcony extension, on which I had all my meals. While eating I could gaze at the view, which, of course, I enjoyed enormously. The waitresses were, of course, all Japanese and were too delightful, simply bubbling over with good spirits.

In Japan, the hand-shake has its place taken by deep and formal bowing—sometimes one sees people bowing away to each other as if they were never going to stop, and looking at each other out of the corner of their eyes to see if the other has yet stopped bowing!

I went to see the "Chion In" or "Chion-in", a large Buddhist monastery and temple. This was one of the most impressive things I ever saw in Japan. It was just like the tales in lurid "Eastern books", full of glamour! The only thing missing was the gloom, as

a large quantity of light was admitted through the entrance-side, which had no wall.

The great hall was full of the appurtenances of the shrine. A great lacquered tabernacle held the image, which was not exposed to view. In front of it was the sanctuary, and placed within this were the most impressive looking erections of lacquered wood.

Two great gold-lacquered chandeliers hung from the ceiling. Just inside the sanctuary, and a little to the left, squatted a monk, busy with his prayers. All around him were the trappings which one expected—a great gong, which he hit with a sort of large rolling-pin, stood on a pedestal on his left; another little silver gong, which he hit with a tiny little hammer, was in front of him; within easy reach were two bits of wood, which he used to produce a slow castanet sound while chanting away. Between hitting the big gong (which continued to sound after being struck for an incredible time) he chanted out of a book. It was all most thrilling.

One had to take off one's shoes to enter, but the floor was soft with cane-matting. Pilgrims squatted down and clapping three times, and throwing a donation into the box provided, proceeded with their prayers.

I looked over lacquer factories, landscape-gardens, palaces and so on, and actually went to a Japanese play, which I did not understand too well, strange to say! While at the play, therefore, I studied the various styles of hairdressing to be seen, used by the fair sex of those present. I believe the women have their hair done once a week, and sleep on wooden pillows to keep it "put."

Next I visited Nara, an old capital of Japan. I drove all over the justly famous park—a gorgeous place, spacious, and as everything is in Japan, incredibly neat and well-kept. The deer in this park are fascinating—so tame that they will try to snuff food out of one's pockets! Towards the close of day I saw a deer-herd sounding his horn in the middle of the park and flocks of deer racing towards him from every direction and miles away! It was a touching sight!

I went to see the "Diabutsu"—the great image of Buddha, which is nearly seventy feet high. It was enclosed in the largest wooden structure in the world. At last I left Nara to see that which I had been looking forward to seeing all my life—namely, the incomparable Mount Fujiyama.

After several hours in the train, I disembarked at a small station called "Gotemba", where I had previously ascertained there was a Japanese Inn. After some difficulty, I arrived there, waving aside the protestations of the inn-keeper, who could not understand why I—a European—should wish to patronize *his* little place. I was, however, quite determined to try one of these inns, having heard such a lot about them. It was constructed of a framework of wood, on which

was stretched taut paper, which seemed to keep out the cold and rain quite well.

When I arrived it was night, and so immediately after my Japanese supper, I told the inn-keeper and his entourage—consisting, apparently, of his wife and daughter—that I wished to go to bed. They asked me if I should like a bath, and I eagerly assented. Then they came in and laid out about a dozen thick quilted blankets on the floor, to serve as my mattress. The last thing they brought in was a heavily quilted sort of dressing-gown, in which garment I was apparently to sleep. When I was ready, they led me to a room in which there was a huge wooden tub, full of hot water. I got in, and the water came almost up to my shoulders, even standing up!

Hardly had I started washing, when the sliding door (which had no lock) was pushed back, and the daughter of the house came in. Without more ado, she proceeded to scrub me most thoroughly, getting up on a little stool to do so more easily. Believe me, she *was* thorough!

I asked to be called early next morning, as I proposed to make an attempt at climbing Mount Fuji; on my announcing this, however, the inn-keeper grew alarmed, and tried to explain that it was very dangerous to make the attempt in winter, as the ice and snow were dangerous. I had heard this before, however, and had made up my mind to make the attempt whatever happened. I also asked him to see that a taxi was waiting at the door at about half past five next morning. Then, climbing into my peculiar sleeping garments, I was soon fast asleep, with the little brazier (which is in every Japanese house) quite close to me for warmth.

I was called, as per schedule, at about five o'clock next morning. I got up, dressed, and had some breakfast, and then went out to find my taxi waiting safely at the door. On the way, my cunning host gave me a pair of skis, to use on the slopes of Fuji, thinking, no doubt, that I would become so engrossed in my fun that I would abandon my attempt at climbing it.

We then proceeded, mostly side-ways, to the first steep of the mountain. Here we found a horse-drawn sleigh awaiting us. I got in, and we proceeded up the slopes. On the way, a little Jap passed us, on skis; he saw me, and immediately turned around, and taking off his skis, he put them on the sleigh and followed after me. I wondered what he was doing, and soon found out. When we arrived at the first station, where there was a small sort of store, I got out, and immediately the little Jap, who had been following us, came up and made signs to offer himself as my guide. I accepted him gratefully.

He tied on my skis for me, and then showed me how to walk up the hill "herring-bone" fashion. Mount Fuji is perfectly conical in

shape, and the path up is quite straight, being divided into nine "stations", each one-half of a mile apart. It is 12,000 feet high.

That morning, when I awoke, I had had my first view of Fuji, standing pure white out against a perfectly blue sky. It was most soul-stirring. Now, however, dark clouds were forming to the West, and eventually, when we reached the ninth station, we were quite surrounded by a white, white blanket of whirling snow!

How annoyed I was! I had reserved most of my pictures for views of and from the top, and now, of course, I was not able to get any. By this time, I was almost exhausted, and was proceeding very very slowly. In view of this and the weather, it did not seem worth while trying to reach the actual top—only one-half mile away as the crow flies, but very steep indeed. When we had come up, we had left our skis in the little hut marking the third station, where we had met two of the local people, who seemed to live on the mountain. These people had very kindly taken off their climbing irons and lent them to us, together with their ice-axes, with which we had proceeded as far as we got.

We therefore returned to the third station, where we donned our skis, and my little guide gave me some lessons in skiing, a thing which I had never done before. The snow was amazingly hard, despite the fact that the temperature did not seem to be so cold. I tried to go down sideways-slanting, but the snow offered no grip at all to my skis, so this was not a roaring success! At first I threw myself to the ground continually, simply to stop going too fast, but after a while the slope lessened a bit, and I completed the run in great style! For those who simply enjoy fast skiing, and do not want to have a lot of obstacles to negotiate, the slopes of Fuji cannot be beaten, as they are dead straight.

When we arrived at the first station again, my guide got me a large plate of rice done in Japanese style, with bits of meat and condiments and gravy all mixed up in it—my, oh my, how good that tasted! It was the first food I'd had since morning, and it was now almost six o'clock at night.

I think it says a great deal for Japanese hospitality when I tell you that my guide, a man whom I'd never met before, simply refused to accept a penny for all his services!

My next stop was Tokyo, where I stayed part of the time with the British ambassador, Sir Francis Lindley, and his wife. I had a splendid time in the Embassy and was taken out all over the place. One thing in Tokyo I must describe—a Japanese wrestling match. As is generally known, wrestling is the "national sport" in Japan. But what amazing wrestling!

I had expected to see an exciting bout, between two tough little Japs. Not a bit of it! Each of the combatants is about 7 feet high,

with the most tremendous "corporation." However, they bulge with muscle in all directions.

The bout commences by each of the wrestlers stepping into the ring and showing themselves off. They stand there dressed in practically nothing except a small string belt, from which hangs a few sticks [?] threaded through beads! Then they make their muscles ripple up and down wherever they possess any, and solemnly lift up their legs, and bring them down with as big a bang as they can, onto the floor, making the whole place tremble with their might. Having finished a long and arduous P. T. which is presumably to show off to best advantage their physique, they retire from the ring.

This consists of a raised wooden platform, on which is a ring of sand about 3 inches high and 18 feet in diameter. The object of the contest is for one man to throw the other outside this ring. The platform, by the way, is covered with a canopy. On the platform, just outside the ring, is the umpire, a most impressive-looking individual, dressed in long flowing, gaudy robes of office, and holding a great scimiter in his hand—for what purpose I never ascertained.

The two wrestlers then come on again, and grabbing a small handful of salt on their way in, they strew it on the floor in front of them. This is to induce the Spirits to come to their aid. Then they slowly go down onto one hand, and solemnly glare at each other for about half a minute—and then mournfully shake their heads and march out; being fed and given some tea to drink. They go on repeating this for some twenty minutes! At last they suddenly jump at each other like a couple of tigers, and then assume an attitude of great affection, embracing each other closely. Actually they are locked in a vise-like grip, each trying with all his might to break the hold which the other has on him. They stand there motionless for perhaps half of a minute, and then one of them slowly starts bouncing the other out of the ring. The whole bout may take 25 minutes—of which about one minute is used in the actual wrestling!

The Japanese work a peculiar system of so-called "cafes"; it is also applied in all the bars, or, as we should call them, "Pubs." As soon as one goes into one of these places, a squad of fair Japanese girls come and sit all over one! They are very merry and bright and pass the time in delightful chaff. You are expected to buy them a round or two of drinks, so in this particular case the old adage "safety in numbers" ceases to apply!

At last the time came for me to say "goodbye" to Japan. I caught a tiny little 2,000 ton Japanese steamer of the O. S. K. line for Tientsin (pronounced "Tinsin") and found that I was the only passenger! We took four days to cross the Yellow Sea and arrived at Ta-ku (pronounced Tunk-Ku) the port at the mouth of the Wei Po, ("White River") at about noon. Here we waited till about half-past

eight o'clock, so that the tide would be far enough up to enable us to proceed up the river.

A Ta-ku the Wei-Po was a mass of pack-ice, and pretty dirty. The further up we got, however, the cleaner got the ice, and also the surface became less broken, until it was just one sheet right across the river. I shall always remember that journey! A new moon scintillated on the chips of ice which our little boat, as she ploughed her way up the river, sent tinkling along the ice to the bank. Every now and then we would stop to take soundings, and as I was the only passenger, I was allowed to sit right on the bow. Then the utter stillness of the night would be broken by the thin cries of the sailors as they called the depth—"ju-itchi"—"ju-shi",—and then we would slowly start again.

At about midnight we arrived at Tientsin. The customs were much too sleepy to bother with me, so I got through without much difficulty.

I stayed only a short time in Tientsin and then proceeded straight on to Pekin, or Peiping, as it is now called.

I had been told that the "Wagonits" Hotel was the best place for one to stay, and arriving as I did, about one o'clock in the morning, I went straight to it and spent the night there. Next day, however, I found the Grand Hotel more suited to my purpose, and so transferred to it. This caused a small tragedy. On the boat from New York I had made the acquaintance of some perfectly delightful New Yorkers, the father and son of which were on a business trip, and who were accompanied by the mother and a friend of the son. I was very soon fast friends of these, and spent a good deal of my time in one place after another in Japan with them. We had planned to meet in Shanghai again, as they were not going to Peiping. However, they did come, and stayed there for some time while I was there, but seeing that I had checked out of the Wagonits, they presumed I had gone on to Shanghai. And then after being in the same city for several days and never coming across each other, we failed to make contact in Shanghai. However, I saw them when they got back to the States.

After making a somewhat cursory visit to the chief attraction of Pekin, I hired a guide and we went for a short trip through Jehol province—then a "disturbed area", as China and Japan were almost at open warfare. We set out very early one morning by automobile, and traveled some sixty miles over the most appalling country. The first part bore quite a good resemblance to a road, but after ten miles or so, it gave up the attempt, and the driver had to proceed more or less by dead reckoning.

We went across a wide plain, which had been used as a battleground some six years previously in one of the many Chinese civil wars. It was covered with boulders and scarred with trenches, down

which one had to be careful not to slip, so you can easily imagine that the going was not so good! There did not appear to be a trace of arable soil—nothing but barren dirt and rocks and dust—*plenty* of dust. Despite these obstacles our driver covered the distance in some three hours—averaging about 20 miles per hour—a pretty good average, considering.

Eventually, we arrived at a railroad station. Precisely what it was doing there, in the middle of nowhere, was not clear—but there it was. There was a train consisting of a lot of trucks and two enormous engines of American manufacture (made, if I remember aright, in Philadelphia). They were so big that they arrested my attention, as I'd never seen such monsters before—of the 4-8-8-4 pattern, I think. I inquired why they were necessary, and was informed that the gradient up which we were to proceed was 1 in 15—the steepest I'd ever heard of for railroads.

There was no passenger accommodation at all, but by purchasing a "special class" ticket, we were permitted to ride in the guard's van—which not only had fewer holes and cracks to let in the bitter, piercingly cold air, but also ran to the luxury of having a stove. There were about fifty Chinese of the "Coolie" class also riding with us—and the truck was small—so imagine the crush. The Chinese seemed very keen on expectorating—and gave full rein to their proclivities, so I was kept pretty busy dodging about, as far as the squash would permit.

One of the travelers produced several sorts of small, semi-cooked loaves, and merely pausing to remove the top inch or two of the layer of cinders on the stove-top, he put them there (on the remaining layers of soot and dust) to cook. When they started steaming, they were handed round and broken up and devoured—a process which spurred the happy fellows to express their satisfaction loudly!

After a three-hour journey, we arrived at the Great Wall, which we got out to see. This was some little distance from the "station", so we hired donkeys to transport us. Two Americans also appeared, and they preferred being carried in chairs slung from the shoulders of four coolies. We arrived at an interesting part of the Wall and inspected it. It is a most magnificent sight. It meanders off as far as one can see in either direction, sometimes dividing into two parts, each going off in its own direction to join up again some time later. As this part of the country is very hilly, it offered a peculiarly pleasing view. The country was still as barren as it is possible to imagine, nothing but dirt and rocks being visible. On the way up, it is true, we had passed a small patch—some fifteen yards square, which seemed to be tillable—for there, sure enough, was a little hut housing some poor man who eked out his existence in those barren wilds year in and year out—supported entirely by what he could raise on that minute patch of ground.

I wandered round the Wall for some time, and found lying about a couple of old iron and bronze arrow-heads. I was much interested in these, and kept them as a valuable prize. They may have dated back to the days of Ghengiz Khan, when the rumors of that mighty warrior were alarming Eurpoe, about the thirteenth century.

I forgot to mention that on the way up, we had visited the Ming Tombs—the receptacles for the Chinese rulers corresponding to the Pyramids in Egypt. These were quite interesting. A suitable mound was selected by the Emperor before death and hollowed out in the middle, and a small temple built on top of it, and then the whole surrounded by a wall. When he was buried, he was put in the inner chamber, which was then sealed up—and there they are still.

The road to these tombs is rather impressive. It commences through a huge marble arch with three smaller arches (flat) on each side of it, standing solitary there in the plain. Through this, in the direction of the foothills where the tombs are located, runs the road—dead straight for a mile or two. Along each side of the road, about a hundred and fifty yards apart, are massive statues of grotesque animals—so-called elephants, lions, horses and so on, similar figures on both sides of the road. Each one is represented in two positions—the first pair standing, and the next, a hundred and fifty yards further on, in a kneeling position. This row of statues ends up with four pairs of human figures—princes, civil and military. While I was up at the Ming Tombs, an amusing incident took place. I had brought my automatic along, and my guide had been most interested in it. He seems to have mentioned it to some of the Chinese around the tombs, for they had asked me to show it to them. I did so, and then they asked me to fire a shot with it. I told them to put up a piece of pottery on the wall, and I'd fire at it. They did this, and I proceeded to fire at it and smash it. But, of course, being an automatic, it ejected its empty shell-case by itself—which happened to fly out and hit one of the men standing beside me.

That man loosed forth a yell that could be heard in New York, spun around and disappeared rapidly in a cloud of dust, proceeding to smash all existing records for hundred yards, one-quarter and one-half mile, and marathon events in succession! Boy, oh boy, was he one scared man!

From the wall we continued up to a smallish town whose name I misremember, where we stayed the night, by train. Here I slept in a Chinese Inn—and *what* a change from the Japanese! The whole place was filthy. Food was served of a very poor quality in cracked earthenware. The sheets had the grime of ages on them. In the end, I sent my guide out who bought a couple of new clean sheets, and laying them down on top of the so-called bed, I went to sleep in my clothes.

I was more than glad to get away from the place. We proceeded

some way on camel, which often form trains up there, and transport merchandise to all those parts which lack a railroad. We caught another train and spent the night in it. Next evening we went through Shan Hai Kivan, which a fortnight before, had been razed to the ground by the Japanese. There were still wisps of smoke to be seen here and there. And had those Japs made a thorough job of it? There was hardly one story left above another!

Next morning we came back through Tienstin, and eventually arrived at Pekin again. While in Pekin, I spent most of my time with the members of a Russian orchestra in my hotel. I made great friends with these poor fellows, and spent some five hours nightly with them. They were most enthrallingly interesting.

At length I made my way down to Shanghai, traveling incidentally, on the famous "Shanghai Express", which I actually drove for some three hours. It was very comfortable in the "Wagon-Lit's" car, though not quite so luxurious as the Hollywood film would have us believe!

I arrived in Tientsin, as may be imagined after the three-day journey partly spent in the cab of the engine, in a state of filth which I have seldom, if ever, achieved before. When I left my bath, it resembled nothing so much as a coal dump in flood!

After a brief period in Shanghai, I caught the *S.S. President Adams* and proceeded to Manila. But now I'm afraid I will have to be very brief, as I've kept you all much too long already, and the poor unfortunate (who has all my sympathy) who has been trying to decipher this drivel, will be getting pretty near exhausted, if he has not already collapsed.

Suffice it to say that I had the time of my life on board the *Adams*, who had one of the best set of officers it has been my privilege to meet. We stayed some time in Singapore, and on the way to Colombo saw two waterspouts. I spent a marvelous night in Bombay, at a cock-tail dance from 7 till 9 P. M. and a dinner dance from 9 till 6 next morning.

I got to Egypt and had a marvelous time with a friend, climbing the pyramids within and without, having a fifty-mile gallop in the desert on the best Arab and camping out in the Sahara under the gorgeous Egyptian stars. My "Exit from Alex" (Alexandria) when I caught the *S.S. President Harrison* for Naples was rather amusing.

We set out at 11 P. M. to catch the boat which sailed at midnight. It ought only to have taken one-quarter of an hour to get there, but I had to get my pistol and some cigarettes out of bond, so I allowed plenty of time. There were seven of us in the taxi, with all my luggage, so we were pretty well laden. The "Alex" docks are awful, there being dozens of jetties, access being obtained to one from the others by swing bridges, otherwise back through the nar-

rowest portion of the town. Every one hundred feet or so there was a gate in charge of two or three sentries. Suffice it to say that we couldn't find the boat—all the swing bridges were swinging the wrong way, and *all* the gates were closed, and *all* the sentries asleep.

By the time we saw the boat, it was midnight, and I still had not got my passport stamped, which I had to do before going on board. We dashed up to the gangway on the stroke of twelve—and our taxi-driver failed to see a huge stone about four feet by two feet by one foot high, in the middle of the road. We went over it. There was a noise like hell let loose from under the car, and we were all nearly pitched through the windscreen. Worse than that all the innards of the car—crankcase, driving shaft, differential, etc.—came belching forth from the rear of the car, which gave up the ghost with a ghastly groan, but delivered us safely to the gangway!

And then would those darned Egyptian officials let me on board without my passport stamped? No, *sir*, they would not! So yelling to some friends of mine who were cheering from the rail, to "Hold that boat", I leapt into another taxi and went to try to find the police station to get my passport stamped. Then, believe it or not, five taxis conked out on us. Luckily I had a friend with me who could speak a little Arabic, and whose dockyard vocabulary was extensive, to say the least of it! Also he knew his way about down there.

After our slow going with the taxis (all the business of the gates and sentries being repeated) we abandoned them as a means of transport, and took to our heels. At last, both of us puffing like Grampus', we arrived at the police station—only to find it in total darkness, shut up for the night!

My friend was not discouraged, however, and led me on to the main docks police yard, where we caught a couple of sleepy officials closing up. He thundered at them, saying they were to stamp my passport *'(!/'! quick—but they replied they were sorry, that all the stamps and seals were locked up for the night and they hadn't got the key. "Come back tomorrow," upon which he caught one of them a sock on the jaw with his open palm and said they'd better brace up and write a note to the effect that I was O.K. in my passport. They began to take notice, and while they were doing this, he stormed and raved at them, and swore he would report them all to Herr Berg (the police commissioner) if they did not get a move on and provide me with a police launch to catch my boat with.

So then we all dashed downstairs; they started up the launch, and we shot back to the pier, collected my luggage, and I ended up by being hauled over the side on a rope, followed by my luggage! Whew! But I was, by this time, going to catch that boat if I had to pursue it all the way to Italy!

I arrived safely in Naples, where I met my mother, and after visiting Pompeii and Mount Vesuvius, we proceeded to Rome for the

Holy Year and Easter. Thence I made my way up to Switzerland, where I spent a short time with a friend of mine. Then to Genoa, where I caught the *S. S. President Hayes* for Marseilles and New York.

How glad I was to see the easily-spotted figure of Mr. Herbert Magruder waiting to welcome me on the dock. Despite the grizzly hour of our arrival he had nobly come to meet me—an act doubly noble by his undergoing, at that time, a painful bereavement at home. I appreciated his kindness and generosity more than I can say, and hope some day to be able to repay him.

I'm afraid this has been a particularly badly-written and wretchedly-composed series of disconnected jottings, and I apologize to all and sundry who have had to listen to it (if there are any left in the room by this time), and also to the poor man who has had to try and read it and decipher my notoriously inaccurate spelling. In fact, I'll say I'm sorry to everyone who has had anything to do with it—and take all my just blame, though, in my absence, you can vent your wrath on Mr. Herbert Magruder who made me write it.

I close by sending you all the very best wishes from Scotland, and regret that I am unable to be with you all on "this most auspicious occasion"; I sincerely trust it will not be long before I meet you all again. Till then, my very best wishes to you all, which my mother joins with me in sending.

THE HIGHLANDERS

By EVELYN MAGRUDER MARSHALL, *Virginia*

The dawn of the ninth century rose slowly and tragically over the crags and peaks of the Scottish Highlands, a century marked by the savage war cry of foreign tribes, by bloodshed, and by the opening of the new period, singularly difficult and intricate in the history of Scotland. Confusion reigned everywhere. For a time the Viking successes seemed likely to turn the vast realm into a Scandinavian appendage. Hordes of English swept up from the south to be repulsed by the Scots and Picts, who later engaged in bitter feuds among themselves. The Danes battled long and furiously, to be defeated by the fierce savagery of the Celtic tribes.

In this nucleus of an uneasy realm Kenneth MacAlpine emerged first as a leader, then as a conqueror of unruly Highlanders. He united the Scots and the Picts, an act which was the first step in centralizing the Government of Scotland, and later became king of the unsettled Dominion. Thus Scotland receives its name from its first king who was of Scottish origin.

The dynasty of Kenneth MacAlpine was a precarious one. The Northmen had to be constantly resisted. The English raided the Southern border of his realm and were repulsed, thus gaining ascendancy in the southern region for the Scots. The Viking Earls attacked from the northern coast and were also defeated. In spite of many invasions MacAlpine managed to keep a firm grip on central Scotland. For the first time the country was consolidated. The reign of Kenneth MacAlpine gave proof that he was one of those rulers who made an era in the history of kingdoms.

The ninth century closed. After the death of the first king the glorious dynasty sank again into a period of confusion, doomed to emerge under the tyranny and treacherous cruelty of the English. The descendants of Kenneth MacAlpine royally defended their rights under the leadership of Gregor. Thus the Clan Gregor receives its name from the third son of the first King of Scotland, and is accounted one of the most ancient clans in the Highlands. Their history is one of innumerable wars, of oppression and valiant resistance, of heroic effort to maintain their existence and union as a clan, under circumstances of the utmost urgency. As centuries past they were gradually pushed back into the barren Highlands. Bravely and staunchly defending their rights, powerless over overwhelming odds they continued to battle bravely for their freedom in a manner worthy of their royal descent.

Many of them, their hopes blasted, strangers in their own land, tore themselves from their native heath and sailed with their wives and children across the broad Atlantic. A new race sprang up in a

new world. A race in which the spirit of freedom and love of kinship passes on from generation to generation. To the clansman there is no name so dear as that of his clan; no garb so grandly beautiful as that in which his ancestors fought against invaders in the renowned days of old. He still marches under the banner of his chief and clings to the banners waved aloft with bravery and courage by his forefathers. The spirit of the ancient clansmen repeats itself in the modern clansman of today.

A FLORIDA HOME IN 1894

By SALLIE ISORA MAGRUDER, *Florida*

It was a perfect day early in December; and the place an attractive town on the east coast of Florida. Right in the center of this small city, situated about eighty feet distant from the new lovely shore drive along the bank of the Indian River, there was a large, old-fashioned home with broad verandas on three sides. On the east, very wide steps led down to a most beautiful front yard that was covered with a soft green sod of Saint Augustine grass, and this was brightened here and there with the deep red of the hibiscus, and with a large variety of richly colored foliage plants. While scattered in between these showy plants there were numerous rose bushes, which were fairly laden with gorgeous roses and buds that flourished almost every month in the year. Near the center of the lawn, at the base of one of the tallest palmette trees there was a flame vine that completely covered it. Delicate tendrils had even encircled each stem of the fans until a profusion of bright blossoms could be seen mixed in with the dark green of the palmette palms, and long, beautiful festoons hung very low as they gently swayed to and fro with the passing breeze. Many times those who were sailing boats away out on the blue waters of the river would come in and tie up to the long wharf, in order to secure a nearer view of the tremendous bouquet of red and green. This tree was one of the brightest spots to be seen on the shore, and at that time was the only one in that entire section that was so beautifully decorated.

There was another tree just south of the hold home that caused more exclamations than the vine-covered palmette. Into a sour orange stock there had been budded about nine different citrus fruits, and each bud had flourished far beyond the hopes of the owner. One limb of the sour tree was left, which in time bore heavily of fruit. A large limb with its many branches were filled with smooth, French lemons; another was loaded with tangerines, and one with seedless dwarf oranges which were peculiarly delicious. There were many of the dainty, kid glove oranges, and a limb of smaller-sized grapefruit, beside which hung the oblong, pale yellow citron, that was not much larger than the French lemons. The last bud was laden with the Madam Vinus sweet orange which truly must have come directly from the Garden of Eden, for its thin, fine rind, and its juice cells that were sweeter than the honeydew, would indicate it. This tree attracted hundreds of guests from the nearby hotels during the winter months. Often there would be thirty or forty people around it, trying to identify the many perfect specimens of fruit as they peeped from between the dark green leaves. From this marvelous example of grafting, visitors turned to view a tremendous tree belonging to the citrus genus, native in southeastern Asia, and known as the rose shaddock. It was loaded with fruit which was so very large that it was believed

to be watermelons actually growing on a tree! It was really the largest variety of grapefruit. Not much taste to it—quite insipid—but it was very lovely inside because it revealed all the variegated tints of a rose, hence its name. It was used for decoration by mixing it with other sliced fruits, and when placed in a glass fruit dish, the many colors were very pleasing.

Leaving the shaddock, visitors went into the north yard to see one of the tallest and most beautiful mango trees ever grown in Florida; and every limb just hanging with its golden fruit. One has to cultivate a taste for them, because a great many people, when taking it for the first time, exclaim, "Why, they taste like cotton dipped in turpentine." Those who are fond of the mango say that this is not true; that they are as "luscious as peaches."

Not far from the mango there was a fine specimen of the sugar-apple, and its fruit was always enjoyed from the very first piece to the last, due to its sugary sweetness.

Just a few feet beyond there was a large pomgranite, filled with its more acid fruit, which is good to eat, and usually holds all the tints of the rainbow. Children like it better than grown folks.

Just beneath the windows on the west side of the home there was a very large bed of English violets with deep tints and the most delightful aroma imaginable! Each delicate violet standing high, on long, fragile stems. Turning from this bit of beauty and looking to the westward, the eyes beheld, lying under the warm beams of a tropical sun, about fifty acres of fine orange trees, each bending low with the weight of its golden yellow fruit.

South of this grove there was a two-acre plat that was used for a home garden. Tomato vines had been trained over a wire trellis, and it was indeed a joy to stand beside it and gather the deep red tomatoes that were as large as small cups, and when broken they fairly sparkled with dewiness. No wonder that many called them by the old Spanish name of "love apples." Just beyond this trellis there was a quantity of fresh lettuce, plenty of silver skin onions, a large bed of fine cabbage heads, beets, turnips, some Irish potatoes, and, for a fact, almost everything that is good for man to eat.

To be seen from the garden there was an enclosure where there were two of the very best cows that were fed with velvet beans and kaffir corn as the main diet. There was always a good supply of rich milk that produced rich, yellow butter, cottage cheese, with all the delicacies that can be made with best milk and cream. Also a wide, heavy gate could be opened each morning and a large number of beautiful, healthy chickens turned into the grove, where they would run for exercise, and for feeding upon the tender grasses that grew luxuriantly between the rows of trees. It was believed that their red combs and their freedom from all disease was due to an open top on the house where they were sheltered at night. The slats were

placed as far apart as the builder dared, in order to prevent any wild animal from creeping through during the hours of night.

North of the orange grove there were two acres planted to sugar-cane. In the fall when fully matured, it was crushed between great iron rollers, and the rich juice was carried to an immense boiler, and was made into a thick syrup, that was run into barrels and then stored for family use during the following year. Most delicious on hot griddle cakes, with fragrant coffee!

Not far from the cane there was a big pen with a high board fence around it, and inside there were the fattest, liveliest little pigs one would ever see. They were never allowed to run at large, and their food was always the best; mostly composed of sweet oranges and sugar-cane. When a box or two of dropped fruit was poured over the side of the fence, they squealed with intense delight, and very quickly not an orange was left!

When one of these little fellows was baked, and the white, very sweet meat was served to visitors, they believed it to be slices of turkey, rather than pork.

In front of this Florida home, there was built out from the shore, a long, strong wharf. Floating a few feet from it, and held by a strong anchor, there was a graceful, well-built, speedy, sloop-rig sail boat. So beautiful that she was named "The Princess." And how this boat would skim over the waves, with its happy owner at the tiller!

Tied to the wharf there was another piece of skilled handiwork; a smoothly varnished, almost perfectly put together clinker-built row boat; a little beauty it was. A joy on moonlight evenings.

Caught by a rope, not far away, there was a wide, flatbottom row boat that was used when oysters were wanted for breakfast. Once when needed, a large schooner had been sent to the Indian River narrows, where it was loaded with fine oysters, and brought back, and they were emptied onto a tremendous raft that had been prepared, weighted with irons, and sunk in several feet of water far beyond the end of the dock. The oysters multiplied wonderfully, and when wanted for food, some one went out in the flat boat, and with long tongs lifted up all that were needed. Great, big, beautiful oysters that when removed from their shells would almost cover the palm of a man's hand.

Often the man in the boat would sit quietly, and with interest watch them open their shells and feed upon the tiny particles of seaweeds and delicate moss floating in the waters. Then it was fascinating to make a sudden noise and watch them quickly shut their shells together hard and fast! So tight that it would take heavy strokes from a hammer or hatchet, or the prying of a great knife in order to break open the shells. Shells that the oysters could so easily open and close just as it suited them. A display of marvelous power

by such an insignificant creation; a strength shown far out of proportion to the size of an oyster.

Indeed Florida is the favored state of the Union. Its salt waters abound in silvery fish, and its thousands of lakes are also usually filled with fine fish so that almost anywhere a home, as above described, may be established and enjoyed as the years roll on. But it requires many years of diligent and hard work.

Always remember that "There is more in the man than in the land."

"Come to Florida, young man, come to Florida!"

MRS. JOHN HILL BYRNSIDE

Miss Mary Gray Silver, daughter of Gray Silver (member of the Council A. C. G. S.) is now Mrs. John Hill Byrnside, of Madison, West Virginia.

She was prepared for college in local schools and at Mary Baldwin Seminary, Staunton, Virginia; did two years college work at Randolph-Macon Woman's College (her mother's Alma Mater), Lynchburg, Virginia, and received her A. B. degree from the University of West Virginia.

She is an active member of the N. S. D. A. R. Society, U. S. Daughters of 1812, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, Mary Baldwin Alumnae Association, National Sorority Chi Omega, Lynchburg, Virginia, Chapter, and National Committeewoman for Young Democrats for West Virginia.

Mr. Byrnside received his A. B. degree from the University of West Virginia, and is a graduate in law from the same school.

He is a practicing attorney of Madison, where he is associated with his father.

OUR MUTUAL ANCESTOR

By MRS. MARION MYRL HARRISON, *Ohio*

When our worthy Chieftain, Dr. E. W. Magruder, asked me to help out on this program, he suggested a reading, but I was sure that Miss Marshall would graciously take care of anything along that line and I thought it might be better for me to give a paper.

I dimly remembered that I had seen, in Miss Gallaher's article on Magruder ancestry in the *Clan* book of several years ago, a name which seemed familiar. Consequently, I got out the history of the Bedford family, of which I am a member and, after much careful tracing, I found that the Magruders and the Bedfords actually did have one ancestor in common.

In view of this ancestor's importance in history, it was a great surprise to me that the only information given on him by Miss Gallaher is the approximate date of his birth and death and the name of his wife.

When I came to make a search in the library for data for this paper, the very richness of the field was embarrassing. I found many volumes relating to his life and times. Since I knew my time would be limited I realized I could not do justice to his life in its entirety, yet I had extreme difficulty in selecting just what phase of his character I should present.

There was no question but that in his day he was outstanding as a scientist, it being well authenticated that he could predict the weather accurately for weeks ahead. It is doubtful that his achievements in this direction have been excelled by our more modern instruments. (Although I may say that the new method of correlating the weather with sun spots promises to do so.)

It is probable that at one time he was the richest man in the world in material possessions. He certainly did for a period have a monopoly on means of transportation. It was said by his contemporaries that he used this power ruthlessly, that he considered only the comfort and welfare of his own family and had a callous disregard for the sufferings of the general public. I think we may consider this criticism unwarranted.

While down in Kentucky last month I visited an old Negro woman who nursed me as a child; I found that she was quite familiar with the family traditions relating to this common ancestor of ours and seemed to have many details which I had not found in books. I decided to concentrate on one particular exploit of his, and in order that I should make no mistake I would relate it just as I had it from her. So, with your permission and with my apologies for such a long introduction I shall read to you her story of our ancestor.

Old Marse Noah
Sho' was weather-wise.
He stood on the shoah
And he looked at de skies,

He looked at de mountains an' he looked at de plain,
 He jiggle de thermometer,
 He tapped de barometer.
 He said, "Hot jiggy, it's awgine fur to rain!
 It'll rain forty days,
 It'll rain forty nights,
 It'll pour forty ways,
 It'll cover up de heights,
 It'll flood out de settlers an' drowned out de game,
 De hawks an' de cows, de wild and de tame.
 I'd better get a boat
 Dat'll keep me afloat
 Wid my wife an' my chillun an' ma crooked-horn goat,
 An' Shem's houn' puppy and Ham's pet shoat.'
 So he cut his lumber an' he laid his keel
 Right in de middle of his cotton field!
 An' he hammer and chop
 While de clouds roll thicker,
 An' he never even stop
 Fur a little jolt of liquor.
 An' he wuk forty days,
 An' he wuk forty nights,
 An' he stood a heap o' kiddin' from de Israelites,
 An' he finish up de job by wukkin' after dark,
 An' he takes plain water an' christens her "De Ark."

II.

When de Ark wuz finished, an' de hold was stored,
 "Git aboard!" says Noah. "All-a-a-ll aboard!"
 An' he pounded on a drum—
 Bum! . . . Bum!
 An' two by two his passengers came;
 Big brown bruins, an' de blue babboons,
 Bobbed-tail bunnies an' de ring-tail coons,
 Twist-tail porkers and de' long tail 'possums,
 De rainbow-colored humming birds, a-buzzin' in de blossoms.
 Elephants a-trumpeting,
 Porky-pines a-stabbin',
 Chipmunks a-chatterin' an' cockatoos a-blabblin',
 Houn' dawgs a-howlin',
 Tigers a-growlin',
 An' everybody hustlin' for to get de bigges' cabin.
 Noah teek his stand by de gang-plank's end,
 Checkin' off de passengers, a-hailin' foe an' friend,
 Keepin' out de stowaways, beatin' on his drum,
 Bum—bum, bum-bum!
 Brain is in a haze,
 Skin full o' bites,
 An' he stood forty days,
 An' he stood forty nights;
 An' de sky split open an' de rain come down,
 Floodin' out de villages, drownin' out de town,
 Coverin' up the lowlands, lappin' on de high,
 Risin' frum de crick-beds, fallin' frum de sky,
 Till de hills wuz covered, dey wuz lan' no more,
 An' de Ark dun floated on a sea widout a shore!

III.

It rain forty nights,
 An' it rain forty days,
 An' Noah kep' de lights
 In de Ark ablaze,
 Fer he tho't some Ark frum a neighborin' town
 Might blunder in de dark an' run him down.
 But he never spoke a hooker, an' he never hit a snag,
 An' nobody tooted to salute his flag.
 Lone, lone, lonesome on de worl'-wide ocean,
 Dey float forty days,
 An' dey float forty nights,
 An' de animals plays,
 An' de humans fights,
 An' late one mornin', de Ark dun struck
 Plum in a mud-bank, an' dar she stuck!
 "Whoop," says de parrots, settin' on de roof;
 "Woof," says de houn' dawgs;
 "Woof, woof, woof!"
 "Wait," says Noah, "till she sets a little moah
 Down in terry-firmy, an' we'll all go ashoah!"
 Water kep' a-fallin', and de lan' kep' a-risin',
 Groun' dried so fas', it was sutinly surprisin';
 Out comes de animals, out come de folks,
 Out comes de new cubs, pups, whelps and mokes.
 Scatters through de swamp-land, chatters in de trees,
 Anywhere dat's fer enough frum deep, salt seas.
 Noah calls his family, every man ob dem
 Calls to kinky-headed Ham and curly-headed Shem,
 Tow-headed Japhet, an' de little sons an' daughters,
 An' all dat floated wid him on de deep flood-waters.
 "Listen," says he,
 An' heah me now;
 Listen to me
 While I promise an' vow!"
 An' dey bowed deir haid's an' dey listen to Noah,
 An' dis was de promise and de vow he swooh:

IV.

"I've sailed forty nights an' I've sailed forty days,
 On de wide waste water widout islan's or bays,
 De's water in mah boots, dey's water in mah ears,
 An' I've had enough water fer de res' ob mah yeahs!
 Dis ole water wagon she's beached fer good,
 You kin chop her all to pieces fer kindlin' wood;
 Ah'm neber gwine sail again,
 An' don' you think it,
 If ever earth should fail again
 De Lawd kin sink it.
 I'm dun wid water, an' I won't even drink it!
 Plant me a vineyard an' raise me some vines,
 Squeeze me some juice, an' ferment me some wines,
 Cooper me some barrels an' fashion me a flagan,
 I'm a-goin' to drowned de mem'ry ob de old water wagon!"
 So he planted him a vineyard on de sun-warmed heights,
 An' it grew forty days an' it grew forty nights;

An' he squze de grapes in de barrels an' de kegs,
An' forty days an' forty nights it bubbled on its dregs.
An' he got him a siphon an' he bottled it off.
An' Old Man Noah wuz a-sittin' pretty sof'!
He drank forty nights,
An' he drank forty days,
An' de heavenly lights
Began fer to blaze,
An' he raised his haid an' he looked on high,
An' de worl's fust rainbow wuz a-shinin' in de sky!
An' Old Man Noah
He took it fer a sign,
Ef he stay on de shooh,
An' always drink wine,
Keep his inside wet an' his outside dry,
Dere'll always be a rainbow shinin' in de sky!

LUCKY YEAR

Dr. S. B. Muncaster states that this is his lucky year to win golf prizes. He won the first senior golf trophy at the American Medical Golf Association at Milwaukee last June, and the first senior golf prize at the meeting of the American Academy of Ophthalmology and Oto-Laryngology in Boston last September.

BIBLE RECORDS OF ARCHIBALD MAGRUDER

These records from the Bible owned by Mrs. Philip Lee Magruder, of Kevil, Ky., were sent the editor by the Scribe, M. M. Harrison, Akron, Ohio.

This line is: Archibald⁶, Archibald⁵, John⁴, Ninian³, Samuel², Alexander¹.

Marriages

Archibald Magruder, Jr., was born August 13, 1800.

✕Virlander Magruder, wife of A. Magruder, Jr., was born June 9, 1806, and was married May 13, 1824.

Susan C. Magruder was married January 13, 1842.

George W. Magruder was married October 30, 1849.

Mary E. Magruder was married November 8, 1853.

Births

1. Sa — (torn) — March 4th — (torn).

2. Mary Higgins Swearingen was born January 27, 1787.

3. Thomas Swearingen, born 20th of October, 1788, and died the second year of his age.

4. Luraner Swearingen was born May 25, 1790.

5. Elemlech Swearingen, born December 28, 1791.

6. Daniel Swearingen, born 3d of December, 1793, and died March 12, 1802.

7. George W. Swearingen was born November 10, 1795.

8. Sarah Swearingen was born March 9, 1798.

9. Elizabeth Swearingen was born February 15, 1800.

10. William Swearingen was born November 5, 1803.

✕Verlander Swearingen was born June 9, 1806.

(Torn) — ruder was born August 7, 1825.

George W. S. Magruder was born June 17, 1828.

Sarah E. Magruder was born April 12, 1831.

William Levi Magruder was born July 25, 1833.

Mary Elen Magruder was born November 4, 1835.

Samuel F. Magruder was born December 10, 1837.

Henry Oldham Magruder was born February 8, 1840.

Ezekiel Elemelich Magruder was born July 9, 1844.

Francis Archibald Magruder was born July 10, 1847.

Archibald Magruder Maraman, born June 28, 1843.

Julia M. Magruder was born July 18, 1830.

David W. Magruder was born November 15, 1850.

Archibald Magruder, Sr., was born April 11, 1751.

Cassander Magruder, wife of A. Magruder, Sr., was born November 25, 1760.

Deaths

Cassander Magruder, wife of A. Magruder, Sr., departed this life April 23, 1835.

Archibald Magruder, Sr., departed this life July 1, 1842.

William L. Magruder, son of Archibald and Virlander Magruder, departed this life July 18, 1849.

Sarah E. Magruder, daughter of Archibald and Virlander Magruder, departed this life July 24, 1849.

Archibald Magruder departed this life October 2, 1849, in his forty-ninth year.

F. A. Magruder, son of Archibald and V. Magruder, departed this life October 10, 1855.

Ezekial E. Magruder died March 27, 1863.

Henry O. Magruder departed this life April 8, 1864.

BIBLE RECORDS OF LEVI[N] MAGRUDER

These records from the family Bible of Levi[n] Magruder, of Bullitt County, Ky., were sent for publication by the owner, W. C. Barrickman, of Austin, Texas, through the Scribe, M. M. Harrison.

This line is: Levi[n]⁶, Archibald⁵, John⁴, Ninian³, Samuel², Alexander¹.

FAMILY BIBLE

OF LEVI[N] MAGRUDER OF BULLITT COUNTY, KENTUCKY

Title Page: New York, American Bible Society; 1854

Marriages

Levi Magruder and Elizabeth Jane Aud were married January 13, 1818.

Levi Magruder and Catherine A. E. Brown were married November 5, 1841.

Births

Levi Magruder was born March 6, 1796.

Elizabeth Jane Aud was born November 6, 1797.

Catherine A. E. Brown was born December 24, 1815.

Luticia Ann Magruder was born April 1, 1819.

Elmira Jane Magruder was born September 24, 1820.

Archibald F. Magruder was born February 27, 1822.

James C. P. Magruder was born October 3, 1823.

William E. Magruder was born July 16, 1825.

Elizabeth Z. Magruder was born April 20, 1827.

Mary E. Magruder was born November 8, 1829.

Levi H. Magruder was born February 20, 1832.

Joseph F. Magruder was born August 20, 1833.

Valinda C. Magruder was born June 19, 1835.

Francis M. I. [or J.] Magruder was born March 22, 1839.

Births by Second Wife

George R. Magruder was born October 14, 1843.

Fiana C. Magruder was born January 14, 1846.

David A. Magruder and Ezekiel M. Magruder were born April 26, 1848.

John T. Magruder was born November 5, 1850.

Sexton P. Magruder was born February 11, 1852.

Henry H. Magruder was born June 14, 1856.

Rhoda Rogenia Magruder was born September 25, 1858.

Deaths

Elizabeth Magruder, the wife of Levi Magruder, departed this life June 13, 1839.

Levi H. Magruder departed this life September 8, 1841.

James C. P. Magruder departed this life June 27, 1854.

Verlind C. Magruder, the wife of T. J. Burch, departed this life July 8, 1859.

Catherine A. E. Magruder, the wife of Levi Magruder, departed this life January 4, 1863.

[In another handwriting]

Levi Magruder departed this life May 2, 1868.

Luticia Ann Magruder, wife of Judge Wilhite Carpenter, departed this life February 1, 1902.

Judge Wilhite Carpenter departed this life February 1, 1898.

MEMBERSHIP LIST, AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY, 1934

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- 684 Henkel, Mrs. Ruth Elizabeth MacGregor, Box 26, Huntsville, Ala.
- 331 Magruder, Dr. Thomas V., 812 Jefferson B'k Bldg., Birmingham, Ala.
- 268 Thompson, Mrs. Ann Magruder, Roba, Ala.
- 269 Thompson, Winston Walker, Roba, Ala.
- 195 Tutwiler, Mrs. Edward Magruder, 2700 Parkway Drive, Mountain Brook Estate, Birmingham, Ala.
- 559 Tutwiler, Herbert, 2224 Sycamore Street, Birmingham, Ala.
- 560 Tutwiler, Mrs. Herbert, 2224 Sycamore Street, Birmingham, Ala.
- 365 Waters, Miss Hannah Cochran, 2030 11th Ave., S., Birmingham, Ala.
- 515 Watterson, Dr. Charles Joseph, 1507 Cotton Ave., Birmingham, Ala.

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- 341 Kollock, Mrs. Elizabeth Olivia Wolfe, El Cajon, Calif.
- 357 Rees, Mrs. George Silas, 602 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Calif.

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- 578 Pollock, Miss Suzanne Helen, 601 Oneida Street, Denver, Col.
- 377 Pollock, Tom L., 601 Oneida Street, Denver, Col.

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- 664 Hurst, Wilbur Magruder, Bureau of Public Roads, Washington, D. C.
- 5 Magruder, Caleb Clarke, Esq., 1331 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
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- 332 Magruder, Col. Lloyd Burns, c/o Adj. Gen. Office, War Department, Washington, D. C.
- 700m Magruder, Oliver Graham, Jr., 1752 Columbia Road, NW., Washington, D. C.
- 325 Magruder, Mrs. Rosalind Geddes, 3620 16th St., Washington, D. C.
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- 681 Magruder, Wilson Kent, 1477 Newton Street, NW., Washington, D. C.
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 152 Muncaster, Dr. Stewart Brown, 1026 16th St., NW., Washington, D. C.
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 180A Sheriff, Mrs. Clement William, Kenilworth Ave., Benning, D. C.
 328 Sheriff, Mrs. Philip Hill, 5324 Colorado Ave., Washington, D. C.
 665 Smith, Miss Florence Eleanor, 901 The Kennedy-Warren Apts., Washington, D. C.
 548 Thompson, Rev. Enoch Magruder, 820 17th St., NW., Washington, D. C.
 517 van den'Berg, Mrs. O. O., 600 Bond Bldg., Washington, D. C.
 154 Vest, Mrs. George, 3015 Albemarle Ave., Washington, D. C.
 72 Wolfe, Miss Helen, 1523 22nd St., NW., Washington, D. C.
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 220 Wood, Mrs. Grace MacGregor, 216 Maryland Ave., NE., Washington, D. C.

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 264 Magruder, Mrs. Lula Barnes (Magruder), Box 815, New Smyrna, Fla.
 ----- Magruder, Miss Sallie I., Box 555, Orlando, Fla.
 506 Permenter, Mrs. Mabel Magruder, 1472 Edgewood Ave., Jacksonville, Florida.

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- 677 Davis, Mrs. Nelson B., 944 Greene St., Augusta, Ga.
 655 Flint, Florence Brown, 1677 Rock Springs Road, NE., Atlanta, Ga.
 618 Flint, William Haden, 1677 Rock Springs Road, NE., Atlanta, Ga.
 624 Magruder, George Milton, Appling, Ga.
 370 Magruder, Miss Mattie Beall, Box 93, Chipley, Ga.
 91 Magruder, Robert Lee, Terrace 1, Dimon Court Apts., Columbus, Ga.
 64 Pope, Milton Smith, 585 Martina Drive, NE., Atlanta, Ga.
 63 Pope, Mrs. Olive Magruder Smith, 585 Martina Drive, NE., Atlanta, Georgia.
 594 Quillian, Mrs. J. W., St. James M. E. Church, Atlanta, Ga.
 62 Smith, Mrs. Sue Magruder, 585 Martina Drive, NE., Atlanta, Ga.
 614 Wilkinson, Mrs. Robert J., 952 Greene St., Augusta, Ga.
 633 Williams, Mrs. Virgil G., Grantville, Ga.

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 656 Baumgardner, Mary N., Ipava, Ill.
 615 Brown, Mrs. Arthur, Box 93, Macomb, Ill.
 658m Brown, David W., 909 E. Jackson St., Macomb, Ill.
 660 Brown, Dorothy Jean, 909 E. Jackson St., Macomb, Ill.
 659 Brown, Margaret E., 909 E. Jackson St., Macomb, Ill.

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- 620 Moxley, George Barrett, 101 S. 14th St., Indianapolis, Ind.

IOWA

- 701 Myers, Mrs. Irvin, 125½ N. Green St., Ottumwa, Iowa.

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- 196 Beall, Ruth, 218 S. Maple St., Winchester, Ky.
- 671 Delaney, Miss Ida May, Mt. Sterling, Ky.
- 447 Golson, Mrs. Eustance, 617 Magnolia Ave., Shelbyville, Ky.
- 689 Hancock, Mrs. Edna Magruder, 710 Dabney Ave., Frankfort, Ky.
- 653 Henderson, Guy Russell, Shepherdsville, Ky.
- 652 Henderson, Mrs. Philip, Shepherdsville, Ky.
- 648 Hieatt, Mrs. Irvine T., R. F. D., 2, Smithfield, Ky.
- 628 Hoover, Mrs. I. J., 425 W. 13th St., Owensboro, Ky.
- Lewis, Mrs. James C., 807 Hazel St., Louisville, Ky.
- 712 Magruder, Engle Hart, 1504 Cochran Road, Lexington, Ky.
- 703 Magruder, Samuel Rossington, R. F. D. 3, Kevil, Ky.
- 711 Magruder, William Marion, 456 Rose Lane, Lexington, Ky.
- 95 Magruder, Willett Clark, Jr., 1802 Trevilian Way, Louisville, Ky.
- 673A Magruder, Mrs. Willett Clark, Jr., 1802 Trevilian Way, Louisville, Ky.
- 398 Scoggan, Miss Vernetta Willson, 166 State St., Louisville, Ky.
- 353 Stout, Mrs. Robert Lee, 129 Preston Ave., Lexington, Ky.

KANSAS

- 625 Foster, Mrs. Ida Magruder, Louisburg, Kansas.

LOUISIANA

- 301 Magruder, James Person, 1512 Calhoun St., New Orleans, La.
- 302 Magruder, William Thomas, 1512 Calhoun St., New Orleans, La.
- Singleton, Thomas D., Lake Providence, La.
- 300 Wade, Thomas Magruder, Jr., St. Joseph, La.
- 482m Wade, Thomas Magruder, 3rd, St. Joseph, La.

MASSACHUSETTS

- 127 Magruder, Professor Calvert, Harvard Law School, Cambridge 38, Mass.
- 105 Magruder, Miss Rosalie Stuart, 2 Prescott St., Cambridge 38, Mass.

MINNESOTA

- 578m Griffith, Mary Virginia, 2600 Dupont Ave., S., Minneapolis, Minn.
- 647 MacGregor, Rob Roy, MacAlester College, St. Paul, Minn.

MICHIGAN

- 690 Grant, Mrs. Roy P., Hotel Detroiter, Detroit, Mich.

MONTANA

- 272 Short, George Ninian, 103 Lewisohn Bldg., Butte, Mont.

MISSOURI

- 444 Pendleton, Miss Gertrude Owen, 715 E. High St., Boonville, Mo.

MARYLAND

- 397 Adams, Mrs. Jane A. Magruder, Charlotte Hall, Md.
- 706 Baugh, Mrs. Frederick H., 207 Woodlawn Road, Roland Park, Baltimore, Md.
- 19 Berry, Mrs. Minnie Magruder, 2806 Chelsea Ave., Baltimore, Md.
- 702m Bubb, Margaret Elizabeth, 9407 Columbia Blvd., Silver Spring, Md.
- 567 Chappalear, Mrs. Harry C., Hughesville, Charles County, Md.
- 599 Corse, Mrs. Gladys Magruder, 3008 St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.
- 697 Fugitt, Mrs. Edward Dean, Seat Pleasant, Md.
- 254 Gassaway, Rosalie Hanson, 1519 Linden Ave., Baltimore, Md.
- 146 Hill, William Sasser, Upper Marlboro, Md.
- 375m Hill, William W., 3rd, R. F. D., Landover, Md.

- 676 Jenkins, Miss Mary Adelaide, "Hunting Ridge", Edmonson and Swan Aves., Baltimore, Md.
- 692m Lesh, William Magruder, 9407 Columbia Blvd., Silver Spring, Md.
- 163 MacGregor, Elizabeth, R. F. D., Upper Marlboro, Md.
- 164 MacGregor, Ellen Ewell, R. F. D., Upper Marlboro, Md.
- 201 MacGregor, Miss Rebecca Mason, Upper Marlboro, Md.
- 580 MacGregor, Rob Roy, Hyattsville, Md.
- 55 Magruder, Eliza Nicholson, 114 Duke Gloucester St., Annapolis, Md.
- 536 Magruder, Frederick Birely, Hyattsville, Md.
- 361 Magruder, Dr. James Mitchell, 132 Charles St., Annapolis, Md.
- 362A Magruder, Mrs. James Mitchell, 132 Charles St., Annapolis, Md.
- 645 Magruder, James Mosby, 132 Charles St., Annapolis, Md.
- 227 Magruder, Miss Mary Theresa, Beltsville, Md.
- 212 Magruder, Miss Mary, Sandy Springs, Md.
- 54 Magruder, Mary Nicholson, 114 Duke Gloucester St., Annapolis, Md.
- 57 Magruder, Mary Randall, 207 Hanover St., Annapolis, Md.
- 47 Magruder, Oliver Barron, 9407 Columbia Blvd., Silver Spring, Md.
- 48A Magruder, Mrs. Oliver Barron, 9407 Columbia Blvd., Silver Spring, Maryland.
- 489 Magruder, Warren Keach, Baltimore Trust Bldg., Baltimore, Md.
- 313 Magruder, Dr. William Edward, Jr., Baltimore St. and Guilford Ave., Baltimore, Md.
- 434 Magruder, William Howard, 201 Hanover St., Annapolis, Md.
- 450 Magruder, William Pinkney, 28 Johnson Ave., Hyattsville, Md.
- 644A Magruder, Mrs. William Pinkney, 28 Johnson Ave., Hyattsville, Md.
- 79 Martin, Mrs. H. G., Essex-Arms Apartments, Baltimore, Md.
- 239 Maynard, Mrs. Richard H. (Henrietta Maria Clarissa Follansbee), Cambridge, Md.
- 509 McDonald, Mrs. John (Dorothy Higgins), Rockville, Md.
- 20 Moore, Mrs. Claude R., 280 Chelsea Ave., Baltimore, Md.
- 632 Muncaster, Emma Waters, R. F. D. 1, "The Ridge", Derwood, Md.
- 198 Muncaster John Edwin, R. F. D. 1, "The Ridge", Derwood, Md.
- 199 Muncaster, Mrs. Alletta Magruder Waters, R. F. D. 1, Derwood, Md.
- 215m Muncaster, Margery Ivolue, Cumberland, Md.
- 214 Muncaster Mrs. Walter James (Mary Ivolue Spear), Washington St., Cumberland, Md.
- 213 Muncaster, Walter James, Washington St., Cumberland, Md.
- 138 Norris, Mrs. Helen Swan Bowie, Aquasco, Woodville, Md.
- 31 Passano, Edward Boteler, Towson, Md.
- 528 Rea, Mrs. Martha Magruder, Landover, Md.
- 514 Robertson, Clifford Hezekiah, Rockville, Md.
- 402 Sheriff, William Hall, Seat Pleasant, Md.
- 680A Stone, Mrs. Frank Pelham, Bethesda, Md.
- 219 Talbott, Mrs. Randolph (Laura Magruder Higgins), Rockville, Md.
- 78 Wade, Mrs. Mary Sprigg Belt Magruder, 2821 N. Calvert St., Baltimore, Md.
- 542 Warner, Mrs. C. Hopewell, 15 E. Lanvale St., Baltimore, Md.
- 464 Whitacre, Mrs. Ira C., Silver Spring, Md.
- 221 Wood, Eleanor MacGregor, Upper Marlboro, Md.
- 281 Wood, Roberta, Upper Marlboro, Md.

MISSISSIPPI

- 679 Bagnell, Mrs. Samuel Haring (Mary Daniell), Port Gibson, Miss.
- 500 Daniell, Smith Coffee, Port Gibson, Miss.
- 579 Disharoon, Mrs. Elizabeth Lindsay Magruder, Port Gibson, Miss.
- 238 Drake, Joseph Turpin, Port Gibson, Miss.
- 642 Drake, Miss Claribel, Church Hill, Miss.
- 30 Drake, Winbourne Magruder, Church Hill, Miss.

- 669 Freeland, Mary Cecilia, Fayette, Miss.
- 640 Hiram, Mrs. Victor (Annie Beall Hurst), Jons, Miss.
- 576 Humphreys, Mrs. Fannie Magruder, Port Gibson, Miss.
- 616 Hutton, Henry Kingsley, 701 Franklin St., Natchez, Miss.
- 12 Magruder, Rear-Admiral Thomas Pickett, 100 Yerger St., Greenville, Miss.
- 120 Magruder, Miss Rosa, Port Gibson, Miss.

NEW YORK

- 678 Bartoli, Mrs. Joseph F., 25 E. 86 St., New York City.
- 237 Bowie, Frank Bakewell, 183 Barrington St., Rochester, N. Y.
- 636 Lee, Earle Portmess, 12 East Parkway, Rochester, N. Y.
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- 714m Magruder, Dorothy, 20 Walnut St., W. New Brighton, Staten Island, New York.
- 709A Magruder, Mrs. Herbert Thomas, 20 Walnut St., W. New Brighton, Staten Island, New York.
- 485 Magruder, Robert S., 122 Maple Ave., Rosebank, Staten Island, N. Y.
- 382 Magruder, Lilburn Duerson, Goshen, New York.
- 414 Magruder, Herbert Thomas, 139 William St., New York City.
- 713m Magruder, William Wemple, 20 Walnut St., W. New Brighton, Staten Island, New York.
- 241 Woodward, Miss Edith, c/o William Woodward, 1 Wall St., New York City. (Married name unknown.)
- 242 Woodward, Miss Elizabeth Ogden, c/o William Woodward, 1 Wall St., New York City. (Married name unknown.)
- 512 Watterson, Roderick J., 110 E. 42nd St., New York City.
- 42 Woodward, William, 1 Wall St., New York City.

NEBRASKA

- 527 Clarke, Mrs. Elmer Sterling (Virginia Mayne), 303 E. 6th St., York, Nebraska.

THE NETHERLANDS

- 663 Magruder, Commander John Holmes, Naval Attache, The Hague, The Netherlands.

NORTH CAROLINA

- 686 Creech, Mrs. Edwin Kluttz, 404 S. William St., Goldsboro, N. C.
- 513 Magruder, Lt.-Col. Bruce, N. C. State College of Agriculture and Engineering, Raleigh, N. C.

OHIO

- 568 Beall, Mrs. Elmer Ellsworth, 2012 Cleveland Ave., Columbus, Ohio.
- 569 Beall, Miss Julia Taylor.
- 598 Harrison, Marion Myrl, 334 Merriman Road, Akron, Ohio.
- 604A Harrison, Mrs. Marion Myrl, 334 Merriman Road, Akron, Ohio.
- 667 Organ, Mrs. Paul T., 564 E. Church St., Urbana, Ohio.
- 617 Magruder, Denton Adlai, Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.
- 35 Magruder, Dr. James William, Mechanicsburg, Ohio.
- 675 Patterson, Mrs. William S., 322 W. Center St., Fostoria, Ohio.
- 190 Scarff, James Gorton, 218 N. Main St., Bellefontaine, Ohio.
- 189 Scarff, John Edward, 218 N. Main St., Bellefontaine, Ohio.
- 462 Shell, Mrs. Brooke E., 136 Wheeling Hill, Lancaster, Ohio.

OKLAHOMA

- 493 Magruder, Lieut. Carter Bowie, Fort Sill, Okla.
- 258 Magruder, George Corbin Washington, 3301 Classen Blvd., Oklahoma City, Okla.
- 687 Magruder, Harold Napoleon, 405 Pioneer Bldg., Oklahoma City, Okla.

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- 183 Deemy, Miss Bessie Riddle, Troy, Pa.
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- 610A Magruder, Mrs. Mary Estelle Dann, 5562 Hobart St., Squirrel Hill, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- 185 Seaman, Mrs. Josephine Saxton Deemy, Mechanicsburg, Pa.
- 605A Stabler, Robert Rowland, R. No. 2, Langhorne, Pa.
- 585 Stabler, Mrs. Robert Rowland (Margaret Magruder Muncaster), R. 2, Langhorne, Pa.
- 187 Walker, Mrs. Fred, Marysville, Pa.
- 661 Wolfe, William Lloyd, 312 S. 11th St., Lebanon, Pa.
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- 613 Flint, Captain John Thomas, 164 East Bay, Charleston, S. C.

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- 291 McFerrin, Mrs. Thos. Sumner, 226 N. Spring St., Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- 348 Nicklin, Major John Bailey Calvert, 707 E. 4th St., Chattanooga, Tenn.
- 501 Nicklin, Col. Benjamin Patten, "At Ease", Signal Mountain, Tenn.
- 622 Olive, John Magruder, 191 Lemaster, Memphis, Tenn.

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- 635 Flint, Elizabeth Ross, Fort Bliss, Texas.
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- 431 Magruder, Alexander Dalton, 751 Estes Ave., San Antonio, Texas.
- 349 Magruder, William Belhaven Hamilton, 1215 McCullough Ave., San Antonio, Texas.
- 303 Martin, Mrs. J. R., 1125 Mistletoe, San Antonio, Texas.
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- 672 Price, Mrs. Francis Lewis, 2612 Guadalupe St., Austin, Texas.
- 634 Woodberry, Mrs. John N. (Marguerite Magruder Flint), Fort Bliss, El Paso, Texas.

VIRGINIA

- 255 Addison, Mrs. Arthur D., Eastville, Va.
- 711 Beall, Ninian Edward, Jr., 1308 E. Franklin St., Richmond, Va.
- 96 Birkhead, Miss Thea Sallie, Proffitt, Va.
- 619 De Jarnette, Elliott Hawes, Jr., Orange, Va.
- 100 Ewell, Miss Alice Maude Ewell, R. F. D. 1, Haymarket, Va.
- 22 Ewell, Helen Woods, Ruckersville, Va.
- 448 Ferneyhough, Henry Hutton, Warrenton, Va.
- 27 Ferneyhough, John Bowie, Box 1458, Richmond, Va.

- 28A Ferneyhough, Mrs. John Bowie (Elizabeth Waller), 4020 Northrup, Forest Hill, Richmond, Va.
- 202 Ferneyhough, Dr. Robert Edward, Warrenton, Va.
- 394A Ferneyhough, Mrs. Robert Edward, Warrenton, Va.
- 322 Gallaher, Miss Juliet Hite, 630 Wayne Ave., Waynesboro, Va.
- 630m Gantt, Alvia Elliott, East Falls Church, Va.
- 629m Gantt, Yolande Yvette, East Falls Church, Va.
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- 446m Hundley, Mary Ewell, R. F. D. 1, Midlothian, Va.
- 101 Hundley Mrs. Mary Ish Ewell, R. F. D. 1, Midlothian, Va.
- 43A Jones, Mrs. Elizabeth Dunbar Long, Eastham, Va.
- 707 Jones, Mrs. Powhatan Worth (Alisa Marshall Tyler), "Gwathmey", Ashland, Va.
- 136 Keyser, Mrs. William L. (Caroline De Jarnette), Washington, Va.
- 494 Lummis, Mrs. Evalina Norris Magruder, c/o Dr. George Mason Magruder, Keswick, Va.
- 350 MacGregor, Alaric Ridout, Stafford, Va.
- 129 Magruder, Miss Allaville, Charlottesville, Va.
- 589 Magruder, Miss Betty Allen, Charlottesville, Va.
- 143A Magruder, Mrs. Edward May, Charlottesville, Va.
- 4 Magruder, Dr. Egbert Watson, Royster Bldg., Norfolk, Va.
- 532A Magruder, Mrs. Egbert Watson (Frances Byrd Alvey), 721 Raleigh Ave., Norfolk, Va.
- 319 Magruder, Elizabeth Dunbar, Eastham, Va.
- 128 Magruder, Miss Evalina, Charlottesville, Va.
- 81 Magruder, Dr. George Mason, Shadwell, Albemarle County, Va.
- 82A Magruder, Mrs. George Mason, Shadwell, Albemarle County, Va.
- 3A Magruder, Mrs. Horatio Erskine (Julia May Chewning), Keswick, Va.
- 705 Magruder, Philip Brooks, 2303 Rosewood Ave., Richmond, Va.
- 46 Magruder, Roger Gregory, Charlottesville, Va.
- 320 Magruder, Sallie Watson, Eastham, Va.
- 695 Micks, Mrs. John Davis, Box 92, Orange, Va.
- 223 Osburn, Eugenia Hilleary, Manassas, Va.
- 391 Rhea, Mrs. William F., Grove Avenue and Boulevard, Richmond, Va.
- 710A Smith, George Brick, Box 665, Newport News, Va.
- 710 Smith, Mrs. George Brick, Box 665, Newport News, Va.
- 708 Smith, Mrs. Henry Laurie (Mary Hawes Tyler), Ashland, Va.
- 390 Smith, Sallie Willie, Shadwell, Albemarle County, Va.
- 58 Stewart, Mrs. Sallie Magruder, "Glenmore", Keswick, Va.
- 436 Taylor, Capt. Henry Magruder, 28 Willway, Richmond, Va.
- 601A Taylor, Mrs. Henry Magruder, 23 Willway, Richmond, Va.
- 169 Thrift, Elsie Magruder, Madison, Va.
- 33 Thurman, Mrs. Marie Louisa Magruder, Eastham, Va.
- 395 Wagner, Mrs. Sam (May Lavinia Ferneyhough), Warrenton, Va.
- 691 Wheeler, Mrs. Philip Reed, 3 Cedar St., Mt. Ida, Alexandria, Va.
- 92 White, Mrs. Eliza Thrift Andrews, White's, Va.

WEST VIRGINIA

- 670 Byrnside, Mrs. John Hill (Mary Gray Silver), Madison, W. Va.
- 534 Silver, Miss Martha Jane, 501 S. Queen St., Martinsburg, W. Va.
- 539 Silver, Hon. Gray, 501 S. Queen St., Martinsburg, W. Va.
- 555A Silver, Mrs. Gray, 501 S. Queen St., Martinsburg, W. Va.

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