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MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN BANKHEAD MAGRUDER, C. S. A.  
Born, 1810; Died, 1871.

# YEAR BOOK

OF

# American Clan Gregor Society

1913

CONTAINING THE PROCEEDINGS AT  
THE GATHERING OF 1913 AND ROLL OF MEMBERS

EGBERT WATSON MAGRUDER,

EDITOR.

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MEMBERS ARE REQUESTED TO SEND NOTICE OF CHANGE OF NAMES  
AND ADDRESSES TO DR. JESSE EWELL, SCRIBE, RUCKERSVILLE, VA.

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RICHMOND, VA.:

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1914.

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BY  
EGBERT WATSON MAGRUDER,  
Editor.

WARE & DUKE, PRINTERS,  
RICHMOND, VA.,  
1914.

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*Edinchip, Balquhiddy, Scotland.*

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\*Resigned, and EGBERT WATSON MAGRUDER elected Editor by the Council on March 28, 1914.

†Resigned on March 28, 1914, and REV. JAMES MITCHEL MAGRUDER appointed to fill the vacancy.

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PROGRAM OF AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY  
FOR THE GATHERING OF 1913.

THE MUSTER PLACE,  
*The National Hotel, Washington, D. C.*

THE TIME,  
OCTOBER 30TH AND 31ST, 1913.

PROCEEDINGS.

*(Interchangeable).*

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30TH, 3 TO 6 P. M.

Music, "Hail to the Chief," as the officers march in.  
Society called to order by Chieftain, Dr. Edward May Magruder.  
Prayer by Chaplain, Rev. William Magruder Waters.  
Music, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds." Doxology.  
Reports of Special Committees.  
Report of Scribe, Dr. Jesse Ewell.  
Report of Treasurer, John Edwin Muncaster.  
Report of Registrar, Mrs. Roberta Julia (Magruder) Bukey.  
Report of Editor, Caleb Clarke Magruder, Jr.  
Music, "MacGregor's Gathering."  
Report of Historian, Mrs. Maryel Alpina (MacGregor) Magruder.  
Unfinished Business.  
Music, "Mary of Argyle."  
Exhibition, by the Editor, of second Year Book, containing Proceedings of  
1911 and 1912, abundantly illustrated.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30TH, 8 P. M.

Music, "Clan Gregor's Greeting."  
Sword Dance.  
Original Poem, "Transplanted," by Miss Alice Maud Ewell, of Virginia.  
Address of Chieftain, Dr. Edward May Magruder, of Virginia.  
Music, "Loch Lomond."  
Original Poem, "MacGregor's Daughter," by Mrs. Annie Leonardine (Clowes)  
Birkhead, of Virginia.  
Music, "The Sands o' Dee."  
Reception and Refreshments.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31ST, 10 A. M. TO 1 P. M.

Music, "Somebody."

Presentation of U. S. Flag by Magruder Chapter, D. A. R. Address by Mrs. Roberta Julia (Magruder) Bukey, of Virginia.

Presentation of a Flag-Staff by John E. Muncaster, of Maryland.

Acceptance of the Flag by Caleb Clarke Magruder, Jr., of Maryland.

Music, "The Star Spangled Banner."

Paper, "My Race is Royal," or "Scotland's Only Scottish Clan," by Arthur Llewellyn Griffiths, of Maine.

Original Poem, "Bairn," by Miss Alice Maud Ewell, of Virginia.

Paper, "Some Magruder Homes in Montgomery County, Maryland," by John Edwin Muncaster, of Maryland.

Music, "Whistle and I'll Come to You."

Paper, "Gen. John Bankhead Magruder," by Miss Mae Samuella Magruder Wynne, of Texas.

Music, "Within a Mile of Edinborough Town."

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31ST, 3 TO 6 P. M.

Music, "A Hundred Pipers."

Election of Officers.

New Business (Amendments to the Rules and Regulations).

Volunteer Papers.

Music, "John Highlandman."

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31ST, 8 P. M.

Music, "Kelvin Grove."

Paper, "Samuel Brewer Watkins," by Mrs. Margaret Roberts McFerrin, of Tennessee.

Volunteer Papers.

Music, "Over the Hills and Far Away."

Adjournment.

Reception and Dance.

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## SPECIAL COMMITTEES FOR THIS GATHERING.

### I. COMMITTEE AT LARGE.

Herbert Staley Magruder.

### II. COMMITTEE ON PROGRAM.

Dr. Edward May Magruder.

## III. COMMITTEE ON PINE.

Caleb Clarke Magruder, Jr.

## IV. COMMITTEE ON MUSIC.

Miss Helen Woods MacGregor Gantt, chairman; Robert Bryan Griffin, deputy chairman; John Francis MacGregor Bowie, Dr. Edward May Magruder, Miss Jessie Waring Gantt, William Newman Dorsett.

## V. COMMITTEE ON HOTEL ARRANGEMENTS.

Clement William Sheriff, chairman; William Newman Dorsett.

## VI. COMMITTEE ON DECORATION OF HALL.

Miss Mary Therese Hill, chairman; Miss Mary Eleanor Ewell, Mrs. Julia (Magruder) MacDonnell, Mrs. Agnes Woods (MacGregor) Bowie, Miss Mary Magruder, Mrs. Anne Wade (Wood) Sheriff.

## VII. COMMITTEE ON REGISTRATION.

Oliver Barron Magruder, chairman; Dr. Steuart Brown Muncaster, Jesse Ewell, Jr., Dr. Walter Augustine Wells, Thomas Alan MacGregor Peter.

## VIII. COMMITTEE ON RECEPTION.

Mrs. Caroline Hill Marshall, chairman; Mrs. Roberta Julia (Magruder) Bukey, Mrs. Julia Virginia (Tyler) Otey, Mrs. Agnes Woods (MacGregor) Bowie, Mrs. Anne Wade (Wood) Sheriff, Mrs. Elizabeth Rice (Nalle) Magruder, Mrs. Maryel Alpina (MacGregor) Magruder, Miss Mary Eleanor Ewell, Miss Mary Blanche Magruder, Miss Henrietta Sophia May Hill, Mrs. Alletta Magruder Muncaster, Mrs. Elizabeth (Waller) Ferneyhough, Dr. Steuart Brown Muncaster, Oliver Barron Magruder, Leroy Stafford Boyd, Mrs. Annie Leonardine (Clowes) Birkhead, Mrs. Caroline (DeJarnette) Keyser, Mrs. Margaret (Chewning) Tutwiler, Mrs. Sally Willie (Chewning) Wallace, Mrs. Mary Cole (Gregory) Magruder.

## RECORD OF THE PROCEEDINGS.

The program was carried out with slight variations, caused by the absence at the time of some who were to present papers, which papers, however, were presented at another time during the proceedings.

On the afternoon of October 31st the officers whose names are given on page 3 were unanimously elected. Later the Chieftain appointed the Appointive Councilmen and Deputy Chieftains, as given on pages 3 and 4.

The following resolution was offered by Mr. Alexander Muncaster, and, after being seconded, was unanimously adopted:

"Whereas it has become apparent that many of the Rules and Regulations are inconsistent and inadequate for the purpose for which they were designed; therefore, be it

*Resolved*, That a committee, consisting of the Chieftain, the Scribe, the Registrar, the Editor, and the Chancellor, be, and they hereby are, appointed to revise and index the Rules and Regulations, and make a report thereof to the Council before March 1, 1914, and the Council shall have power to adopt the same, with such modifications as it may deem advisable, and, when so adopted, the same shall constitute the Rules and Regulations of the American Clan Gregor Society."

The Society extended a vote of thanks to Miss Hill and the Committee on Decoration for the beautiful and tasteful manner in which the hall was decorated; to the management of the National Hotel for the courteous and liberal treatment extended to the Society and its members; to Miss Helen Woods Gantt and the Music Committee, and all associated with them, for the most unique, original, and attractive entertainment furnished during the gathering.

The "Official Sprig of Pine" worn at this, the Fifth Gathering, was cut from "Glenmore," Albemarle county, Virginia, the former home of Colonel John Bowie Magruder, son of Benjamin Henry Magruder, and was the gift of Horatio Erskine Magruder, the present owner.

ADDRESS OF DR. EDWARD MAY MAGRUDER,  
CHIEFTAIN.

OCTOBER 30, 1913.

*Mr. Ranking Deputy Chieftain, Friends, and Kindred of the American Clan Gregor Society:*

WE are met to celebrate our fifth annual gathering under favorable auspices. This Society now numbers 367 members. We claim members in twenty-nine States, from Maine to California, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, in the Hawaiian Islands, the Philippine Islands, China, and Argentina, thus completely girdling the earth. We are a strong organization, knit together by ties of race and kinship, and our treasury is in a healthy condition. You are not, however, to understand that we are about to declare a dividend or can yet afford a steam yacht; but we owe no debts, we pay as we go, and we invest in no white elephants.

MacGregor blood has never been accounted lazy blood and the American strain is no exception to the rule. Were I a sporting man I would wager that, for the time of its existence, the work accomplished by this Society will compare favorably, both as to quantity and quality, with that of any organization of its kind ever formed. It has done a tremendous amount of work along the lines of its originally contemplated endeavor, and this without working on Sunday.

We are rapidly and faithfully accomplishing the objects that we set out to accomplish. We are annually "gathering kindred together in Clanship," and I look forward to the day when the locomotive and the automobile will vie with the aeroplane in bringing people to our gatherings. The "cordiality that is being inspirited among members" is most pleasing, and, while we have fully lived up to our privileges in the way of squabbles and jars, which are allowable among friends and kindred, we have emerged from them with a better knowledge and understanding of each other and there is to-day not a member who cannot, in all sincerity, go to any other member and cordially say, "My baby has five teeth; how many has yours?" We are likewise doing our part towards the "fostering of home ties" and we find manifested greater interest in the old homes of our ancestors and it is no sin to hope that those which have passed into alien hands may some day again be peopled by the old stock and their shady nooks once more occupied on moonlit nights by the lovelorn maids and cooing swains of our race.

And, lastly, in the matter of "collecting genealogical and historical records," we have written over sixty biographies, memoirs, poems, and other papers, and have sung songs and made speeches without number, without

mentioning the consternation created by our genealogy hunters among library mice and grave-yard rabbits, which have learned to distinguish from afar the genealogical foot-step.

In four years we have published our Rules and Regulations and two Year Books—the first in 1912 containing the transactions of 1909 and 1910, and the second in 1913 containing the transactions of 1911 and 1912—so that our proceedings are in print up to date. Our Year Book, in addition to its natural circulation among members, has been deposited in nine public libraries and in the archives of five other Societies as valuable contributions to their literary collections and our archives are authoritative with other organizations, so that we may justly feel entitled to strut and swagger with the best.

We propose hereafter to issue the Year Book of our proceedings annually, and next year the Rules and Regulations and an alphabetical membership list will probably be printed.

Our people seem especially qualified not only to make history but to write it. I have had the honor of being the Committee on Program unanimously self-appointed every year (I could persuade no one else to take the position) and the response of Clansmen in furnishing papers and other modes of entertainment is most prompt and generous and there has never been a time when the prospect for a full program has been doubtful.

The American Clan Gregor Society is already a success and I am proud of it. Its success is due: (1) To the enthusiastic interest and Clan spirit of the membership at large; and (2) To the ability, efficiency, and fidelity, of the officers; and when it is remembered that the first person singular is always excepted by the speaker, you will readily understand that there is no *meum* in this claim.

But while it is a success there is still room for improvement. There is always room for improvement in everything. Furthermore, no organization ever stands still; it either goes forward or backward. If we feel interest enough to become members, to attend gatherings, and enjoy their privileges, we should also bear in mind that there is work to be done in the intervals between these gatherings. This Society does not belong to one member more than to another but all are equally responsible for its success. It is, therefore, the duty of each member to exert himself or herself, *unbidden*, to make this organization and its gatherings as successful, instructive, and entertaining, as possible. As a rule the success of most organizations is dependent upon the individual effort of one or of a few, and when these relax their exertions the whole body suffers. Let us make the American Clan Gregor Society an exception to this rule and so unite and co-ordinate our efforts as to create a momentum that will carry it forward over every obstacle. Allow me to make a few suggestions:

First. We must all exert ourselves to increase our membership and I would suggest that each member take upon himself or herself the duty of *adding one new member* to our roll each year. The Scribe will furnish names of eligible non-members to those who desire them.

Second. It is the inherent right and duty of all members to write

papers and otherwise take part in the entertainment at our gatherings and *no invitation* to do so is needed. Titles of papers and other intended forms of entertainment should be sent, as soon as possible, to the Committee on Program and if the authors are unable to attend the gatherings their papers should be sent to the same committee. The subjects of papers should be limited to matters connected with Clan Gregor and its individual members.

Third. Notices, photographs, and memorials, or data (genealogical and historical), of deceased members should be sent at an early date to the Historian, who will read the memorials at the ensuing gathering and deliver them and the photographs to the Editor to be published in the next Year Book.

It should be remembered that there is always the possibility that photographs may be soiled by the fingers of engravers, who, in making metal cuts for printing, take slight cognizance of soap. The Editor, however, can give no guarantee against this and the Society should not be put to the expense of copying photographs loaned for the use of the engravers. Owners of photographs are, therefore, requested to furnish such as may be handled with impunity.

The membership of this Society is composed of three principal elements or families: The Magruders who, in numbers, largely predominate, the Gregories, and the MacGregors, the two last combined forming a small minority. But I feel sure I express the sentiments of the element to which I belong when I say that if we *seem* to monopolize the proceedings of our gatherings it is only the natural consequence of superior numbers and from no selfish desire on our part to "gather all the plums"; and it is the hope and desire of the majority element that their friends of the minority will grow in numbers, take an active part in the proceedings, co-operate in the management of affairs, and equally share the advantages and responsibilities. Though our Clansmen may differ in name they all recognize the blood bond that exists between them and no one family desires or expects a monopoly of privilege, but each appreciates the importance of heartily working together for a common end. Our object is to cultivate the *Clan* spirit, not that of the *family* alone, and we propose to act upon the principle, "Equal rights for all; special privileges to none."

You will call to mind that the question of affiliation with the Scottish Clan Gregor Society has been on the docket for the past year. You will also recall that the Rules and Regulations of that Society contained no provision for affiliation with other organizations of any kind and that an amendment making provision for affiliation with other organizations was to be proposed at its annual meeting last January. I have letters from the Chief and the Secretary of the Scottish Clan Gregor Society stating that the amendment was proposed and that it failed to be carried, but that its supporters intend to bring it up again at the annual meeting next January. While we regret the failure, for which no reason was assigned, we may be pardoned the lurking suspicion that it may be traced to our esteemed Clansman, Ernest Pendleton Magruder, whose persuasive and acquisitive prowess doubtless

alarmed our friends in Scotland lest all the rest of Clan Gregor be drawn to these shores. We can, however, forgive Ernest and rest for a while content, since we have through his agency, annexed to our membership a "fair" portion of Clan Gregor and we have in little Ernest, Junior, a strong, natural, bond of affiliation, which will prove more effectual than mere verbal ties; and we will hold this scion of an ancient and honorable house in reverential affection as an interesting and effective connecting link between the honored memory of the old Clan and this, its offspring; and who can tell but that, in the years to come, there will thus arise in America a new line of Clan Gregor Chiefs?

At some future time another delegation of bachelors, headed by our distinguished Chancellor and our fascinating Deputy Scribe, may be sent to make further requisition of MacGregor lassies and to threaten complete appropriation of the same in default of affiliation.

Some time ago I saw in a newspaper the suggestion that the name MacGregor has never appeared upon the rolls of Congress. This may be so, and the proscription and persecution of the name may partially account for it, as those with MacGregor blood have frequently graced its halls. But this anon—that is not the kind of place to look for descendants of Clan Gregor, as these have ever been men of action rather than words. Where, then? Listen! Hear yon bugle's blast and cannon's roar? Let him follow those sounds who dares! There, with the red artillery and musket's rattle—there, where *men* are needed in defence of country and that country's liberty—there is the place to find members of our race. You would not look for lions in a flower garden but out on the wide veldt where life is strenuous and only the fittest survive. This is no idle boast but evidence is abundant.

Of all the races of the earth none have ever exceeded in courage and fighting qualities the Highland Clans of Scotland, and in this respect Clan Gregor's reputation stands pre-eminent among these, their name with their fellow country-men being regarded as a synonym for courage and devotion. Witness the battle of Glenfruin, in January, 1603, when two hundred MacGregors, with the loss of only two men, defeated, in fair fight, eight hundred Calquhouns with their allies, who left dead upon the field as many as the whole MacGregor force.

In that interesting and attractive little work, "Wild Scottish Clans," by our Clansman, Arthur Llewellyn Griffiths, the claim is made (and I think history will support it) that the only defeat of a Highland army by that of any other race was at Culloden, Scotland, where the ragged, barefooted, half-starved, army of "Prince Charlie," scattered by a wintry storm in search of food and shelter, was surprised and routed by the well-equipped, overwhelming, forces of Government under the Duke of Cumberland. But this disaster was due to poor strategy and mismanagement of the Prince's commissary and had been preceded by a long series of brilliant victories (Prestonpans, Penrith, Stirling, etc.) over the best troops of King George II., by these same Highlanders, among whom was a large number of MacGregors.

Since the union of England and Scotland the flower of Britain's splendid soldiers has ever been her Highland regiments which wrung from the Great

Napoleon the eulogy, "I would have won at Waterloo if the English had left their damned women at home," the reference being to the Highlanders clad in their plaids and kilts.

The Russian Czar, in speaking of the Crimean War, said, "The English were bad enough, but their wives were very devils." And in the late South African War the Boers stated that "the best fighters in the British army were those who wore women's clothes."

In Spain the Highlanders contributed incalculably to the success of Wellington in the war against Napoleon's Marshals, and in the Franco-Austrian War of 1809 Marshal MacDonald, at the battle of Wagram, saved Napoleon's tottering throne.

The Highland regiments were largely instrumental in raising the siege of Lucknow and quelling the "Indian Mutiny" of 1857; and India, the brightest jewel in Britain's crown, was saved to the Empire by an alleged descendant of Clan Gregor, Lord Clyde, who, as commander-in-chief, suppressed that rebellion.

At the battle of New Orleans, in 1814, when the rest of the British army retired from the attack upon the impregnable works of Andrew Jackson, a Highland regiment stood up under the withering fire of the entrenched Americans and suffered themselves to be shot down almost to a man rather than turn their backs in retreat.

Persecution widely dispersed our Clan among other peoples and it is said that, in the struggle between Great Britain and France for the possession of India, in the eighteenth century, one of the last strongholds of the French, Gingeé, was held by a member of Clan Gregor, whose gallant defense against overwhelming odds so won the admiration of the British army that, when he was forced to capitulate, the English commander, refusing to take him prisoner, allowed him to march away with the honors of war.

The persecution, likewise, drove to Russia another Clansman, whose descendant, Admiral Gregorovitch, served the Czar in the Russo-Japanese War.

Nor have the American descendants of this gallant race shown themselves less worthy "chips of the old block"; and, though, as organized bodies, they have rarely appeared in the history of our land, yet, as individuals, their prowess ranks with that of Leonidas, Horatius, Bayard, Wallace, Bruce, and the Cid.

Highland blood, under the leadership of General Andrew Lewis, of Virginia, in 1774, helped to win the battle of Point Pleasant, which broke the red man's power upon the Ohio and freed our western frontier from the tomahawk and scalping knife; and Highland blood, in 1780, with Colonel Benjamin Cleaveland, largely gained the victory of King's Mountain which revived the fortunes of the American cause and instilled new life into a despairing people. The victors at New Orleans had a strong infusion of Highland blood.

Among the legions of our own immediate American kindred who bravely responded to their country's call to arms in its various wars there were:

## IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

Colonel Zaddock Magruder, Major Samuel Wade Magruder, Corporal James Magruder, Jr., William Offutt Magruder, Ninian Beall Magruder, and others, all of Maryland.

## IN THE WAR OF 1812.

Captain Samuel Magruder, Captain Richard B. Magruder, Lieutenants Henry B. Magruder, John R. Magruder, and Peter Magruder, Surgeon's Mate Ninian Magruder, Ensign Jonathan Magruder, and others, all of Maryland.

## IN THE MEXICAN WAR.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Bankhead Magruder, of Virginia, and Lieutenants John W. Magruder and Lloyd Magruder, of Maryland.

## IN THE CIVIL WAR.

Brigadier-General (Surgeon) David Lynn Magruder, of Pennsylvania; Captain William Thomas Magruder and our fellow member, Colonel Spencer Cone Jones, both of Maryland; Major Alexander Magruder, of Kentucky; Lieutenant-Colonel James A. Magruder, of New York; our fellow member, Captain Versalius Seamour Magruder, of Ohio; Major-General John Bankhead Magruder, Colonel John Bowie Magruder, Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Jones Magruder, Captain John Hillery Magruder, Lieutenant James Watson Magruder, David Watson Magruder, George Shelton Magruder, and our fellow members, Horatio Erskine Magruder and Edward Magruder Tutwiler, all of Virginia; James Elwood Watkins, of Tennessee; and our fellow members, William Howard Magruder, of Mississippi, and John Burruss Magruder, of Texas.

## IN THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

Our fellow member, Commander Thomas Pickett Magruder, of Mississippi, who took part in the battle of Manila, Major John Williams Magruder, of Virginia, and the gallant Major Francis Montgomery Magruder Beall, of Maryland.

It was Lieutenant-Colonel John Bankhead Magruder, of Virginia, who, when General Scott entered the City of Mexico, it is said, threw himself in front of his chief to protect him from the hail of Mexican bullets and who afterwards as brigadier and major-general on the Peninsula in Virginia, in 1862, with about 10,000 men, withstood McClellan's invading host of more than 100,000 in their advance on Richmond.

Read the romantic story of the five "Frescati Magruder Boys," of Virginia, in the Civil War—three killed and two desperately wounded in battle; and it was Captain John Hillery Magruder, one of the immortal five, the "Arnold Winkelreid of America," who volunteered, though he knew the price would be death, to lead his squadron in a charge through the encircling foe, in order to enable the brigade to which he belonged to escape

through the breach; and, while his object was attained, he gave up his life's blood from seven wounds, whose stains can still be seen on the floor of his "Frescati" home.

John Bowie Magruder, of Virginia, colonel at the age of twenty-three years, fell mortally wounded while leading his regiment in Pickett's charge, at the battle of Gettysburg, which outranks Leonidas at Thermopylæ, Miltiades at Marathon, Ney at Waterloo, and the Six Hundred at Balaclava, and, had he survived that battle, he would have been made brigadier-general before his twenty-fourth birthday.

Our own Edward Magruder Tutwiler, Deputy Chieftain for Alabama, was a member of the battalion of the Virginia Military Institute cadets, composed of boys in their teens, who won immortal fame in the battle of New Market, in 1864. Of the behavior of these boys, the Federal captain, F. E. Town, who witnessed the battle, said: "I do not believe that the history of wars contains a record of a deed more heroic, more daring, or more honorable, than the charge of these boys to a victory of which seasoned veterans might well boast."

These are only a few but they are sufficient to prove the truth of the claim that our American Clansmen have always been among those who jeopardized life and property in defence of right and native land, and that, though they have frequently held high and honorable civil positions (congressional, gubernatorial, legislative, judicial, professional, and the like), yet the battle-field rather than civic hall has been most familiar with their tread.

And, in this connection, I will take the opportunity to say that, while in our great Revolutionary War our Clansmen were united and fought for the same cause, in our great Civil War our people were divided and we had Clansmen on both sides bravely battling for the principles in which they believed and for which they were ready to shed and did shed their blood. Those on both sides were honest and courageously did their duty and it is *our* duty and intention to record the worthy deeds of Clansmen no matter under which flag they fought—whether under the triumphant "Stars and Stripes" that presided at the birth of the American nation and that we now all hope will wave triumphant to the end of time; or under the "Starry Cross" that almost "saw the birth of a new nation" and that went down in honorable defeat, but which will live revered and beloved in the hearts of its defenders and of their children's children till the last trump shall sound the end of all things. The one is an ever-present reality, whose folds first proclaimed the liberties of mankind and whose protecting power is respected of all nations. The other, once representative of the loftiest ideals in men and government and since justified by the highest judicial minds, is now only a memory but one that will survive respected in history, the admiration of the world, to direct future generations along the paths of duty, courage, patriotism, and self-sacrifice. Dear to us *all* are the "Stars and Stripes" which our ancestors helped to unfurl and which we, their children, expect forever to defend as the bulwark of human liberty against the encroachments of old-time tyranny; and dear to *us* of the *Southland* is the "Starry Cross"

whose memory and honor we of Dixie will likewise forever defend and which, in our eyes, is surrounded by a halo sanctified by the blood of our kindred and emblazoned with the glory of their immortal deeds. We had heroes on *both* sides, and we will honor our heroes, regardless of flag or creed.

“The Star Spangled Banner—  
O long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free  
And the home of the brave!”

But—

“Furl that (other) banner! True, 'tis gory,  
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,  
And 'twill live in song and story,  
Though its folds are in the dust;  
For its fame on brightest pages,  
Penned by poets and by sages,  
Shall go sounding down the ages—  
Furl its folds though now we must.

LICENSES issued in Montgomery county, Maryland, for marriages of Magruder (and one McGregor, of Massachusetts) from February 15, 1798, to July 5, 1913.

No record of marriage licenses was kept by the Clerk of the Circuit Court prior to 1798.

The place of issuance of the license usually indicates the residence of the bride-elect.

Compiled and arranged alphabetically as to Christian names by Alexander Muncaster, the Chancellor of A. C. G. S.

America Magruder and John Fontaine.....	February	14, 1871
Amos William Magruder and Mollie Wilson.....	January	11, 1882
Ann Elizabeth Magruder and Ashton Garrett.....	February	11, 1836
Ann Maria Magruder and George W. Gittings.....	October	12, 1867
Annie V. Magruder and Edward S. Hunter.....	February	14, 1870
Archibald S. Magruder and Narcissa Adamson.....	January	19, 1844
Artamesia Magruder and Daniel M. Darne.....	April	23, 1829
Betsy Lynn Magruder and John Wootton.....	June	17, 1806
Carlton Magruder and Catherine Wells.....	November	17, 1818
Caroline Magruder and Edward Talbott.....	March	11, 1819
Caroline Magruder and Enoch Morland.....	February	1, 1842
Catherine Holmes Magruder and John A. Carter.....	May	11, 1830
Charles William Magruder and Agnes M. Dove.....	May	18, 1905
Charles McGregor (of Mass.) and Mary E. Burdette.....	May	20, 1886

(Continued on Page 24.)

## TRANSPLANTED.

BY MISS ALICE MAUDE EWELL.

A plant sprang up on barren earth,  
 Where, lacking nurture, pale it grew,  
 And pinched and weak—whereat one drew  
 It from that spot, and set anew  
 In rich, warm soil. "Like a new birth  
 'Twill be," he said. Yet, though he prest  
 The soft mold wooingly around,  
 And water gave, though oft caressed  
 By passing breeze it comfort found,  
 Though from the sun's fierce rays to save,  
 From noonday's heat, in withering wave,  
 'Twas set about with boughs full thick,  
 Yet still it grieved, and, for a space,  
 Went sorrowing for its former place,  
 For it was home-sick.

"Men need transplanting," Progress cries;  
 "Leave the old lands where long you've toiled,  
 With hope misplaced, with purpose foiled;  
 For you fresh regions wait, unspoiled  
 By hand of man. Look up—arise!"  
 They yield, they go, tear up the roots  
 Of custom, and heart's love, and yet,  
 Though, for the plucking, golden fruits  
 From forest, field, and mine they get,  
 Still to new songs their lips are mute,  
 Still memory lingers warm and quick;  
 A scent, a sound, the past will bring,  
 Like some great bird on sweeping wing,  
 And they are home-sick.

Great, great the loss, but greater still  
 The gain in all that life holds dear;  
 The gain in freedom, joy, and cheer;  
 The gain in health, and strength, and will.  
 From the old trunk new boughs put out,  
 From the old dry twigs new leaflets spring,  
 Faith's roots strike down, past fear and doubt,  
 Love's tendrils reach, and clasp, and cling,

Though some still yearn for long past ways,  
Though east wind comes with memories thick,  
Now the old faces, the old days,  
Shine soft through tears at twilight's haze  
On hearts less home-sick.

Races, like men, transplanting need.  
From the old lands, outworn, they come  
In this new ground to find a home  
For spreading roots and quickening seed.  
Here shines the sun of freedom's ray,  
Nor king nor kaiser here doth rule,  
Here man, and not man's rank, holds sway,  
O'ertopped by neither knave nor fool.  
Transplanted by the Almighty Power,  
And nurtured by Almighty love,  
The Miracle of Grace to prove,  
Buds the old stock to its new flower.

So have Clan Gregor's roots been drawn,  
So in this land of ours reset,  
With tears and blood the planting wet,  
Yet still—behold! As breaks the dawn  
Of a new century on the hills  
Of hoary time, behold a tree—  
Full nourished by a hundred rills,  
Upright in fearless majesty!  
It is Clan Alpine's own, the pine.  
Long may they wave—those branches thick!  
In darkling shade and fair sunshine,  
No longer home-sick.

PRESENTATION OF UNITED STATES FLAG TO THE  
AMERICAN CLAN GREGOR SOCIETY,  
OCTOBER, 1913.

By ROBERTA MAGRUDER BUKEY, Regent of Magruder Chapter, D. C., D. A. R.

**A**T the annual gathering of the American Clan Gregor Society, in October, 1912, a resolution was offered "That this Society adopt a flag—the United States flag." The Magruder Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, present, offered the gift of a United States flag to the American Clan Gregor Society—this being in line with the regular work of the Daughters of the American Revolution. This gift was accepted by popular vote at the same session, and by the Council of the American Clan Gregor Society at its next session.

We are here to-day to present you this flag, which we hope will be accepted in the spirit in which it is offered, and not to make comparisons between it and the historic Fiery Cross of Clan Alpin, or the precious Southern Cross of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. These two, having met a similar fate, have their own sacred places on the altars of our hearts. But no act of ours, as Daughters of the American Revolution, can make this United States flag more your own to-day than it has always been, through the services of our colonial ancestry in the Revolutionary struggle for independence, which brought it into existence.

What have women to do with this? you ask. Since history began, it has fallen to the lot of women to lay upon the altar of sacrifice her most precious treasures, and American women are not behind those of other countries in bidding God-speed to fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons whenever war has spread its dark shadow over our land. To us of to-day, more fortunate than our forbears, in that we live in times of peace in our country, it falls to us to recover from oblivion the emblems and records of services rendered for conscience sake, and to establish and maintain the independence of this country.

The various Latin, French, and English definitions of flags are summed up in this: "It is, in fact, one of the forms of insignia by which nationality is distinguished. Hence its predominating use in the army and navy of a country." "Also it appeals to all those who see in it, not only a symbol of the country's power, but its claims upon themselves."

In this country, during the Revolution, the colonists used flags of various local devices, adopted upon the sudden decision to march against the British in response to the "Lexington alarm," such as the noted rattlesnake flag of the minute-men of Fauquier county, Virginia—motto, "Don't Tread on Me," when Virginia responded, saying, "The cause of Massachusetts is the cause of us all."

"The first legally established national emblem was that adopted by Congress, June 14, 1777, which provided that the flag of the thirteen United States should be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white, in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

After various changes to improve this first flag, it was re-established. The thirteen stripes were to remain constant, and one new star was to be added to the blue field on the 4th of July succeeding the admission of every new State into the Union. The law fixing this flag went into effect on July 4, 1818, and this is the present national emblem of the United States of America, presented you to-day.

There are also flags symbolic of individual authority, such as the admiral's flag—usually the flag of the country, excepting the union. The American flag is carried wherever the President of the United States may be—on board a vessel when at sea or abroad, and raised on a staff over the White House in Washington when he is at home.

In a conversation with ex-Secretary Herbert, on the subject of the National Convention of the "United Daughters of the Confederacy," held in this city in the autumn of 1912, I said to him, "One cannot understand why the Southern States gave up so easily their claims upon the United States flag," when he replied he had "made the same remark to a delegate to the U. D. C. Convention, and she said, 'In all my life, no one has ever suggested to me that I had any claim whatever on the United States flag.'"

The National Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy held in Washington, in 1912, met at Memorial Continental Hall of the Daughters of the American Revolution (many of whom are also United Daughters of the Confederacy), at the invitation and request of our President-General, Mrs Matthew T. Scott—a native of Kentucky and a descendant of Virginia ancestry. I am sorry to say that a faction of the Daughters of the American Revolution protested and found fault with this plan, saying the Stars and Bars of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Southern Cross ought not to be there with the Stars and Stripes of the Daughters of the American Revolution of the United States. Mrs. Scott appealed to President Taft, and the President of the United States said: "I will come to Memorial Continental Hall and bring my flag. The United Daughters of the Confederacy with their flags shall remain as long as I and my flag remain there." Here are three high officials who recognize the claims of the South upon the United States flag—one a President, chivalrously meeting that claim in the nation's capital city, with his flag and his presence; one of the first ladies of the land, at the head of a great patriotic organization of women; and last, but not least, a brave veteran of the South, who had served under both flags at different periods of his life, and, as he said that day, part of that time he served under a distinguished brave soldier of our own family and name.

The causes of the War for Independence between Great Britain and her American colonies are too far-reaching in character to be considered here. I will only refer to one of these causes.

A German writer of modern times, contributing to the *North American Review* on this subject, has said: "Possession of the great hinterland beyond

the Appalachian mountain system was one great bone of contention between Great Britain and her American colonies."

In 1777, called the "darkest hour of the American Revolution," when the ability of General Washington to "turn defeat into victory" had reached a limit in the campaigns in New Jersey, and it seemed that his little half-starved, half-naked army must succumb to circumstances, General Washington remarked to a friend, "If worse comes to worst here in the East, I will retreat the army to Augusta county, Virginia, and make a stand there." Augusta county, Virginia, included West Augusta District, a military district with its easternmost fortification and post of supplies at Fort Cumberland (once a recruiting station and post of supplies in the campaign under Generals Braddock and Washington against Fort Duquesne), now the city of Cumberland, Maryland; and its northernmost fortification and post of supplies Fort Pitt, formerly Fort Duquesne, now the city of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and its westernmost limit at Middle Island Creek, about twenty-five miles below the present city of Moundsville, West Virginia, on the Ohio river. West Augusta District included the present sites of the cities of Washington, Pa., and Wheeling, West Virginia—all Virginia territory, and peopled at that time by enterprising pioneers bearing many honored names of old families of Maryland and Virginia. Here the frontier fort was a stockade of posts and logs, with block-houses at the corners, and these were the accommodations for numerous families when seeking refuge from the savages inhabiting the wilderness beyond. And these cruel and barbarous savages had already been enlisted against our frontier settlers by British commanders. After the regular army was removed east to reinforce General Washington, and defense depended largely on the private forts built to defend groups of families, some of these were completely evacuated to concentrate at others more important, as Fort Henry—site of the city of Wheeling—where the beautiful Elizabeth Zane distinguished herself by going outside this fort and bringing into the fort ammunition in her dress skirt, and thereby narrowly escaped captivity among the Indians. Washington, in his several trips to Fort Duquesne, later Fort Pitt, had opportunity to view the great western water-shed and headquarters of the great river beyond. He had traveled down this great valley with an old trapper and scout as his guide, and had located before the Revolution several choice sites for his private ownership. He had a fuller and more complete knowledge of this great hinterland than any one not his companion in these expeditions. Here he would take his stand, and make a veritable American Thermopylæ of this Augusta county, Virginia—this pass in the mountains of Virginia to the great hinterland beyond, a region the wealth of which is too great to estimate—coal, iron, petroleum, timber, and rich alluvial lands.

On Main street, in the city of Wheeling, on the site of old Fort Henry, named for Patrick Henry, then Governor of Virginia, is a tablet erected by the State of West Virginia, bearing this inscription: "Siege of Fort Henry, September 11, 1782—the last battle of the Revolution." But General Washington was not there then, nor had he ever taken his army to Augusta county, Virginia. This battle is said to have been fought after peace was

declared. This is not true. Owing to difficulty of travel over the mountains, the pioneers of West Augusta had been left to defend themselves, with their own militia organization, against Indians and renegades, who were continuously sent against the frontier home and the frontier fort by their British commanders. Although Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown, Va., on the 19th of October, 1781, eleven months before this siege of old Fort Henry, in West Augusta District, Washington still held his army on a war footing, pending negotiations for the treaty. He earnestly pointed out to the Continental Congress the "danger of keeping the man with the musket in his hand idle and unpaid"—there were all sorts of murmurings. The treaty was signed on November, 1782. Late in March, 1783, news came of peace. The danger from the army disappeared; the fighting was done. Not until November 25, 1783, did the British evacuate New York, when Washington moved his army down the Hudson to the city which he had held so long surrounded, and marched in at the head of his men. On December 4, 1783, the officers of this army met at Faunce's Tavern to bid their chief farewell, when each one advanced to take his hand and was embraced with affectionate emotion.

One other great scene was enacted when, at Annapolis, on December 23, 1783, Washington returned his commission to Congress and resigned his sword in the old Senate Chamber of Maryland.\* So the end came. Although to the world it meant the beginning of a great democratic movement, America only thought that her object had been attained, and, while she was free from a controlling power beyond seas—free to deal with her own concerns—a task of great magnitude lay before her. The impoverished colonists had still to conquer the great hinterland beyond the mountains, and to bring this vast expanse of territory under civil government and the flag of the United States. This meant almost continuous war—to protect the settlers who pushed into the wilderness to locate grants of land, some for military services just passed. And so following the Revolution we had the Seven Years Indian War in the middle Western States—territory ceded to the United States by Virginia. Later came President Jefferson's Louisiana Purchase, reaching from the Gulf of Mexico on the south to the Canadian boundary on the north, and to the Pacific Ocean on the west, to be occupied and defended by the United States Army, whose flag went first over every territory and frontier fort to bring it under the civil government of the United States.

The War of 1812 was a defense of our national rights and our flag upon the oceans of the world, as against British domination.

Then the advance guard of settlers and traders followed the Sante Fe trail, when the pack-mule first, and, later, the caravan frequently required armed protection of a company of soldiers.

Our sister republic, Texas, in 1845, gave us her hand and became one State of our Union.

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\* This chamber is a beautiful and dignified example of colonial architecture, and was preserved to posterity by the efforts of our Clansman, Colonel Spencer Cone Jones, who, while in the Maryland Legislature, was the author of and had passed a bill for this purpose.

War with Mexico gave us the territory west of Texas to the Pacific Ocean, enabling the "forty-niners" to open the overland trail to California, that El Dorado of the western settler, at countless cost of lives and suffering.

Nearly one hundred and forty years of war, roughly speaking—about four generations—and in each generation the descendants of Alexander Magruder have sent their quota of young men to officer the army and navy of the United States, as well as to the rank and file. Well-known names and distinguished services ring in my thought. Let us hope some future time will see an honor roll of this American Clan. Young men, born and raised in refined and Christian homes, educated at West Point in the ethics thought proper for an officer and a gentleman, have laid down their lives under every condition of torture and murder a savage foe could devise—where flags of truce and Articles of War were not respected.

No part of this country made more rapid progress than the South after the Revolution—under this flag. Several Virginia Presidents, their Cabinets, and the Congressmen and Senators of that day shaped a dignified and wholesome foreign policy, and diplomatic and commercial treaties of great importance resulted.

In 1820 the cotton gin was introduced into South Carolina, and by its use a grade of cotton not before marketable became available. Consequently, each year a greater acreage was planted to cotton, stretching back from the coast to the foot-hills of the mountains. We always had Sea Island cotton, the finest in the world, but now all cotton was of better grade and marketable. The cotton belt became an established factor in the country's affairs, commercial and political. Beginning at southern Virginia, and including all the Atlantic and Gulf States and Texas, "cotton was king." Is not cotton king wherever it will grow? It is only in recent years that the corn and wheat of the great prairie States could vie with cotton in the great marts of the world. From 1820 to 1860 cotton was king, and the South continued to educate her young men at European universities and her daughters in Paris, and so built up her aristocracy—of the blue-blooded descendants of the English Cavalier, the French Huguenot, and the Scotch Highland gentleman, who early came to this new country to "worship God under his own vine and fig tree," whose early education was at home, under some Irish gentleman tutor, and included fencing and such arts, as well as the classics and "three R's."

This seems a propitious year for presenting this United States flag to our family organization, when the victories of 1812 and consequent treaties are now being celebrated, especially as in the United States Navy we had several commodores and commanders, as well as others of the same blood in the Mexican War; when the last State has been admitted to the Union, and the last star has been placed in the field of the flag, making it complete; when men of the South are again representing this country in its foreign embassies and helping again to shape its policies.

The Magruder Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, representing a few of those Magruders who pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor to the cause of independence, present you this flag, which has

been yours always by sacred inherent right. May we never relinquish our birthright in it.

The last minstrel of the Scots of Buccleugh, at Braksome Hall when he had entertained the company with songs and stories of the valor and sufferings of his beloved Highland heroes, was asked why he lived in such an oppressed land—why not come away to peace and comfort? This set the old harper thinking, and next day, when again asked to entertain the guests, he began with these immortal words:

“Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land.”

[NOTE.—Mrs. Bukey made this address without notes or manuscript, and wrote it out long afterwards, at the request of the Chancellor and myself.—EDITOR.]

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LICENSES issued in Montgomery county, Maryland, for marriages of Magruders (and one McGregor, of Massachussetts) from February 15, 1798, to July 5, 1913.

*(Continued from Page 16.)*

Columbia J. Magruder and Edward H. Waters.....	June	21, 1869
Cordelia R. Magruder and Jefferson Griffith.....	November	14, 1827
Edna Magruder and B. W. Blizzard.....	April	29, 1903
Edith May Magruder and Harry J. Burroughs.....	September	11, 1896
Edward Magruder and Laura Wilson.....	February	6, 1851
Edward E. Magruder and Mary A. Leaman.....	November	28, 1895
Eliza Magruder and William Talbott.....	September	2, 1812
Eliza A. Magruder and Zephaniah Cissell.....	September	7, 1831
Eliza Ann Magruder and John Henry Winemiller.....	December	4, 1832
Eliza V. Magruder and Henry Griffith, of Lyde.....	May	27, 1823
Elizabeth Magruder and Benjamin Perry.....	February	1, 1804
Elizabeth Magruder and Lloyd Magruder.....	February	20, 1803
Elizabeth Magruder and Nathan Cook.....	November	17, 1825
Elizabeth H. Magruder and Zachariah D. Waters.....	May	3, 1856
Ella Magruder and Winfield S. Magruder.....	November	23, 1874
Ella G. Magruder and Philip D. Laird.....	December	2, 1885
Elma E. Magruder and Juliette Stella Donnelly.....	September	3, 1889
Ethel V. Magruder and John G. Case.....	July	6, 1903
Eugene B. Magruder and Mattie Renshaw.....	January	4, 1898
Fielder Magruder and Matilda Magruder.....	May	12, 1806
George Magruder and Annie Turner.....	March	30, 1801
Grace Magruder and Emanuel Main.....	November	9, 1826
Greenbury Magruder and Elizabeth M. Hurley.....	February	13, 1833

*(Continued on Page 32.)*

## PRESENTATION OF A FLAG-STAFF.

BY JOHN E. MUNCASTER.

**F**ELLOW MEMBERS,—This is sudden—this presentation of a pine flag-staff being dropped on me just as the morning session adjourned; consequently I have little to say, but I will tell you the story of the pine staff.

Last year, after an hour or so of discussion of the flag and the need of a flag, by one or two members, a suggestion was made that a flag-staff, turned from a pine cut from a plantation of Col. Zadok Magruder, should be presented by his descendants. I was rash enough to make a statement that, in my belief, no pine could be found on the plantation now owned by descendants of Colonel Zadok, and the subject was passed up to the Council.

Later, some lady members of the Clan began to pine, and they pined for pine to such an extent that they got my father, William E. Muncaster, interested. He put the tenant on "Turkey Thicket" and "The Ridge" on the look-out for pine trees. Neither my father nor myself could recall seeing a pine tree on the whole six hundred and fifty acres, but along in June the tenant came along with the statement that he had found pine trees. And where do you think they were? On the corner of "The Ridge," by the public road, where we had both driven by them hundreds of times—one large tree and twenty or thirty smaller ones.

The lady members were still pining, and, when we found that the flag would be presented, my father cut one of the trees, brought it home and skinned it, and, on one of my trips to the city, he loaded it on the wagon to be delivered to the Chancellor, Alexander Muncaster. The last I saw of it he was going up Eleventh street with it on his shoulder, at the shoulder arms position. He had it turned into its present shape, and, even with the crooks as they stand, we present it to the Society, with the hope that it may become a symbol of the straight way to be followed by us all.

## ADDRESS OF CALEB CLARKE MAGRUDER, JR.

Remarks of Caleb Clarke Magruder, Jr., upon accepting an American flag presented to American Clan Gregor Society by Magruder Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

*Chieftain and Clansmen, Madam Regent, and Members of Magruder Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution:*

**A**S a representative of American Clan Gregor Society I am sensible of a keen pleasure in accepting this symbol of true Americanism.

I congratulate the Clan because of its possession, and I congratulate the members of Magruder Chapter because they have made such a possession possible.

Also, in my representative capacity, I wish to congratulate those descendants of Colonel Zadok Magruder who have united in furnishing the staff of pine, so significant to us, to support this American flag.

I deem it particularly appropriate that these descendants should have so united in contributing this pine staff because Colonel Zadok Magruder was the ranking officer bearing his patronymic in the military service of his country during the Revolutionary War.

He was one of those in Frederick, now Montgomery county, Maryland, who responded to the first call of the local patriots to make plain their attitude toward the mother country after the blockade of Boston harbor.

As such he was a representative of his county in the first General Assembly of Maryland held to elect delegates to the first Continental Congress.

He was a member of the Committee of Observation, and colonel of the Upper Battalion of Montgomery county, Maryland.

His home place was known as "The Ridge," a property surveyed for his father, John Magruder of "Dunblane," March 31, 1747, where he died in 1811, and whence this pine staff was cut.

Probably no one not included in its membership realizes more than I the sacrifices and earnest efforts which have surrounded the presentation of this flag, and I wish to speak personally as well as officially in joining in the largest measure of thanks and appreciation.

Despite their difficulties, I do not marvel at their success, for men would not be so patriotic if their mothers, wives, and sweethearts were not an inspiration.

The flag as a symbol is almost as old as Genesis, for we read of its prototype in Exodus, concerning the wandering Israelites: "And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night."

In the Book of Moses this celestial guide has become a tangible emblem:

“And the children of Israel shall pitch their tents, every man by his own camp, and every man by his own *standard*, throughout their hosts.”

Within a few years archæologists have discovered sculptures on the site of the Biblical city of Shushan, showing carved standards used fifty-seven centuries ago.

A flag has stood for the hopes, fears, inspirations, and martial genius of every race and clime.

Typifying these sentiments, it has served to bring scattered remnants of humanity into tribal relationship, the germ of government and the mother of civilization. The first devices employed were birds and animals, held sacred by the Egyptians.

The Greeks and Romans, not yet emerged from the influence of nature myths, used kings of the jungle and the air.

Later, when hero-worship prevailed, effigies of Mars, Minerva, deified warriors, and national saints predominated, and later still mottoes were added.

No one can doubt that to a superlative degree “the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome” grew out of the intense national feeling inspired by their standards:

“It had been a day of triumph at Capua,  
Lentulus returning with victorious eagles. . . .”

For nearly a century before the birth of Christ the eagle was the emblem of the Roman republic, which borrowed it from the Etruscans, an older civilization.

A white horse set on a pole was early adopted by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors.

The Bordeaux tapestry, commemorating the Norman conquest of England in 1066, contains numerous representations of flags borne by the invading army.

The Crusaders, striving for the rescue of the Blessed Sepulchre from the hands of the infidel Saracens, carried the cross.

At the battle of Northallerton, 1138, the Scots, under King David, followed “a freshly-cut pine tree, stripped bare of its branches, and surmounted by a cross, attached to which was a pyx containing the sacramental wafer.”

When Columbus discovered America the Indians used a pole full-fledged with the wing feathers of the eagle.

The oldest permanent settlements in America were made by the English, Dutch, and Swedish.

A St. George's flag, a red cross on a white field, and a St. Andrew's flag, a white cross on a blue field, signifying England and Scotland respectively, waved over Jamestown in 1607.

The “Half Moon,” bearing the Dutch to New Amsterdam, now New York, in 1609, flew the flag of the East India Company—three equal horizontal stripes, orange, white, and blue, with A. O. C. in the middle of the white stripe.

The Swedish and Finnish settlers of New Sweden, now Delaware, raised a yellow cross on a blue field in 1638.

The oldest flag in existence is that carried by Cortez when he conquered Mexico in 1519, now in the National Museum, Mexico City.

In colonial times the flag of St. George predominated in the American colonies, but as early as October 9, 1694, the militia of Maryland was reorganized, and special colors designated for horse, foot, and dragoon in the several counties. St. Mary's was assigned red; Anne Arundel, white; Kent, blue.

This accidental distribution of colors, red, white, and blue, to the three oldest counties in Maryland, in the order of their formation, seems a most significant happening, for a Continental Congress was undreamed of and Lexington was four-score years in the womb of time.

About 1704 the pine-tree flag became popular in New England, and continued a favorite sectional banner during the early days of the Revolution. It was a red flag with a white canton, quartered with a red cross of St. George, having a pine tree in the first quarter.

Another was a blue flag, having a white canton, quartered with the red cross of St. George, and in the first quarter a globe, in allusion to America, commonly called the "new world."

Maryland being a proprietary colony, unlike all the others, which were royal colonies, early discarded the flag symbolic of the mother country, and used that of Lord Baltimore—yellow and black, quartered with the arms of Calvert and Crossland.

When the Virginia House of Burgesses passed the first resolutions in America against the Stamp Act, in 1765, "Liberty poles" and flags began to appear in the colonies.

Some stamped paper having arrived in Charleston harbor, South Carolina, shortly thereafter a volunteer force of three companies destroyed it, and ran up an improvised flag showing a blue field with three white crescents.

As the spirit of resistance spread organizations known as "Sons of Liberty" sprang up in the thirteen colonies.

In Massachusetts they prepared a coffin inscribed "Liberty—Born at Plymouth in 1620; Died, 1765, aged 145 years." A funeral oration followed, whereupon Liberty showed signs of resuscitation, when a placard reading "Liberty Revived" was placed on the coffin.

New York raised a pole with a streamer bearing the word "Liberty." New Hampshire's standard read, "Liberty, Prosperity, and No Stamps."

When the last hopes for peace with the mother country were shattered, the colonies adopted such emblems as most appealed to them. Connecticut carried banners of solid colors, which were different for each county; Massachusetts used the pine tree, with the motto, "An Appeal to Heaven"; South Carolina, the rattlesnake flag, with the motto, "Don't Tread on Me"; New York, a black beaver on a white ground; Rhode Island, a white flag and a blue canton of thirteen white stars, a blue anchor, and the word "Hope."

The origin of the rattlesnake flag is interesting. It grew out of a protest against convict immigration, one of whom had been guilty of murder, after

transportation in 1751. A writer in the *Pennsylvania Gazette* suggested that retaliation should take the form of a loosened cargo of rattlesnakes in St. James Park and other English public squares. When the French and Indian War broke out, in 1754, Benjamin Franklin published a picture of a rattlesnake cut into eight parts, representing the colonies engaged in the struggle, with the motto, "Join or Die."

The protest was recalled, and the suggestion immediately adopted as an appeal for the union of the colonies. South Carolina was the first colony to adopt the rattlesnake flag, at the suggestion of Christopher Gadsden, who openly advocated independence in Charleston as early as 1764. While a member of the Continental Congress of 1776, he presented that body a rattlesnake flag, which long hung in Independence Hall. It seems the irony of history that South Carolina, the first colony to adopt the rattlesnake flag as an appeal for the union of the colonies, should be the first State to secede from the Federal union by the unanimous passage of articles of secession.

The oldest flag in the United States was designed in England, between 1660 and 1670, for the county troops of Middlesex, Massachusetts. It was carried by the Bedford Company at Lexington, April 19, 1775, and is now preserved in the Public Library of that town.

The Culpeper (Virginia) Minute-Men carried a white flag with their name in black letters on a scroll extending across the top; a coiled rattlesnake in the middle, with the words "Liberty or Death" above and "Don't Tread on Me" beneath.

A union flag was raised at Savannah, Georgia, in June, 1775, but the first distinctively American flag in the South was raised over Fort Johnson, South Carolina, September 31, 1775. It was blue with a white crescent in the dexter corner

While the Americans were constructing rude works on Sullivan's Island, opposite Charleston harbor, June 28, 1776, Sir Peter Parker presented an attack. The crescent flag was cut from its staff and fell outside the breast-works. William Jasper, sergeant, leaped from an embrasure, and, amid bursting shells, recovered the emblem, and replaced it upon the parapet, saying "Don't let us fight without a flag." For this valiant act Governor Moultrie gave him his sword, and offered him a lieutenancy, which he modestly declined. Jasper fell mortally wounded at the siege of Savannah, October 9, 1779, while attempting to fasten his regimental colors to the parapet. A park in Savannah and a county in Georgia bear his name, while a marble statue on the Battery at Charleston, opposite the scene of his earliest heroism, breathes the spirit of patriotism, "Don't let us fight without a flag."

The first flag, national in import, was raised over Washington's camp when he took command of the Continental forces at Cambridge, Massachusetts, January 2, 1776. In May following the same flag flew over the Virginia capitol at Williamsburg. This flag had in the upper left-hand corner thirteen horizontal alternate blue and white stripes, with the subjoined crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, representing the union of the colonies, and the still recognized sovereignty of England. It was known as "The Union Flag," "The Grand Union Flag," and "The Great Union Flag," and

Admiral Hopkins, the first commander of the American Navy, flew it from his mast-head in 1777.

On the 14th day of June (Flag Day), 1776, Congress, then sitting in Independence Hall, passed the following resolution:

“Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.”

It has been thought that the colors of the flag were taken from the arms of Washington, they containing both the stars and stripes, but the thought is unsupported, for Washington said: “We take the star from Heaven, the red from our mother country, separating it by white stripes, thus showing that we have separated from her, and the white stripes shall go down to posterity representing liberty.”

Another popular fallacy regarding the flag pertains to Betsy Ross as maker of the original. There has been heated argument on this subject, and neither side has proved his contention, but I must frankly admit that I do not incline to the story as told by Dame Betsy's advocates.

The Stars and Stripes was the national emblem carried at Brandywine, Germantown, and Saratoga in 1777. John Paul Jones, then a lieutenant, raised it first at sea on the “Alfred,” in December, 1777; fought under it aboard the “Bon Homme Richard,” and displayed it from his captured prize, the “Serapis,” September 23, 1779.

Surrounded by a greatly superior force Jones so manœvered as to lash the “Bon Homme Richard” to the “Serapis,” and when the British commander, thinking him worsted, called for surrender, received the answer, “I have just begun to fight.”

He was a Scotsman, who lived, prior to the Revolution, in Fredericksburg, Virginia, died in Paris, and there lay buried in a forgotten grave until his bones were scientifically identified through the American Ambassador to France, and then transported to Annapolis for interment in the crypt of the magnificent chapel at the Naval Academy.

John Paul Jones has always been the ideal of the American Navy, and I rejoice that it was my privilege, as a representative of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, to be present at the final interment of his remains, in February last.

Among the celebrated flags preserved in this country may be mentioned that of the First Pennsylvania Regiment, Continental Line, in the State Capitol, Harrisburg; Count Pulaski's banner, in the Maryland Historical Society, Baltimore; and the Eutaw flag, flown by Col. William Augustine Washington's cavalry at Cowpens January 17, 1781, and at Eutaw Springs September 8, 1781, now owned by the Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston, South Carolina. A flag which flew over Fort McHenry when stormed by the British, September 12, 1814, was made at the order of Brigadier-General John Stricker, commander of the Third Brigade, Baltimore Troops, and is now in the National Museum, Washington, D. C. This was the battle and this is the flag “whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight” inspired Francis Scott Key, a Marylander, to write our national

anthem, which has stirred the patriotism of our people and appealed more to foreigners, as an expression of true national feeling, than any other composition, not excepting "God Save the King," "The Watch on the Rhine," or "The Marseillaise."

The name "Old Glory," as applied to the flag, originated with William Driver, a Tennessean, Massachusetts born. He was a seafaring man, and on his boat, the "Charles Doggett," was displayed the legend, "My Ship, My Country, and My Flag, Old Glory." His attachment for the flag was so pronounced that he was familiarly known as "Old Glory Driver."

Until the establishment of a republican form of government, the flag of China was the oldest national banner in the world; ours is a modern creation, but its design is older than that of Spain, France, Germany, or Great Britain.

The stripes and thirteen stars was our fixed standard until the admission of Vermont to statehood, since when the stars have increased to forty-eight in number.

Under the thirteen stars, representing the colonies which were driven to union because of the exigencies of the Revolution, was fought the war with France, 1798-1800, the war with Tripoli, 1801-1805, and the second war with Great Britain, 1812-1815.

Natural growth has added stars representative of statehood, and these increased constellations have appeared in our flag when borne against American Indians, the Mexicans, and during the Spanish-American War.

No subject is worthy of treatment that has not within itself the elements of suggestion.

There are those of us who have known another flag, the Starry Cross, the battle-flag of the Confederacy—mayhaps have followed its lead, and hallowed its folds with prayerful hopes and manly tears.

Through the ties of close association your affection is possibly greater than mine, but I am of the South, Southern, and my affection and my adoration is entwined within the folds of that "Conquered Banner."

Yet a new hope springs eternal, and he of knightly spirit and Christ-like resignation points the way:

"For, though conquered, they adore it,  
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,  
Weep for those who fell before it,  
Pardon those who trailed and tore it.  
Furl that banner, softly, slowly,  
Treat it gently—it is holy,  
For it droops above the dead.  
Touch it not—unfurl it never;  
Let it droop there, furled forever."

In the history of flags it will appear that ours was the outgrowth of the throes of the Revolution, and that it has been our standard of nationalism ever since.

It is the flag of our country, yours and mine, and ours, because our

ancestors helped to make it the emblem of a nation in the test-time of the Revolution.

It is typical of our country—a new constellation in the galaxy of nations, with a star for every State composing our National Union.

It is hallowed by inherited association and sanctified by the blood of many heroes.

It is the emblem of our national life, and within its folds are hidden incentives for devotion and the performance of duty for all years to come.

It has been victorious—the Unconquered Banner—in every war, and it stands for the priceless boon of liberty.

“And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph doth wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.  
O thus be it ever when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved home and the war's desolation!  
Blessed with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land  
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation!

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LICENSES issued in Montgomery county, Maryland, for marriages of Magruders (and one McGregor, of Massachusetts) from February 15, 1798, to July 5, 1913.

(Continued from Page 24.)

Harriet E. Magruder and Otho Z. Muncaster.....	April	5, 1849
Harriet H. Magruder and James E. Lyddane.....	November	21, 1837
Hannah S. Magruder and William E. Muncaster.....	October	14, 1867
Harriett Magruder and Zachariah Muncaster.....	September	24, 1804
Harry C. Magruder and Cora L. Weaver.....	July	24, 1909
Hezekiah R. Magruder and Ella V. Whittington.....	July	26, 1876
Hezekiah R. Magruder and Mary A. Milburn.....	May	19, 1910
Hugh Sisson Magruder and Anna H. Prettyman.....	April	28, 1908
H. Bradley Magruder and Laura Beatty.....	December	8, 1869
James Magruder and Elizabeth Linthicum.....	December	9, 1799
James Magruder and Eleanor Harwood.....	November	23, 1807
James Magruder, Jr., and Elizabeth A. T. Riggs.....	November	30, 1830
James L. Magruder and Mary C. Mullican.....	November	8, 1880
James L. Magruder and Frances Ann Mullican.....	March	29, 1887
Jennie Magruder and James W. Boswell.....	July	24, 1894
Jesse H. Magruder and Bessie V. Roberts.....	May	21, 1902
Jessie H. Magruder and William M. Griffith.....	December	4, 1912
Jonathan Magruder and Sophronia J. Bean.....	September	7, 1880
John Magruder and Mary Linthicum.....	November	11, 1799
John Magruder and Deborah Willcoxon.....	December	18, 1810
John B. Magruder and Mary Beall.....	December	20, 1803

(Continued on Page 55.)

## MACGREGOR'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. ANNE LEONARDINE (CLOWES) BIRCKHEAD.

'Twas the sly Indian hunters, they crept through the valley,  
A-chasing the wolf and the deer;  
And the settlers nae crossed them—they seemed to be friendly—  
A Scotchman? He kens not a fear.

MacGregor's sweet Mary—ah, me! she was bonny,  
And winsome, and gladsome, and neat,  
Wi' her eyes like the bluebells, and hair like the sunbeams  
A-shining down Edinbor' street.

'Twas a dusky red savage, a brave of the forest,  
That saw this fair lassie one day;  
And he watched and he bided until he could steal her;  
Then he bore her, in silence, away.

There were curses from Gregor, and all through the valley  
The tidings were carried afar;  
The women were wailing, the men were a-arming  
To rescue the lassie sae bra'.

Then Campbells foregathered, with Woods and MacDowells,  
And Wallaces, too, in the van;  
And they hunted, with Gregor, the hills and the passes;  
At midnight the pursuit began.

Through forest and thicket they crept like a panther,  
So silent they spake not a word;  
But, grim and determined, they nae halted nor stayed them;  
No sound save the night wind was heard.

O'er rocks and morasses, through tangles of laurel,  
One stripling outran all the rest;  
It was young Jamie Campbell, the brave and the daring—  
The laddie had love in his breast.

For Mary MacGregor, he knew and he loved her  
Fu' well, and sae true, and sae long;  
But she minded her father, and Jamie met never—  
Oh! but such harshness was wrong.

Then onward, still onward, young Jamie he pressed,  
Though others were lagging and faint.  
Hush! list! 'tis a creature a-sobbing and sobbing,  
In a broken, heart-rending plaint.

'Tis the wee winsome Mary, nae longer sae bonnie,  
Her garments a' draggled an' torn,

Wi' the voice o' a woman instead o' a lassie,  
Sae weary, an' wretched, an' worn.

A' round was the darkness, save where the pale glimmer  
O' starlight flecked through the dank gloom;  
The tall somber tree-tops showed black 'gainst the sky-line—  
Oh, Mary! hast come to thy doom?

Young Jamie he darted; the savage was standing,  
One arm 'round the lassie was thrown,  
And she was a-fighting, a-fighting and strug'ling,  
And a-trying to hold her own.

One swift forward movement, the knife it was buried  
Just under the left shoulder-blade;  
The savage fell dying, the lassie was saved,  
And the shouts of the men filled the glade.

"What price shall I gie ye?" asked doughty old Gregor.  
"I hae cattle, an' siller, an' land.  
All ye ask I do promise, an' never was broken  
My word when I gie ye my hand."

Then young Jamie Campbell, he gripped the old chieftain,  
And shook well his brawny old hand;  
"I'll none o' ye siller, an' no' o' ye cattle,  
An' I bide on my father's ain land.

"But the lassie is mine, by right do I claim her;  
I love her sae fondly an' true;  
Be she Gregor, or Campbell, it makes nae the dif'rence,  
I wi' take her awa' fra' you!"

Then shouted the Campbells, the Woods, and MacDowells,  
The Wallaces joined with them, too;  
And old Gregor, the haughty, he led forth his daughter,  
And said, "I wi' gie her to you.

The past be forgotten, the wrong be forgi'en,  
The bluid and the feuds put awa',  
Ye hae sav'd me my dochter, the good Lord o' Heaven  
Keep peace twixt us a' fra' this day!"

The forest resounded wi' whoop and wi' halloos!  
And shouts of McAlpine rang clear,  
While the *Campbells Are Coming* rose hearty and lusty,  
As Jamie kissed Mary, his dear.

And Campbell and Gregor united forever,  
Their hatred nae longer alive,  
On this side the water are sister and brother,  
And long may this kinship survive.

## GENERAL JOHN BANKHEAD MAGRUDER.

BY MISS MAE SAMUELLA MAGRUDER WYNNE.

**B**ORN in a land hallowed by beautiful traditions, and consecrated by deeds of noble men and women, John Bankhead Magruder proved himself a worthy son of a glorious State and a distinguished race. Winchester, Virginia, was the place of his birth, which occurred October 20, 1810, and here he learned the principles of honor and duty. Descended from a long line of warriors and courtiers, Thomas Magruder and Elizabeth Bankhead quite naturally desired that their son become a distinguished military officer, and they firmly implanted the seeds of ambition in the youthful brain. His early education was directed with a view to his entering the United States Military Academy, and his splendid mind made such use of his opportunities that, at the age of sixteen, the young man was appointed and admitted to the school of his ambition. In 1830, after four years marked by brilliant scholarship and conscientious attention to duty, he was graduated with the brevet rank of second lieutenant in the Seventh Infantry.

Lieutenant Magruder was assigned to the artillery school at Fort McHenry, Maryland, and subsequently served in various garrisons, on recruiting service, in the Florida War, and in the occupation of Texas. Wherever he was stationed the young officer contributed largely to the gayety of the place, and he was a great favorite with the beaux as well as the belles of the time. But society and its attractions never stood between the gallant soldier and his military duties, so it was only a few years before he was advanced to the rank of first lieutenant. His career is resplendent with social successes, and the dark clouds of war are shot with the lightning flashes of his genius and military feats.

It was in the contest with Mexico that this young Virginian began to win distinction. He commanded the light battery attached to General Pillow's Division, and, after gallant service at Palo Alto, was made captain of the First Artillery. For conspicuous bravery at Cerro Gordo he won the brevet title of major, and in this capacity he participated in the skirmishes of La Hoya and Ocalaca and other engagements. At the storming of Chapultepec his field battery had some spirited affairs against superior numbers, and succeeded in driving the enemy from a battery in the road, capturing the guns, and doing great damage to the Mexican forces. The young officer was severely wounded in this engagement, and his gallantry won merited praise and recognition when he was breveted lieutenant-colonel. He participated in the capture of the City of Mexico, and, at the end of this short two years war, he had advanced from the rank of lieutenant to brevet lieutenant-colonel by a wonderful succession of brilliant achievements.

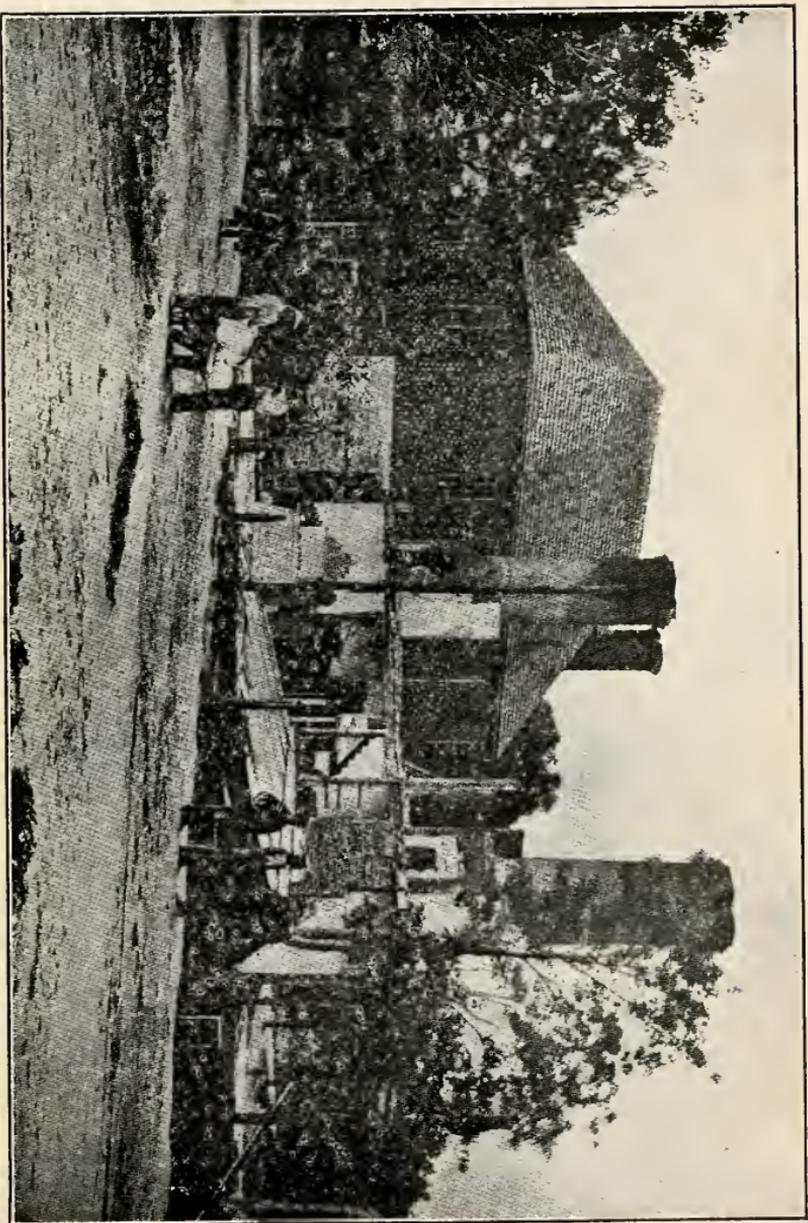
After the conflict with Mexico the already distinguished warrior served

in Maryland, California, and Rhode Island. During these years of peace he devoted himself largely to the pleasures of society, and won and sustained the title of "Prince John" on account of his lordly bearing, courtly manners, and brilliant ability to bring appearances up to the necessities of the occasion. While in command at Newport he and his *coterie* of officers added greatly to the attractions of the social centre of the country, and his splendid entertainments were at the same time the envy and the admiration of fashionable America. But greater triumphs than pleasant social distinction awaited this military gallant. When civil strife invaded the land he was among the first to answer the call of his native State.

At the formation of the Confederacy Colonel Magruder resigned his commission in the army of the country for which he had fought so valiantly, and tendered his services to the cause of his own land, the rights of his fellow-citizens, and the homes of his fathers. He was commissioned colonel of the Confederate States Army March 16, 1861, and so promptly did his services and ability receive recognition that he was made brigadier-general in June and major-general in October. In April he was assigned to the artillery in and about Richmond, and soon afterward he was given charge of the Virginia State forces in that locality.

He was placed in command of the District of Yorktown in May, later being made brigadier-general, after defeating a Federal force at Big Bethel, the first battle of the war. His success on this occasion gave confidence to the Confederate soldiers everywhere, and correspondingly depressed the Northern troops. It was in the battle of Big Bethel that General Magruder was first accompanied by his dashing young nephew, George A. Magruder, Jr., who was his aide through the next few years, and who, according to the great leader, "was as conspicuous for his gallantry as for his efficiency." While stationed at Yorktown, with only twelve thousand men confronting McClellan's entire army of invasion, General Magruder demonstrated his remarkable ability as a master of ruse and strategy, stretching his troops across thirteen miles of country, and causing McClellan to believe that a force superior to his own disputed his advance.

Magruder's wonderful tactics, as well as bravery and daring, were conspicuous in the Peninsula campaign. His lines were subjected to a daily cannonading from the Northern troops, so a council was convened to decide whether the little force should attempt to maintain its position against an enemy ten times as strong. The opinion of the council was unanimous in favor of abandoning the precarious situation, with the exception of one officer, who declared that every man should die in the entrenchments rather than fall back before the invader. "By God, it shall be so!" was the sudden exclamation of General Magruder, immediately in sympathy with the gallant idea. The Confederacy could not have been better served than by this confident and daring tactician. Had the weakness of the intrepid leader been known, he might have paid dearly for his devoted and self-sacrificing courage. Deploying his forces in the most advantageous manner, he succeeded in completely confusing and deceiving the enemy, in holding his



*Courtesy of "Review of Reviews."*

HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL JOHN BANKHEAD MAGRUDER IN YORKTOWN, 1862.

This pre-Revolutionary dwelling was on the main street, and here General Magruder planned so well the disposition of his 12,000 men that General McClellan, with about 100,000, was held in check.



lines on the Peninsula until re-inforced by General Johnston, thus staging a contest which was regarded as the most decisive of the war.

Promoted to major-general, Magruder took part in the seven days' fighting around Richmond. He was not actively engaged at Seven Pines, but after General Lee took charge he was given command of the left wing of the Confederate Army. During the retreat of McClellan's troops he made a spirited attack at Savage Station, and at Malvern Hill nine brigades, under his orders, made an heroic charge against the Federal position, but were repulsed with fearful slaughter. This was one of the most terrible conflicts of the war, and brought to an end the Peninsula campaign, which cost the Confederacy twice the number lost by the enemy, but which saved Richmond from capture.

In the fall of 1862 the Confederate Government determined to prosecute more vigorously the war in the West, and attempt to recover lost territory in Missouri and Louisiana. A Trans-Mississippi Department was formed, and General Magruder was placed in command of this vast country, with the understanding that Generals Hindman, Taylor, and Price should report to him. If this plan had been carried out, doubtless that region would have had a different war history; but, before Magruder could reach the field, those in authority made a change in plans, and he was recalled to Richmond. In October he was placed in command of the Department of Texas. This appointment was made in response to a general desire for a change of military commanders in the State, and he assumed charge in November.

It at once became evident that a firm and skillful hand controlled military affairs there, and the hopes and expectations of the Texans rose accordingly. He directed his attention to the defenseless condition of the coast, and left nothing undone in making preparations to meet the invasion that was expected to come by way of the Gulf of Mexico and the Rio Grande. On the advance of the Northern troops Magruder moved westward to meet them, erecting strong works near San Antonio and Austin and along the coast. He was most active in reconnoitering the movements of the enemy, and in inspecting his own lines and defences.

When the Federals attempted to occupy Galveston he performed what was probably the boldest and most brilliant feat of his military career. From his position on the mainland he went with a force of eighty picked men to Galveston Island, and made a thorough *reconnaissance* of the ground and the enemy. He found the Northern troops stationed on the wharfs, in a position completely covered by the guns of steamships, and well guarded by two strong lines of barricades. Realizing the importance of capturing Galveston, the Confederate General resolved on a bold attack by land and sea. At midnight, December 31, 1862, while the moon was shining brightly, he took his troops and field pieces across the long bridge on a train of cars, and into the city, proceeding to within two squares of the Massachusetts troops, and placing his artillery there so as to bear on Renshaw's squadron. All arrangements were made with judgment and energy. At 4 o'clock on the morning of the New Year, Magruder himself fired the signal shot, and, under cover of darkness, a battalion of sharpshooters attacked the Massa-

chusetts forces at the same time that the cannon opened fire on the Federal gunboats. The Confederate "cotton clad" steamers came dashing down the harbor, and engaged the enemy's vessels in gallant style. After a heated engagement on land and sea, the Southerners captured the city, and Texas was saved from invasion.

General Magruder continued in command of this district until the close of the war, but his jurisdiction was extended to include New Mexico and Arizona. In March, 1864, he sent most of his troops to re-inforce Taylor against Banks. The farewell address to his soldiers, at Houston, Texas, August 16, 1864, showed his generous spirit, and his love for the State that had become his own. After asking cordial support for their new commander, he spoke of what he and his men had accomplished in Texas: "I found traitors exultant; I leave patriots triumphant." In concluding his splendid address he displayed intense emotion, and gave utterance to his opinion of the outcome of the war in these words: "Citizens and soldiers, I bid you farewell, with the assurance that when we shall have conquered, and peace shall have been restored, I desire nothing more than to spend the remainder of my life among you."

But time brought many changes before the warrior returned to the home of his successes. After the surrender of Lee this Magruder could not find it in his heart to take up his life under a government that had so devastated his loved Southland. Before he would submit to the conquerors of his people, he left the land of his birth to become a "soldier of fortune" under the Emperor of Mexico. As Major-General in the army of Maximilian, he served his adopted cause with characteristic courage and skill. He also occupied the position of Chief of the Colonization Land Office in the empire, and was attached to the Emperor's staff. His adventures in Mexico equaled in brilliancy his successes in his own country, and he was a most valuable officer in the army, as well as an attractive addition to the royal household.

After the downfall and execution of Maximilian, General Magruder returned to the United States, and spent some time in the North and East, where he lectured on his experiences in Mexico. In 1869 he moved to Houston, Texas, to spend the last days of his life among the people he had learned to love during his occupation of their city. Only two years did he enjoy his Texas home; his death occurred February 19, 1871. His body was taken to Galveston, Texas, where it rests beneath a magnificent monument that stands a mute witness to the love and admiration of a grateful people.

The MacGregors submitted to exile and imprisonment rather than give allegiance to a conquering foe, and this descendant of the wild Highlanders left his own country before he would bow to a victorious enemy. When age took the bitterness out of his heart, love of his land brought him home to die. His pride of race came to him through generations of chiefs from the noble King Alpin, and his chivalry was due to the blood of courtiers, while his bravery was the dauntless courage of his forefathers of the Scotch fastnesses. "Royal was his race," and princely was his bearing. "Where the MacGregor sits there is the head of the table"—wherever the fortunes of

peace or war placed John Bankhead Magruder his character and achievements won for him the position of importance and dignity. His name stands high in the annals of warfare, while his memory endures in the hearts of the people he served and defended.

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Genealogy furnished by Mrs. Roberta Julia (Magruder) Bukey, Registrar.

John Bankhead Magruder, son of Thomas Magruder and Elizabeth Bankhead; grandson of George Fraser Magruder and Eleanor Bowie; great-grandson of William Magruder and Mary Fraser; great-great-grandson of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall; great-great-great-grandson of Alexander Magruder.

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#### ANECDOTES OF GENERAL MAGRUDER.

Many anecdotes are told of General Magruder, such as the following:

Just after the battle of Williamsburg, General Magruder stopped at the home of a widow and engaged dinner. Soon afterwards a Louisiana soldier came up and asked the lady for dinner. She told him he could have dinner, but, as she had a general and his staff to dine with her, he would have to wait, to which he cheerfully agreed. He took a position where he could reconnoiter what was going on. He awaited developments, and, when dinner had been placed on the table, and when the hostess went out to announce dinner to her guests, he proceeded to take a seat at the table, trusting to his impudence to carry him through. When General Magruder and his party entered the dining-room they found the soldier eating very ravenously, whereupon General Magruder addressed him very sternly, thus: "Sir, have you any idea with whom you are dining?"

"No," coolly replied the soldier; "I used to be very particular with whom I ate, but since I turned soldier I don't care who I eat with, so the victuals are good."

The joke was so good that General Magruder laughed heartily at it, and told the soldier to continue his meal.

Another story which grew out of the Peninsula campaign is as follows:

Winship Stedman, a soldier from North Carolina, being very fond of his drink, several times complained that he did not think it fair that General Magruder should drink all of the liquor, and he have none. One day, after Stedman had performed an act of great bravery in the scouting party about Bethel Church, he was commanded to appear before the General, and the order was enforced by a squad of soldiers. The soldier was undecided what punishment was to be meted out to him, and he approached the tent with great trepidation. When he arrived before the tent, General Magruder accosted him thus: "Private Stedman, I understand that you have said that old Magruder drinks all the liquor in Yorktown, and won't let you have a drop. You shall say so no longer, sir. Walk in and take a drink. I commend you for your bravery."

## MY RACE IS ROYAL, OR, SCOTLAND'S ONLY SCOTTISH CLAN.

BY ARTHUR LLEWELLYN GRIFFITHS.

**F**AR up in the rugged north, amid the storms of nature and the wildness of the eternal hills, far back in the misty recesses of the mighty past, once stood, alone and unaccompanied, the original Child of the Mist. The God of our fathers put him there, as, not a long time previous, He had put Adam in Eden. Between that primeval inhabitant of Scotia's sturdy land and us are only the mighty dead. Their lives are sped, their deeds are done, their songs are sung, their heritage is ours. *Who* may deny but that that stalwart Scot first trod the heather but shortly after the expulsion from the Garden of Eternal Life?

In the land where now we live we consider the race incorrectly called "Indian" as the aborigine. We think him, perhaps, of ancient lineage. Not so. Remote as his ancestry may be, it is yet modern in comparison with that of the primeval Scot. Every Indian bears evidence of his Asiatic descent, with his high cheek-bones, similarity of some parts of his language, dullness of nerve, and stoicism. It can now be stated, almost authoritatively, that they came from the continent of Asia by way of Behring Strait. Upon deeper consideration, we discover that, previous to the Indian, the Mound Builder lived here. But previous to that Scot, no one!

Placed there by the Almighty, with only a few of the results of the fall apparent in him, he was a man of men. And the God of our fathers, who has our times in His hand, who peoples here and depopulates there, in order to work out His age-long plan of ultimate great good, gave to that pristine Child of the Mist a help-meet. From them have sprung the children of the Mist, the MacGregors—the mist of their ancestral habitat and the mist of stupendous antiquity which surrounds their origin.

The ancient and royal descent of the MacGregors finds expression in two Gaelic rhymes, which have existed since almost the incipency of that most aged of languages. One of them runs, "Hills, waters, and MacAlpines are the three oldest things in Albion." We will remember that the use of the word "Albion" for what we now call Britain proves the existence of this rhyme previous to Roman times.

The other of the two rhymes asserts the hereditary claim of the MacGregors to the Scottish throne. Being of so illustrious a lineage, the MacGregors, although excluded by circumstances from the throne on which their progenitors had sat, were naturally, in early times, one of the most considerable families of the kingdom. They had originally very extensive estates in Argyleshire and Perthshire, measuring, in one direction, from Loch Rannoch to Loch Lomond, and in another from Loch Etive to Tay-

mouth. The seat of the principal branch of the family was Glenurchy, in the district of Lorn.

One of the first authentic notices of the MacGregors of Glenurchy is during the period of the struggle for independence against Edward I. of England, who, you will remember, was defeated with his one hundred thousand southrons, at Bannockburn, by thirty thousand Scots, including many of the MacGregors. In 1296 John MacGregor, of Glenurchy, was made prisoner at the Battle of Dunbar, and, in the list of prisoners, this MacGregor is styled one of the Magnates of Scotland. His lands and his liberty were afterwards restored on condition of his going over to France to assist in the war which the English were carrying on with that kingdom. It is probable that he returned to Scotland towards the close of the stormy period, 1297-1306, and lived on his property of Glenurchy. In this last mentioned year, 1306, Robert Bruce, after killing his rival, John Cumin, assumed the Scottish crown; but, not being able to cope with the English forces then in Scotland, and disowned by a large faction of the Scottish nobles, he had to quit his kingdom and seek refuge in Ireland. Passing through the Highlands, the fugitive king was attacked and pursued by the Lord of Lorn, who had married Cumin's sister; and, as the king, in his flight, passed through the territory of the MacGregors, it is probable that they assisted Lorn on this occasion, ever faithful to the tie of blood. When, therefore, King Robert had seated himself firmly on the throne, he remembered the injury he had received at the hands of the MacGregors, and inflicted a severe punishment for it, by depriving the Clan of a great part of its ancient possessions.

The commencement of a long series of misfortunes and persecutions dates from the time of Robert Bruce. Rendered weak, and, at the same time, fierce, and disaffected by the loss of so large a portion of their possessions in this king's reign, they resented the encroachments which, in these lawless times, their neighbors tried to make on the portion which still remained. While other Clans, loyal to an usurping king, secured their possessions by written charters from the king, the MacGregors scorned to retain theirs by any other right than the right of the sword. Why should they not do so? Should they seek from an usurper on the throne, which circumstances had thrust from them, a paper title to lands which they had possessed from time immemorial? The MacGregors, by act of the false king, became a nominally landless Clan. But, although deprived of all legal right to their ancient possessions, they were too numerous, and far too powerful, to be actually driven off the face of the lands in Perthshire and Argyleshire which they occupied. Ah, no! Though harassed by pseudo royal edict, made the enemy of their neighbors, and even pursued by deep-mouthed blood-hounds, these descendants of Scotia's royal progenitors, royalty of manly worth, and not royalty of assumption, defied all aggression on their ancient rights. In so doing they laid the ground-work of many a subsequent defiance of encroachments of rights by their descendants to the present generation.

“Glenurchy's proud mountain, Colchurn and her towers,  
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours;

We're landless! Landless! Landless! Grigalach!  
 Landless! Landless! Landless!  
 Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall career,  
 O'er the heights of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,  
 And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,  
 Ere our wrongs be forgot, or our vengeance unfelt!  
 Then gather! Gather! Gather!  
 Gather! Gather! Gather!  
 If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,  
 Give their roofs to the flame and their flesh to the eagles!  
 Then gather! Gather! Gather!  
 Gather! Gather! Gather!  
 While there's leaves in the forest, or foam on the river,  
 MacGregor, despite them, shall flourish forever!

The wild and royal resistance, as evidenced in the words we have just heard, had far too good and sufficient a reason to be expressed at one short occasion.

It was customary for the Scottish Government, in the fifteenth century, to reward noblemen of tried loyalty by bestowing on them portions of the unreclaimed crown lands in the Highlands, with all the natives on them, whether MacDonalDs, MacNabs, or MacGregors. As the fortunate nobleman who obtained such a grant had to subdue or extirpate the natives before he could take possession of their lands, such a measure, in those rude times, was shrewd and politic. The task, however, of subduing or extirpating the native Highlanders was long, tedious, and, occasionally, impossible. The MacGregors, especially, seem to have been inexterminable. Remaining doggedly and resolutely in their native glens, they cared little who was called their landlord, whether he were the king or only a Campbell, and every attempt to exercise a landlord's rights met with a stern resistance. Sometimes acting on the defensive, and attacking any party which might enter their territories for a hostile purpose—sometimes acting on the offensive, invading the territory of their foes in turn, burning their houses, and carrying off their cattle, the MacGregors soon acquired the reputation of being one of the most intractable and unruly Clans in the Highlands. Especially was this so, as their principal territory was on the very borders of the Lowlands, within a few miles of royal residences and courts of justice. Hence it became a standing question with the Scottish Government, "How shall we clear the country of these MacGregors?" The entire force at the command of the Government was repeatedly employed to crush the MacGregors, but they were not even driven from their lands.

Such, fellow-Clanswomen and fellow-Clansmen of the Clan Gregor, is, in very brief sketch, the royal descent and royal resistance to oppression of our honored ancestors. Why all these persecutions? Why the proscription of the name MacGregor? Why did valiant men willingly die by hanging rather than simply give up the name MacGregor? There are many ways to correctly answer those questions, but all pursue one line of thought. They

are all summarized in one remark, made to my mother's brother, the Hon. James J. H. Gregory. While on a tour of Scotland he stopped at a public house, kept by one Donald MacGregor. Of him my uncle made the inquiry, "Do the Clans of Scotland maintain their tartans to this day?" There was a pause before the answer came. Donald MacGregor drew himself up with the pride of his race. "There is only *one* Clan in Scotland," said he, "and that is the Clan MacGregor. The rest of them are French!"

Odd though that remark may at first appear, it assumes the strength of truth. In the remote past the MacAlpines, the Children of the Mist, were all who roamed the storm-bound hillsides of the Lion of the North. Chroniclers declare that other peoples subsequently came from near-by France, copied the patriarchal government of affection taught them by the example of the MacGregors, inter-married among themselves, and, on occasion, with the MacGregors, took other patronymics, and peopled other glens theretofore uninhabited. Later, striving to establish the claim of royal descent for themselves, which rightfully belonged to the MacGregors alone, they began the persecutions, on trumped-up excuses, aiming at the annihilation of the true royal race. Thus does the wrath of man work out the providences of Jehovah. For

"God moves in a mysterious way,  
His wonders to perform,  
He plants His footsteps on the sea,  
And rides upon the storm.

"Deep in unfathomable mines  
Of never-changing skill,  
He treasures up His deep designs,  
And works His sovereign will."

By the wise providence of His permission of these persecutions, applied to the parent stock of truly royal men, springing from a progenitor sullied only by Eden's fall, He has given, at this day, to the world a race of beings, kind through suffering, patient through affliction, hardy, indomitable, ever fighting for the right!

Around the name MacGregor, through all these long-drawn centuries, has gathered the respect of an on-looking world, a world which appreciates a gallant struggle for what is true and good—a world which looks to the surviving MacGregors not to rest in pride of their ancestry, but, remembering the blood within their veins, to press on in the royal struggle which shall lead to the Royal Day.

And when the last MacGregor who shall inherit a heavenly reward shall have passed to his never-dimming crown, we trust that we are speaking reverently when we say it will be to receive the commendation of the Master: "Well done, MacGregor!"

## BAIRN.

BY MISS ALICE MAUDE EWELL.

## I

Lang, lang the nights an' dreary,  
 Cauld, cauld the winter day,  
 As in this House o' Bondage strange  
 I gae my weary way.  
 How can I langer bear it?  
 How bend in patience meek,  
 What time I mind my mither  
 Wi' the key-mark on her cheek?

All night, in dreams, I see it,  
 'Tis painted on the dark.  
 In grief I wake, and still 'tis there,  
 While lie I cauld and stark.  
 The sweat is dank upon my brow,  
 My heart beats low and weak,  
 For there I see my mither,  
 Wi' the key-mark on her cheek.

Alas and alas the dark night,  
 When to our glen they came;  
 There hut and hath together  
 Went up in smoke and flame.  
 Nae master there to fend them—  
 My father they had ta'en,  
 And wi' our brave Chief Allaster  
 He hanged on gallows slain.

Alas, alas, my mither!  
 Nor wail nor cry gave she.  
 Like snow-wreath cauld, and white her cheek,  
 Like burning coal her e'e.  
 Sae tight she clasped me, crying,  
 "O, daylight, come fu' soon!"  
 And there was wolf-like Campbell's grin,  
 And the rage o' fierce Colquhoun.

All night was smoke o' burning,  
 And sighs and prayers to Heaven,  
 All dawn was tramp of armed men,  
 And the low of cattle driven.

Like cattle then they drave us,  
My mither dear and me.  
Ah, better 'twere, wi' our dear Laird,  
To hang on gallows tree.

For worse there did befall us.  
'Twas up a rocky glen,  
Up craggy steps, they drave us,  
To Black Wolf Campbell's den.  
Accurst to me that castle grim,  
As 'twere the Pit o' Hell;  
How can I thole to tell o't—  
The thing that there befell?

With jeering words they tried her,  
In mockery o' law,  
My mither there, sae white and still,  
I trembled as I saw.  
But I was young her part to tak',  
An outlaw's widow she;  
Wi' cruel words they sentence gave,  
And fetched the red-hot key.

Wi' my bare hands I fought them.  
Alas, my hands sae sma'!  
Wi' pike-stave blows they thrust me back,  
And pinned me to the wa'.  
I smelled the smell o' searing flesh,  
I heard her strangling breath,  
And then I knew her face sae fair  
Was marked unto the death.

Alas, alas, my mither!  
Had she but wailed and cried,  
And wrung her hands like ither folk,  
Mayhap she hadna' died.  
But she was child of Alpine's race,  
And this to her was shame.  
She wouldna' eat, she couldna' sleep,  
And sae to death she came.

E'en they would ha' kept her,  
A thing o' slavish clay,  
Yet would she no—on stony floor,  
In bed o' straw she lay.  
On her white cheek that mark did show,  
All of a bluidy red,  
And, as I knelt beside her there,  
"Thou'lt be avenged," I said.

'Tis a far cry frae there to here—  
 These Lowland streams and rills.  
 The folk are nane sae grim, but; oh,  
 For my dear Hieland hills!  
 Aince mair to see Ben Lomond's brow  
 Gleam thro' the mist o' morn  
 On that blue lake below—to see  
 The land where I was born!

I draw the water frae the well,  
 I fetch the fagots in,  
 Till now and then some guest doth cry,  
 It is a shame and sin.  
 I stand behind my master's chair,  
 Wi' all my bluid a-fire,  
 For Gregor he was Lord of All,  
 And Alpine was his sire.

They've ta'en awa' my freedom wild,  
 My very name they've ta'en,  
 But they canna tak' the memory  
 O' my dear father slain.  
 They canna tak' my mither's wrongs,  
 For them I'll vengeance seek,  
 Until nae mair I see her  
 Wi' the key-mark on her cheek.

## II

Full many, many years have past,  
 Since grieved a little lad,  
 O'er father slain, o'er mother marred,  
 In accents low and sad;

And now he sits, an ancient man,  
 In mountain shieling lone,  
 And tells the tale of those old days,  
 Now long since past and gone.

And near him, round the dying fire,  
 Large-eyed, with bated breath  
 And tight-clenched hands, his grandsons sit,  
 To hear of war and death.

Tho' persecution's rage has ceased,  
 Still meet the outlawed Clan  
 In secret place, still fight their way,  
 Beset from boy to man.

With many a danger, many a woe,  
 Wild howls the wolf outside,  
 The while they hear of wilder men,  
 And deeds that souls have tried.

## III

'Tis a far cry frae then till now—  
 And I am auld and gray;  
 Mayhap I'm sinful, too, O, Christ!  
 Wash Thou my sins away!

And, Mary Mither, Lady o' Grace,  
 My peace I prithee make  
 Wi' God, the Father, and the Son,  
 For my dear mither's sake.

Thou knowest her fate, Thou knowest how long  
 An eaglet chained I pined,  
 But chains can break thro' struggles fierce,  
 And eaglets freedom find.

Aye, chains will break. There cam' a time  
 When mine did fall away, awa',  
 And 'scape I made to my ain hills,  
 In dearest land of a'.

Ah, weel I mind the autumn eve  
 When to my native glen,  
 Past mony a peril, braved and won,  
 I cam' at last again.

The sky hung dark, and sad my heart,  
 For there, in ruin, lay  
 Each roof that aince had sheltered me  
 In childhood's happy day.

My father's fate, my mither's wae,  
 Cam' back to me sae strang,  
 Wi' loud and bitter voice I cried,  
 God help me right this wrang!

But there were ears my voice to hear,  
 Not long alane was I;  
 Comfort and cheer right soon did come,  
 In answer to my cry.

Our hames were gane, but hearts were here;  
 Out o' the rocks they came,  
 Out o' the caves and coppices,  
 The people o' my name.

Alpine and Gregor, Donald dark,  
 Malcolm sae wild and free—  
 Wi' mony mair, my kindred all,  
 They gathered unto me.

Lang had they hidden, some had pined  
 Beneath oppression lang,  
 Yet neither heart nor courage lost,  
 Keen-eyed, wi' arms sae strang.

The boats were gane frae Lomond's breast,  
 A watch was on each height,  
 But what to us were waves or watch?  
 We met by day and night.

Wi' tears o' wae and joy we met,  
 Wi' tales o' perils past,  
 Yet still to come, till cam' the talk  
 To vengeance fierce and fast.

Here had we seen our dearest folk  
 To death maist cruel done,  
 Here bluid had flow'd till bluid did cry  
 From each gray mossy stone.

They made me Chieftain o' the band,  
 That was the least of a',  
 But heart and courage oft are big  
 In bodies weak and sma'.

My father's sword my kinsmen kind  
 Had kept fu' lang for me,  
 And, as I waved it high o'erhead,  
 I felt the strength o' three.

Folk say, tho' man doth plot and plan,  
 That God disposeth all.  
 Mayhap 'twas God's own battle,  
 That there did next befall.

For, as still did linger,  
 A questioning When? How soon?  
 There cam' that band o' hunters gay,  
 Wi' Campbell and Colquhoun.

Their horns were loud, their weapons bright,  
 Their steeds right well bestrode;  
 On old Clan Alpine's ancient ground  
 As lords of all they rode.

'Twas as the sun was setting  
Behind the dark fir-wood;  
I mind the hour, I mind the air,  
As 'twere all red wi' bluid.

Wide grinned the Wolf, wi' hunting joy,  
I saw his smile afar,  
And my ain bluid at that did feel  
As mingled fire and snaw.

"Ard choille! The hour is come," I cried,  
"The slogan and strike hame!"  
Wi' sword, wi' spear, and battle-axe  
Aince mair Clan Gregor came.

Sae fell those strokes, sae fierce that charge,  
Sae quick was the surprise,  
They countered ill, they brak' and fled  
Wi' terror in their eyes.

Then swelled our hearts wi' triumph,  
Then swelled our slogan high.  
Ard choille—our shout rang louder,  
Up to the sunset sky.

Like cattle then we drave them,  
As we one time were driven,  
And wi' our good swords pressing on,  
Spilt their black souls unshriven.

Sae quick that red light's fading,  
I knew not well the road,  
Like fleeting deer, we drave them  
Led by the steps they trode.

But when we reached that rocky stair,  
High in a craggy glen,  
I knew the refuge they would mak'  
Was Black Wolf Campbell's den.

Then cam' the past upon me,  
Till't seemed the very hour  
When I had trod this way before,  
Urged on by cruel power.

Then rose the hair upon my head,  
Then iron-stiff my arm;  
I felt *her* there beside me,  
Fresh-marred by devilish harm,

And, as I toiled behind them,  
 I swore, wi' panting breath,  
 God helping me, this night to bring  
 That auld he-wolf to death.

They reached the top afore us,  
 They clanged the iron gate;  
 We heard their devil's laughter,  
 The while we whispered, "Wait!

"Waste nae gude bluid upon them,"  
 Said one, "We can abide;  
 There's furze upon the mountain,  
 There's oakwood on its side.

"As one smokes out a wild-cat,  
 As one doth singe a bear,  
 As one doth burn a werewolf—  
 So with Wolf Campbell's lair!

"So we, the sons of Alpine,  
 Will purge this evil den!"  
 And that auld craggy hill-top  
 Loud echoed with "Amen!"

We left the gate well guarded,  
 We scattered to our task,  
 And of the thing that next befell  
 I'd ha' nae mon to ask.

For human life is human.  
 I might ha' quarter gien,  
 But Allen Farsight—he our seer,  
 Said, "This will rise, I ween,

"A savor sweet unto the Lord.  
 Afore our very eyes,  
 Our hames they've burnt—our kindred slain,  
 To God this sacrifice."

We piled the wood, the fire we set—  
 Red leapt the flames on high.  
 They lit afar each craggy height  
 And mounted to the sky.

Accurst for aye that castle grim—  
 Low lies its ruined head,  
 From its high tower the roof did rin  
 In streams o' melted lead.

And there was mony a yell o' pain,  
And mony a dying groan,  
But Allen raised his staff on high,  
And cried to spare not one.

Full mony a time, in after days,  
We paid for that fierce night,  
But never rued; our hearts were stout,  
Our swords were keen and bright.

Full mony a time I've closed my eyes,  
That fearsome sight to see;  
The climbing flames, the tumbling wa's,  
And them that strove to flee.

Full mony a time at midnight  
I've heard that wild death shriek,  
But—I've seen nae mair my mither,  
Wi' the key-mark on her cheek.

## IV

The low voice ceased—his tale was done.  
Wild wailed the wind outside.  
Dim burned the fire; dim burned those eyes,  
Once full of light and pride.

The wolf's long howl came down the gale  
That shook Ben Lomond's crest,  
But in the shieling sleep did reign,  
In midst of peril—rest.

And deepest rest of all for one,  
Low sank that weary head;  
Once more the son and mother met—  
Laird Gregor Roy was dead.

## SOME OLD MAGRUDER HOMES IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY, MARYLAND.

BY JOHN EDWIN MUNCASTER.

LD Magruder homes! Magruder homes there are, in every section of the Union, built by Magruder men, swept by Magruder women, filled with Magruder children, but few are they which can be called old. The family seems as nomadic as the gypsy, and probably formed the habit of roving when MacGregor was a forbidden name, and, as the owner of city real estate, seemed only to hold a home for a rise, and then moved on, after pocketing the unearned increment, which served as capital for a new start.

In this class of places built by Magruders, and now in alien hands, is Grubby Thicket, a house taking its name from a tract of land bought by Nathaniel Magruder, about the middle of the eighteenth century, from Joseph Benton, and divided between his sons, Walter and Aquilla, by his will dated 1793. A newspaper reporter will make a story good, even if a little inaccurate, and this is true of this sketch—no criticism of dates will be allowed. If they do not tally within ten days or ten years, it makes no great difference at this time; the happenings are all over any way. An older survey seems to show that Grubby Thicket was the property of Samuel Magruder, Ninian Magruder, and Charles Beall, and how it became the property of Joseph Benton I have not had time to search out; but Nat says he bought it of Joseph Benton, and that goes. He died in 1798, and Walter got the southern half of the land, which lies along the banks of Cabin John Creek, widely known as being spanned by the longest single stone arch in the world. It is a clear and crooked stream, watering a section of steep hills and narrow valleys, each with a tributary rill. Walter Magruder, according to tradition, built a grist mill, which is still standing and grinding out its grist for the surrounding country. It is a one-story frame building, about forty feet square, with over-shot wheel, and the ponderous castings slowly whirling around, as they turn out the corn meal and flour with the same machinery used in the past century. There were a great many such mills in the country in the nineteenth century, but modern processes have run them out, and only a few are now running. The Walter Magruder place is now owned by a capitalist of Washington, who is spending a good many of his nice new dollars in making two blades of grass grow where some of our ancestors failed to grow one, and the house has been improved to such an extent that no one can guess at the original state.

Grubby Thicket house is on the part of the land given by Nathaniel to his son Aquilla, along with several negro men and a half interest in a wagon. Tradition says it was built by Nathaniel. In any case, there must have been extremely severe wind-storms in those days, or carpenters had a



"THE RIDGE," MONTGOMERY COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Built by Colonel Zadok Magruder about 1750. Still owned by his descendants.



"GRUBBY THICKET," MONTGOMERY COUNTY, MARYLAND.

Supposed to have been built by Nathaniel Magruder about 1770.



wholesome fear of the fate of the builders of the Tower of Babel, and refused to build toward heaven, for nearly all the houses built in Montgomery county in the eighteenth century were low one-story houses. Grubby Thicket was no exception to the rule, and still stands a low frame house, only about ten feet high at the eaves, probably built between 1760 and 1790. Aquilla sold about thirty acres of his share to Walter, and the rest to Alexander Offutt, about 1804, and went to Kentucky. After passing through several hands, it came into the possession of my father's grandmother, Harriet Magruder Muncaster, a grand-daughter of Nathaniel. Here she dwelt in 1845, when my father, William E. Muncaster, came from Baltimore to be properly trained in the ways of a country boy. In her time the house was surrounded by a grove of locust trees, a few of which still stand. A flower garden extended along the fence of the front yard, and lilacs, syringas, and some other shrubs still mark its bounds. The house fronted south, and was entered directly, with no hall, from a portico about ten feet square. There are four rooms on the lower floor, about sixteen feet square, lighted with the old time 8x10 sash. Above, two bed-rooms, with sloping ceilings, look out through old-time dormer windows. Heat in winter came from large fire-places, and the immense brick chimneys still stand as built, at each end of the building. The log kitchen, which stood at the west end of the house, has been replaced by a frame lean-to shed, and the meat house and henhouse, which were on each side of the front yard, just in good shooting distance from the bed-room windows, so that midnight marauders would be chary of touching the family supplies, are gone, as well as the negro quarters.

Back of the house a large vegetable garden occupied about one-fourth of an acre, and its limits can be easily traced now by the sign of the corn growing on it, and the family grave-yard, laid off in 1804, adjoined this. Nathaniel and his wife were laid here, probably many more, but there is nothing to show it, except a grand crop of golden rod. No trees or bushes grow on the plat, and it has either been cultivated over or kept clear by some one's kind offices. My father tells many tales of life among these old folks and the customs of those days, but time forbids the record of any of them here. This place belonged to Samuel, Sr., and Nathaniel was a son of Alexander, son of Samuel.

And now there is another of the old homes in another line—John Magruder, son of Samuel.

"The Ridge!" This, I believe, is the only home of the Magruders in the county owned by descendants of the original settler in direct line. In 1733 Charles, Lord Baltimore, by his agent at St. Mary's town, granted to John Magruder a patent for 350 acres of land called "Turkey Thicket," and in 1746 another patent was granted him for eighty and one-fourth acres, known as "The Ridge," adjoining it. Some years later an addition was made to "The Ridge," and a patent was granted in 1766 for the re-survey of "The Ridge," containing the original eighty and one-fourth acres and thirty acres additional—110 in all. A hundred and ninety acres, called "Robert and Sarah," was bought, and added to the plantation, and on the

central section, "The Ridge," either John or his son, Colonel Zadok, built the house. The Editor, Mr. C. C. Magruder, Jr., has read a number of papers here, in which he always calls the name *Zahdok*. I have always heard it as *Zeddok*, with *Zed* as a diminutive, and I will bank my last year's hat that those old fellows called it that way, so I will keep it up.

"The Ridge" is a little more pretentious than most of the homes built about the same time, though in much the same style, and is built of the old large English brick, which tradition says came over from the old country as ballast in the vessels which plied in the colonial trade. Figures never lie, except in political pamphlets, but the statistics of the shipping trade of those times would seem to show that if every vessel which came over from 1620 to 1776 had brought nothing but brick they could not have brought over half that can be found in the colonial mansions of Maryland and Virginia built of English brick. And no descendant of Alexander, the emigrant, at the present day, can possibly imagine the builder of the old mansion, at a time in which a wagon was such a piece of property that a half interest was conveyed in a will, hauling forty loads of brick, twenty-five miles back from the head of navigation on the Potomac over the roads of those days, when brick clay could be found within half a mile. More than likely the English workman was imported with his moulds, and the brick burned in a near-by kiln with the near-by oak wood. Like Grubby Thicket, the house is one story, but it is large, and has a large cellar below. Four steps up to a square portico, with two round columns and side benches, find one at a large front door, with glass side-lights and circular transom, opening directly into a parlor, about twenty-five feet square. There is a small room back of the parlor, and a back hall with a winding stair six or seven feet wide, leading to four small bed-rooms up-stairs, with the usual sloping ceilings and dormer windows. The dining-room is to the right of the parlor, and the "mistress's" room adjoins it and the back hall. All had great fire-places, where a four-foot stick was easily accommodated, but in early days there was no provision for warmth up-stairs at all.

The kitchen is of stone, connected with the house by a long passage. It has a stone floor, eight-foot fireplace, and one small long window. The windows in the main building are large, with many small panes. All the old out-buildings—meat house, dairy, quarters, and barn—were of logs, and are still standing, except the quarters. When I was a youngster an old brick oven stood at the end of the kitchen, big enough for a hotel, but it fell down some years ago. Colonel Zadok lived and died here, according to tradition, and it became the portion of his son, Dr. Zadok. At his death his property was divided among a number of children—it is not necessary to know just how many—and John Willson, who was my grandfather, bought out his brothers and sisters, thus holding the place together. It seemed a habit of these old folks to send a messenger for a lawyer to write the will and one for the undertaker at the same time, and, generally, the undertaker was the most useful; so, when John Willson passed away, rather early in life, the place was divided among his seven children, and two of them collected

most of it together again; but the death of the major owner, his son, the last Zadok, without a will, again divided it.

There is a family grave-yard on this place, and it has had the same gentle care as that on "Grubby Thicket." The descendants of John, as well as the descendants of Alexander, appear to have been so busy making "foot-steps in the sands of time" for themselves, and so much engaged in keeping together something for posterity to divide, they had no time and no money to spend in marking the graves of their ancestors. Of some thirty or forty interred at "The Ridge," only two graves were ever marked, and, strange to say, these were a childless couple—Robert Pottinger Magruder, son of Colonel Zadok, and his wife Rachel. I imagine Robert gave the orders for these stones, and paid for them before he died, being sure his executors would not do so. Some graves were once marked with ordinary field stones, but not one now living knows exactly who is laid away here, nor where any particular grave is.

The sword of Col. Zadok Magruder, whose name is written on the scrolls of fame just about big enough to be used as a bar in the badge of a Daughter of the Revolution, hangs on the wall of my younger brother's home. It was an ivory-handled dress sword, in a black leather scabbard, with a motto in some language I have never been able to place. Perhaps he could tell, and we can imagine him, after the dangers of holding down a place on the committee of public safety were over, for there is no record of his active service that I know of, recounting to his children the mighty deeds of the regiment he was commissioned to recruit in lower Frederick county for service during the Revolution.

These are the short stories of the homes of two distinct lines of Montgomery Magruders. Their descendants are widely scattered, but in Clan Gregor they come together, and may they long continue to flourish, with a purpose, single-hearted and wholesome, to unite all the scattered ones at least once a year under the sprig of pine.

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LICENSES issued in Montgomery county, Maryland, for marriages of Magruders (and one McGregor, of Massachusetts) from February 15, 1798, to July 5, 1913.

*(Continued from Page 32.)*

John Burgess Magruder and Helen Gatton .....	November 17, 1831
John F. D. Magruder and Martha J. Griffith.....	November 7, 1865
John W. Magruder and Caroline M. Bradley.....	December 3, 1833
Joseph Magruder and Elizabeth Shelton.....	September 3, 1817
Julia Ann Magruder and Peyton W. Taylor.....	April 5, 1827
Julia B. Magruder and Thomas D. Singleton.....	April 21, 1869
Julia Bradley Magruder and Bazel Worthington Waters ..	March 23, 1904
Julian Magruder and Willietta Beall.....	November 23, 1895

*(Continued on Page 59.)*

## SAMUEL BREWER WATKINS.

BY MRS. MARGARET ROBERTS McFERRIN.

THE subject of this sketch was born near Rockville, Montgomery county, Maryland, on Easter Sunday, April 18, 1813. His mother, Mary Magruder, was married to his father, Thomas Spencer Watkins, in 1812, being his second wife, and a cousin to his first wife, Catherine Magruder. Samuel was the only child of this union, but there were four older half-brothers—Wilson, Joseph, Green, and White. Early in life, it seems, Wilson and Joseph Watkins went to Tennessee, where they established themselves as farmers in Rutherford county. When about twelve years of age Samuel gave up school and began helping his father on the farm. He often spoke, in after years, of selling loads of wood on the streets of Washington, where he became a familiar figure to the prominent legislators of that day. He once overheard President Jackson say to a companion, "There is that boy again."

When he was about sixteen years old his father, Thomas Watkins, became a contractor on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal, with his three sons, Green, White, and Samuel, as his assistants. A few years later, when the father retired, the sons continued in the business. This association in work, congenial to them both, fostered a rare fraternal affection and sympathy between Samuel and Green Watkins, which lasted through life. Samuel Watkins regarded this as the greatest educational period of his life, because it brought out and developed his ability for managing men, which stood him in good stead during the years that followed, when the responsibility of providing for his own family rested upon him. The workmen upon the canal represented almost every nationality of Europe; so the efficient control of this conglomerate mass of laborers required no small amount of self-poise and judgment. He continued work on the canal until 1840, during which time the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company had been formed, and he thought that his earnings were well and safely invested; so he began preparations for a prospecting trip to the Southwest, and took passage on a sailing vessel, which, after seventeen days, landed him in Galveston, Texas. The captain asked that he make the return voyage by way of Cuba, but this he declined. After traveling in Texas for several months, he began the trip home by land, stopping in Tennessee for a visit with his brothers, Wilson and Joseph Watkins. Here he was cordially received, particularly by the older residents, who were the pioneer settlers of that section, and were eager to hear his report of the still more distant frontier of Texas. Among these old men who became attracted to him and interested in him at this time was William Wade, who had come from Maryland and settled in Tennessee in 1811. His grand-daughter, Mary Ann Wade, became the wife of Samuel Watkins two years later.



SAMUEL BREWER WATKINS.

Born, 1813; Died, 1908.



After concluding his visit with his brothers, he proceeded to Maryland on horseback, and reached home during a big camp-meeting. His father a staunch Methodist, and a sort of local preacher or exhorter, was there, of course, as were also many other friends and relatives. His mother, Mary Magruder Watkins, had been an Episcopalian, but, after the practice of rented pews came into vogue, she also turned Methodist.

On investigation, he found that the business affairs of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company had gone badly, and that, instead of having ten thousand dollars ready for him, the whole concern was insolvent. This failure was probably due, in part at least, to the increasing importance of the railroads being built at that time. The descendants of Samuel Watkins still have some of this Canal stock in their possession—a sort of souvenir of this unfortunate deal.

After some time spent in very pleasant social intercourse with friends and acquaintances, among whom he was now considered as a person of some note, on account of his recent travels, his taste for unprofitable pleasures seemed to his father to be developing to a rather alarming extent; so he told Samuel that, as he was well equipped for traveling, he had better return to Tennessee, and establish himself in business there. This suggestion was followed, and Samuel Watkins left Maryland, to make his permanent home in Tennessee.

On the 22d of December, 1842, he was married to Mary Ann Wade, daughter of Walter and Susan Tinnon Wade, and grand-daughter of William Wade. She was a young woman of fine appearance, and of equally fine qualities as a wife and home-maker. To her conservatism, thrift, and economy was largely due her husband's future success as a farmer. They spent the next year, 1843, on a farm in the Wade neighborhood, but the following year purchased a farm three and one-half miles north of Murfreesboro, on the Lebanon road. Here it was that Samuel Brewer Watkins made his real place in the world, quietly doing his share in the industrial, educational, and religious development of the country for sixty-five years. Here were born his four children, three sons and a daughter, and, while they were still quite young, he was overtaken by that dread malady, pulmonary tuberculosis. For six years the struggle continued between the disease and his strong constitution, backed by self control and regular and temperate habits. The man at last conquered the disease, and enjoyed remarkably fine health to the end of his long life. These years of illness, however, were not years of idleness, for during this time he succeeded in paying for his farm and negroes, and in establishing himself as one of the substantial citizens of the county.

In 1858 his father, Thomas S. Watkins, died at the advanced age of eighty-eight. In the meantime White Watkins had died, and so the old man left practically all of his estate to his son Green, who had been near him during his last years. He also specified that his negroes should be freed, after the lapse of a given number of years. This will was so clearly unfair, particularly to his widow, that Samuel had little trouble in having it set aside, and a more just disposition made of his father's estate. While he was in

Maryland, attending to his business, he purchased several slaves, and, with those inherited from his father and those belonging to his mother, he made the trip home, doing the very daring thing of bringing them down the Ohio river, through free territory, from Pittsburg to Louisville. His mother accompanied him home, and spent her remaining years a loved and honored member of his family. She died in 1868.

In a few years after this last trip to Maryland was the beginning of the war between the States, and a change of fortunes for most all the Southern people. Samuel Watkins was a Whig, and did not believe secession to be a wise course, but, after hostilities began, he did all that a private citizen could to serve the "boys in gray." Just before the beginning of the war he lost his second son, Robert, a boy of fourteen. Then his oldest son, James Elwood, of whom he was very proud, was killed in his first battle, almost in sight of home. Some time later the home was burned to the ground during the night, when the family escaped with their lives and little else. These, and other calamities incident to war, coming one after the other in rapid succession, transformed Mary Ann Watkins from a proud, dark-haired matron of forty-five to a gray, heart-broken old woman. She lived until 1877, but was a cripple during the last seven or eight years of her life, as the result of a fall.

At the close of the war Samuel Watkins was hard at work adapting himself to changed conditions, and re-establishing his business as a farmer, and also operated a cotton gin. This gave him the better opportunity to profit by the unusually high price of cotton at that time. He was soon the owner and manager of four farms, aggregating about 750 acres. In 1869 his daughter, Mary, was married to William Roberts, a cotton buyer of Nashville, Tennessee, and, soon afterwards, his only surviving son, Samuel Spencer, was married to Miss Maggie Turner.

After the breaking up of his family, Samuel Watkins divided his land with his son and daughter, and, although a widower for nearly thirty years, he maintained his systematic home life most of the time alone, except for the visits of his children. A characteristic incident occurred one day when his cook excused some irregularity in the service of dinner by saying that she thought it made no difference, as there was no company. He told her very emphatically that there was always company when he sat at his table. The formalities of the meal were just the same as though several had been present. This rigid adherence to system characterized every hour of the day. So the quiet, busy years passed for him unmarked by any startling events, and he was pointed out as one who had retained his interest in life and his powers of mind and body far beyond the average.

The death of his son, in 1897 was a great blow to him, as it was a dispensation of Providence for which he had never armed himself. Then, in 1906, his daughter, Mary Roberts, died, leaving her aged father to the care of her four children, his only descendants. Her oldest daughter, Anne, at her mother's request, made her home with her grandfather from that time on until his death, on the 2d day of February, 1908.

So ended the life of an honest, industrious citizen of Tennessee, who took

much pride in the fact that he was born in Maryland, of Magruder ancestry. The emblem of the Clan, a "sprig o' pine," which he brought across the mountains with him so many years ago, has a descendant now flourishing near his grave; and it would doubtless please him to know that during the year of the centennial anniversary of his birth, this biographical memorial is to be read before an assemblage of his kinsmen in Washington City, so near to the home of his childhood.

We may say of him, as of the famous miller:

"Such men as thou art 'Maryland's' boast."

LICENSES issued in Montgomery county, Maryland, for marriages of Magruders (and one McGregor, of Massachusetts) from February 15, 1798, to July 5, 1913.

*(Continued from Page 55.)*

Lavinia Magruder and S. H. Coleman.....	October	2, 1871
Lewis Magruder and Susan Willson.....	June	30, 1845
Lewis H. Magruder and Lillian M. Madison.....	April	16, 1910
Lloyd Magruder and Elizabeth Magruder.....	February	20, 1803
Lloyd Magruder and Ann Holmes.....	March	17, 1807
Martha Magruder and John Willett.....	December	24, 1811
Martha Alberta Magruder and Alexander West.....	December	8, 1875
Martha E. Magruder and Thomas Lomax.....	December	18, 1867
Martha R. Magruder and Hiram Grady.....	May	20, 1872
Martha W. Magruder and Basil Barry.....	October	25, 1830
Martha W. Magruder and Claiborne H. Mannar.....	January	31, 1899
Mary Magruder and Thomas Daking.....	January	30, 1812
Mary Magruder and Wilson B. Tschiffely.....	May	6, 1876
Mary Anne Magruder and Thomas C. Magruder.....	April	22, 1812
Mary Ann Magruder and John Leventon.....	April	20, 1820
Mary Ann Magruder and Richard H. Griffith.....	February	25, 1813
Mary E. Magruder and Gus H. Riedel.....	April	20, 1899
Mary Emma Magruder and Thomas W. Waters.....	November	16, 1871
Matilda Magruder and Fielder Magruder.....	May	12, 1806
Matilda N. Magruder and Henry Stoffer.....	January	8, 1844
Mira Magruder and John W. Anderson.....	February	15, 1831
Olivia Dunbar Magruder and Philip Stone.....	October	11, 1842
Rachel Magruder and Baker Waters.....	June	26, 1838
Rachel A. Magruder and Samuel W. Magruder, Jr.....	October	18, 1877
Rachel Pottinger Magruder and William Otis Lumsdon.....	May	7, 1833
Rebecca Magruder and William Willson.....	January	10, 1801
Rebecca Magruder and Elbert Perry.....	February	3, 1806
Rebecca Magruder and Alexander Winsor.....	November	5, 1821

*(Continued on Page 64.)*

## MEMORIAL SKETCHES.

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### MARGARET SAXTON DEEMY.

By MRS. MARYEL ALPINA (MACGREGOR) MAGRUDER.

Margaret Saxton Deemy, born 1899 and died 1912, was the eldest daughter of Dr. John Saxton Deemy and Bessie Rodgers Riddle, his wife, whose great-grandfather was Ninian Magruder, Jr.

The untimely death of this youthful member of the Society was the result of a tragic accident. She was playing with some school friends in the school-house play-grounds, when, by the breaking of a stone covering a cistern, she was precipitated into the water, and drowned before help could come.

There is, of course, little to chronicle in a life so soon cut short, but her friends bear witness that she was a beautiful and talented child, of a sunny disposition, and characterized by a high sense of honor. This, in itself, is a record any of us might be glad to leave behind us.

Margaret Saxton Deemy was the daughter of Dr. John Saxton Deemy and Bessie Rodgers Riddle, granddaughter of John Magruder Riddle and Margaret Johnston Wallace, great-granddaughter of Abner Riddle and Rebecca Magruder, great-great-granddaughter of Ninian Magruder and Grace Townsend, great-great-great-granddaughter of Samuel Brewer Magruder and Rebecca Magruder, great-great-great-great-granddaughter of Samuel Magruder III. and Margaret Jackson, great-great-great-great-great-granddaughter of Ninian Magruder, Sr., and Elizabeth Brewer, great-great-great-great-great-great-granddaughter of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall, great-great-great-great-great-great-great-granddaughter of Alexander Magruder, the Scottish exile of Maryland.

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### FRANKLIN MINOR MAGRUDER.

By DR. EDWARD MAY MAGRUDER.

Franklin Minor Magruder, son of the late Henry Minor Magruder and Sarah Minor, his wife, was born on February 10, 1870, at "Ridgeway," in Albemarle county, Virginia, the home of his maternal grandfather, Franklin Minor, for whom he was named. There he lived till the year 1881, when the family moved to the adjoining plantation, "Edgemont," which belonged to his mother.

On October 23, 1901, he married Bessie Dunbar Long, daughter of Joseph Miller Long and Anna Mary Miller, his wife, of Winchester, Va.



MISS MARGARET SAXTON DEEMY.  
Born, 1899; Died, 1912.







FRANKLIN MINOR MAGRUDER.

Born, 1870; Died, 1913.

He is survived by his mother, his wife, three sisters—Mrs. Lucy Anne Gilmer Taylor, of Richmond, Va.; Miss Maria Louisa Magruder, of “Edgemont,” and Mrs. Sarah Gilmer McMurdo, of Montana, and two small daughters—Sally Watson and Elizabeth Dunbar, aged seven and five years, respectively.

His education was liberal, having been obtained at home, at La Fourche and Pantops Academy, in his home county, and at Hampden-Sidney College and the University of Virginia, but he never studied a profession, owing to the death of his father in 1891, when he left the University to assume the management of the home plantation, “Edgemont,” a large one, where he lived till his death.

Successful as a farmer and business man, being classed among the progressive agriculturists of the State, he took great interest in all matters pertaining to agriculture and education, and kept abreast of the times in these matters. The plantation, under his able management, was one of the model farms of the county.

He was a member and, for several years, President of the Board of Visitors of the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Institute, at Staunton, Va., during the administration of Gov. J. Hoge Tyler; and of the Electoral School Board of Albemarle county; and Deputy Chieftain for Virginia of the American Clan Gregor Society, filling these positions with credit and honor. He was held in the highest esteem by his countrymen, who valued him as a faithful friend, a wise counsellor, an exemplary citizen, and a beloved neighbor, as was attested by the many calls made on him during his lifetime, both in friendship and for advice and counsel, and by the great out-pouring of people of both races to attend his remains to their last resting-place in the family grave-yard at home.

In all the private relations of life, as son, brother, husband, father, neighbor, he discharged his duty with the utmost fidelity and affection—his tender care and thought of his mother being a marked feature of his life.

Of a modest, retiring disposition, correct in all his dealings, chivalrous, honorable, he was a man whose ideals and standards of manhood were the highest. A noble Christian gentleman, and member of Christ Episcopal Church, of Charlottesville, in early manhood he took up his father's work as teacher and superintendent of the Sunday-school near his home. Only a few days before his death, when it was plain that the end could not be far off, having asked his physician with regard to his condition, he said, “You might as well tell me; I am not afraid to die.” Death came to him at his home on March 29, 1913, in the forty-fourth year of his age.

Franklin Minor Magruder was the son of Henry Minor Magruder and Sarah Gilmer Minor, grandson of Benjamin Henry Magruder and Maria Louisa Minor; great-grandson of John Bowie Magruder and Sarah B. Jones; great-great-grandson of James Magruder, Jr., and Mary Bowie; great-great-great-grandson of Ninian Magruder and Elizabeth Brewer; great-great-great-great-grandson of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall; great-great-great-great-great-grandson of Alexander Magruder, Maryland immigrant.

## MRS. WILLIAM WOODWARD.

Sarah Abigail Rodman was born in Rhode Island on September 15, 1840. She used to visit in Baltimore with her sister, who afterwards married Mr. William A. Baldwin, of that city, where she met Mr. William Woodward, whom she married after the close of the war, September 27, 1865. Afterwards they lived in New York City, where she died on September 22, 1913.

She was an associate member of the American Clan Gregor Society, and was much interested in its welfare.

Genealogy of William Woodward, furnished by Mrs. Roberta Julia (Magruder) Bukey, Registrar.

William Woodard was born in Anne Arundel county, Maryland, on the 31st of December, 1835, and died on the 20th of March, 1889. He was married on the 27th of September, 1865, to Sarah Abigail Rodman.

He was the son of Mary Edgar Webb and Henry Williams Woodward; grandson of Clarissa Harlow Magruder and James Webb; great-grandson of Isaac Magruder and Sophia Baldwin; great-great-grandson of Nathan Magruder and Rebecca Beall; great-great-great-grandson of John Magruder and Susanna Smith; great-great-great-great-grandson of Samuel Magruder and Sarah Beall; great-great-great-great-great-grandson of Alexander Magruder and Margaret Braithwaite.

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 JOHN BURRUSS MAGRUDER.

BY W. M. DRAKE.

John Burruss Magruder was born December 6, 1840, in Warren county, Mississippi. He was the son of W. H. N. and Mary (Bangs) Magruder. He died at his home, in San Antonio, Texas, on March 26, 1913.

He was educated mainly at Baton Rouge, La., in the classical school of his father, Prof. W. H. N. Magruder. He was a medical student at the outbreak of the Civil War.

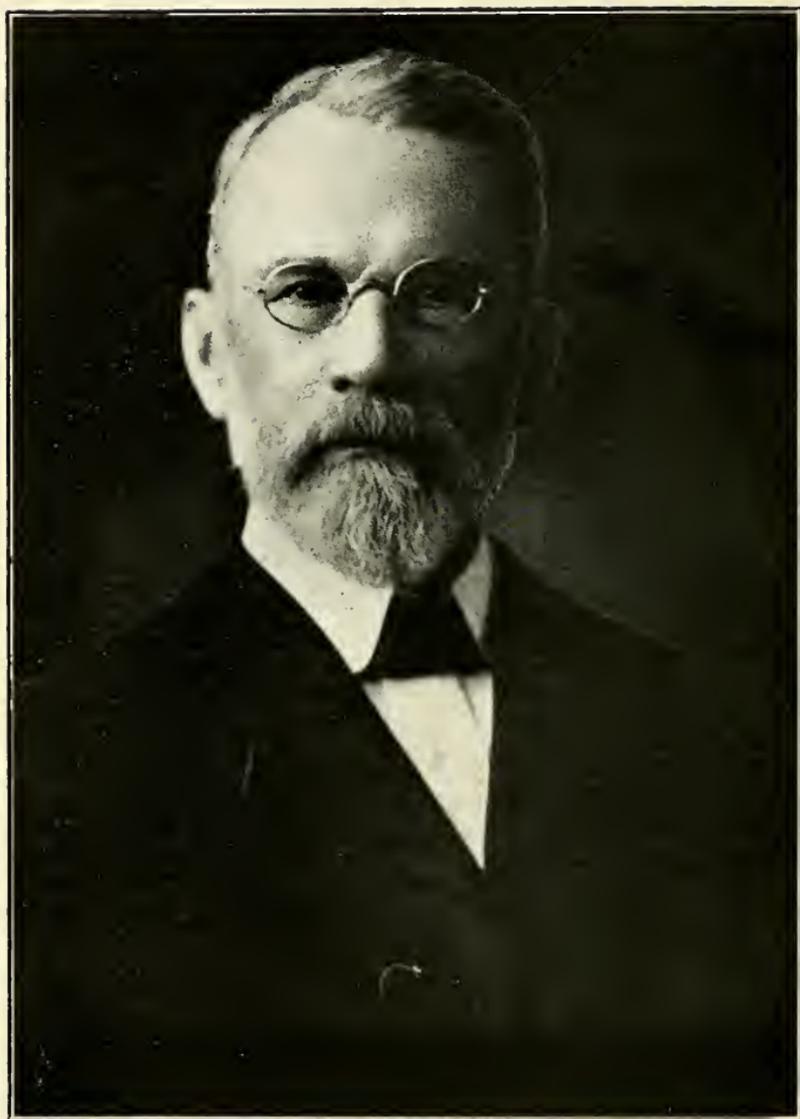
On May 25, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate Army as a member of the Delta Rifles, known officially as Company H, of the Fourth Louisiana Infantry. He soon transferred to the artillery service, becoming a member of the Pointe Coupee Battery. With many others of this organization, he was captured, in 1862, at Island No. Ten, and was confined in the Union prison at Fort Douglas (Chicago) some six months. On being exchanged, he rejoined his battery, and served in that command until after the fall of Vicksburg. He then served in Ogden's Battalion of cavalry until the close of the war. Being near Huntsville, Ala., when news of Appomattox was received, he and two comrades rode hard toward the Mississippi, seeking to



“EDGEMONT,” ALBEMARLE COUNTY, VIRGINIA.  
The home of Franklin Minor Magruder.







JOHN BURRUSS MAGRUDER.

Born, 1840; Died, 1913.

join General Kirby Smith's army in Texas; but at Clinton, La., he learned that the western army would surrender also, and he was there paroled. He took part in the battles of Snyder's Bluff, Farmington, and Baton Rouge, in the desperate defence of Vicksburg, and in many minor engagements.

Mr. Magruder was most fortunately married on November 29, 1866, to Miss Hettie Kleinpeter. In the same year he took up his life work, teaching, and pursued it faithfully until the end, a period of almost half a century. From 1890 until his death he lived in San Antonio, Texas, where he successfully conducted a private school of high grade.

Mr. Magruder is survived by his wife and by five children—Miss Mary Magruder and Mrs. Anna Martin, of San Antonio; Miss Lizzie Magruder, of Chicago, and Messrs. A. L. C. Magruder and P. K. Magruder, of San Antonio. He was a member of the Methodist Church, of the Order of Knights of Pythias, and of Albert Sidney Johnston Camp, No. 144, of Confederate Veterans. He was much interested in the welfare of the American Clan Gregor Society. He was buried in the Confederate Cemetery of San Antonio, the active pall bearers being, in accordance with his wish, young men who had been his pupils.

So much for biographical facts. But they show little of the man, and I crave the privilege of adding a few words, that the Society may know him better.

As a pupil and as a member of his household, I had the honor of knowing him in his middle age, and I have heard of his early life from his father, his brother, and his contemporary friends.

In youth and early manhood Mr. Magruder was restless, enterprising, and adventurous, ready always for a duel or a dance, showing

“The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind.”

As soon as he assumed the responsibility of a family and the duty of teaching, he made his deportment fit perfectly his station in life. His occupation called for great patience and mental fortitude, and these qualities he acquired, but we can well imagine that they came after stern self-discipline.

As a soldier, he was conspicuous among many brave men for his reckless daring. As a citizen, he was a perfect example of respect for law and regard for the rights of others. In his home were candor and freedom, as well as affection. He loved books, and his mind was enriched by an extraordinary knowledge of the best of our English literature. As a teacher, he sought results, and obtained them. Pupils with whom others had failed learned from him, and no pupil left him without learning some one thing well. Shabby work was not accepted, for neither student nor parent was flattered by any show of progress that was not real. Hundreds of his pupils now scattered through the Southwest have cause to thank him for the great life lesson he daily enforced upon their minds, that the standard of work must be high and must be matched. He did a great work, which will follow him.

In the subject of our sketch there was much to remind one of the traditional characteristics of Clan Gregor—iron courage, intense loyalty to family, unconquerable pride. It adds to the glory of the blood that, far from the

crags and mists of its origin, it developed in this new land our noble kinsman, John Burruss Magruder.

Genealogy furnished by Mrs. Roberta Julia (Magruder) Bukey, Registrar.

John Burruss Magruder was the son of William Hezekiah Nathaniel Magruder and Mary Barrett Bangs; grandson of James Truman Magruder and Elizabeth Ann Magruder; great-grandson of Alexander Magruder and Elizabeth Howard; great-great-grandson of Alexander Magruder and Susanna \_\_\_\_\_; great-great-great-grandson of Alexander Magruder and his second wife, Elizabeth Hawkins.

LICENSES issued in Montgomery county, Maryland, for marriages of Magruders (and one McGregor, of Massachusetts) from February 15, 1798, to July 5, 1913.

*(Continued from Page 59.)*

Rebecca D. Magruder and Zadok M. Cook.....	November 27, 1821
Rebecca J. Magruder and Robert G. Davidson.....	October 29, 1879
Robert Magruder and Catharine Offutt.....	March 1, 1809
Robert Magruder and Chloe Ann Howser.....	January 10, 1861
Robert M. Magruder and Lavinia C. Ball.....	March 1, 1858
Robert P. Magruder and Mary Lavinia Higgins.....	October 12, 1886
Rufus K. Magruder and America Pritchard.....	October 18, 1850
Russell Scot Magruder and Catherine Victoria Welsh.....	July 5, 1913
Samuel Magruder and Elizabeth Hawkins.....	March 11, 1801
Samuel Magruder and Eleanor Wallace.....	December 16, 1806
Samuel Magruder and Harriett Becraft.....	February 22, 1814
Samuel Magruder and Rebecca Lansdale.....	April 8, 1815
Samuel Magruder and Eleanor Childs.....	November 23, 1820
Samuel B. Magruder and Eleanor Warren.....	March 21, 1808
Samuel T. Magruder and Elizabeth Worthington.....	January 11, 1844
Samuel W. Magruder and Martha Riley.....	November 23, 1841
Samuel Wade Magruder and Eula H. Petty.....	September 29, 1909
Samuel W. Magruder, Jr., and Rachel A. Magruder.....	October 18, 1877
Sara Magruder and Pierre Christie Stevens.....	October 7, 1885
Sara A. Magruder and George P. Castleman.....	July 12, 1888
Sarah V. Magruder and Zachariah M. Waters.....	May 18, 1858
Sara V. Magruder and Benjamin C. Hughes.....	January 7, 1874
Susie Viola Magruder and Robert Hasylyup Bolton.....	July 3, 1912
Thomas C. Magruder and Mary Anne Magruder.....	April 22, 1812
Thomas L. Magruder and Martha V. Offutt.....	September 25, 1884
Vandalia Magruder and Thomas J. Owen.....	November 17, 1869

*(Continued on Page 65.)*

## MARRIAGES AMONG THE OFFICERS.

INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE REGISTRAR, MRS. ROBERTA JULIA (MAGRUDER) BUKEY.

Deputy Chieftain of Texas, Miss Mae Samuella Magruder Wynn, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gustavus Adair Wynn, was married to Mr. Ike Barton McFarland, Tuesday, April 13, 1914, at St. Stephen's Church, Huntsville, Texas.

Deputy Chieftain of Missouri, Miss Susan Elizabeth Killam, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Thomas Killam, was married to Mr. George Milton Christian, Saturday, August 1st, 1914, St. Louis, Missouri.

LICENSES issued in Montgomery county, Maryland, for marriages of Magruders (and one McGregor, of Massachusetts) from February 15, 1798, to July 5, 1913.

*(Continued from Page 64.)*

Virginia Magruder and William Riley Landon.....	November 19, 1872
Walter Magruder and Mary Childs.....	December 6, 1823
Walter Magruder and Eliza A. White.....	July 3, 1866
Walter Magruder and Minnie Quackenbush.....	February 16, 1887
Walter M. Magruder and Clara E. Walker.....	November 20, 1899
Walter Thomas Magruder and Carrie Willis Case.....	July 12, 1904
Warren Magruder and Harriett Holmes.....	November 2, 1803
Warren V. Magruder and Annie Renshaw.....	November 14, 1893
Wesley L. Magruder and Ann Minerva Hardesty.....	January 7, 1845
William Magruder and Lucy Williams.....	February 15, 1798
William Magruder and Isabella Cooke.....	October 31, 1872
William B. Magruder and Mary Ann Hammond.....	November 19, 1831
William B. Magruder and Elizabeth W. Gaither.....	June 7, 1854
William E. Magruder and Margaret H. Brooke.....	May 21, 1864
William H. Magruder and Susan E. Jones.....	November 22, 1853
William M. Magruder and Mary M. Stewart.....	November 18, 1875
William W. Magruder and Catharine E. Baker.....	March 1, 1860
William Walter Magruder and Leanna Benton.....	June 4, 1833
Winfield S. Magruder and Ella Magruder.....	November 23, 1874
Zachariah L. Magruder and Alice E. Duvall.....	April 30, 1866
Zachariah L. Magruder and Belle Warfield.....	December 22, 1873
Zadok Magruder and Rachael Cook.....	November 28, 1822

## NOTICES.

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The Editor will be obliged if members will notify him of any errors in the Year Book, especially of any in the list of members. He will also be glad to receive any information concerning the Clan or its members which would be of interest to publish in the Year Book.

Members will please notify the Scribe, promptly, of any change of address.

On the death of any member the relations will please notify the Historian promptly, and send an obituary of the deceased member, to be read at the next Clan gathering.

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## ERRATA.

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The Year Book of 1911-'12 should have the following corrections made in it:

Page 115, line 4 from bottom, insert near after "until."

Page 116, line 16, substitute **Bar** for "Car."

Page 116, lines 20 and 21 should read **Stonewall Camp Confederate Veterans, Portsmouth, Va., in 1884 and 1885, and again in 1906, 1907, and 1908 in the place of "Stonewall Jackson Camp of Confederate Veterans in 1884 to 1908."**

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF ENROLLED MEMBERS.

(c) indicates charter members.

Figures in front of names indicate enrollment number.

Maiden names of married members are in parentheses.

A star (\*) in front of enrollment numbers indicates minor members.

An asterisk (†) in front of enrollment numbers indicates associate members.

Deceased members on Page 77.

## MEMBERS.

- †256 Addison, Arthur Downing Upshur, Eastville, Va.  
 371 Addison, Edward Magruder Tutwiler, Eastville, Va.  
 255 Addison, Mrs. Minnie (Chewning), Eastville, Va.  
 32c Allen, Mrs. Dorothy Edmonston (Zimmerman), The Chevy Chase, Washington, D. C.  
 51c Bailey, Miss Maria Forrest, Treasury Department, Washington, D. C.  
 364 Ballard, Mrs. Varnett Reynolds, Eleventh and Main Streets, Shelbyville, Ky.  
 45 Barrett, Mrs. Florence Magruder (Wynne), Huntsville, Texas.  
 317 Beall, Mrs. Margaret Dorsey (Waters), Olney, Montgomery Co., Md.  
 196 Beall, Miss Ruth, 23 Boone Avenue, Winchester, Ky.  
 20c Berry, Miss Elizabeth Ruff, 3014 Garrison Avenue, Baltimore, Md.  
 18 Berry, Mrs. Minnie Lee (Magruder), 3014 Garrison Avenue, Baltimore, Md.  
 275c Bethel, Mrs. Helen Magruder (Bukey), Vienna, Va.  
 †170 Birkhead, Mrs. Annie Leonidine (Clowes), Proffit, Va.  
 181 Birkhead, Miss Cornelia Rachel Magruder, Proffit, Va.  
 192 Birkhead, Edgar Belt, 2204 Center Street, Dallas, Texas.  
 37 Birkhead, Edward F., Jr., Fredericksburg, Va.  
 106 Birkhead, Miss Ella Bowie, Proffit, Va.  
 182c Birkhead, Miss Mary Eliza, Proffit, Va.  
 97 Birkhead, Robert George, Proffit, Va.  
 96c Birkhead, Miss Thea Sallie, Proffit, Va.  
 159 Birkhead, Thomas Graves, Proffit, Va.  
 \*133 Black, Bryan, Jr., 1729 Coliseum Street, New Orleans, La.  
 \*132 Black, Miss Elizabeth Hennlin, 1729 Coliseum Street, New Orleans, La.  
 130 Black, Mrs. Henrietta Kingsley Hutton (Cummings), 1729 Coliseum Street, New Orleans, La.  
 \*131 Black, Miss Laura Kingsley, 1729 Coliseum Street, New Orleans, La.  
 247 Bonnie, Mrs. Clara Bruce (Haldeman), 517 Ormsby Avenue, Louisville, Ky.  
 110c Bowie, Mrs. Agnes Woods (MacGregor), 17 R Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

- \*237 Bowie, Frank Bakewell, 315 W. Lee Street, Louisville, Ky.  
 111c Bowie, George Calvert, 17 R Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.  
 138c Bowie, Miss Helen Swann, 17 R Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.  
 139c Bowie, John Francis MacGregor, 17 R Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
- \*235 Bowie, Miss Margaret Bakewell, 315 West Lee Street, Louisville, Ky.  
 157 Bowie, Nathaniel Mortimer, 1037 Garvin Place, Louisville, Ky.
- \*234 Bowie, Nathaniel Mortimer, Jr., 315 West Lee Street, Louisville, Ky.  
 145c Bowie, Richard Somervell, "The Sheridan," Washington, D. C.
- \*236 Bowie, Thomas Somervell, 315 West Lee Street, Louisville, Ky.  
 233c Boyd, Miss Ida, 923 South Union Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 273 Boyd, Leroy Stafferd, 604 Harvard Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.  
 276 Brandon, Mrs. Nellie Wailes, 507 North Pearl Street, Natchez, Miss.  
 327 Brooks, Mrs. Mary Sophonia (McCormick), 410 Eleventh Street, S. E., Washington, D. C.
- †222 Bukey, Mrs. Adelia Alberta (Osburn), 631 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.  
 9 Bukey, Benton Magruder, R. R. Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
- †37c Bukey, John Spencer, Vienna, Va.  
 8c Bukey, Mrs. Roberta Julia (Magruder), Vienna, Va.
- 193 Chewing, John William, Concord, Florida.  
 150 Christian, Mrs. Susan Elizabeth (Killam), Shelbina, Mo.  
 263 Clarke, Mrs. Laura Wolfe, 1236 Madison Avenue, Chicago, Ill.  
 231 Cobb, Mrs. Mattie Lou (Magruder), 327 Second Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.  
 243 Cobb, Miss Norma, 327 Second Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.  
 345 Cockey, Edward Thomas, C. P. A., 580 West 183d Street, New York City.
- 334 Coleman, William M., 854 West 181st Street, New York City.  
 356 Cox, Mrs. Mamie Staunton Wynne, Huntsville, Texas.  
 119 Cummings, Miss Laura Lee, 1729 Coliseum Street, New Orleans, La.  
 109 Cummings, Mrs. Laura Turpin (Hutton), 1729 Coliseum Street, New Orleans, La.
- 149c Cunningham, Mrs. Jennie (Morton), 828 Clay Street, Shelbyville, Ky.  
 259 Davis, Mrs. Adelina Magruder (Wyatt), Petersburg Hospital, Petersburg, Va.
- 183 Deemy, Mrs. Bessie (Riddle), 317 East Chillicothe Avenue, Bellefontaine, Ohio.
- \*186 Deemy, John Riddle, 317 East Chillicothe Avenue, Bellefontaine, Ohio.
- \*187 Deemy, Miss Ruth Gorton, 317 East Chillicothe Avenue, Bellefontaine, Ohio.
- 354 De Jarnettes, Horatio Erskine, Princeton, W. Va.  
 260 Donnan, Maxwell Kenan, 13 Perry Street, Petersburg, Va.  
 261 Donnan, Miss Sallie Ward Branch, 13 Perry Street, Petersburg, Va.  
 205c Dorsett, William Newman, 414 Eleventh Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.

- †206c Dorsett, Mrs. Roberta Hoxton (Coombe), 414 Eleventh Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.
- \*208 Dorsett, Miss Suzie Mitchell, 414 Eleventh Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.
- \*207 Dorsett, Telfair Bowie, 414 Eleventh Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.
- 238 Drake, Joseph Turpin, Port Gibson, Miss.
- 30 Drake, Winbourne Magruder, Vicksburg, Miss.
- 352 Evans, Mrs. Bernice Churchill Hedges, 337 Sherman Avenue, Denver, Col.
- 100 Ewell, Miss Alice Maud, R. F. D., Haymarket, Va.
- 310 Ewell, Miss Charlotte, 1423 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Md.
- 17 Ewell, Miss Eleanor Mildred Beale, Hickory Grove, Va.
- †103 Ewell, Mrs. Mary Jane (Ish), Ruckersville, Va.
- 22 Ewell, Miss Helen Woods, Ruckersville, Va.
- 21c Ewell, Dr. Jesse, Ruckersville, Va.
- 88c Ewell, Jesse, Jr., Ruckersville, Va.
- 262 Ewell, John Smith M., R. F. D., Haymarket, Va.
- 279 Ewell, John Smith, Jr., R. F. D., Haymarket, Va.
- 23 Ewell, Miss Laura Susan Lavinia, Ruckersville, Va.
- 134c Ewell, Miss Mary Eleanor, R. F. D., Haymarket, Va.
- 101c Ewell, Miss Mary Ish, Ruckersville, Va.
- †128c Ferneyhough, Mrs. Elizabeth (Waller), Forest Hill, Richmond, Va.
- 172c Ferneyhough, Miss Fannie Ashlie, 411 Ninth Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.
- 27c Ferneyhough, John Bowie, Forest Hill, Richmond, Va.
- 202 Ferneyhough, Dr. Robert Edward, Warrenton, Va.
- 385 Fields, Mrs. Grace McLaughlin, 261, Alsina, Buenos Aires, S. A.
- 387 Frisbee, Mrs. Mamie Button, 804 Sixth Street, Sheldon, Iowa.
- 321 Gallaher, Miss Eleanor Magruder Briscoe, Waynesboro, Va.
- 322 Gallaher, Miss Juliet Hite, Waynesboro, Va.
- 74c Gantt, Mrs. Helen Woods (MacGregor), 224 East Capitol Street, Washington, D. C.
- 60c Gantt, Miss Helen Woods MacGregor, 224 East Capitol Street, Washington, D. C.
- 75c Gantt, Miss Jessie Waring, 224 East Capitol Street, Washington, D. C.
- 252 Gassaway, Mrs. Helen (Muncaster), Rockville, Md.
- 253 Gassaway, Miss Helen Muncaster, Rockville, Md.
- \*254 Gassaway, Miss Rosalie Hanson, Rockville, Md.
- \*177 Golladay, Miss Dorothy Katherine, 4508 Fourteenth Street, Washington, D. C.
- 165c Golladay, Mrs. Rose Virginia (Ferneyhough), 4508 Fourteenth Street, Washington, D. C.
- 287 Goodwin, Mrs. Dora Hedges, Emporia, Va.
- 278 Green, Edward Leonidas, Rockville, Md.
- \*116 Green, Ivan Marshall, Jr., Stafford, Va.
- †115c Green, Mrs. Kate Evelyn (Makely), Stafford, Va.

- 117 Green, Mrs. Inez (MacGregor), Stafford, Va.  
 277 Greene, Mrs. Adelaide Stone Street, Rockville, Md.  
 118 Grieser, Mrs. Mary Ridout (Green), Stafford, Va.  
 \*267 Griffin, Miss Anne Mary, Springfield, Md.  
 \*123 Griffin, Miss Caroline Hill, Springfield, Md.  
 \*124 Griffin, Miss Elenor Bryan, Springfield, Md.  
 \*126 Griffin, Miss Elizabeth Marshall, Springfield, Md.  
 \*125 Griffin, Miss Frances Fenwick, Springfield, Md.  
 121 Griffin, Mrs. Mary Edelweiss (Marshall), Springfield, Md.  
 †122c Griffin, Robert Bryan, Springfield, Md.  
 347 Griffiths, Arthur Llewellyn, Haliden, Cumberland Mills, Maine.  
 †71 Grimes, Dr. Lewis Allen, Concord, Ky.  
 52 Grimes, Mrs. Mary (Magruder), Concord, Ky.  
 246 Haldeman, Mrs. Elizabeth Robards (Offutt), 517 Ormsby Avenue,  
 Louisville, Ky.  
 19c Hammond, Mrs. Minnie Magruder (Berry), 3904 Norfolk Avenue,  
 Baltimore, Md.  
 69 Henry, Mrs. Kate (Kearney), 2021 I Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.  
 218c Higgins, Mrs. Laura Cook (Muncaster), Rockville, Md.  
 219 Higgins, Miss Laura Magruder, Rockville, Md.  
 148 Hill, Albert Sydney, 3680 Seventh Street, San Diego, Cal.  
 162c Hill, Miss Fredericka Dean, Upper Marlboro, Md.  
 147c Hill, Miss Henrietta Sophia May, Upper Marlboro, Md.  
 \*376 Hill, Miss Mary Alice, R. F. D., Landover, Md.  
 142 Hill, Miss Mary Therese, R. F. D., Landover, Md.  
 \*375 Hill, William M., III., R. F. D., Landover, Md.  
 146c Hill, William Skinner, Upper Marlboro, Md.  
 137 Hooe, Mrs. Augusta Hooe (Magruder), Croome, Md.  
 11 Hooe, Miss Mary Bernard, Croome, Md.  
 232 Hooe, Rice Hansbrough, Croome, Md.  
 286 Jenkins, Mrs. Adelaide Lowe, 1300 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md.  
 342 Johnson, Mrs. Isabel Gregory, 329 W. Washington Street, Alex-  
 andria, Va.  
 293 Jones, Captain Hilary Pollard, Jr., care Navy Department, Washing-  
 ton, D. C.  
 77c Jones, Miss Lucy Marshall, Markham, Va.  
 217c Jones, Colonel Spencer Cone, Rockville, Md.  
 136c Keyser, Mrs. Caroline (DeJarnette), Washington, Va.  
 299 Knibb, Mrs. Elizabeth Boyd Crockett, Wytheville, Va.  
 341 Kollock, Mrs. Elizabeth Olivia Wolfe, 525 Belmont Avenue, Seattle,  
 Washington.  
 343 Leadbeater, Mrs. Janet Boyd Gregory, North Washington Street,  
 Alexandria, Va.  
 295 Lee, Mrs. Ada Beall Cochrane, 2006 White Avenue, Austin, Texas.  
 †257 Lee, Mrs. Elizabeth (Dysart), Winona Lake, Ind.  
 358 Leonard, Walter Magruder, 433 North Main Street, Fostoria, Ohio.  
 284 Lester, Mrs. Neal Drane, Batesville, Miss.

- \*285 Lester, Walter Hugh Drane, Batesville, Miss.  
 112 Lewis, Mrs. Matilda Frances (Beall), 753 Milwaukee Avenue, Denver, Col.  
 251 Linthicum, Mrs. Ella Magruder (Stonestreet), Rockville, Md.  
 372 Lyles, Mrs. Stella Pendleton, Virginia, Cass Co., Ill.  
 \*350 MacGregor, Alaric Rideout, Stafford, Va.  
 359 MacGregor, Miss Eleanor Barstow, 295 Spring Street, Portland, Me.  
 163c MacGregor, Miss Elizabeth, Forestville, Md.  
 164c MacGregor, Miss Ellen Ewell, Forestville, Md.  
 294 MacGregor, Harlan Page, Wheeling, W. Va.  
 280 MacGregor, John Hister, Stafford, Va.  
 216 MacGregor, Miss Mabel Clair, Sessford, Ocean View, Va.  
 283 MacGregor, Mrs. Mary Eliza, Stafford, Va.  
 369 MacGregor, Miss Nannie Bowie, 3803 Jocelyn Street, Chevy Chase, D. C.  
 201c MacGregor, Miss Rebecca Mason, 501 Second Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.  
 368 MacGregor, Miss Rosa Lee, 3803 Jocelyn Street, Chevy Chase, D. C.  
 179c MacGregor, Miss Sarah Louise, Forestville, Md.  
 346 MacGregor, Thomas Burnett, Frankfort, Ky.  
 135c Mackall, Mrs. Evelyn (Bowie), 732 Ninth Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.  
 \*129c Magruder, Miss Alaville, Charlottesville, Va.  
 13c Magruder, Arthur Hooe Staley, Gunther Building, Baltimore, Md.  
 6c Magruder, Caleb Clarke, Annapolis, Md.  
 5c Magruder, Caleb Clarke, Jr., Upper Marlboro, Md.  
 127 Magruder, Cecilius Calvert, 23 State Circle, Annapolis, Md.  
 141 Magruder, Miss Cornelia Francis, 309 Bouvelard, Tampa, Florida.  
 270 Magruder, Daniel Randall, 23 State Circle, Annapolis, Md.  
 339 Magruder, Dudley Boston, Rome, Ga.  
 225c Magruder, Edward, Beltsville, Md.  
 1c Magruder, Dr. Edward May, Charlottesville, Va.  
 4c Magruder, Egbert Watson, Richmond, Va.  
 55c Magruder, Miss Eliza Nicholson, Annapolis, Md.  
 49c Magruder, Miss Elizabeth Cummins, 765 Quebec Street, Washington, D. C.  
 †43 Magruder, Mrs. Elizabeth Dunbar (Long), Eastham, Va.  
 \*319 Magruder, Miss Elizabeth Dunbar, Eastham, Va.  
 †14c Magruder, Mrs. Elizabeth Rice (Nalle), Annapolis, Md.  
 7c Magruder, Dr. Ernest Pendleton, R. F. D., Glendale, Md.  
 \*355 Magruder, Ernest Pendleton, Jr., R. F. D., Glendale, Md.  
 †144 Magruder, Mrs. Eva (Liter), 307 West Walnut Street, Louisville, Ky.  
 128c Magruder, Miss Evelina, Charlottesville, Va.  
 373 Magruder, Miss Frances Virginia, Yates Center, Kansas.  
 258 Magruder, George Corbin Washington, Choctaw, Oklahoma.  
 337 Magruder, George Hillary, Rome, Georgia.  
 81 Magruder, Dr. George Mason, U. S. P. H. S., Portland, Oregon.

- 104c Magruder, Herbert Staley, 62 Home Life Building, Washington, D. C.  
 2c Magruder, Horatio Erskine, Keswick, Va.  
 265 Magruder, Herbert Johnston, Oak Hill, Florida.  
 †82 Magruder, Mrs. Isadora Carvallo (Causten), Medical Building,  
 Portland, Oregon.  
 361 Magruder, Rev. James Mitchell, Annapolis, Md.  
 25 Magruder, James Opie, Danville, Va.  
 \*301 Magruder, James Person, 1516 Amelia Street, New Orleans, La.  
 35 Magruder, Dr. James William, Mechanicsburg, Ohio.  
 228 Magruder, Miss Jane Beall, Beltsville, Md.  
 56 Magruder, John Read, Annapolis, Md.  
 3c Magruder, Mrs. Julia May (Chewning), Keswick, Va.  
 382 Magruder, Lilburn Duerson, care Crutchfield & Woolfolk, Pittsburg,  
 Pa.  
 307 Magruder, Miss Lizzie, 61 Washington Place, Chicago, Ill.  
 332 Magruder, Lieutenant Lloyd Burns, 104 Thirty-Fourth Street, East  
 Savannah, Georgia.  
 264 Magruder, Mrs. Lula Barnes, Oak Hill, Florida.  
 50c Magruder, Miss Margaret, 763 Quebec Street, Washington, D. C.  
 †48c Magruder, Mrs. Margaret Jane (Graham), 765 Quebec Street, Wash-  
 ington, D. C.  
 †362 Magruder, Mrs. Margaret M., Annapolis, Md.  
 33 Magruder, Miss Maria Louisa, Eastham, Va.  
 155c Magruder, Mrs. Martha (Lumsdon), Rockville, Md.  
 212c Magruder, Miss Mary, Sandy Spring, Md.  
 36c Magruder, Miss Mary Blanche, "The Everett," Washington, D. C.  
 333 Magruder, Mrs. Mary Blue (Hull), 104 Thirty-Fourth Street, East  
 Savannah, Ga.  
 †143c Magruder, Mrs. Mary Cole (Gregory), Charlottesville, Va.  
 304 Magruder, Miss Mary Harrelson, 124 Dallas Street, San Antonio,  
 Texas.  
 336 Magruder, Miss Mary Louise, Rome, Georgia.  
 335 Magruder, Miss Mary Lynn, Lynnwood, Montgomery Avenue,  
 Bryn Mawr, Penn.  
 \*314 Magruder, Miss Mary Martin, 924 Madison Avenue, Baltimore, Md.  
 54c Magruder, Miss Mary Nicholson, Annapolis, Md.  
 57 Magruder, Miss Mary Randall, Annapolis, Md.  
 227c Magruder, Miss Mary Teresa, Beltsville, Md.  
 318 Magruder, Mrs. Maryel Alpina (MacGregor), R. F. D., Glendale, Md.  
 370 Magruder, Miss Mattie Beall, 1122 Fifth Avenue, Columbus, Ga.  
 10 Magruder, Mercer Hampton, Upper Marlboro, Md.  
 †330 Magruder, Mrs. Nannie Gates, 1122 Fifth Avenue, Columbus, Ga.  
 90 Magruder, Miss Nannie Hughes, Port Gibson, Miss.  
 47c Magruder, Oliver Barron, 765 Quebec Street, Washington, D. C.  
 178c Magruder, Oliver Graham, 765 Quebec Street, Washington, D. C.  
 305 Magruder, Richard Brooke, 609 Lewis Building, Portland, Oregon.  
 113 Magruder, Robert Lee, 1122 Fifth Avenue, Columbus, Ga.

- 91 Magruder, Robert Lee, Jr., 1122 Fifth Avenue, Columbus, Ga.
- \*46 Magruder, Roger Gregory, Charlottesville, Va.
- 120 Magruder, Miss Rosa, Port Gibson, Miss.
- †248 Magruder, Mrs. Rosa (Williamson), Danville, Va.
- 105 Magruder, Miss Rosalie Stuart, 23 State Circle, Annapolis, Md.
- 325 Magruder, Mrs. Rosalind Geddes, 2030 Fifteenth Street, N. W.,  
Washington, D. C.
- 226c Magruder, Russell, Beltsville, Md.
- \*320 Magruder, Miss Sallie Watson, Eastham, Va.
- 230 Magruder, Miss Sarah Cummins, Beltsville, Md.
- 338 Magruder, Simpson Fouchi, Rome, Ga.
- 15c Magruder, Thomas Nalle, Mitchellville, Md.
- 12 Magruder, Thomas Pickett, U. S. N., Navy Department, Washington,  
D. C.
- 331 Magruder, Dr. Thomas V., 719 American Trust Building, Birmingham,  
Ala.
- 34c Magruder, Versalius Seamour, Mechanicsburg, Ohio.
- 94 Magruder, Willett Clark, 307 West Walnut Street, Louisville, Ky.
- \*95 Magruder, Willett Clark, Jr., 307 West Walnut Street, Louisville, Ky.
- 349 Magruder, William Belhaven Hamilton, 1215 McCullough Avenue,  
San Antonio, Texas.
- 158c Magruder, Dr. William Edward, Sandy Spring, Md.
- 313 Magruder, Dr. William Edward, Jr., 924 Madison Avenue, Baltimore,  
Md.
- \*315 Magruder, William Edward, III., 924 Madison Avenue, Baltimore,  
Md.
- \*302 Magruder, William Thomas, 1516 Amelia Street, New Orleans, La.
- 306 Magruder, Miss Virginia Williamson, 137 Sutherlin Avenue, Danville,  
Va.
- 176 Mannar, Mrs. Martha Willson (Magruder), Rockville, Md.
- 99c Marshall, Mrs. Caroline Hill (Magruder), Springfield, Md.
- 83c Marshall, Miss May Chiswell, Jodie, Fayette Co., W. Va.
- 303 Martin, Mrs. Anna Dalton, Elmendorf, Texas.
- 239 Maynard, Mrs. Henrietta Maria Clarissa (Follansbee), Gambrills,  
Md.
- 297 Mayne, Miss Clifton Ethel, 4011 IZard Street, Omaha, Nebraska.
- 282 McCall, Mrs. Suzie Mitchell, 126 C Street, N. E., Washington, D. C.
- †204c McDonald, Prof. Henry Barnett, College Park, Md.
- 203c McDonnell, Mrs. Julia (Magruder), College Park, Md.
- 29 McFarland, Mrs. May Samuella Magruder (Wynne), Tampico,  
Mexico.
- 291 McFerrin, Mrs. Margaret Roberts, Murfreesboro, Tenn.
- 329 McGregor, Donald FitzRandolph, 653 I Street, S. E., Washington,  
D. C.
- 383 McLaughlin, Mrs. Mary Rebecca Long, 1552, Calle Peru, Buenos  
Aires, S. A.
- 73 McMurdo, Mrs. Sarah Gilmer (Magruder), Wilsall, Montana.

- 308 Merryman, Miss Lilian, Edgemont, Md.  
 309 Merryman, Marvin, Hagerstown, Md.  
 86 Miller, Mrs. Evelyn May (Tyler), Washington, Va.  
 †87 Miller, John James, Washington, Va.  
 168 Morgan, Mrs. Agnes (Chewning), Raleigh, N. C.  
 151c Muncaster, Alexander, 482 Louisiana Avenue, Washington, D. C.  
 199c Muncaster, Mrs. Alletta Magruder (Waters), R. F. D. No. 5, Rockville, Md.  
 \*154c Muncaster, Miss Edna Sarah, 907 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.  
 198c Muncaster, John Edwin, R. F. D. No. 5, Rockville, Md.  
 \*153c Muncaster, Miss Margaret Carter, 907 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.  
 \*215 Muncaster, Miss Margery Ivolue, Cumberland, Md.  
 †214 Muncaster, Mrs. Mary Ivolue (Spear), Cumberland, Md.  
 152c Muncaster, Dr. Steuart Brown, 907 Sixteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.  
 213 Muncaster, Walter James, Cumberland, Md.  
 363 Muncaster, William Edward, R. F. D. No. 5, Rockville, Md.  
 70 Mundy, Mrs. Laura (Offutt), Louisville, Ky.  
 65 Mundy, Mrs. Margaret Ann (Offutt), 126 Weissengen-Gaulbert Building, Louisville, Ky.  
 66 Mundy, St. Mac Offutt, 126 Weissengen-Gaulbut Building, Louisville, Ky.  
 351 de Newberry, Mrs. Fannie Taylor, Cordola, Argentine Republic, S. A.  
 348 Nicklin, John Bailey, Jr., 516 Poplar Street, Chattanooga, Tenn.  
 324 Olmstead, Henry Hall, Indian Head, Md.  
 223 Osbourn, Miss Eugenia Hilleary, Manassas, Va.  
 84 Otey, Mrs. Julia Virginia Magruder (Tyler), Blacksburg, Va.  
 †85 Otey, James Armstead, Blacksburg, Va.  
 191c Palmer, Mrs. Joanna (Mayne), 219 Main Street, Dayton, Ohio.  
 \*210 Parker, Miss Emily Gaines, Eighty-Sixth and Broadway, New York City.  
 \*211 Parker, Francis Bedall, 317 West Eightieth Street, New York City.  
 209 Parker, Mrs. Sannie (Gaines), Eighty-Sixth and Broadway, New York City.  
 31c Passano, Edward Boteler, Towson, Md.  
 †39 Peter, George, Kensington, Md.  
 38c Peter, Mrs. Laura (Magruder), Kensington, Md.  
 40 Peter, Thomas Alan MacGregor, Kensington, Md.  
 311 Pollock, Mrs. Caroline Mayne, 2400 East Thirteenth Street, Denver, Colorado.  
 377 Pollock, Tom L., 956 Olive Street, Denver, Col.  
 \*64 Pope, Milton Smith, 68 Windsor Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
 63 Pope, Mrs. Olive Magruder (Smith), 68 Windsor Street, Atlanta, Ga.  
 292 Powell, Mrs. Mary Cranford, 201 North Washington Street, Alexandria, Va.

- 296 Pratt, Miss Elizabeth Logan, Shelbyville, Ky.  
380 Puckett, Mrs. Laura V. (Magruder), 422 N. Burnett Avenue, Denison, Texas.  
381 Puckett, Miss Lorell, 422 N. Burnett Avenue, Denison, Texas.  
357 Rees, Mrs. Eugenia Farr, 3745 Huntington Street, Chevy Chase, D. C.  
290 Rodgers, Mrs. Mary Beall Hedges, 1011 College Street, Bowling Green, Ky.  
188 Scarff, Mrs. Gorton Riddle, 218 North Main Street, Bellefontaine, O.  
\*190 Scarff, James Gorton, 218 North Main Street, Bellefontaine, O.  
189 Scarff, John Edward, 218 North Main Street, Bellefontaine, O.  
388 Scoggan, Miss Vernett Wilson, 166 State Avenue, Louisville, Ky.  
†180c Sheriff, Mrs. Ann Wade (Wood), Benning, D. C.  
171c Sheriff, Clement William, Benning, D. C.  
328 Sheriff, Mrs. Walter Ann (McCormick), Benning, D. C.  
272 Short, George Ninian, Ideal Building, Denver, Col.  
271 Short, Mrs. Mary Rutan Magruder, 2400 East Thirteenth Avenue, Denver, Col.  
326 Smith, Mrs. Isabel Geddes, 3703 Ingoma Street, Chevy Chase, D. C.  
62 Smith, Mrs. Sue (Magruder), Tuskegee, Ala.  
†108 Sowell, Albert Bingham, 1325 Broadway, Paducah, Ky.  
107c Sowell, Mrs. Nancy Katherine (Wade), 1325 Broadway, Paducah, Ky.  
266 Steel, Mrs. Mary Ellinor, 3003 P Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.  
274c Stevens, Mrs. Sarah Goldsborough Magruder, 1836 Jefferson Place, Washington, D. C.  
58c Stewart, Mrs. Sallie (Magruder), Charlottesville, Va.  
353 Stout, Mrs. Florence Graham Offutt, Frankfort, Ky.  
384 Stover, Mrs. Mary Keen McLaughlin, 1552 Calle Peru, Buenos Aires, S. A.  
360 Talbott, Miss Alice, Washington Grove, Md.  
386 Taylor, Miss Lucy Ann Gilmer, 711 Greenwood Avenue, Richmond, Va.  
173 Thomas, Mrs. Caroline Hall (Stonestreet), 526 Campbell Avenue, Roanoke, Va.  
†174 Thomas, Frank Benjamin, 526 Campbell Avenue, Roanoke, Va.  
268 Thompson, Mrs. Ann Magruder, 108 Eleventh Avenue, S., Birmingham, Ala.  
269 Thompson, Winston Walker, 108 Eleventh Avenue, S., Birmingham, Alabama.  
169c Thrift, Miss Elsie Magruder, Madison, Va.  
367 Toulmin, Priestly, Jr., Birmingham, Ala.  
245 Trescott, Mrs. Kitty Colma (Magruder), Wingfield, Mo.  
194 Tutwiler, Major Edward Magruder, Birmingham, Ala.  
195c Tutwiler, Mrs. Margaret (Chewning), Birmingham, Ala.  
340 Tyler, John, First National Bank, Richmond, Va.  
312 Veirs, Miss Rebecca Thomas, Rockville, Md.  
93 Voorhees, Mrs. Louisa Mason (Ferneyhough), Groton, N. Y.  
378 Vose, Mrs. Lorna Craig Fowler, Lyndon, Ky.

- \*379 Vose, James Wilson, Lyndon, Ky.  
 366 Wade, Mrs. Anna Thomas Magruder, St. Joseph, La.  
 78c Wade, Mrs. Mary Sprigg Belt (Magruder), 2030 Fifteenth Street,  
 N. W., Washington, D. C.  
 79 Wade, Miss Ruth Elizabeth, 2030 Fifteenth Street, N. W., Wash-  
 ington, D. C.  
 300 Wade, Thomas Magruder, Jr., St. Joseph, Tensas Parish, La.  
 200 Wallace, Mrs. Sallie Willie (Chewning), 420 Chestnut Street, Norfolk,  
 Va.  
 160 Waters, Basil Worthington, Route 4, Roanoke, Va.  
 365 Waters, Miss Hannah Cochran, 1334 South First Street, Louisville,  
 Ky.  
 166 Waters, Mrs. Mary Emma (Magruder), Olney, Md.  
 167c Waters, Thomas Clifford, Olney, Md.  
 †316 Waters, Thomas Worthington, Olney, Montgomery County, Md.  
 323 Waters, Rev. William Magruder, Remington, Va.  
 44c Wells, Dr. Walter Augustine, "The Farragut," Washington, D. C.  
 92c White, Mrs. Eliza Thrift (Andrews), White's, Va.  
 289 Whitney, Mrs. Daisy Hedges, Route 3, Box 32, Stockyards Station,  
 Denver, Col.  
 244 Wilcox, Mrs. Caroline Magruder (Sowell), Paducah, Ky.  
 89c Willard, Mrs. Mary Magruder (Tarr), Poolsville, Md.  
 197c Williams, Mrs. Rebecca (Rutan), 200 North Main Street, Belle-  
 fontaine, Ohio.  
 68 Witherspoon, Dr. Ezra Offutt, 100 West Burnett Street, Louisville,  
 Ky.  
 †156 Witherspoon, Mrs. Nell Elliott (Newman), 1111 Fourth Avenue,  
 Louisville, Ky.  
 67 Witherspoon, Mrs. Mary Edmonia (Offutt), 608 West Broadway,  
 Louisville, Ky.  
 72 Wolfe, Miss Helen, 1800 Cumberland Street, Lebanon, Pa.  
 \*221 Wood, Miss Elenor McGregor, Forestville, Md.  
 220c Wood, Mrs. Grace (MacGregor), Forestville, Md.  
 \*281 Wood, Miss Roberta, Forestville, Md.  
 \*241 Woodward, Miss Edith, 11 West Fifty-First Street, New York City.  
 \*242 Woodward, Miss Elizabeth Ogden, 11 West Fifty-First Street, New  
 York City.  
 42 Woodward, William, 9 East Fifty-Sixth Street, New York City.  
 229 Woolf, Miss Elizabeth Kinzar, Beltsville, Md.  
 288 Wynne, Miss Sabra Loise, Huntsville, Texas.  
 249 Zimmerman, Miss Martha Eggleston, 325 South Fourth Street,  
 Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

DECEASED MEMBERS.

- 80c Andrews, Mrs. Sallie Magruder (Ferneyhough).  
 98c Bowie, Thomas Trueman Somervell.  
 161 Campbell, Mrs. Ellen Jane Lynn (Magruder).  
 344 Chapman, Mrs. Julia Gregory.  
 76 Chewning, Charles Dudley.  
 61 Clopton, Mrs. Mary (Boyd).  
 \*184 Deemy, Miss Margaret Saxton.  
 26 Drake, Elijah Steele.  
 102 Ewell, Robert Alexander.  
 114c Green, Rev. Ivan Marshall.  
 140 Jones, James Dixon Magruder.  
 24 Magruder, Franklin Minor.  
 250 Magruder, Dr. George Lloyd.  
 16 Magruder, John Burruss.  
 298 Mayne, Henry Teas.  
 224 Metz, Mrs. Fannie Buchanan.  
 53 Morton, Mrs. Elizabeth Ann (Logan).  
 †59 Stewart, Colonel William Henry.  
 175c Toulmin, Mrs. Grace Douglass (Chewning).  
 41 Woodward, James Thomas.  
 †240 Woodward, Mrs. Sarah Abigail (Rodman).

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