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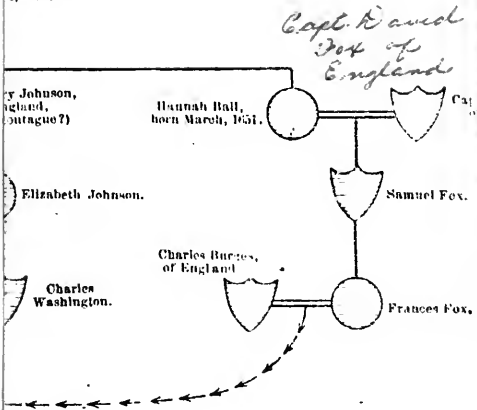
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of London,
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*Capt. David
Fox of
England*

Elizabeth Johnson,
England,
(Outague?)

Hannah Ball,
born March, 1651.

Elizabeth Johnson.

Samuel Fox.

Charles
Washington.

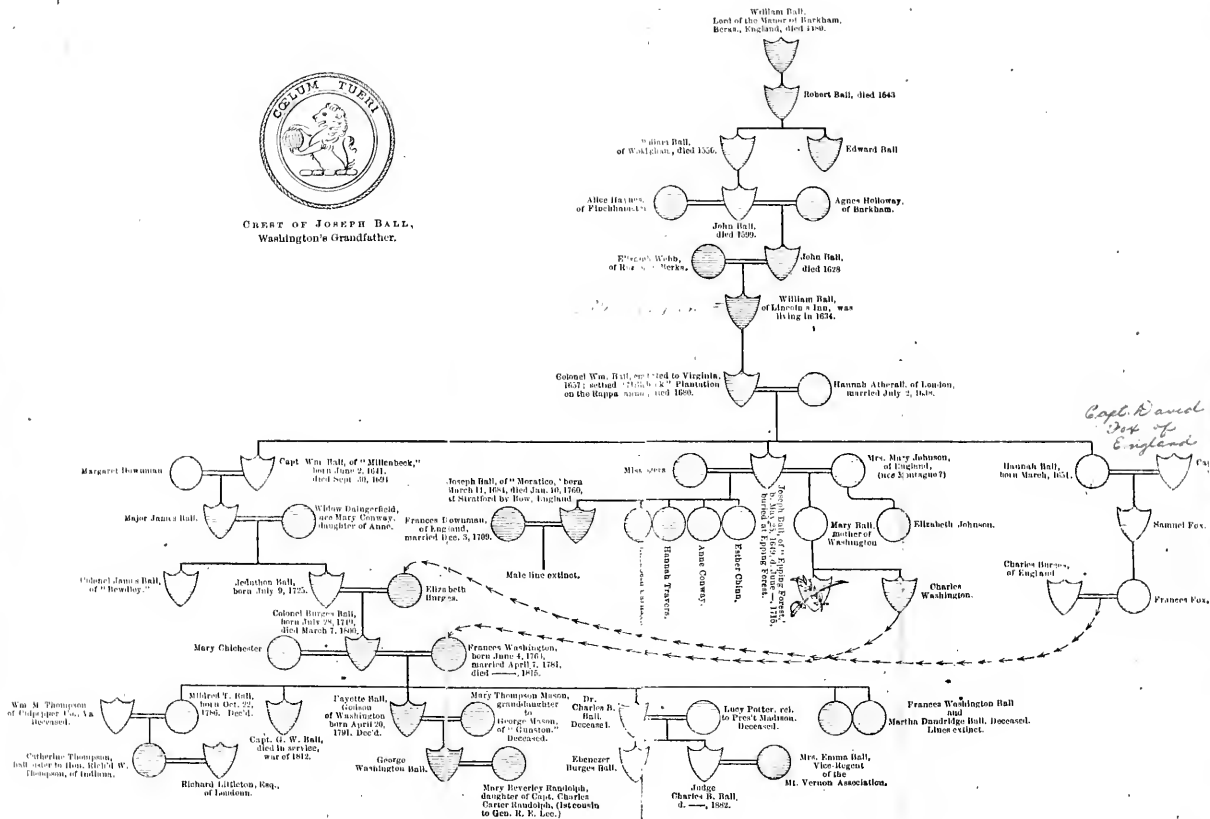
Charles Burges,
of England

Frances Fox.

Frances Washington Ball
and
the Dandridge Ball. Deceased.
Lines extinct.



CREST OF JOSEPH BALL,
Washington's Grandfather.





THE
MATERNAL ANCESTRY

AND ✓

NEAREST OF KIN

OF

WASHINGTON.

—•—
A MONOGRAPH.
—•—

WASHINGTON:

1885.

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THE ancestry of Washington, both Paternal and Maternal, has always been a subject of interest and enquiry with the American people; and that of the De Wessyntons, on the former side, one of much controversy among antiquarians engaged in tracing it.

Though also possessed of some information of possible importance, and conflicting with the most generally accepted theories upon that subject, I propose to confine myself on this occasion to a consideration of the latter, and less known, the *Maternal* side of his house; and, before I pass away myself from this mortal stage, to record, for the benefit of posterity, some fragmentary information concerning it, which exceptional facilities have enabled me, from time to time, to gather, and which extends backward from the present time to the seventh generation before its establishment on American soil.

The name of his mother, familiar now to all mankind, was Mary Ball, a descendant, as we are informed in Bishop Meade's "Old Families of Virginia," of Colonel William Ball, who "came from England, with his family, about the year 1650, and settled at the mouth of Corotoman river, in Lancaster County, Virginia."

Of the immediate cause of his emigration we are not informed, but presume, from its date, that, like that of many others, it was a consequence of the overthrow of the Royal House, and the persecution of its adherents.

In reference to his family history preceding that event, I make, without further preface, the following extracts from an old manuscript before me, the original of which is in the possession of the Downman family of Virginia:

"History of the Ball Family of Barkham, comitatis Berks, taken from the Visitation Booke of London, marked O. 24 in the College of Arms :

"William Ball, Lord of the Manor of Barkham, com. Berks, died in the year 1480.

"Robert Ball, of Barkham, com. Berks, his son & heir, died in

the year 1543. He left two sons, William and Edward. To William he gave his personal estate, and he dwelt at Wokingham. Edward inherited the landed estate.

“William Ball died at Wokingham in 1550, and was succeeded by his son John Ball, who married, first, Alice Haynes of Finchamstead, by whom he had four children, William, Richard, Elizabeth, Joane; and, second, Agnes, daughter of Richard Holloway of Barkham, by whom he had four children, John, Robert, Thomas, and Rachel, and died in 1599.

“He was succeeded by his son, John Ball, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Webb of Ruscombe, com. Berks.

“He died in 1628, leaving five sons & six daughters, William, Thomas, George, Richard, & Samuel, Rachel, Elizabeth, Susan, Als (*sic*), Dorothy, & Mary.

“William Ball of Lincoln’s Inn, and one of four attorneys in the Office of Pleas in the Exchequer, was living in 1634

“His son, Colonel William Ball, emigrated to Virginia in the year 1657, and settled at ‘Millenbeck,’ (his Plantation,) on the Rappahannock river, Lancaster County, Parish of Saint Mary’s, White Chapel.

“He married Hannah Atherald (*sic*: Atherall!), and died in 1680, leaving two sons, William and Joseph, and one daughter, Hannah, who married David Fox.

“Captain William Ball married Margaret, daughter of Rawleigh (*sic*: Raleigh!) Downman, and resided at ‘Millenbeck.’ He died Sept. 30th, 1694, leaving eight sons and one daughter, William, Richard, James, Joseph, George, David, Stretchley, and Samuel. The daughter, Margaret, married her first cousin, Raleigh Downman.

“Joseph Ball, second son of Colonel William Ball, of ‘Millenbeck,’ lived at ‘Epping Forest,’ in Lancaster County, Va. He was married twice; first to (several words illegible here, Miss Rogers is doubtless meant,) by whom he had one son, Joseph, and second to Mrs. Mary Johnson, by whom he had five daughters: Hannah, who married Mr. Raleigh Travers, of Stafford; Anne married Colonel Edwin Conway; Esther married Mr. Raleigh Chinn; Elizabeth married Rev’d Mr. Carnegie, and Mary, who married Mr. Washington, and was the mother of Gen’l George Washington.

“Joseph Ball died in June, 1715, and is buried at ‘Epping Forest.’ His son Joseph, by his first wife, was educated in England, became a Barrister at Law, and married Frances, daughter of Thomas Ravenscroft of London. He returned to Virginia, and resided, for some years, at ‘Moratico,’ in Lancaster County, but finally went back to England, and lived at Stratford-by-Bow, in Essex co., where he died Jan. 10th, 1760. He had only one child, Frances, who married Raleigh Downman. They

returned to Virginia in 1765, and lived at 'Moratico.' They had three children: Joseph Ball Downman, Raleigh Wm. Downman, and Frances, who married James Ball of 'Bewdley,' Lancaster Co., Va."

The following was copied from an old Bible from "Moratico," now in the possession of Littleton Mitchell:

"Joseph Ball, of 'Morattico,' in St. Mary's, White Chapel, in ye County of Lancaster, in Virginia, and Frances Ravenscroft, daughter of Mr. William Ravenscroft, of ye Parish of Westham, in ye County of Essex, in England, were marry'd together in ye Parish church of All-Hallows upon London Wall, Dec. ye 3d, 1709, by Josiah Richardson, ye Rector. (N. B. At that time I lodged in St. Bennet [words here illegible] London, at John Brotherton's.)

"Our son Charles Ball was born at Bennett's Castle, in Barking Parish, in ye County of Essex afores'd, May ye 17th, 1717, and dy'd July 28th, 1719, in Westham Parish afores'd, and bury'd in ye Middle Ile (*sic*) of ye s'd church.

"Our daughter Hetty Betty Ball was born Nov. ye 2d, 1719, & dy'd Oct. ye 7th, 1820; bury'd beside her brother.

"Our daughter Frances Ball was born in Westham, Parish afores'd, Nov. ye 2d, 1720."

Barkham, anciently "Beorcham," was noted as the spot at which William the Conqueror paused on his devastating march from the bloody field of Hastings, as the old chronicle tells us, "Wasting the land, burning the towns, and sleaing (*sic*) the people till he came to Beorcham," whose beauty, nestled amid the green hills of Berkshire, perhaps it was, that stayed his ruthless hand.

A century ago it was a village of some fifty houses, attached to the estate of the Leveson-Gowers.

Its size, manorial limits, and consequent value, in the time of the family which is the subject of our sketch, we do not know. Probably it was not great, as we have no reason to suppose that its members were, at any time, remarkable for wealth, rank, or intellect, but simply men doing their duty in their day and generation, and deserving well of their fellows.

The first mention of the name occurs in the "Domesday Book of Exon," some four centuries earlier still, where a certain "Vice-Comes *Bal*" is named as a landed proprietor.

To be sure he seems to have had but one poor little piece of land, while his comrades had their hundreds of manors, and the Chief himself had no less than 1,422, (fourteen hundred and twenty-two.)

But judging the past by the present year of Grace, 1885, the "getting of gear" was never a family trait, nor even the ability to hold it together when gotten! so our poor Vice-Comes, in spite of his "Barren acres," (or rather Hydes of land,) was, it is likely, as the Scotch phrase it, a "clever enough fellow of his hands," and died under shield, as became his time.

Or, more likely still, this original progenitor of the arch-rebel George Washington was himself a Saxon "*rebel*," dying in defence of his humble hearth and home, or, (like many of his remote descendants,) living stripped of all.

Poor "*Bals*"!—rebellion seems to have run in their blood, and their ill-luck to have led them generally on the losing side.

The passage in question may be found in the Exon Domesday, page 461, and runs as follows: "Rex ht. I ma. que vocat Brantona. Huic addita e. I virg. tre. q. p. tinnit ad (some words illegible here) Bal vice comit die q. rex E f. u. & m. & val p. ann^m XX sol."

Later on, while in the main pursuing the even tenor of their way, and dying, if not unhonored at least unsung, from time to time flashes of spirit may be seen among them or evidence occurs of the general solidity of their stand.

It was Sir Alexander John Ball, Admiral of the Blue, who, about the close of the last century, distinguished himself at the siege of Malta, and was, in consequence, made Governor of that Island.

It was a Major Ball, half a century before, who, alone and unarmed, took his life in his hand and went into the forest of Ladyswood to parley with the Highland deserters, and induce them to return to their allegiance; at which time, it must be remembered, the "Wild Highlander" stood, in English estimation, pretty much as the Modocs, who butchered Canby under flag of truce, did in our own.

In "Dodsley's Annual Register" is recorded his death at "Dingley," his seat in Northants, at a very advanced age, after *sixty* years' continuous service in the British army.

Still further back, a century or so, we find, in an old Local History styled "The Worthies of Devon," a quaint and amusing account of Sir Peter Ball, Recorder of the City of Exeter, who, "being no less eminent for his loyalty than his law," by his adherence to his Royal Master forfeited his office, preferences and the splendid estate of "Mamhead," afterwards the seat of the Earl of Lisburne, and "lieth interred in the church

of which he was sometime Patron. Among other things, he was excellently well skilled in the science of Antiquities, and wrote several volumes thereon, but *with so ill an hand* that they are *not legible*." (Bad show, this, for the records of Exeter!)

Henry Ball, Windsor Herald of the Royal College of Arms, died in office, Feb. 13th, 1686.

On a brass tablet in the Parish church of Llandulph, Cornwall, it is recorded that Mary Ball of "Hadley," Sussex Co., intermarried with Theodore Paleologus, last descendant of the Imperial line of the last Christian Emperor of Greece, which reigned in Constantinople until subdued by the Turks.

Of his ancestor Thomas, who defended the Castle of Salonica a whole year against the Turks, making his escape from that fortress when all hope of relief had been abandoned, and taking refuge in Italy, where Pope Pius II. allowed him an asylum until his death, Mohammed II., Emperor of the Turks, gave this character, that "in the great country of the Peloponnesus he had found many *slaves*, but never a *man* but him."

Many other matrimonial alliances, at various epochs, less noted than this, and to be found in the Baronetage of Britain, among them one of Mary Ball, heiress of "Yately," to Sir Andrew Henley, of the family of the Earl of Northington, and another of Margaret Ball, of "Hatton," to Sir James Campbell, of Aberchill, need not occupy our space here. Nor can we do more than allude to Robert Ball, LL.D., of Dublin, the eminent Irish naturalist, and to the eminent "CRANK," John Ball, one of Doctor Thomas Fuller's "Worthies of England," as illustrations of the success of the stock in other fields than those of Venus and of Mars.

Suffice it to say that, though not filling any very wide space in the world's eye, the Balls of the Old Country, from generation to generation, managed to "keep up their end of the rope," before taking leave of whom for their cis-Atlantic cousins, we will devote a few moments to a consideration of the origin of their common name.

The Patronymic is, in my opinion, strong, simple Saxon. Ball, Bal, Bald, Bold, meaning quick, or swift, and derived, in all probability, like all early personal, not local surnames, from the characteristics of its first possessor; though the fond fancy of some of his descendants has tried to trace, through it, an alliance to Baliol, or Balliol, the Pretender to the Scot-

tish throne, or to Baldwin, King of Jerusalem—the derivation of which latter name is given, in an old work on Antiquities, printed in 1653, as “‘Bald,’ varied into our word ‘bold,’ which also signifieth swift, for commonly with boldness there is some quickness or swiftness annexed; ‘win,’ to overcome (*sic*) or to get by play, or by battail, (*sic*.) ‘Baldwin’ is, then, as much as to say, *Cito vincens*, or soon vanquishing or overcoming.”

And, in another place, the derivation of the name Ball itself is given as “A nickname of Baldwin, a West of England provincialism for Bald.”

To which may be added that in the modern German tongue (based on the Saxon) “Bald,” pronounced Balt, bears the kindred meaning of “soon,” or “early.”

How all this may be, we know not with certainty: nor, in the opinion of many, does it much matter.

“Stemmata! Quid faciunt?” says the satirist. “What” indeed! And yet, perhaps, looked at rightly, of all things human, next to Deeds, Descent is that most to be valued.

All else is material, and “that vanisheth away!”

Wealth may take to itself wings and disappear in a night. *Pleasures* pall, and turn to ashes on the lips in the tasting. *Honors and Place* bring envy and danger in their train!

“*Friendship* hath passed me, like a ship at sea,” is the cry of most empty hearts before their fifth Lustrum!

No! If not yours to write your own name, in letters of living light, high above the “Steep where Fame’s proud temple shines afar,” then scorn not, but rejoice, if with those there written you may claim the sacred tie of consanguinity; that mysterious tie which, while this “Muddy vesture of decay doth grossly close us” in, we cannot understand, but which we are surely justified in believing will outlast the present life, and link together in the great Beyond those whom it bound below.

Per contra, “Better,” as Tennyson (in his capacity as Poet not as Baronet) somewhere sings, far “Better simple faith than Norman blood!” and forever true that Sirocco blast of Byron’s:

“Not all the blood of all the Howards
Can e’er ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards!”

The sum of the whole matter is that *Descent* is good, but *Ascent* is better. He that has either alone, may not despise the other: he that has neither may not despise the possessor of either: while he that has both is to be envied indeed!

Remembering, always, that by "Ascent" is not meant the summit of the hill of Plutus. Better, in the sight of gods and men, the honest navvy at the bottom of his ditch, than the millionaires, of whom this land is full, perched on their piles of money-bags, and elevated by *them only* above the heads of their fellows.

But now "The wind is roaring seaward, and we go" to take ship with William the Exile for the New World, across the "wallowing sea," as poor Sidney Lanier, that bright genius too early quenched, calls it in his picture of the passage of the *Mayflower*. I never read his "Centennial Ode" but once, but that epithet has stuck by me as worthy to be classed with the "Poluphloisboio thalasses" of the Father of Poetry. But this is a digression!

That the transplanted scion took vigorous root, and flourished in Virginia soil, we find evidence in the pages of the work of the venerable Bishop Meade, before referred to, who, speaking of the old Colonial White Chapel Church, near which Colonel Ball settled, says: "The first church was torn down. From the vestry-book it appears that the present one was built in 1740, (just 83 years after the arrival of the Exile.) In that year Major James Ball and Mr. Joseph Ball are allowed to build a gallery in the church (at their own expense) for their families, provided it be completed at the same time with the church, and finished in the same style with the west gallery.

Leave is also granted to two other of the Balls and two Mr. Burgeses to build an end gallery on the same terms. * * * In the year 1724, (nearly 20 years previous to this,) Mr. Bell, the minister, informs his Bishop (the Bishop of London) that there were three hundred families in the congregation. * * * Around, under the venerable pines which enclose the church on two sides, lie a number of those strong, heavy, tombstones, which betoken a deep regard of the living for the dead. Almost all of them are inscribed with the name of Ball, a name which so abounds in the vestry-book, the County, and the State.

Through the kindness of a friend I have a document of more ancient date than any tombstone inscription there.

It is a description of the Coat of Arms of the family of Ball, brought to this country by the first of the name who came over.

The Coat of Arms has much that is bold about it, as a lion rampant, with a globe in his paw, with helmet, shield, and

visor, and other things betokening strength and courage; but none of these suit my work.

There is, however, one thing which does. On a scroll are these words, as a motto, *Cælum tueri*. May it be a memento to all his posterity to look upward and seek the things which are above.

On the back of this Armorial document are the following words, in a bold hand, such as was common in those days :

The Coat of Arms of Colonel William Ball, who came from England with his family about the year 1650, (1657,) settled at the mouth of Corotoman river in Lancaster Co., Virg'a, and died in 1669, (1680?) leaving two sons, William (of 'Millenbeck,' the paternal seat) and Joseph, (of 'Epping Forest,') and one daughter, Hannah, who married Daniel (David?) Fox.

William (of Millenbeck) left eight sons and one daughter. Joseph's male issue is extinct. General George Washington is his grandson by his youngest daughter Mary.

Colonel Burges Ball is the only child of Jeduthon, the youngest son of James, 3d son of William.

On the Church Records, as vestrymen, &c., appear the names of Cuthbert Powell, Edward Digges, W. Berkeley, Henry Corbyn, John Taylor, Joseph Chinn, Rich'd Chichester, Captain Tayloe, Colonel Conway, Thaddeus McCarty, William Montague, David Fox, John Washington, and others, including no less than seven of the name of Ball. John Carter, Henry Corbyn, David Fox, and William Leech are appointed to take up subscriptions for the support of the minister.

In addition to the above I may state that the County records, as well as the vestry-books, show that the family of Balls was very active in promoting good things.

At an early period of our history a measure was set on foot for educating a number of Virginia youths for the ministry.

It would appear from the County records that this measure originated, in 1729, with Mr. Joseph Ball, of Moratico, the uncle of Washington. The following is the entry :

A proposition of Joseph Ball, gentleman, in behalf of himself and the rest of the inhabitants of Virginia, directed to the Honorable the General Assembly, concerning the instructing a certain number of young gentlemen, Virginians born, in the study of Divinity, at the County's charge, was this day presented in court by the said Joseph Ball, and on his prayer ordered to be certified to the General Assembly.

This Joseph Ball married a Miss Ravenscroft, of England,

where he was educated, and settled in London as a practitioner of Law. I have before me two letters from him; the one addressed to his sister Mary; the other to his nephew, then Major George Washington. (Meade, II, 125.)

The latter, written on the reception in England of the news of Braddock's defeat, runs thus:

STRATFORD, *5th September, 1755.*

GOOD COUSIN: It is a sensible pleasure to me to hear that you have behaved yourself with such a martial spirit in all your engagements with the French nigh Ohio. Go on as you have begun, and God prosper you. We have heard of General Braddock's defeat. Everybody blames his rash conduct. Everybody commends the courage of the Virginians and Carolina men, which is very agreeable to me. I desire you, as you may have opportunity, to give me a short account how you proceed. I am your mother's brother. I hope you will not deny my request. I heartily wish you good success, and am

Your loving uncle,

JOSEPH BALL.

✧ To Major GEORGE WASHINGTON, at the Falls of Rappahannock, or elsewhere in Virginia.

Please direct for me at Stratford-by-Bow, nigh London.

Colonel Joseph Ball, of "Epping Forest," the grandfather of Washington, was twice married—first, to a Miss Rogers, and secondly, to a Widow Johnson, an English lady, whose maiden name is not positively ascertained. In my MS. is a pencil interlineation, made nearly fifty years ago, of the name "Montague," without explanation or reference to authority.

If I ever had other papers or letters bearing on the point, the tide of time, supplemented by war and fire, has swept them away, so I give the entry for what it may be worth, hoping that some one else may be able to substantiate or disprove it.

Even so far back as a hundred years ago this was a mooted and uncertain point, and I am therefore afraid that at this late day we shall never be able to solve it.

• In a letter now before me, dated Sept. 11th, 1789, and written by Colonel James Ball of "Bewdley," in direct reply to certain genealogical inquiries incited by the then recent death of Mrs. Washington, occurs the following passage: "The death of old Mrs. Washington we had heard of before the receipt of yours. I have, according to your request, made inquiry into her genealogy, but have gained very little satis-

factory relative to her mother's family. Old Mrs. Sherman, her niece, of whom I expected most, knows nothing more than that her mother was an Englishwoman; but, upon examining her father's, Joseph Ball's, will, I find her mother's name was Mary, and that she had a daughter whom he calls Elizabeth Johnson, from which I suppose she was a widow of that name when he married her. Indeed, I have heard that she was " * * *."

(NOTE.—Since the date of the above writing I am confirmed in my opinion that she was a Montague, and a member of the English family of that name descended from the extinct Earls of Salisbury.)

Of the first or Rogers marriage, then, was Joseph Ball of "Moratico," who returned to England to live, as said before; and of the second or Widow Johnson marriage, Mary, the youngest child, who married Augustine Washington.

There were also four other daughters, who married, respectively, Raleigh Travers, Raleigh Chinn, Colonel Edwin Conway, and the Rev. Mr. Carnegie, and who are assigned by two of the MSS. in my possession to the first, and by the other to the second marriage. The Downman MS., as already seen, making them the full sisters of the mother of Washington, while the "Bewdley" letter, just quoted from, goes on to say, " * * * * Joseph, the third son of the first William, married Miss Rogers, by whom he had Joseph, born March 11th, 1684; Elizabeth, who married the Rev. Mr. Carnegie; Hannah, who married Mr. Travers; Anne, who married Colonel Edwin Conway, and Easter, who married Mr. Raleigh Chinn. He afterwards married Mrs. Washington's mother, by whom he had HER, and SOON AFTER DIED. His will is dated the 5th of June, 1711."

Which is correct I cannot decide, but the weight of evidence is in favor of the first, or half-blood supposition. It being scarcely credible that Mrs. Sherman could have been ignorant of the maiden name of HER OWN Grandmother; and the pictures we have of the youngest of the family, as the Toast of the Gallants of her Day, rather pointing to the conclusion that her sisters were so much her elders as not to be her rivals.

Mary—the "Rose of Epping Forest"—and reigning "Belle of the Northern Neck," as she was universally styled, would, in common "parlance," be called hard to please, in that, in those times, when marriages were generally early, she did not resign her sceptre until she had attained the ripe age of twenty-

six, (not "love-inspiring sixteen," as Parson Weems would have us believe.)

But, in point of fact, her conduct in this most important matter of a woman's life was only an evidence of the consummate wisdom, calm equipoise of soul, and perfect self-control, so strikingly displayed throughout her subsequent career. Had it been otherwise; had she made a silly, school-girl, mad-cap match at "love-inspiring sixteen," she would not have been the woman that she was, and the world would have wanted a Washington!

The man to whom, on the 6th of March, 1730, she gave her hand and heart, was Augustine Washington, a gentleman of high standing, noble character, large property, and considerable personal attractions, being of fair complexion, tall stature, commanding presence, and an age not disproportioned to her own.

After thirteen years of domestic felicity, this union was dissolved by his death, from gout in the stomach, at the age of forty-nine, and she found herself a widow, charged with the care and training of five children under eleven years of age, and the other heavy responsibilities that devolved on a conscientious Southern mistress under the old *regime*. To both she was equal. How fully the world has seen!

The only memoir we have of this sterling woman, and most fortunate of mothers, is one, now out of print, from the pen of the venerable George Washington Parke Custis, himself so long an object of affectionate interest to the American people, as the last lingering survivor of the Mt. Vernon Fireside.

From his noble and graceful tribute, not having a copy of the work accessible. I can quote only from memory, and from some fragmentary jottings made, long since, for another occasion.

His biography of her opens with these words: "Of that distinguished woman whose peculiar cast of character—whose precepts and discipline in the education of her illustrious son, himself acknowledged to have been the foundation of his fortune and his fame, I scarcely know how to speak.

"It was said by the ancients that the mother always gave the tone to the character of the child, and we may be permitted to say that, since the days of antiquity, a mother has not lived better fitted to give the tone and character of real greatness to her child, than her whose life and actions this reminiscence will endeavor to illustrate.

“ This lady possessed not the ambition which is common to meaner minds ; and the peculiar plainness, yet dignity, of her habits and manners became in nowise altered when the sun of glory rose upon her house in the person of her son.”

The late Lawrence Washington, of Chotank, the playmate and schoolfellow of this son, describes her thus : “ Even now, when time has whitened my hair and I am the grandparent of a second generation, I could not behold that remarkable woman without feelings it is impossible to describe. Whoever has seen that awe-inspiring air and manner, so characteristic of the Father of his Country, will remember the matron as she appeared when the presiding genius of her well-ordered household, commanding and being obeyed.”

Sir Rom. de Camden says of her : “ A writer, whose name refuses to be recollected by me at this time, has spoken to this effect : ‘ If George Washington was great, Mary Washington was greater, for she taught him how to use his natural, divinely implanted gifts and talents to the best advantage.’ No one who has studied the life of the Father of his Country can hesitate in believing that Mary Washington was remarkable for vigor of intellect, strength of resolution, and inflexible firmness wherever principle was concerned ; for these were striking characteristics of her first-born son ; nor can we doubt that she was distinguished by that well-marked quality of genius, the power of acquiring and maintaining influence over those with whom she associated, for that son was peculiarly born to command without seeming so much to rule as to guide or lead.

“ I know of no more interesting study than the study of a mother in the life and character of her child, and in no instance in the World’s history can this more satisfactorily be done than in that of Mary and George Washington.”

Mrs. Ellet says, in her “ Women of the Revolution : ” “ There needs no eulogy to awaken the associations which cling around that sacred name. The great La Fayette observed that she belonged rather to the age of Sparta or Rome, than to modern times. She was a mother framed on the ancient model, and, by her elevation of character and matchless discipline, fitted to lay the foundation of the greatness of him who towered ‘ Beyond all Greek, beyond all Roman fame.’ ”

That singularly sagacious observer, Elkanah Watson, on his Southern tour, soon after the Revolution, passed through Fredericksburgh, and notes in his Diary : “ At this place the

mother of *our* Washington resides, and she was pointed out to me. She is a majestic and venerable woman!"

"It has been said," writes Sparks, after a glowing tribute to her character, "that there never was a great man the elements of whose greatness might not be traced to the original characteristics or early influence of his mother. If this be true, how much do mankind owe to the mother of Washington!"

Nor has Poesy been silent in her praise. On an occasion of deep interest, more than fifty years ago—on which I shall have something to say in another Paper—the contribution of Mrs. Sigourney was a noble Ode, commencing—

"Long hast thou slept unnoticed!

* * * But now we come

To do thee homage, Mother of our Chief!

Fit homage, such as honoreth him who pays.

Methinks we see thee, as in olden time,

Simple in garb, majestic and serene,

Unmoved by pomp or circumstance, in truth

Inflexible. * * *

* * * For the might that clothed

The Pater Patriæ,—for the glorious deeds

That make Mt. Vernon's tomb a Mecca shrine

For all the earth, what thanks to thee are due,

Who midst his elements of being wrought

We know not!—Heaven can tell."

But space fails me, and did it not, "gilding refined gold" were but a useless task.

Instead of, "Pelion upon Ossa" like, piling up testimony of this sort, I will, before closing, record a few characteristic incidents of her generally uneventful life, of which some, gathered by myself or friends from sources now silent forever, have never before been committed to paper.

The Yorktown ball has been better told by other pens, but will bear repeating here, as to most of the present generation of readers it is doubtless new.

On their return march from the capture of Cornwallis a brilliant galaxy of French and Continental officers paused for a few days to enjoy the far-famed hospitalities of Fredericksburgh. In their honor the Old Town outdid herself. All was revelry. A splendid ball was given, to which Mrs. Washington, then in her eightieth year, was specially invited.

To gratify her son, and to do renown to the great occasion, she accepted, and entered the Hall, leaning upon his arm. All eyes were turned upon them—those of the old denizens of

Fredericksburgh with affectionate and familiar reverence; those of the titled and courtly Foreigners with amazement and incredulity. THAT Mrs. Washington! the mother of the Chieftain whose renown filled two hemispheres! No Diamonds! no Lace! no Feathers! no Velvet! no Brocade! Only an unadorned robe of some home-made material, spotless, but severely plain. "Simple in garb; majestic and serene," (as Mrs. Sigourney has it,) she stood, the cynosure of that brilliant assemblage!

"Mon Dieu!" was the comment that passed among the Foreign guests, "if such be the matrons of America, no wonder that she has illustrious sons!"

The first shock of wonderment over, the chivalrous Gauls crowded around her to pay attentions that were almost reverential in their character, until, at an early hour, she took her dignified and courteous leave.

At this ball a great aunt of my wife was present, of whom more anon.

One year later, in the autumn of 1784, La Fayette again, and for the last time, saw her, having made the journey from Philadelphia to Fredericksburgh, for the especial purpose of paying to the venerated lady his parting respects before his return to France. This time he found her in her garden, clad in homespun, with a hat of straw, engaged in working her flowers with her own hands. On bidding her farewell, he asked and received her blessing, and afterwards remarked to a friend that in her case only did the Roman matron flourish in our Modern Day.

The lady above referred to as a connection, well known in Fredericksburgh and the adjacent part of the State as "Aunt M——," was a perfect mine of reminiscences concerning the subject of our sketch and everything therewith connected.

But alas! she died without my having ever seen her, and in the young, pleasure-loving nieces and nephews brought up around her she found but inattentive listeners. By far the greater portion of what she might have told is, therefore, lost to posterity. *Heu! Hiatus deflendus irreparabilisque!*

She was a daughter of Dr. Charles Mortimer, a native of England, but at this time a citizen of Fredericksburgh, the neighbor, friend, and family physician of Mrs. Washington, on whom, whether she was sick or well, and he himself disengaged or busy, it was the rule of his life to call every day to see that she wanted nothing.

Occasionally these visits were returned, but never on foot. Her size, at this period of her life, and the increasing infirmities of age, making walking irksome, she always came in her little phaeton, driven by "Old Stephen."

On these occasions she was clad, in "Aunt M——'s" words, in a "yellow short-gown." "A yellow short-gown! Aunt M——!" her little auditors would exclaim with uproarious peals of laughter. "Yes, my dears, you must remember these were war-times, when everything was scarce, and the very best people dressed poorly enough. I was only thirteen years old, and it's been nearly seventy years since. But I remember her looks as well as if I had seen her yesterday."

The same lady, on another occasion, gave a vivid account of the dinner given by her father to the officers a day or two after the ball before described, at which she (though "only thirteen") was, owing to the sickness of her mother, Sarah Griffin Fauntleroy, and the paternal pride of her father, compelled to preside.

There were present Count D'Estaing, Count Rochambeau, Marquis de La Fayette, and a host of others, both foreigners and Americans, and the little lady's heart was in her mouth, she said, though she *had been* precocious enough to appear at the ball a few nights before.

The table, as she described it, groaned with every delicacy of land and water, served, however, in neither silver nor china, but in *pewter*, massive and polished until it shone again, and this, though the Doctor had been, and was, even then, a wealthy man—such, in part, the effect of the war, and, in part, the fashion of the time.

His house, an immense pile of English brick, still stands on the lower edge of the town facing Main street, with a garden sloping to the river, where, in his palmiest days, his own tobacco ships used to run up to discharge their return English cargoes by a channel long since disused and filled up.

To the last his profession was more a matter of choice than of necessity with him, and he was further impelled to its practice by the solicitations of the people, with whom, both for his skill and character, he was held in the highest esteem.

Though now, of his own volition, a plain republican, he could show a longer pedigree than any one of the nobility of the country he had left, being lineally descended from that Sir Roger de Mortuo Mari who rode, bit to bit, with William at Hastings, to whom he was allied by consanguinity, as

were his descendants to the succeeding occupants of the English throne, down to the time of Edward IV.

To this dinner the Dr., of course, invited Mrs. Washington, but equally of course she did not come, her appearance at the ball having been an extraordinary effort, intended to mark her sense of the importance of the occasion, which was intoxicating the whole people with joy.

And right here, in this connection, I am reminded to refute the charge first brought, I think, by Weems, of disloyalty to the cause for which the Patriots stood in arms, and for which her own son had drawn his sword—that sword which,—

“Fit for *Archangel* to wield, was *light* in his terrible hand.”

Disloyal! Custis emphatically denies and repels the charge. And which is the worthier of credence—the half crazy, fiddling, Pedler Parson, or the adopted son of Washington, the friend of La Fayette, the father, by marriage, of Robert Lee?

One single anecdote, illustrative of her supreme self-control, is all I shall have room for now, as this paper is already growing to undue length.

The loungers about the principal tavern of the old burgh were, one day, startled by the arrival of a courier, who, pulling up his jaded and panting horse, inquired the way to the house of Mrs. Washington.

Anticipating some great public tidings, of either victory or defeat, a dozen volunteered to show and accompany him, a zealous patriot of the street-corner order, a butcher by trade, named Keiser, at their head.

Arriving at her door, they knocked in vain; there was no response; and it was some minutes, which seemed hours to the impatient crowd, before they ascertained that she was at the bottom of her garden.

Unwilling to trespass on those sacred precincts, all hung back but Keiser, who volunteered to pilot the messenger, and bring them back the news.

When found, the matron, gloves on and pruning-knife in hand, was engaged, with the aid of her factotum, “Old Stephen,” in tying up the branches of a favorite grape-vine, which had been broken down by a storm.

Taking the packet she, instead of reading it, placed it in one of the fathomless pockets worn by ladies of the period when about their household duties, and resumed her task, bidding the courier, at the same time, to go to the house and tell the cook to give him some refreshment.

Keiser's eager countenance fell, and he ventured, before withdrawing, to suggest that there might have been a battle.

"If there has been," she responded, "*all is right! I am well assured of that!*" and Keiser had to return chop-fallen to his companions and await with them down town the promulgation of the news.

Most women (or men either) would have been impelled by irresistible curiosity to break the seal upon the instant, but not so she! She had a firm faith that "all was right, be it what it might," and sufficient mastery of herself to rest, for the moment, upon that faith.

This incident, I am aware, may be wrested to argue indifference, on her part, to the great events that were transpiring. But, to be convinced that such was not the true explanation, we have only to remember that she was a *mother*, as well as a citizen.

In the case supposed the act would have been heartless and unnatural! In the case real it was sublime!

Her constant and abounding charity to the poor, her deep and fervent piety, her industry, economy, and vigorous grasp of every detail of business, her abhorrence of everything like insincerity, her proud independence of even her own children, her fortitude under suffering the most excruciating, her humility, with so just cause for pride, I pass over without mention, and hasten to the closing scene, which came early in the month of September, 1789, and was first announced to the President, absent at the seat of Government, by his kinsman, Colonel Burges Ball, as appears from a letter extant to Mrs. Betty Lewis, dated New York, Sept. 13th, 1789, and commencing:

"MY DEAR SISTER: Colonel Ball's letter gave me the first account of my mother's death. Since that I have received Mrs. Carter's letter written at your request, and, previous to both, I was prepared for the event by advices of her illness coming to your son Robert.

"Awful and affecting as the death of a parent is, there is consolation in knowing that Heaven has spared ours to an age beyond which few attain, and favored her with the full enjoyment of her mental faculties and as much bodily strength as usually falls to the lot of four score. * * * When I was last at Fredericksburgh I took a final leave of her, never expecting to see her more.
* * * &c., &c.

"Your affectionate brother,

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

Painters being scarce in colonial days, unfortunately no portrait of this eminent woman exists; and, so far as I am aware, but two authentic relics—one a little trinket, lying before me as I write, the other a book, with her name inscribed, which is now probably in the possession of the descendants of John A. Washington, the last possessor of Mt. Vernon.

In this brief sketch I have not dwelt upon the supercilious allusions of Irving, the fabrications of Weems, nor the silly lucubrations of anonymous scribblers, one of whom absurdly attributes her descent to General Monk, of the British Army.

None of these things can, for a single moment, sully the purity or dim the lustre of the mother's fame, which, like the star of evening or of morning, rides the heavens, eclipsed by, but eternally accompanying, the dazzling effulgence of the Son!

If it shall meet with the approbation of the public I propose, in a future paper, to publish in full the Constitution and documents of the "*Mary Washington Association of America*," incorporated by the Legislature of Virginia, at my instance, some seven years ago, and to appeal to the ladies of the land not to let its dormant charter die, but to take under their active charge the memory of that one of their sex to whom their country, liberty, humanity is most deeply indebted.

For the better understanding of the genealogical facts detailed in the foregoing pages I give them in tree form, from the time of William of Barkham, g. g. g. g. g. g. grand-father of Washington, to the present day.

Of the collateral members of Washington's maternal family, *one*, of whom incidental mention has been made, *Colonel Burges Ball*, deserves some further notice.

Already related, through both the Balls and Burgeses, to the Commander-in-Chief, and afterwards the husband of his niece, he was, for a short time, like John Parke Custis, the step-son, a volunteer Aide, without pay, in his military family, which position, preferring more active service in the field, he soon exchanged for a Captaincy in the Line, rising to the rank of Colonel before his retirement.

Only once during his military career did he incur anything like censure from his superior officers, having on the 5th of July, 1776, the very day after the declaration of Independence, been subjected to a court-martial for negligence in suffering a stranded vessel to fall into the hands of the enemy; of which charge he was honorably and unanimously acquitted by the

Court, of which Major Spotswood was President. (See Amer. Archives, Fifth Series; I, 9, by Peter Force.)

In a letter to John Banister, Delegate in Congress, date 21st April, 1778, the Commander-in-Chief says :

“The spirit of resigning Commissions has been long at an alarming height, and increases daily. In the Virginia Line no less than ninety have already resigned to me. The same conduct has prevailed among the officers from the other States, though not yet to so considerable a degree, and there is great cause to fear that it will shake the very existence of the Army unless a remedy is soon, very soon, applied.”

Through this time of trial Colonel Ball remained true to his colors, “among the faithless faithful few but he,” until thrown out by juniority, not by choice, on the reorganization of the Virginia Contingent in Feb., 1781, when he turned his attention to the sea and engaged in the fitting out of privateers in Virginia waters, though without any marked success.

Were this all, it would be no more than was done by thousands of others at the same period. But in *his* case, purse, as well as sword, was at the service of his country, and the large means with which he had been blessed by Providence were expended, without stint, in her defence.

A letter before me, dated Feb. 1st., 1850, written by the venerable and then infirm Joseph Ball of “Ditchley,” (the old Lee seat, which passed into the hands of the Balls by intermarriage,) contains the following passages: “With pleasure would I give you all the information in my power (and regret only my inability to furnish a more satisfactory account) of Colonel Burges Ball’s Revolutionary services, if I could. I heard, often, of his ardent patriotism and of the great sacrifices he made in the cause, but I can now remember none of the details. That he was a noble-hearted, generous soul, every one understood who knew him, being not only so as a Patriot, but as a relative and private man. I cannot conclude this letter, feeble as I am from a recent attack of rheumatism joined to old age, without expressing the gratification I feel in being able to be of some service, however small, to my fellow-man, more especially to my relations * * * I am still in the land of the living, but how long to remain here God only knows. I cannot remain much longer.”

The writer of this letter was an infant in arms at the time of the Revolution, and a school-boy when Col. Ball left the lower country forever; so it is not wonderful that, enfeebled

as he was by age and sickness, he should have been unable to give more than the general statement he did of a relative who had been then half a century in his grave.

Had investigation been pressed in other quarters, more minute evidence might have been recovered even then. But it is now too late!

The reference, in Joseph Ball's letter, to the esteem in which Colonel Burges was held by all who were thrown with him, would seem to be confirmed by an old letter, tattered and yellow with age, from the gallant Col. Stewart, of the Virginia Line, one of his comrades in arms, which, couched all through in terms of the warmest regard, closes with the words: "Until we meet I wish you every happiness the *worthiest of men* can attain, and am, my Dear Ball, with sincere regard, your most affectionate friend, Walter Stewart."

His correspondence with Washington, in my possession, and never heretofore published, shows the affectionate esteem entertained for him by that least demonstrative of men. But space will not permit me to insert more than one or two of the letters here. One, of confidential nature, asking his opinion of a mutual relative, is as follows:

"PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 4th, 1793.

"DEAR SIR: Previously to the receipt of your letter of the 25th ulto., some persons had been mentioned to me as well qualified for the superintendence of my business at Mount Vernon, and until something is decided with respect to them, (letters having passed on the subject,) I can say nothing further with respect to Mr. Lawrence Lewis. So much am I engaged in public business, and so little have I it in my power to visit or attend to my private concerns, that it becomes extremely necessary (besides fidelity) (*sic*) to have an experienced and skilful man of some weight to manage my business—one whose judgment is able to direct him in cases which may arise out of circumstances that can neither be foreseen nor previously guarded against.

"What the age of Mr. Lawrence Lewis is, what opportunities he may have had to acquire any knowledge in the management of a farm, what his disposition, whether active or indolent, whether clear in his perceptions and of good judgment, whether sober and sedate, or fond of amusements and running about, with other queries which might be asked as well applying to a young man just entering on the career of life, are all matters to which I am an entire stranger, and if you can give me information respecting them, I shall thank you.

"You will readily perceive that my sole object in these enquiries is to ascertain the competency of a character to whom I should

commit an important trust. Consequently going no farther can operate nothing to the prejudice of my nephew, whatever in confidence you may say to me on the foregoing points and such others as may occur to you.

“So far as integrity, and I presume sobriety, would qualify him, I should give him my entire confidence: but though these are very essential, something more, circumstanced as I am, is equally necessary. Was I at home myself, I should prefer a person connected with me, as he is, to a more skilful man that was not, (provided he had no thoughts of soon forming a matrimonial alliance,) because he could aid me in attention to company, which I should stand as much in need of as of one to look after my estate, as my disposition would lead me to indulge (*sic*) in retirement whenever I shall quit my public walks. My love to Mrs. Ball and your family, in w^{ch} Mrs. Washington joins. With sincere regard and friendship, I am y^rs affectionately.

“G^O. WASHINGTON.

“To Col. BALL, &c.”

This Mr. Lewis not only procured the situation for which he was recommended by Col. Ball, but so justified his endorsement of him as to become, at a later day, the husband of Nellie Custis, the adopted daughter of Washington.

Another, and of a very affecting character, preceding, as it did, his own death (to which it alludes) by only a few months, is in acknowledgment of the receipt of tidings of the death of his brother Charles.

And here we may remark that, unless the terms of intimacy on which they stood be taken into consideration, it would be a curious coincidence that it should have been the colonel's lot to be the first to announce to Washington the death both of his mother and of the last survivor of his family, and even then it was certainly a misfortune to have had, as Tony Weller says, “The pleasure of being so often the bearer of ill news.” The first bringer of such tidings having, Shakspeare tells us, “but a losing office, and a tongue that soundeth ever after like a solemn bell.” This letter reads:

“MT. VERNON, *Sept. 22d*, 1799.

“DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 16th inst. has been received, informing me of the death of my brother.

“The death of near relations always produces awful and affecting emotions, under whatsoever circumstances it may happen. That of my brother has been so long expected, and his latter days so uncomfortable to himself, (*sic*) must have prepared all around him for the stroke, though painful in the effect.

“I was the first, and am, now, the last of my father's children by the second marriage, who remain.

“When I shall be *called upon to follow them* is known only to the Giver of Life. When the summons comes I shall endeavor to obey it with a good grace.

“Mrs. Washington has been and still is very much indisposed, but unites with me in best wishes for you, Mrs. Ball, and family.

“With great esteem and regard, I am, Dear Sir, your affection'te serv't,

“G^O WASHINGTON.

“Col. BURGES BALL, &c.”

When the leaves, then reddening with the earliest frost of autumn, were fully fallen, he was “called upon to follow them,” and “obeyed with a good grace,” just *eighty-three* days after the penning of that letter, (Sept. 22d to December the 14th.)

When the latest frost of spring was releasing its grasp upon the embryo buds of another season, after an interval (mark, here, another curious coincidence!) of just EIGHTY-THREE days again (Dec. 14th to the 7th of March) his friend was called, and likewise “with a good grace” answered “*Adsum!*”

The character and history of the subject of this portion of our sketch may be best and most concisely gathered from the following Epitaph, prepared, nearly half a century ago, by one of his descendants, for a stone which was never put in place. *His* grave, like those of many another of his revolutionary compatriots deserving of a better fate, being marked, to-day, only by the wild thorn and the briar:

“Beneath this stone lie interred the remains of Colonel Burges
Ball, of Lancaster:

A man whose services to his country might well deserve the poor meed of Fame posterity has denied him.

“The only son of a wealthy planter, and heir, by his first marriage, to a large estate in England; he was one of the many of Virginia's sons who freely and at once responded to their country's need, sparing neither blood nor treasure in her defence.

“Though, in the annals of his State
justice has never yet been done him;
and on the shore of history,

‘That wide sea, which one continuous murmur breeds,’
one listens now, in vain, for the echo of his name.

“’Tis yet a well-attested fact that his were efforts and sacrifices which might justly claim, even in the hallowed temple of a nation's remembrance, at least some lowly shrine.

“Since all other records, then, have failed,

THIS STONE

may briefly tell that, at the first call of Freedom, he, attaching himself, for a time, to the personal staff

of his near kinsman, the Immortal Washington, soon after led, in person, to the field, a body of Infantry, raised and equipped, to a large extent, at his own expense; with which arm, though small in stature and of feeble health, he remained in active service until made prisoner in the lines of Charleston, in 1780.

“At the close of the war, shattered in health and fortune, he returned to his old Homestead, near Fredericksburgh, Virginia, where, in the exercise of the unbounded hospitality that had ever characterized the well-known and most appropriately named Seat of

‘Traveller’s Rest,’

the remainder of his once princely fortune soon melted away; insomuch that, a few years later, he was glad to retire to a rustic cabin, in what were then the Wilds of Loudoun, where, on a tract of land, the results of his commuted Back-Pay, he spent the remainder of his days, cheered by the correspondence and occasional visits of his old companions in arms;

and where, on the

7th of March, 1800,

amid sorrow, not confined to his own family circle, he died,

Ætat 51.”

With each revolving year it becomes less likely that the stone, so long neglected, will ever be reared. May this feeble tribute to one of the gallant forgotten Patriots of that time, not only partially atone in his case, but incite to similar justice in the case of others; till o’er each

“ —— Warrior’s half forgotten grave,
Where the grey stones and unmolested grass
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave,”

some “Old Mortality” may bend and perform the office I have striven to accomplish here.

To the last letter ever written by Washington to Col. Ball may be added, as an appropriate pendant, that announcing the death of Washington himself.

Railroads, nor even stage-coaches, yet existed, and fifty miles of mud, snow, and mountain roads formed a barrier so impassable that, being now himself a prisoner in what was to be soon his own death-chamber, he was totally unable to obey the summons to the funeral of his great kinsman.

The letter, which must have been sent by messenger, for it bears no postmark, is as follows :

“MOUNT VERNON, *Dec. 15th, 1799.*”

“MY DEAR SIR: Little did I think, when I last saw you, that I should have the painful task at this time imposed on me of informing you of the death of our beloved friend, General Washington. Alas! he is no more. These hands performed the last act of friendship to that great and good man between ten and eleven o'clock last night. He expired after a short illness of about twenty hours. On Friday he complained of a cold, but gave himself little trouble about it. On Saturday morning he became ill. Dr. Craik was sent for. The symptoms appeared alarming, an inflammation having taken place in his throat, which terminated in the disease called the quinsy. Dr. Dick, of Alex'a, and Dr. Brown, of Port Tobacco, were called in, and every medical aid used, but in vain. He bore his distress with astonishing fortitude; and conscious, as he declared, several hours before his death, of his approaching dissolution, he resigned his breath with the greatest composure, having the full possession of his reason to the last moment. While I am writing I conceive it all to be a dream. But when I consider for a moment I find, alas! there is but too much reality in it. The body will be deposited in the vault on Wednesday or Thursday. His executors are Col. Wm. Washington, of Westmoreland; Bushrod, George S., and Samuel Washington, Lawrence Lewis, and G. W. P. Custis.

“Mrs. Washington bore the afflicting stroke with a pious resignation and fortitude which shew that her hopes were placed beyond this life. Present my best and affectionate regards to your good lady, Miss Milly, and the boys, and believe me to be very truly

“Your afflicted and sincere friend,

TOBIAS LEAR.

“Col^o. BURGESS BALL,

“*Big Spring, Loudoun County.*”

This Colonel Lear, for many years the Private Secretary and trusted confidant of Washington, lies himself in the Congressional Cemetery at the National Capital, under a massive, and for that day imposing, monument, inscribed with a glowing eulogium upon his many virtues, but especially his unwavering fidelity to that delicate and sacred trust.

Of the part played by him in a certain remarkable interview between Washington and Jefferson, an incident of the secret history of that day—witnessed by him alone, and of which no public record exists—and in the subsequent, still more remark-

able transactions growing out of it, to which, so far as I know, I alone hold the key, I may enlighten the public at some future time, when able to collect and collate all the papers and memoranda now or formerly in my possession; in connection with which will be published, also, the remaining correspondence, political and other, of which I have given herein only a few excerpts of a strictly domestic nature.

From the Tree before given it is manifest that the nearest living kindred of Washington are to be found in the descendants of this Colonel Ball and Frances Washington, in consequence of the fact that, while *she* stands upon the same plane as all others of his nieces and nephews the heads of collateral families, *he*, at the time of his intermarriage with her, was himself already TREBLY related; the few living descendants of that marriage standing, of consequence, in a FOURFOLD relationship to the Father of his Country.

In view of which state of things it is a little remarkable that in the Invitations issued to the Washington kindred to participate in the Dedicatory Ceremonies of the National Monument, on the 21st of February, this particular branch should have been most especially and markedly slighted; the only one of them present being, as the papers stated at the time, one who, happening to be on the spot, a resident of Washington City, succeeded in procuring a recognition of his claim to be present. And it is in consequence of what I know of this gentleman, and in his behalf, though entirely without his knowledge, that I have selected the present time for giving this paper to the public.

The "*Washington Post*," in describing the incidents of that occasion, narrates that one of the earliest arrivals at the entrance to the section set apart for the Washington kindred was an old gentleman, whose snowy locks, clear-cut features, and high bearing well betokened the relationship he claimed, giving the name he did, of "Ebenezer Burges Ball, grandson of Colonel Burges Ball and Frances Washington."

Since then I have understood that he needs, and seeks of the Government, modest employment suited to his years and qualifications in connection with the object of that day's proceedings.

An adventurous wanderer in California and Oregon for seventeen consecutive years, five of them before the famous "*Era of Forty-nine*," when all west of the Rockies was yet a pathless wilderness:

For twelve years last past the pursuer of a calling, humble but honorable, in Washington City, where his name has become with all who know him the synonym of integrity:

Unfitted by a life passed in camps rather than in courts for situations of a professional nature:

He now, one of the three nearest in blood to Washington, over seventy years of age, of spotless character and Roman presence, asks to "*keep the gate*" of the Nation's Monument to his illustrious kinsman!

Shall—he—ask—in—vain?

“TUERI.”

MARCH 30TH, 1885.

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