The National Society Magna Charta Dames

Instituted March 1, 1909

June 1, 1935

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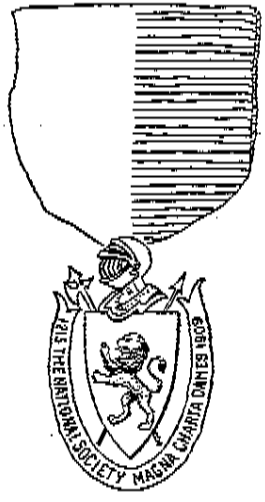

June 1, 1935

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In Memory of Mrs. James Large

A Tribute by Dorothy B. Wurts

Presented at the Annual Meeting, June 12, 1934

ETHEL NELSON PAGE LARGE

Our President greatly beloved
March 23, 1934
Crowned with glory
Gone on before
Into the presence of the King
Beholding His face

"Strength and dignity were her clothing
. . . in her tongue was the law of kindness
. . . her works praise her in the gates."

—Proverbs

Strength and dignity were her clothing!

A regal figure of queenly mien and bearing who lived in the realm of things lovely and glorious—above the tumult of disorder and the unworthy. Hers was a life of perfect control.

In her tongue was the law of kindness!

Her sympathies were universal. Sensitive to the beauty and nobility of human personality, she was never critical but commending. Freely her time was given in encouraging those who were unfortunate or perplexed and in seeking help for them and the word of praise or appreciation was never overlooked.

Her works praise her in the gates!

She was a true artist recording in her paintings and poetry the beauty of life as she had seen it.

For several years she was President of the Colonial Dames of America, Chapter II, and our beloved President in the Magna Charta Dames, and these offices she filled with charming grace.

Loving all people, she gave unsparingly of her time and talents that she might share with them the joys and blessings which had been hers. The children in the Willing Day Nursery, in the Joy Settlement House, in the Bethesda Orphanage, and in the Daily Vacation Bible Schools, the men and boys of the street, in the Neighborhood Club at Front and Queen Streets, the soldiers and sailors in the United Service Club, the actresses in the Charlotte Cushman Club, the young working women in St. Peter's Guild and the older women in the Auxiliary were only a few of the countless ones who knew her smile and her voice, and responded to her loving thought.

"A lovely lady, garmented in light
From her own beauty."

—Shelley

Mrs. James Large
née Ethel Nelson Page
Daughter of the Honorable S. Davis Page
and his wife Isabella Graham Wurts

President of The National Society Magna Charta Dames
from May 9, 1929, until March 23, 1934,
the date of her death

The Reverend D. Wilmot Gateson, M.A., Rector of the Church of the Saviour, Philadelphia, is a graduate of the Brooklyn Polytechnic Preparatory School, received his degree of Bachelor of Arts from Trinity College, Hartford, his Master's degree in History and Political Science from Lehigh University, and is a graduate of the General Theological Seminary, New York. He also studied Sociology under Professor Giddings and others at Columbia University Summer School several Sessions. He has been Rector of St. Paul's Church, Georgetown, and Priest in Charge of St. George's, Indian River and St. John Baptist's, Milton, Delaware; Vicar of St. Thomas's Chapel, New York; Rector of Trinity Church, Williamsport, Pa.; Dean of the Pro-Cathedral Church of the Nativity and for nine years was Chaplain of Lehigh University.

The Pen and the Sword

an Address by

The Rev. D. Wilmot Gateson, M. A.

delivered before

The National Society Magna Charta Dames
Meeting at Green Hill Farms
November 16, 1932

Madam President, Dames of the Magna Charta, and my fellow Guests:

WHEN you invited me to address your honorable Society, I felt confident that you did not expect me to respond as a professed historian. I cannot claim the title or honor of being an historian. That is an exclusive and specialized profession and few there be that enter therein—worthily. Froude and Macaulay and Dickens and Carlyle wrote histories, but their histories are noted more for their literary flavor than for their historical accuracy. Historical truth is difficult to define, more difficult to discover, and requires painstaking research; and research is hard work, literally dirty work. It must be an obsession, almost a disease, to pursue it. I remember a friend of mine who had the Bacillus Historicus. He was a History-cus. The minute he entered your home he flew to the attic, and never came down without some dusty records, and hands and face as Oliver Twist's would have been had he been "'Prentised in the good 'spectable Chimbley-sweepin' bizness" of Mr. Gamfield. But I have not the time, though I sometimes have had the inclination, to be an accurate historian, realizing with Ecclesiastes, the Preacher, that "of

making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh." Like Ecclesiastes, I am a preacher. Unsophisticated as it may sound, I am interested in Magna Charta, not as a backward-looking antiquarian only but as a forward-looking humanitarian.

I must give you an illustration of the way Magna Charta was extorted from John. You remember how unwilling he was to sign it, how he stormed and raged and chewed his nails, and cried that it was practical "abdication," and that they were putting four and twenty over-kings over him. But the Barons were obdurate and made him sign. Which reminds me of an Irishman who came to make his confession. So bad was it that the good priest withheld absolution until he did a long penance. He was not to come back until he had saved a soul in the true faith. In a year the Irishman came back for his absolution. "Tell me about it," said the Priest. So Patrick explained that he was on a ship which was wrecked. When he came to himself, he was straddling one end of a floating spar with a Jew on the other end. The spar was too small for both; so Pat seized the Jew by the hair and said, "Do you believe in the true faith?" "No," said the Jew. "Down you go," said Pat. Pat pulled him up out of the water by the hair and asked again, "Do you believe in the true faith?" "No," said the Jew. "Down you go," said Pat. He pulled him up the third time and cried, "Now do you believe in the true faith?" "Yes," cried the Jew. "Then die in the faith," said Pat, as he pushed him under for the final and fatal plunge.

Those of us who have seen the two original copies of Magna Charta in the British Museum will remember the awe and reverence we felt as we gazed on those sear and yellow leaves bearing the great seal of King John. The epoch-making document was drafted and signed in one year, but it was the accumulation of years of trial and error in absolutist government, and the precursor of a steady march

of constitutional rights and safeguards. It had its roots in the "good laws of Edward the Confessor," immediately before William the Conqueror, and a century and a half before Magna Charta. The Conqueror's second son, Henry I, who succeeded his brother William II, the Red, went a step beyond Edward when he gave on his accession a Charter of Liberties as a standard of good government. Henry's Charter was the first limitation upon Norman absolutism, definitely promising in black and white that the Church would not be further plundered nor the Barons called upon for more than stated fees or taxes. There were vague references to the rights of the people, and justice on the part of the Barons themselves to their under-tenants. Stephen followed Henry I with twenty years' reign of broken promises and confusion, and with no contribution on the part of the King toward orderly government. Then came Henry II, with another document, the Constitutions of Clarendon, fifty years before Magna Charta. It was largely a statement of the Conqueror's mode of administration together with an agreement between the Church and State, much to the disadvantage of the Church. It was this, in large part, that caused the estrangement between Henry and Thomas à Becket, which led to the murder of the latter. Some of the Church limitations were later annulled; but for the Church it was "advantage out." Richard I spent most of his reign outside of England commandeering domestic wealth for foreign wars. And then came John.

By the time of John, Edward's "good laws" and Henry's Charter were thought of as "long-lost liberties." John's vicious rule, his quarrel with Rome, followed by his homage and complete submission to the Pope, his spoliation of the Church and his exorbitant taxation of the Barons bring us to Magna Charta. The breaks were against John, or it might have been another hand that signed the hoary document that is heralded more than any other in the world

as the seedling of liberty. John was no weakling in anything but morals. He was a tolerable soldier, though by no means a great general, and he was a Macchiavellian Politician. By his becoming vassal to the Pope he outwitted his enemies abroad, and by his foreign alliances he outwitted the Barons at home. John had success in his pocket, when an unforeseen and thorough uprising of all frightened France against him caused his defeat at the battle of Bouvines. Except for this John might never have signed this greatest original document of all history.

Debunking history is one of the major sports of students today, and Magna Charta has come in for its share. It has been said that it contained nothing new; that it left the King supreme as ever and did not hurt him a bit; that it was a class document, chiefly, if not quite wholly, benefiting the Barons. Messrs. Seller and Yeatman have put its provisions humorously in a book entitled "1066 and All That":

1. That no one was to be put to death, save for some reason—*except the Common People.*

2. That everyone should be free—*except the Common People.*

3. That everything should be of the same weight and measure throughout the realm—*except the Common People.*

4. That the Courts should be stationary, instead of following a very tiresome mediaeval official known as the King's Person all over the country.

5. That no person should be fined to his utter ruin—*except the King's Person.*

6. That the Barons should not be tried except by a special jury of other Barons who would understand.

Magna Charta was therefore the chief cause of democracy in England, and thus a Good Thing for everyone—*except the Common People.*

This unique history goes on: "after this King John hadn't a leg to stand on and was thereafter known as 'John Lackshanks.'"

You will remember that shortly after this John died of fever and a debauch. He was crossing the River Wash, when his army was surprised by the tide, and his baggage, with the royal treasures was destroyed. Our debunking and humorous historian goes on: "John finally demonstrated his utter incompetence by losing the Crown and all his clothes in the wash, and then dying of a surfeit of peaches and no-cyder; thus his awful reign came to an end, which was a Good Thing." A school boy Boner adds, "Magna Charta said that the King was not to order taxis without consent of Parliament."

At and after Bouvines, all the tables turned against John. The Barons, realizing his helplessness, united against him and demanded that their "long-lost liberties" of Edward's Good Laws and Henry's Charter be restored. There was nothing for John to do but sign on the dotted line, and the greatest extant original document in the world was bequeathed to posterity.

Yet, it is true, Magna Charta gave the world little that was new or advanced. Its basis was Henry I's Charter and its additions were Henry II's legal system. But it started something. Magna Charta was literally MAGNA, for it was fuller than Henry's Charter. Despite Henry's Charter, England's government had been largely by memory and custom and word of mouth. Now it was Charter instead of chatter. It was definite, not vague. It was written, and could not be unwritten. Of it John might have said what Pilate said of the inscription over the Cross, "What I have written, I have written." John hated it but there it was, like a check with his signature, that could be collected. His word was never good; now they had his bond. The pen was

mightier than the sword. Pope Innocent ordered it annulled, and sent foreign soldiers from over seas to John's aid, but the Charter stood and all England defied the Pope. The pen was mightier than the sword. "Throughout the 14th century, the struggle for the Charter with its constant reissues, revisions, infringements and reassertions was the battle-ground of parties." But it stood. The pen was mightier than the sword. When James first asserted the Divine Right of Kings in the beginning of the 17th century, Magna Charta reminded him of the God-given rights of the people. Writes G. M. Travelyan: "Under the banner of Runnymede the battle of Parliament and the common law was won against the Stuarts." The pen was again mightier than the sword. Travelyan goes on: "In the 18th century, the error of unchallengeable chartered liberty and vested interest, the greatest charter of all was worshipped by Blackstone, Burke, and all England. It had become the symbol for the spirit of our [England's] whole Constitution. When, therefore, with the dawn of a more strenuous era the democracy took the field for established order, each side put the great Charter in the ark which it carried into battle. Pittites boasted of a free and glorious constitution which had issued from the tents of Runnymede, now attacked by base Jacobins and levellers; Radicals appealed to the letter and the spirit of Magna Charta against gagging acts, packed juries and restriction of the franchise. America revolted in its name and seeks spiritual fellowship with us in its memory. It has been left to our own disillusioned age to study it as an historical document, always remembering that its historical importance lay not only in what the men of 1215 intended by its causes, but in the effect which it has had on the imagination of their descendants." Swords are no longer weapons of warfare but the pen is going strong.

Whether the pen is always mightier than the sword is a thesis that I have not tested. I do not know whether Bulwer Lytton meant that it was. Temporarily the sword has often been mightier than the pen, and quite possibly a state founded on force may displace one founded on a constitution. Dictatorships and bureaucracies have their day and use in times of chaos, but there is a permanence and a confidence about the pen that you do not have under the sword. And certainly the pen can be nobler, wiser, more just and humane than the sword. By the sword John was compelled to sign Magna Charta and the Barons swore to enforce it by the sword. The sword has played its part. Nevertheless, the pens of Magna Charta have forestalled the use of the sword many times.

Today we must pen new charters of liberties. "The old order changeth yielding place to the new." For centuries while men have fought at the rate of twenty wars a century, the blessed peacemakers have been studying and writing on the subject of peace. Outstanding projects of international cooperation came from the pens of mighty hands for the last half millenium. In 1513 Wolsey called a Congress of Kings for the purpose of preserving peace, and Erasmus wrote his famous "Querela Pacis." But as he later said, "things have been growing worse and worse; and I believe that I must soon compose the epitaph, instead of the Complaint of Peace, as she seems to be dead and buried and not very likely to revive." Nevertheless a league did come out of it in which the members were to be "friends of the friends and foes of the foes" of each, and even furnished troops and ships to the common cause; but the time was not ripe for Wolsey's league. One century later a French monk, Emeric Cruce, wrote a book, "Le Nouveau Cynee," containing the first clear proposal for international arbitration in place of war, with an international legislature and court. Hugo Grotius' "De Jure Belli ac Pacis," followed before

the ink of Cruce was dry. This did not propose any league for peace, but almost contemporaneously came "The Great Design of Henry IV" with its proposal of a Christian Republic whereby the peace of Europe might be preserved. A little less than a century later, in 1693, William Penn gave to the world his "Essay Toward the Present and Future Peace of Europe," in which for the first time the limitation of armaments was proposed. Soon after the Quaker came the Abbe Saint-Pierre, with his "Projet de Traite pour Rendre la Paix Perpetuelle." It developed Henry IV's Great Design, with a permanent seat of world government, a Congress of Deputies, a Court, and even a Generalissimo of all the armies. Jeremy Bentham's "Principles of International Law" was written a century after Penn, but not published until after his death; it contained a "Plan for an Universal and Perpetual Peace." Emmanuel Kant proposed a League about the same time. Early in the 19th century came league after league, plan after plan: 1814, Alexander I's "Holy Alliance"; 1824, "The Federation of Central America"; 1828, "The American Peace Society"; 1907, "The Central American League of Nations," an excellent example; 1915, President Taft's pet project, "The League to Enforce Peace"; and in 1919, President Wilson's "League of Nations"; and in between all these came Hague Conferences, the International Court of Justice, the World Court. Says F. C. Hicks in his "The New World Order": "The long path which war has worn through the world's history is strewn with discarded plans for world's organization and the preservation of peace." He quotes William Penn, "In the contraries of peace, we see the beauties and benefits of it. It is a great mark of the corruption of our natures . . . . that we cannot . . . . know the comfort of peace, but by the smart and penance of the vices of war."

But it is coming yet for a' that. Just as trial after trial

prepared the way for Magna Charta and failure after failure did not forbid its fruition, and document after document completed its forward looking ideal, so we shall continue to work for the future cooperation of all the nations until some day we shall have a "Parliament of Man, a Federation of the World." Magna Charta did not come until national consciousness in England took the place of Norman feudalism. So, by world commerce and communication some day world consciousness will be felt, and international solidarity realized, and a new Charter born, not national but universal, not Magna but Maxima. Ink will take the place of iron, paper of powder, and the pen of the sword.

During the war I ran across this poem which is not particularly lofty verse but which played its part then and may be summoned for our purpose today:

THE THREE GHOSTS

With only the moon for a candle flame,
  Into the room the three ghosts came:
There by the young man's bed they stood—
  He the last of his name and blood.

The three ghosts stood by the young man's bed,
  As they the living and he the dead,
And straight their shoulders, as they might bear
  The silver bars that captains wear.

The first ghost bent o'er the young man's head,
  And "Son of my last son's son," he said,
"By the bridge that we held at Lexington,
  I bid you wake to a task undone."

The second ghost leaned o'er the young man's hand:
  "By the flag we raised, by the deck we manned,
By the shout we gave when the battle was won,
  I bid you wake to a task undone!"

The third ghost kneeled in the night apart,
  But he laid his hand on the young man's heart:
"By a nation saved our fight made one;
  By a race delivered, my own son's son,
I bid you wake to a task undone!"

The young man rose ere the east was red,
  And "Fare you well, my mother", he said,
"For ere the sun's in the west again
  I go to join the fighting men.

Whether or no I dreamed last night,
My eyes are filled with a clearer light;
Zeal in my heart like a flame I feel,
And my right hand aches for the clutch of steel."

Out of the house the young man strode,
Three ghosts went with him down the road,
And straight their shoulders as they might bear
The silver bars that captains wear.

Today a fourth ghost speaks to us, The Ghost of the World War. He reminds us that he hoped he was fighting a war to end wars. He tells us the heinousness and futility of war. He bids us take up the torch which he flung from his falling hands. He tells us to paraphrase into more modern thought the words of the Prophet Isaiah: Beat our swords into pens, instruments of destruction into instruments of enlightenment. Instead of the clutch of sharp steel to kill, our hands must ache for that mighty little point with which to draft the future peace of the world and sign it into a binding agreement of brotherhood as honorable and immortal as Magna Charta.

MRS. JAMES LEE GILLOGLY
Honorary President

MRS. JAMES STARR
Vice-President

MRS. GEORGE DALLAS DIXON
Vice-President

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MRS. JOSEPH MICKLE FOX
Vice-President

Morton

Mrs. Meigs in colonial costume receiving a caller at the doorway of Fort Hunter. Here old industries are demonstrated: Spinning flax, making candles, quilting and spinning the wool from their own sheep. It is now Fort Hunter Museum where **Godey's Lady's Book** comes to life.

Fort Hunter

an Address of Welcome by

Mrs. Edward Browning Meigs

née Margaret Wister

delivered before

The National Society Magna Charta Dames
Meeting at Fort Hunter on the Susquehanna
June 12, 1933

Dames of the Society of Magna Charta, and Honorable Guests, we bid you welcome to Fort Hunter:

FEW of us can realize frontier conditions. In the first place the waterways were the highways for Indian, settler and trader alike. When the pioneers ventured from the rivers and creeks they followed the Indian trails, settling near the Indian villages, which were always conveniently located near springs and waterways. Thus the pioneers encroached upon the Indian hunting grounds. They felled the forests and destroyed the game, which furnished the red men with food and furs. Gradually they pushed the Indians back into the wilderness, away from their familiar tribal haunts.

One of the most famous Indian trails led westward past Fort Hunter, along the Susquehanna and Juniata Rivers. It crossed the Susquehanna at Duncan's Island, then called Juniata, near what is now Clark's Ferry above Duncannon. Along this trail and on this fertile island there were Indian villages. These Indians set forth their grievances

in a petition to the Governor at Philadelphia in July, 1742:

"We know our lands are now become more valuable; the white people think we do not know their value, but we are sensible that the land is everlasting and the few goods we receive for it are soon worn out and gone. For the future we will sell no lands, but when our brother Onas (William Penn) is in the country, and we will know beforehand the quality of goods we are to receive .... In particular we renew our complaints against some people who are settled at Juniata, a branch of the Susquehanna . . . . . and desire that they may be made forthwith to go off the land, for they do great damage ....."

But the conflict was inevitable. Slowly, but relentlessly, it came. And with the defeat of General Braddock and the outbreak of the French and Indian Wars the storm burst.

One of the chain of Indian Forts running between the Susquehanna and the Delaware Rivers, Fort Hunter served as a liason between the forts to the North and West, and Fort Harris, which was situated six miles below at Harrisburg.

In the Minutes of the Council for August 25, 1757, held at Philadelphia, Commissary Young informed the Governor that "the situation of the Fort at Hunter's was the best upon the River for every Service as well as for the Protection of the Frontiers" and the officer in command, January 10, 1756, was ordered "to guard the frontier and from time to time to range the woods along and near the mountains." For this purpose Adam Read was to use 25 men of the 50 under his command at Fort Hunter, and to add 10 men from the township of Paxton. Their very meagre supply of ammunition was described as 4½ lbs. of powder, 28 lbs. of lead and 28 lbs. of swanshot, but what the Colonials lacked in ammunition they amply made up in courage and resourcefulness.

The country people were called upon to assist in putting up the Stockade at Fort Hunter. In a letter from G. Price to Governor Denny from Fort Hunter, July 22, 1758, he says that he had "applied to the several Justices of the Peace for the Township of Paxton and Donegal, and I never had any answer, but I was informed by Parson Elder of Paxton, whose word is the same with that of the Justices, as they act in conjunction in such affairs, that till harvest be over the Country People can do nothing and it will be yet 3 weeks before they begin."

Parson Elder who preached at Paxton Church for sixty years was a well loved and familiar figure as he went up and down the countryside in his dual capacity of colonel and parson, wearing a small cocked hat and carrying a Bible. In those days the church ministered to the material as well as to the spiritual needs of its children, and the records tell us that when the wretched families about Fort Hunter were driven out of their homes by the Indians, the Episcopal churches in Philadelphia contributed to their support. The Fort served as a refuge for the pioneers in those unsettled times, and many a thrilling tale is told of alarm and of escape.

Up on Duncan's Island lived Marcus Hulings and his family, a hardy race of pioneers. Many a time had Mrs. Hulings slung a bag of grain across her horse's back and forded the Susquehanna, taking the grain down to Hunter's Mill to be ground. So on the day in 1757 when the breathless runners had warned all the families from far and wide to flee to the stockade for protection, up on the big black horse clambered Mrs. Hulings. She tied her baby to her back like an Indian papoose, and waited in a thicket at the tip of the island for her husband to join her. Hours she waited, fearful lest her baby's sudden cry or the restless stamping of her horse would betray her hiding place to the savages. Still Marcus Hulings did not come. At last, in despair, believing he had been murdered, she dashed into

the river swollen by Spring floods. Valiantly the big horse battled with the treacherous currents of the milewide river, swirling against hidden rocks, battered by floating logs. At last, exhausted and spent, horse, rider and precious burden reached the shore, and hours later, limped into Fort Hunter.

There Mrs. Hulings waited in an agony of fear for news of her husband. He meanwhile had gone back to the house for something he had forgotten, and there in the upper story "cooly picking his flint" was an Indian! Now all was over! There was no escape! But his knowledge of Indian character saved him. "He parleyed with the Indian to escape death and got away," braving the angry river in a frail canoe in which he reached Fort Hunter.

Again the settlers had crowded into the little stockade for protection. The alarm had been given. The Indians were on the warpath. One family, named Baskins, whose name is perpetuated in Baskinsville, the upper part of Duncannon, had taken refuge at Fort Hunter while the Indians were on a rampage. This time it was Summer and the grain was ripe, ready to cut. Some of the family ventured back to reap. That was a bloody reaping! Surprised by the Indians, the men were scalped, the women and children carried off as captives. There are many tales of massacres and scalpings, but in spite of these terrors by night and by day, the pioneers clung to their homes.

Gradually Fort Hunter turned from War to Peace. It was bought by Archibald McAllister, who may be described as being in the same state of transition as the old fort. He had fought at Germantown and Monmouth and was a member of the Society of the Cincinnati, his certificate having been signed by Washington, March 31, 1787. For gallantry on the field of battle General Washington presented him with a pair of silver mounted pistols, which with other treasures were preserved at Fort Hunter. Among these other treasures was an old Bible, which escaped the

flames, one of the few copies printed in old black letters in the reign of Henry VIII. It is one of three copies extant, bound in calf and brass. Another is in a nobleman's family in England; the remaining one is in the British Museum.

Colonel McAllister cast about for the means to support his family in times of peace for his pay had been the Continental money, some of which is framed as a souvenir, which indicates it was not of much value in those days. He started an inn called "The Practical Farmer" and dubbed by some wag "The Prodigal Farmer." It must have been a pleasant stopping place to judge by an extract from the journal of Lieut. John Bell Tilden, December 29, 1782, in which he says "Put up at McAllister's. Drank coffee with Colonel McAllister and passable daughter." The Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, a French traveller on a sight-seeing tour of the country in 1796 speaks of stopping at Fort Hunter, "McAleester's place at the mouth of Fishing Creek, where the houses stand on the Susquehanna, in the precincts of Fort Hunter erected many years ago."

Later we find mention of Fort Hunter in the diary of Mrs. Hannah Haines, 1812, 6 mo. 23rd. "Again commenced our journey, went to McAllister's who no longer kept a tavern but very politely requested us to alight and stay the night. Showed us an ancient Bible in the English language, year 1534."

The original patent or grant of the Fort Hunter tract of land is recorded on December 8, 1774, signed by John Penn, and is to be found at the Department of Internal Affairs at the State Capitol. It states that "Thomas and John Penn, Esqrs., true and absolute Proprietaries and Governors in Chief of the Province of Pennsylvania and counties of New Castle, Kent, Sussex upon Delaware, to all whom these presents shall come, greeting: Whereas in pursuance of a Warrant of Resurvey dated the 28th of September, 1773, . . . Our Surveyor General hath certified

that he has caused to be resurveyed . . . the said tract of land . . . called Fort Hunter."

It is interesting to note that among the markers mentioned in this grant was a "buttonwood South of Fishing Creek." This tree is shown on the map dated October 21, 1773, which was probably the re-survey ordered by Thomas and John Penn. The tree used as a marker is no longer in existence, but the huge buttonwood, still standing by the edge of Fishing Creek beside the old stone bridge, is of such great age that it is listed among the historic trees of Pennsylvania. It may well have been a witness to the stirring events of Colonial days.

The McAllister family graveyard and the old slave's graveyard are on the hillside, sloping up through the picturesque section of Guadeloupe toward the mountains, in whose recesses was hidden the Indian Fort Hunter, a legendary stronghold of the red men.

It is fitting that the next owner of Fort Hunter, Daniel Dick Boas, the grandfather of the present owners, should have been a descendent of those who made history in Colonial times. He improved yet preserved the old stone mansion, and cultivated the acres of good farm land, keeping intact the estate, with its spacious barn, farmhouse, bake oven, blacksmith shop and springhouse.

Among the interesting features of the mansion are the winding staircase, one of the first in central Pennsylvania, the old furniture and costumes which were stored in the attic, and the documents of an earlier day. Among these is an emancipation paper. In the old days in the State of Pennsylvania slaves had to be registered, and Jacob Boas as Clerk of Court, registered slaves from October 30, 1788 to August 29, 1825.

Then too, there is the doll's house, and the collection of pitchers made by the last owner of Fort Hunter, Mrs. John W. Reily, whose interests were many and varied. Both

Mr. and Mrs. Reily were great lovers of animals, and a book could be written about their pets. Oh! Animals of Fort Hunter, out of the shadowy past I see you press forward, with eager eyes intent, waiting to live again upon the printed page!

And so we come to the present venture, the Victorian Museum, which you see before you. In opening Fort Hunter to the public it is our desire to preserve an historic site connected with the early history of our country. Once this was the frontier. Here stood the blockhouse and the stockade in which the pioneers took refuge from the Indians. Here our forefathers, blazing the trail for us, came for protection.

As time went on the Fort was turned to farm. Tales of the red men were told by the fireside. This was a land of plenty, beside the broad Susquehanna, close to the mountains. In the Keystone State there is no situation more beautiful than that of its Capital. With the best interests of State and Capital, the owners of Fort Hunter have always been closely allied. In this cause they laboured long and did valiant service. This house is a tribute to their personality and to the past.

From Pioneer Days with their stress and strain, down through the leisurely years of the Nineteenth Century, we come again to a struggle for existence. But let us forget the Present, and turn back the pages of the Past. This place is an album with pictures of Family Life in the Nineteenth Century. The book is open and the Heirs of Fort Hunter bid you welcome.

Invocation

November 14, 1933

offered by

The Rev. Dr. Charles Henry Arndt

O GOD our **Heavenly Father**, from **Whom** all mercies and blessings flow, with grateful hearts we thank **Thee** for the wonderful grace and virtue declared in all **Thy** Saints, who have been the choice vessels of **Thy** grace and the lights of the world in their several generations; and, especially, we thank **Thee** for the heroism and the example of those, our forebears, whose memories we come this day to honor. Inspire our wills and give us grace and strength, we beseech **Thee,** to pay the debt we owe to them by our sacrificial service to our country and to all mankind.

We ask it all in the name and for the sake of **Jesus Christ,** our **Saviour.** Amen.

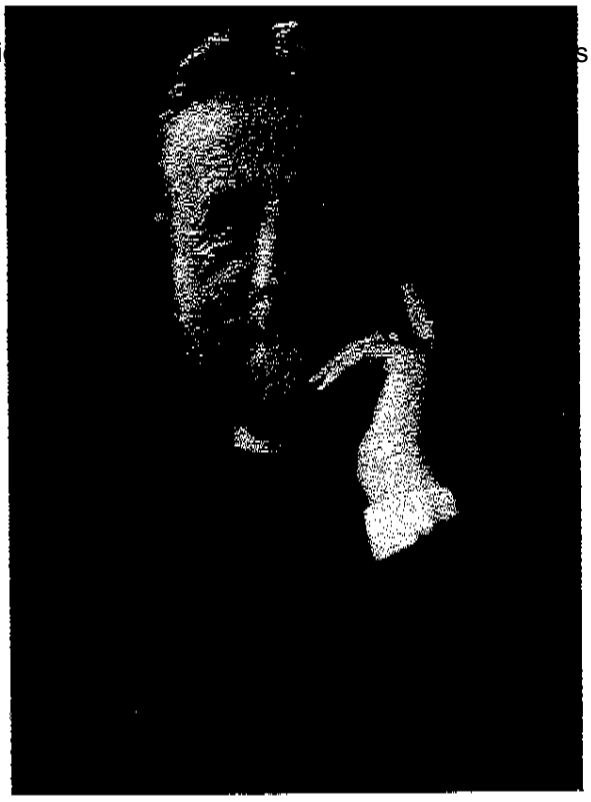

Photo-Crafters

The Reverend Charles Henry Arndt, D.D., Rector Emeritus of Christ Church and St. Michael's, Germantown, Philadelphia, was born in Sandusky, Ohio, in 1864, the son of David M. and Anna (Griffith) Arndt. He was graduated, B.A., from Kenyon College in 1889, and from the Divinity School in Philadelphia, B.D., in 1892. From the University of Pennsylvania he received the degree of M.A. in 1892.

He was ordained to the diaconate by Bishop Whitaker in 1892 and to the priesthood in 1893. Upon his graduation from the Divinity School he was called to be curate to the Rev. John B. Falkner, D.D., Rector of Christ Church, Germantown, and in 1894 was made Associate Rector of the Parish. During 1896-97, he officiated at the American Church of the Holy Spirit in Nice, France. He married in 1898, Helen Moore Falkner, daughter of the Rev. John B. Falkner, D.D.

Upon Dr. Falkner's resignation as Rector of Christ Church in 1899, Mr. Arndt was unanimously called to the Rectorship.

He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Kenyon College in 1921.

After serving at Christ Church for 41 years, Dr. Arndt resigned the Rectorship, June, 1933, and was made Rector Emeritus of the combined Parishes of Christ Church and St. Michael's.

During part of the year 1934, Dr. Arndt was in charge of the American Church, St. Paul's in Rome, Italy.

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Frances Lester Warner is now Mrs. Mayo Dyer Hersey of Providence, Rhode Island. Before her marriage she held the positions of Assistant Professor of English at Mount Holyoke College, personal assistant to the Editor-in-Chief of the Atlantic Monthly, and Assistant Professor of English Composition at Wellesley. Her interest in early New England historical lore has been expressed in a book written for the tercentenary celebration of the Plymouth Colony, "Pilgrim Trails: a Plymouth-to-Provincetown Sketch-Book." She and her sister, Gertrude Warner, are the joint authors of "Pleasures and Palaces," "Life's Minor Collisions," and other works. Their adventures together in music have been recorded in the chapter called "Give me 'A'," in "Groups and Couples," and in the chapter on the family orchestra in "Endicott and I."

A Foot-Note to Magna Charta

an Address by

Frances Lester Warner

delivered before

The National Society Magna Charta Dames
Meeting at The Barclay
Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia
November 14, 1933

Madam President, Dames of the Magna Charta, and their Guests:

BEFORE I begin my talk, perhaps it will give us all a comfortable and settled feeling if I tell you that I myself am not eligible to membership in this Order, but that I did marry into it. If your Society had not existed, I might never have learned that I had become in this way a daughter-in-law of the Barons, I happened to be visiting my family-in-law when one of the ladies of that family received her invitation to join the Magna Charta Dames. My mother-in-law, noticing my interest, got out the family records, and chatted with me for a while about my husband's Past. Whereupon, I wrote home to my own family that I was greatly impressed to discover that I was actually married to a man who had "one or more ancestors" at Runnymede, four ancestors on the Mayflower, and had been struck by lightning two times.

Those men at Runnymede were a durable race. They are a great comfort to think about, because they hit such a rare balance between two extremes of human experience. Only too often in history we hear about great men who were so far ahead of their times that their ideas were not available for practical application in their day. Persistently they kept on, hammering the doctrine of the Future into unreceptive ear-drums, until somebody killed them or they died. At the other extreme, history often confronts us with men whose fame was tremendous in their life-times, but dwindled after that. They possessed very little except a kind of Chanticleer faculty for crowing up the new day; but they crowed it up so intelligible, and at such a timely hour, that everyone who listened, themselves included, felt that they had a great deal to do in bringing the new day to pass.

After hearing so much about these two extremes—about profound men disregarded, and about shallow men who enjoyed an exaggerated vogue—it is refreshing, for a change, to come upon conspicuous human beings, like the Barons and their Archbishop, who were unmistakably significant, both then and now. They could command the rich material trappings for such a gorgeous worldly pageant that it was instantly recognized as momentous by everyone who watched it from those contemporary riverbanks and meadows. And they were also insisting upon such universal and central principles that all succeeding generations have recognized their act as a turning point in history, and have agreed to name their charter "Great."

The Barons and their Archbishop were fortunate, not only in their pageantry and their principles, but in their gift for statement—somebody's gift for words. The prose of that charter remains pointed and trenchant through all the translations and all the commentaries of seven hundred and eighteen years. And there is one short phrase near the

beginning of the charter on which I should like to base my foot-note: the phrase "mere free will." You remember it occurs in the statement that a certain right has already been granted voluntarily—"mera et spontanea voluntate." I hoped to find a great variety of translations for my phrase; but, from the earliest to the latest that I could find, the translations have been almost identical: "mere free will"—"mere and free will"—"free will spontaneous and mere."

Of course, if we are what Blackstone in his legal treatise on the Charter calls "painful antiquarians," we know that the word **mere** has undergone a striking change. In the Latin it meant simply pure and undefiled, with no Daisy Ashford sense of disparagement. The first use in English cited in the Murray-Oxford dictionary is a bit of instruction to a nurse to give wine to a patient, "not water'd," but "meere and in his owne kind." The next use is in this phrase: "the true, mere, and sincere word of God." And I was entertained to find that the third use cited was a remark of one of the earlier relatives of my own family connection, Samuel Purchas, who, flourishing in the fifteen hundreds, wrote in his "Pilgrimage," "Earthly happiness is never meere and unmixed, but hath some sowre sauce to relish it." The Barons, in their use of the phrase, expressed their recognition of the fact that there is a little extra shade of authenticity about what is done by mere free will, as compared with what is done under duress.

I am not going into the context further, because I don't want to try to make my foot-note walk on all fours. But I have selected the phrase for you today because your Society is almost the only one I ever heard of that leaves the "mere free will" of its members unimpaired. It does not plunge you into a prodigious number of committee meetings and sub-committee meetings, and card parties and departmental reports and "drives." Yet it does give point to historical research, and it does honor its members by making

them custodians, ex officio, of the records and traditions of their own individual family line.

A spontaneous interest in the historical study of genealogy is usually the attribute of rather a specialized or rather a highly developed personality, and is not the easiest thing in the world to pass along. You find that out if you ever try to inspire any person under twenty years of age with the slightest interest in whose great-grandfather was the grandson of whom. A very fine teacher of history used to say that her only method in teaching was, "Turn on the hose and let stick what will." My father pursued that method liberally with his children. We had the stream of genealogical information turned on us at a very early age. What happened was a good deal like an episode in our garden one afternoon when we older children, aged eight and nine, tried to give our small brother, aged five, a nice drink out of the garden hose. We arranged him in position, carefully, at the receiving end of the hose, and then we sped to the silcock and turned on the water full force. He ran in to get his clothes changed, and came out to try again. The second time we drenched him, our mother was flying around assembling a third outfit of dry raiment, when one of us said, virtuously, "It wasn't the least bit our fault, Mother. The only trouble was, Geoffrey didn't drink quite fast enough." When you turn on the full fountain of family history, you sometimes have a shrewd suspicion that your younger relatives are not completely drinking it in.

Our mother, who was well acquainted with the water-tight compartments of our minds, did not even try to teach us anything directly about family tradition. Instead, she provided herself with a fine, substantial, leather-covered loose-leaved note-book. It was stout enough to stand on the shelf with other books on equal terms, and it contained, besides its blank pages, a number of firm pages of thick card-board, so that various exhibits could be pasted in

without making the volume bulge. Into this book she not only put the well-sifted family records, with dates and places and references to sources neatly documented and typed; but she also included camera studies that she made of old properties and places connected with our ancestors—picturesque doorways, fireplaces, gardens, trees, and graveyards; photostats of handrubbings of old epitaphs; a sample of early weaving; a water-color sketch of a rare tea set that was in the family; a page of manuscript music written by one of the great-grandfathers; entertaining quotations from old wills and diaries; examples of handwriting and signatures as far back as she could collect them; and some photographs of my younger sister in our grandmother's wedding dress and bonnet, at the garden doorway of the house where our grandmother was born. In short, the whole collection was sufficiently attractive so that none of us would ever be likely to throw the book away. And now, when we need to look up something in a hurry, we do not have to pick our way precariously through all the confusion of Johns and Andrews and Christophers and Ichabods in the printed volumes of the various family lines. We can just turn to our mother's note-book—(pausing always for a moment to look at the photographs, and to remember how she used to let us go with her sometimes when she went to take the pictures)—and find out in her accurately abstracted pages the things that concern us only, and whatever we need to know.

If you have such an individual book in the making, never be discouraged if it is not instantly appreciated. As they say in one of the songs of De Koven's "Robin Hood," "There will come a time!" Sooner or later a question will come up, and you will have the satisfaction of seeing some relative, hitherto impervious, pounce eagerly upon your handy records, and drink in the information, of his "mere free will."

An interest in family history is likely to come on suddenly. I happen to know several young people who have had the first stirrings of it awakened by seeing the play "Berkeley Square," either in the stage version or in the picture. I hope you all have seen it, for it has given me an idea. If I could have free exercise of my own "mere free will" at this moment, I would ask for a magic power, and I would cause portrait frames to become visible on these walls; and in these frames would be all the surety Barons and their wives, as they appeared in life. Also, for those of us who belong to other families, I would conjure up the portraits of certain selected forebears whom we might care to see; together with any other early ancestors who happened to resemble anybody present in any way. And then, after we had looked well at these portraits, and had made probably some very interesting comparisons, I would use my magic power to make it possible for each of you to take a week's vacation in one of those early centuries, between 1215 and 1500, when the Charter was constantly in jeopardy, being alternately disregarded, re-recognized, re-ignored, and re-confirmed. I would let you choose your week, and what capacity you would go—perhaps in the late autumn, when Plantagenet oaks were ruddy; or at Christmas tide in a Baronial castle; or somewhere among the fourteen hundreds, in a Chaucerian Spring. But wherever you went in those centuries, I should ask you to do some research for us, not only in the matter of episodes and personages, but in things for which you may chance to have an especial gift.

We do not know any too much about what you would encounter in those centuries. But, for instance, if you have a good eye for fine horses and horsemanship, you could certainly gratify that taste, and incidentally find out for us all about those old crusading horses—how they combined such strength as to be able to bear all that heavy armor,

with almost the agility of polo ponies, to do what they must have done on the field of battle and of tournament. We know they were not heavy to the point of clumsiness, for in all the old seals and devices they certainly know how to arch their manes, look haughtily down their noses, and raise their right front paw with that lovely, spirited, patrician gesture that can never be imitated by a mediocre horse.

Possibly it might be the presence everywhere of these beautiful horses that would be one of the most striking differences that you would notice between Then and Now. A three-year-old little girl in my own family connection had never happened to see a man on horseback, until one time when she was visiting her grandmother in my home town in Connecticut. There is one man in our town who goes for a horseback ride almost every morning before breakfast. He is the prosecuting attorney for our district, and he happens to be the eldest son of the eldest son of the eldest son, back to Governor Bradford of Plymouth. The first time that my tiny little relative saw him go galloping by on his beautiful racer, she rushed from the window, exclaiming, "Oh, what do you think I just saw? I saw Mr. Bradfid going by, and he was riding a Cock Horse!"

Everybody laughed and asked her what she meant by a cock horse; and she said, "Why, you know what a Cock Horse is! It's a horse without any waggin'."

On your vacation in the early centuries, you could ride a Cock Horse, and you could ride him to Banbury Cross if you wanted to; because, although the modern Banbury Cross was not erected until the nineteenth century, the extremely ancient one was not destroyed until 1610 when the Puritans tore it down; and on your visit, it would still be there.

If you are interested in rare tapestries, you could study them in the making, with all their freshness of color and of texture. If you love boats, you might sail down "London

River" in a boat with a gold-embroidered damask sail. And you might possibly find, still available for inspection, some of the early war-boats, with their three little turrets or "castles" in which to conceal the archers—the only surviving trace of those three little castles today being the "fo-cs'le," the "forward castle" of a boat.

Falconry you could study, and old games, and rich embroideries, and furs—ermine, and miniver, and vair. In wintry weather you could have one real luxury that perhaps you do not enjoy today; you could sleep in your cold castle under a coverlet entirely made of the soft fur of the little gray squirrel. And in any part of those three centuries you certainly would be entitled to stately and picturesque costume. Exquisite materials we know you might select: cloth of silver, cloth of gold, embossed silk and velvet, embroidered satin, "camlet," which was a mixture of silk and cashmere—and you would have a chance to settle once for all exactly what white "samite" was; probably a heavy satin with a six-ply thread, but nobody is sure, and you could settle it beyond dispute.

I hope I have not been taking liberties with you; but I confess that I have been looking at some old costume plates, and while luncheon was going on I did glance around and decide what some of you, on this excursion of yours, might wear. I know which one of you I should like to see in the garments of Adeliza, daughter of the third Earl of Norfolk, with her hexagonal gold coronet, her gown made much like the one that Isolde wears in the garden scene of the opera, and her flowing mantle fastened with a tasseled cord of gold. I know which one should wear the hair arrangement of Joan Plantagenet, Fair Maid of Kent—her lovely golden hair built out on either side in tufts of curls. There is one of you for whom I would choose a gown of white samite, "mystic, wonderful," and a blue mantle lined with ermine and powdered with embroidered flowers. And

there is another of you who should stand at a castle gate, with an early fifteenth century breeze just fluttering the long veil of her white high-horned head-dress. She should wear a mantle of cloth of silver, and a violet gown.

The gentlemen might take their choice, of different kinds of armor: ring armor, scale armor, chain armor, plate armor, according to the era into which they choose to go. But for their garments of peace, they will do well to look before they leap, or they will find themselves precipitated into a period when the extremely long peaks to the duck-bill shoes were fashionable—perhaps at a moment when the slim points of these shoes had gone out eighteen inches beyond the natural toe. They had to be reinforced with whalebone, these long shoe-toes, and fastened up to the knee with gold knee-chains in wet weather. They had such an elfin air of elegance that all the edicts of the Church against them could not prevent them from returning again and again into fashion. They made walking, as one chronicler puts it, "Difficult beyond imagination." But when the wearer stood upon a grassy pathway, and those slender long extensions of the delicately colored shoes went streaking out ahead along the path, they lay against the grass in all their dainty coloring, like the peak of a nasturtium or the horns of a columbine flower;—and they did have an amazing effect of enhancing and elongating a man.

Wherever you decide to go in those centuries, I should beg you to walk with circumspection, or you might be thrown into the Tower, or buried in Westminster Abbey—and I prefer you to survive. Because, after your vision has become a little accustomed to those early days—after you have looked over battlements and into the shadows of the King's Forest, and through Norman arches, and down stone stairways by the light of a cresset, I want you to come back and view the present with fresh eyes. Certainly you will find us still struggling to live up to certain provisions of

that Charter, that writ of respect and freedom for the individual will.

But it is not chiefly at our political aspect that I should ask you to look, since this is not a political gathering. I should want you to come back with a freshened and intensified idea of yourselves as individuals. Suddenly perceiving yourself and all your relationships in the light of another era, you could take up again the complicated art of profoundly personal living, with a new perspective, in a unique and individualized way.

Sometimes we hear that the day of individualism is past. That depends a good deal on what kind of individualism we mean. Certainly we all are trying to root out of ourselves a certain kind of crass, oppressive, self-for-self-only kind of individualism; but there are certain traits in the human mind that have to be conquered over again freshly every day. The great football coach, Knute Rockne, when forming a new team of fine individual players from all parts of the country, used to tell them a story of what happened to him when he was in France. A French athletic coach came to him and asked him if he would criticise the practice of a basket-ball team of young Frenchmen who were training for a game they were to play against a team of American students at a school in Paris. Rockne watched the French team practicing, and saw that whenever a player got hold of the ball, he always tried for the basket, no matter how hopeless his position happened to be. Their game had degenerated into a rough and tumble scuffle of pitch-and-toss for the basket. When the coach stepped up for criticisms, Rockne said, "You have some very promising individual players, but I see they don't play by American rules."

The French coach was deeply concerned, and said they certainly meant to do so, and if they were not succeeding, they wanted to know where they had failed.

"Well," said Rockne, "they never pass the ball."

"Oh, **that!**" exclaimed the French coach. "Not yet have I been able to teach them that! I say to Gavroche, 'Gavroche, you are too far away. You must pass the ball to Henri!' And Gavroche will respond, 'Oh, **non,** non, non, non! If I should pass the ball to Henri, Henri might make a basket!' "

We hope that the day of ball-snatching, ball-monopolizing individualism is in the past. But the day for original, independent, creative individualism will never go by. The attention of the world is so alert with anxiety just now that it is highly sensitized for whatever any individual, keenly alive and aware and gifted, has to offer. At such a moment of high tension, even the purely hospitable gift is never trivial. A choice gathering of congenial spirits, in a harmonious setting, revives a sense of the worth of life, and greatly restores the soul. It means a good deal to any responsible person, in a season of uncertainty, to know beyond peradventure that there is somebody on earth who has a firm conviction of his absolute value; a conviction that is noble, deeply founded, high and mighty, unshakable; totally disconnected with the gold standard, or with any other commercial ups and downs. When worldly standards waver, when nerves are on edge, any homelike interlude of deserved appreciation means infinitely more than it would in a complacent age. The world at present may be jumpy, but it certainly is awake. Whatever principles you must firmly believe in, here is your chance to personify them in their most distinguished and telling form.

That is a large order and a vague one. It is vague because each of us will interpret it in an individual way. Let me recall to your minds the story of a very ancient king, whose name makes King John and the Plantagenets sound almost modern. It is a story of one of the most irrational demands ever made of thoughtful men.

In the second year of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar, Nebuchadnezzar dreamed dreams, wherewith his spirit was troubled, and his sleep brake from him.

Then the king commanded to call the magicians, and the astrologers, and the sorcerers, and the Chaldeans, for to shew the king his dreams. So they came and stood before the king.

And the king said unto them, I have dreamed a dream, and my spirit was troubled to know the dream.

Then spake the Chaldeans to the king in Syriac, O king, live forever: tell thy servants the dream, and we will shew the interpretation.

The king answered and said to the Chaldeans, The thing has gone from me: If ye will not make known unto me the dream, with the interpretation thereof, ye shall be cut in pieces. . .

But if ye shew the dream, and the interpretation thereof, ye shall receive of me gifts, and rewards, and great honor: therefore shew me the dream, and the interpretation thereof.

They answered again and said, Let the king tell his servants the dream, and we will shew the interpretation of it.

The king answered and said, I know of certainty that ye would gain the time, because ye see the thing is gone from me.

But if ye will make known unto me the dream, there is but one decree for you . . . Therefore tell me the dream, and I shall know that ye can shew the interpretation of it.

The Chaldeans answered before the king, and said, There is not a man upon the earth that can shew the king's matter: therefore there is no king, lord, nor ruler, that asked such things at any magician, or astrologer, or Chaldean.

And it is a rare thing that the king requireth.*

Nebuchadnezzar is the world, and it is always asking strange things of us. Sometimes we fear that this is an era of compulsion all over the world. But behind and beyond all the compulsions, it is a world of wistful dreams. The world has dreamed a dream for each of you, but it cannot tell you what it is. All the resources and ingenuity and good taste of your heritage will serve you here, to interpret those vague dreams: somebody's dream of encouragement in desperate struggle; somebody's dream of a delightful social order; somebody's dream of an employer; somebody's dream of a cordial environment for art and music; somebody's dream of justice; somebody's dream of home. Along some line or other, you thoughtful men and women, "interpret unto us our dreams."

It is a rare thing that the king requireth.

And finally, in order that you may have energy for all these high demands upon your powers, let me incite you to

* The Book of Daniel, Chapter II.

get out your gray goose quill and a roll of parchment, and write yourselves a little Charter, in which you swear by your halidomes that you will reserve for yourselves a margin of time in which you will not be coerced. It will be a conquest worthy of your steel if you can manage really to set apart a little of your day, just a little of your life-time, in which there will be some chance for the by-play of your own peculiar gifts and meditations; some opportunity to summon up fresh vigor for the next encounter; some field for the wholesome exercise of your own free will—voluntary, spontaneous—and absolutely "mere."

Invocation

June 12, 1934

at "Woodcrest"

offered by

The Rev. Andrew Mutch, D.D.

O GOD, **Thou Gracious Disposer** of our lot, gathered here today in happy circumstances and in high privilege, we call to remembrance the past days and all the good that they have written into our present day. We give **Thee** thanks for the history of that nation from which we have sprung and the nation of which we form a part; and praise **Thee** that in **Thy** good providence there were secured for us our human right in terms of individual human worth.

We bless **Thee** for the high souled patriot men and women who toiled and sacrificed to make our heritage what it is—with freedom, righteousness, and justice as its foundation principles.

And we pray **Thee** that our hearts may be stirred afresh on this occasion of grateful remembrance in all loyalty and devotion to these principles. Forbid that we should hold cheaply any of those things so dearly bought and may we be challenged anew to noble living and true citizenship in these difficult times. Bless the temporal mercies of which we are about to partake. And with strengthened power of body and freshly inspired hearts, may we go from this place of fellowship with pride in the past, courage in the present, and hope and confidence in the future. And this we ask in the name of **Jesus Christ** Our **Saviour.** Amen.

The Reverend Andrew Mutch, D.D., Pastor of the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church, was born in Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and educated at Tillicoultry Public School and Dollar Academy, was graduated from Edinburgh University, where he took his Arts and Divinity Courses. Having qualified as a teacher, he was during his Divinity Course assistant to the Professor of Pedagogy in the Edinburgh Normal Training College. His first appointment after being licensed to preach was as Assistant Minister in the West Church of St. Nicholas, Aberdeen, with a membership of two thousand, where he remained for two years, and then was elected to the Pastorate of the West Church of Galashiels. Remaining here four years he was called to the parish of Muthill, near to the Trossachs, in Perthshire, and after ten years of service there he was called to Bryn Mawr in 1912. Since coming to America Lafayette College has conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

ENTRANCE TO WOODCREST

Disclaimer

Woodcrest

Reception and Luncheon

June 12, 1934

At the June Meeting, 1934, the members of the National Society Magna Charta Dames and their escorts were entertained at luncheon by Mrs. John T. Dorrance, a Regent of the Society, at "Woodcrest," her beautiful home, near Radnor, Pennsylvania. Gayly decorated tables were set out under the trees on the spacious lawn and the guests assembled in delightful fellowship. Such congeniality prevailed that even the approach of a sudden shower causing a hasty retreat to the house only served to heighten the enjoyment. With charming grace Mrs. Dorrance welcomed her guests, and to this welcome Mrs. Joseph Mickle Fox responded as follows:

Mrs. Dorrance, Fellow Members of the Magna Charta Dames, and Guests:

It is indeed good that we should come together here today for never in the history of our Nation was there a time when our efforts were more urgently needed to proclaim and maintain the standards to which we adhere, especially in these days when standards seem to be so rapidly changing.

The generous hospitality of Mrs. Dorrance, her simplicity and grace, her devoted patriotism and the beautiful surroundings of her home inspire each one of us to a greater effort to arouse in others the performance of sacred duties to our Country.

We meet here today to revere the memory of those brave men through whom we have received our heritage and to pledge ourselves anew to higher Christian living.

At this time Mrs. John S. Wurts presented a Tribute to the memory of Mrs. James Large.*

After a few moments of silence Mrs. James Starr said:

Our Hostess, Officers, Guests, and Members of the Magna Charta Dames:

It seems to me we have all profited just now by pausing in silent tribute after what has been spoken by Mrs. Wurts. All who knew our President have been greatly affected.

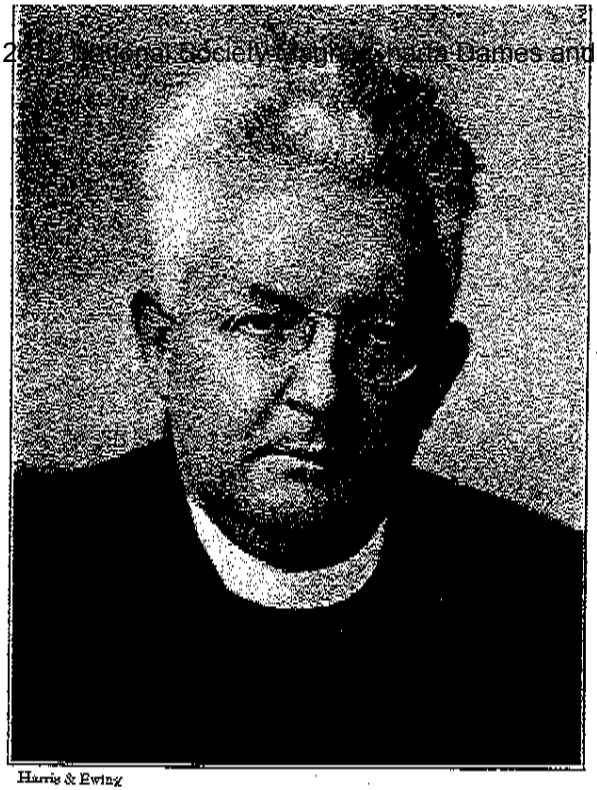
And now I ask you to transport yourselves in spirit and take a flight of fancy. We move our earthly bodies so easily let us place ourselves in spirit with those who gathered in 1215 at the field of Runnymede. I want you to transport yourselves in fancy through the air.

When I came here through the lovely wooded drive shaded by those beautiful trees I felt that this was indeed Runnymede. The Schuylkill might be the Thames and "Woodcrest" our Runnymede. Let us feel that it is and that we are all here with the Barons who, by the way, seem to have brought a great many wives with them.

We are not here to demand anything but at the beckoning hand of our hostess we have transported ourselves and are here for fellowship. We will carry the illusion on to what our next speaker will bring to us. He has many honors and many dignities. "By his words ye shall know him." We are deeply grateful to him for coming to us today. I take great pleasure in introducing the Reverend Doctor Leicester Crosby Lewis.

* It is printed herein on page 4.

WOODCREST, THE HOME OF MRS. JOHN THOMPSON DORRANCE



Harris & Ewing

The Reverend Leicester Crosby Lewis, M.A., B.D., Ph.D., Pastor of the Church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Chestnut Hill, was born in Greenwich Village, New York City, in the year 1887. His ancestors on his father's side were from Delaware, below Lewes, and formed part of a group which had migrated from Sussex County, England, early in the 18th century. His mother's grandfather, a British veteran of Pakenham's attack on New Orleans during the War of 1812, had brought the family to New York from Leicester, England, with the establishment of peace after Waterloo in 1815.

Dr. Lewis was educated at Trinity School, New York, and Columbia University, from which latter institution he holds the degrees of B.A. and M.A. Upon his graduation from the General Theological Seminary in 1911, he was ordained to the ministry of the Episcopal Church, and after receiving the degree of Bachelor of Divinity, proceeded to Germany, where he studied at the Universities of Berlin, Tubingen, and Freiburg. For seven years he was Professor of Church History at the Western Theological Seminary in Chicago and Chaplain to the Sisters of St. Mary. From 1922-1929 Dr. Lewis was associated with the Episcopal Academy at Overbrook, Pennsylvania. He received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Pennsylvania in 1925. After a third sojourn in Europe, 1929-1930, he established and was the head of the School of Religion at St. James's Church, Philadelphia.

The Ordered Liberty of Magna Charta

an Address by

The Rev. Dr. Leicester Crosby Lewis

delivered before

The National Society Magna Charta Dames
Meeting at "Woodcrest," Radnor
June 12, 1934

Mrs. Dorrance, Ladies of the Magna Charta and my fellow Guests:

ANYTHING which exemplifies and accentuates the historic unity of mankind, across the many centuries of his development, is obviously of interest and of value to students of human life at any time, and not least in these days of far spread revolution throughout our national social structure.

That I take it is the fundamental reason for the existence of your Society. You feel that here in modern America, almost the baby among the greater nations of the earth, there is the vital connection, through your own family histories, with an event which took place in Medieval England as long ago as the early years of the thirteenth century. You are gathered together through the activities of your National Society, and through the gracious courtesies of today, to bear witness to a fact which many of our contemporary thinkers and guides seem prone to forget or

at least ignore, viz: that man of the present has not sprung full grown into his present position, as did in classic legend Venus from the ocean's foam, but that to a large extent, man is his past. As I was entering these grounds a few minutes ago, I raised my straw hat to a lady of my acquaintance. "A natural act," the thoughtless might remark, "a natural act of a modern American." Precisely the opposite must be the judgment of anyone who seeks to understand life other than superficially. I raise my summer straw because centuries back in a different land and an alien culture, warrior knights doffed their plumed helmets in the presence of their fair ladies. These knights in turn practiced this chivalrous reverence just because many centuries before them, ere Medieval England was even dreamed, captives were lead before Oriental despots in Assyria and in Babylon, on their knees, bareheaded for the death stroke. How far still further back into the fascinating chaos of prehistory this practice goes no scholar can say, but every bit of evidence available points out that what I do today in simple American courtesy is linked up with the actions of the Ages. This unity in human life and thought is surely one of the supreme social values to which your Society is dedicated.

It is in this sense and for this reason that I rejoice to be with you today. So far as I know, my own family unity breaks down long before we reach the thirteenth century, yet somewhat whimsically, as merely a still further example of the unity of cultural life, may I submit my own name to your consideration as expressive of the myriad strands of European history which go to make up even the name of an ordinary American. My first name Leicester carries one in historic picture directly back to the Roman colonization of Britain, where at strategic points, the **castra,** the "cester," or camps of the Roman army were erected. All the many English place-names of today, which end in "cester" or

"caster"—Rochester, Lancaster, Leicester, et al., remind the thinking person that the foundation of what we call Anglo-Saxon civilization was beyond any question, the civilization of Rome.

Then, my middle name, Crosby, is usually traced back to the early English "Cross-Bow," a word half Latin and half Saxon, recalling to us that amalgamation of the races in England, which had gained great headway well before the Norman Conquest.

And my family name, Lewis, what is it but the old Gallic, Celtic name, Clovis, familiar to all in the patriotic French saga of St. Remi and Clovis, the first Christian king of the Franks at the end of the fifth century? I do not indeed lay the slightest claim to the royalist crown of France, as a descendent of Clovis, any more than I care to assert that my family ancestors were brought up in a Roman camp, or were especially proficient with the cross-bow. Seriously, however, I do remind you that the essential unity of history is obviously evident in the fact that nearly a half century ago, a newly born American infant could all unconsciously receive names which linked him up directly with the Latin, Saxon and Frankish creative elements of Western culture.

May I add, further, my pleasure at being present at a meeting of The Magna Charta Dames, because of the fact that I am a clergyman, in thirteenth century parlance "a cleric." No one can even begin to study the story of Magna Charta without being faced by the fact of the tremendous part which the Christian Church played in that far reaching event. I think it is Mr. Hilaire Belloc who has said that no one can be even a successful Cooks' tourist of Europe without understanding something of Christian faith and practice. To understand Europe while ignoring the religion which so largely created it, is sheerly impossible. While this is undebatably true in almost the whole of the

European picture, it is pre-eminently clear in the stirring events leading up to and connected with the granting of the Great Charter. Wrung from the unwilling hands of King John by a group of Barons headed by Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, and filled with leading phrases, which had been the slogans in ecclesiastical controversy for nearly three previous centuries, the Great Charter of 1215 stands before the world as expressive of the dominant impact of the Christian conscience, as voiced by the Christian Church, upon the secular society of the early Middle Ages. As such, and as a clergyman, I am happy to consider it with you.

I.

As every school child knows, the purport or objective of the Charter at Runnymede was freedom or liberty. Both in secular affairs and in matters religious, freedom is the significant word in this Charter. As the old Latin phrase put it: **Ecclesia Anglicana libera sit:** The Church of England shall be free. Unfortunately for mankind, however, when we have uttered the above words, we have actually asserted almost nothing, until we make plain in just what sense it is that we apostrophise the noble word of freedom.

For over a century prior to 1917 the intelligentsia among the Russian people had worked for, and been martyrs to, the goal of freedom. Then came Kerenski and the Revolution, and in the years that have passed since that national upheaval, much propaganda has come from Russia to our own land, in an endeavor to convert us as a people to the Russian conception of liberty. When our own forefathers gathered one hundred and fifty-eight years ago in the Old State House in Philadelphia, similarly were the words "freedom" and "liberty" the most popular of

watchwords, yet it is evident again to any school child that freedom on the lips of Washington and Jefferson meant something vastly different from the word as uttered by Lenin and Trotsky.

What then did this same word "freedom" signify when proclaimed by the assembly at Runnymede near Windsor in the year of our Lord 1215?

To give the right answer to that question, we must delve back some three centuries before 1215, to the founding of a monastery at Cluny in Burgundy, that is Central France, in the year 911. When that Religious House was founded in the early tenth century, Europe was still in the grip of what is frequently called "The Iron Age." With the death of the great Charlemagne in 814, the Empire which he had so laboriously built up, broke into pieces and this in other words meant that Europe began to disintegrate. Public law, both secular and ecclesiastical, rapidly broke down, simply because there was nowhere in Europe any power to sustain it. With the vanishing of the Imperial authority amid the welter of petty kingdoms and princedoms, and with the degradation of the Church influence at Rome, in what has not unfairly been termed the Pornocracy, the stage was set in Europe for each man to do what seemed good in his own eyes, with the naturally inevitable chaos and anarchy. The ninth and tenth centuries in Europe are two of the saddest and most terrible centuries in the entire history of mankind. Especially in the life of the Church, which after all had for its unique purpose the betterment of mankind, especially in this life of the Church was the confusion most complete, through the intruding into the offices and benefices of religion, of the younger sons of the local magnates. Thrust on the principle that "might makes right" into the government of the Christian fellowship, it can cause little wonder

that these secular robbers in ecclesiastical dress, worked havoc and destruction to the Christian life.

It was in direct antagonism to this degradation of things spiritual by the powers of the world, that the Cluny Monastery of Burgundy was founded. Slowly at first, but with an ever increasing enthusiasm, the movement of Cluny spread and expanded, until in another century, there existed throughout Central Europe a mighty endeavor for reform, known to history as the Cluniac Reform. Naturally it had to fight many a battle since both lawless secular and faithless cleric would be bitterly opposed to it. I have no time here to trace in detail the thrilling and romantic story of this Cluniac Revival, nor to describe once again its most spectacular episode, when in the winter of 1077 on the heights of Canossa back of Genoa, the head of the Church, Gregory VII brought to heel the head of the State, Henry IV, and kept the master of the world three days in the snow outside Mathilda's castle, until the principles of justice and the freedom of the Church were dramatically acknowledged.

What is vital for our understanding of Magna Charta, however, is that the gospel of this Cluniac Reform was "freedom," the "freedom of the Church." Thence onward, to restrict our view merely to English, and not to Continental history, when Anselm was driven from his Primacy in England and forced to spend years of exile in France, or when the brains of Thomas à Becket were scattered over the transept floor of Canterbury, the fight was for the "freedom of the Church," and was recognized by all in this specific Cluniac sense.

Hence, when thirty-six years after the murder of St. Thomas, another Archbishop of Canterbury led the nobles to Runnymede for the Great Charter of 1215, it is a fair, and indeed to my mind the only tenable interpretation, to understand that the word "freedom" in Magna Charta, meant

precisely what it had been recognized as meaning in all the preceding battles, namely, that the Church of England, or of anywhere else, was to be "free" in the sense that religion was to stand on its own feet; that it had certain inalienable rights of its own, which no world might had the slightest right to browbeat; and, in our modern jargon, that there are values of the human spirit, for which man must struggle and for which it is worthwhile to die, in order that the spirit of man, or in the word of Phillips Brooks' famous sermon, the Candle of the Lord may shine forth brilliantly and undimmed into the deepest problems of human existence.

II.

Such I understand to be the first decisive battle in the upward push of the human spirit, of which Magna Charta expresses the victory; the freedom of the spirit from material coercion. Ought we, however, or dare we rest here? Is your Society in session today merely to celebrate the freedom of the human spirit, sacred indeed though that freedom unquestionably is? If the above goal were the sole aim of our Commemoration, then in all friendliness, I suggest that your Society would be superfluous. Frankly I say superfluous, because there are so many societies in the world today dedicated to the general cause of freedom, that I see no reason whatsoever to add to the number. But, however, the Magna Charta Dames of today are intelligently loyal to the teaching of the Charter which you hold as a "sacred trust," and you are pledged in twentieth century America to be apostles not only of liberty vaguely and unqualified and in general, but of what we may fitly describe as the Ordered Liberty of the Charter itself; and that brings me to the second principle of my thesis.

As I read the declarations of the Charter, while they unreservedly proclaim freedom, the last thought which any

of the Barons would have had, was that the Charter was a plea for anarchy or disorder. Most emphatically neither the Barons nor the Churchmen at Runnymede had any such idea. On the contrary, the pith and push of the entire Cluniac Revival lay in the belief that while brute might and political despotism ought not to control mankind, principles of truth and of right should do so. Even more, if we are to stick closely to the historic notes of the Charter itself, these principles of truth and of right are not disembodied principles, left idly to the shifting whim of any single individual, but rather they are embodied for practical purposes in the religious and relatively developed sections of society, namely the Church and England's freemen.

I know well that the Great Charter has been often, especially in the past, interpreted quite otherwise, so as to make this thirteenth century document, created by Church and Nobility, a forerunner of Marxist Socialism or of French Revolutionary radicalism. I am not arguing here whether either of these "isms" be right or wrong, but as a student of medieval history, I assert that it is quite impossible to imagine Baron or Prelate in Plantagenet England sanctioning or in any way approving either Socialism or Radicalism. To interpret the Charter in such fashion is absolutely to cut it loose from its historical setting.

Am I then seeking to dampen the enthusiasm of our assembly today? Nay, rather in all humility, I suggest that I am offering the only permanency for the Society. The tale of history is unhappily only too full of temporary endeavors toward freedom, which have not been based on right and on truth. While the noblest heads in France were dropping into the sawdust basket of La Guillotine, a Parisian street girl was pulled into the sanctuary of Notre Dame and adored on the High Altar as the Goddess of Liberty. Loud were the cheers for liberty, yet as we all know, before a score of years had passed, that expression

of liberty failed utterly, because it was so unmistakably not founded on righteousness and truth. Some of us believe that our contemporary Russian experiment will in many points similarly fail, for very similar reasons. The point I would endeavor to impress upon you, is that the liberty of freedom of Magna Charta was not a godless liberty to do what one cares to do, nor a spineless liberty which is not interested in truth. Rather, what Magna Charta presented to the world was an Ordered Liberty, the freedom of the moral personality to develop itself untrammeled and to the uttermost, to develop on the principles of right and of truth, as embodied in religion and in culture.

It is this reading of the great charter which I suggest to you, alone makes its principles dynamic rather than static. Our American world of today is so vastly different from the world of thirteenth century England that a cynic might well feel inclined to ask if intelligent women of our day have nothing better to do than to perpetuate the memory of a medieval controversy. Am I wrong in admitting that if your Society should merely commemorate a static answer to a problem seven centuries old, then our cynic might indeed be justified? Per contra, if today commemoration is here made of a dynamic and expanding answer to a problem eternally alive and pressing upon us now, then cynicism has no place whatever, and your Society may feel justly proud in making a genuine contribution to the problems of the present.

Liberty, right and truth are all dynamic terms, gaining new meaning with the years and with the changing circumstances of every century. It is the glory of Magna Charta that the principles which it inaugurated in the year 1215 can still be applied and found efficient in the year 1934. Kings no longer stalk across our political and economic stage, but who will say that the American society of today is not threatened by just as ruthless and cruel a tyranny as

that of King John in 1215? Still in many sections of American life does might seem even now to create the standard of right. Still is the freedom of the human spirit hemmed in and oppressed by prejudice, by favortism and by malice. Still are our leaders in religion and in education called to assemble their forces against all the tyranny which would stifle, yes and murder, the idealism of our people. Still is there crying need in an age of technocracy and of a soulless materialism, to reassert the first principle of the Great Charter, namely the Church, if we may interpret this as the corporate spirituality of our race, "the Church shall be forever free."

And if, perchance, we are asked what we mean by freedom, I venture to hope that no member of your Society would ever answer, that we are Parlor Communists, or Pink Radicals, or Black Atheists, but, that in our high ideal of liberty we dare not omit the sacred strand of order, which tests the cosmic value of liberty by the Divine standards of righteousness and of truth. This is the liberty of the Great Charter; this is a liberty for which we need not to apologize; this is the liberty which the world and especially our land of America needs most sorely at the present time.

May I detain you for just one concrete illustration of my meaning? Keen scrutinizers of our national thought have more than once in recent times noted among us, as a national weakness, a marked lack of sensitiveness to abstract justice. The philosophic pragmatism of certain of our universities has filtered through into the formation of our legal judgments and moral decisions. Right and wrong too often appear as merely antiquated vestiges of a bygone era. Let me remind you that no people has ever preserved its national life in vigor and in power, when such views become rampant. "Let the heavens fall, but right and truth prevail" that has been the innermost conviction of the great souls in all the ages. That was also, I believe, the convic-

tion of that Assembly at Runnymede which gave to the world the Charter.

If there be any truth whatever in what I have been saying to you today, then a wondrous opportunity opens up before members of The National Society Magna Charta Dames. Not as mere theorists do you face the complex confusion of contemporary living. By your blood, by your family history, by every fibre of your being, you stand pledged before the world as Champions of Ordered Liberty. To every tyranny which threatens to thwart and minimize the glory of human personality, you are a foe. To every expression of the liberty of human personality you are a friend. Only, and this is the eternally significant only of Magna Charta, for you liberty which is not ordered is not liberty but license, and the only liberty which you recognize as genuine, is the liberty to do right and to think truth.

Following this address Mrs. George Dallas Dixon said:

And now it only remains for me to express to Mrs. Dorrance our thanks and our heartfelt appreciation of her gracious hospitality.

Those of us who are here in her charming house today, will ever remember the delightful visit; and may it indeed also bind us more closely together in bonds of friendship and loyalty to our country.

Our nation was the happiest and most prosperous on earth! It is no longer prosperous! We are disturbed by a threat of Fascism on one side, and the menace of Socialism on the other, and it behooves those of us who are still loyal, to emulate the doughty Barons, and fight to preserve our Constitution, not stretched or broken but intact, as it was handed down to us by those patriots who framed it, and who to maintain it pledged "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor."

GRACE BEFORE MEAT

November 20, 1934

An Invocation

offered by

John S. Wurts

O ETERNAL and Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, in the spirit of worship we look up into Thy Face praising Thee. We thank Thee for the beautiful land in which we live and for the measure of righteousness and peace which under Thee has attended our pathway. We thank Thee for our inheritance and for the responsibility which it brings to us. May we be always faithful. We thank Thee for the gift of Thy dear Son. Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above. We thank Thee for this food; may it serve not only to nourish our bodies but also to strengthen and enrich our spirits that in service to others we may live for Thee. And this we ask in the name of our Lord Jesus. Amen.

Our Political Recession

an Address by

Major John Vernou Bouvier

delivered before

The National Society Magna Charta Dames
Meeting at Sherry's in New York City
November 20, 1934

Mrs. Wurts, Members of the Magna Charta Dames and fellow Guests:

By whatsoever name described: Authoritarian, Socialistic-Democracy, horizontal Fascism, diluted Communism, denatured Hitlerism or neo-Bolshevism, it is clear that the instant Government of the United States is neither a Representative Republic nor a Constitutional Democracy. It is certainly not the Government of our Forebears nor the political structure that a century and a half ago converted the American Nation from a hope into a reality.

Our Political Philosophy embraces a Declaration of Doctrines with a documented Constitution in which latter repose the written guarantees of our political liberty, definitely expressed in the form of individual immunities and governmental inhibitions. The genius of our institutions is instinct in the Declaration of Independence, a document containing a compact body of principles deriving from the history of Government the experience of the ages, the teachings of political philosophers, the utterances of statesmen, the writings of publicists and the approval of popular opinion.

In our Constitutional System, beyond the powers of Government control, were certain personal rights and liberties that the Declaration of Independence firmly and clearly defined: "We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

While there are those who assert that no declarations are unalterable and that progress connotes change, truth nevertheless is imperishable and whether temporarily adorned or disfigured by adventitious devices, basically remains immutable. A writer however of keen perception and discriminating judgment has asserted: "There is something in the restless nature of man that leads him continuously to alter, little by little, as well as by cataclysm, his purely temporal mores, whether this be called evolution, devolution or simply change."

The Founders of our Government evolved the principle of a Representative Republic that was entirely opposed to the Direct Democracy which had demonstrated its ineffectiveness two thousand years ago. James Madison briefly and acutely explained in the Federalist the distinction: "In a Democracy the people meet and exercise the Government in person; in a Republic they assemble and administer it by their representatives and agents. . . . A Republic is a Government which derives all its powers directly or indirectly from the great body of the people and is administered by persons holding their offices during pleasure for a limited period or during good behavior."

The Representative idea was fostered in the growth of towns and in the days of the Normans proved to be a stern check upon Feudalism. In the course of time these towns sought charters with the right to choose certain of

their own officers, while as early as the days of Magna Charta the right of local self-government was bestowed upon these towns and boroughs. In the reign of Edward I one hundred and twenty cities and boroughs were enjoined by writ to send to Parliament along with two Knights of the Shire, two deputies from each borough within their county with authority to consent to what the King and his Council should require of them. This may be viewed as the definite commencement of popular representation and the genesis of the House of Commons which latter Macaulay observed was "the archtype of all the representative assemblies which now meet either in the Old or New World."

Here it were well to take pause and to consider: "Who were the men that builded Our Nation; how did they proceed; how were they equipped for their task and what were the results they achieved?"

There are six that stand forth conspicuously as the Nation's founders. If all were not engaged upon the same portion of the edifice concurrently, they nevertheless were occupied in the building of one or more parts thereof at complementary times.

The first and most uncompromising was Samuel Adams, supported, sustained and interpreted by Benjamin Franklin. Dr. Butler has referred to these patriots as "the forerunners of the new Nation" and has named as its "Master Builders" Alexander Hamilton and James Madison while upon Jefferson he has bestowed the title of "Spokesman of the Democratic spirit." George Washington he declares may be literally regarded as the "Father of His Country." His colossean figure is the emergent human equation of all time. The perfect patriot, soldier and statesman.

Jefferson, a profound student of political-philosophy, was not merely familiar with the Charters of English liberties, but grounded in the politico-scientific writings of

Aristotle, Locke, Voltaire, Montesquieu and Rousseau. To his purpose and for his precedents there stood behind the Declaration of Independence the Colonial Charters, the Charters of the English Trading Companies, the Charters of English Cities, Towns and Boroughs, while behind these bold Magna Charta stood which Englishmen had wrested from King John nearly six centuries before.

The world has rarely seen a genius comparable to Alexander Hamilton. "Everything he did became him best." He was an animated thesaurus of political knowledge while he possessed a masterful acumen in finance. Without his persistent and unremitting efforts there probably would have been no Constitution of the United States in the Eighteenth Century or even in the Nineteenth while a loose and internationally impotent Confederation might still have occupied the place of a firm and powerful Union of the States.

Properly with Hamilton should be associated the name of James Madison, who, however, never wholly reached "those upper airs where Genius finds its home." The one was not necessarily complementary to the other, yet there is no question but that the learning and industry of Madison firmly buttressed the genius and imagination of Hamilton.

The outstanding figure of all time is that of George Washington. His labors were monumental not merely through the precarious period that marked the War for Independence but in the Herculean task to which with his fellow-workers-in-the-vineyard he addressed himself in the erection of an hitherto unknown governmental structure. His commanding figure is virtue's imperishable symbol; the intangible is envisualized in the man. He illumines and adorns life's printed page, illustrates and explains the text, ekes out our understanding of the theme and helps us thus to know what virtue means. Destroy him and there is lost

a mighty instrument for human betterment; conserve him and there abides with us a deathless inspiration.

The fundamental concept of the Declaration and the cardinal principle of Jefferson's political philosophy is that the source of all authority reposes in the people and that the individual is endowed with the inalienable rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. By "inalienable" is meant something of which neither man nor his posterity may be deprived by any powers of Government whether attempted to be exercised through the process of Constitutional Amendment or of Federal Legislation.

James Truslow Adams has declared that there is a "tremendous reality" in Jeffersonian Democracy through the assertion of the equality of all men, "in opportunity and before the law and in 'rugged individualism' which means keeping the sphere of individual initiative as wide as possible and that of government interference, as limited as possible." Pitt in terms simple and beautiful has stressed this individual self-sovereignty and homely independence that still constitutes one of England's proudest glories:

> "The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the Crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter, the rain may enter—but the King of England may not enter; all his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement."

Our Nation's unparalleled advance has in the greatest part been due to the exercise of individual initiative in which there is implicit the non-interference of Government in the individual's concerns. From the purely material standpoint, through this salutary principle of Governmental "hands off" the American has hitherto received the highest wages in the world, eats more meat, white bread and sugar than does the citizen of any other Country; wears more good clothing, drives more automobiles, uses more telephones, consumes more electricity and enjoys "more con-

veniences of other kinds many times over than does the Briton, the German, the Frenchman or the man of any other Country."

As catalogued by an astute publicist "the railway, the telegraph, the telephone, the electrical machinery, in countless forms, all the labor-saving devices, the results of researches in health, the increase and preservation of foodstuffs, all these and more are owing to the intensive courage, brains and money of the individual." None of these marks of progress and comfort is Governmental.

In 1925 the London Spectator as a result of a careful and elaborate survey pointed out that while the British Empire is four times the extent of the United States and the Self-Governing Dominions, twice the magnitude thereof "an inferiority of resources" in the United States "had been so treated as to produce an amazing superiority over the British Empire (with) a higher average level of prosperity than exists anywhere else in the world."

Indifferent to or unmindful of, the inviolability of these individual rights and immunities, our legislators have been for two decades drifting away from the principles of the Declaration and still are endeavoring—unhappily with success—to control morals, to prescribe rules of ethical conduct, to determine the tastes and prepossessions of the citizen, to measure the period and extent of the education of his children and to supervise and direct his daily labors. Through the usurpation of powers at no time granted the Federal Government, there has arisen a resultant political confusion unequaled in our history.

A Revolution has started nor do we need the admission of the Counsel to the National Recovery Administration, that such is the case. Lord Bacon declared that the complete answer to an atheist is to bid him look about and see Nature. Equally obvious and convincing is the political situation in the United States where all who look may see.

The pseudo-intellectuals (commonly known as members of the "Brain Trust") inform us that: "Our people on the street and on the soil must change their attitude concerning the nature of men and the nature of human society," while they discuss at great length the social classes, the "New Deal" affects. They put forth a plea for the absolute necessity of a "regimented public opinion" a term that smacks perilously of Hitlerism and the suppression of that free-speech which moved Voltaire to declare that while he disagreed with every word of his adversary, he would lay down his life to permit him to say it.

Regimentation is the antithesis of individualism. It is the negation of our political philosophy; it is the defiance of the Declaration of Independence and all that is implicit in that immortal document; it is the making of man for the State instead of the State for man; it is the basis for a Dictatorship such as the world has never before known; it is a refutation of our Constitution and it scatters to the four winds of Heaven the labors of our forebears.

Today industry is placed in "economic bondage." It is limited in the amount of production with the latter divided among the members of industry in proportion to what Government regards as the proper quantum. Thus there is established a quota system while the Government determines the price that the manufacturer may or must charge as well as the price that he may not charge. He is limited in the amount of development allocated by Government to his factory and to add anything thereto without Governmental sanction, becomes a crime. All these rules, regulations and regimented decrees, are cast into what is known as Codes for the disobedience whereof, the manufacturer may be suitably punished in a Court of Law.

Actually nothing appears too trifling for Government regimentation as witness the recent application of a woman with two children, the sole support of a family, for an in-

junction enjoining the N.R.A. authorities from preventing her pursuing her sole means of livelihood in the making, in her home, of artificial flowers.

A concrete case recently aroused general public resentment if not alarm, in the imposition by a Justice of the Greater Sessions of Jersey City, New Jersey, of a fine of $100.00 and thirty days in jail upon a small local tailor who had the temerity to charge thirty-five cents for the pressing of a customer's garments when a code formulated by the "Cleaners and Dyers of New Jersey" had provided for a minimum charge of forty cents.

Thus the Declaration of Independence, the anniversary whereof we shall in all probability celebrate as a Nation on the Fourth of successive Julys, degenerates into a feeble academic pronouncement with vague historic implications, but now consigned to the trash-basket of worn out and discarded political theories. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Franklin are but names upon which we may in casual moments of leisure exercise our powers of recollection, while individual rights and liberties are anaemic and impotent terms and a Representative Republic becomes merely an archaic alliteration.

In the A.A.A. which affects agriculture, the farmer is compelled as is the industrialist, to meet government requirements at the penalty of criminal prosecution for disobedience thereof. Thus the farmer is limited as to the number of acres he may plant and as to the bushels of grain he may sell, while the cotton grower is subject to similar control under the Bankhead Bill.

The industrialist's production, the farmer's planting, the cotton grower's output all are limited, directed and managed by one or more of a thousand bureaucracies exhausting the alphabet for their identification. Thus Government having deprived the individual of his liberty, proceeds to regiment his life with nice precision and to determine

the extent as well as the direction of his pursuit of happiness. If the Prussian idea has gone farther than this, it can only be a distinction without a difference.

The plea has been devoutly urged that at worst it is a "benign Dictatorship." This obviously is a contradiction of terms. "As well," wrote Congressman Beck, "refer to a chaste seduction," or we may add to an amiable assassination.

The economic debacle of 1929 and of the five years succeeding was and is not in the remotest degree attributable to or indirectly concerned with our political system of Constitutional Democracy. On the contrary it represented the hysteria of speculation which in its psychological operation was not dissimilar to the phenomenon of the tulip craze in Holland.

England beset by the same economic disasters of a depression that has racked the world, has nevertheless remained the beneficent Mother of Parliaments, the secure home of free speech, the impregnable sanctuary of personal liberty. Employing no nostrums for her own rehabilitation, she has countenanced no mountebanks, has given over nothing to idealistic vagaries and has finally prospered without the employment of a single empirical device in the form of "New Deals," "planned economies," "regimented opinion" or alphabetical artifices.

Her Chancellor of the Exchequer was enabled to announce to Parliament that for the operations of 1933 and 1934 there had been revealed a surplus of thirty-nine million pounds or approximately two hundred and thirty million dollars; that there would be a cut in the income tax of ten per cent, in the gasoline tax of twenty-five per cent, with the return of the reduced compensation of civil servants of one-half of the subtractions which government employees had suffered at the time of the national crisis and that there would follow complete restoration of unem-

ployment relief. She has regained her position as the largest exporting country in the world. "Sir," said the Chancellor, "the atmosphere is distinctly brighter, anticipations of a substantial surplus in national accounts have been realized."

Back then to first principles: In this we will frequently be assailed with the contemptuous appellation of "Tories" or "visionless reactionaries." Nothing however is quite so reactionary as the multiplication table, yet it would be difficult to provide a new and untried method of computation more effective. No more complete reactionaries are to be found than in the followers of the Nazarene. No lawgiver has arisen nor has any ethical code been formulated comparable to Moses and the Decalogue. Let us be cautious and not confuse motion with progress, nor convictions with convulsions. In fine, let us not lightly exchange old lamps for new.

A POEM

Written for the November meeting, 1934.
By LLOYD HORD, Hereditary Member,
The National Society Magna Charta Dames.

THE MAGNA CHARTA OAK

At Runnymede a great oak stands,
The Barons in its shelter tarry,
Sedate it smiles, and with gnarled hands
Blesses the covenant they carry.[1]

The oak tree quivering, blessed this deed,
Mankind and nature both united
In praise of those at Runnymede
Who saw the torch of freedom lighted.

The oak has been a trysting place
And freedom's sign the whole world over.
Beneath it one of Jewish race
Made covenant with great Jehovah.[2]

That spirit born at Runnymede
Crossed trackless seas and did not falter.
It rose to Hartford's mighty need
And freed it from a monarch's halter.

The oak here played a different part
From all the former roles assigned it,
It hid a Charter in its heart
And King's men tried in vain to find it.[3]

Triumphant, held by Other Hands,
Though men and nations pass unknowing,
Freedom, in Magna Charta, stands
Like a great oak tree, ever growing.

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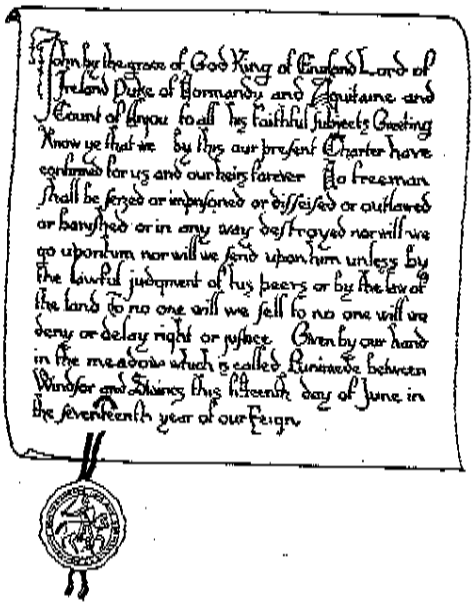
[1] The venerable oak on the field at Runnymede, June 12-15, 1215.
[2] The Book of Joshua, 24th chapter, 26th verse.
[3] The Charter Oak at Hartford, Conn., October, 1687.


John by the grace of God King of England Lord of Ireland Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine and Count of Anjou to all his faithful subjects Greeting Know ye that we by this our present Charter have confirmed for us and our heirs forever No freeman shall be seized or imprisoned or disseised or outlawed or banished or in any way destroyed nor will we go upon him nor will we send upon him unless by the lawful judgment of his peers or by the law of the land To no one will we sell to no one will we deny or delay right or justice Given by our hand in the meadow which is called Runimede between Windsor and Staines this fifteenth day of June in the seventeenth year of our Reign.

A free translation from the Latin, of the opening and closing sentences of the Great Charter of King John, together with its two most celebrated sections, each letter being a facsimile of the original.

A FACSIMILE OF MAGNA CHARTA, 22 x 30 inches, bordered with 30 illuminated coats of arms, and the seals of the King's Securities, in color, suitable for framing, and a full copy of the ENGLISH TRANSLATION may be obtained by addressing the Secretary.

In Loving Remembrance

Miss Harriet Isabel Low Anable.....October 24, 1932
Mrs. Charles Francis Beebe (Emma Bowne).....June 22, 1932
Mrs. William Henry Brittigan (Mary Payton Sibley).....March 2, 1935
Miss Fannie Gilmor Crenshaw.....March 8, 1935
Mrs. Robert Frank Dalton (Caroline Sparrow).....May 27, 1934
Mrs. Cyrus Addan Dolph (Elise Cardinell).....April 29, 1934
Mrs. Philip W. Drackett, Jr. (Ruth Jenkins Ferris).....May 29, 1934
Mrs. William Pryor Farley (Margaret Maynard).....May 19, 1935
Mrs. Walter Jackson Freeman (Corinne Keen).....October 27, 1932
Mrs. John Gribbel (Elizabeth Baecker Wood).....June 30, 1934
Mrs. Thomas Roberts Harper (Lillian Du Puy Van Culin)..June 12, 1933
Mrs. Lorraine Farquhar Jones (Matilda Fontaine Berkley), December 18, 1932
Mrs. Frederick William Kendrick (Elizabeth Pendleton Slattery), February 23, 1933
Mrs. Frederic Ellsworth Kip (Charlotte Bishop Williams), February 10, 1926
Mrs. James Large (Ethel Nelson Page).....March 23, 1934
Miss Julia Lathrop.....April 15, 1932
Miss Amy Lowell.....May 12, 1926
Mrs. Charles Christopher Mengel (Emily Mason Tryon)..March 26, 1932
Mrs. Thomas Lynch Montgomery (Susan Douglass Keim)..June 20, 1934
Mrs. Henry Dyer Moore (Mary Jones Smith).....December 12, 1934
Mrs. Spencer K. Mulford, Jr. (Fayelle Dodge).....January 16, 1935
Miss Mamy Harris Pearson.....February 7, 1933
Mrs. John Henry Rose (Louisa Chapman).....June 11, 1933
Mrs. Harrison Smith (Jacqueline Harrison).....August 12, 1934
Miss Hetty Vanuxem Sparhawk.....September 26, 1932
Mrs. Louis A. Thebaud (Gertrude Lee McCurdy).....November 24, 1930
Mrs. Silas Ellsworth Walker (Cinderella Jane Dalrymple), November 18, 1934
Mrs. Clarence Lincoln Westcott (Maria Dunbar Lockwood), August 24, 1933
Mrs. David T. Williams (Julia Willets).....October 25, 1933

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY MAGNA CHARTA DAMES

A SOCIAL ORDER

Instituted March 1, 1909

Members residing in 47 States and Foreign Countries
(There are no State Societies)

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California

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Miss Florence Van Rensselaer,	New York.
Mrs. John Robinson Webster (Gertrude Margaret Potter),	Nebraska.

MEETINGS HELD DURING THE PRESIDENCY OF MRS. JAMES LARGE

June 10, 1929, Guests of Mrs. James Large at The Ritz-Carlton, Philadelphia. Address by John S. Wurts, LL.B., "A Priceless Heritage."

November 21, 1929, at The Copley-Plaza, Boston. Addresses by Mrs. Daniel Kent and Mrs. William S. Hallowell, "Magna Charta Ideals."

March 1, 1930, at The Drake, Chicago. Address by Miss Isabel Wurts Page, "Our Twenty-first Anniversary."

June 12, 1930, Guests of Mrs. Julien Ortiz at "Valmy," Greenville, Delaware. Address by John S. Wurts, LL.B., "The Field of Runnymede."

November 5, 1930, at The Willard, Washington. Addresses by Dr. Marcus Benjamin and Dr. Joseph G. B. Bulloch, "Magna Charta and the Ladies."

March 17, 1931, at The Vanderbilt, New York. Address by Mrs. Finley J. Shepard, "The Trend of the Times—A Plea for the Christian Faith."

June 11, 1931, Guests of Mrs. James Large at Strawberry Mansion, Philadelphia. Address by Miss Sarah D. Lowrie, "A New Era of Hospitality."

November 12, 1931, at The Barclay, Philadelphia. Address by Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, "Two Principles of Magna Charta."

June 11, 1932, Guests of Mrs. Finley J. Shepard at "Lyndhurst," Irvington-on-Hudson, who also made the address.

November 16, 1932, at Green Hill Farms, Overbrook. Addresses by Anna Lane Lingelbach, Ph.D., "The Magna Charta and William Penn"; Rev. D. Wilmot Gateson, M.A., "The Pen and the Sword."

June 12, 1933, Guests of Mrs. James Starr at Fort Hunter on the Susquehanna. Address by Mrs. Edward B. Meigs, "Fort Hunter."

November 14, 1933, at The Barclay, Philadelphia. Address by Frances Lester Warner, "A Foot-Note to Magna Charta."

June 12, 1934, Guests of Mrs. John T. Dorrance at "Woodcrest," Radnor. Address by Dr. Leicester Crosby Lewis, "The Ordered Liberty of Magna Charta."

November 20, 1934, at Sherry's, New York. Addresses by Major Montgomery Schuyler, "Early Settlements in America"; Major John V. Bouvier, "Our Political Recession"; Dr. William Sohier Bryant, "Allegiance."

June 18, 1935, Guests of Mrs. George Harrison Houston at the Huntingdon Valley Country Club. Address by the Hon. Gilbert Holland Montague.

The National Society Magna Charta Dames

was instituted at the Capitol of the United States, in the City of Washington, on March 1st, 1909. It is a social Order, directed by a Council and composed of women who are lineal descendants of one or more of the Barons of England who in or before the year 1215 rendered actual service toward securing, and who, after many defeats, finally did secure the articles of constitutional liberty, properly called the Magna Charta, from their sovereign, John, King of England, which he ratified and delivered to them "in the meadow which is called Runnemede between Windsor and Staines," on the Thames, above London, on the 15th day of June, A. D., 1215.