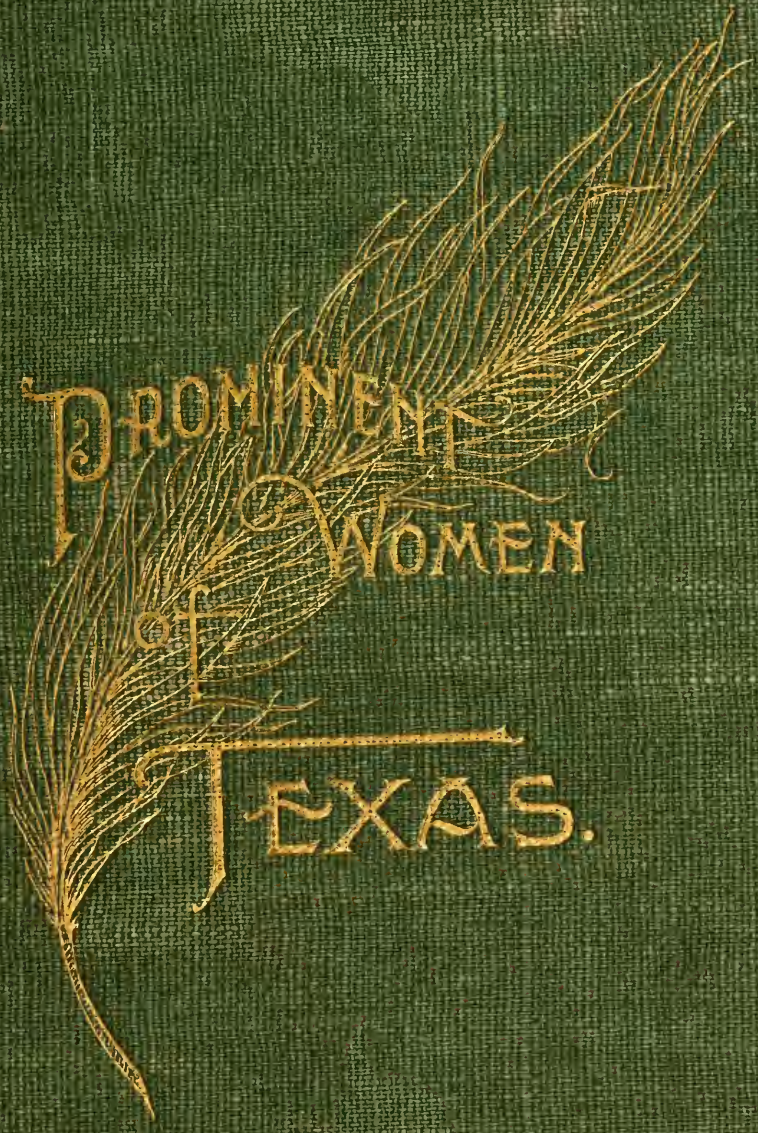
PROMINENT
WOMEN
OF
TEXAS.

PROMINENT

WOMEN OF TEXAS

BY

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PREFACE.

THE women of Texas, like the women of every geographical division of the globe, and in every age of the world, have played their part in the drama of human progress. Like their coworkers of the other sex, only the comparatively few have filled niches in the pantheon of greatness, but these few, of both sexes, had added to the light of the world's illumination some of its purest rays, and have given to history some of its lessons of greatest value.

By way of proem to the story of female achievement in Texas, it may not be unprofitable to recall a few of the women, who, in their day, and by their mental prowess, contributed to human advancement. In the dawn of history, and among the most favored of the race, though subordinated to her lord by civil and religious law, woman began her intellectual work. In the person of Deborah we find one of the thirteen judges who successively ruled in Israel, and one whose wise administration vindicated her claim to the office. When Jeremiah, the prophet, and Hilkiah, the high-priest, and Shaphan, the scribe, all faltered in their interpretation of the Divine will, only Huldah, the prophetess, could reveal to them the meaning of the book of the law. In the Golden Age of Athenian learning, a woman, as preceptress, unfolded the philosophy of Socrates, and formed the rhetoric of Pericles. Sappho entranced cultured Greece with the charm of her lyric verse. Hypatia was famed for her knowledge in astronomy, and for the profoundness of her philosophy. In more modern times, the Marchioness of Pescara and

Margeritte Clothilde de Surville eclipsed all other lights in the field of poetry and belles-lettres; while Elizabeth, Lady Jane Grey, and Signora Joan of Arragon, made themselves famous as scholars and linguists. In theology and eloquence Isabella de Kesara displayed powers that electrified her cotemporaries; and Elena Lucrezia Piscopia, as linguist and mathematician, rose above all the men of her time. Even as rulers of great nations, women have held with firm and skillful hand the reins of government, and the throne has been exalted by their wisdom. From Artemesia and Semiramis and Zenobia to Elizabeth and Victoria, the crown lost none of its splendor while adorning the brow of a woman. In art, as in science, she has excelled. When Rosa Bonheur with her brush made the canvas to glow with the consciousness of its charm; when Prospersia Rossi with her chisel startled the formless rock into life; when the female Herschel with her lens brought down to our sphere the secrets of the stellar hosts, the world applauded and confessed that painting and sculpture and astronomy found expression in woman's genius equal to that displayed by her gifted brother. As his helpmeet she has also given signal proof of collaborative effort. Grote, the historian, Carlyle, the essayist, John Stuart Mill, the political economist, and Agassiz, the scientist, only wrote in part the works that made them famous; their wives were the partners of their toil, and they helped to build the pedestals on which these great men stand.

These examples of feminine achievement are proof of potential force, of inherent aspirations; they reveal in female nature the qualities of strong patience, trustful energy and tenacious purpose. They give woman place in the *palestra* of intellectual contest, for there she has asserted her readiness to struggle for the prize, and has even shown her proud scorn for the *palma sine pulvere*—the crown of victory without the dust of contention. The very obstacles that nature and social laws have placed in her way have proved incentives to her effort. Themistocles, in his exile, said that his ruin had

made his fortune; woman, clothed in the disabilities of her sex, may well claim that her fetters have given her liberty and honor.

The women of Texas, like their sisters in other climes, have an experience and a renown of their own. The scene of their lives is laid in a land that was pressed by the adventurous foot of the white man a hundred years before the Pilgrims touched the Plymouth shore—a hundred years in the van of the Mayflower did the battered bark of Cabeça de Vaca cast forth the wanderers who were first to spy out this land of our Canaan. From that time till now, with scarce a day of interruption in her story, has Texas been the scene of adventure sprung from avarice, or born of the spirit of conquest and discovery. In all her epochs she has attracted the immigrant and home-seeker, and, whether, as Province, Republic or State, her visitors have come in family groups in which the women have borne no small share of the labors and dangers of the new life. Beginning thus in the generation of the pioneers, these women displayed intrepidity begotten of the perils in which they lived—perils that made martyrs of some, heroines of all; pursuing still their wonted vigor and high resolve, their successors of to-day have culminated in a generation whose powers and culture place them in the front ranks of modern progress.

The bibliography of Texas is bright with female names. Whether in the domain of history, travels, romance, adventure, poetry, or other learning, women have equally shared the laurels with the other sex. Mrs. Holly's "Texas," Mrs. Helm's "Scraps of Texas History," Corine Montgomery's "Texas and Her Presidents," and Melinda Perkins' "Texas in 1850," are all reliable and entertaining narratives of the country. Mrs. Houstouns' four volumes of "Travels and History," Cora Montgomery's "Life on the Border," and Mrs. Eastman's "Romance of Indian Life," are all charming contributions to Texas literature. Mollie E. Moore's poems, and Augusta J. Evans' "Tale of the Alamo," have become famous among readers everywhere. Mrs. Fairchild's adventures of herself, and

Mrs. Kelly's "Experience" contain the thrilling recitals of their sufferings while in captivity among the Indians. Mrs. Young's "Flora of Texas" is the repository of much valuable knowledge from the natural history of the State. Mrs. Viele's "Following the Drum" is the delightful production of a Texas author. These are among the female writers who have adorned our literature; others are in the field; and still others are equipping themselves by collegiate training for the fascinating pursuit.

In introducing THE WOMEN OF TEXAS to our readers, it is appropriate to state that many distinguished in their several spheres have been necessarily omitted, and among these the annals of Texas do not furnish a brighter story of heroism in the cause of human liberty than that of Mrs. Jane Herbert Long, the "Mother of Texas," and champion of her freedom. Her husband, the illustrious Gen. James Long, was the first to proclaim the independence of Texas. This he did at the town of Nacogdoches in the memorable year of 1819, and forthwith began the work of organizing a provisional government. Forced by superior numbers of Spanish regulars to retreat, he fortified himself on Bolivar Point opposite Galveston, being aided by the famous Ben Milam and Capt. John Austin. Here he placed his wife, proceeded westward, captured Goliad, and marched to San Antonio where he made a treaty whereby he was constituted provisional Governor of Texas under the new government of Mexico. He was soon after arrested and carried to the City of Mexico, where he was assassinated. Meantime the General's soldier wife remained at the fort on Bolivar Point, and this she held though the garrison deserted their post. She resisted all threats and entreaties to compass her surrender, occasionally firing a gun to deter the Indians from assault; and in all this peril she was alone with her infant child and one servant. Not until she was convinced of her husband's death could she be persuaded to abandon the post he had committed to her keeping; then she retired, and finally became a member of Austin's colony. This ardent patriot made her final home in Rich-

mond, Fort Bend County, where she died in 1880, thus living for many years to enjoy the discomfiture of her enemy, and the freedom and progress of her beloved land.

The women of Texas have given their share of representatives to the Congress of the distinguished women of the world, and the following pages will be their commission to accept the tribute and the homage that, in every enlightened land, is paid to culture, energy and good works.

PROMINENT WOMEN OF TEXAS.

CHAPTER I.

WIVES OF TEXAS PRESIDENTS.

MRS. SAM HOUSTON—MRS. ANSON JONES.

MRS. SAM HOUSTON.—Sam Houston and Texas are as indissolubly linked in the chain of history as Philip and Macedon, Cæsar and Rome, the Norman Conqueror and England; and the splendid achievement at San Jacinto crowned its hero with bays as imperishable as those that fame has placed upon the brow of the victors of Cheronæa, Pharsalia, and Hastings.

Sam Houston was of Celtic origin, and was born in Virginia in 1793. When a youth he moved with his widowed mother to Tennessee, in which State he grew up and earned both military and civil distinction—commanding its militia as Major-General, representing one of its districts in the Federal Congress, and filling the gubernatorial office at its capital. For reasons that he never divulged, he resigned the executive office and silently left the State to live among the Cherokees in the Indian Territory. From there, in 1832, he went to Texas, then a Mexican province and a constituent part of the Mexican State of "Coahuila and Texas." Arriving in Nacogdoches, he found it the center of a popular movement to compel the parent government to divorce Texas from her uncongenial partner and clothe her with the functions of independent Statehood. In pursuance of this object, a convention was called at San Felipe in 1833, of which General Houston was a member. The usurpation of the Mexican

government by Santa Anna had, in the meantime, changed the purposes of the people. They now clamored for independence, and to that end convened the General Consultation at San Felipe in 1835, for the object of forming a provisional government. General Houston was a conspicuous member of that body, and when hostilities with the mother country resulted from its acts, he was placed in command of the Texan forces in the field. He was also a delegate to the convention of 1836 that assembled at Washington, and, on the 2nd of March of that year, promulgated its famous Declaration of Independence. Two days later he was elected Commander-in-Chief, and marched to the front with a small force to meet the invading army of Santa Anna. The Fabian strategy that resulted led the enemy to his fate on the plains of San Jacinto, where the independence of the country was brilliantly won. On the permanent organization of the Republic, General Houston was elected its first President, and, at the end of his term, was chosen to a seat in the Congress. It was during this term of Congress that he visited Mobile, Alabama, and there first met Miss Margaret Moffette Lea at the home of her brother, Col. M. A. Lea. One year later, May 9, 1840, he was married to her at the town of Marion in that State, the home of her parents and the place of her birth. At the third general election General Houston was chosen President a second time by an almost unanimous vote of the people. Two years after the conclusion of this service he was elected to the convention that annexed Texas to the United States, and, in 1846, he was elected by the first State legislature one of the two United States Senators, to which high post he was reëlected the following year and again in 1851. The national importance he acquired is part of the political history of the country. Two years after retiring from the Senate, he was elected Governor of Texas, the first year of his term being the stormy period that immediately preceded the Civil War. Entertaining convictions opposed to those held by the majority in power on the question of secession, and refusing to subscribe the oath of allegiance to the Confederate States, he was deposed from his office in

March, 1861. Saddened by the events that foreboded the disruption of the Union, to which he was zealously attached, he withdrew from the scenes of his public life to find solace in the quiet of his home at Huntsville. He died there, July 26, 1863. Such, briefly told, was the eventful life of one of the most famous men of America; General, President, Governor of two States, Senator, and Representative in the United States Congress, soldier, orator and statesman. At the age of forty-seven, and a widower, he married Miss Lea, who though twenty-six years his junior, scarcely realized the disparity in the abundance of her practical wisdom and in the earnestness of her zeal for the public good.

Mrs. Houston was born April 11, 1819, and is descended from one of the cultured families of Alabama. She remained under her father's careful instruction until old enough to enter Pleasant Valley Seminary, where her school education was completed, and where she developed the marked literary talent for which she was distinguished in after life. She early evinced the religious tendencies that became more pronounced as she advanced in years, and, at an age when most girls give least thought to the serious side of life, she joined the Baptist Church, of which she was ever a consistent member. Her marriage with General Houston excited in her mind less the pride of honorable alliance than sentiments of responsibility and obligation attaching to the grave trust of her high position. Her example, she felt, should be the incense of her daily offering at the shrine of social progress, and her wifely devotion the precious oil of gladness to lighten the toils of her husband. Pursuing these generous impulses, her household became the nursery of every domestic virtue, and her husband's public cares were daily sweetened by her sympathy and her smiles. She was his constant companion, except during the years of his senatorial service, when she remained at home, preferring the tender charge of her little children to the pleasures of society at the nation's capital. During these years, as well as before and after them, her home was the almost continuous scene of genial and unassuming hospitality. While

residing at Austin, her health visibly failed, and, in consequence, the public enjoyed fewer of her pleasant offices. Her removal to her home at Huntsville, following the retiracy of her husband from public office, would, it was hoped, bring relief with the promised repose. The hope was fallacious, and the gloomiest event of her life, two years later—the death of General Houston—added to her pain the burden of desolation. After this bereavement Mrs. Houston returned to a former home in Independence, with a view to educating her children at Baylor University, then located at that place. Four years later Mrs. Houston felt herself summoned to new fields of labor. The Yellow Fever, in epidemic form, entered Texas, and to the relief of its victims she devoted herself, with tireless energy and with undaunted and heroic courage. She lived and labored through the fearful scourge, though prostrated by excessive vigils, toils and anxieties. She survived her work only a few weeks, and died December 3, 1867, a true martyr in the cause of humanity. A beautiful life thus came to a fitting end; its morning and meridian gilded by bright skies, its sunset made glorious by the splendor of its own sacrifice.

Mrs. Houston's body lies buried at Independence; that of her husband lies in the cemetery at Huntsville. The dust of the dead, whom love united in the past and hope reunites in the future, ought, in the present, to be gathered in the same urn and be reverenced by a common memory.

The children born of this union are eight in number, four sons and four daughters, here named in the order of their birth: Sam, a physician, married Lucy Anderson, of Williamson County; Nannie E., married J. C. Morrow, of Williamson County; Margaret Lea, married W. L. Williamson, of Washington County; Mary W., married J. S. Morrow, of Chambers County; Nettie Powers, married Prof. W. L. Bringhurst, of Bryan; Andrew Jackson, married Carrie G. Purnell, of Austin, after whose death he married Elizabeth Good, of Dallas; William Roger and Temple.

In her maternal relation, Mrs. Houston displayed qualities of surpassing power and tenderness, through which she

inspired in her children sentiments of profound reverence and affection. They never felt the power, they knew only the love that guided them. Like Achilles among the maidens, wearing their garments, she moved among her children, clothed in their simplicity, veiling from them the subtle force by which they were led into paths of virtue, honor, and uprightness. All through life her children counseled with her as with a friend, and, above all, they never failed to seek in her sympathy the consolation that, in the words of Isaiah, made them feel "as one whom his mother comforteth." The gentle tribute to her memory by Mrs. Bringhurst, her gifted daughter, reveals the sweet influence of a mother's holy life and its undying power, even in death. Other scenes may fade and other lessons be forgotten, sings the heart of this daughter:

"But the words of my mother still lingered
Like the echo when songs die away."

MRS. ANSON JONES.—The wife of the last President of the Republic of Texas was Mary Smith, born July 24, 1819, in Arkansas, then a Territory. Her father was a Virginian, and she the eldest of his five children. When in her fifteenth year, she emigrated to Brazoria County, Texas, with her mother, who had become a widow, and who there entered in second nuptials with John Woodruff, and there died in 1845. Mary was thus left in charge of the young family, and, upon the death of her stepfather two years later, was further entrusted with their sole support and education. The rugged discipline to which she had been subjected in the twelve years of Texas life preceding the loss of her parents, prepared her for the duties she was to assume. The country had been in an almost uninterrupted state of revolution; hostile invasions of Indians and Mexicans had frequently left in their track the cruel work of fire and sword and scalping-knife; the men and even the boys were bearing arms in distant fields, and the women and children were often left alone to defend the home that sheltered them. It was in

1836, after the fall of the Alamo and the massacre of Fannin and his men at Goliad, that consternation fell upon every household in the route of the invaders and drove the helpless to places of greater safety. Among these was the family of John Woodruff, which fled eastward and remained in their refuge till their enemy, "The Napoleon of the West," had found his Waterloo in the field of San Jacinto. About the close of this year the family resolved to leave the dangerous highway on which they lived and moved to the new town of Houston, then in the infancy of its municipal life. There, in July of the following year, Mary Smith was married to Hugh McCrory, a soldier, who had but recently come with General Felix Huston in the gallant band of volunteers from Mississippi. In less than two months the young husband died, and the bride was a widow at eighteen. Two years after this she removed with her parents to Austin, the new seat of government, where she met Dr. Anson Jones, and to whom she was married in May, 1840.

Dr. Anson Jones was a native of Great Barrington, Massachusetts, and was born in 1798. He was a physician, began his medical career in Philadelphia, and from there went to South America where for two years he practiced in Venezuela. From there, in 1833, he went to Brazoria, Texas, and engaged in the active duties of his profession. From this business he was early diverted by the pervading spirit of the revolutionary times, and he finally abandoned it for the more congenial pursuits of military and political life. He enlisted as a private in the Texan army, and, after brief service, was commissioned surgeon of Burleson's regiment. In 1837 he was elected Representative in the House of Congress; the following year he was appointed minister from the Republic of Texas to that of the United States, and while absent on this mission he was elected to a seat in the Senate by which body he was chosen its presiding officer in the absence of the Vice President. He was Secretary of State during Sam Houston's second presidential term, and at its close was elected President of the Republic. He qualified and took his office in December, 1844, and the constitu-

tional term of his service was three years, but, owing to the annexation of Texas to the United States, he served less than half his term, and, on the 19th of February, 1846, surrendered the government to James Pinkney Henderson, first Governor of the State. Retiring to his plantation in Washington County, which he called "Barrington," in honor of his birthplace, he there lived in close seclusion from public life until he sold the place in 1857. In that year he entered the lists as a candidate for the United States Senate and was defeated. This disappointment, superadded to the popular neglect he suffered while in his retreat at Barrington, so preyed upon his mind as to render it morbidly averse from every social pleasure, from every hopeful view of life. In this state of gloom, existence to him became a burden—as it had been to the philosophic Aristotle, the virtuous Cato, the powerful Clive—incurable melancholy seized him, and, on the 7th of January, 1858, he fell its victim by his own deliberate act.

Mrs. Jones thus, in the eighteenth year of her marriage and the thirty-ninth of her age, became a widow the second time. With her four children she moved to Galveston, and thence, the same year, to a farm in Harris County which she managed with skill, industry and success. There she supervised the education of her children, and gave to them the training that distinguishes a practical, sensible, and pious mother. Her two eldest sons, Samuel E. and Charles, volunteered in the Confederate army; the latter fell at Shiloh, and the former, after meritorious service, returned home, studied dentistry, and is now in the enjoyment of a successful practice. The youngest son, Cromwell Anson Jones, became a lawyer, and, after winning distinction at the Houston bar, was elected Judge of the County Court of Harris County, in which office he dispensed justice with gentleness, ability and uprightness. He died in 1888, leaving his stricken mother crushed under the burden of this added sorrow. Her only daughter, Sallie, married R. G. Ashe, and to this daughter and her children, and to her remaining son, Mrs. Jones now looks for the only earthly joys that can bring solace to her

broken life. Her faith in the promises of her Christian belief is to her the fountain of perennial consolation in her distress, and through this faith she has learned to regard her sea of sorrows as the sacred pool in whose troubled waters her wounded spirit is made whole. Her religious fervor, her strong character, and her unconquerable will, rescue her from the despondency under which so many shattered hearts have sunk. As far as the infirmities of age permit, she gives active help to those around her, and in her daily conversation she exhibits the patriotic sentiment she has ever felt for the State she dearly loves. In her office of president of the "Daughters of the Republic of Texas" she zealously fosters the purposes of the order, and lovingly infuses her ardor into the hearts of its members. The evening of her life is hallowed by the memories of its youth, and in her latter days are reflected the warm glow of a life chastened by affliction and softened by the grace of abounding charity.

CHAPTER II.

WIVES OF MILITARY HEROES.

MRS. RUSK—MRS. LAMAR—MRS. FANNIN—MRS. SHERMAN AND MRS. WHARTON.

MRS. THOMAS J. RUSK.—Biographical literature has, in all ages, been occasionally enlivened by the contradictions and paradoxes of human experience. Calamities have, not infrequently, been harbingers of triumph; losses have been productive of gain; sorrows have been messengers of peace; storms have stranded their victims on golden shores. The common soldier Artaxerxes, banished from the ranks of the last king of the Parthians, sought asylum in hostile Persia, and found a throne. At the court of this same empire, the exiled hero of Salamis found favor and fortune, where he pleaded only for refuge; and it was there he said: "I should have been undone had it not been for my undoing." Thomas

Jefferson Rusk, through a dishonest agent, lost all his hard-earned substance, and, in seeking to recover it, found fame, affluence and honor; and Texas, through this same untoward event, acquired one of the most interesting, useful, and versatile characters of her history. General Rusk had removed from his native State of South Carolina to Clarksville, Georgia, to practice law. He there married a daughter of General Cleveland, a prominent man in his section, and there formed business connections—among others, one with a company of miners and land speculators. In this the managers proved faithless and absconded to Texas with the funds of the corporation. He pursued the fugitives beyond the Sabine, but failed to recover any portion of his stolen property. This was in 1835, and his pursuit led him to the town of Nacogdoches. He found the country aflame with the spirit of revolution; every man a soldier, every house an arsenal. His sympathetic nature caught the infection, and, forgetting all else, he made the cause of the patriots his own. From the ranks of a gallant little company he soon advanced to its command, and from that to the leadership of the Republic's undisciplined but formidable battalions. Obeying the voice of the people, he temporarily laid down his sword to enter the memorable convention of 1836 that declared the independence of Texas. From this body he took service in the new government as its first Secretary of War, in which capacity, as director of operations in the field, he stopped Houston's retreat before Santa Anna, brought on the eventful battle of San Jacinto, and distinguished himself in that action as one of the military heroes of Texas history. Retiring from the cabinet and acting under a Brigadier General's commission, he placed himself at the head of the troops, and followed in the retreating footsteps of the invaders; arriving at Goliad, he collected the bones of the three hundred and thirty victims of Urrea's treachery, and, before giving them honorable burial, delivered a funeral oration that, for eloquence, pathos, and patriotism, had not been excelled since Pericles pronounced his splendid eulogy to the memory of the slaughtered Greeks. In Houston's administration he

was again called to the cabinet, but soon retired from it for a seat in the Texas Congress. In the intervals of his congressional service he fought the Caddos, the Cherokees, and other hostile Indians, and, on the disappearance of danger from that source, he was appointed Chief Justice of the Republic. After brief service on the bench he resigned to resume his practice at the bar. He favored annexation to the United States, and, in 1845, was president of the convention that formed the constitution of the then future State of Texas. In the following year he was elected by the State's first legislature as one of her United States Senators, and he was retained in that high position till his melancholy death in 1857.

In every act inspired by the manifold zeal of this soldier, jurist and statesman, his devoted wife was always his sympathizer, often his counselor and sometimes his active helper, and her experiences in these turbulent times—if not as rugged or as perilous as those of her brave husband—were of a nature to evoke the self-denial, composure, and courage that distinguished her through life.

It was in 1836 that occasion first offered to put these qualities to the test. The little army was scattered through the West, fighting the hordes from Mexico; and the hostile Indians, taking advantage of the defenseless situation of the Eastern settlements, were combining for bloody onslaught on the unprotected women and children. These latter, among whom were Mrs. Rusk and her young family, fled for safety toward the United States frontier, leaving between them and the savages only thirty men under General M'Leod, who garrisoned the little fortress at Nacogdoches. In their terror, these panic-stricken refugees threw away everything that could impede their progress, and, but for the calm and comforting assurances of Mrs. Rusk, many would have fallen by the way. "As long as the brave M'Leod or one of his men is living," she said, "we have nothing to fear." The fright of this trembling crowd was, from time to time, appallingly increased by a flying poltroon overtaking and passing them. On one occasion a dastard, of

whom there were then fortunately but few in Texas, took time in his flight to scream out: "Hurry up or the Indians will scalp you." Mrs. Rusk, with undisturbed serenity, and with something of humor in her retort, replied to him: "You will save *your* scalp if your horse holds out."

Mrs. Rusk had seven children of whom the only survivor is John C. Rusk, of Ben Wheeler, Van Zandt County. Her only daughter, Helena, died young at Nacogdoches. Of the others, Thomas J. and Alonzo died in infancy, Benjamin died at Austin, Thomas D., died in Harrison County, and Cicero was killed in the Confederate army. The care of these children was the exclusive office of their mother, and their home her supreme sphere. She hallowed its precincts by the example of a useful and holy life; she brightened its hearth-stone with cheerfulness; she adorned its altars with domestic virtues; and taught her children to reverence its sanctity. She dispensed its hospitality with generous but prudent hands, and she made it the refuge of the indigent, the afflicted, and the friendless. She thus became the idol of her household, and endeared herself to the people in the homes of whose descendants her memory still lingers as a sweet savor of the gentle charities of life.

Mrs. Rusk died in 1856, in the forty-seventh year of her age and the twenty-ninth of her married life, and infinitely sad were the consequences of this great bereavement. The strong, brave husband, whom no danger could appall, no calamity overwhelm, fell shattered under the stroke, and in deep despondency he languished until, heart-broken and mind-broken, his own hand finished the cruel work.

Mrs. Rusk was a devout Christian and inculcated the precepts of her faith wherever she felt they might "bring forth fruits meet for repentance." Her heart was the hearth of the graces, and there they were warmed by the love that inspired her daily work, and in her daily work she was ever cheerful, genial and happy. The lines of Leigh Hunt might have been written for her.

> "Death, of its sting disarmed, she knew no fear,
> But tasted heaven e'en while she lingered here."

MRS. MIRABEAU B. LAMAR.—The wife of the first Vice President, and the second President, of the Republic of Texas, was the bright and beautiful Henrietta Maffitt, daughter of the celebrated Methodist minister, John Newland Maffitt, and sister of the gallant Fred. Maffitt, commodore of the Confederate navy. She was married in 1851 to General Lamar, who was fifty-three years of age and a widower, and who had already achieved fame in both the civil and military history of the country. He came to Texas from Georgia, his native State, in 1835; rendered splendid service as commander of cavalry at the battle of San Jacinto; was President Burnet's Secretary of War, signalized his great ability in the presidential office, at the expiration of which his influence was most salutary in the councils of the nation; and fought in the Mexican War, where his reputation was augmented by brilliant conduct at the storming of Monterey. Such was the record of the brave man of Georgia who united his fortunes with the beautiful woman of Texas.

Mrs. Lamar and her twin sister Matilda, when almost in their infancy, came to Texas with their mother, and lived in Galveston; there she was married, and there, also, was married her sister to R. D. Johnson, of that city.

So nearly had her life been passed in Texas, and so unalterable and undivided was her devotion to the State, that Mrs. Lamar, though not to the manor born, was loath to admit any other place to that distinction; when questioned on the subject she always answered with diplomatic evasion and with Spartan brevity: "I am a Texan."

Immediately after her marriage, Mrs. Lamar moved with her husband to their plantation home near the historic town of Richmond, on the Brazos. There she became an active element in society, and gave zealous support to the Episcopal Church, of which communion she was a member.

In 1857, General Lamar reluctantly accepted a mission to one of the American Republics. Accompanied by his wife, he went to Washington for credentials and instructions, intending to proceed from there to his post abroad. During their visit to the Capital, Mrs. Lamar was greatly admired

for her charming personality, and was the recipient of many flattering attentions—including an entertainment at the White House by the courtly niece of President Buchanan. In the midst of these gaieties, and of her preparations for residence in foreign countries, she was seriously attacked by a bronchial affection—so seriously, that her medical attendants forbade the voyage, and urged her immediate return to Texas. She obeyed the warning, and her husband was thus condemned to go alone to his distant mission. The soft climate of southern Texas soon restored Mrs. Lamar to her wonted health, and she resumed her accustomed place in the social and religious circles of Richmond. Superadded to these were the responsible and onerous cares of a plantation. The duties were new, but she performed them with marvelous skill; she, moreover, fitted herself for the work she was destined so soon to direct and administer alone.

After two years' absence, General Lamar returned to his home, but he had hardly entered upon its enjoyment before he was fatally stricken with apoplexy.

The marriage of General and Mrs. Lamar, though marked by the proverbially inauspicious circumstance of disparity of age, was exceptionally favored by conditions not always conspicuous in the marital relation. They were united in the bonds of mutual confidence, affection and esteem. A daughter, Loretta, was the issue of this marriage. She has inherited the personal features of her mother, and unites in her character the most pronounced qualities of both parents. She is the wife of Samuel Douglas Calder, of Richmond, and the mother of two children.

Mrs. Lamar's bereavement dissolved, in a measure, the ties that bound her to society, though it strengthened her affiliations with schemes for dispensing charity, and added fervor to the faith she enjoyed in happier years.

During the four years of the Confederate War a vast field was opened around her for the exercise of the nobler qualities of human nature; she entered with unhesitating step. Southern soldiers and their suffering families found in her a minister of comfort and in her stores an exhaustless source of

helpful charities. Long will she be remembered for her bountiful goodness to the victims of the lost cause, and imperishable in their influence are the lessons of her life. She died October 8, 1871. Unfeigned was the sorrow that followed her to the tomb, and generous as her gifts will ever be the homage offered at the shrine of virtues like hers.

MRS. JAMES W. FANNIN.—To few names in history attach so mournful an interest, so pathetic a memory, as to that of Col. James W. Fannin. He was born in Georgia, educated at West Point, married in his native State, and from there, in the autumn of 1834, removed to Texas with his wife and two little daughters, Pinckney and Minerva, respectively two and four years of age. He established his home at Velasco, one of the twin towns that sentinel the mouth of the Brazos, and he there heard from every breeze that war was in the air. Mexico was gathering her armies, and Texas was arming to meet them. He was foremost among the patriots of his section and raised from their number a troop for the relief of Gonzales, the Lexington of the Texas revolution. A month later he was further to the front, and in the first engagement on the march to San Antonio was crowned hero of the battle of Concepcion. He then led his fated expedition westward, met Urrea with a force five times greater than his own, fought valiantly, and surrendered his force to be treated as prisoners of war. The capitulation was made to save his men from a worse captivity if not from useless slaughter, and to this humane conclusion he was even urged by the pious entreaty and soft courtesy of his wily foe. The treaty was reduced to writing and stipulated that officers should be paroled, privates returned to their homes, personal property respected, besides other usual conditions of civilized warfare. This was on Sunday, March 20, 1836; one week from that day, the Christian's festival of Palm Sunday, these Christian conquerors led their beguiled captives to the bloodiest and most atrocious massacre of modern times. Urrea, the Fra Diavolo of his age, achieved by this refinement of mediæval perfidy the applause of his swashbucklers and the commendation of

his master who was then marching to his Waterloo on the San Jacinto. The number of victims who fell under Urrea's remorseless fusilade was not less than three hundred and thirty; Fannin was reserved to give the crowning joy to this collation of blood. Knowing that he would refuse, he was offered his life on conditions that he scorned; he only asked that his last messages of love should be conveyed to his family, that his watch should be sent to them, that he should be shot in the breast and not in the head, and that his body should be buried. His wishes were observed in the manner peculiar to his executioners; he was shot in the head, his body was left unburied, his messages were not sent, and his watch was stolen by the officer to whom it was confided.

After the foul assassination of Colonel Fannin, the bereaved family was received in the home of Col. William H. Jack, near Velasco, where Mrs. Fannin soon died comfortless and heart-broken. The eldest daughter, Pinckney, died in 1847, at the age of seventeen; the youngest daughter, Minerva, long survived her sister, but only to lead a life more pitiless than death. Born with a blighted mind, she groped in intellectual darkness from the cradle to the grave. No care and no skill could ever illumine with a single ray the long night of her clouded life. In 1862, when thirty years of age, she was entered as a private patient in the Asylum at Austin where, by act of the legislature, she was placed under the guardianship of the superintendent. She there died July 27, 1893, and her body now lies in the cemetery provided by the State for its honored dead.

Texas holds in her keeping the dust of the hero of Concepcion, and of all those he loved in life. It is not unreasonable to hope that, by some unscrutable law, she may be exalted through their afflictions, blessed through their suffering.

Mrs. Sidney Sherman.—Neither the story of the tumults and wars of Texas nor that of her growth in the arts of peace and progress can be fully told without a mention of the fame that belongs to Sidney Sherman. He came into

Texas and met her enemy in the crisis of her struggle, brought arms and men to her support, fought with splendid valor in her decisive battle, then, in the peaceful years that followed, helped to develop her industrial life, and thereby rear the structure of her permanent greatness.

He was a lineal decendant of Roger Sherman, of whom Jefferson declared that he "never said a foolish thing in his life." The offspring inherited much of the wisdom imputed to his great ancestor. He was born in 1805, in Massachusetts, moved when quite a youth to Cincinnati, and thence to Newport, Kentucky, where he engaged in business. On the 27th of April, 1835, he was married at Frankfort to Catherine Isabella Cox. She was born April 27, 1815, in Franklin County, Kentucky, in which State her grandfather, Cornelius Fennick, was one of the earliest pioneers from Maryland. Through him she was decended from the first Lord Baltimore, grantee of the fair land destined to be the cradle of the family in America. After this marriage Sidney Sherman and his bride moved into the home at Newport prepared by the provident bridegroom. There, after a few months, the cry of the distressed Texans reached them from the far West, and both were aroused to what they conceived the supreme duty of the hour. Encouraged by his wife, even assisted by her in the work of recruiting men, he raised and equipped a company fifty strong, and, on the last day of 1835, embarked with them for the scene of their future exploits. Mrs. Sherman accompanied the expedition as far as Natchez; from there she returned to her parents in Frankfort, and Captain Sherman pursued his march to Texas. He arrived on the Brazos in February, 1836, and at once hastened westward to relieve Travis, who was besieged in the Alamo. Finding relief impossible with his small force, he fell back to the Brazos, where a regiment was organized and he elected its Colonel. Still receding before the enemy, in pursuance of the Texan policy, he led his regiment to the last stand of the Texans on the San Jacinto. There on the 20th of April—the day preceding the famous battle—he dashed into the enemy's lines with a reconnoitering force of eighty-five men

and fought in gallant style the skirmish that was destined to be the harbinger of the country's glorious triumph. On the memorable 21st he opened the battle, and his war cry, like that of the brilliant Navarre at Ivry, added fury to the fire of the patriots, and carried terror into the ranks of their enemy. "Remember the Alamo!" was the avenging message of the martyrs, and it was borne on the clarion notes of a thousand echoes to the trembling legions of the tyrant. The furious charge, the frenzied rush, the deadly onslaught, gave to these legions the wings of terror. In less than twenty minutes, retribution had done her effectual work, and the independence of Texas was won.

After participating in this splendid achievement of the Texan army, Colonel Sherman followed it to the western frontier, but finding, after several months, that no new invasion was imminent, tendered his resignation, and asked permission of the government to return to Kentucky. President Burnet, in lieu of his acceptance of the resignation, issued to him a Colonel's commission in the regular army, with orders to raise a regiment in the United States. The Secretary of War, "as a testimonial of his gallant conduct," presented to Mrs. Sherman, through an official note, the stand of colors he had brought to Texas. This flag she had herself, in the name of the ladies of Newport, presented to her husband's company on its departure for Texas; both it and the Secretary's note are still preserved in the family as very precious relics.

After many delays occasioned by sickness, Colonel Sherman joined his wife at Frankfort, and from there they proceeded to their home at Newport. He enlisted new recruits under his commission and sent them to Texas, and he also collected and forwarded the much-needed apparel for the men in the field. In December, 1837, he again set out for Texas taking with him his wife and her young brother, Cornelius Cox, and also his own brother, Dana Sherman; after a month's travel the party reached the eventful battle ground of San Jacinto, and there camped one night. The following day Colonel Sherman and his wife paid a visit to

ex-President Burnet, at whose instance they bought a home on San Jacinto bay. There they lived several years. His brother Dana settled near them, and within a year, and on the same day, both he and his wife died, leaving their infant daughter to Mrs. Sherman, who cared for the orphan until seven years of age, then gave her in charge to Colonel Sherman's sister.

In 1842 Colonel Sherman was elected to Congress from his district, and several years later he was elected by popular vote Major-General of the Texan army, and this position he held till Texas was annexed to the United States. He then removed to the site of Harrisburg, burned by Santa Anna eleven years before; this move was made for the purpose of rebuilding the once promising town, and of developing the fertile country that lay around it. Directing his wonted energies into these new channels of enterprise, he overcame a world of obstacles and achieved for Texas her first triumph in the era of her new life. He rebuilt Harrisburg; and he constructed the first railway in Texas, the road from Harrisburg on Buffalo Bayou to Richmond on the Brazos. Only one road, and that only a few months before, had preceded his west of the Mississippi, so that he was not only the father of railroads in Texas but one of the "early fathers" of the entire system from the Great Valley to the Pacific.

In 1853 occurred a series of conflagrations of which General Sherman was most singularly the victim. His sawmill, a valuable one, was burned; his dwelling at Harrisburg, handsome and costly, was burned; the railroad office to which he had removed his family was burned; and in the several fires was consumed much personal property and many historical papers of priceless value to the country. None of these losses were covered by insurance, and they embraced all the earnings of a life of diligent and sagacious toil.

Following these calamities Mrs. Sherman visited her parents in Kentucky for the first time since leaving them seventeen years before. On her return to Texas the family moved to Galveston, where General Sherman sought to retrieve

his fortunes in the hotel business, which he conducted until 1862. At this time the Confederate war was surging toward Galveston. He had previously sent his three eldest daughters, Caroline, Belle and Sue, to their grandparents in Kentucky. He now removed his wife and their three remaining children to the less exposed position of their first home on the bay of San Jacinto. While there, the tide of war swept the Island City, and among its defenders fell young Lieut. Sidney Sherman, the General's eldest son, only nineteen years of age. Six months later the parents were called to mourn the death of their youngest child and only remaining son, little David Burnet Sherman. These crushing blows, added to the memory of the death of their little Cornelius at Harrisburg, so wrecked the mother's heart that she quickly passed beyond the hope of human cure. General Sherman, trusting to the recuperation that rural life might bring, bought a farm on the Brazos, near Richmond, to which the beloved invalid was removed. While on a visit from there to her sister, Mrs. Morgan, at Houston, she died January 20, 1865. The body was taken to Galveston and there laid by the side of her deeply mourned son. There the sorrowing husband, near the ashes he revered, fixed his new home, and gathered about him the five children that remained to him of the eight born in his happy marriage. Of these five children, three are now living: Mrs. J. M. O. Menard, of Galveston, and Mrs.W. E. Kendall and Mrs. L. W. Craig, both of Houston. General Sherman died in 1873. During the eight years he survived his wife, his daily walk bore the marks of his irreparable sorrow.

Mrs. Sherman's life is singularly instructive in the relation that proclaims the fellowship of man. With a heart overflowing with sympathy, and a mind strong in its intuitions of right, she was moved by every cause that appealed to her gentleness and her judgment. The current of loving kindness that flowed through her nature was fed from fountains that gave to it the vigor and freshness of a perennial grace, and to these fountains she ascribed the best inspirations of her life. A firm believer in the creed of the Catholic

Church, and a devout worshipper at its altar, she sought to exemplify its teachings in her daily acts, and to appropriate its consolations in the hours of her distress and bereavement. Its trinity of graces, its faith and hope and love, were to her the unfailing sources of comfort in affliction, of confidence in the improvement of her fellow man, and of compassion for all the miseries that afflict his daily life.

MRS. WM. H. WHARTON.—Mrs. Wharton's maiden name was Sarah A. Groce, and she was the daughter of Jared E. Groce, who came to Texas in 1821, and located on the Brazos near the present town of Hempstead, where he opened a farm known to all old Texans as "Groce's Retreat." He brought with him seed corn and cotton seed, the latter being the first introduced in Texas; he also built the first cotton gin erected in the country. His daughter, at an early age, married William H. Wharton, a brilliant young lawyer who was born in Virginia, and came to Texas from Nashville, Tennessee, in 1829. Richly endowed with inherent powers, and possessed of a zeal adequate to put them in motion, he soon became a prominent figure in the Republic. He was president of the convention of 1833, called for the purpose of dissolving the bond that united Texas to Coahuila in Mexican statehood; two years later he was in the Texan army at San Antonio, from which he was summoned by the general consultation to proceed to the United States as one of the three commissioners appointed for that purpose; and, in the year following, he was sent to that government as the accredited minister from the Republic of Texas. On his return from this service, he was elected to the Senate of the Republic, in which body he achieved distinction. In 1839, he met with an accident that terminated his honorable and useful life. His brief but brilliant career forms a bright page in Texas history. When he came to Texas in 1829 he was accompanied by his brother, Col. John A. Wharton, no less talented than himself, and who rendered splendid service in the field, the cabinet, and the congress of the country. He was never married, and when he died in 1838, President Burnet, in pronouncing the

funeral oration, said of his death in terse and touching symbol: "The keenest blade of the field of San Jacinto is broken."

Mrs. William H. Wharton's only child was named for this lamented brother, and to the rearing of the child—the future Gen. John A. Wharton of the Confederate army—she devoted the energy, the wealth, the culture, and the affection, with which she was richly endowed. He was born in Tennessee while the mother was there on a visit, was educated at the University of South Carolina, married a daughter of Governor Johnson, of that State, served with distinguished ability in the Civil War, and, at its close, was killed in a personal rencounter at Houston. His widow and their little daughter did not long survive him, thus leaving Mrs. William H. Wharton the sole representative of an illustrious Texas family, and rendering its name totally extinct at her death.

She is remembered as a forceful personality in both social and political life, and she is described by a writer of her time as "a model of womanly dignity, courtesy, and liberality." She gave freely of her bounty to alleviate the sorrows of the poor, to promote the cheerfulness of society, and to advance the cause of national freedom. There are still extant some of her letters addressed to prominent public men in the days when doubts darkened the prospects of Texan independence, which breathe a spirit of fervor, of energy, and of patriotism worthy the noble women of Saragossa in this century, and those of Carthage in the heroic ages of the past. Her appeals in the cause of human liberty were not unheard by the resolute, nor unheeded by the wavering, and she lived to rejoice in the fulfillment of her supreme prayer that the Texans, then grappling with tyranny, should become "a great and happy people."

CHAPTER III.

PIONEERS—HARBINGERS OF CIVILIZATION.

MRS. CHARLOTTE WOODMANCY MITCHELL—MRS. CHARLOTTE M. ALLEN—MRS. ISABELLA GORDON—MRS. ELIZABETH CANTERBURY.

MRS. CHARLOTTE WOODMANCY MITCHELL.—In the first year of the nineteenth century, at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, was born the subject of this memoir. While yet a child she was taken by her parents to Pennsylvania, where, at the age of sixteen, she married Mr. Jennings, who lived only three weeks. The young widow, in the year following her bereavement, was married to Asa Mitchell, whose fortunes she shared and whose name she bore to the end of her brief, but eventful life. The young couple moved to Kentucky, from which State, in 1822, they embarked in a flat boat down the Mississippi, destined for the wilds of Texas, to which they were allured by the eloquent agents of Austin's colony. Arriving in New Orleans with little else besides the youth and hope and energy that inspired their brave quest of adventure, they were joined by kindred spirits, all attracted to the new El Dorado in the West. A schooner was chartered by the party, numbering about thirty, and largely made up of young men, and the voyage begun. After a sail of forty days down the Mississippi, and westwardly on the gulf, they entered Matagorda Bay, and landed near the mouth of the Colorado River, upon a point on which is now situated the town of Matagorda. The schooner, after discharging her passengers and cargo, sailed away and left the intrepid colonists upon an unexplored shore, cut off, by their own resolute choice, from return or retreat, and irretrievably committed to a fortune as unknown as the strange coast on which they stood.

The country was wild, desolate and uninhabited, save by hostile savages; the first step of the colonists, therefore, was to study their environments and reconnoiter the land

that lay beyond. In one of their excursions they encountered a party of Mexican traders from whom they bought a few horses, and, with these to bear their burdens and assist their locomotion, they resolved to explore the interior. Leaving a force of eight young men to guard the provisions and baggage, they moved slowly northward along the west bank of the Colorado, bivouacing at night and closely sentineled, until they reached the beautiful bend of the river where now is built the town of Columbus. They there pitched their camp and began to construct shelters from the rude lumber they hewed from the forest around them, and in one of these Mrs. Mitchell was comfortably housed. Having then found the haven of their search, and provided it with temporary security, a few men were detailed for its protection, and the rest, mounted on the horses they had bought, returned to the coast to bring the provisions and the guard that had been left behind. Great was their consternation, on reaching the Bay, to find nothing but a plundered camp, and not even a trace of the eight men left to protect it. Neither the goods nor their custodians have ever since been heard of. It was then and is still believed, with almost conclusive proofs, that the Carankawa Indians were the depredators, and that the unfortunate men who fell in their hands were sacrificed in the savage carnivals of the cannibal captors. This man-eating tribe then infesting the gulf coast, were experts with the canoe and subsisted principally on fish; it numbered about a thousand braves whose history is an unvarying record of thefts and murders perpetrated on all who happened in the path of their bloody forays. They were of large stature, of brawny strength, and of marvelous skill in the use of the bow; they were cruel, crafty and cowardly, and to the same extent that they were feared by weaker tribes did they become a terror to the members of Austin's colony. It was, therefore, resolved to extirpate them. In 1825 they were vigorously pursued in their westward flight beyond the San Antonio River, where, through the intercession of a friendly priest, they were permitted to enter into a convention wherein they solemnly promised never again to

enter the territory or disturb the peace of the white men. As might have been expected, the faithlessness of the barbarians made short work of the truce, and the war of extermination was revived. While it was still waged, the Catholic Church undertook the conversion of these heathens, and, for that purpose, the Mission of Refugio, previously built by the Franciscans, was devoted to their instruction. This mission was situated on the San Antonio River, about thirty miles south of the town of Goliad, then known as the settlement of La Bahia. Neither the canons of the Church nor the guns of the colonists, though the methods of conversion peculiar to each were vigorously exerted in their own way, succeeded in bringing a single penitent to the altar of civilization. They persisted in their atrocities, and their enemies persisted in organized efforts to destroy them; their numbers grew less from year to year until, in 1842, they had dwindled to less than half a hundred men, women and children; these took refuge in Mexico, and there they ceased from their troubling until not a single Carankawa is left to tell the story of his tribe. Such were the savages whose bloody hospitality so early clouded the lives of Asa Mitchell and his companions. The men from the camp, appalled by the calamity that was pictured to their mind, hurried back to their camp, resolved to abandon their desperate enterprise and go back to the civilization they had left behind. For the purpose of raising money to defray the expenses of their return, Asa Mitchell, and a few others, went West and bought mules which they took overland to Louisiana, and there sold at a profit. They proceeded to New Orleans and invested their funds in supplies suitable for colonists, and recruited about thirty young men for a new colonizing adventure beyond the Rio Grande. They chartered a schooner and cleared for Matamoras, Mexico, intending to stop at Matagorda Bay, and there take on board Mrs. Mitchell and the other colonists who had been left with her, who were to be brought down from the camp for embarkation. After entering the gulf, the schooner encountered a storm and was finally cast upon the beach near the mouth of the Brazos River. All hopes for the Matamoras scheme

had now to be abandoned. From the wreck the men rescued their supplies, also the ship's two yawls and enough of its timbers to build a secure retreat from danger and exposure; this latter was constructed on the east bank of the river, on the site of the present town of Velasco, and was often used as a rampart of defense against the dreaded Carankawas.

While Asa Mitchell and his companions were passing through these experiences, Mrs. Mitchell, who had been left in the camp on the Colorado, was exposed to perils equally as exciting, and none the less dangerous. The Carankawas made frequent forays into the neighborhood of the encampment, and on one of these massacred an entire family. Alarmed for her own safety, and that of her two little children, she at last procured a guide and sought safety in flight, going eastward till she reached a block house built and occupied by one of the first pioneers. This was on the west bank of the Brazos River, and upon a spot now forming part of the town of Richmond. Thus, after months of separation and perilous adventure, Mrs. Mitchell and her husband found themselves, driven by calamity, at places of which neither, on parting, had any knowledge, and yet at places watered by the same river—he at its mouth, and she not more than sixty miles above it.

After vigorous search, Mrs. Mitchell's retreat was located, and her husband ascended to it in one of the schooner's yawls. Both came down the river in safety, notwithstanding hostile Indians on either shore, and landed in the Velasco camp, where, for the first time during her peregrinations, Mrs. Mitchell was comfortably and securely quartered. Asa Mitchell here left his family, and, with a few men, reascended the river to examine the land on its shores. About thirty miles from the mouth they landed at a place now covered by the town of Columbia; made a clearing and planted corn, vegetables, and tobacco; from the sale of the latter, to the Mexican traders, they realized the snug sum of twelve hundred dollars. This was in 1823. In the year following Asa Mitchell went to San Felipe, where Austin's colony had opened its office, and enrolled himself as a colonist, receiving

his head-right certificate for a league and labor of land. This certificate he at once located at the mouth of the Brazos, where Mrs. Mitchell had been previously provided with a home. Colonists now began to arrive in large numbers from the States, and lands were located and cultivated by them all along the fertile valley of the Brazos.

These accessions proved too formidable for the prowess of the Indians, who soon ceased to be dangerous, and, in time, altogether disappeared. Mrs. Mitchell lived in her new home on the site of the present town of Velasco, and enjoyed its security and abundance for ten years from the date of her arrival. She died there in 1832, leaving four children, of whom the only survivor is the venerable and respected Nathan Mitchell, of San Antonio. She was buried with a newly-born babe, in the soil for which she had struggled and suffered. Her life was pure, brave, and active, and her memory is fragrant with the incense of good and noble deeds. To use the words of one of her biographers, she was "a brave, intelligent, and Christian woman."

MRS. CHARLOTTE M. ALLEN.—The bright and busy city of Houston owes her name and much of the nurture that gave the initial impulse to her infantile years to Mrs. Charlotte M. Allen. She and her husband were the owners of the land on which the city is built, having acquired their title by purchase from the widow of John Austin. At this time their home was in the town of Nacogdoches, where they dispensed their generous cheer to all who came within their gates. It was on the occasion of a visit of Sam Houston to this home that occurred the incident which determined the name of the beautiful city then not in embryo. General Houston, who was then wearing the laurels of San Jacinto, was a guest of the Allens, and was discussing with them the possibilities of their proposed enterprise to found a town on the land they had purchased, when he asked Mr. Allen what name he intended to give it. Mrs. Allen, before he could answer, said that she should claim the honor of naming the new city, and that the name should be "Houston." This settled the

MRS. CHARLOTTE M. ALLEN.

matter, and the future infant, like the predicted Immanuel, was named before it was born. The General, with the grace and fervor that were his by nature, acknowledged the compliment of his hostess, and, in a sentiment that proved prophetic, wished that the new town might expand in its growth to the magnitude of a great city, and become the pride of the Lone Star Republic.

Mrs. Allen was the daughter of Doctor Baldwin, of New York; was born in 1805; and was married at the age of twenty-six to Augustus C. Allen, who was one year her junior. Two years after their marriage he moved to Texas and settled in Nacogdoches, where, the year following, his wife joined him. Two years later—just after the battle of San Jacinto, they bought the tract of land to which reference has been made. To this land the young couple removed, and began with the young town to build up the destiny for which they were reserved. All her later years were passed within its limits; her life winds its course like a thread through the web of its history; the hopes of both were bound up in its destiny.

In 1837, the Texas Congress, then sitting at Columbia, honored the new city by making it the temporary capital of the Republic. This was mainly effected through the energetic efforts of Mr. Allen, aided and supplemented by the winning influence of his wife. He and his brother, John K. Allen, built the statehouse that sheltered the government until the removal of the capital to Austin in 1839.

Several years after the annexation of Texas to the United States, Mr. Allen was sent as consul to Minatitlan, Mexico, where he officiated until the Civil War. He then proceeded to Washington to settle his consular accounts with the government, and there died in 1863. During the eleven years of his absence Mrs. Allen had remained at Houston, developing the interests left in her charge, and dispensing the amenities and charities of life for which she was greatly distinguished.

After a widowhood of thirty-two years, Mrs. Allen died in her home in Houston, on the 3rd of August, 1895, at the venerable age of ninety years. She was

the mother of four children, only one of whom, a daughter, lived to reach the age of mature years. A single descendant, Thomas Pierce Converse, survives to represent the fame and the virtues of the Mother of the city of Houston.

MRS. ISABELLA GORDON.—The subject of this sketch, better known as "Aunt Ibbie Gordon," came to Texas from Kentucky, with her father in 1823, being then eighteen years of age. The family settled on Mill Creek in what is now Bowie County, the extreme northeastern division of the State. In the following year the daughter married John Hanks, and the couple moved to Jonesboro, then an important trading-post, on the southern bank of Red River and on the main line of travel along the western frontier. There the husband died three years later, leaving one daughter as the issue of the marriage, and the young widow went back to her father's house. Two years afterwards she married Capt. Jim Clark, a native of Tennessee, with whom she returned to the former domicile in Jonesboro where they continued to abide pending the preparation of a new home farther west.

It was while living there that the war for Texas' independence began to be waged; and it was there, on the highway of travel, that recruits from the northwest halted in their passage to the scenes of conflict. Their zeal added fuel to Mrs. Clark's patriotism, and her patriotism gave aid and comfort to their cause. It was there that, in 1832, one of the illustrious men of Texas' history first set foot on Texas' soil. This was Sam Houston, American by birth and instinct, Cherokee by adoption, once congressman and Governor of Tennessee, and already famous as warrior, statesman and politician. He was commissioned by Andrew Jackson to negotiate treaties with the Indian tribes of the southwest, and was on his way to hold conference with their chiefs. To reach the scene of his operations he followed the trail that led through the Indian Territory, and came to the northern bank of Red River, opposite which stood the trading-post

of Jonesboro. He there fell in with Ben Milam, the future hero of Goliad and San Antonio, and of him he inquired the probabilities of finding something to eat. Milam told him that he himself was a guest of the family living on the other bank, and that accommodations could no doubt be had there. They, accordingly, crossed the river together, and, entering the only house on the southern bank, were welcomed by Milam's hostess, Mrs. Clark, the "Aunt Ibbie Gordon" of our narrative. In relating the sequel of this meeting she says that with her own hands she cooked the first food that Sam Houston ever ate in Texas, and that her roof was the first on Texas soil to shelter the future President of the great Republic. Her distinguished guest tarried but a day, and resumed his southward trail to Nacogdoches, the Mecca in those days of all western enterprise. His visit, though brief, was long enough to impress himself upon his admiring hostess, who described him as handsome, courteous, intelligent, and most fascinating in manner and conversation.

Two years after this episode in her life, Mrs. Clark removed with her husband to their new home in what is now Red River County, and on a site upon which is seated the present flourishing town of Clarksville. They then laid its foundation and began the labors that have culminated in its present importance. It was in 1835, the year following their removal, that Mrs. Clark met another of the heroes who are famous in Texas history. This was David Crockett, who gave up his life in the bloody siege of the Alamo. He was following the usual trail on his way to the headquarters of the Texan army. She heard of his approach and resolved on giving him the welcome she had extended to the many patriots who had passed that way before him; but having removed to Clarksville, somewhat off the line of travel, she knew she could not see him unless she intercepted him in the course of his route. This she determined to do, and, after a brisk horse-back ride of a few miles, brought up at the house of a settler where she found the object of her eager pursuit. A few words served to introduce these earnest advocates of a common cause, and a mutual hatred of oppression soon

gave to each a knowledge of the glowing patriotism that burned in the bosom of the other. After a few hours of mutual solace and encouragement they parted, he, for the field of his exploits, and she, for the home where dwelt the brightest spirit of Texas independence. This home was saddened, not many months afterwards, by the fate that befell the brave Crockett; and only three years later it was made desolate by the death of Captain Clark. In the year following this second bereavement, Mrs. Clark was married to Dr. George Gordon, who died in 1872, after a happy married life of thirty-three years, during which he and his wife lived in her old Clarksville domicile. There, in the house she entered sixty years ago, "Aunt Ibbie Gordon" lived to reach the patriarchal age of ninety, not seared but only mellowed by time, bright in mind, cheerful in spirit, and, prior to her last illness in 1895, sound in body and rejoicing in the reverence and affection of all who lived around her. Her life had, moreover, been blessed by several sons whose honorable lives reflected the virtues of their venerable mother, and brought to her declining years the peace that only a mother's heart could feel.

MRS. ELIZABETH CANTERBURY. — Mrs. Canterbury's maiden name was Elizabeth Menifee and her first husband was Wilson Irvine Riddle, with whom she came to Texas in 1841. He was a British subject and a merchant; she was a native of Virginia and belonged to a family that had given to Texas, in the time of her need, one of the men who wrested from its oppressive masters the land in which his kinswoman had ventured to cast her lot. This man was William Menifee, who, in 1830, emigrated from Alabama to Texas; was a delegate to the convention that declared Texas' independence; was one of the committee appointed by that body to draft a constitution for the new government; was twice a member of Congress, and was one of the commissioners who located the new capital at Austin.

Mr. Riddle, on entering Texas, at once proceeded west-

ward to his destination and opened a mercantile house in San Antonio, then the most exposed and the most turbulent of the frontier towns. He and his young wife were, from the first, almost daily shocked by reports of lawlessness and savagery around them. They awaited with anxious fear for the beginning of their own rough experience. The suspense was not a long one. It was in 1842—the year following their arrival, and a most memorable year in the annals of the Republic—that they became active participants in one of the tumultuary scenes common in that day. In March of that year the Mexican general Vasquez entered the unprotected town and took possession in the name of his government beyond the Rio Grande. Mrs. Riddle, following the example of most of the American residents and only concerned for her personal safety, fled before the invader to the neighboring town of Gonzales. There she remained till October following, notwithstanding that Vasquez and his horde had evacuated San Antonio after only a few days' occupation. Meanwhile Gen. Adrian Woll, in September, marched into the town with a still more formidable army, and so craftily had his approach been conducted that the invasion was not suspected until fully accomplished. The little frontier force was absent on one of its many duties, the people were pursuing their business as in times of peace, and the district court was in session with the usual number of persons in attendance. All this was changed in a moment. Stores and houses were closed, valuables concealed, and couriers dispatched for military help. In the course of a few days Colonel Caldwell had collected a small force of Texans on the Salado, several miles from town. Woll there attacked the Texans and was repulsed with heavy loss. On his retreat toward the town, he found himself confronted by a few Texans under Captain Dawson, who were on their way to reinforce Colonel Caldwell. A desperate battle followed between Dawson's fifty-three men and Woll's eight-hundred. The issue of such unequal contest was easily foreseen, but it did not weaken the splendid valor of the heroic little band, of which only two

escaped unscathed. Nearly two-thirds fell, sword in hand, and the rest were overwhelmed by numbers. The enemy concealed his loss, but enough was seen to know that his victory was dearly won. Humiliated by the contrast between his conscripted myrmidons and his indomitable foe, Woll hastened to his quarters in the town, and on the following morning began his countermarch to Mexico. He carried with him as prisoners the entire judicial branch of the government—judge, lawyers, officers, and all—together with other prominent citizens, among whom was Mr. Riddle. Chained together in pairs they were marched to Mexico, and there held during a season of wretched and degrading captivity.

After Woll's departure Mrs. Riddle returned to San Antonio from her refuge to find her husband carried off, his store pillaged, and their home plundered of its most valuable effects. Being British subjects, a spoliation claim was filed against Mexico by their government, but, following the dilatory course that usually attends diplomatic negotiations of the kind, it is still pending.

Mrs. Canterbury in her marriage with Mr. Riddle had two children: James Wilson Riddle, who is a merchant at Eagle Pass; and Mrs. Eager, now a widow residing in San Antonio. She lives with her widowed daughter; and though broken in health, her memory is untouched by time and she sometimes brings from its stores vivid scenes in the experience of a long and eventful life.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. MARY E. BELL—MRS. JOHN W. McCULLOCH—MRS. PIETY LUCRETIA HADLEY—MRS. JANE RICHARDSON CONNELL—MISS ANNE WHARTON CLEVELAND—MRS. WILLARD RICHARDSON—MRS. VIRGINIA HUNT DICKENS.

MRS. MARY E. BELL.—Among the early mothers of Texas not one stood nearer to the hearts of all who knew her, and this included nearly every settler in Austin's and DeWitt's colonies, than Mrs. Mary E. Bell. She was born in Kentucky

in 1799, daughter of —— McKinzie, and in 1819 married Josiah W. Bell, from South Carolina. No surviving veteran of those days will gainsay this assertion: To the poor, to the noble young men of good families who came to our relief from the United States, and were of necessity discharged from the army in 1836-37 without food, money, or proper clothing, she was, to the extent of her means, an angel of mercy, and in this last respect she had worthy co-laborers in the persons of her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph M. McCormick.

Mr. and Mrs. Bell arrived in what is now Washington County, on the Brazos, early in 1822, having an infant daughter named Lucinda, who has long been the widow of Dr. J. W. Copes. Later in 1822 a son was born to her who became well known in manhood as Thadius C. Bell, a useful man of high moral principles, who died a few years after the Civil War. Two or three years after this Mr. and Mrs. Bell settled on the league of land fronting on the Brazos, in Brazoria County, in which were subsequently located the towns of East and West Columbia, first called Maion or Bell's landing, where the first Congress of Texas assembled in 1836, and where Santa Anna was confined during a portion of his captivity, and where Stephen F. Austin died December 27,1836; Capt. John Austin, in 1833; Capt. Henry S. Brown, on July 26, 1834 and Capt. Byrd Lockhart in 1838.

Mrs. Bell's third child, James H. Bell, was born in Columbia, in 1825; educated at Harvard College; became an eminent lawyer; and in 1856 was elected judge of his native district. When thirty-three years of age he was elected one of the Supreme Judges of the State. A few years since he died near Austin.

Left a widow in 1838, Mrs. Bell continued to reside at the old homestead until her death, which was caused by being thrown from her buggy, in 1856. At the burial of Mrs. James Kerr, in the wilderness, in 1825, there being no minister present, Mrs. Bell supplied the place of one and read the burial service.

The influence for good exercised by this daughter of Kentucky for the first quarter of a century, in the life of Texas, and its ultimate effect upon the country, can never fully be known. That it was great, and blessed in its fruit, every surviving old pioneer will verify. Ever ready with hand and heart and those consolations drawn from the Bible, she was the counselor and helper of those in sorrow, and often the comforter at the portals of death. Her memory, either by knowledge or tradition, is embalmed in the hearts of the surviving children of her early compeers. She was an earnest worker in the earliest attempts at establishing Sunday Schools in the county, and the pioneer ministers of the Gospel in those early days ever found a welcome and a home under her roof. Brazoria has just cause to feel proud of this noble woman, and of having nurtured so many of her worthy descendants and kindred, among the latter of whom is the Hon. Andrew P. McCormick, now Circuit Judge of the United States, and a resident of Dallas.

MRS. JOHN W. MCCULLOCH.—Formerly Miss Dovey M. Robinson, the daughter of Hon. Milas Robinson, of Charlotte, North Carolina, reflected many of the sterling qualities that had paved the way to her father's political preferment. Upon reaching womanhood, she married Mr. John W. McCulloch. When she was only thirty-five years of age, the happiness of this union was destroyed, gloom shrouded her life, and a widow's weeds became the symbol of her grief. She had five children, and in forecasting the future advantages that Texas might offer her sons, this brave lady disposed of her interest in North Carolina, and with her children and slaves journeyed westward through the wilderness to Texas. Mrs. McCulloch located in Red River County, where she purchased farm lands and became one of the successful pioneer planters of the State.

At one period she had resided for a number of years in De Soto County, Mississippi, previous to the exit of the Chickasaw Indians. This experience had fortified her courage and developed the masterful resources that were evinced by her

daily heroism in this State. Comparatively unsettled conditions environed her life. At times wolves and wild animals surrounded her home, but the innumerable dangers and discomforts of a frontier country were met with a cheerful, hopeful spirit. Her ever-increasing faith in the prosperity of the State she was destined to realize; for, though her active career terminated with the beginning of the Civil War, she reached the advanced age of eighty years. Past the zenith of life, she neared its evening finding consolation in the faith that inspired Wesley, and the retrospection of many kindly deeds. One daughter, Mrs. Sallie Dick, of Clarksville, Texas, and a half brother, Mr. John Polk, of Corpus Christi, survive her.

MRS. PIETY LUCRETIA HADLEY, daughter of Maj. David Smith and his second wife, Obedience Fort Smith, was born in Logan County, Kentucky, April 2, 1807. Her parents moved to Mississippi about 1820, and she was sent back to Russelville, Kentucky, to attend school, graduating with first honors, and returning to her home in (or near) Jackson, Mississippi, after finishing her collegiate course. Her brother, afterwards well known in the Texas revolution, Maj. Ben Fort Smith, having been appointed Indian agent very soon after her return, took his favorite sister with him to make a home for him, which she did during his term of office. On June 14, 1831, Miss Piety Lucretia Smith was married to Mr. T. B. J. Hadley, in Jackson, Mississippi. She has five daughters, four are still living in Houston, and one in Santa Fe, New Mexico. In July, 1840, Colonel and Mrs. Hadley moved to Houston, Texas, where the former died in 1868, aged sixty-seven years, and where the latter is still living at the venerable age of eighty-eight years, having been a member of the Baptist Church since, 1834, and one of the founders of the First Baptist Church in Houston.

Mrs. Hadley has always filled a prominent place in the religious and social circles of Houston. A woman of fine intellect, high moral worth, and unusual conversational powers,

having all her life associated with men and women of culture and prominence.

MRS. JANE RICHARDSON CONNELL, the widow of the late Dr. Alva Connell, of Houston, Texas, died in that city at her home, on the 29th of November, 1892. Mrs. Connell, so widely and well known as one of the most noble of Texan women, in the organization and work of numerous charitable and church societies, was a Georgian by birth, a sister of the well-known Hon. Eli H. Baxter, once a judge on the bench of the Supreme Court of that State.

Mrs. Connell was born in Hancock County, Georgia, in 1823, and was married to Doctor Connell at Concordia, Georgia, in 1845. Doctor Connell and his wife lived in Marietta, Georgia, until 1867, at which time they removed to Houston, Texas. Here Mrs. Connell's three children: Dr. Alva Connell, Jr.; Mr. E. B. Connell, one of the editors of *The Post;* and Mrs. J. A. Huston were born. One, Doctor Connell, died in 1872, one year after his father's death. The other two survive, and of Mrs. Huston, it may be truly said, she bids fair to tread the same heaven-lighted path of duty in which her mother walked.

To say that Mrs. Connell was a grand woman does her only feeble justice. As a wife, mother, friend, and follower of the principles of Christianity, she was more than exemplary; she was an enthusiast. For many years of her long life, she was a consistent member of the Presbyterian church; was for years the president of the Presbyterian Ladies' Aid Society; and was also a charter member of the Woman's Exchange, of Houston, and its first president. But it was in her private, Christian character that her gentle deeds shone with brightest luster. None were too humble to receive her kindly words, and her open, liberal charities were proverbial.

MISS ANNE WHARTON CLEVELAND, was a native of Kentucky, but came with her father to Texas, in 1832, at the early age of nine years. Her mother contracted cholera, en-route, in passing through New Orleans, where it was epidemic,

and died, at Velasco, Texas, leaving a family of five small children, which was a pitiable condition for the father of these little ones. Mrs. Wm. H. Wharton's tender heart was touched by their bereavement, and asked the father to give Anne to her, that she might take the place of her mother, and this charge she filled in the tenderest and most faithful manner, adopting the little orphan as her own. After the establishment of the independence of Texas, Col. Wm. H. Wharton was sent, as minister to the United States, from the new Republic, and, in the midst of Washington society, the child grew to womanhood. Two years after the organization of the government, she met Judge Edward T. Branch, who had taken part in the first and second sessions of the Congress of the Republic of Texas in the framing of the laws for this great empire, and was distinguished by being the youngest member of these bodies. He had just been made judge of the Nacogdoches district, and the district judges formed the Supreme Court of the Republic. His marriage with Miss Anne Cleveland, took place at the plantation of Colonel Wharton, near Brazoria, and at that early time was considered a resplendent affair. The *trousseau* of the bride was ordered from New Orleans, the metropolis of the South, and the greater part of the supper came from the same source. The young wife entered on her new life determined to share its privations with her husband. His position was a laborious one, and compelled him to ride over a territory vast enough for a good sized State, that too, on horseback, for there were few carriages in the country, and no roads passable, even if a vehicle had been obtainable. For two years she rode over this district, sharing all the hardships of life in a frontier country, with few of the surroundings of civilization. Then she made her home in Nacogdoches, where her first child a daughter, Cornelia Branch, was born, in the home of General and Mrs. Rusk. Two years were spent there, when her husband decided to resign the judgeship, the pay being inadequate to the support of a wife and child, and they left Nacogdoches, for Liberty County, where the remainder of her days were spent.

Mrs. Branch was a woman of remarkable mind, well stored with knowledge of a kind not often found in women of her time, thoroughly posted in the political history of the Republic of Texas, and of the United States, into which the Republic was adopted. She died at the close of the Civil War, between the North and the South, and will be remembered for her kindness to the soldiers of the Confederacy, for whom she spent all of her available means. She left four daughters and a son: Cornelia Branch, Elizabeth Wortley Branch, Wharton Branch, Olive Branch, and Judith Anne Branch.

MRS. WILLARD RICHARDSON.—On the 6th of June, 1849, near Stateburg, South Carolina, Louisa Blanche Murrell was married to Willard Richardson, editor and proprietor of the Galveston *News*. The bride's father was James William Murrell, and her mother, Louisa Sumter, the granddaughter of Gen. Thomas Sumter, of Revolutionary fame.

Mrs. Richardson was thus a lineal descendant, in the maternal line, of one of the brilliant heroes of American history. Her mother was a woman of vigorous energy, attractive personality, and broad culture in the learning of her day. These qualities so essential in a leader, seem to have inspired the course and the duties of her life. She became a teacher of the young of her sex, combining in her curriculum, letters, science, domestic economy, and social ethics. In this vocation, pursued during several generations, she achieved results whose benefits can never cease to be felt in the cultured circles of her native section.

In this school was Mrs. Richardson educated, and thus, through both inherited and acquired powers, was she prepared for the life work, whatever it might be, to which she was destined.

Immediately after her marriage, as above related, she embarked with her husband for their future home in Galveston.

Willard Richardson was, for many years, editor and proprietor of the Galveston *News*, a newspaper, then as now,

MRS. WILLARD RICHARDSON.

of commanding influence in the social and political affairs of the State. The press of Texas had, up to that time, struggled along, *pari passu*, with the patriots and pioneers of early days. The first printing office was established at Nacogdoches in 1819, by the Supreme Council of the provisional government, created by Gen. James Long, and his followers. The first permanent newspaper was the *Telegraph*, founded at San Felipe in 1835; it retreated with the Texan army to Harrisburg, where its material was destroyed by the enemy; it reappeared at Columbia; in the vicissitudes that followed, it made other moves, yet in all its peregrinations rendered valiant service in the cause of the people. In 1840 newspapers were published in nearly a dozen towns, and, at the date of which we are writing, the press had become a factor of no small power in the direction of public affairs in Texas.

Mr. Richardson also compiled and published annually, from 1857 to 1873, the *Texas Almanac*, a compendium of general information vastly more important than might be inferred from its modest title; it was also, in the days of its publication, the *vade-mecum* of the average Texas inquirer and, apart from some unavoidable historical inaccuracies, was the repository of much that was valuable and nowhere else to be found.

Mr. Richardson's associations were largely with the literary men and women of the country, and Mrs. Richardson, with the strong bias of her culture, naturally drifted into this current of her husband's life, and throughout its course gave constant, efficient and graceful help. As a helpmeet she was also conspicuous for the orderly and economical management of her domestic affairs. She thus, both as housewife and scholar, contributed to the building of the castle of her new home in the distant West.

Mrs. Richardson has always been quiet in her manners, retiring in her habits, calm, but impressive in conversation, and deeply religious in thought, utterance and act. She is united with the Episcopal Church, and, in the duties enjoined by that communion, finds ample employment for the exer-

cise of the best faculties of her nature. Her life has been singularly free from the noisy casualties that happen in almost every human experience; serene, unruffled and full of quiet work, it has given its most effective years to the cultivation of the highest virtues, and it is passing away to be remembered, with tenderness and love, for the richness and value of its fruit.

Mrs. Richardson has had but one child, a daughter, who is the wife of Dr. H. P. Cooke. With them she lives; to their home she brings the culture and contentment, and to their fireside the cheerfulness, that blessed and adorned her own.

MRS. VIRGINIA HUNT DICKENS.—The women who have achieved the largest measure of greatness have been those whose lives were dedicated to human progress, and the women in history whose memories are most precious are those through whose abounding knowledge of the divine testimonies, the world has been made better and its spiritual life exalted above the selfishness inherent in the human heart. Whether these messengers of gladness come, like Huldah, to reveal the law to priests and prophets and scribes, or, like the humbler workers, to labor with the toilers in the moral vineyard; whether their lessons are taught through inspired precept or through the holier inspiration of example; they are all and equally the anointed teachers commissioned by the Father to His children. Of such was Mrs. Virginia Hunt Dickens.

In an obituary published at the time of her death in January, 1894, the writer said of her: "If love and justice and duty; if tenderness and compassion; if humility and patience and forbearance; if the unrestrained love of God and man and truth; and the faithful practice of holy precepts under all conditions; if these constitute the ideal of the Christian's life, then she lived it in its absolute perfection." Such a tribute conveys infinitely more than it expresses; it awakens in the mind of the thoughtful a train of inference that leads from the tree to its fruit, from the body in the tomb to its resurrected virtue in the lives of the living.

Mrs. Dickens was the daughter of Wilkins Jones Hunt and Lucy Howel Avery. She was born in Virginia, February 23, 1826, and at the age of sixteen was married to Samuel Dickens, of Tennessee. On the occasion of this marriage the same ceremony united a sister of the bride with a brother of the bridegroom, and it is further remarkable that these two families of Hunt and Dickens were afterwards still more closely united by the marriage of two other sisters with two other brothers. Mrs. Dickens' grandfather, Col. William Avery, was an officer in the revolutionary army under Washington; was taken prisoner and carried to England where he was paroled, and, pending arrangements for his exchange and return to America, he married. From him is descended a lineage as proud as any that adorns the ranks of America's democratic peerage.

After her marriage, Mrs. Dickens removed with her husband to Arkansas. During the Civil War they sought temporary refuge in Texas, from which they returned to their home where they continued to live until the death of Mr. Dickens, in 1867. The children born in this marriage were four sons, who died in infancy, and one daughter, Lizzie, who still survives. After her bereavement, Mrs. Dickens moved to Mississippi, where her daughter married Thomas W. Johnson of Paris, Texas. To that city she went with her daughter and son-in-law, and with them made her home until her death, January 4, 1894.

Mrs. Dickens transmitted to her daughter the noble instincts that distinguished her through life, and, by ceaseless care, she unfolded and enriched her priceless gifts. Thus endowed and thus trained, the daughter reflects the mother's life in her own; temperance, relief, charity, reform, are the themes of her daily thought, the objects of her constant toil; and especially in the field of prison work assigned her by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, she reveals the high purpose that directs and inspires her sleepless energy. In speaking of her mother as a potent influence in her life, she says, that what the mother of Frances E. Willard was to the great temperance reformer, her mother was to

her in the choice and direction of her life work. Not only did Mrs. Dickens thus inspire her daughter with the zeal of a reformer, but, as long as she lived, was a co-worker with her in achieving the reformation. No toil, no exposure, no discomfort could obstruct her path to scenes of distress, and no desire of personal ease or worldly gain could abate a farthing from the tenth of her revenue that she yearly gave to the poor. She fed the hungry, clothed the naked, nursed the sick, visited the prisons, comforted the afflicted, encouraged the hopeless, and pleaded with the weak and the fallen wherever they could be found; and thus she passed her years in the midst of the wrecks and ruins of human life.

In her religious beliefs, Mrs. Dickens was as broad and generous as in her charities. Herself a member of the Baptist Church, she recognized in every other communion the same endeavor to attain the truth, the same spirit of reverence toward God, and the same compassionate love for all His human creatures. Such universal philanthropy, and such sublime faith in the efficacy of good works are, as the word of the law, a lamp unto the feet, and a light unto the path to those who come after her.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. WM. B. JAQUES—MRS. GEO. W. FULTON, SR.—MRS. RICHARDSON SCURRY—MRS. SOPHRONIA ELLIS CONE—MRS. S. L. WEATHERFORD—MRS. G. B. CLEVELAND.

MRS. WM. B. JAQUES, *nee* Miss Catherine L. Bowne, was a granddaughter of Gen. James Morgan, of the Revolution, and a great granddaughter of General Provost (Ready Money). In 1836 Mr. and Mrs. Jaques were residents of the City of Mexico. At that period Stephen F. Austin, who had gone to Mexico with a memorial to the federal government, had been released from his long confinement and became the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Jaques, remaining with them until the former took him in disguise to Texas. Through this association and influence Mr. Jaques eventually moved

his family to San Antonio, where they endured many changes and trials incident to the unsettled condition of the State. Their home was burned by Vasquez, in 1842, and again when Woll invested the city Mr. Jaques was placed under guard and would have been shot but for the intervention of Colonel Carasco, of General Woll's staff. On account of favors previously rendered, Colonel Carasco entertained kindly feelings for him. When the Santa Fe prisoners were taken Mrs. Jaques wrote notes which she secreted in waiters containing food which she prepared and sent to the prisoners, and in this way they were informed as to the movements of the enemy. In the Indian conflict of 1839 she rendered all the aid possible. During the Confederate war her house was kept open for the reception of soldiers who were in need, for though she had many ties in the North, she was free from sectional narrowness. Mrs. Jaques was a devoted Christian, greatly beloved and frequently called the mother of the poor.

The anxieties concerning her husband's probable fate and the trials endured left their record on her luxuriant hair, which in one night changed from black to silvery white. The blanched locks were not suited to her youthful face but she wore them as a veteran wears his sacred scars, until the close of her life in 1866. Her death was the immediate result of her untiring efforts in behalf of those who suffered from the cholera epidemic. One daughter, Mrs. Laura L. Cupples, of San Antonio, survives her.

MRS. GEO. W. FULTON, SR.—The honor which encircled the name of Gov. Henry Smith received added luster from his second wife, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Gillette. It is said that many of the traits for which she was distinguished were transmitted to her accomplished daughter, Mrs. Geo. W. Fulton. Governor Smith was descended from one of the old and patriotic families of Virginia. They were noted for courage, and the many thrilling Indian experiences through which they passed have been made the theme of song and story. Mrs. Fulton, *nee* Miss Harriett Gillette Smith, was born in Missouri in 1822, and from this State

Governor Smith moved his family to a country home in the jurisdiction of Brazoria, where he maintained a high and honorable position, giving valuable aid in building up the new State. Here Harriett's early days were passed in a frontier country, though her father's house was a favorite resort with the patriots, who met to consult as to the future, to review their condition, to consider their resources. Among others, Col. Geo. W. Fulton came from Vincennes, Indiana, in 1836, commanding a splendid company of volunteers and remaining in the service until the final disbandment of the army. In 1840, this scholarly gentleman married the daughter of Governor Smith. She was noted for her taste, culture and executive ability. Prosperity was the result of their intelligent efforts, and having acquired large landed interests in southwestern Texas, they permanently located on Aransas Bay. The mistress of a palatial residence, Mrs. Fulton still performs the graceful duties of her home in a manner becoming the dignity of the State to whose fortunes she has been devoted. Colonel Fulton's demise occurred in 1893. He had reached an advanced age. The death of the eldest son, Hon. Geo. W. Fulton, Jr., in 1895, terminated a brief and brilliant career. He was a graduate of Harvard University, and had occupied many positions of trust. The surviving sons and daughters are Mrs. Eldridge G. Holden, James C. Fulton, Mrs. Charles M. Holden.

MRS. RICHARDSON SCURRY, *nee* Miss Evantha Foster, came with her parents and other relatives to Texas in 1832. She spent the greater part of her life here and in the early days experienced the vicissitudes and adventures of the pioneer settlers. The Fosters were kinsmen of the Waller, Wharton, Groce and Lipscomb families, being closely related to Judge Abner Lipscomb, and others well known as important factors in the making of the Texas of to-day.

Miss Foster, when quite youthful, attracted the attention of the young staff officer, Lieut. R. A. Scurry, of Gen. Sam Houston's army, when she with her parents and three hundred families were encamped on the banks of the Trinity

River, at the village of Cahuta, where the army of General Houston passed them. This event, so well known in Texas history as the "Runaway Scrape," was always spoken of by Mrs. Scurry as "the first historical event of her life." It was so considered by her, probably, because it was a verification of "Love in the tempest most alive will ever deem that pearl the best he finds beneath the stormiest water." But it was not until after the battle of San Jacinto was fought and the independence of Texas gained that Mr. Scurry again met and recognized in Miss Foster, now a young lady, the little girl that he had seen as one of the horseback riders in "The Runaway Scrape," on the banks of the Trinity River. It was in Washington when Miss Foster, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Sarah Wharton, visited that city, that she met a second time Mr. Scurry. He was then a member of Congress and speaker of the House of Representatives. Later he became the law partner of General Rusk, and afterwards of Pinckney Henderson. Previously he had been the first district judge of the new State, and while holding this position was elected to Congress from the Eastern District, when Texas had only two congressional districts. In 1853 Mrs. Scurry accompanied her husband to Washington. Previously she had resided in Clarkesville and Houston. Her recent, much lamented demise occurred in Dallas, where she had lived many years with her talented daughter, Mrs. Kate Scurry Terrell.

Among the prominent women of Texas Mrs. Scurry's name demands a conspicuous place, not only for the exalted position socially which she filled and adorned, but also because of her long residence in this State, first, when it was under the rule of Mexico, then as an independent Republic, afterwards as the Lone Star State when it was annexed to our Federal Union, during the stormy days of the Confederate States, during the still more perilous period of reconstruction and again under the United States Government.

MRS. SOPHRONIA ELLIS CONE.—Prominent among the early settlers of the city of Houston, Texas, was Mrs. Sophronia Ellis Cone, the daughter of the Rev. William Ellis,

a well-known and highly esteemed Baptist clergyman, who removed from Virginia to Georgia in 1812. He resided near Milledgeville, his daughter being then about five years of age.

In 1823 she was married to Mr. William Orrington Work. By a second matrimonial alliance in 1827, she became the wife of Dr. Henry Hale Cone, of Bolton, Connecticut, a physician, and a graduate of medical colleges in New Haven and Charleston, South Carolina. Her husband, Doctor Cone, participated in the siege and capture of San Antonio, and afterwards returned to Georgia. In 1839 he brought his family to the Republic of Texas and located at Houston, purchasing a residence on Rusk Street, which Mrs. Cone continuously occupied for more than half a century.

For many years her home was literally the headquarters for all Presbyterian ministers who came to the city, and also for those of other denominations. She was one of the earliest communicants of the First Presbyterian Church of Houston, her membership dating from December, 1839.

A prominent and active member, a leader in measures intended to advance the prosperity of the church, she was ever ready to encourage and assist the needy, and those who were in affliction or distress. Among the early residents of Houston, there are those who will recall the untiring zeal with which Mrs. Cone sought out those to whom she could bring relief or administer comfort. Often she has been seen in the remote portions and suburbs of the then young and scattered village, going alone on errands of mercy, providing food and nourishment to the poor and suffering, giving Christian encouragement, and distributing religious literature. Mrs. Cone was emphatically a Home Missionary in its broadest sense; prominent and active in ladies' benevolent societies, a great reader, a student of the Bible and thoroughly conversant with its contents. She was a fine vocalist, and leader in the church choir services, and active at all times in Sunday School work, mothers' society and other Christian meetings.

Mrs. Cone was prepossessing in appearance, possessed great force of character, much personal magnetism, an

amiable disposition, and rare intelligence. In 1895 her spirit passed calmly and peacefully to its reward. She had remained a widow since 1858. Two of the four children constituting the family when they came to Texas died some years ago, one in Texas, and one at Yale College, New Haven, Connecticut. Two daughters survive her, Mrs. James T. D. Wilson, with whom Mrs. Cone resided at the time of her demise, and Mrs. Wm. Harvey Sellers.

Mrs. S. L. Weatherford.—Rev. John Turner was the moderator of the Baptist Association at the time of his death. He had taken an active part in the organization of the Baptist Church at Weatherford and remained its pastor for seven years. The Turner family were originally from Polk County, Tennessee, and lived near Weatherford previous to the location of the town site. In 1857 Rev. John Turner's daughter, Miss Margaret, married Mr. S. L. Weatherford and it was from a branch of this family that the town subsequently received its name. At this period a vast wilderness stretched westward beyond the advancing march of civilization, and here on the border where military companies were formed as a defense against the depredations of the Indians, a fort was located. During the Civil War this fort was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Weatherford and a number of other families. Mr. Weatherford enlisted in the frontier service and was often absent on long and dangerous scouting expeditions and his wife thus shared the scenes of western adventure. Though possessing a frail physique she was a fearless rider, and an excellent shot, while her calmness and presence of mind were of essential service during those trying situations. She is the devoted mother of seven children. Her home is now in Weatherford.

Mrs. G. B. Cleveland.—Among the early settlers mentioned by Maj. John Henry Brown in his "History of Dallas County" is Mr. Jacob Baccus, who came from Green County, Illinois, to Texas, in 1845. His daughter, Mrs. Cleveland came with her parents who located in Dallas

County. Her father's interests were agricultural, and the early years of her life were passed amid rural surroundings enlivened by the exciting scenes incident to frontier life. By her first marriage she became the wife of Mr. Garland A. Martin of Collin County. Her second husband, Mr. G. B. Cleveland, a Confederate veteran, is engaged in the mercantile business in Bowie, Texas, where they permanently reside. Mrs. Cleveland is a member of the Baptist Church. She is well preserved and recounts many interesting reminiscences of the early period.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS. CHARLES BRACHIS—MRS. MARGARET KERR BROWN—MRS. WM. JARVIS RUSSELL—MRS. M. A. BRYAN—MRS. A. J. DIGNOWITY.

MRS. CHARLES BRACHIS exercised much influence in the primitive society of the State. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John M. Ashby, and by her first marriage became the wife of Bartholomew A. McClure. They came to Texas in 1851, and located near the town of Gonzales. Mr. McClure became prominent in the affairs of that section of the country, and was a participant in the Texas revolution. He was in the Blanco Valley Indian fight and many other engagements. Upon the retreat of General Houston from Gonzales in 1836, he camped one night at the McClure homestead, and in the morning made a speech to the people beneath a live oak tree that is still standing in front of the house. He warned the citizens of the danger of remaining in the locality, which resulted in the "run away" before the army of Santa Anna. Mrs. McClure made this journey accompanied by her two young sons and as they followed the army she heard the firing of the guns in the battle of San Jacinto, at a locality known as Gregby's Bluff. Mrs. McClure saw the site of Houston surveyed; at that time it contained one house, a new hut, and a number of tents.

Mr. McClure's death occurred in 1841, and several years later his widow became the wife of Mr. Charles Brachis, who

was prominent in the political affairs of the country. He was a man of fine mind. He represented Gonzales County in the legislature, was in the Mexican War, and died in 1889 after a useful and well-spent life.

Mr. and Mrs. Brachis have creditable representatives in their daughter, Mrs. H. H. Jones of Dilworth, and a granddaughter, Mrs. Kennard of Gonzales. Mrs. Brachis had three sisters: Isabella became the wife of the late Gen. Henry E. McCulloch of Seguin; Fannie, wife of Maj. Rodorich Gillhorn of Bighill, Gonzales County; and Euphemia, wife of Maj. William King of Seguin. No one saw more of frontier life than Mrs. Brachis, and she became the chronicler of her own times. She inherited a number of slaves, and kept in a high state of cultivation several leagues of land and the farm on which she lived. She owned a comfortable home where she maintained a liberal hospitality. Faithful and warm in her friendships, kind and benevolent to the poor, she was a bright example of womanly virtues. Her superior mind and character commanded general respect and her practical knowledge of life fitted her for eminent usefulness. During her latter years she lived in rural seclusion and died at the age of eighty-three, October, 1894.

MRS. MARGARET KERR BROWN was born near Danville, Kentucky, March 26, 1783. Her father, Rev. James Kerr, and her mother, Patience Wells, of Maryland, were descended from ancestors who were patriots in the Revolutionary War. Mr. Kerr, who was a Baptist minister, owned large agricultural interests, and at his hospitable home his daughter, in her girlhood, was accustomed to meet, as guests of her father, the veteran Gov. Isaac Shelby, the celebrated George Nicholas, and the then youthful lawyer of Kentucky, Henry Clay. Through life she preserved mementoes of each, and also of Felix Grundy, Gen. George Clark, Daniel Boone, and many other men of famous reputation. In 1795, Margaret Kerr was married to Richard Jones, from Maryland, and in the fall of 1808 the entire family moved to St. Charles County, Missouri, to take possession of a grant of land acquired

from the Spanish government. There, in 1811, her father died, and the same year her husband was drowned in the Missouri River, leaving his young wife on a frontier exposed at any time to forays from Indians. She had with her three children: Maryland (afterwards Judge Maryland Jones, of Lavaca County, Texas); Sarah, who became the wife of Mr. John Jorden, and as his widow, lived many years in Lavaca County; Mary, who married Mr. Clinton C. Draper, of Ashley, Missouri, and a nephew of her husband; and Richard Jones Hamilton, who became an eminent lawyer and one of the founders of Chicago.

In 1814, Mrs. Jones married Mr. Henry Stevenson Brown, of Madison County, Kentucky, both of whose grandfathers, Col. Edward Brown and Col. Henry Stevenson, were officers in the Maryland line during the Revolutionary War of 1776. In the winter of 1819, Mr. and Mrs. Brown moved to Pike County, Missouri.

Mr. Henry S. Brown came to Texas in 1824. Later Mrs. Brown came, and after her husband's death, settled on Mustang Creek, in what is now Lavaca County. From that time she became identified with all the trials of the then frontier of southwest Texas, a position she was well qualified to fill. Her mind was one of unusual strength and clearness, and her memory was remarkable. She was a great reader, and was gifted by nature as a physician and surgeon, which talent she cultivated when opportunity offered. Many times when there were no physicians in that part of the country she performed difficult surgical operations. Skilled in the botany of the country, Mrs. Brown was enabled with little medicine to minister to the sick, often riding long distances on her missions of mercy, frequently taking the sick to her own home and nursing them back to health.

Born of patriotic parents, and identified with Texas from 1824, all Mrs. Brown's impulses were patriotic, as were those of her uncle, Dr. James Kerr, of Jackson County. Her farm lay on the only road that, in 1842, led from La Grange, on the Colorado, to Victoria, on the Guadalupe, so that in those exciting times, many of the volunteer soldiers passing

her house on their way to the scenes of action were cheered by her hospitality.

Mrs. Brown was ever the friend of those in distress, ever took the part of the oppressed, and when, on April 30, 1861, she died, full of Christian assurance, she having been for years an earnest member of the Baptist Church, it is no wonder that the entire community mourned. No one can read this brief sketch of Mrs. Brown without realizing that many of her characteristics were transmitted to her distinguished son, Hon. John Henry Brown, the historian.

MRS. WM. JARVIS RUSSELL bore an important part in the State's early history. She was the daughter of Hon. Stilwell Headley, who was for twenty-eight consecutive years a member of the legislature of Kentucky. The family moved to Brazoria, Texas, where Miss Headley was married in 1832 to Captain Russell, who was prominently identified with the struggles of Texas for independence.

It was soon after their marriage that the strife between the colonists and the Mexican authorities began at Anahuac, at the mouth of the Trinity. Captain Russell was among the first to volunteer, and his gentle bride moulded for her husband a quantity of bullets, one of which Captain Russell fired at a Mexican soldier on picket duty—the first bullet fired by an American colonist against the soldiery of Mexico. A few days later, June 26, 1832, the famed battle of Velasco was fought, in which the commanders were Capts. John Austin, William J. Russell and Henry S. Brown. A remarkable victory was won and the fort and garrison captured. The ladies of Brazoria, including Mrs. Russell, Mrs. William H. Wharton, Mrs. Josiah H. Bell, and others, gave the victors a cordial reception.

Captain Russell was senator in the congress of the Republic, first from their home in Brazoria, and after 1848, in Fayette County, where they had moved, and from which county he was sent to the legislature, and where he was elected chief justice of the county. They moved to Austin in 1871.

The life of Mrs. Russell, with all its interesting incidents, abounding in acts of charity and evincing splendid womanhood, would fill a volume. She died in Dallas, at the home of her son, Hon. Stilwell Russell, in 1890. She was at that time a member of the First Methodist Church of Dallas, and the pastor, referring to her death, wrote:

"Those hands so calmly folded
Above that pulseless breast,
Are the ones that fearless molded,
In this far, distant West,
The first fleet bullet that was sped,
Texas and liberty to wed.

"And God has blessed His child;
Blessed her with husband true
And children's loving smile;
And as the years swift flew,
Apart, the infant State she's seen
Walk forth a radiant, peerless queen."

MRS. M. A. BRYAN, the daughter of D. T. Fichett, was originally from Montgomery, Alabama. The family came to Columbia, Texas, in 1836, and their home was the first two-story residence erected in the town. It became the resort of those prominent in intellectual and political influence, and was the scene of a banquet given in honor of Stephen F. Austin, upon his return from Mexico. Mrs. Bryan recalls the incidents of the occasion and of a memorable visit made in company with a number of ladies who called to see Santa Anna. He was at the time a prisoner in the home of Judge McKinstrie. She was in the "runaway scrape."

Their party passed over the battle ground three days before the battle of San Jacinto. Later she was sent to Mobile, Alabama, where she entered the Springhill Seminary, an institution conducted by Madame George. Her early educational advantages resulted in the formation of a literary taste, and in after years her superior culture added to the refining influences of her home, which is now in Houston. Mrs. Bryan contracted a youthful marriage and has long survived her husband, who was a dentist and a pioneer in

his profession. Her daughters are prominent in educational circles and add to the pleasure of her declining years. She is still remarkable for her energy and progressive thought; is an active member of the Daughters of the Republic, who are at present engaged in improving the old battle ground of San Jacinto. This, it will be remembered, is the special work of the San Jacinto Chapter.

MRS. A. J. DIGNOWITY was born in Wythe County, Virginia, in 1820. She was the eldest daughter of Francis McCann, a native of County Tyrone, Ireland. Her mother was Sarah Cramer, a native of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and niece of Congressman Cramer. Mr. McCann, was nine years old when he came to America, with his uncle, and settled in Baltimore, Maryland. When a young man he joined the United States army under Capt. Hale Hamilton, fought through the year of 1812, and served as Lieutenant in the battle of New Orleans, under Andrew Jackson. He lived in Little Rock, Arkansas, until 1842, when he moved to the headright given him for his services to his adopted country. Mrs. Dignowity's parents were strict Catholics, and she was educated at the convent of Loretto in Louisville, Kentucky. In her childhood and girlhood she traveled extensively through the wilds of Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri, Ohio, and Arkansas. She was greatly interested in the study of medicine, though women at that period were not allowed to practice. She studied under Dr. J. Coombs, of Mississippi, and removing to Little Rock, continued to study under Doctors Tucker and Praythor, of Arkansas. Meeting Dr. Wm. Byrd Powell, then president of the Medical College of New Orleans, afterwards State geologist of Arkansas, she studied two years under his tutelage, the reform practice of medicine, Eclectic, then almost in its infancy. In 1843, she was married to Dr. A. M. Dignowity, a partner and friend of Doctor Powell.

At the beginning of the Mexican War, 1846, Doctor Dignowity enlisted under Governor Yell, of Arkansas, as physician, and came to San Antonio. Mrs. Dignowity remained in

Little Rock with her parents until December, 1846, when she joined her husband, with masses offered by Archbishop Byrns, and the prayers of the congregation for her safety in that land of wars and desperadoes. When they arrived at the hotel in San Antonio, she found it was a *jacal*, with flat roof and dirt floors. All the houses were flat with tulle grass or mortar roofs, and grate windows. Her husband was on duty at Mission Concepcion, where sixteen companies of soldiers were encamped around the city. When he returned to the hotel for dinner there were over thirty persons present at the table, and seven different languages were spoken. Mrs. Dignowity was the only American lady present. She was introduced to the beautiful Mrs. Glanton, Prince Solms, Don Castro, and several of the United States officers. The next day, and many following, she rode with her husband to the different camps to visit the sick. During that year several of the ladies formed a Spanish class; Doctor Winchell, who had been professor in Santa Anna's family, teaching them. The authoress, Augusta Evans, then quite a young girl, was a member of this class. Mrs. Dignowity applied herself studiously. She visited some of the Spanish ladies, joined them at the church during their festivals and *fiestas*, visited the Pastores, and was much interested, with many others, in watching their devotion, and great display to the honor of the Senora Guadalupe, their great patroness. Later, when German immigrants began pouring into the city, she found it necessary to study the German language.

There were frequent difficulties between the Mexicans and Indians, the latter coming to San Antonio to sell or barter their game, honey and bears' grease (the two latter being brought in hides on their Indian ponies). Dr. Dignowity was often called to attend to both adversaries at once; he was constantly occupied during the day and often at night. Many patients were brought into the house—wounded soldiers from the Rio Grande and much of Mrs. Dignowity's time was consumed in caring for the sick and afflicted. At one period when an epidemic threatened the soldiers and immigrants, being well acquainted with the United States officers and the

Bishops who were there, many of them became her frequent guests; General Kearney, Doubleday, President Sam. Houston, Pease, Archbishop Lamy, Rev. Anthony Bole, Odin, and many of the officers of early days. Gov. Yell, of Arkansas, she knew well; also, Gov. Sam. Houston. In days of peace they visited the Missions; often, after Concepcion was used as a stable, Mrs. Dignowity greatly deplored this desecration and afterwards the vandalism of tourists in breaking off and taking away the lovely decorative work in the old Missions, that should have been held sacred as works of art, for they were not at that time in a dilapidated condition. Every flower, leaf, fruit, figure and face were in perfect preservation. After 1862 many families made their homes in and around the Missions, the grand old relics that are rapidly going to ruin.

Dr. Dignowity was a strong Union man and at the beginning of the Civil War was exiled from San Antonio. The sons have always adhered to their father's principles.

Mrs. Dignowity attended the sick and afflicted, of both North and South during the Civil War. Going to and from neighboring ranches they had many narrow escapes from the Indians. She has passed through two wars, and two sieges of the cholera.

For the last twenty years, she has traveled extensively throughout the United States, and has found no State, or place, more desirable than Texas and San Antonio. She is surrounded by a large number of children and grandchildren and is happy in being useful to those she loves and who need her kindly offices. Though past the meridian of life, being seventy-five years of age, she attends to the business connected with her estate, and a few years ago when Mrs. Gen. D. S. Stanley entertained President Harrison at Fort Sam. Houston, Mrs. Dignowity was one of the reception committee, adding grace and culture to the coterie of charming women assembled in honor of the occasion.

Mrs. Dignowity is noted for her artistic taste and talent. From the judges of the International State Fair, and the State Art Association, she has received two gold medals for

art work and carving, one diploma, one honorable mention, and fifteen premiums from the different departments in San Antonio.

CHAPTER VII.

MRS. CHARLES FORDTRAN—MRS. SHAPLEY P. ROSS—MRS. JOHN J. LINN—MRS. JACOB C. DARST.

MRS. CHARLES FORDTRAN came from Detroit, Michigan, to Texas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Brookfield, who were among the early pioneers of the State. Mrs. Brookfield, formerly Miss Laliet, the daughter of a French nobleman, was a lady of cultivation and accomplishments. Her intellectual gifts were transmitted to her daughter Almeida, whose mental faculties were developed in an atmosphere of refined influences. She possessed a voice of exceptional sweetness and it was her mother's care that it should be properly trained. Her marriage to Mr. Charles Fordtran occurred in 1834, and the remainder of her life, a period of fifty-three years, was passed in Austin County. Their home, near the town of Industry, was known as the Castle of Indolence, and at that time was considered an improved country seat. This abode was made charming by the cheerful disposition and genial kindness of its mistress, and here were entertained a continual succession of visitors. Among other guests were Prince Solms, Count Joseph Boos-Waldeck, and other gentlemen, who were identified with the romantic and chivalrous era of New Braunfels. In early life Mrs. Fordtran was noted for her beauty, elegant manners and social qualities, which gave her a ruling influence. She acted a nobler part in life than that of minister to its fleeting pleasures, for she was charitable and freely gave to those in need, assistance and counsel. She enjoyed the solace of age to round out her experience and harmonize her character. Her death occurred in 1887. Her husband, who has reached the age of ninety-five, survives her, and they have many descendants.

Mrs. Shapley P. Ross.—Among the remarkable women who have helped to lay the foundations of Texas, none have rendered more enduring service, or bequeathed to it a sturdier race of sons and daughters than Mrs. Shapley P. Ross. Her maiden name was Catharine Fulkerson, and she was born September 27, 1812, in St. Charles County, Missouri, where, at the age of seventeen, she was married to Capt. Shapley P. Ross. Soon after marriage the young couple moved to Iowa, then not yet admitted to Statehood, from which they emigrated to the Republic of Texas in 1840, and nine years later located in Waco, McLennan County, though, at that time, neither county nor town had been legally incorporated. In these primitive wilds they first dwelt in tents, where they suffered the privations and were exposed to the perils that are the usual incidents of the pioneer's life. Other immigrants arrived and the little community was strengthened and houses were built, where, in comfort and security, all could enjoy the scene of their brave enterprise till they should reclaim from desolation and savage hordes the broad and fertile lands in which they had cast their lot. There Mrs. Ross was ever vigilant in the nurture of the little ones born to her charge, there she implanted in their tender minds the qualities that adorn the world's most vigorous States, and there she reared a race of more than Roman virtue. After these labors were over and after nearly half a century of earnest, noble work, it was there that in September, 1886, the faithful mother and public benefactor passed away to the reward she had earned.

Of the nine children she had borne, eight were living at the time of her death: Mrs. George Barnard, Mrs. Margaret Harris, Mrs. Kate Padgitt, Mrs. Pat. Fitzwilliams, Col. P. F. Ross, Gen. (afterwards Governor) L. S. Ross, Capt. R. S. Ross, and Mr. W. H. Ross, all of Waco, except Mrs. Fitzwilliams, who then resided at Los Angeles, California. For these children their venerated mother felt as lofty a pride as did the historic mother for the Gracchi she had given to her country. In their advancement she rejoiced with a joy known only to the maternal heart that is stirred with the

rich recompense of successful work, of well requited toil. It is a pleasant reflection that she lived to realize that her son, Lawrence Sullivan Ross, was to be honored by his people with the highest office in their gift; it is pathetic to reflect that the hand of death could not have been stayed till with her mortal eyes she could have witnessed the crowning scene of his promotion.

MRS. JOHN J. LINN, one of the pure and noble women of colonial Texas, was married in 1834 and began keeping house in Victoria, where, fifty years later, she closed her eventful and useful life. She was ever a devoted patriot and greatly beloved for her many excellent characteristics, her refinement and rare intelligence. She was justly the recipient of the almost idolatrous devotion of her children, and there are many veterans who yet survive to bless her memory. Her oldest son, Capt. Charles C. Linn, served with distinction throughout the Civil War, and John Joseph Linn, Jr., died while stationed with Colonel Buchell's regiment at Brownsville. One daughter, Miss Annie, and a son, Hon. Edward D. Linn, live at Victoria. Mr. W. F. Linn resides at Wharton.

MRS. JACOB C. DARST, *nee* Margaret Hughes, was born in East Tennessee. She subsequently moved to Missouri and in 1831 came with her family to Texas and located on the Guadalupe River, eighteen miles above Gonzales. She died in Gonzales in 1846 and is remembered for her great kindness of heart and the remarkable courage she exhibited during the dark days preceding the battle of San Jacinto and the subsequent Indian raids. Her husband was killed at the Alamo and her stepdaughter, Mrs. Crosby, whom she had cared for from infancy, was killed by the Indians in the Plum Creek Battle. Mr. Crosby reached the side of his wife just in time to soothe with endearing offices her last moments. Their infant had been previously killed near Linnville and thrown on the roadside. Mrs. Crosby's brother, Mr. D. S. H. Darst, of Gonzales, was one of

MRS. REBECCA J. FISHER.

the captives and was forced to witness the tragic fate of his sister, though powerless to prevent or avenge her death.

CHAPTER VIII.

INDIAN EXPERIENCES.

MRS. ORCENETH FISHER—MRS. BABB—MRS. EDWARD SHEGOG—MRS. DANIEL MENASCO.

ANY account of the prominent women of Texas would be incomplete if in it we did not find tradition, sometimes linking the names of some of those now occupying prominent positions, who, as little children, suffered in the stormy days of the border warfare, waged upon the frontiersmen by the Indians, Comanches, Apaches and Kiowas.

The massacres in which the parents of those little ones were martyred were perpetrated by the very Indians who were fed, blanketed and armed by the United States Government, and given homes protected by United States troops in the Indian reservation territory of a paternal government, which in its sentimentality over its "poor Indian" citizens, neglected its duties to its own blood and race. For if the Indians were citizens, the early settlers of Texas were almost entirely immigrants of whites from the United States.

This is the view which the Texas press of those days, and also of a later date, took of the tragic events, of which a few are related in this chapter.

A child survivor of those days of blood and cruelty, a heroine who came near being a little martyr, is now one of the prominent women of Texas.

MRS. ORCENETH FISHER.—The name of Mrs. Orceneth Fisher is intimately connected with that of her husband, the Rev. Orceneth Fisher, D.D., in "The History of Methodism on the Pacific Coast," as an active coöperator in church and benevolent work. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs.

Johnston Gilleland, who were murdered by the Comanche Indians in Refugio County, in 1840.

On both the paternal and maternal side, Rebecca J. Gilleland—Mrs. Fisher—is of noble and distinguished ancestry; and nobly have she and her brother, the late William McCalla Gilleland, the Texas poet, sustained the time honored traditions of their families.

A correspondent of the Galveston *News*, in a late issue, relates substantially the circumstances of the tragic fate of Mr. and Mrs. Gilleland, the capture of their children, and their rescue.

Just as the sun was setting, the Gilleland family, who were then living at the Mexican village, Don Carlos ranch, were startled by the war whoop of Indians. Before any attempt could be made for defense, the savages rushed into the house and killed both Mr. and Mrs. Gilleland, leaving them weltering in their blood. They tore the children from the agonized grasp of their dying mother, whose last prayer was for the safety of her little ones.

When the Indians had completed their bloody work they mounted their horses and fled, taking the children with them. One of the band took little William on his horse; an Indian woman, supposed to be the wife of the chief, took charge of the little girl. The men threatened the children that they would kill them by cutting off their hands and feet if they did not stop crying. The chief's wife rebuked them, and pressing the little Rebecca to her bosom silenced the men; but she could not avert their murderous intentions. As they fled, they were hotly pursued, and finding the children an incumbrance they attempted to kill them as soon as they reached the timber land. They pierced the little boy through the side of his body with a lance or a long knife, and striking the little girl a heavy blow on the head, left them both for dead in the dark, dense forest.

As soon as the children recovered and realized what had happened, little Rebecca, then only seven years old, knelt down and prayed their Heavenly Father to take care of them and guide them to safety. She then took her little

brother in her arms and carried him as best she could, stopping every few moments to rest. Praying still, these poor little babes in the forest wandered on, and soon reached the edge of the prairie. Here a new terror assailed them for they saw a troop of horsemen, which they thought were Indians. They fled back into the forest, but ere long their fears were turned to joy, for they heard the kind tones of the wood rangers who had been detailed to guard the timber, and others who had gone in pursuit of the Indians. These men reassured the little ones and tenderly lifted them into their saddles.

The children were taken into the soldiers' camp, where they received every tender attention and sympathy from Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston and General, afterwards President, Lamar.

When it was practicable these gentlemen put the children in the hands of parties who took them to their kindred and friends.

The little William, after an almost miraculous recovery from his wound, became one of the most distinguished men and popular poets of Texas. He married the daughter of the Hon. Kenneth Anderson, Vice President of the Republic of Texas; but he and his wife have both died within the last few years. The little girl, William Gilleland's sister, after finishing her education at Rutersville College, married the Reverend Doctor Fisher, a distinguished divine, a prominent Mason and Odd Fellow, and the chaplain of the two last sessions of congress of the Republic.

California and Oregon were the special fields of labor of Doctor and Mrs. Fisher. In the history of Methodism referred to previously, there is an account of Mrs. Fisher's heroism and presence of mind saving the life of an innocent man, a minister, upon whom a fanatical mob crying, "hang him! hang him!" were rushing.

Thousands of people, men, women and children, were on the camp ground and at the stand waiting for the eleven o'clock service. While the confusion and excitement reigned, women fainting, children running and screaming, and opposing factions, who were armed, were about to engage in

the wildest battle, Mrs. Fisher sprang over the benches and faced the leader of the mob and ordered him in calm tones of conscious power to listen to her.

For a moment he looked into her resolute face, then became silent, and listened to her exhortations. He and the other desperadoes were subdued by her words; and thus she averted what would have been a bloody battle, at the risk of her life, for she was surrounded by armed men, and if a single shot had been fired she would have been in the midst of the fray.

Mrs. Fisher has been residing in Austin for more than twenty years, and there she is loved and revered for her exalted Christian character, and admired and respected for her intellectual attainments. She is esteemed throughout her native State, and has been the associate friend and cotemporary of a large number of the most distinguished men and women of the century. Among these are Lady Franklin, Miss Frances Willard, Mrs. James K. Polk, Commodores Stockton and Garrison, Hon. Alexander H. Stevens, President and Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Judge Jackson of the Supreme Court of the United States. She is now the honored and appropriate president of the William Travis Chapter of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas, having held previously numerous positions of the same rank in religious and social organizations, over which she has always presided with tact and grace.

MRS. BABB.—After the close of the Civil War Texas was again at the mercy of the Indians until her readmission into the Union, in 1872. During the interval in which this border warfare was renewed, the atrocities committed by the Indians were of a darker character, if possible, than ever. Two little children, a boy and a girl, Dot and Bianca Babb, and their father, are the survivors of a mother whose name should never be forgotten in the annals of the frontier martyrs of this State.

In June, 1867, Mr. Babb left his home in Wise County to go to Dallas, the nearest market town. As no incursions

had been made by either Indians or Mexicans for a long time, he felt no fears for his family, and peace reigned for some days after his departure. One morning the two eldest children, who were playing about the door, directed their mother's attention to a number of men on the prairie. She instantly recognized them as Indians, who were approaching the house at a rapid gallop. Before she could get her children into the house and bar the door, the savages dashed in upon them, dragged her baby from her arms, dashed it upon the floor with death-dealing force, and seizing her by the hair, forced her head backward and cut her throat.

This deed accomplished, they seized the children, Dot and Bianca, and leaving the poor mother with her dead baby beside her, started for the broad plains of the West, where they had their abiding places, and where, to quote from a Texas paper of that date, "they were fed on government beef, wrapped in the soft embrace of a government blanket, and armed with a government rifle and ammunition."

The sufferings of the children on that journey were intense to a harrowing degree, but when they reached the reservation they were treated with tolerable kindness, for the object of their capture was simply to extort money for their ransom from the Texans.

For years the father sought his children, going from one United States agency to another. Finally, after exhausting nearly all his resources, he found and ransomed them, and took them to Wisconsin. There they remained until a few years ago. Mr. Babb returned to this State, and when the children came to Texas they met him where their noble mother had been murdered and where they had been captured. Then it was a wilderness; now it is a populous and prosperous region.

Mr. Babb still lives in Wise County, Texas. Bianca married a worthy gentleman, and is living near Henrietta; while Dot, at Wichita Falls, is a successful cattle man.

MRS. EDWARD SHEGOG.—Brief must be the account of the saddest of all the sad stories of massacre and outlaw occurring in the fateful period "after the war," and previous

to the readmission of Texas to the floors of the United States Congress.

It was in 1878, in Cooke County, that the Comanches and Kiowas perpetrated one of the darkest deeds that stains the pages of Texas history, and it will serve to show the dangers to which the pioneers were exposed.

On the third of January of that year the people living in the vicinity of where the village of Rosstown now stands were startled by the arrival of a courier from the settlement in Montague County, who informed them that a large band of Indians were coming in that direction. Mr. Daniel Menasco, with his wife, two children and his aged father, all lived together in a small house on Clear Creek. That morning the two little girls, May and Lizzie, the pride of the whole settlement, had been sent on a visit to Mrs. Edward Shegog, their aunt, who lived on the opposite side of the stream. Daniel Menasco had gone out on the prairie to look after his cattle. As soon as Mr. Menasco, Sr., heard the terrifying news of the Indian raid, he left his son's wife and hurried across the stream to bring his grandchildren and his daughter to his son's house. They all started back in haste, bringing Mrs. Shegog's baby who was only a few month's old. Just as they reached the crossing on Clear Creek the Indians rushed upon them, killing and scalping the elder Mr. Menasco, and making prisoners of the children and Mrs. Shegog.

In the meantime, while the main body of the Indians remained in charge of the prisoners, the others swept down on Mrs. Menasco's house. The heroic little woman had closed all the windows and doors except the front entrance. In that she stood, shot gun in hand, averting them from their course; for Indians are naturally cowardly and rarely attack a closed house or an armed foe that faces them. Mrs. Menasco was, of course, ignorant of her father-in-law's fate and the capture of her children and sister-in-law.

The band passed on, joined the other party and made for the reservation. As they were crossing Blocker Creek, about a mile above Gainesville, on the Rosstown road, Mrs. Shegog's baby began to cry. The Indians ordered her to

silence it. She could not, and then one of the wretches struck it, and another took it away from her. He turned off from her, and when she next saw her baby they had killed it, and it was lying on the ground where they had thrown it. Mrs. Shegog then lost all consciousness, and the Indians, probably finding they could not carry her with them, left her to perish in the woods. She was vaguely conscious of being pushed from her horse. The horrors of that awful night no one can tell or even faintly imagine. The next morning she was found in a half demented condition at the door of a Mr. Samuel Doss, and the family thought at first that she was an insane woman. They led her into the house and found that it was Mrs. Shegog. She did not know how she reached there, or what had become of her little nieces.

Daniel Menasco, almost wild with grief, sought his children everywhere. He went to all the Indian agencies, hoping to find and ransom them, but in vain. Mrs. Shegog's baby was found where the Indians had killed it. The fate of little May and Lizzie Menasco was not revealed until the spring or early summer, when their skeletons were discovered and recognized. The Indians had either killed or abandoned the children, for a blizzard came up the night they were captured, and the supposition forced upon the settlement was that the savages, finding it difficult or impossible to keep the little creatures from freezing, had abandoned them to their fate. These are only three of the many raids made and atrocities committed in Cooke and the adjoining counties.

When General Sherman made a tour of the frontier posts in person, and came near being murdered himself, when he saw with his own eyes the brutal deeds of the government-protected Indians, tracing them to a government reservation, he arrested three of the band that had killed *his* wagoners and burned *his* wagons and had nearly succeeded in murdering *him*, had them tried in a Texas court and sentenced for life to the penitentiary.

After that the United States Government protected the frontier from the "poor Indians." Scenes like these inspired Hawthorne, Longfellow, Cooper, Gilmore, Simms, and George

Egbert Craddock. When will our Miss Murfree or George Eliot be born on Texas soil to write for us the legends of our border warfare, and record our deeds of frontier heroism, and tell in burning words the glory-crowned martyrdom of the early settlers of the State?

CHAPTER IX.

IN THE REALMS OF ART.

MRS. ELIZABET NEY.—It is not generally known that there now lives in Texas one of the world's renowned artists—Mrs. Elizabet Ney. In her famous works the richest forms of sculpture have found expression, and splendid courts and costly galleries have testified to her genius and rewarded her achievements. No less great than her great sisters in the art—Prospersia Rossi of the sixteenth century and Harriet G. Hosmer of her own age—she has demonstrated the powers of her sex in the highest regions of plastic creation. Mrs. Ney's father was the nephew of the celebrated French marshal of the same name, and she was born in the Westphalian town of Münster. She is the wife of Doctor Montgomery, a scientist whose specialties lie in the fields of botany and biology, but she has preferred to retain her own name, being that under which she earned her earliest laurels, and by which she is identified in art circles.

Her talent revealed itself almost in infancy, and it was developed under the hand of Christian Bauch, then unrivaled in the art. After his death, she opened a studio at Berlin, where the first fruits of her work excited the warmest admiration in the circle of the lovers of art, among others, Alexander von Humboldt, whose visits bore testimony to the genius of the artist. While in Berlin she carved the statue of Mitscherlich, Jakob Grimm, and other celebrities, and was recalled thence to her native town to adorn its public hall with the busts of the representative men of Westphalia. From Münster she was summoned to the royal court of Hanover, where

she sculptured the blind king, and also Joachim, the violinist; Faulbach, the painter; and Stockhausen, the singer. While there, she also carved in marble the gloomy features of the austere philosopher, Schopenhauser, the veritable Heraclitus of his day.

Among Mrs. Ney's notable performances was the statue of Garibaldi, for which purpose she was called to that famous warrior's home in the Island of Caprera. This seems to have given offense to her powerful friend and patron, the king of Hanover, despite whose protestations, she persisted in honoring her ideal of a patriot and a hero.

At Munich, the Bavarian capital, Mrs. Ney designed much of the splendid ornamentation lavished upon the interior of one of the most massive and sumptuous of its public buildings. While there engaged, her studio was established in the royal palace, and it was there that she sculptured from life the busts of Liebig and Wohler, the most advanced chemists of their generation. These busts now adorn the chambers of chemistry in the polytechnic school of Munich.

Mrs. Ney's next work of public interest was the marble bust of Bismarck, for which she was retained by the late German Emperor William I. This bust and that of Garibaldi were exhibited together at the Paris Exposition in 1868. Mrs. Ney's travels have been principally in Italy, Greece and Egypt, whose classic memories, no doubt, directed her steps. Egypt, the earliest of historic nations, was the cradle of sculpture, and Greece, the most æsthetic, was its nursery. Born of devotion on the mystic banks of the Nile, it ripened into beauty under the mellowing skies of Olympus, Parnassus and Delphi.

Mrs. Ney's advent among us is partly due to the softness of our genial climate, which she learned to love on the Mediterranean shores, but chiefly to the unopened field for didactic effort in the fine arts. She, therefore, came to the capital of the State to inaugurate plans for the erection of an academy of liberal arts, and to induce the State to recognize the practical benefits of art education by providing for it in the curriculum of her State University. Her plans are, of course,

not restricted to her own specialty, but embrace all the arts that have been created by modern discoveries and inventions. She assumes the position taken by the most advanced teachers of the day: that the progress made in the world's activities and in the improved methods required in pursuing them, has had the effect of creating an unprecedented demand for trained labor and, consequently, of throwing out of employment such numbers of untrained hands as to disturb the equipoise of social industries and bring distress upon large classes of worthy and willing people; that, in order to relieve this plethora of unskilled industry, the new conditions must be met by training young men and women to labor in the new fields and according to the new methods, that upon this training depends the success, if not the safety, of the government; and that technical instruction should, as a consequence, be engrafted upon the State's present system of free education and eleemosynary aid. Mrs. Ney, holding these views, and being strongly impressed with the belief that the general poverty and frequent disorders that prevail constitute a serious menace to the country, fervently appeals to our statesmen and political economists to avert it.

CHAPTER X.

MRS. WALTER GRESHAM — MISS JULIA SINKS ROBERTSON — MISS DEE BEEBE — MISS MARGARET JOBE — MISS CORDIE HEARNE — MRS. G. W. BARKER — MRS. BIRD DUVALL — MISS MARION BROWN — MRS. KRONENGER — MRS. MARIA CAGE KIMBALL.

MRS. WALTER GRESHAM.—The best society in the most cultured nation of antiquity gave less thought to the forms and urbanities of social life than to its embellishments as exhibited through the fine arts and their attendant graces. In process of time these habits of home culture were lost in the multiplicity of customs that crowded upon the broadening area of national intercourse, and the arts, except as

MRS. WALTER GRESHAM.

industrial pursuits, were submerged under the flood of conventionalities that deluged the gay courts of rival capitals. It is only within comparatively modern times that the world's new civilization has begun to restore the deposed graces and to reinstate in social circles the neglected arts of twenty centuries ago. The recall of these exiles is, in mythologic phrase, the reinstatement of our household divinities; the restoration of the muses to their rightful thrones. American society, especially American women, have given their quota of toil and talent to this result, and Texas women, like their cultured sisters in the other States, are daily adding to their triumphs in arts and letters. To this class of workers belongs Mrs. Walter Gresham of Galveston, who is distinguished for pure taste and execution in the art of painting. She has elicited the applause of critics upon her work, both on canvas and china, and she still pursues her studies, ever reaching after the *prepon* and the *ariston* of the æsthetic Greeks. With her ardor and her talents she may easily pass beyond the borders of the *dilettante*, and wrest from fame some of her envied trophies.

Mrs. Gresham is the wife of Walter Gresham, a late member of Congress from Texas, and well known for his wealth, influence and ability. She is a native Texan and was born at Corpus Christi, where she is remembered in society as Miss Josephine C. Mann. Her father was a Virginian, and her mother a South Carolinian, cousin of John C. Calhoun, and belonging to the well-known Baskin family of that State. She has five children, of whom the eldest, a daughter, is married. Her residence, in the city of Galveston, is a spacious and sumptuous mansion of imposing appearance, built of yellowish gray sandstone, Romanesque-gothic in style, with a ground area of about ninety feet square, and a handsome front of commanding height overlooking the principal thoroughfare of the city. Strong outline is given to the building by a massive corner tower twelve feet in diameter, and by a turret nearer the center with shaft in mosaic of blue and red granite and gray sandstone, pinnacle of dressed sandstone and surmounted by highly ornamental finial. The

door at the main entrance is guarded on either side by a column of polished porphyritic granite of purplish red hue, producing an extremely graceful and classic effect. The carving, tracery and moulding within the building are as elaborate in artistic design as are the decorations and finish of the exterior. In this home of marvelous beauty the brush has kept pace with the chisel; its most noted achievement is the painting on the ceiling of the dining-hall, which, for accuracy of perspective and harmony of colors suggests the work of the masters in the Sistine Chapel. Connected with the building is a conservatory designed in conformity to the general architecture, and in which are many rare plants, both indigenous and exotic.

Such is the home over which Mrs. Gresham presides, and in which she performs, with taste, dignity and ease, the social duties belonging to a life and environments such as hers. Domestic in her habits, and of strong motherly instincts, she gives her first care to the direction and welfare of her household; with the gifts and the culture of the artist, she finds abundant occupation for her leisure hours in the studies that belong to the palette and easel. Thus endowed by nature and education with capacity for elegant enjoyment, favored by fortune with the means for its indulgence, and imbued by a spirit both cheerful and generous, Mrs. Gresham brings to society the choicest elements for its enlightenment, its beneficence, and its polish.

JULIA SINKS ROBERTSON.—Seldom do we note in the annals of art, the name of one so rarely endowed with the rich gift of form and color as was Julia Sinks Robertson.

Her wonderful wealth of genius may have been an inheritance—inasmuch as she was a niece of Samuel Lee, a noted painter of Cincinnati, a cotemporary and warm friend of Hiram Powers. She was immediately descended from the widely known pioneers of southwest Texas—Dr. Joseph and Mrs. Lydia Lee Robertson. Cradled in the wilds of the western frontier, with no breath of art atmosphere to fan the divine spark, we find the child with sensitive temper-

ament and refined thought, expressing her passionate love of nature in spirited sketches of shady nooks, or tiny cascades, or breezy distances that appealed to her poetic fancy.

At this juncture, her celebrated uncle—whose mantle was to fall on her shoulders—made a visit to the then far away Texas home, and the startling revelation of brush, palette, pigment, and canvas, opened a world of thrilling possibilities to her.

In a rapture of silent wonder, day by day she watched the magic touch of brush beneath which sprang to life an undreamed of vision of beauty. And when the great man was gone, a few cast-off brushes and some tubes of paint were proudly borne away to the attic window, and a rude easel at once prepared.

Titian, Holbein, or Rembrandt must surely have whispered to the white fingered child, as she patiently tied four small sticks together and stretched a bit of cloth over them, and rapidly placed on her royal canvas the hills and valleys so dear to her heart.

Even thus early was manifested that quick response to nature, that in later years enabled her to paint a sunset ere it faded; for, like Duran, she loved the sunsets and afterglows, and they left all their tender sweetness on her canvas.

Her sincere and sympathetic interpretation of nature grew with her, and at riper years resulted in a wholly unaffected technique, which made every picture a true art achievement.

Far removed from feverish salon clamor for recognition, she never drifted into pyrotechnic coloring or sensational methods; but with simple integrity copied nature in its truth. She was singularly successful in her pictures of baby faces, with their damp hair-tendrils and sleep-flushed cheeks; and her brush has made imperishable the sweet flowers of her own Texas.

Who shall doubt the divine inspiration of genius, when, from an untaught, unheralded canvas shines out the soulful eyes of a Greuze, the tender realism of Bougereau's child pictures, the marvelous technique of Corot, and the spirit

and vigor of Dagnau Bouveret; and we are told that the modest, gifted woman, whose wealth of soul is thus revealed, had studied no methods save her own, had never trodden the halls of a salon, or even seen the works which have made our great masters immortal. Her pictures, with a few exceptions, remain in the family. "The Return of the Fisherman," is in the collection of Mrs. T. F. Mitchell, and an original landscape being in the possession of Mrs. Searcy.

The life work of this gifted woman was brief; her genius had just unfolded its wings, when they were folded forever. The brush fell from the white hand, the easel stands draped in the corner, and the window away in the attic is desolate.

MISS DEE BEEBE, of Galveston, the daughter of Mrs. S. R. Beebe, so well and favorably known in the educational world of Texas, is one of the most capable artists in the State.

A morning of pleasure and valuable education in art knowledge can be spent by anyone who has the entrée to the charmed atmosphere of her studio in the Young Men's Christian Association Building in Galveston. There can be seen a collection of oil and water color paintings, studies and etchings in various stages of completion, of such marked ability and originality as to stamp the artist as one of those children of genius that have been touched with the sacred flame that ever burns in the truly artistic soul.

Miss Beebe paints what she sees, and she sees the true, the beautiful, and the picturesque, in nature, and those tints in earth and air, in sky and water, which are revealed only to the eye and spirit of the inspired artist, even before technical skill has been acquired necessary to put them on canvas.

But this artist has also acquired the technique of her art, for she has been an earnest student from childhood, under the best masters that Galveston could give her, and later in the Cincinnati Art Conservatory, and then in that great art center of America, New York City.

After remaining in Cincinnati one year, Miss Beebe reluctantly left that admirable preparatory school for the greater

facilities offered in New York for the pursuit of what she had elected to make her life work.

There she continued her studies under Mr. William Chase and Mr. Kenyon Cox, and after having the honor of being elected to the membership of The Art League of New York, she entered the studio of Wendell, the famous landscape painter, and went down with him to Gloucester, Massachusetts, to learn his methods of putting water effects upon canvas.

Her favorite studies and most popular pictures show how well she applied her admirable powers to the splendid opportunities that have been given her up to the present time. Her treatment of still life, her water and atmospheric effects, and her selection of subjects, are all in evidence of her conscientious attention to detail.

This, added to the indomitable industry and fine judgment of the young artist, give promise of a near future of rarely successful endeavor in the high field of work to which she is devoting her life.

Galveston may well be proud of the nobly earned successes of this young artist, who possesses much strength of character, genius, and a high sense of duty.

Mrs. Margaret Jobe's remarkable skill with the brush emphasizes the surprise one must experience upon viewing the careful, finished productions of those who have developed their gifts though exiled from art centers. The painter requires constant communion with nature, to burnish into perfection the vivid thoughts, the living outlines that, thus transformed, will glow upon the canvas. Yet this, the fire and fever of inspiration, is not all that is required, for although art is three parts divine, it is one part human, and therefore must be given the most unwearied and elaborate training. The conditions favored this special training when Miss Jobe became the pupil of Miss Janet Downie, an artist who has added luster to her capacity under the tutelage of European masters. Through this association Miss Jobe has enriched her natural gifts, and with patient effort gives

promise of reaching the Pisgah of this fascinating pursuit. She is the daughter of Doctor Jobe, of Gonzales, who rendered skillful and faithful service, as surgeon in the Confederate army, and the granddaughter of Mr. Wm. D. Smith, one of the early pioneers, who located on the Guadalupe River in 1823, having previously served at New Orleans in the war of 1812.

MISS CORDIE HEARNE has devoted the greater part of her life to art. She has studied in the East, where some of her work has been highly praised by art critics, and has sold for good prices. She understands the intricacies of coloring and has done a great deal of decorative work. Her specimens of china painting found a place in the art exhibit in the World's Fair in 1893. Miss Hearne, has the faculty of imparting her methods, and has given satisfaction as an instructor to large classes in colleges and at her own studio in Dallas.

MRS. GEORGE W. BARKER holds an honorable place among contemporary artists. It is easy to trace in her noble compositions, wrought out with power and feeling, an indescribable touch of life that has won for Mrs. Barker her laurels. She has made portraiture a specialty and is one of the most successful artists of Houston, where she has her home and studio.

MRS. BIRD DUVALL, of San Antonio, has profited by her studies in Europe. She has a poetic, sensitive nature, which gives her a faculty of expression in the realm of art somewhat akin to that of a master musician. She has been especially successful in developing the talent of others and in giving direction to various phases of artistic activity. She has won fame for her fidelity in this field.

MISS MARION BROWN, of Dallas, is a fine amateur artist. Her love of art has proven an inspiration during the years in which she has devoted herself to the cultivation of her

talent. She received her first lessons under the tutelage of Miss Sophie Mitchell, of Rhode Island. For the past six years she has been a student of Mrs. R. J. Onderdonk, one of the founders of the Art Students' League in New York City. Miss Brown's water colors are exquisite, while her work in oil and pastel has been considered equally fine. She has achieved much success through her illustrations with pen and ink.

MRS. KRONENGER paints with remarkable fidelity and dramatic force. She has been a diligent student, and her pictures are attractive as well for their technical qualities as for their refined realism. Her home is in San Antonio.

MRS. MARIA CAGE KIMBALL, of Galveston, is one of the most gifted artists of her day. She has visited the principal cities of Europe to study the work of the greatest painters and has always been received with a degree of distinction worthy of her merit. In the treatment of her subjects she sees the dignified, graceful and agreeable, and communicates it to the canvas with a felicity rare in art. Like Teniers, she excels in scenes from humble life.

CHAPTER XI.

WELL KNOWN VOCALISTS.

MRS. L. RICHARDS-CLAGETT — MRS. DIXIE CROOKS POTTER — MISS BESSIE HUGHES.

MRS. L. RICHARDS-CLAGETT.—Among the remarkable workers of the present day, in voice culture, none have exhibited a higher devotion to improved methods, nor a more conscientious application of their axioms in the modern school of instruction than has Mrs. L. Richards-Clagett.

So important and so varied are the accomplishments that are dependent upon the human voice for their fullest expression that, from Pythagoras and Euclid to the present time,

the world's best thinkers have been enlisted for its development; but not until the present century was the field of study so enlarged as to embrace sciences heretofore undeveloped or deemed inapplicable for the purpose. A decisive impulse in the direction of the new processes was given by Molineaux' work, by Doctor Rush's Philosophy, by Lablanche, by Carlo Bassini, and by Garcia, the latter of whom insisted that a knowledge of human anatomy was indispensable to the teacher who would form and develop the voice. Others of equal note have lectured and written and taught in the same progressive spirit. Among these Mrs. Richards-Clagett takes high rank, and can exhibit, as the fruit of her many years' labor, voices in a dozen States whose melody is the delight of church, of concert hall, and lecture room.

Mrs. Richards-Clagett came to America from her native Scotland, at a very early age, and soon gave evidence of such natural flexibility and compass of voice, and of such intuitive appreciation of the harmony of sound, that measures were taken by her father to develop her remarkable gifts. The best masters were employed, and the most approved physical discipline was observed, and, as a result, her progress was as rapid as her precocious powers could have promised. Her attainments and her predilections soon pointed out to her that her proper life work lay in the direction of training and developing the vocal talents of others in the manner that had been so successful with her own. Once embarked upon this career; she surrendered herself wholly to its duties, and gave to their performance the riches that nature and art and experience combined alone can command. In her work she never fails of a harvest—not a harvest of material rewards alone, but a harvest of successful effort, and of gratitude and affection from successful pupils.

In her system of instruction Mrs. Clagett is committed to that philosophy of voice-building that recognizes as factors not only the lungs, and the larynx, and the mouth, and such organs as are directly concerned in the production of vocal sound, but also all other organs and structures that more or less remotely contribute to the activity of the functions

immediately involved. The nerves and their sensitive sources of expression, no less than the muscles of the throat, are implicated in adjusting the tension of the vocal chords, and thereby in determining the number of their vibrations. The system, thus broad in its conception of coöperative action among associated organs, is equally comprehensive in its recognition of the powers mutually exerted between kindred sciences. It thus opens to the teacher a field of study that is rich in materials for illustration. The acoustic laws, for instance, are found to be in close analogy to those of optics. The tones of sound are collected by the vocal organs as the rays of light are collected by a glass, and a "focus of vibration" is attained in both that will mark the highest point of concentrated energy. The system, furthermore, goes beyond the mere physical causes of sound, and finds efficient influence in the moral part of man. That essence in our nature holds its seat in a body from which it converses with the outer world through the appointed organs of sense and sympathy. If that essence be nurtured in the admonitions of a pure and lofty spirit, its inspirations will soften every harshness, will strengthen every weakness in the tones through which it finds expression. Thus, this medium of interpretation, the voice, endowed with highest sympathy, takes on the habit of its moral training and interprets passions, emotions, thoughts, after the manner of its teacher; and thus, the voice may flow from its depths dripping with tears, or leap from the throat sparkling with joy; may suffer and tremble under the burden of its pathos, or, bathed in the sunshine of the heart, it may warm into gladness the sorrowing life of its listener.

Mrs. Richards-Clagett, in this union of ethical teaching with vocal calisthenics, has produced results in her eighteen years of instruction, and among her hundreds of pupils, that must permanently influence the social life of our people.

After many years of close application to her classes before coming to Texas, Mrs. Clagett succumbed under the confinement incident to the work, and resorted to her native country for recreation and repose. On coming back to America

in the autumn of 1893, her physicians ordered her South, and she adopted Dallas, in this State, as her home. She there took a class of thirty-five pupils, and this class, by accession from abroad, soon increased to two hundred and fifty. Finding herself again overworked, she took refuge in the healthful regions near Eureka Springs, Arkansas, and, unable to resist the fascinations of her work, she there formed a class of four hundred pupils, drawn from several of the adjacent states. After her course of instruction to this class was completed, she left Arkansas and returned to her former home and her former work in Dallas.

It may be said of the attainments of Mrs. Richards-Clagett, that they are measured by the limits she has assigned to the science of voice-building and its correlative arts; and, of her life and character, that they reflect the studies embraced within this broad field of thought. Anatomy, physiology, acoustics, moral and mental philosophy, are the quarries from which she has gleaned the material for her building, and, like an intelligent architect, she has given to these, as to the sources of the elements that enter into her structure, the best years of a life devoted to meditation, to study, and to productive toil.

MRS. DIXIE CROOKS POTTER. — Mrs. Potter's grandfather, Turner B. Edmundson, emigrated from Mississippi to Texas in 1839, and settled in Paris, then a small village; there her mother's infant years were passed; and there she herself was born, May 23, 1862. Thus she is of the third generation of her family, who are Texans by birth or adoption, and she may be fairly enrolled among the autochthons of her country, as were the proud Athenians of the land that inspired their patriotic ardor. On the paternal side of her house Mrs. Potter is also of pioneer descent. Her father, T. J. Crooks, came to Texas from Indiana in 1844, when only nine years of age, and has borne true allegiance to the land of the Lone Star. He began life as a printer, then became a newspaper publisher, to the duties of which he gave thirty-five years of his life. He has filled public office, legislative and

judicial, in both Republic and State; he has also served in the municipal governments of Sherman and Denison, and he lately held the position of United States Commissioner in Indian Territory.

When Mrs. Potter was ten years of age she removed with her parents from Paris to the adjacent city of Sherman, in Grayson County. She there entered the North Texas Female College and remained till the completion of her educational course. During this time she gave signal proof of the vocal gifts foreshadowed in her childhood, and she cultivated them with a patience and assiduity unusual in one of her years. The compass and melody of her rare voice soon gave her local fame, and made her a familiar figure in choir, concert and social gatherings. Conscious of her powers she resolved to enter broader fields. She took a course in the New England Conservatory at Boston, in which city, as well as in other musical centers of Massachusetts, her songs were always greeted by full houses of delighted listeners. On her return to Texas she was welcomed with many expressions and testimonials of appreciation; notably a reception at Austin attended by the legislature in a body, and presided over by the Governor of the State. Two years after her return she again left home for a visit to Washington City. She there attracted the attention of Prof. J. W. Bischoff, organist of the First Congregational Church, through whom she was engaged as sopranist, and filled, during two seasons, appointments in the Bischoff Concert Course, and also at the Mozart Musicales, of Richmond, Virginia. Among other evidences of the favor in which she was held at the capital may be mentioned a musical entertainment under the patronage of members of the Cabinet and Congress, encomiums from foreign ministers and musical critics, and the flattering attention received from Mrs. Cleveland, by whom she was christened the "Song bird of Texas."

When she returned to her Texas home she was the recipient of an ovation altogether worthy of her triumphs and of the high order of talents by which they were won.

In February, 1888, she was married to C. L. Potter, Esq., a member of the Texas bar, and carried with her into domestic life, not only the sweet memory of plaudits and praise, but the gladsome gifts by which that life is so efficiently adorned. Her home is now to the social world around her what her melody was to the musical world when she stood before it as the "Song bird of Texas."

MISS BESSIE HUGHES, the sweet soprano singer of Houston, whose lovely and sympathetic voice has received the most careful training which art can give under the tutelage of the best musicians, is appreciated by the music and art loving world of Texas.

A modest, industrious and earnest student of music, she has been drawn frequently from her retirement and busy life to appear before critical audiences in San Diego, Pacific Beach, Houston, and many places in this State.

She has made her mark in comic opera as well as on the lyric stage, in concerts, and at private entertainments among leading society people.

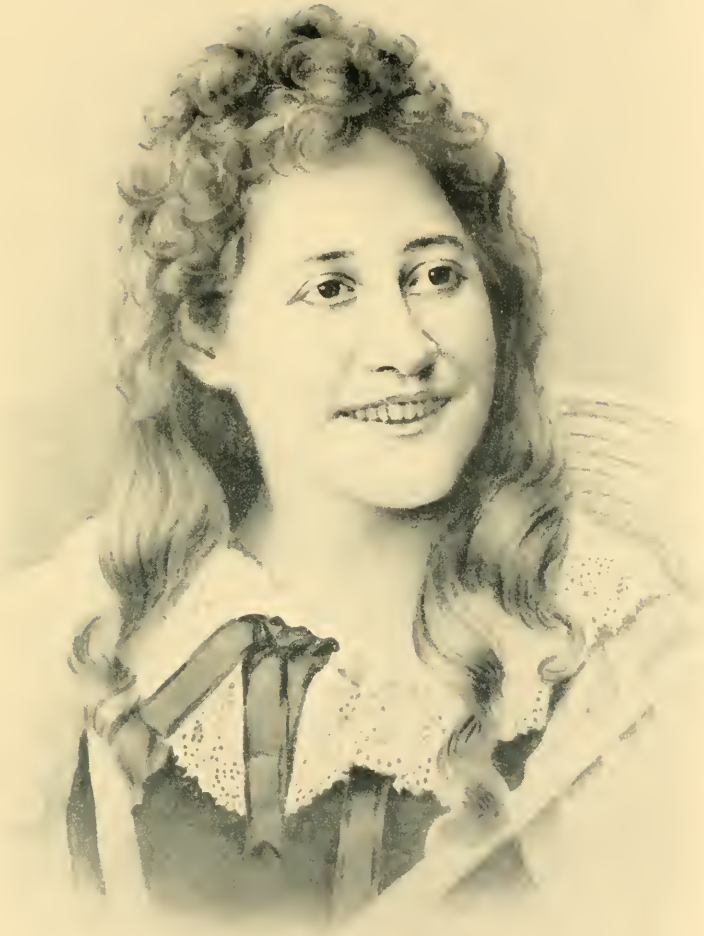
Her popularity as a lovable, noble and conscientious girl is only equaled by her fame as a finished vocalist and dramatic artist.

Her numerous friends and admirers, as well as the newspaper critics, predict for Miss Hughes a brilliant career, and one of solid and long duration.

CHAPTER XII.

MISS MARGUERITE FISHER—MISS MAMIE VAN ZANDT—MISS GRACE KNIGHT—MRS. JOHN O. CARR—MRS. T. ATLEE COLEMAN.

MISS MARGUERITE FISHER.—No gift of nature so soon reveals itself as that of rhythmical expression in uttering vocal sounds. It is often heralded in the infant's earliest notes; it is always known before the tender years of child-



MISS BESSIE HUGHES.

hood have passed away. And thus it was that, while yet a cheery songstress in the nursery, Miss Marguerite Fisher disclosed the priceless heritage of her rich soprano voice, to-day made famous by its wealth of volume and of sweetness.

Miss Fisher is a native Texan, born at Brenham, in 1875. She there began her vocal training and paved the way to higher and more classic culture. At the age of seventeen she was sent to Leipsic, the music center of the world, and entered the Royal Conservatory under the skillful guidance of Professor Wold, a teacher of European reputation. In this great school is everywhere apparent the genius of Mendelssohn, its noble and well-remembered founder. In the city that enshrines it—the city that is named for its sweetly murmuring lindens—music finds its tenderest, its most endearing memories. There Bach died, and there Wagner was born. In the broad fatherland that cherishes both the classic city and its temple of melody, every hamlet tenderly preserves the crypt or cradle of one or more of music's sweet interpreters, and music is the familiar friend of every home, the cheerful guest at every board. There is the land of Handel, creator of the solemn oratorio; of Gluck, the father of the opera; and Weber and Meyerbeer, his splendid successors; of Hayden and Beethoven, the writers of imperishable symphonies; of Mozart, the unrivaled composer of sonatas and serenatas; and of a host of others whose compositions will last as long as there is air to give to sound its voice. In the midst of such a land, the true lover of music must be stirred by the inspiration of its memories and the genius of its people; and, if endowed with the gift of harmonious expression, must rise to the highest plane of successful effort. This is the promise that fortunate environments and a happy combination of events seem to hold out to Miss Fisher.

Her first public appearance after her return from Germany was at Houston, her next at Galveston; in both these cities her marvelous renditions elicited instant and hearty applause. The press at once recognized her merit, and was most lavish in its praise. Every incident in the young life of the *débutante* assumed an interest that gave it value to

the writers of current history; and, to add to the attractions toward which the public gravitates, the sweet singer presents a commanding presence, a graceful figure, and features of classic beauty and proportion. She receives the public applause with rare good sense, and with a poise altogether unique in one so young in years.

MISS MAMIE VAN ZANDT was born in Texas in 1861, and is the granddaughter of Signor Antonio Blitz. Her musical gifts are a direct inheritance from her mother, Mrs. Jennie Van Zandt, who was forced through financial reverses to make her talents available. Mamie's voice, even in childhood, was remarkable for range and quality. In 1873 she entered a convent in London, where she received careful instruction, and where she was associated with Adelina Patti, who advised her to train for an operatic career. She studied with Lamperti in Milan, Italy, and in 1879 made her début in Turin, appearing as *Zerlina*. Her triumph was flattering and led to her second appearance in "La Somnambula." In 1880 she sang in Her Majesty's Opera Company in London, and a year later made her début in Paris in the Opera Comique in "Mignon." She sang in Paris four seasons and has sung in the principal musical centers of Europe. Her repertory is extensive. She has won great renown and ranks as one of the foremost sopranos of the period.

MISS GRACE KNIGHT has many brilliant gifts and accomplishments. She is well read in the English classics, a linguist, a proficient in music and a writer of prose and verse. Many of her sketches, which have found their way into Northern periodicals, give evidence of her literary and dramatic talent. The deference shown her by the literati sanctions the homage paid her intellect, while the critics speak in praise of her dramatic power, which she has frequently exerted for the benefit of charitable causes. Miss Knight's home is in Austin. She is at present in Paris, France, for the purpose of improving her vocal gifts, which have been greatly admired even in that land of golden voices.

MISS MARGUERITE FISHER.

MRS. JOHN O. CARR is a descendant of Revolutionary ancestors. Her grandfather, Maj. John Burnham, served on General Washington's staff, and she is connected by lineal descent and marriage with Thomas Jefferson and many of the oldest families in the South. She has received a liberal education, to which she has added the accomplishments that embellish social life. Mrs. Carr possesses a voice of fine quality and compass, literary tastes, and conversational powers, which fit her to become a valued member of the musical and literary clubs of her city. Her home is in Houston, where she has elevated the standard of musical culture, and where her vocal gifts have won for her a high place among contemporary musicians.

MRS. T. ATLEE COLEMAN will be remembered as Miss Birdie Keran. Her vocal talent has been frequently exerted in the noble cause of charity, and she maintains her reputation as an excellent and sympathetic musician. Possessing natural gifts of a high order she has enjoyed the advantages of generous and careful culture. She graduated with distinction in Virginia and completed her musical studies in Boston under the supervision of Prof. J. Harvy Wheeler. While Mrs. Coleman has acquired *la maladie* of perfection in music, this proficiency has not been attained at the expense of the domestic virtues, for above all it is in her delightful home in San Antonio that she finds her most attractive setting.

CHAPTER XIII.

MRS. ARTHUR BORNEFELDT—MRS. GABRIEL JORDAN—
—MISS ZULEMA GARCIA—MISS DORA VELESCO
BECKER—MRS. JAMES BOLTON.

MRS. ARTHUR BORNEFELDT, *nee* Miss Mamie Fowler, has fortunately possessed the best opportunities for the cultivation of her musical gifts. Her progress, while a pupil of William Mason, and of A. R. Parsons, of New

York, combined with additional European study, resulted in the high ideals and standards of excellence that have given her first rank in musical circles. She is well known as a pianist. Her performance is that of an interpreter familiar with the vast field of musical art. Mrs. Bornefeldt is a Galvestonian, and directress of the Ladies Musical Club of that city, an organization composed of representative women, possessing wealth and cultivation. In this atmosphere she commands extensive influence, and is noted for her graceful manners and refinement.

MRS. GABRIEL JORDAN has been for many years a resident of Houston, where her late husband was a prominent figure in railroad circles, being, at the time of his death, president of three railroad companies.

Mrs. Jordan finds a ready appreciation for her social and musical gifts in that city, where an atmosphere of refinement pervading the higher walks of social and intellectual life, invites the expansion of her chief accomplishment. With this noble gift, which the Greeks selected as the master science, and over which presided the celestial Nine, she holds her audience in a spell of melody and vies with the muses in their sweet influences, while around her cluster other charming graces of social life, adorned by travel and contact with congenial spirits, thus developing by intellectual friction the higher social qualities.

Her daughter, Mrs. Martin Lee, has a voice of superior excellence and beauty.

MISS ZULEMA GARCIA.—"Pianist, artist, composer"—as she is addressed in a letter from Madame Victoria Fiosilli, directress of the Neapolitan Conservatory of Art, is a young Texan, who has acquired a world-wide celebrity. She was born at San Antonio, of Castilian parentage, distinguished not only by birth and lineage, but also for talent, mental cultivation, and refinement.

Miss Garcia's remarkable musical talent was cultivated at an early age under the supervision of the best musical

professors of San Antonio, and completed under the celebrated Marmontel of Paris, who predicted a brilliant future for the talented young artist. His prophecy has been fulfilled. Miss Garcia has received seven gold medals—four of which are for musical achievements.

She was the youngest lady manager appointed from any State to the World's Fair in Chicago, and while there received the same distinguished attentions which have been accorded her in all the other large cities which she has visited.

Among other compliments paid Miss Garcia at the World's Fair was the rendition of her now world-wide popular "Columbus March," by Sousa's band, afterwards taken up by the Iowa State and other State bands.

Another one of her compositions rendered and popularized by the Elgin band of Illinois, at the Fair, was Miss Garcia's "Texas Spring Palace Waltz."

She is still in her teens, has composed over eighty pieces of music, and, as a pianist, violinist, and guitarist, is a musical marvel. In appearance, to quote from *The Gulf Messenger:* "Miss Garcia possesses the rare beauty and grace of the Castilian people. She is petite, vivacious, has a face of winning sweetness and beautiful dark eyes, and resembles the world-renowned songstress, Adelina Patti."

Her delightful home in San Antonio, is one of the oldest and most interesting residences in the city, and there the proverbial hospitality of a Spanish greeting is generously extended by its lovely hostess to those who call upon her.

Miss Dora Velesco Becker is of Hungarian parentage. She was born in Galveston, Texas, and early in life gave evidence of remarkable skill as a volinist. This talent was a direct inheritance from her mother, who had always exhibited the greatest desire to become proficient in music though her wish had never been gratified. Her father was conductor of the Galveston Singing Society and it was in this city she made her début at the age of seven. At a second concert given two years later, she received many handsome presents of jewelry, and a beautiful three-quarter-sized

violin as evidences of appreciation from her auditors. Miss Becker then continued her studies under competent teachers; Reimendhl, Sam. Franko, Carl Richter, Richard Arnold, and other instructors of note. Her New York début took place in Steinway Hall. She was then only ten years of age. Six years later she entered the Royal Academy of Music at Berlin. At a preliminary examination no less than eighty young instrumentalists played; of these only seven were admitted to the High School, Miss Becker being one of the number who passed the ordeal successfully. She was immediately selected as the pupil of the great Joseph Joachim and of Professor Kruse.

MRS. JAMES BOLTON.—The last rose crowning this chaplet of musicians of Texas is Mrs. James Bolton, of Whitesboro, formerly Miss Linda Tideman. Having spent five years of study in Chicago, and at the Boston Conservatory of Music, Mrs. Bolton has not only acquired the technique of the one art which we are assured will be exercised in heaven, but likewise she is a thoroughly educated musical artist.

She has not only reached the highest point of excellence possible in instrumental music, but has also the proficiency in that scientific knowledge of her art which makes her a *maestro* fully capable of imparting her knowledge and methods to others. As a teacher she is unrivaled. Her tastes, as well as her temperament, are those of an artist.

Filled with those heaven-born aspirations which ever foster the divine discontent which elevates the soul, she possesses the gift of that philosophic spirit which teaches one to accept their limitations. Exiled from the musical atmosphere in which her powers have been developed, she is still, and ever will be, a worshiper at the shrine of the symphonies. Hence, following the lessons of Wagner, she makes her unerring taste in the arrangement of public entertainments only an aid to her intensified devotion to St. Cecilia. Euterpe and Polyhymnia.

Blest with an attractive personality, she charms as much by her winning presence as by her rarely handsome face and form. To these advantages Mrs. Bolton joins the added grace which is the result of having been reared in an atmosphere of culture and refinement among her relatives and family connections.

CHAPTER XIV.

PROMINENT AUTHORS.

MRS. AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON — MRS. MAUD J. YOUNG — MRS. LEE C. HARBY — MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

MRS. AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON. — Fifty years ago the subject of this sketch, then a little girl, came with her parents to Texas from the State of Georgia, where she was born. The family, after brief sojourns in Galveston and Houston, located in San Antonio, and there resided about three years. Mrs. Wilson refers to this residence as a "blessed dream," and, in speaking of the influence of her environments during these happy years, she says: "The picturesque scenery and historic associations of quaint old San Antonio were important factors in directing my life along literary lines." And it is but natural that a child of her precocious gifts and susceptive age, daily gazing upon the storied Alamo and dwelling among a people who nursed a century's thrilling reminiscences, should be impressed beyond the touch of time's effacing hand. Her impressions lingered, and they inspired the story of "Inez, a tale of the Alamo." This was her first literary work, and was completed at seventeen years of age. The name of Augusta J. Evans then took its place on the roll of Southern writers. Her home was then, as now, the city of Mobile, Alabama, to which her parents had removed from Texas, and where, as in earlier years, she still prosecuted her studies under the careful tuition of her highly cultured mother. At the age of twenty-three, she wrote "Beulah;" then followed "Vashti;" "At the Mercy of

Tiberius," and other productions, that fixed her status in the class of authors distinguished for wealth of language, exuberance of thought, and resources richly freighted with stores of literary exploration and scientific study.

In all her writings, whether published in books or in the more fugitive form of periodicals and newspaper contributions, the quality most conspicuously in evidence is a hearty honesty in declaring the truth as she believes it, and the feature most prominent in her style is her phenomenal command of vivid and technical expression.

Without perverting the functions of romance from their legitimate office of entertainment, she has employed them to edify her readers, thus conveying through the fascinations of a pure ideality the most practical truths in the domain of revealed knowledge. Her fiction is, moreover, invested with the dignity of fact, and the narrative thereby excites interest and enforces with subtle power the lessons it is intended to teach.

In her married life Mrs. Wilson still pursued with ardor the studies of earlier years, and in her widowhood nature and books are her companions. Her handsome rural home, near Mobile, is the seat of hospitality and the source of unnumbered pleasures and blessings that are daily dispensed by its beloved mistress.

MRS. MAUD J. YOUNG.—There is perhaps no Texan writer who has displayed greater versatility in the higher walks of literature, or who, in as many of its departments, has achieved better success than Mrs. Young. In prose, in poetry, in belles-lettres, and in natural history, she wrote with equal grace, and in each she gleaned laurels that are not often twined in the same chaplet of fame.

Mrs. Young was the daughter of Col. N. Fuller, of North Carolina, and was born in Beaufort, of that State, in November, 1826. She was of distinguished lineage, being related, on one side of her house, to the Rolfs and Randolphs of Virginia, and on the other, to the Dunbars, Braggs and Braxtons of Virginia and Maryland. At the age of twenty,

she was married to Dr. S. O. Young, of South Carolina, and at twenty-one was left a widow and the mother of a little boy of posthumous birth. After this bereavement she moved to Texas, and lived for many years in the city of Houston, where she died, April 15, 1882.

The best known of Mrs. Young's prose compositions, and the one that best illustrates both the fervor of her muse and the power of her gift for mellifluous expression, is "The Legend of Sour Lake." Though not a poem in a metrical sense, it is a creation of the finest poetic fancy, and the smoothness of the narrative makes of it a story of the most melodious prose. In versification, she was no less distinguished, and her numerous odes, and idyls and lyrics, attest her skill in giving grace and melody to her numbers.

In her later years she adopted the pseudonym of "Patsy Pry," and, over that name, wrote a number of newspaper articles that elicited flattering comments from the press. The work, however, upon which rests Mrs. Young's most enduring fame is her book entitled "Familiar Lessons in Botany," with special reference to the flora of Texas, and bound in an octavo volume of more than six hundred pages. Prior to the appearance of Mrs. Young's publication, the field was unexplored, save in an incidental way by untrained observers. William Kennedy, in 1844, embodied in his little book on Texas some general information on her flora, and five years later Dr. Ferdinand Roemer published in German his personal observations of Texas, to which he appended a summary review of vegetable life in the country, but neither of these writers addressed himself to the naturalist or the student. It remained for Mrs. Young to pioneer both the researches and the publication of one of the most interesting features of Texas inquiry; and, in doing the work, she has followed the precise and technical methods of teacher and scientist.

Mrs. Lee C. Harby is a South Carolinian by birth, descended from Revolutionary ancestors on both sides of her family. She lived for twenty years in Texas, where her

prominent rank in journalistic fields rendered her famous among the talented women of the State. In 1880 her article in the Magazine of American History, entitled the "City of a Prince," attracted favorable press mention in Russia, England and Germany, and won for her recognition from the Historical Association of New York. Mrs. Harby is a contributor to the New York *Home Journal*, the *Ladies Home Journal*, of Philadelphia, the new St. Louis journal, the *Chaperone*, and the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*. She has traveled throughout the South in the interest of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*.

MRS. AMELIA E. BARR is well remembered by the early residents of Austin, for it was in this city that she lived from 1856 until 1876. Her first novel, "Jan Vedder's Wife," was bought and published by a New York house. Through this venture she achieved instantaneous success, for the book attracted general notice, ran through many editions, and has been widely read on both sides of the ocean, and in several languages. "Remember the Alamo," recalls the stirring episode of the revolt of Texas against Mexican misrule, and Mrs. Barr's volume on this subject is still preserved in many families as a cherished memento of other days. She was a brilliant conversationalist, and old friends attest that it is still a pleasure to recall the feeling of satisfaction experienced in her society. Her family were of ancient and pure Saxon lineage. Reared in the atmosphere of refined culture, she became a thorough student, and finds great satisfaction in her literary work. There is no other author in the United States whose writings command a wider circle of readers, and it is said that she is almost worshiped by those who dwell on Storm King Mountain. Her time is spent at Cherry Croft, at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, New York.

CHAPTER XV.

MRS. A. V. WINKLER — MRS. M. E. WHITTEN — MISS SUSANNA PINCKNEY—MRS. MARY MITCHEL BROWN — MRS. FANNY CHAMBERS GOOCH — MRS. ELLA WILLMAN.

MRS. A. V. WINKLER is a Virginian by birth, her father John Walton and her mother Elizabeth Tate Smith were of English descent, her father a direct heir of Lady Mary Hamilton of Manchester, England. She was educated in the Richmond Female Institute and in 1864, became the wife of Lieutenant Colonel Winkler of the Fourth Texas Regiment, who shared the fortunes and misfortunes of Hood's Texas Brigade. His services were conspicuous in all the great battles of Virginia, and ended with the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox. Mrs. Winkler was in Richmond during the war, and had an excellent opportunity to observe the stirring events of those unhappy days. The scenes she witnessed and Hood's famous brigade play an important part in the interesting history she has recently published of her personal reminiscences. This book has been favorably received. The author has told her story well, and has emphasized her strong and leading points with admirably selected extracts from newspaper and official reports, weaving the whole together so skillfully that interest never flags.

Mrs. Winkler has contributed popular articles to the *Southern Illustrated News* and *Magnolia* published in Richmond, Virginia. For three years she edited a literary magazine, *Corsicana Prairie Flower*, and is at present associate editor and business manager of the *Round Table*, a monthly magazine published in Texas. The newspapers and magazines of this and other Southern States have received valuable contributions from her gifted pen. A lady of rare accomplishments, it has been well said that by her "culture

and literary attainments she has woven from the sable weeds of widowhood, the bright robes of prosperity and distinction."

MRS. M. E. WHITTEN, author, born in Austin, Texas, is the daughter of Hon. William S. and Hannah B. Hotchkiss. She was educated at the Collegiate Female Institute at Austin and McKinsey College. While at the latter school her loneliness was voiced in the song, "Do they miss me at home." Contracting a youthful marriage, she was left a widow at twenty-four, without means or knowledge of business. She began teaching and achieved great success as an educator. She has obtained a comfortable home and other property as the material result of her educational and literary efforts. Mrs. Whitten is a versatile writer. Her poems, historical, descriptive and joyous, have been collected, and in 1886, were published in book form under the title of "Texas Garlands." She read a poem before a Chautauqua audience on Poets' Day in 1888, and one written by request was read in Tuscola, Illinois, in 1889, to a large audience. Mrs. Whitten has in preparation a "Sketch Book," which will contain, prose, poetry, letters of travel and fiction. She has been twice married, and her home is in Austin.

MISS SUSANNA PINCKNEY, known to the public as "Miss McPherson," the author of the novel, "Douglas, Tender and True," is the daughter of Thomas S. Pinckney, Esq., who came from South Carolina to Texas in 1836. Her mother was Miss Caroline Finney, of Massachusetts. Miss Sue Pinckney, as she is known in society and among her circle of relatives and intimate friends, is one of several children born in Texas after the removal of her parents from South Carolina.

At the death of her mother Miss Pinckney became the sole mistress and manager of her father's household. With two elder brothers in the Confederate army, and her father an invalid, the cares and responsibilities of this young girl, almost a child herself, may be only faintly imagined by those

Southern women who passed through and survived the ordeal of that fratricidal war, waiting, working, watching and praying for their dear ones in the army at the front, close to the line of duty and of danger.

Even at that early age she evinced talent for expression with the pen by her letters to her brothers and "all the boys" in Company G, 4th Texas Regiment, in far away Virginia.

After the war she wrote several serial stories for Texas papers, but her culminating literary effort finally manifested itself in her "Douglas, Tender and True," which has been so well received by the public and the press as to leave no doubt of the future literary career of Miss Pinckney. The whole spirit which animates the story is worthy of the great-great-grandmother of the writer, that Mrs. Richard Shubrick, of whom there is a tradition that on one occasion during the Revolution, an American soldier who had sought refuge with her, was defended from a British officer at the risk of her life. Mrs. Shubrick secreted the American in her chamber, and placing herself before the door, said to the English officer who tried to force her aside: "To men of honor the chamber of a lady should be as sacred as the sanctuary. You may succeed in entering mine, but it shall be over my dead body." The officer ceased further search.

Mrs. Mary Mitchel Brown.—In tracing the genealogy of Mrs. Brown one fact is conspicuous, that is, that from widely divergent lines she is descended from the first immigrants bearing certain names. Thus, she is seventh in direct descent from John Alden and his wife, Priscilla Molines, who came over in the "Mayflower;" the seventh from Capt. James Avery and his wife, Joan Greenslade, who came in 1630; and, in like manner, she descends from the first arrivals bearing the names of William Cheesborough, Capt. John Leeds, William Denison, Capt. Cary Latham, Capt. William Morgan, John Masters, Edward Sterling, John Dymond, Benjamin Shopeley, and Capt. François Michel, an exile from France in 1740. Mrs. Brown was born in the heroic and patriotic

village of Groton, Connecticut, in whose cemetery repose since 1684 (the first interment) to 1895, eleven generations of her relatives, including her father, Capt. David Mitchel, and her mother, Lucy Avery. Mrs. Brown was partly educated in Connecticut, and completed her course by three years' attendance upon Franklin Academy, long since Harford University, Pennsylvania. Recent publications of that institution speak of her, Miss Mary F. Mitchel, as possessing one of the brightest minds that ever graced that seat of learning. After leaving Pennsylvania, Miss Mitchel visited a brother then living in Missouri. There she met, and on the 9th of July, 1843, married, John Henry Brown, of Texas, then on a visit to his native place, Ashley, Pike County, Missouri.

In the intervening fifty-two years she has been a faithful daughter of Texas, sharing at different times the vicissitudes of a new country. During the Civil War, her husband, and sometimes both sons (Julius R. and Pierre M. Brown) were in the army. After the war, the entire family passed five years in Mexico, principally in the "Texan Valley," where Mrs. Brown, by her kind and gentle intercourse, so won the hearts of the Mexicans, that, when it was known she would return to the United States, they came from all directions, on ponies, in canoes, and on foot, to bid her farewell.

On returning to Texas, the family settled in the village, now city, of Dallas, in July, 1871, where, on the 9th of June, 1873, their eldest son, Julius R., died. Pierre Mitchel, the second son, on November 17, 1872, in Rome, Georgia, married Miss Miranda Smith. He died in Dallas, May 19, 1876. There are three daughters yet living. Clara (Mrs. Thomas B. Mitchel) has four children, and lives in Dallas. The other two are Misses Lizzie C. and Marion T.

Mrs. Brown, after writing much in both prose and poetry, has compiled a "School History of Texas," now in its second revised edition, which has proved highly satisfactory as a standard work.

The fiftieth anniversary of the marriage of this honored couple was celebrated at their home in Dallas, on the 9th of July, 1893, and was in every respect touching and beautiful.

Many were present who had known them from twenty-five to fifty years. Letters of congratulation were sent from Connecticut, New York City, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Ohio, Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Illinois, and Mexico.

Mrs. Brown is a member of the General Society, Daughters of the Revolution, New York City; and a member of the State Society of Texas. She has also been, for the past sixteen years, president of the Pearl Street Reading Circle. From the age of sixteen years Mrs. Brown has been a member of the Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. Fannie Chambers Gooch, now Mrs. D. T. Iglehart, of Austin, became known to the literary world through her book, "Face to Face with the Mexicans." Her genius has probably not reached its maturity, yet she has won a distinguished rank in the world of letters and to her must be conceded an individuality strongly marked in the sphere of original thought. Her gifts, both of creation and expression, are pronounced in their character and are harmoniously combined for effective work; and if her circumstances in life were such as to compel the constant exercise of these gifts, her fame would be assured and polite literature gloriously enriched. Mrs. Iglehart is a social genius, and many of her talents have been cut and polished to that end. She is blessed with a fine physique, a commanding presence, and subtle power, known as personal magnetism. In conversation she has infinite tact and talent, and the faculty of bringing to the surface the best qualities of those who come within the radius of her influence. Although admirably accomplished, she has neither pretense nor pedantry, and moves with conscious ease in the parlors of the rich and the cottages of the poor, carrying with her the aroma of grace and sympathy. Her wit and repartee owes its sparkle to her Irish ancestry. Her great-grandfather was from a clan in Ireland, while from the maternal side she inherits the purity and lofty character of the Huguenot. Mrs. Iglehart is a native of Texas. Her book was the outcome of several years spent in Mexico, and contains an account of her own

experiences in trying to keep house and live the ordinary life of an American woman among the unbending conservatisms of Mexican conditions. "Face to Face with the Mexicans" has passed through numerous editions, and gone into many lands in its purpose of throwing light upon Mexican life and character heretofore unknown. Mrs. Iglehart has received letters of the highest praise and appreciation from the most noted men, both in this country and Europe, and the book is popularly on sale in several foreign countries, and in not less than twenty foreign catalogues it is to be found among the most valuable historical works. Its author has been made a member of many of the leading historical and scientific associations of both Europe and America, and among them she is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Science, Letters, and Art of London, England, and others of equal fame abroad, while at home the American Historical Association and other State organizations have her name on their rolls.

MRS. ELLA WILLMAN, of Houston, has high rank among Southern authors. Her stories are the result of composite culture, advanced thought and original methods. A splendor of diction and a wealth of coloring render her literary productions unrivaled in the field of fiction.

CHAPTER XVI.

MRS. V. O. KING.—A cheerful spirit, a bright mind, and a wealth of varied learning—all in unstinted store—are treasures that adorn the daily life of this distinguished lady. Thus endowed, the world that knows her must be better for the knowledge.

Reared in a luxurious home, where well-used competence refined the gifts it brought, where loving counsels led her infant feet, and where noiseless acts of Christian grace impressed her young, susceptive life, it but follows, as fruition follows flowers, that all her later sky should be tinted from the bow that arched the morning of her youth. And so it

has been in the years that have followed. The graces that nestled with her in the cradle have been the companions of her womanhood.

Mrs. King was married at an early age to Dr. V. O. King, then a young physician just from the schools, and the two entered at once upon the untried scenes of youth and inexperience. The new home brought domestic joys, but the roughness of its surroundings gave little promise of social pleasure, while the doctor's frequent absence on his rounds of duty left the young wife to palliate her solitude as best she might. She took refuge in her books, and it was there she formed the plan of giving all her thought to solid, serious, laborious mental work. Her husband's library guided her in her choice, and she chose the study of the Greek. In its pursuit she found the solace that she wanted, and she brought to bear upon her fascinating work a degree of enthusiasm not often encountered in fields of purely literary adventure. Social and domestic duties only could draw her from her favorite books. She was sometimes diverted by little riots or street rencounters, in which the pocket artillery of that day and people furnished the arms, but she gradually grew insensible to the disturbance, unless, perchance, a stray missile should shatter a glass, or whistle through an open door. More than once she has stood, pistol in hand, holding at bay a frenzied mob, while her husband was within extracting a ball from the body, or setting the fractured limb, of some pursued and wounded foe.

These scenes transpired before the war, and seem to have been preparing the people of that region for scenes of bloodier renown. On one occasion during this eventful period, the Northern troops, under General Banks, were in full retreat after their repulse at Pleasant Hill and Mansfield, and their route was through the village in which Mrs. King lived. Her husband was absent in the Southern army, her negro servants had taken refuge among the invaders; camp-followers and stragglers were pillaging unprotected homes along the line of flight; and she was left alone with her infant daughter in her house to protect it, as best she could, against the

intrusion of the spoiler. Hour after hour she stood, gun in hand, defying her aggressors. Her peril was at last reported to an officer, who gallantly came to her relief, applauded her courage, permitted her to retain her weapon, and placed at her disposal an efficient guard. This episode discloses a conspicuous feature in Mrs. King's character; it further serves to illustrate the intrepidity that is born of conscious right, and that is unsullied by servility.

Interruptions like these did not lead Mrs. King away from the literary task that was before her. The years of the war, like those that preceded them, were traced by steady and unwearied steps toward the attainment of her simple purpose, and in the end she found herself—all unconscious of the honor—a victor worthy of the bays that crown a master's brow. The early text of the New Testament Scripture, the Iliad as it fell from Homer's lips, the story of the Peloponnesian War as told by Thucydides, the dramas of Æschylus, of Sophocles and Euripides, the poems of Anacreon, the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, and the Cyropædia and Anabasis of Xenophon—all in the vernacular of the ancient Greeks—were read and studied by her, and many of them translated into English. The Greek became to her a familiar tongue, but only as it was spoken twenty-five hundred years ago. A new ambition seized her; the modern or Romaic Greek must be acquired. The design was scarcely formed before events were so ordered as to favor its accomplishment. Her husband removed to New Orleans to practice his profession, where, very soon, he made the acquaintance of Father Gregorio, priest of the newly-organized Greek Church in that city. The Reverend gentleman was a scholarly man and deeply cultured in both the modern and the Hellenic literature of his country, but he knew not one word of English and he was thrown among people who knew not one word of Greek. When Mrs. King, therefore, proposed that he should become her teacher in the colloquial forms of his language, he was not loth to accept the charge. As the years went by, the interest of both pupil and preceptor daily grew with the progress they made, and when this rela-

tion ceased they talked together in his native tongue as freely as Greek might discuss with Greek the school of Plato in the grove of Academus. Some years later Mrs. King visited Greece—a pilgrimage as full of zeal as that which takes the faithful to the prophet's tomb—and on her return she declared that while at Athens she felt as much at home as she could feel in any American town. Her only present exercise in the language that so early fascinated her life, is the reading of a Greek newspaper that makes its weekly visits to her home.

During Mrs. King's residence in New Orleans, she was a constant attendant at the meetings of the Academy of Sciences, where she became interested in the several sections of natural history, notably those of botany and entomology. To these she devoted her wonted energy, studying them especially in their reciprocal and correlative aspect. Her summer excursions to the North and West, and to Canada and the Lakes were made the occasions for observing plant and insect life in their natural homes, and for collecting valuable stores in the interest of her studies at home. Her researches in the valleys and tableland of Mexico also contributed to these accumulations. Her entomological studies resulted in the publication of papers that gave her high rank among the specialists of the country, and brought frequent requests for articles from leading scientific periodicals. As the result of her study of the phosphorescent insects, she was the first specialist to describe, by actual observation, all the phenomena in the life history of the *Pleotomus Pallens Lec.*, which description appeared in a monograph printed in *Psyche*, then published at Cambridge, Massachusetts. The insect was captured, and its several forms of development, were observed, in the State of Texas, in which region alone it has been studied from the egg to the perfect animal, and by Mrs. King alone as the pioneer in this field. Her observations were rewarded by the encomiums of scientists, and were announced in the *Canadian Entomologist*, by Professor Leconte, the leading authority in America on this subject. In 1886 Mrs. King presented her collection of insects to the

Smithsonian Institution, since which time she has done no active work in entomology; she then accompanied her husband to the Republic of Colombia, to the government of which he was accredited under a federal commission.

The long journey up the Magdalena River and the slow ascent of the Andes Mountains, gave preliminary aids to the work that awaited Mrs. King upon the lofty summits in the plains of Bogota. Here the English is an unknown tongue, the French an accomplishment of the better classes, and the Spanish the only medium of intercourse among all the people. Mrs. King's thorough acquaintance with the French, added to some elementary knowledge of the Spanish gleaned in her visits to Mexico, soon enabled her to acquire the latter language, and press it into the service of her ever active, ever receptive, mind. She took delight in the literature of South America, in the story of her progress, and in the productions of her scholars. Among the latter she formed congenial friendships, and through them enjoyed privileges usually denied the stranger—not least of these was free access to well-filled libraries of native books. Being attracted by a charming original novel, entitled "Maria," written by a brilliant native author, she resolved to translate it for the enjoyment of the English-speaking world. This she accomplished, only to discover, however, that she had been anticipated by another, and the unpublished manuscript is still in her hands. She also translated many of the beautiful stories of Mme. Soledad Acosta de Sempere, the most gifted woman of her country.

Turning from these purely literary labors, Mrs. King again took the field of Natural History in search of new discoveries. She closely studied the records of the original researches of Caldas and of Mutis, and learned from them of regions and of secrets still unexplored around her. Thirsting for knowledge, she sought its fountains upon every hill-top, and in every valley. While in this pursuit she was led by the trend of her inquiries to investigate the cinchona tree, more important in its relations to man than any other growth found in the flora of the continental tropics. The result of

this study was an elaborate and exhaustive treatise on the habit, growth, development, qualities, and varieties, of this interesting product of the South American forest.

When Mrs. King returned to the United States, laden with her spoils of new knowledge, she rested from the labors of her active life, and addressed herself to the task of arranging her literary stores preparatory to the serene enjoyment of the harvest she has reaped and of a happy retrospect of the fields in which she has labored. These pleasures bring gladness to her cottage home in the picturesque city of Austin, and they breathe into its daily life a spirit of contentment that is only born of a mind enriched with learning, chastened by experience, and touched by a charity that "rejoiceth in the truth." In this cheery and peaceful retirement she keenly enjoys the presence of her friends, though from it she has banished all the exacting cares of social life. She is at present a member of two learned societies, composed of Austin ladies distinguished for their attainments.

Mrs. King is a native of Louisiana, and her maiden name was Helen Selina Lewis. Her American ancestors came to this country early in the seventeenth century to escape oppression and find a home in the wilderness of the New World. Their descendants took divergent routes. A branch of these migrated to Virginia, where one of its sons married into the family of Washington. Another branch from which Mrs. King is descended went from Connecticut to the furthest South, and from this branch sprang Mrs. King's grandfather, who was territorial judge of Mississippi, and afterward district judge of Louisiana.

Mrs. King has one daughter, the wife of Judge J. H. McLeary, of San Antonio, who has richly inherited the brightness and cheerfulness of her mother, and both of them are blessed in Mrs. King's four grandchildren.

CHAPTER XVII.

MRS. BELL HUNT SHORTRIDGE—MRS. FLORENCE DUVAL WEST—MRS. M. E. M. DAVIS—MRS. MARY DANA SHINDLER.

Mrs. Bell Hunt Shortridge, poet and novelist, was remarkable for her intellectual gifts and personal loveliness. Texas claimed Mrs. Shortridge with pride as one of its most talented daughters, though she had transplanted her energy and rare versatility to New York. Through contributions to Frank Leslie's, the *Sun*, the *World*, and other discriminative publications, she perceptibly broadened the scope of her influence. During her residence in the North she wrote several novels, among them "Held in Trust," and a book of poems entitled "Lone Star Lights." In this collection the exquisite production, "Peach Blossoms," is perhaps the rarest gem in her literary casket, though much of her work achieved popularity and endeared her to Southern readers.

It is when we review her tribute to Texas, "land of her birth and soul's intensest love," "that we meet the writer face to face upon the fair and sunny fields of her own proper domain, and feel the magnetic sympathies of the woman." The request for "one heart's smile" of recognition from those of her own State was abundantly granted, for in Wise County, where she had lived, she enjoyed a popularity more like a princess in her hereditary province, in whom her people claimed a sort of ownership. Here one meets "Bell Hunts" who were named in her honor, and the black "mammy" who belonged to the old régime, who relates with pride her important share in "Miss Bell's bringing up." Here the early settlers touchingly refer to her untimely demise and to her beauty, dwelling with something better than pride upon the traces of her influences. She longed to speak to the "per-

sonal heart," and this homage is an assurance that the people were

"Not too busy, empire-building child,
To loiter, dallying with her blossoms wild,
And her pretty little heart songs."

MRS. FLORENCE DUVAL WEST.— Mrs. West was born September 1, 1840, in Tallahassee, Florida, of which State her paternal grandfather, William P. Duval, was Governor. In 1845 she came to Austin, Texas, with her father, Thomas H. Duval, who successfully practiced his profession of the law until 1857, when he was appointed United States District Judge, filling the office with distinguished ability till his death. Two brothers of Judge Duval have also been conspicuous in Texas history, B. C. Duval and John C. Duval. Both were in Fannin's army at the time of the brutal massacre on the memorable Palm Sunday of 1836, and both were led out to face the murderous fusillade. The former was instantly killed; the latter fell wounded and subsequently escaped, and in later life wrote entertaining sketches of his frontier experiences.

At the age of nineteen, on her birthday, Mrs. West was married to Charles S. West, a talented young lawyer of the Austin bar, who won renown in his profession, filled a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of Texas, resigned on account of ill health, and died October 20, 1885, surviving his wife nearly four years, she having died November 22, 1881. There were four children born in this marriage—a girl who died in infancy, and three sons, all of whom still survive, Robert G. West, Duval West and William S. West, named in the order of their ages. The eldest two have adopted the profession of their father, in which they give promise of early and signal distinction.

The conditions surrounding the childhood of Mrs. West early developed the qualities that dawned upon her precocious life. In a home nestled among the hills of the most picturesque of scenes, shaded by trees of perpetual verdure, lulled by the murmur of waters in perennial flow, adorned with flowers that hung from every vine, peeped from every

crevice, enlivened by music from feathered songsters on every branch, she learned to love the native blooms, and carol with the native birds. Here the first notes of her unformed voice gave notice of its future conquests. The poet President of the Republic, Mirabeau B. Lamar, the frequent guest of the child's charming home, was here entranced by the lisping melody of the little "Peri," and embalmed it in incense as pure as the warblings it echoes. He sang of the soft influence that awakened her throat; of the

"Sweet music that is heard in the bowers,
The laughter that is sent from the rills;"

he pictured her spirit as "drinking the song;" he painted her eyes as weeping "at the notes as they fall;" he sang of the wedlock of "genius and feeling;" he gave to her life his best benediction:

"Oh, long may the Peri bloom on,
Still ever in gladness and love,
And blend with her genius for song
The feelings that light us above.
"That life may be lengthened and blest,
And sorrow may never enthrall,
Must still be the prayer of each breast
For fair little Florence Duval."

And thus, at six years of age, prophecy hung upon the lips of the child and modestly predicted the triumphs of the woman. As age advanced her powers grew, and in the maturity of her years gave pleasures without stint in home and social life, both in colloquy and song.

Mrs. West was no less endowed in richness of fancy than in richness of voice, and nature in her seemed to delight in the exuberance of her gifts. Her poetic compositions are numerous and always touching. She wrote as easily as one who plays with literature, and her unstrained verses have often the graceful negligence of Horace. In "The Marble Lily, and Other Poems," as well as in her prose sketches embodied in "The Land of the Lotus Eaters," are found passages of exquisite touch and of irresistible pathos. In them glows the sympathy that abounded in her life, that makes manifest

the sorrow so keenly felt at her death, and in them are embedded the sentiments of love that have builded up the monument of affection to her memory.

MRS. M. E. M. DAVIS.—The father of Mrs. Davis was John Moore, a native of Massachusetts, and she was born in Alabama, from which State she was brought in her infancy by her parents to Texas, and by them reared in Hays County on the picturesque banks of the San Marcos River. There in the midst of enchanting scenery, under the witchery that lurks in soft shadows, and splashes in cool waters, her budding genius dwelt in a state conducive to its growth. It mellowed with nature's other forces, and before even the season of childhood had passed it had ripened into power. At nine years of age she wrote a little poem, and so delighted were her parents at the promise it gave, that they forthwith began her education and development. At fourteen appeared her first published verses, and from that age to the present time she has regularly written for the press and other periodicals. In 1868, she collected her pieces in her first published volume entitled "Mending the Gap, and Other Poems," and, at intervals of two years each, published two other editions of the same, both greatly improved and enlarged. Among the best known and most admired of Mrs. Davis' short poems are "Going Out and Coming In," "San Marcos River," "Stealing Roses Through the Gate," "Père Dagobert," "Throwing the Wanda," "Lee at the Wilderness," and a few others found in most collections of American verse. A critic said of her a few years ago that she was "more thoroughly Texan in subject, in imagery and spirit than any of the Texas poets," and that scarcely any other than a native Texan could "appreciate all the merits of her poems, so strongly marked are they by the peculiarities of Texas scenery and patriotism."

As a prose writer Mrs. Davis attracts as many readers and as much admiration as when she indulges in her delightful verses. Her short stories, such as "The Song of the Opal," "The Soul of Rose Dede," "A Miracle," have been flatteringly

received, and a volume of Sketches entitled "In War Times at La Rose Blanche," has elicited such commendations from the press as to call for a French translation for the columns of *La Revue des Deux Mondes*. Her recent novel "Under the Man-Fig," is described by a late reviewer as "a tale at once strongly dramatic, clean and artistic," while her work generally is described by the same writer as being "characterized by a keen sense of humor, a fine restrained pathos and a delicate play of fancy."

Mrs. Davis was married in 1874 to Mr. T. E. Davis, for many years interested in the Houston *Telegram*, and now connected with the *Picayune* of New Orleans, in which city they live, and where Mrs. Davis is remarked in intellectual centers as a most interesting literary personality.

MRS. MARY DANA SHINDLER, one of the most famous writers of her day, came to Texas in 1865, with her second husband, the Rev. Robert D. Shindler. Her first husband was Charles E. Dana, of New York. Her earliest book was a volume of poems called "The Southern Harp." This was followed by "The Northern Harp," "The Parted," "Young Sailor," and "Forecastle Tom." Her husband died at Nacogdoches, 1874, and two years later she published a book on spiritual phenomena. During a temporary residence in Memphis, she edited *The Voice of Truth*, a journal devoted to the interests of spiritualism and reform. Mrs. Shindler was the daughter of Rev. Benjamin M. Palmer. She was born in South Carolina in 1810, and died at Nacogdoches in 1883.

She selected some of the most popular airs and wedded to them the poems which were the result of her own sorrow and domestic bereavement. Music thus immortalized her verse, and through life many of her sweet strains will be remembered. The following lines, "Pass Under the Rod," was one of Mrs. Shindler's most popular songs:

I saw a young bride in her beauty and pride,
Bedecked in her snowy array,
And the bright flush of joy mantled high on her cheek,
And the future looked blooming and gay.

And with woman's devotion she laid her fond heart
On the shrine of idolatrous love,
And she anchored her hopes to this perishing earth,
By the chain which his tenderness wove.
But I saw, when those heartstrings were bleeding and torn,
And the chain had been severed in two;
She had changed her white robes for the sables of grief
And her bloom for the paleness of woe,
But the healer was there pouring balm on her heart
And wiping the tears from her eyes;
He strengthened the chain he had broken in two
And fastened it firm to the skies.
There had whispered a voice, twas the voice of her God:
I love thee; I love thee; pass under the rod.

I saw the young mother in tenderness bend,
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed the soft lips as they murmured her name
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.
Ah! sweet is the rosebud encircled in dew
When its fragrance is flung on the air.
So fresh and so bright to that mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there.
But I saw, when she gazed on that same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent and cold;
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told.
But the healer was there who had stricken her heart
And taken her treasure away,
To allure her to heaven as he placed it on high,
And the mourners will sweetly obey.
There had whispered a voice, twas the voice of her God:
I love thee; I love thee; pass under the rod.

I saw a fond father and mother who leaned
On the arms of a dear gifted son,
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won;
And the fast coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,
And the starlight of love grew bright at the end
And the whisperings of fancy were sweet.
And I saw them again bending low o'er the grave
Where their heart's dearest hope had been laid.
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night
And the joy from their bosoms had fled.
But the healer was there and his arms were around
And he led them with tenderest care,
And he showed them a star in the bright upper world,
Twas their star shining brilliantly there,
They had both heard a voice, twas the voice of their God:
I love thee; I love thee; pass under the rod.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MRS. WILLIE FRANKLIN PRUIT — MRS. J. J. JARVIS — MISS LENA LEE CRAVENS — MISS MIRIAM MYERS — MRS. JOSEPHINE PUETT SPOONTS.

MRS. WILLIE FRANKLIN PRUIT. — In the "Poets and Poetry of Texas," published in 1885 by Sam H. Dixon, Mrs. Willie Franklin Pruit, then Miss Willie Franklin, is referred to as a writer in whom "Is discerned the poetic spirit," and as a "gifted young poet," whose verses inspired the hope that she might "enroll her name among the few real poets in America." Ten years have passed since this tribute was paid to the genius and potential powers of Mrs. Pruit, and these ten years have only served to increase the honest fervor of her biographer. The test of time has given broader compass to the voice of praise, and it has proved that the flattering prediction of the past, whether fully realized or not, was not the idle vaticination of a partial pen.

Mrs. Pruit is a native of Tennessee. Her family was closely identified with the social and political aristocracy of the State before the war, and, at its close, she moved to Texas and settled in Washington County. There, at the Baylor University, Mrs. Pruit's school education began, and it was continued and finished at the Waco Female College, and in her native State.

For many years before the Franklins came to Texas, their sympathies had gone out to its people in their heroic struggle for independence. These people were their countrymen, but, tenderer tie than all, one of them was their near kinsman and a valiant actor in the struggle. This was the gallant Capt. John C. Hays, he who gave such yeoman service to the Republic in the hours of its greatest need. It will be remembered that his was the spirit that fired the intrepid

scouts, who held the forefront of danger in times of greatest peril; that he it was, who, six years after Santa Anna's fall, brought on the fight that ended in the route of Woll and his invading hosts; that he it was, who made the Texas rangers a mighty bulwark between the frontier settlements of the West and their enemies beyond the Rio Grande; that it was he who raised and led the first regiment of Texans for active service in the war with Mexico—a war the outgrowth of the annexation of Texas to the other States. All these events, inseparably linked with the name of the famous Texas ranger, endeared the Franklins to the land for which he fought, and which he helped to make more glorious. Not surprising then that, when in later years the ties of the old home were sundered by convulsions of civil war, they should direct their steps to the land that to them was consecrated by such pathetic memories.

Prior to her marriage in 1887, Mrs. Pruit was a resident of Waco; after that event she moved to Fort Worth, her present home, to which city she has proved an accession of notable value. She is a worker in matters of municipal reform, and is an active participant in measures for the moral and physical comfort of the masses. One of the social schemes, born of modern philanthropy, with which she is closely identified is fully set forth in the declared purposes of a society appropriately named "The Woman's Humane Association," of which she is the president. Its object is to provide needed benefits, both for individuals and for the community at large; in work of the latter class its most conspicuous achievement is the free distribution of pure drinking water throughout the city for both man and beast. In carrying out the design, several handsome stone fountains have been erected, which, apart from their usefulness, are attractive adornments of the city.

Mrs. Pruit's literary work indicates a versatile and cultured writer, and meets with ready acceptance from papers and periodicals noted for their critical exaction. Her contributions, both prose and verse, usually appear over the pseudonym of Aylmer Ney. She is a member of the Texas

Woman's Press Association, and at one of its late meetings read a poem that appears to have enraptured her audience and seems to have firmly fixed her title to a niche in the pantheon of Texas poets.

It is remarkable that in the twenty-five centuries between Sappho and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, so few women have achieved distinction in the domain of poetry, as compared with the number who have excelled in the other fields of polite learning. The present epoch of literary progressiveness seems, however, to have put a period to this reproach; women now climb with their brothers to the classic heights of Parnassus, and quaff with them deep draughts of its Castalian waters. And why should it not be so? Poetry is woman's peculiar province; it is the expression of pure thoughts in soft words that appeal to feeling and to fancy, and it is born of an inspiration that lurks familiarly in the heart of every cultured woman. In the ages gone by she closed her eyes to her peculiar work; in the age of her opportunity she has opened them. Like the Galatea of Pygmalion, so poetically referred to in one of Mrs. Pruit's verses, she "slept in stone," she "woke to love."

MRS. J. J. JARVIS.—Ida Zan Zandt, the daughter of the Texas patriot and statesman, the Hon. Isaac Van Zandt, and the wife of Senator J. J. Jarvis, is one of the gifted women of Texas who has made her noble life an idyl of duty. She was blest with a parentage of rare worth, and a mother of excellent judgment in the rearing and education of her children.

Her mother, Mrs. Isaac Van Zandt, was left a widow in 1847. Three years before the death of her father, and while he filled the position of minister to the United States from the infant Republic of Texas, Ida was born in Washington City.

Returning to Texas after two years' residence in Washington, Mr. Van Zandt was a candidate for the office of Governor of the State, but died during the campaign, leaving five little children to be reared and educated by their mother. Mrs.

Van Zandt was a noble woman, a Lipscomb by birth, and equal to the stern duties before her. Last March she celebrated her seventy-ninth birthday in Fort Worth. Proud, indeed, must Mrs. Van Zandt feel of her distinguished daughter.

Mrs. Jarvis was given educational advantages at Franklin College, Nashville, Tennessee, but graduated at the age of sixteen from the Masonic Female Institute in Marshall, Texas. She was married to Mr. Jarvis, at that time holding the office of District Attorney, in 1866, living in Quitman until 1874, at which time her husband moved to Fort Worth near which place they have lived ever since. The Jarvis home, a splendid old-style mansion, is known for the unostentatious, judicious and noble hospitality which is dispensed there in the manner of the Southerner of the old régime. During the first six years of Mrs. Jarvis' married life while living in Quitman in that isolation which the wife of a young lawyer must of necessity lead while her husband is absent on "the circuit" in the practice of his profession, she became the mother of several children, and the writer of her book of "Texas Poems," or the greater part of it. But it was not until the war was over that the poem "Thanksgiving" was written. She says of this: "That was the first poem I ever sent to an editor for publication, and he barely escaped arrest for printing it."

Her literary work is the finished production of a student, inspired by a touch from the wing of genius. Her "Texas Poems" are dedicated to her husband, Senator Jarvis. She is a member of the Christian Church, has taught for six years a large class of boys, from fifteen to twenty-one years of age, in Sunday School; has helped several young preachers to obtain an education; has been a co-worker with her husband in building up Add-Ran Christian University, of which he has been president of the board of trustees for five or six years. Mrs. Jarvis has been president of the Ladies' Associated Charities of Fort Worth since its organization, and she is one of the executive committee of that beneficent organization, The Texas Students' Aid Association.

MISS LENA LEE CRAVENS.—Saintly and beautiful beyond expression becomes that life which, chastened by "the bruising flails of God's afflictions," turns to the divine inspirations of art and poesy for its daily consolations. Such is that of the pure-souled, young Lena Lee Cravens, who, though leading a hidden life under the shadow of the cross, gives the radiant wings of hope and love to the children of her brain, her poems, paintings, and music.

As yet she has not published the first, nor exhibited the second, and her music is only for those who have the benison of her intimate friendship. But hers is not a name to be "written in water," and even if the child of genius, the gifted worker, dies in early life, like Keats, the work lives, goes on, and creates one of "those immortal names that are not born to die."

For Miss Cravens a brighter fate than that of Keats may be anticipated. With the consciousness of the possession of a gift not to be despised, must spring up a hope in the soul of one who, though living the most uneventful life, can find every day full of interest, a hope that, like that of Adelaide Proctor, another suffering soul, will tide her over the waves of apprehension and depression. Those were the cruel billows that made dirge-like the song of her who sang: "I'm so tired, my heart and I," Elizabeth Barrett Browning. She who, deserves the title of "England's greatest woman poet."

Miss Cravens lives a life of retirement among her books, her music and her triune-art loves of poesy, song and painting, at her home in Whitesboro, Texas, where her distinguished father, Col. N. S. Cravens of the Confederate army, lived after his emigration to Texas from Georgia, and who died there in 1875, after having won the laurels of fadeless fame as a patriot, a soldier of stainless honor, a lawyer of ability in his native State, Georgia, and a State senator in the land of his adoption.

A direct descendant of that General Pierson who fought under Washington in the Revolutionary War, and tracing her lineage through an ancestry on both the paternal and maternal sides of her house distinguished for intellect, character,

education and refinement, Miss Cravens is all that might be expected from a child rocked in the cradle of family traditions.

MISS MIRIAM MYERS.—Miss Myers is a Jewess of English descent and her father is a Rabbi. In her social and domestic life as well as in the discharge of her daily offices and duties she displays the warmth of attachment, the firmness of purpose and the strength of character that belong peculiarly to her remarkable race. Like the more alert and intellectual of her wonderful people, she has traveled much. No "pent-up Utica" could satisfy her eagerness in its desire for the world's progressive fields, no more than could the restive spirit of her great ancestor, the son of Terah, be confined within the "Ur of the Chaldees" or bound to the patriarchal cradle. Born at Melbourne in Australia, she successively lived in England, Canada, New York, Kentucky, North Carolina, Virginia, and finally in Texas in the city of Waco which is now her home.

Miss Myers was educated in Montreal and New York city where her fine talents found their proper sphere in the realm of belles-lettres. Upon emerging from the schools, she formed literary engagements with the most prominent Jewish papers in the United States, embracing the *American Israelite*, of Cincinnati, the *Reform Advocate*, of Chicago, and the *Hebrew Standard* of New York, besides writing for the *World*, the *Sun*, the *Recorder*, *Current Literature*, and other first-class periodicals of the country. A competent critic, in passing upon her work, says of her that she "writes with ease, grace and strength," and in reference to her poetic composition, that she "excels in verse." Those familiar with Miss Myers' productions will heartily endorse this verdict, and those who enjoy the further privilege of her personal acquaintance will testify to her broad views and careful culture, and to the charms of her discourse always richly laden with the fruits of travel, of study and of reflection.

MRS. JOSEPHINE PUETT SPOONTS.—The poem "April," published in a number of the *Confederate Veteran*, gave its

author, Mrs. Josephine Puett Spoonts, considerable recognition among literary people. The production received favorable editorial comment and elicited many inquiries. Gen. Marcus J. Wright, of the War Records office at Washington, D. C., and others, wrote flattering letters of congratulation to the talented author. There is an undercurrent, a vivid indication of latent force and feeling in Mrs. Spoonts' verse, that should leave its impress upon the pages devoted to Texas poetry. Still she has never been a voluminous writer, or, perhaps, not sufficiently free from other duties to identify herself in any way with regular literary work. The early years of her life were passed uneventfully amid the rural surroundings of Bell County. The songs she sings are reproductions of those to which she listened in her childhood, the echoes of nature in the old tangled forest, where every sunny bank was sweet with flowers and resonant with the droning music of the wild bee. The dreams of life were perchance ideal; the semi-hypnotic influences that environed her are to be traced in her verse, and add delicacy and beauty to the pages of her prose. Her literary taste is a direct inheritance from her father, who, through service in the Confederate army, became an invalid. Early in life Mrs. Spoonts sustained the loss of both parents. Her home is now in Fort Worth, where her husband, Mr. M. A. Spoonts, is engaged in the practice of law.

CHAPTER XIX.

JOURNALISM IN TEXAS.

MRS. LYDIA STARR M'PHERSON—MRS. S. ISADORE MINER—MRS. HUGH NUGENT FITZGERALD—MRS. EVA LANCASTER—MRS. AURELIA HADLEY MOHL—MISS M. B. FENWICK—MISS BESSIE AGNES DWYER—MISS SARAH HARTMAN.

MRS. LYDIA STARR MCPHERSON.—From the puny "Gazetta" of the sixteenth century to the mammoth "Daily" of the present day, and all through the intervening cen-

turies of its evolution from the monad to the giant, the newspaper has been an untiring agent in the diffusion of human knowledge, and, in the years of its later development, a powerful engine in the enforcement of human liberty. Legions of able workers have brought their best gifts to the altar of this humanizing and enlightening machine, and among them, especially in more recent times, are enrolled the names of women from all the higher walks of life. Though the display of their intellectual powers may be something new in this particular field of work, their faculties as writers are conspicuous in the literature of all civilized nations of both ancient and modern times. Twenty-five hundred years ago the Æolians were the exponents of Hellenic learning, and Lesbos the principal seat of Æolian culture. In this classic island maids and matrons were not, like their predecessors, restricted to the ignoble duties of domestic life. They were active in all the intellectual pursuits of their countrymen; they were organized in bodies for literary advancement; under their influence and instruction were trained the best minds of that day, in fact, they gradually assumed the intellectual burdens of the people, and became the staff on which the nation leaned. The annals that have come down to us rarely mention the name of a man in connection with the culture of the Lesbians, and when, as Felton observes, such mention is made it is due to the distinction, as is generally the case with the husbands of famous women, of his being the husband of his wife. To such a height of mental superiority had the application of the women raised them above their brothers that the latter, awakened by the jeers and jests of the surrounding nations, sought at last in sundry ways to discourage the unilateral progress, and thereby restore the equilibrium of the sexes. The stage, among other means, was employed, and Aristophanes, the great comedy writer of the adjacent Republic of Athens, came to the rescue of his bewildered brethren in Lesbos. He wrote for their benefit the play called "Ecclesiazousa," or Women in Congress assembled, in which, with unsparing satire and in passages aglow with sparkling wit, he describes his heroines

arrayed in male attire and leagued together in conspiracy to usurp the government of their fathers. The great poet's production was wonderfully applauded, and has been admired in all the ages since; but, although it quickened the men into something like intellectual life, it failed to allay the spirit of the women, or turn them away from the temples of learning in which they had so long been permitted to worship. From that day to this, a large number of the sisterhood of all ages and countries, when not restrained by the force of custom or law, have asserted their common heritage of mental gifts and multiplied them by all the means within their reach. In all the strata of human learning, from the surface to the primitive rocks of its foundation, they are found delving after the riches of knowledge. Thus they have forced the gates of journalism, and are everywhere engaged in the broad field that it opens to them. Among these is Mrs. Lydia Starr McPherson, of Sherman, Texas.

She is a native of Ohio, from which State she removed with her parents to Iowa, where she was married to David Hunter and became the mother of five children, of whom three are sons, all practical printers. Her husband having died, she entered into second nuptials with Granville McPherson. Associated with him, as assistant editor of *The Oklahoma Star*, she began her journalistic career at Caddo, in the Indian Territory, in 1874. Her connection with this paper continued two years, during which her experience was enriched by many incidents of thrilling interest. In 1877 she came into Texas and established *The Whitesboro Democrat* at the town of the same name in the county of Grayson. Two years later she moved her paper to Sherman, the county-seat, where, under the name of *The Sherman Democrat*, she has continued to edit it to the present time. It has a daily and weekly edition, and is published under the direction of her sons, Granville and Chester Hunter, who are its owners.

At the time of her advent into Texas, Mrs. McPherson, was the only lady who owned and edited a newspaper in the State, and this anomalous condition drew from the press a general fusillade of humorous and pointed paragraphs. Mrs.

McPherson, however, was but little disturbed by these playful assaults, and continued to advance in the face of the enemy. She became a member of the Press Association, was elected its corresponding secretary, and a few years later was sent as one of its delegates to the World's Press convention assembled at Cincinnati. In 1885 she was appointed honorary commissioner to the World's Exposition at New Orleans, and in the year following she was appointed postmistress at Sherman, and held the position for four years. At the expiration of her term of service she began an extended tour through the Western and Pacific States, during which she wrote entertaining letters of travel for the columns of *The Sherman Democrat*.

Though a widow for the second time, Mrs. McPherson has not permitted the sorrows of her double bereavement to depress or diminish the energy for which she is distinguished. She has written and published a book of poems entitled "Reullura," and she has now ready for the press two novels, and another book in verse; and, in the midst of all this literary work, she has never ceased to be an active contributor to the paper she founded, besides collecting and moulding material for other works she has in contemplation.

In her religious beliefs Mrs. McPherson subscribes to the doctrines of Theosophy, a system which, as its name implies, makes the disciple wise in the knowledge of God. The theosophist, through processes of his own, attains a spiritual condition that admits him to a closer communion with the Source and Dispenser of all light, whereby truth is received as a direct revelation, and the soul is exalted to the functions of a teacher and interpreter of the divine laws. In the realms of this philosophy, Mrs. McPherson's thoughts love to dwell, and in the contemplation of its sublime lessons her restless mind finds the only repose in which it is indulged during the mellowing age of her active and eventful life.

Mrs. S. Isadore Miner.—The only woman in Texas who has ever been honored by a temporary seat in the presidential chair of an assembly composed exclusively of men is Mrs. S.

Isadore Miner. The Texas Press Association was the source of this compliment, and her reading of an appreciated paper before that body was the occasion.

Mrs. Miner came to Texas two years ago; prior to that, with the exception of a two years' newspaper engagement at Toledo, Ohio, she had passed her whole life in Michigan, of which State she is a native. On arriving in Texas she immediately took service on the staff of the *Dallas Daily News* and the *Semi-Weekly Dallas and Galveston News*, editing the society columns of the first, and the Woman's and Children's Department of the other. Vastly important is this dual service on which she has entered, and rare must be the powers that can evoke the rich results that lie buried in its field of labor. Social functions, in their progressive course, are vital factors in society's resistless evolution, and they are often influenced by the critic's timely counsel. A word of wisdom wisely given is a grain that falls in good soil and brings forth savory fruit. No less vital in its influence is the guiding hand that leads the infant's feet and holds to infant lips the food that he should eat. The modern plans for children's culture have opened up exhaustless fields from which to glean the nourishment proper for tender and expanding minds. A mental diet wisely chosen and skillfully prepared builds up in the young a nature pure, strong, and free from guile. In both her spheres of action, Mrs. Miner has thus far displayed the aptitudes that are only found in minds endowed with native powers of observation and enlarged by philosophic reflections upon the experiences and vicissitudes of life. In this light her future work has the promise of an abundant reward.

As an adjunct to her system of conducting the Children's Department of the *News*, Mrs. Miner employs the plan that has been elaborated from the Chautauquan idea. During the vacation months of the little ones, she teaches, through her columns, a "summer school," keeping alive the children's interest in the studies they have temporarily laid aside without infringing the rest so necessary to recuperate their budding powers. Competitive examinations and the awarding

of prizes give zest to the plan and render it, not only popular, but productive of the best results.

Mrs. Miner's labors in behalf of the young have not been restricted to newspaper work. Her productions in the field of juvenile literature are found in several of the prominent children's magazines of the day, and she has written, with and without collaborators, seven books devoted to the instruction of children.

Mrs. Miner is a member of the State Press Association, of Texas; of the Texas Woman's Press Association, of which she is vice president; of the Toledo Press Club, and of the Michigan Woman's Press Association, which she helped to organize. She is also one of the organizers, and secretary of the Texas Woman's Council, by which she was lately chosen one of its delegates to the National Woman's Council, to represent the interests, the progress, and the culture of her sex in the State of her adoption.

Ten years altogether is the sum of her journalistic experience, and in that time she has made a record of activity and accomplishment that might easily cover a period of twice that score of years. The mere enumeration of her labors and of her affiliations with literary bodies indicate the purpose and energy of her life; the list of her achievements the measure of its success.

MRS. HUGH NUGENT FITZGERALD, *nee* Alice M. Parsons, is the daughter of Dr. R. F. Parsons of Iowa, and a native of that State. Her paternal ancestors came over with the Puritans and settled in Maine, and her mother's family were among the first settlers of Virginia. She was educated in the schools of Iowa and finished at Vassar College on the Hudson. She married Hugh N. Fitzgerald, a South Carolinian and journalist, in 1879, and is the mother of three children. At an early age she wrote short stories for the newspapers and for the *Household* and other periodicals. In 1883 she determined to become a trained journalist and since that period has been connected with some daily paper. Was three years literary, society and

exchange editor of the Sedalia *Morning Democrat* and regular correspondent to the daily papers of St. Louis and Kansas City. She came to Texas with her family in 1889 and was for four years in charge of the literary and society departments of the Dallas *Times Herald*, under the management of C. E. Gilbert, which was in those years regarded as the leading afternoon newspaper in the State. During the World's Fair Mrs. Fitzgerald spent several months in Chicago as special correspondent for the *Times Herald* and Dallas *Star*, as well as furnishing weekly letters for a number of leading Northern papers.

For two seasons she was in charge of the social department of the Dallas *News* and also on its daily assignment list, but resigned on account of ill health. The summer of 1895 she passed in Colorado as the correspondent of the Fort Worth *Gazette*, St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, Kansas City *Journal* and Denver *Republican*. During her visit there she also contributed to the Manitou *Society Journal* and the daily papers of Colorado Springs, and was selected to write up the great flower parade of Colorado Springs for the special carnival edition of the *Daily Telegraph*. Mrs. Fitzgerald is a trained reporter, and ably fills assignments in any department of the daily newspaper, although her specialty is society reporting, in which she is especially happy, having been reared in that atmosphere, possessing a keen sense of the beautiful and artistic, and ever keeping herself *en rapport* with the forms, frills and flutters of Le Beau Monde. She has traveled extensively in this country, and is well known in the journalistic circles of the North and East. She is the regular society correspondent from Dallas of the Fort Worth *Gazette* and the *Globe Democrat*, and during her husband's absence last winter at Austin filled his place as special correspondent for those papers, the New York *World* and several other metropolitan dailies.

MRS. EVA LANCASTER.—Among the pioneer newspaper women of the State, the oldest is Mrs. Eva Lancaster, of San Antonio, who has reached the age of seventy-five years, her

MRS. EVA LANCASTER.

useful life having been largely devoted to active literary pursuits. At the time of her marriage, more than half a century ago, her husband was publishing and editing the *State Advocate*, in Carroll County, Mississippi. They came to Texas in 1848, and established a widely known paper, the Texas *Ranger*, in Washington. At this period Mr. Lancaster took an active interest in political affairs, which necessitated his frequent absence from the office of the *Ranger*. Much of the editorial work and general supervision devolved upon Mrs. Lancaster, who guarded the best interests of the enterprise. Many letters of congratulation and encomiums were received, for in the South, previous to 1866, it was unusual to see a lady thus engaged, and the editor of the *Ranger* was almost alone in her vocation. Lincoln's proclamation was read to her in her office. Almost immediately her husband augmented the forces, and the *Ranger* was left entirely to her management. When the trying times of conscripting arrived and the paper's last printer was put in rank, she called in idle boys from the streets and put them to cases, publishing half a sheet until the boys had learned to set type. Her servants worked the hand press, rolling slow but sure, and she was thus enabled to disseminate the latest war news. Gen. E. Kirby Smith, being advised of the situation, detailed two printers from the trans-Mississippi department, who in time appeared to render her valuable assistance.

When the war closed the *Ranger* was published at Navasota. Mrs. Lancaster's husband died in 1874, after which she discontinued the publication of the paper. Mrs. Lancaster was a native Georgian, the daughter of Mr. Franklin Barnett, and a near relative of Mr. N. C. Barnett, the secretary of that State. Her mother was Miss Ann Briscoe, daughter of Dr. John Briscoe, a prominent physician of Augusta, Georgia.

MRS. AURELIA HADLEY MOHL has the masculine enduring cast of mind which grows better with age. She began her career as a professional journalist in 1863 and is still actively engaged in newspaper work, having been a member

of the editorial staff of the Houston *Post* since 1892. She has devoted herself to the performance of her duties with the energies of a strong will, and the fidelity of conscientiousness; to these qualities she unites great vivacity of temperament. Her literary productions display a broad, easy mastery of the resources of language, a grace and fluency, the result of her liberal culture and long experience. Mrs. Mohl was prominent in organizing the Texas Woman's Press Association, and during her residence at the National Capital held the position of corresponding secretary of the Woman's National Press Association, and later was elected vice president of the Texas division. For thirteen years she served as Washington correspondent for the Houston *Age*, San Antonio *Herald*, Waco *Examiner*, Dallas *Commercial*, Dallas *Herald*, and Texas *Siftings*. Her writings also appeared in the *Youth's Companion* (Boston), New York *Examiner*, Philadelphia *Times*, Chicago *Standard* and many other papers. In 1866 Mrs. Mohl wrote a remarkable story, "An Afternoon Nap," in which she predicted a number of future inventions, one of which has been realized in the telephone. Her exquisite poem, "An Army with Green Banners," is familiar to the readers of "Gems from a Texas Quarry;" while among her essays specially worthy of mention are found "Homes of Poetical Quotations," "Sir Philip Sydney," and "Soup, Salad and Civilization." Mrs. Mohl's duties on the *Post* have been performed with peculiar facility, for her long residence in Houston has given her a wide acquaintance and an extensive influence. She came to this city at a very early age, and this residence has only been interrupted during the years spent in Washington and two years in Europe, whither her husband, Mr. Frederick Mohl, was sent during the war as agent for the Confederate government. Mrs. Mohl became a member of the Baptist Church of Houston, in 1846, and it was here she was married in 1851 by Rev. Rufus C. Burleson, then pastor of that church.

MISS M. B. FENWICK has contributed essentially to the tone and stamina of journalistic work in Texas. She

has written considerably for Kate Field's *Washington* and other Northern papers, while as special correspondent for various publications her pen sketches have proven delightfully humorous and lifelike. Miss Fenwick has acquired an extensive acquaintance with the literature of the day, and has correct taste and discrimination. Aside from her prestige as a writer, she is rich in the finer qualities of mind and heart, which win for her innumerable friends. She is justly the recipient of many social courtesies at her home in San Antonio, where she meets the requirements of a responsible position on the staff of *The Express*. Miss Fenwick was originally from Ohio.

Miss Bessie Agness Dwyer is the author of two remarkable stories, "Mr. Moore, of Albuquerque," and "A Daughter of Eve." Her many sketches of army life and vivid word painting of scenes in two Territories, as well as in Old Mexico, won immediate recognition. Her work bears the impress of her artistic and dramatic talent. Even in early life her histrionic gifts were remarkable and dominated amateur circles in Texas. Her many literary gifts were an inheritance from her father, the late Judge Thomas A. Dwyer, who was associated with the early history of Texas and the Rio Bravo. Miss Dwyer at present fills a position on the staff of the *National Economist*, Washington, D. C., and she is correspondent for some of the prominent Southern journals. Her home is in San Antonio.

Miss Sara Hartman is well known in literary and journalistic circles in the Southwest as a graceful writer, an editor of judgment and marked ability, and a progressive and successful business woman. She was for several years the editor and principal proprietor of *The Gulf Messenger*, a magazine of literary merit, published in San Antonio, Texas. Miss Hartman's father, John Jacob Hartman, came originally from Berne, Switzerland, and her mother, Sarah Bradfield, from Oxford, England. Miss Hartman is by birth a Canadian, having been born just over the border, at

Niagara Falls. She began her career as a journalist by accepting a position as "assistant editor and society reporter" on the little evening paper published in St. Catharine's. Three years later she accepted a place on the staff of the Trenton, New Jersey, *True American*, and since that date has devoted her time and talent to literary pursuits. She has many friends in this State, who admire her conversational gifts, her attractive presence and sunny nature.

CHAPTER XX.

EDUCATORS.

MRS. WILLIE D. HOUSE—MRS. MARY LOUISE NASH—MISS S. L. LAMBDIN—MRS. S. R. BEEBE—MRS. R. O. ROUNSAVALL.

MRS. WILLIE D. HOUSE.—The faculty of imparting knowledge is a gift developed by training, and enriched by study and observation. In this faculty inheres the magnetism that impels attention, and the persuasive force that commands obedience; when supplemented by cultured speech as the vehicle of ripe thought it is irresistible in its dominion over the young mind. Like other gifts of nature, it is given to the few and, in its inchoate state, is the "one talent" of the parable, whose value lies in its increase, and whose increase is wholly in the power of the possessor. The favored few do not always have the wisdom to develop and enrich their inheritance. Rare, indeed, therefore, do the annals of education celebrate a teacher in whose life has dominated the perfected genius of instruction. So rare are these instances, and so worthy of renown have they been held, that they are found embalmed in even the legends of the ages of fable. Silenus was the preceptor of Bacchus, and Phœnix taught Achilles. They are also found in the earliest records of authentic history. Socrates taught Plato; Aristotle taught Alexander; and Pythagoras was the instructor of Numa Pompilius, Rome's second king. Orbilius

—the flogging Orbilius—Horace's teacher, is remembered, not for his virtues or his talents, but for his brutal methods of instilling knowledge. From Quintilian, in the first century, and Alcuinus, the teacher of Charlemagne, in the eighth, and down through the conventual schools of the Middle Ages to the present era of advanced didactics, scarce half a score of truly great teachers have lived in each of the twenty centuries of educational experience. Modern progress in all the arts of life, especially the modern system of normal instruction, will henceforth enlarge and dignify the labor of school teachers, and give to their well-earned fame the recording pen of history. Already the work has begun, already the field is filling with earnest, gifted and learned instructors, and already is the current literature of our day fixing them upon its page for the applause of future generations. Among these instructors, none are surer of their reward than Mrs. Willie D. House of Waco, Texas.

Mrs. House is a native Texan, born in Austin County. Her father, Doctor Durham, in 1843 emigrated from Georgia to the Republic of Texas, where he married Mrs. Pridham, who, in her early youth, had come to the great West. He descended from a stock distinguished for its military service in defense of the country—his great grandfather having served in the American revolution, and his grandfather in the War of 1812. He died when his only surviving child, Mrs. House, was twelve years of age, and his widow now lives with this daughter. Mrs. House's education began in the country schools of Washington County, where she qualified herself for teaching and training the youth of her section. In this, the beginning of her useful career as an instructor, she displayed the qualities that in her maturer experience attained exceptional growth and vigor. After three years of self-discipline in the schoolroom, during which she closely analyzed her inherent fitness for the vocation of a teacher, she resolved upon the arduous business as the pursuit of her life. This resolution was followed by her matriculation in the Peabody Normal of the University of Nashville, where she took the prescribed course, and with it the degree of Licentiate of

Instruction. She was also honored with the Peabody medal, a token and a memorial of the school's recognition of superior excellence in all its departments. After her graduation, she returned to Texas where her reputation for scholarship and force of character had preceded her, and, as a tribute to her high order of ability, she was assigned by the State Board of Education to the charge of summer normal work, in the interest of which she conducted sessions at Mineola, Victoria, Marshall, and Lampasas. She was subsequently called to the responsible duty of conducting the primary and geographical departments at the capital of the State. After retiring from this service, she accepted a position in the city of Tyler, where she taught until tendered the principalship of one of the ward schools of the city of Waco. After laboring three years in this new service, she was promoted to the superintendency of all the city schools—a position that but once before in the State of Texas had been filled by a woman. This high trust was discharged with conscientious ability, and with such scrupulous regard to discipline and method of instruction that, during her administration, and since, the public schools of Waco are noted for their order, their attractiveness, and the marked proficiency of their pupils.

Mrs. House is an active member of the State Teachers' Association, of which she was at one time the vice president, and of which she is now the secretary. She is also the vice president of the Central Texas Teachers' Summer Normal School of Waco, and is otherwise connected with educational schemes looking to the moral and intellectual enlightenment of the present and future generations of children in Texas.

Mrs. House was married at the tender age of sixteen, and is the mother of one child, a daughter, Miss Lola Belle House, who graduated with honor, being the valedictorian of her class, and is now treading the footsteps of her distinguished mother, both as a student and a teacher. Both mother and daughter are, in their religious beliefs, inclined to the Presbyterian faith. Mrs. House, though qualified to adorn the highest social station, is seldom seen outside the

haunts of domestic and professional life. Ruskin once said that a man should first fit himself for society and then keep out of it. Mrs. House seems to have acted upon his advice. In the true spirit of altruism, she forgets her own pleasures in the performance of duties for the happiness of others. In her conversation freshness pervades every expression, and she is never betrayed into the utterance of a trite or hackneyed sentiment. Like Richter, if she is in possession of a commonplace thought, she keeps it an awful secret to herself. Her mental structure is strength, energy and aggression, and her features are its true interpreters. Her mien, her manner, and her movement proclaim her one of nature's leaders, and nobly has she led her little followers in the cause of human improvement and progress. Most successfully has she worked in the past, most worthily is she struggling with the problems of the present, most unselfishly is she sowing the seed for the harvest of the future, and, though in the ages that are to come her name may not be remembered, her work, like a benediction, will be silently felt in the blessings it has invoked.

Mrs. Mary Louise Nash, an educator in the strictest sense of the word, was born in Panama, New York, 1826. She came of the old Puritan stock who were famous at Lexington and Bunker Hill, which entitled her to a certificate as a Daughter of the Revolution.

Mary Brigham, founder of Mt. Holyoke; Eli Whitney, inventor of the cotton gin; and the renowned Charlotte Cushman, are found on the branches of the same genealogical tree. She loved books from childhood, and received a thorough education. She married a Southern gentleman, who was engaged in teaching, and for many years they were at the head of the best Southern colleges. At the close of the war, requiring a change of climate, they came to Sherman and established the Institute, a chartered school for girls, where Mrs. Nash still presides as lady principal. Amid the varied duties of her profession she has preserved her love for literary pursuits, and has for many years published a school monthly of decided merit. She has been pronounced a genius as a

dramatist, and takes delight in exercising her talent in this direction, while her achievement as a scientist has brought that department of her school up to the standard of the finest educational institutions in the South. She supervises her literary societies; has Agassiz, a chapter of the W. C. A., as well as a Shakespearean club; and is a graduate of the C. L. S. C. class, 1890.

Mrs. Nash has proven herself a ruling power in favor of the higher culture for women, that has been felt throughout the South, and Texas will never cease to appreciate the influence of the noble women who turn to Sherman Institute as their *Alma Mater.*

MISS S. L. LAMBDIN has been well and favorably known as an able, earnest and successful educator since she began teaching in the Waco Female College in 1857. Many and widely dispersed over the State are those who have received from her their intellectual training and to her former pupils in their distant homes, her salutary precepts recur with great power. Cultivated and disciplined by her training, strengthened by her faith in the finer qualities of their nature, they remember her efforts with feelings of gratitude that deepen as time passes. Among her earliest pupils may be mentioned Mrs. E. A. McKinney, Mrs. Warwick Jenkins, Mrs. Kendall, Mrs. Sul Ross of College Station; Mrs. Bob Ross, Mrs. Killingsworth, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Parrott, Mrs. Davis Gurley, Mrs. Mannahan of Pecos; Mrs. Judge Battle, Mrs. J. H. Harrison, Mrs. Chas. Stuart of Houston and Mrs. Padgitt.

MRS. S. R. BEEBE has achieved success as an educator, her aim having been to found character in pupils, and influence for good all those by whom she has been surrounded. She has a monument in the hearts of many friends, having devoted the best efforts of her life to her profession, efficiently training the mental faculties of Texas students during the past twenty-five years. Nearly all of this period she has occupied the position of principal of female semi-

MRS. R. O. ROUNSAVALL.

naries, and of one of the large public schools in Galveston. She came to this State in 1859, and will be remembered as Miss Hapgood, having taught during the war in Houston and Washington, and later in Galveston, where she was married, in 1867, to Mr. Henry J. Beebe, a wholesale merchant of New Orleans. After a brief residence in that city she returned to Galveston. The demise of her husband left to her care three young children: Inez F., who now follows her mother's vocation; Pauline, who died a month after her graduation, in 1890; and Dee, an artist.

Mrs. R. O. Rounsevall has distinct individuality, which stamps her as a woman of rare powers. With the capacity to adapt herself to circumstances, she quickly masters any situation in which she is placed, and controls, rather than follows, the will of others. Her success as a musical director and as an educator is a proof of energies omnipotence. For many years the Waco Female College was under her direct supervision, and this responsibility, as may well be imagined, entailed on Mrs. Rounsevall severe self-denial and unremitting exertions. Her position was adorned by the attractions that brighten and elevate society, and strengthened the influence of a college distinguished for the ability and scholarship of its instructors. Since resigning her duties as an educator, she has been solicited to devote her energies and labors to various institutions of learning. In resuming the hospitalities of her home, Mrs. Rounsevall has been liberal in her welcome to the lovers of art and literature. Accustomed herself to these high and pure enjoyments, she has sought to give the same pleasure to others, and her entertainments have a more elevated character than those of fashion.

CHAPTER XXI.

PHYSICIANS.

MISS MARGUERET HOLLAND—MISS JOSEPHINE KINGSLEY—MRS. FANNY LEAK—DR. GRACE DANFORTH.

MISS MARGUERET HOLLAND, M. D.—The medical profession in Texas holds in its ranks many women of fine learning and conspicuous ability. Among these is Dr. Margueret Holland, of Houston, in which city she has, for more than twenty years, been actively engaged in the practice of her profession.

She is of Irish descent, and was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts. In her infancy she was left an orphan, and adopted by Jacob Powell, with whom she was reared in the State of Illinois, and by whom her early education was provided and directed. After a course of four years in the Woman's Medical College of the Northwestern University, at Chicago, she graduated with distinction, and at once embarked upon her professional career.

As a general practitioner, Doctor Holland is called upon to mix with all classes, and is, consequently, well known among the people. By them she is held in high esteem, and by her patrons she is greatly revered for knowledge and skill in her calling. She enjoys the respect of her *confréres*, and with them holds frequent conferences and consultations in the interest of their common duties among the afflicted.

In her political acts and expressions, Doctor Holland evinces a penetrating interest in all that concerns the public welfare, yet she is not so blindly attached to partisan creed or ritual as not to see the errors of its friends or the merits of its opponents. In the gynecian sphere of politics, her views are, of course, fully abreast with those of the most enlightened leaders of her sex; they are never, however, obtrusively

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expressed, nor does she believe that female suffrage and its concomitant power will alone bring back the Eden from which our parents were driven.

Miss Josephine Kingsley entered the medical school of the University of Michigan in the first class of female students ever admitted to that department. She graduated in 1873, and, after a brief visit in the East, began the practice of medicine in Detroit. Here her skill as a practitioner brought her immediate and desirable recognition. In 1878, she located in San Antonio, where she is well and favorably known as a progressive physician. Doctor Kingsley is devoted to her chosen field of labor, and is a faithful and strong advocate of the progressive work of her own sex in every branch of science and art. Having been brought in contact with suffering, and studied its alleviation, her thought has broadened into the subjects that engage philanthropists, while her conversation is tinctured with an interesting knowledge of life's phases and problems. She is a native of Michigan, was born in the County of Chautauqua, famed for the beauty of its scenery. Her girlhood was spent in sight of Lake Erie and near Lake Chautauqua, though San Antonio is now the home of her heart and the field of her useful labors.

Dr. Fanny Leak, who is especially interested in the temperance cause, is one of the finest specimens of womanhood among our "Prominent Women of Texas." That she is as quick witted and intelligent as she is attractive may be judged from the ready answer she once gave a bald-headed gentleman who was betrayed by his admiration into a frank compliment of her personality. She replied:

"Sir, there must be truth in what you say, since there is not a hair's breadth between your head and heaven."

On another occasion, at a Medical Association, a lady friend, an M.D., was introduced by a masculine M. D. as Mrs. ———. Doctor Leak soon found an opportunity to introduce this gentleman to the Association, and with perfect good humor, prefixed the title of "Mrs." to his name.

Dr. Fanny Leak exhibits bright intellect, professional ability and feminine force of character. She was born in Bath County, Kentucky. Her parentage on both sides was of old colonial Virginia stock, her mother being an Elliott, of that family who bore the Elliott coat of arms of England, but whose patriotism and devotion to the cause of liberty was proved by a loan of $300,000 to the colonial government to aid in the struggle against the aggressions of the mother country. Her great grandfather on the paternal side was Maj. Jesse Daniel, who served under General Jackson in the War of 1812.

Doctor Leak, though proud of her Kentucky birth and pre-revolutionary lineage, is prouder still of the State upon whose soil she has been reared, and where she has been educated, at Baylor University. She was a graduate in medicine, in 1887, from The Woman's Medical College of Chicago, a department of the Northwestern University of that city. She has been eminently successful as a practitioner, and is frequently called in consultation with the most prominent regular physicians.

Her home in Austin is one of the material results of her professional labors. There she lives and finds her reward in the society of her four lovely daughters and a large circle of appreciative friends.

DR. GRACE DANFORTH was widely known and one of the most capable physicians in the South. She was a graduate of the Woman's Medical College of Chicago, and was appointed assistant physician in the Lunatic Asylum at Terrell, the first appointment of a woman to such a position by the Legislature of Texas. A writer of conspicuous ability, her valuable contributions—scientific and social—added to her prestige. She labored untiringly for the advancement of her sex, and for the interest of humanity. In the zenith of her mental power she died from hemorrhage of the brain

> "Rich in the world's opinion, and men's praise,
> And full of all we could desire, but years."

MRS. KATE De PELCHIN.

CHAPTER XXII.

MRS. KATE DE PELCHIN — MOTHER ST. PIERRE.

MRS. KATE DE PELCHIN was a sister of charity without veiled or votive declaration of the fact. Her sainted life of sixty-two years was spent in faithful, heroic service for others, and suffering mortals knew no kinder ministrations than she brought to the pillow of pain. Having been trained to literary pursuits, as well as being a skillful musician, she chose the greater privilege to preside where pain wept its requiems, to evoke the divine harmonies: sympathy, solace, consolation. This was nobly demonstrated when her devotion illuminated the dark years when the yellow fever and smallpox held ghastly carnival in the city of Houston. She then became a faithful and successful nurse, toiling with untiring zeal during that long period of suffering; and when, at last, the pall of affliction was lifted, she found her true vocation in the Stuart and Boyles Infirmary, where she labored four years.

In 1878, when, again, "With soundless tread, the fearful pestilence, the fever, saffron-eyed, came forth again," and the city of Memphis was a vast morgue, this accomplished and devoted woman was one of the first to respond to the appeal for physicians and nurses, watching by the sick and the dying wherever she found a victim or was called to a post of duty; neither failing nor faltering on her sublime way.

Returning to Houston, she resumed her duties at the Infirmary until 1888, when she was elected matron of the Bayland Orphans' Home. A year later she made a modest beginning, that ended in an established institution where infants and young children of the city could be cared for. This charity is non-sectarian, and its founder christened it "Faith Home,"

because, as she wrote: "I have faith, and God and the good people to help."

Again, Mrs. De Pelchin says, in one of her published letters: "I have been a matron of Bayland Home four years, and each day I am more impressed with the benefits such a home confers on lone and desolate children. Let us raise our own missionaries. When you send Bishop Key what he wishes for Japan, build an orphanage."

Her recent death caused mourning throughout Houston. Memorial services were held in all the leading churches; places of business were closed; while the *Press* called attention to her life, and issued a call for a mass meeting. It was then proposed that the cities of Houston and Memphis combine, and erect a statue to her memory, as New Orleans had erected to "Marguerite," the friend of poor children.

After mature deliberation, it was decided, as more consistent with her own unselfish character, to erect a building to be known as "Faith Home," and thus perpetuate her noble example by carrying out her own work.

Many richly endowed colleges and charitable institutions attest the generosity of the wealthy; but this woman, like one of old, gave her all and herself to the work of establishing a home where the little children of the poor could be gathered in from the streets to a better life, to found this tender charity in the midst of a wealthy city.

Everyone there, and in many other places, knew of her kindly ministrations, of her many deeds of self-sacrifice, with which she helped to swell the sum of sublime achievement.

MOTHER ST. PIERRE, known in early life as Miss Margaret Harrington, was remarkable for her sound judgment and clear intellect. Her patience was tempered as Ebrons steel; she was free from ambition, and great of soul. Bred of tenderness and dowered with grace, she was beautiful with a loveliness that combined all of the woman and all of the angel—beauty which would have made Petrarch sing, and Dante kneel; for hers was the beauty of boundless beneficence. When the soldiers' graves are decorated in Galveston a detachment

wreathes the grave of Mother St. Pierre with flowers, and the *News* explains "that while she was not a soldier in the common acceptation of the term, she was one of those ministering angels to whom the soldiers look in times of war, a Sister of Charity, who was in charge of the hospital here." It was in 1861 when General Magruder was at a loss how to care for his sick and wounded soldiers, that he appealed through a chosen deputation to Mother St. Pierre, who may be justly regarded as the second foundress of the Ursuline convent at Galveston. She generously responded by placing at his disposal the boarding school department of the convent, which was in consequence termed "The Confederate Hospital." The good Mother and her devoted Ursuline daughters had thus a new vocation, as it were, thrust upon them by the sad consequences of war; and their devotedness in this new field of action won for them the sweet title of "Sisters of Charity." When sickness comes, a man is shorn of pleasure, and becomes the sport of dreams, shadows, deliriums. Through his sufferings he often clings to life, hardly conscious of existence, the tide of thought so low that he no longer belongs to the world of creeds. This was the condition of Lieut. Sidney Sherman, of Cook's regiment, who breathed his last supported by Mother St. Pierre's arms. Many other soldiers wounded at war, at last at war with themselves, and wretched, were sick, sick to the heart of life, until the Mother's ministration lulled them into dreamful slumbers from which they awoke to the consciousness of her skillful, tender care. Losing sight of their weariness to take the soothing draught from her hand and seeing her white coifed face during the broken visions that came in sleep, they drifted into convalescence where even the air seemed saturated with love and returning life, where the sweet sense of rest and comfort proclaimed the prodigality of the inexhaustible—where patient Mother St. Pierre possessing not a sovereign became the millionaire of good deeds.

CHAPTER XXIII.

TEMPERANCE LEADERS.

MRS. HELEN M. STODDARD—MRS. ELIZABETH TURNER FRY—MRS. SARAH C. ACHESON.

MRS. HELEN M. STODDARD.—The cause of temperance has, in the person of Mrs. Stoddard, an earnest, a constant and an efficient worker. She and her co-laborers, not only in Texas but throughout the Christian world, are apostles of the purest inspiration, teachers as faithful in the field of their work as were the Rechabites in the practice of their daily life. "Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye nor your sons forever," was the commandment of Rechab to his people, and they were obedient, even when tempted with the cup by the prophet of God. A newer commandment, and a more sacred one, enjoins "temperance" as one of the sublime virtues—akin to "godliness," to "faith," to "charity." Under the white banner of this later law the humblest followers of temperance reform are leaders in the crusade for the recovery of Christendom from the dominion of vice, and their army is marching in the van of civilization, every private a paladin, every paladin a hero.

Mrs. Stoddard graduated from the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary of New York, in 1871, and two years later was married to S. D. Stoddard. She moved with her husband to Nebraska, where, after a residence of four years, his health failed, necessitating removal to a softer climate. Together they proceeded to Florida, where within a year he died. Two sons were born of this union, of whom one lives—a promising youth—to comfort the life of his devoted mother.

With Mrs. Stoddard's return to her home in Nebraska, began the active and toilsome season of her life. She took a position as teacher in the Nebraska Conference Seminary,

which she filled for two years, then moved southward to Texas. In the latter State she taught ten years, of which six were passed in the Fort Worth University. While there she was called to the presidency of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Texas. This was in 1891, and she has been since then successively reëlected at each annual meeting of the union. With a fervor ever renewed in the furnace of her consuming zeal, she has carried light and warmth into every corner of her allotted sphere. She has lectured and pleaded and preached at all times and in all parts of the State, and has recruited and organized some of the strongest forces in the army of reform. She has represented the union at National conventions, and has been twice a delegate to world conventions. At the meeting in London and at the Grindelwald conferences in Switzerland and France she was conspicuous, not only for her general ability but for her loyalty to the section she represented, and for the forceful manner in which she presented it to the favor of her listeners. To Mrs. Stoddard is also due the praise of being largely instrumental in securing the enactment of the law making scientific temperance instruction a part of the public school curriculum of the State. In connection with this achievement in legislation may be mentioned another, quite as salutary in its results and infinitely more affecting in regard to the helplessness of the victims to be rescued. This was the amendment of the law to protect the purity of little girls, whereby the age of consent was raised from twelve to fifteen years. In behalf of this measure Mrs. Stoddard gave the best powers of her mind and her uninterrupted presence near the legislature until its full and final passage.

Mrs. Stoddard holds opinions with a strength of conviction, and utters them with a force of expression that gives to her an interesting personality in almost every possible train of thought. She is a communicant in the Methodist Church and, for many years, has taught classes in its Sunday Schools. She entertains well-considered views on all ethical questions, and is strongly imbued with the privileges and responsibilities of her sex in their relation to the social and

political duties entailed upon all the race alike. Her struggles for survival in the daily contests of life were inspired by a native self-assertion capable of unlimited endurance and opposition. These, combined with her experience and her knowledge of human nature, have developed in her the energy of character and quickness of apprehension that have distinguished her among the foremost women of her age.

MRS. ELIZABETH TURNER FRY was born in Trenton, Tennessee, on December 22, 1842. Came to Texas in 1852 with her parents, who settled in Bastrop. In 1861 she met Lieut. A. J. Fry, married him a year later and moved to Seguin. In a few years they accumulated ample means, and with a family of three sons and one daughter, located permanently in San Antonio, where Mrs. Fry occupies a prominent position in religious and philanthropic work. Her energy, combined with self-command, tact, and mental endurance, places her in the front rank as a successful organizer in every progressive, liberal field. The indispensable aggressive force and "staying power" she possesses, with the courage of her convictions to a marked degree, yet, the simple dignity of her Christian character serves to retain the regard, respect and confidence of those who differ materially with her in opinion. During the Prohibition campaign in Texas in 1887, Mrs. Fry, by her pluck, ready utterances, brave position, pecuniary aid and personal sacrifice in defense of those principles, forged a way to public and general admiration. The influence she used in the city of San Antonio opposing that debasing public sport, a bullfight on Sunday, was effectual. Floating flyers were wafted into every door to influence the minds of their occupants. They were addressed to "all mothers" and emphasized the wickedness and degenerating tendencies of such displays, which awakened citizens to the need of suppressing them. The bullfight failed to materialize, and since that date none has ever occurred in San Antonio. With wealth to use freely, Mrs. Fry has displayed a helpful spirit, and is ever ready to aid merit or need. As a prominent member of ten benevolent societies she has kept up a vast

correspondence. Yet these duties have never defrauded her family of her thoughtful care. She has won admiration by the results attained in the conduct of her children. Mr. Fry died the 23d of September, 1892, and this irreparable loss, which produced great changes in her financial condition, compelled her to bring into practice the undeveloped, yet inherent qualities of self-reliance. Mrs. Fry has adopted the principles and guidance of the Christian Church, and was instrumental in 1883 in building the first Missionary Christian Church in San Antonio. She contributed to its erection, organized the Sunday School, called a convention of women in 1886 or 1887 in Trinity M. E. Church (where the W. C. T. U. meets), Mrs. M. R. Wells of Tennessee, being invited to be present. Although not a suffragist, yet Mrs. Fry advocated those ideas; and the labor this effort entailed, with the opposition she met from the pastor of the church, forced her to take a decided position in a letter printed in the columns of the San Antonio *Express*. This firmness bore its fruit in a very successful three days' convention, and was the initiatory step to organization. Mrs. Fry held the office of State Superintendent of Franchise for eight years, and has been the chairman of Central committee during the past year. She was vice president of the board of Texas for the World's Exposition, and president of the local board, also vice president of the Queen Isabella board of the 10th district of Texas. She was appointed as delegate to the national convention of the W. C. T. U. in Boston, in 1891. As chairman of the Central committee of the Equal Rights Association of the State of Texas, her work has been faithfully performed. She attended three political conventions at Dallas, Waco, and another near Taylor, asking that a suffrage plank be placed in their platform. The Equal Rights club meet in her parlor weekly, and she as president keeps the topics of interest to women before the organization. As a charter member of the Protestant Orphans' Home, she helped in its organization. In April, 1895, a committee was appointed to organize a home for friendless girls and women in San Antonio. It has been incorporated, and Mrs. Fry is one of the charter members.

Her influence will be given to assist this commendable interest in every way possible, and it will enjoy the benefit of her wise counsel. Thus her benevolent and Christian impulses are finding full scope.

MRS. SARAH C. ACHESON.—Mrs. Acheson was born in Washington, Pennsylvania, on the 20th of February, 1844, and was there married at the age of nineteen to Captain Acheson, of the same town. This event took place during the late Civil War, while the Captain was at home on surgeon's leave, at which time he was attached to the staff of General Miles, of the Federal army. In 1872 Captain and Mrs. Acheson moved to Texas.

She is descended, through her father, from an English and Dutch ancestry that immigrated to Virginia in 1600, and, through her mother, from Col. George Morgan, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, under Washington. It was by this officer that Jefferson was first informed of the "mad project" of Aaron Burr, which early information is referred to by Jefferson in a letter now in possession of Mrs. Acheson. Among other distinguished progenitors of the Revolutionary period she can point, with ancestral pride, to Col. William Duane, the patriot editor of the Philadelphia *Aurora*.

Mrs. Acheson's home is in the thriving town of Denison, where she is greatly revered for her active benevolence and her earnest advocacy of social reform. The fame of her "good works" is not, however, bounded by the narrow limits of her town. The field of her endeavor is coëxtensive with the field of human suffering within her reach. When the little village of Savoy, in a neighboring county, was swept by a tornado, that will be long remembered in that region, she was among the first to reach the scene of wretchedness and desolation, and she lingered near the ruins until the dead and the wounded, and the hungry, and the houseless, were given every Christian care. She labored for the love of humanity; her reward was the abiding memory of a "good work." Instances like this might be multiplied, but this will suffice to illustrate the manner of her work. Like the chari-

MRS. SARAH C. ACHESON.

table man of Samaria, her philanthropy discerns neither creed nor condition. While the priest and the Levite may pass a fallen sufferer on the wayside she stops to bind up his wounds, be he sinner or alien, and she shelters and feeds him that he perish not in his misery. This is the religion taught by the Master—the religion practiced by all His disciples.

Mrs. Acheson has given three years of active service to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and during one presidential term was the presiding officer in Texas.

To ameliorate the condition of mankind, to encourage and stimulate reform, to promote the best methods for the advancement of civilization, and to abate human suffering in every sphere of life, are the subjects that seem to fill her daily thought and study, and to the contemplation of these subjects she brings a mind matured by reflection, and a heart filled with a desire to be "fruitful in every good work."

CHAPTER XXIV.

MRS. M. K. CRAIG—MRS. A. C. HARRISON—MRS. ANNA DIAL HEARNE.

MRS. MARY KITRELL CRAIG was born in Mississippi. She is a descendant of the Normans and McLeods, and her ancestors have all been Southern men and women. In 1860 she graduated at the Wilcox Female Institute, in Camden, Mississippi, and made her début when the American sky grew dark with the coming storm. The war brought many experiences that were trying without precedent, and this period of severe trial moulded her character and developed her mind. It was then she began her career as an educator. She has taught for thirty-six years and numbers among her pupils men and women of families, and is teaching, like Old Nestor, the third generation. The secretary of State of Alabama, and a former minister of Westminster Presbyterian Church of Dallas, the president of the Capitol Seminary, Atlanta, Georgia, and other teachers and ministers are

among her former pupils. For five years she was president of the Synodical Female Institute at Taladega, Alabama. One year she taught literature in the Oxford Male and Female College in Alabama, one year in Fort Worth, Texas, and a number of years in Dallas. During this period she has been a progressive student—studied in Chicago, New York, and with Dr. Rolfe the noted Shakesperean scholar of Cambridge. She now has the chair of English in the Mary Connor College, Paris, Texas.

Mrs. Craig was elected to represent Dallas at the Woman's Congress at the World's Exposition, Chicago, and read a paper on "The Evolution of American Literature." She has also written for the *Arena* and other magazines. She is literary director of two clubs in Dallas, and two in Paris, Texas, and in this field has achieved great success. Her presence is an inspiration. She has dignity and elegance of manner. Mrs. Craig was married in 1867, and has been a widow for a number of years. She has one daughter, Mrs. Ferris, who is a gifted musician, and one son, who is a pharmacist in Dallas.

MRS. A. C. HARRISON.—Mrs. Harrison bore the pretty maiden name of Kate Montgomery, and is a descendant of the Montgomery mentioned by MacAuley, who came to Maryland with Lord Baltimore. She was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, notable as the birthplace of Washington, Madison, Monroe, and Lee. Reared among literary traditions she received such thorough educational advantages at Staunton, Virginia, as became the basis for the serious study to which she has devoted herself. A close reader of the best books and current literature, she keeps in touch with the most advanced thought of the day. Such associations enriched her vocabulary, and, unlike many writers, she is an easy and brilliant conversationalist. Mrs. Harrison has written numerous poems and papers—the latter give special evidence of talent and superior culture. The Frank Leslie Publishing Company has accepted some of this gifted lady's work.

It is pleasing to note that an "Essay on Hamlet," by Mrs. Harrison, was recently read before the Boston Home Culture Club. The implied compliment is the more gratifying from the fact that it was the only essay read from correspondents, and when a *Texas* essay is read to a Boston culture club, it becomes a significant acknowledgement of merit. The Lone Star State and Sherman, which has been Mrs. Harrison's home for a number of years, are to be congratulated upon this achievement. Mrs. Harrison is an Episcopalian and has been prominently identified with church as well as club work.

Mrs. Anna Dial Hearne.—Captain Garlington Coker Dial came from South Carolina to Texas in the early forties, and fought the Indians and Mexicans with his own company of twenty-five picked men. His daughter, Mrs. Anna Dial Hearne, is a native of Texas and has identified herself with the intellectual and social life and development of the State. She is at present the executive officer of the Pathfinders Club. This organization is the nucleus of the literary life of Austin, and is composed of students linguist women noted in the field of letters. It is justly considered one of the most useful organizations for women in the State, and Mrs. Hearne as its chief promoter has earned the position which she holds as its president, a position she adorns by her rare, social tact, and her talents as an accomplished artist, literary connoisseur and graceful conversationalist. Her pictures have taken first prizes at numerous Texas State fairs, at the New Orleans Exposition, and the gold medal of the Vandyke Club's exhibition in San Antonio was accorded her also.

Mrs. Hearne is of noble and distinguished English ancestry on the paternal, and of French Huguenot blood on her mother's side of the house. She is allied by her English blood with the Dials, or Doyles, who inter-married with the Hastings through Lady Isabel May, a daughter of the Eighth Earl of Huntingdon. Also through the Dials, or Doyles, with the Abercrombies of Clachmarmonshire, Scotland, the

home center of the Abercrombies, to the present day. Her immediate ancestors in this country were refugees along with the Irish, Scotch, and English Jacobites, who supported the cause of "Prince Charlie"—Charles Edward Stewart, generally called the Pretender,—and who, after their defeat at Cullodin, sought refuge in America from the persecutions of the House of Hanover.

CHAPTER XXV.

DRAMATIC.

MRS. JULIETTE DOWNS BLUE—MRS. W. H. CRISP—MRS. CRESTON CLARKE—MISS MARIE WAINWRIGHT.

MRS. JULIETTE DOWNS BLUE.—Mrs. Blue is a native of Mobile, Alabama, and has lived in New Orleans, in Louisville, and in Texas. Her father is P. T. Downs, superintendent of transportation of the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railroad Company, and her mother is distinguished for her talents, her courtly manners and her handsome person. Mrs. Blue was educated at Villa Maria, Montreal, Canada, and graduated with the highest honors of her class. In 1893, at the city of Chicago, she stood for the first time before the footlights in a minor character of "Americans Abroad." She was well received and encouraged in the choice of her vocation. Her subsequent appearances rapidly developed the latent genius that had inspired her choice and advanced her with phenomenal progress on the roll of Thespian honor. In two years she had run through the *repertoire* of the choicest companies, and had played with brilliant success in leading rôles of "Richard III," and "The Merchant of Venice." At the end of this time, without premonition to her manager or the public, she entered into matrimonial engagements that brought to sudden halt the course on which she had entered with such alluring promise. She was married in March, 1895, to Dr. Rupert Blue, of the United States Marine Hos-

MRS. JULIETTE DOWNS BLUE.

pital Service, at San Francisco, where she has established her home, for which, as she expresses it, she has "relinquished all ambition in the theatrical world for the sweeter and more substantial joys of domestic life."

During her brief but bright career, Mrs. Blue so impressed the public with a sense of her devotion to the drama, and so successfully interpreted the highest ideal of histrionic art, that the announcement of her withdrawal from the stage produced, not only regret, but the profoundest surprise among those who had enjoyed her renditions and witnessed her rapid promotion in the line of her profession. The regret is not surprising when it is recalled that to her genius she united a fascinating grace and a marvelous perfection of personal beauty. These qualities now adorn the social sphere in which she moves; their power is unspeakable; through them the purest enjoyments of life may be attained, its highest purpose achieved.

Mrs. W. H. Crisp.—Beneath the shadow of an old elm in one of the cemeteries of Waco is seen the grave of Mrs. W. H. Crisp, a slab of marble at the head and a block of the same at the foot, the former containing dates of birth and death and both inscribed "Eliza."

Mrs. Crisp was the mother of the distinguished congressman from Georgia, late Speaker of the United States House of Representatives. She and her husband and her children, forming a popular dramatic combination, came to Texas in 1870 and played in many places and with uniform success, until her death, which occurred in 1873. In her last illness she requested that her body be buried in the spot where it now lies.

Mrs. Crisp was a woman of high character, fine talents, social virtues, genial manners; these qualities created warm friends, always from the best society in which she lived. By these her memory is kept green and on each recurring Memorial Day her last resting place is strewn with flowers and decorated with mementoes of imperishable friendship and of loves that survive the tomb.

MRS. CRESTON CLARKE, known in the dramatic world as Mrs. Adelaide Prince, is an ex-Galvestonian, and is fondly remembered by those who recall the triumphs of the old Histrionics of which she was the star. Mrs. Prince was the daughter of Solomon Rubenstein, of London, England. She came to Galveston when quite young; and it was in this city that she received her early education. She made her professional début in Portland, Maine, appearing in "A Possible Case," under the management of J. M. Hill. She remained with Mr. Hill's company for a season, and then joined Mr. Daly's forces, beginning in the part of *Agathe* in "The Great Unknown." Later she played *Olivia* to Mr. Clarke's *Orsini* in "Twelfth Night."

The "Chib" appropriately suggests that some theatrical manager engage her as a star, and adds that she is possessed of remarkable talent as well as being endowed with youth, beauty, and grace.

MISS MARIE WAINWRIGHT was the attraction at the opening of the Grand Opera House in Galveston. She is a daughter of Captain J. M. Wainwright, who commanded the United States sloop of war, "Harriet Lane," one of the ships engaged in the battle of Galveston in 1863, and who lost his life when the boarding Confederate troops of the steamer "Bayou City" captured his ship.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ADELAIDE MCCORD.—In the unclouded days of her innocent and lovely girlhood Adelaide McCord was described by one who knew her well, as the most beautiful, accomplished and fascinating woman in the wide world.

Near the close of her brief and brilliant, though sorrow-clouded career—she died when she was only thirty-three years of age—she became the morganatic wife of the King of Wurtemburg, one of the lesser crowned heads of the German Empire; but her sway over the minds of men of letters and

art, and over the hearts of the multitude had already crowned her, in all the great capitals of the world, the queen of beauty, love, wit, poesy and dramatic art.

She was born in the old Spanish pueblo of Nacogdoches in Texas, where she was reared among school companions, boys and girls, her peers in social standing, and whose names have become distinguished in that world in which Talleyrand said there were but five hundred people—people who ranked above Col. Ward McAllister's "four hundred."

From what sources was drawn the purple tide of life that flowed through the veins of Adelaide McCord we do not know; but that her father was of Scotch extraction on one side, at least, is evident from the name. That there was a chain of Hebrew–Spanish blood in her, may as likely be surmised from the fragmentary traditions we have of her short life.

For years she held at her feet, metaphorically, and in some instances actually, in resistless enchantment, the most noted men of two continents, and was the favorite toast in bazar, club and palace in all the great cosmopolitan cities of the world.

No woman, probably ever faced a camera so often. Two hundred and fifty likenesses of her were in existence a few years ago. The wealthy owner of a palatial hotel in New York, and two theaters besides, being the possessor of the collection. Its weight in gold, costly frames and all, would probably not tempt the collector to part with it, for he doubtless knows its historic and artistic value. It is said that he considers two of those pictures as priceless as the books of the Sibyls. They would bring any sum demanded from either of two of the most distinguished men of letters in Europe, Algernon Charles Swinburne and the younger Dumas.

As a literary woman Adelaide McCord was even more appreciated on the other side of the Atlantic than in America. Her poems were published in both the United States and Europe in half a dozen different languages. Charles Dickens, who was a frequent guest at her *dejeuners a-la-fourchette*, edited those poems. Her talents as an entertainer were as

marked as her means were unlimited in making her breakfasts, dinners and little suppers the most exquisite imaginable. Around her festive board were often grouped D'Israeli, afterward the Earl of Beaconsfield, then a member of the British Parliament, and the most fashionable novelist of that period; Charles Reade, Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton, Jenny Lind, George Sand, the Earl of Derby, the dukes of Wellington, Edinburgh and Hamilton, the Prince of Wales, Theirs, Gambetti, Carlyle, Fechter, Dion Boucicault, Swinburne, Theophile Gautier, Flaubert, the elder Dumas, and a host of others, the literary, social and political peers of those mentioned, as well as many of the lesser lights of the world of letters and art. All these were happy to be her guests, held willing captives by her wit, beauty and charming personality.

As an actress, her receipts for one week, at the Gaieties in Paris, reached the sum of three hundred and fifty thousand francs—seventy thousand dollars. There she played to crowded houses one hundred nights. Royalty, represented at that period of her life by the third Napoleon and the Princes Jerome and Lucien Bonaparte, applauded her performances. The jealousy of the beautiful Empress Eugenie was the subject of remark, jest and witty comment in all the fashionable clubs, rendezvous and reunions of Paris.

By the irony of fate, Adelaide McCord, the beautiful Texan, is only known to the world as Adah Isaacs Menken. Menken was the name of the musician who came across the disk of her planet when she was twenty-four years of age, and persuaded her to become his most unhappy wife. From that ill-starred union she was released in the divorce courts, and after two other equally unhappy legal alliances, was freed, to become, a short time before her death, the morganatic wife of the King of Wurtemburg.

In one, or perhaps several, of the encyclopædias of this century, she is only briefly mentioned as Adah Isaacs Menken, and no record is found of her well-known marriage to the King of Wurtemburg. But at the time of her death in Paris, she was known as the Queen of Wurtemburg. The

same authority claims that her birthplace was New Orleans—a very natural mistake to the writer not trained to accuracy in the investigation of facts, for it was in that city that she and her sister made their first appearance on the boards as dancers in "Fazio." At one period of her early womanhood she taught in a seminary. It is likely that one possessed of such wondrous versatility, did this well. But the stage drew her to a more brilliant rostrum. She appeared in New York in 1859; in Paris in 1860.

She is described by the journals of those days as a beauty of the medium brunette type, with fair and delicately tinted complexion, rich red lips, pearly teeth, large, lustrous brown eyes, black eyebrows and lashes, dark hair that fell in natural waves around a face of classic mould, radiant with youthful happiness and innocence, united with an intelligence which was prophetic of the possibilities and probabilities of her future.

General Alford and Col. Thomas Ochiltree were among her school companions in Texas, and the former supplies the largest part of the data used in the preparation of this sketch. He is fond of relating, in the manner of a thoroughbred gentleman, all that he knows of the story of his lovely playmate, who, in "after years, had kings, princes, poets, and warriors at her feet"—who, as a playmate of his own age, joined in the pastimes of the boys and girls about the old log hut they called a schoolhouse, and that, years afterwards, he met her in Paris, where she was the morganatic wife of the King of Wurtemburg; and of how, in London, she was the reigning sensation — her carriage followed by admiring throngs, and her crest, "a horse's head, surmounted by four aces," the theme of constant discussion. "I met her," said the General, "in one of my visits to Paris. Tom Ochiltree and I were sitting together in the court of the Grand Hotel. She was then the Queen of Wurtemburg, and at the zenith of her career. The King was with her when she drove in, but soon excused himself, begging her to continue her drive."

"A party of Frenchmen were admiring her and making extravagant wishes about having her acquaintance.

"Tom and I exchanged smiles. He arose and slowly walked toward her carriage."

"Hello, Tom!" she cried, extending her hand, "get in and take a drive."

"Great was the surprise expressed by the Frenchmen, but greater still when the American with the ease of old acquaintanceship, stepped into the gorgeous vehicle, and was wheeled away to the Boulevard. The next day we both called on her and enjoyed a few hours in delightful reminiscences of our childish pleasures in old Nacogdoches."

None of her name or kindred are now living in Texas, but dear is her memory to those who knew her as the generous, warm-hearted, lovely little companion of their childhood.

She endeared herself to the Southern heart by her warm espousal of the Confederate cause. Her rooms in Baltimore, where she was during the early days of the struggle, were profusely decorated with Confederate flags and other tokens of her intense patriotism and devotion to her own native Southland in the memorable days of the struggle against the national authority. Her defiance became so conspicuous, that on one occasion she was placed under arrest to quell her Southern ardor. Vain effort!

It was not long after this that she became the reigning toast in Paris and London.

Peaceful was the close of her erratic, tempest-tossed life. In 1868 she calmly met the dread King of Kings in Paris. She donned her own white bridal robes to meet her last ghostly bridegroom, and, thus attired and veiled, was borne to beautiful, peaceful Pere la Chaise. Here she reposed for three years, when her remains were claimed by the people of her adopted faith, and now they lie at rest in the Hebrew cemetery of Mont Parnesse. "Thou Knowest," was the legend inscribed upon her monument in Pere la Chaise; now, on the granite shaft in Mont Parnesse is carved "Infelix." "Thou Knowest" was the more fitting inscription.

In regard to those painful passages in her life, which have, no doubt, been exaggerated and printed to feed a morbid taste for prurient literature, it is best to let them die the

natural death which is sure to follow all such criticisms, whether they attack the morganatic queen of a king or the widowed Queen and Empress of the most powerful Kingdom and Empire on the globe.

None but an exalted and over-scrupulous nature could have dictated the beautiful and touching poem selected from her volume of verse, and containing the too open confession of a soul steeped in sorrow, her "Lament for a Life."

LAMENT FOR A LIFE.

Where is the promise of my years,
Once written on my brow?
Ere sorrows, agonies and fears
Brought with them all that speaks in tears,
Ere I had sunk beneath my peers—
Where sleeps that promise now?

Naught lingers to redeem those hours,
Still, still to memory sweet,
The flowers that bloomed in sunny bowers
Are withered all; and evil towers
Supreme above the sister powers
Of sorrow and deceit.

I look along the columned years
And see life's riven fane,
Just where it fell, amid the jeers
Of scornful lips, whose mocking sneers
Forever hiss within mine ears.
To break the sleep of pain.

I can but own my life is vain,
A desert void of peace;
I missed the goal I sought to gain,
I missed the measure of the strain
That lulls Fame's fever in the brain,
And bids earth's tumult cease.

Myself! Alas for theme so poor,
A theme but rich in fear!
I stand a wreck on Error's shore,
A spectre not within the door,
A houseless shadow evermore
An exile lingering here.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WIVES OF PROMINENT MEN.

MRS. JAMES S. HOGG—MRS. RICHARD COKE—MRS. JOHN H. REAGAN—MRS. GEORGE CLARK—MRS. WM. HENRY CRAIN.

MRS. JAMES S. HOGG.—The late wife of ex-Governor James S. Hogg was the daughter of J. A. Stinson and Ann West, of Georgia, in which State she was born; with her parents she moved to Texas in 1860, and was educated principally under the tuition of Prof. M. H. Looney, at the town of Gilmer. She was married in April, 1874, and thereafter lived successively at Quitman, Mineola and Tyler, in each of which places her husband opened a law office, establishing himself finally in the latter town, which was their home when he was elected Attorney-General of Texas in 1886. He entered upon the duties of this office in January, of the following year, and continued in it two successive terms when he was elected Governor of the State. In the latter position he also served two terms, retiring from office in January, 1895. It may be mentioned, in this connection, that to Governor Hogg belongs the peculiar distinction of being the first and only native Texan to fill either the office of Governor or Attorney-General. During his continuous public service of eight years his residence was at Austin, the capital of the State, where Mrs. Hogg, by her gentleness and Christian virtues, formed many warm attachments and created the wealth of resources that served to enrich her social life. On resuming the duties of a private citizen, her husband chose Austin as their future home, and there, in a peaceful atmosphere of her own creation, she dwelt among friends. Her health, always feeble, soon gave signs of alarming failure, and she was taken to Pueblo, Colorado, in the hope of benefit from its salubrious climate. She,

MRS. JAMES S. HOGG.

however, derived no advantage from the change, but rapidly declined, and died there on the 21st of September, 1895. The body was carried to Austin, where, at the request of the incumbent Executive, solemn obsequies were held at the gubernatorial mansion, and it was thence conveyed, amid universal sorrow, to its last resting place in the city's cemetery.

Mrs. Hogg left four children; Willie, Ima, Mike and Tom. Her father and mother and two brothers also survive her.

Mrs. Hogg was quiet in her manners, retiring in her habits, unobtrusive in social intercourse, unostentatious in her hospitality, and instinctively humane in dispensing the sweet charities of life. As long as true worth and good works are valued among men, will lives like hers be cherished as helpful memories in the direction of human conduct.

MRS. RICHARD COKE.—In every sphere of life, as governor, judge, United States senator or citizen, Senator Coke has evinced his superior ability, and is prominent among the eminent men of Texas. He has climbed the rugged hill of political preferment: dignified the positions he has held, and it is easy to trace his voluntary retirement from public life to the sources of that ennobling affection which has contributed to the domestic harmony of his home in Waco. During recent years Mrs. Coke's health has visibly failed. To be near her, and by gentle and unremitting watchfulness to add to her content, is to gratify his ambition, and yield to her the happiness that the formal routine of social life could not offer.

THE MISTRESS OF FORT HOUSTON.—Mrs. John H. Reagan, *nee* Miss Mollie Ford Taylor, is a conspicuous figure among the notable and prominent women of Texas.

"My marriage to Mr. Reagan was the first thing that ever happened to me," was the laughing remark of Mrs. Reagan. That it was a happy happening may well be inferred from the further statement of both parties that "it was a veritable love match."

It was in 1875 that Mrs. Reagan accompanied her husband to the federal capital, where he went to take his seat

for his third term in the United States House of Representatives.

Her social successes, almost triumphs, began with her first introduction into the most exclusive, distinguished, and intellectual circles of the capital. Her receptions were noted for their brilliancy, while their lovely leader commanded the highest respect and esteem as the secretary of her distinguished husband, a post she really held many years before she received the government appointment as such. She has always taken a thorough and intelligent interest in her husband's work and career. Mrs. Reagan's home in Texas, Fort Houston, near Palestine, is noted far and wide for its stately old-style beauty, and the graceful hospitalities dispensed by its accomplished mistress.

MRS. GEORGE CLARK, of Waco, was reared in an atmosphere of cultivation. Her father, Major Clement Read Johns, enjoyed the confidence and esteem of people in every part of the State. His military career began in 1836, and in 1840 he was elected and served as a member of the Fifth Congress of the Republic of Texas. He will be remembered as the author of the famous bill passed at that session of Congress to quiet titles to lands of the Republic. Judge Clark is one of the most prominent jurists and politicians in the State, and surrounded by the environments that prosperous fortune confers, his wife maintains the position she is called to occupy with signal grace.

MRS. WILLIAM HENRY CRAIN can be justly termed a daughter of Texas. Her father, Capt. Isaac N. Mitchell, was a successful planter, and often a soldier from 1838 to his death, in 1853. Her mother, Mrs. Mary A. Mitchell, was the daughter of Maj. James Kerr, a gentleman thoroughly identified with southwestern Texas from his arrival in February, 1825, to his death in December, 1850, he having been the first settler at Gonzales, and long surveyor of both the colonies of De Witt and De Leon. Her mother, Mrs. Angeline Kerr, died in a camp on the San Bernard shortly after landing

MRS. GEORGE CLARK.

at the mouth of the Brazos, soon followed by her two little sons, and was buried in the wilderness by a few men with only two ladies present, one of whom, Mrs. Mary E. Bell, a devoted Christian, read the burial service at the grave. Mrs. Kerr left an only child, Mary, to reach womanhood, and become the mother of Mrs. Crain. Major Kerr was married a second time, in 1833, to Miss Sarah G. Fulton, of Victoria, formerly of New York. Together they watched over Mary from early girlhood until her marriage. After the Mexican invasion, in 1836, her education was continued at St. Mary's Seminary, first at "The Barrens," and then at Cape Girardeau, Missouri. Returning home, in 1839, she long ranked as one of the most accomplished and amiable young ladies in that portion of Texas. In July, 1843, she married Captain Mitchell. Some years after his death she married Mr. Sheldon, and died at Halletsville in 18—. Her daughter, Angeline Mitchell, the subject of this sketch, was born in Laraca County, thoroughly educated in the convents at Galveston and New Orleans, becoming an accomplished young woman, enjoying the love of a large circle of kindred, including several brothers and sisters, and a large circle of friends, until her marriage to William Henry Crain, a brilliant young lawyer, who was for about ten years, a widely known member of Congress from southwest Texas, residing in Cuero, De Witt County. Mrs. Crain passed several winters with her husband in Washington, but for some years has preferred to remain at home, watching over the training and welfare of her children. She has ever been patriotic, loving Texas with a devotion worthy of a true daughter, proving that she is a worthy descendant of her grand-parents, Major and Mrs. Kerr, both of whom descended from approved Revolutionary stock. Major Kerr, through both his father and mother (James Kerr, Sr., and his wife Patience Wells), who were the children of conspicuous Revolutionary soldiers from Maryland in the war of 1776, while Mrs. Kerr was a scion of the noted Caldwell family of Kentucky, her father, Gen. James Caldwell, having been speaker of the House of Representatives in both Kentucky and the Territory of Missouri.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MRS. LUCY HOLCOMB PICKENS—MRS. MARY MERCER ORD.

MRS. LUCY HOLCOMB PICKENS.—A very graceful writer of Texas reminiscences, in recalling the incidents of pioneer life in the young Republic, speaks of his companions in the primitive schoolhouse of that day, among whom he refers, by name, to four charming pupils of the little girl class as "a quartette of the most noted beauties and loveliest women Texas has ever produced." He also describes Adelaide McCord, "one of the most famous women of modern times, known to fame as Adah Isaacs Menken," whose life, it may be mentioned, we have presented in this, our gallery of Prominent Women. "But," continues the writer of the reminiscences, after passing this bright array in review, "the loveliest, purest and best of all this brilliant coterie of early schoolmates, was the stately and matchless beauty, Lucy Holcomb, who stands without a peer in magnificent Texas womanhood." This incomparable woman, this woman "without a peer," was destined to a career as splendid in the country's history as had been her brief reign among her rustic companions in the wilds of primeval Texas. In 1856 she married Colonel Pickens, member of Congress from South Carolina, and was at once crowned queen of Edgewood, her husband's ancestral home in Edgefield County of that State. In the year following her marriage, her husband was appointed by President Buchanan, minister to represent the United States government near the imperial court of St. Petersburg. She there became a favorite, and was recognized as a particular star in the diplomatic constellation of the bright capital. Her only child was born in the midst of the resplendent trappings of royalty, for the Empress had provided apartments for the interesting event

in the imperial palace of Romanoff. Still further to testify her affection, the Empress assumed the duties of the baby girl's god-mother and gave her the name of "Douschka," which, interpreted from the Russ, signifies "a little darling." Both the powerful sponsor and her sovereign lord, the Czar, though confessing allegiance to no other power, never faltered in the loyalty of their love for Douschka, the petted scion of American democracy. On leaving the Russian capital for her home two years later, the Emperor conferred upon her a medallion, bearing his own effigy, and in the years that followed her departure the imperial family celebrated each birthday anniversary with loving greetings and tokens of costly value.

In 1860 Colonel Pickens resigned his mission, having been elected Governor of South Carolina. That year and that State are both conspicuously memorable in the history of the country. Then and there were initiated the measures that culminated in the greatest civil revolution of modern times. On entering his new service Governor Pickens' official home was Columbia, the State's capital, and there, in the executive mansion, Mrs. Pickens discharged with inimitable grace and dignity the social functions belonging to her husband's high office. Her life was devoted to the Southern cause, and her zeal gave her lasting prominence among the patriotic women of the South. She was honored equally by soldiers and civilians, and, in compliment to her fervor, her picture was engraved upon the currency of the Confederate States.

By invitation of General Beauregard, Governor Pickens went from the capital to Charleston to witness the first act of the great war. He took his family with him. On the 12th of April, 1861, at the hour of 4:30 in the morning—a day and hour never to be forgotten in the military history of America—the General took little Douschka in his arms, and placed in her tiny hand the lighted match that fired the first gun of the Confederate war. The little maiden gave the impulse that, for four years, was felt on every sea and in every land of the earth. The sequel is matter of history. Fort Sumter,

on which Douschka's gun was trained, after short resistance, surrendered to the Confederates who held it to the end of the contest, then abandoned it "a pile of ruins." When that end came little Douschka's Columbian home was also laid in ruins, and all then left of South Carolina's capital was the charred skeleton of a city standing in the midst of desolation to mark the fierce vengeance of the Attila of the North. That gloomy end of the fruitless struggle was also witness of the first heart sorrow of Douschka's life—the death of her father.

After the death of the Governor, Mrs. Pickens continued to live at Edgewood where, after some years, her daughter Douschka was married to Doctor Dugas, of Augusta, Georgia. On this occasion the bride received from the Czar of Russia a silver tea service, in token of the continued affection of the imperial family. Her married life was comparatively brief; she died in 1893 while on a visit to her mother at the old homestead, and left for the solace of their grandmother two interesting little children. The funeral was attended by people of every class; her pall-bearers were former slaves of her father, and all the other surviving slaves were present as mourners. To these colored friends the grief-stricken mother, standing by the body of her beloved dead, addressed a touching acknowledgment of past faithfulness and devotion, and invoked their continuance to herself and the little ones of their young mistress. Her splendid tribute on this sorrowful occasion reveals alike the fidelity of the servants and the confidence of the mistress—they, by their acts, reflecting her gentleness and generosity, she, by hers, their gratitude and loyalty.

Mrs. Pickens lives in resigned contentment at the once happy Edgewood where, under the burden of her sorrows, she is distinguished for the same affable grace that made her beloved by the cheerful throng of the great, or at the gay ceremonial of a brilliant court.

MRS. MARY MERCER ORD, the widow of Gen. E. O. C. Ord, of the United States army, had resided many years in San

Antonio previous to her recent death in that city, and had so fully identified herself with the social life of the State as to entitle her to a place among the prominent women of Texas. She was the daughter of Judge Robert A. Thompson, who moved to California in 1848, and was afterwards chief justice of his adopted State. On the boat that bore Judge Thompson and his daughter to California were Ulysses S. Grant, W. Tecumseh Sherman and Phil. Sheridan, all lieutenants in the United States army at that time.

It will be remembered that Mrs. Ord was a Southerner by birth, having three brothers who fought in the Confederate army, and she belonged on the maternal side of her house to the old Slaughter family of Virginia, who were active Confederates during the strife. She was married to General Ord in 1854, and was hence on the Federal side of the line during the war. She was with her husband much of the time while he was in active service, and witnessed several battles. She was the first lady who entered Richmond after its fall. The flames consuming the magazines and storehouses of the Confederates were still burning as she rode into the city beside her husband, who was at the head of his command.

In 1875 General Ord was assigned to the command of the department of the United States army, the headquarters of which were at San Antonio. His wife accompanied him, and has lived in that city much of the time until her death, although her husband left her a widow in 1880. Her three Confederate-soldier brothers who survive her, are: Mr. Frank Thompson, formerly city assayer of San Francisco; Reginald Thompson, member of Congress from Louisville, Kentucky; and another, who was late minister of the United States to Brazil. Her three sons are: Lieut. E. O. C. Ord, of the Arkansas Military College; Lieut. Garsche Ord, of the United States army, stationed at Fort Sam Houston; and Mr. James Ord, of Monterey, Mexico. Her daughters are Mrs. Lucie Ord Mason, and Mrs. Frederick Ord Hillcourt. She had also a son-in-law, General Trevino, of Monterey.

Mrs. Ord's home in San Antonio was an interesting residence decorated with rare taste, bric-a-brac, curios, antiques,

and, what was of more value and interest to every visitor, sacred trophies of the war greeted the eye at every turn. Among many interesting relics the writer recalls a large silk flag, American of course, and of unusual historic interest, while in the back parlor of the Ord home hung Ben Butler's tattered and bullet-riddled "Lone Star" ensign. It was the flag that floated over Butler's headquarters during his never-to-be-forgotten residence in New Orleans. As it hung in Mrs. Ord's parlor it was much dilapidated. A large piece was torn from the lower corner, and the flag had many significant holes, all over it, made by dangerous, deadly, minie rifle balls. General Ord succeeded Butler in New Orleans and that is the solution of how Mrs. Ord came in possession of the flag.

The most famous and valuable of the relics which had been in Mrs. Ord's house was not there at the time of her death. It had passed from her possession into that of Mr. Gunther, a wealthy confectioner, of Chicago, who bought it for one thousand dollars. It was, or is, only a little table, a very ordinary piece of cabinet work of cheap material with a marble top, but on that table General Lee and General Grant signed the paper which surrendered the Southern army and virtually ended the war.

Mrs. Ord parted with this souvenir with much regret. Mrs. Grant and Mr. Fred. Grant both wanted it. General Ord had prized it highly. He was present when the surrender was signed at Appomattox Courthouse, and, knowing what its future value would be, set it aside.

In one corner of the marble top of the table is a nick about one inch long and probably a quarter of an inch deep. This was made by the hilt of General Lee's sword striking the table when he rose after signing the paper. When the marble chip fell on the floor General Sheridan picked it up and put it in his pocket.

Mrs. Ord is also my authority for stating that the table which Mrs. General Custer has, and which she thinks is the one upon which the articles of surrender were signed is not the one it is purported to be, but that it is of great historic

interest and value also, as it is the one upon which General Gibbon wrote the order which was afterward signed by Grant, announcing Lee's surrender. General Custer was present at the time, and, after the other gentlemen had left the room seized the table and handed it out of the window, telling one of his men to take care of it for him.

It would require a long chapter to enumerate and relate the stories of the war relics that were in the Ord house in San Antonio. In that home Mrs. Ord was the living exponent of them all, her every movement and gesture indicative of dignity and grace, her every word significant of the culture of the lady. Her face beamed with the kindness and benevolence of her heart. Her fine hair, touched with silver and arranged high on her nobly poised head, added to her queenly appearance and stately bearing. Her conversation was rich in historic memories, while she commanded at all times the respect due a noble woman in the autumn of life.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE UNCROWNED QUEEN OF THE WEST.

MRS. RICHARD KING.—The landed estates of the widow of Capt. Richard King consist of about 2,000 square miles in Southern Texas. Richard Harding Davis, in one of his interesting sketches, says truly: "It is difficult to imagine a solitary family occupying an area large enough to support, in the East, a State capital, with governor, legislature, numerous towns, and competing systems of railways."

Imagine, if you can, a castle, removed from the Rhine, the classic and beautiful river which moves gently on and ever under the enchanting wand of romance. A castle but the enchanter's wand reaches not over the silver-gray waves, the close-cropped lands, the stunted growth, the rifled vineyards, the square-cut villages of Germany, but the broad, wild, ocean-like, undulating, magnificent expanses of this immense State. Texas is larger than New England, and larger

than many a principality over which crowned heads lift their scepters, and Mrs. King owns 1,250,000 acres within it and rules a little world of her own. Her employes are virtually controlled by her; she is to each one of them a generous friend, and they are pleased to execute such plans as she devises for the general good. Thus it is that one representative in the next Congress will be nominated and elected by a woman, without casting a vote herself or caring for the right of suffrage. Her palace at Corpus Christi is her home for several months of the year. Here may be found all the luxuries of the East, every modern appliance for comfort, or for the gratification of æsthetic tastes in art, literature or domestic economy. Its substantial walls combine the solidity of the old world with the grace and freedom of the new. As handsomely and thoroughly equipped as any white marble mansion that lifts its costly, aristocratic front on 5th Avenue, New York, this surprise in architecture is set against the background of the golden-gated West. Corpus Christi is the terminus of a railway, and the continuous stream of wagons that once bore ice and every other luxury and necessity to the ranch is now replaced by a branch railroad of her own. Long cattle trains leave Corpus Christi to carry Mrs. King's cattle to the East. Her home on the ranch stands, like a baronial castle, on an eminence, while around it are the well-tilled fields and gardens, the homes of her dependents, clustering around the central chateau. She who reigns over that magnificent territory of 1,250,000 acres and all of its industries, is a generous, wise and good woman who has reached the meridian of life, a benefactress to all who find employment within her domain.

By examining the records of the land-office at Washington City, there will be found some startling and interesting facts relative to that immense country which extends from Southern Texas into that pathetically beautiful country of Mexico, where Maximilian was executed and poor Carlotta went mad for love of him. On the map it seems to terminate at the Rio Grande, whose murmuring waters so soon hide away the red drop of human blood that tinges the stream

with melancholy. This vast region, larger than New England, with her five strong States, is owned by four families—the Kings, Kennedys, Collinses and Armstrongs. Their names show their nationalities. An old-fashioned, though picturesque stage route carries you over this section from Brownsville to Alice in about forty hours. You may pass on unconscious of the beauty and romantic surroundings, but if you are poet or artist you will be alive to your opportunities. The old-time stage carries mail for a large part of Mexico.

This vast territory over which you have been asleep, or perchance grumbling, or happily wide-awake to its attractions, belongs to the Mrs. King of whom this sketch is written. The cattle grazing upon these thousands and tens of thousand acres, are all her own. The ranch is called Santa Gertrudes and is the largest in the world. It is bounded by Corpus Christi Bay for a distance of forty miles, and the barbed wire fences on the land side, extend a distance of three hundred miles. You would indeed be unappreciative if you passed over so grand an expanse without involuntarily paying homage to the uncrowned possessor of this vast estate, who deserves the honor in her personal worth as well as property.

Remember the power this position gives, and she has not abused it. From her front door to her front gate is thirteen miles. The Duke of Norfolk can ride from beautiful old Arundel Castle to London on his own lands. Mrs. King can pass over 2,000 square miles without trespassing upon another's premises. Among the herds that feed on the green pastures of the prairie lands are 200,000 cattle of improved and imported breeds. The current expenses of her ranch consume more than $100,000 per annum; 300 cowboys are employed, 1,200 ponies being furnished them. She is the good Lady Bountiful to her people.

When the first Presbyterian minister who ever crossed the Rio Grande, went into the wilderness, staff and Bible in hand, to preach the Gospel to the descendants of the Aztecs, to the Indian lord of the forest, to the untraced mixed races that

had gathered there, how little had he, save his faith and courage, and how remote from him was the dream that to a greater multitude his own little daughter was to come after him, in his own footsteps, a teacher, a guide, a benefactress, the veritable Queen of the Plains, where the turf was the hassock whereon he knelt, and the blue dome his only temple for worship. It is most fitting that she, his daughter, should reign there; that her children and grandchildren should inherit her grand possessions. One of her daughters is the wife of Robert J. Kleberg, her general manager, and though his position is one of great responsibility, Mrs. King's is greater still.

For every twenty miles of fencing one man is employed, to see that no break is made, and, of course, he must have his assistants. Besides, there are the shepherds, the cowboys, the maids, the hostlers, the gardeners, the farmers, the families that find employment and earn a good living.

Power involves responsibility. Mrs. King is not to be envied save in the power of doing good.

CHAPTER XXX.

MRS. J. C. WALKER—MRS. JOHN C. WEST—MRS. MARY C. BILLINGS.

MRS. WALKER, wife of Hon. James C. Walker, is of Irish parentage. Bound by hereditary custom, she adheres to the tenets of the Catholic Church with which she has been prominently identified. During a residence of twenty-four years in Waco, she has helped to build three Catholic Churches. The first one was condemned and had to be taken down; the second, a small one, soon became inadequate for the uses of an enlarged membership. The present cathedral, with its stained windows and handsome pictures, gives evidence of her enthusiasm and talent.

She has shown an intelligent sympathy with every movement in the world of art and literature, and her home has

been the center of attraction for men and women distinguished in those fields of effort.

Her executive ability and her energies find expression in religious, philanthropic, literary and social channels.

MRS. JOHN C. WEST.—The story of benevolence in Texas cannot be fully told nor the measure of its relief fully realized without embracing in the narrative a record of the good works and unselfish devotion of Mrs. John C. West.

She was born in South Carolina, and came to Texas in 1858, first living in Austin, then, in the following year, moving to Waco, where she has since resided. Her grandfather, Robert Stark, was among the earliest settlers of Columbia, the capital of her native state, and the old homestead is there still owned by the family, who revere it as the patriarchal seat of their house. This ancestor was a noted solicitor of South Carolina, and is distinguished in her judicial annals for the vigor and ability with which he enforced her criminal laws.

Mrs. West is an active member of The Home, a prosperous charitable institution of Waco, also President of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A., and also closely identified with every organized work of benevolence instituted by her church. The duties she assumes are arduous and exacting, yet none are overlooked, neither does she relax in the domestic attentions that make her home the abiding place of cheerfulness and hospitality. Martha was "careful" and given to the service of the household, Mary sat at the Master's feet "and heard his word." Happy is she who unites in her daily life the duties of both the sisters of Bethany!

MRS. MARY C. BILLINGS, Evangelist. While nearly all women are religiously inclined, and very many are more or less close observers of church discipline and practice, but few are actively engaged in the duties that appertain to the clergy. Of this number is Mrs. Mary C. Billings, an ordained minister in the Universalist Church, doing missionary work in Texas, and associated with her husband,

of the same congregation, who is superintendent of its missions in the State. Her labors are among a people who are easily accessible through the medium of a faith that appeals to their sense of human infirmity and to their reliance upon the saving grace of a divine compassion. This faith teaches that the sacrifice of the cross was a perfect, and not a conditional atonement, an expiation whereby the guilt of all men was extinguished through the obedience of the Great Sufferer. In this belief the Universalist, of course, rejects the doctrine of eternal punishment, and embraces that of a perfect reconciliation after death between the Creator and his human children. In some non-essentials the Universalists differ among themselves, especially in regard to the future state; some believe in a remedial punishment of limited duration after death; others believe that all will be happy immediately after the dissolution of the body, but in different degrees; and still others believe that this happiness will be equal and alike among all the multitude of the redeemed. But, differ as they may upon points of less vital interest, they are united upon the fundamental doctrine of the final and perfect happiness of all mankind. In this belief, Mrs. Billings, like her co-religionists, imputes to human weakness every sin, and fills her heaven with all the human race. Her mission, therefore, binds her closer to the universal brotherhood that is to live and love unbroken through the eternal eons of the future. It draws her nearer to her fellow-man on earth, and opens up channels of sympathy through which her godly lessons find access to his heart.

Though Mrs. Billings has largely given her life to clerical work, she has displayed great activity in other fields of usefulness. She has written two books, one a work of fiction, entitled "Emma Clermert," and the other a holiday publication, known as "The Wonderful Christmas Tree." Both were well received and were flatteringly commended by the press. While abroad, some years since, she wrote "Thitherside Sketches," which were serially published in the *Ladies' Repository*, a Boston monthly, running through two years of that publication. Mrs. Billings has also been, and still is,

a prolific writer for northern journals and periodicals. These productions are both in prose and verse, and from each have been culled specimens of choice composition to be compiled in book form for literary readers. Among these compilations may be mentioned "Poets and Poetry of Printerdom," "Women in Sacred Song," and "Our Women Workers." Mrs. Billings is a member of The Texas Woman's Press Association, and of The Woman's State Council, in both of which bodies she takes an active and intelligent interest.

Mrs. Billings' wedded life has been twice overshadowed by a wife's greatest sorrow. In her present nuptials she is united to a husband who is a companion in its truest sense—holding the same faith, working in the same vineyard, hoping for the same reward. Mrs. Billings has no children. Epaminondas, too, was childless. It is related of him that hearing some one regret that he had no children to inherit his honors, he replied that his deeds were his children and they would survive him. Like the Theban patriot, Mrs. Billings may well feel that her good works are her children and that they will live after her.

CHAPTER XXXI.

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN.

MRS. W. L. PRATHER—MRS. THOMAS J. WILLIAMS—MRS. L. W. GOODRICH—MRS. H. C. STONE—MRS. EVA L. BARDEN.

MRS. W. L. PRATHER'S dignity, graceful ease and finished culture are appreciated in the best circles. A Virginian by birth, she belongs to one of the oldest families in that State. Her father, Dr. Kirkpatrick, a distinguished minister of the Presbyterian Church, was for many years the professor of moral philosophy at Washington and Lee University. His daughter, Miss Fanny, was married in 1875 to Col. Wm. L. Prather, a prominent member of the Texas bar, a man whose broad humanity and learning fit him for a splendid

public career. The Prather home, one of the most elegant and desirable in Waco, is the center of a polished coterie, where are welcome not only the statesman and scholar, the gifted and the distinguished, but the less fortunate, who stand in need of sympathy and encouragement. The reception extended her guest by Mrs. Prather is that of a kind hostess and an accomplished gentlewoman.

MRS. THOMAS J. WILLIAMS, *nee* Miss Mary Tyler Curtis, daughter of the celebrated Doctor Curtis, and niece of Lord Curtis, of Scotland, was directly related to three presidents; Monroe, Harrison and Tyler. Her mother, Christian Tyler Williams, was the youngest daughter of Governor Tyler, of Virginia, and the sister of President Tyler. The family have two interesting souvenirs, a pen and a table used by President Tyler. The latter was made from Texas minerals and native woods, and presented to President Tyler by this State, after he had annexed Texas to the Union.

Mrs. Williams was originally from Richmond, Virginia, and came to Texas as the bride of Lieut. Thomas J. Williams, a graduate of West Point, who resigned his position in the United States army to enlist with the Confederate cause. He was appointed by President Jefferson Davis Commissary General for the Confederate States of America. Afterward he was made Indian Commissioner of Mexico, going thence to the Indian reservation in the Indian Territory. He went to Washington, and, through speeches and personal influence, was instrumental in obtaining the passage of a bill in Congress that made an appropriation for the land on which is located Fort Sam Houston Post, and for the building of the garrison quarters at San Antonio. He was devoted to Texas and army life, and, during the various changes of post, Colonel and Mrs. Williams have always considered San Antonio as home. There Mrs. Williams now resides, having been a widow for eight years. She is an accomplished musician; has written considerably for the press; and is an ardent lover of books. Being specially well posted upon political subjects, she exhibits a vital and becoming

interest in the issues of the day. Mrs. Williams' daughter, Mrs. Mary Settle, inherits her mother's literary tastes, is correspondent for army and navy journals, and a member of the Woman's Press Association of America.

The second daughter married Chief Justice John James. She has a third daughter, Miss Leta Williams, and a son, Mr. Tyler Curtis Williams, an attorney.

MRS. L. W. GOODRICH, the daughter of Judge N. W. Battle, is the granddaughter of Hon. E. G. Cabaniss, the eminent jurist of Georgia, who was elected to Congress soon after the surrender, but was, with other Southern Members, refused his seat in view of the new and arbitrary system of reconstruction which Congress had at that time determined upon. Judge Battle came to Waco in 1850, and it was here in 1869 that his daughter, Miss Alice, became the wife of Judge L. W. Goodrich, of Waco, who was elected in 1894 to his third term for the nineteenth Judicial District. Cultivated and refined, Mrs. Goodrich meets with grace and ease the claims of society. She never doubts her husband's success in his chosen avocation, and around his pathway her encouragement is a beacon light that never grows dim. Existing in the sunshine of a happy home, she reflects upon others her own quiet peace. Many women with fame world-wide might look with envy upon this mother of modest mien, surrounded by her children, her hands tied by a thousand silken chords of love to the tasks of home. She lives her own life, sweet violet like, close to the hearts of those about her. Bravely meeting the round of duties, uniting into one inheritance a house-wife's legacies of a hundred trades, and illustrating by her ceaseless devotion to them

> "How beautiful the law of love
> Can make the cares of daily life."

MRS. H. C. STONE.—In eighteen hundred and forty-one, Nacogdoches was the Athens of the young Republic of Texas, and many prominent and scholarly men made their homes there. Judge Edward T. Branch was presiding judge of the

district, and he and his wife, were making this their headquarters, and boarding in the home of General and Mrs. Thomas J. Rusk. Here their eldest child was born, a daughter, Cornelia Branch. After the battle of San Jacinto, General Houston spent some time in General Rusk's home, kindly ministered to by Mrs. Rusk, during his period of lameness, caused by a wound received in the ankle, on that decisive field. One of his friends had presented him with a very large easy chair of home manufacture, in which he might have a change of position when desired, and this relic was still in Mrs. Rusk's possession, and was brought forth for the cradle of the young child. Doctor Irvin, who was a well-known physician of that day, and an ardent Houston man, would look on the infant, so cradled, and remark, that "she was bound to be a great woman, cradled as she was, in the 'Old Chief's' chair." When little more than a year old, her father went to Liberty County, and from there she was sent, at eight years of age, to Galveston, then only a small town, where she attended a school established by the Rev. McCullough and his sisters. A school that flourished with wonderful success until the summers of fifty-three and four, when the sisters, Mrs. Riddell and Miss McCullough fell victims to the yellow fever, and the school was broken up. Before opening this school, Mr. McCullough had been the first pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Galveston, and prior to this, a pioneer missionary of the Republic. During the childhood of Miss Branch, her father was afflicted with almost total blindness, for a period of four years, and during this time she read to him anything that his taste dictated, which was of a highly cultivated order, and to this source, more than to schools, was due the formation of her mental character. A Daughter of the Republic of Texas, her heart glows with a warm patriotism, and when she felt that the rights of the South were threatened she entered with an earnest zeal into the cause of the South, laboring jointly with her mother in the hospitals, and in procuring money and clothing for the soldiers in the field. At the early age of fifteen she was married to Mr. H. C. Stone, a man of sterling character. Her associations all through life

have been much with men of note, and this, with extensive travel at home and abroad, has tended to give an attraction to her conversation. In her life of a little more than a half century, she has lived under four changes of government in Texas. She has only one child, a son, Harry Branch Stone.

Mrs. Eva L. Barden has always exercised an influence widely acknowledged. A decided literary taste has led her to read extensively, and a capacity for prose composition has been a resource for her leisure moments without detracting from the more delicate shades of feminine character. During the early period of her life spent in Chicago, Mrs. Barden improved the educational advantages offered her by sharing the laborious studies of her brother, Mr. Barber Lewis, who in after years made a brilliant congressional record. She is a descendant of the Barber family of Virginia and of the Gardners of Gardner's Island, New York. Her grandfather Lewis served through the Revolution. The death of her husband, Judge T. C. Barden, left her a widow in 1877 with two sons, Erskine B. and Edmund T. Barden.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WELL KNOWN IN SOCIAL LIFE.

MRS. WILLIAM M. RICE—MRS. J. A. BUCKLER—MESDAMES M'DONALD AND DOWNMAN.

Mrs. William M. Rice.—Distinguished alike for the dignity of her social functions, the elegance of her hospitality and the breadth of her benevolence, Mrs. Rice ranks easily with the foremost women of the South in all that concerns the most graceful offices of her sex. Her handsome presence, courtly manners and genial address unite in her the qualities essential to the success of the part she plays in the drama of life. Add to these

her consummate knowledge of human nature, with her broad charity in interpreting it, and her gentle humor in conciliating it, and the result is a character whose influence is irresistible throughout the domain of polite society. Thus equipped by instinct and by culture, Mrs. Rice readily assumes the rôle of representing, on important occasions, the proverbial refinement and generosity of her native city. When the daughter of the late president of the Confederacy recently visited Houston, her reception and entertainment by Mrs. Rice were of a kind to illustrate both the manners and the resources of the winsome hostess.

Mrs. Rice was born in the city of Houston and, as Miss Elizabeth Baldwin, was as popular a member of its society as she is in her maturer years. Her father was Mayor Baldwin, chief magistrate of the young town in the days of the Republic. She is related to the Astor family, of New York, through whom in her frequent visits, she has enjoyed unrivaled advantages in seeing society as it is organized in the most splendid and aristocratic city of America. She is also related to distinguished Southerners, among others to Judge Baldwin, of Mississippi.

After her marriage, Mrs. Rice gave much thought to the inauguration of systematic benevolence through which she hoped, by her efforts and her contributions, to produce the best attainable results for the largest number of beneficiaries. In consequence of her interest in this direction, her husband, William M. Rice, about three years ago founded the "Wm. M. Rice Institute for the Advancement of Literature, Science and Art," with domicile at Houston and with interest-bearing endowment of $200,000. The wife, following the example of her generous husband, supplemented this gift, and, together, they have since added further endowments until the aggregate funds of the institute now amount to a third of a million of dollars. A very valuable six-acre lot, in the city of Houston, has also been bought for the institute by its liberal founders and the erection of suitable buildings will follow as fast as the plans are matured. The establishment will comprise a public library and a polytechnic school, the former for

the free use of the people, and the latter for their gratuitous instruction in practical branches of learning, open to all Texans, men and women alike. A board of trustees, composed of seven citizens of Houston, has been chosen, and Mrs. Rice is already in the field making and classifying collections for the fine arts department, over which she will specially preside.

In estimating the importance of the Rice contribution to the general relief, no small part of its value will be found due to the peculiar nature of the gift and to the timely manner of its giving. The progress of discovery and invention has created new industries, and supplanted old ones, and, in so doing, it has created a demand for skilled labor and made vacant many of the places of the unskilled. The consequence of this revolution in the laboring world has been to relegate to idleness and want, multitudes of strong, willing and intelligent workers. The wise and seasonable inspiration of Mrs. Rice proposes a remedy for the evil. Free of cost, the manual laborer may acquire technical training and thus be fitted for his new condition in life. Unspeakable calamities will be averted, and honors untold will crown the work of a public benefactress.

MRS. J. A. BUCKLER.—One has only to look into the face of "Mrs. Judge Buckler," as she is known to her large circle of devoted friends in San Antonio, to understand the cause of her universal popularity and that quality of high regard which has protected her from the shafts of adverse criticism, albeit dwelling "in the white light that beats about a throne." For she is a social leader well known throughout Texas.

Her noble, lovely face reflects the beautiful soul and lucid intellect which animates her whole being. Her warm friendships, her genial temperament, her correct judgment and delicate tact, her exquisite taste in all matters, personal, domestic and social, combine to give her the great influence which she exerts for good, not only in her home in San Antonio, but wherever she is known.

A blonde of that fair English type which drew from Pope Gregory the First the exclamation about some British children brought as captives to Rome: "Angles do you say these children are? Say, rather, they are angels." Mrs. Buckler is one of those rare women who, attaching no undue importance to the beauty which is only a fading flower at best, knows that it is a heaven-given dower to be utilized only for the highest purposes and aims. She dresses with exquisite taste, but her every movement and look impresses the beholder with the conviction that this is the result of a conscientious love of the true and the beautiful, not the outcome of petty feminine vanity. She is too well-born and too well-bred to violate the laws of good taste and "good form" in this or any other matter pertaining to social ethics.

It is not generally known that her presence in the senate chamber of Kentucky once served as an inspiration to the famous author of "The Moneyless Man," but the poem containing the description of her, and published by him in *The Louisville Journal*, has been copied far and wide.

Mrs. Buckler was, until the past summer, the treasurer of that esthetic organization of the ladies of San Antonio, "The Flower Battle Association," having resigned that position, which she filled so admirably, to go North. While her functions, as that officer, could well be supplied by another capable and public-spirited woman, her loss, as a social factor in the success of its annual fête, was universally regretted. The young people of San Antonio, as well as her sister officers and members of this association, missed, while remembering the inspiration of, their most popular and enthusiastic promoter of the beautiful and allegorical festival imported from the sunny skies of Italy to those of Texas, in a city founded by the followers of St. Francis of Assizi, and named for the Great Saint Anthony of Padua. Now beneath the shadow of the Alamo, under the walls of the old Mission House, flower-emblazoned with the names of Bowie, Crockett and Travis, while over them waves the flag of The Lone Star, with "Remember the Alamo" on its fair field, there gathers every year a joyous throng of the beauty

MRS. R. H. DOWNMAN.

and chivalry of San Antonio vieing each with each to make this new southland festival of flowers a dream of fairy land.

In such a setting how lovely beams the fair and noble face of its favorite society queen, Mrs. Buckler.

Mrs. F. A. McDonald, Mrs. R. H. Downman.—The social element of Fort Worth is strikingly composite in its character, uniting to the amenities the energies of life and thereby infusing both grace and strength into the structure. To this element belong the character and culture of the city as seen in the social life of her prominent citizens of both sexes. Among these none are more conspicuous than Mrs. F. A. McDonald and Mrs. R. H. Downman, daughters of Mr. William Cameron, and relatives of one of the most notable heroes of Texas history, Capt. Ewing Cameron, honored by the State in having one of her counties named for him.

The Cameron family is of Scottish origin, and Captain Cameron was himself a Scotchman. He came to Texas in the early years of the Republic, and, in 1839, with about two hundred other Texans, joined the forces of Canales to enforce the secession of the insurgent provinces from Mexico and set up a government of their own, to be called the "Republic of the Rio Grande." After a vain struggle of about a year, the insurgents capitulated and their Texan allies recrossed into their own country. In 1842 Captain Cameron commanded a company in the ill-starred Mier expedition, of three hundred Texans, led by Colonel Fisher, into Mexico. On Christmas day they entered the town of Mier, and, on the day following, fought two thousand of the enemy until their ammunition was exhausted, when they surrendered under the usual conditions of civilized warfare. Under a strong guard their march was directed to the City of Mexico, and from the beginning they suffered all the ills of privation, exposure and cruelty. This barbarous violation of treaty aroused the spirit of resistance. Arriving at the Hacienda Salado they formed the desperate resolve of making a break for liberty. At a concerted signal from Captain Cameron, they rushed upon their keepers,

disarmed them and turned their faces homeward. Choosing the pathless mountains as their route, they were soon lost and bewildered, and for weeks wandered in utter confusion, suffering from hunger, thirst and disease. Many died or had to be left to their fate; nearly all threw away their arms, and drifted apart from each other in search of water and food. In this plight they were overtaken by the pursuing cavalry, recaptured and taken back to Salado. There, on the 25th of March, the lottery of death was drawn. Santa Anna demanded the blood of every tenth man, as the price of his mercy toward the others. White and black beans represented the blank and prize number in the ghoulish drawing, and seventeen prisoners fell to the executioner. Captain Cameron passed safely through this ordeal, but only to be reserved for a more signal exhibition of perfidy. When within eighteen miles of the City of Mexico the surviving prisoners and their escort were met by a courier bearing the death sentence of Captain Cameron. Despite the appeals and protestations of his companions, he was shot. He met his doom with a fortitude and intrepidity unsurpassed in history.

Gentle, social, loyal in life, he was brave, fearless, undaunted in death, leaving to the world the splendid example of his heroism, for

> "The greatest gift the hero leaves his race,
> Is to have been a hero."

The name of Cameron is honored by every Texan, and Texas is proud to number among her people those in whom flows the unsullied blood of his race; and when in them is also found an individual worth of their own, they are doubly valued. Of these are Mesdames McDonald and Downman. Within the penetralia of their cheerful homes burns the incense that inspires bright and noble purpose, and around them is diffused a gladness that attracts admiring guests to their hospitable doors. The spirit of harmony pervades their little world like that which breathes order into the greater kosmos, and from it emanates the sweet influence that binds all hearts to their own. Marked by strong personality, they

MRS. ELLA HUTCHINS SYDNOR.

give form to their environments and impart to the present a reality more potent and more wholesome, if not more classic, than that with which poets and sages clothe the past.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MRS. ELLA HUTCHINS SYDNOR—MRS. ALEXANDER SANGER—MRS. JOSEPH NALLE—MRS. R. B. PARROTT—MRS. JOHN J. STEVENS.

MRS. ELLA HUTCHINS SYDNOR was born at Houston, Texas, where her family is numbered among the oldest and most influential of the old régime. She was sent at an early age to Europe to be educated, and dividing her residence in London and Paris, acquired that fine culture of mind and delicate finish of manner for which she is distinguished. Her career since her return to her native State has been a brilliant one socially and intellectually. At the head of almost every progressive movement in the wide circle in which she is known, she has found abundant scope for her varied talents. Since the publication of her book, "Gems from a Texas Quarry," a few years ago, she has contributed a number of interesting papers, chiefly on Texas history, to the Ladies' Reading Club at Houston.

Mrs. Sydnor is an officer in several large charitable institutions. She is a Daughter of the American Revolution, a Daughter of the Republic of Texas, and a Daughter of the Confederacy.

Socially, Mrs. Sydnor is an acknowledged leader. She is a delightful talker, a linguist, and possesses with all these gifts the art of making herself beloved by those who come in contact with her womanly presence.

MRS. ALEXANDER SANGER.—The Hebrew born and nurtured on the soil of Germany rarely fails to add Teutonic mental vigor to his own traditional civilization, a civilization

rocked in the cradle of forty centuries. From such Teutonic Hebrew stock, tracing its origin through Rabbinical ancestry, noted for its culture and intelligence, is descended Mrs. Alexander Sanger, *nee* Miss Fannie Fechenbach, one of the most prominent leaders of the social world of Dallas, Texas.

The subtle charm that emanates from hereditary social rank and culture is felt by all who come in contact with Mrs. Sanger, for she is more than beautiful or handsome, she is charming, elegant, refined. A traveler, both in America and Europe, and thrown by her superior mental gifts, as well as by family traditions, in contact with the best circles of society wherever she goes, she wins and retains through the law of natural attraction an unusual number of friends among "people who are well worth knowing."

Nor is it owing to her wealth, culture, exquisite taste and traditional rights alone that she holds her rank as one of the queens of society. Her kind heart, her generous mind, and her noble nature make her not only a beneficent friend in private, but also a liberal contributor of her ample means, her valuable time and intelligent thought to every charitable cause, benefit and entertainment brought to her attention. And in this direction she is aided by her husband, for Mr. Sanger's success in commercial and financial circles is only equaled by the largeness of his views and the liberality of his enterprises in promoting the prosperity of the city of Dallas. Hence in their splendid home, the graceful mistress of the mansion gleams a pearl of purest ray serene, fitly set among the gems of art and souvenirs of value and legendary interest contained in the richly furnished, tastefully decorated, shadowy salons and sumptuous apartments of the Sanger mansion.

The refined accomplishments possessed by Mrs. Sanger are not for the general public, but as a reader of artistic merit she is known and appreciated by her own selected circle. When seen in society at any of its numerous functions, or on the promenade or drive, her elegant personality asserts itself in the tasteful and fashionable gowning and

accessories of the toilet which she knows so well how to use without permitting their trivialities to futilize her innate mental strength.

Mrs. Joseph Nalle.—The capital of Texas is resplendent with beautiful homes, and the names of her noble women are synonyms of graceful culture. Among these, there is no finer character than Mrs. Nalle.

Texas has many fair adopted daughters from the older States. Among those fine specimens of womanhood, came a young matron, with her husband and little children, from the pastoral lands of Luray, Virginia, to become the charming central attraction of a new home in the West. Young, liberally educated, handsome, and more than all these, endowed with a fine mind and feeling heart, she could not fail to make a deep and lasting impression on all who came within the radius of her influence. With Austin, she has passed from early youth to beautiful maturity, both having kept pace with the march of progress. All classes recognize in this excellent woman the graceful embodiment of success and worth. Her charities flow as freely as her kind, sympathetic feelings; not in words alone, but in practical relief to the sick, the suffering, the sorrowful. Wealth, through her gentle ministering hands is only one of the avenues of usefulness.

The little cottage, to which they came twenty-five years ago, has been replaced by a mansion, where the imposing in architectural design is lost in graceful beauty. It is complete in all its arrangements and furnishings, containing every modern attraction and appliance for household purposes, every detail of convenience for home comfort and the entertainment of friends. The marble floor of the entrance leads to costly, yet comfortable and tasteful surroundings, and, amid this splendor, moves a truly noble woman, quietly doing good. Around her have grown up an interesting family, who have found her "blessed among women." Her impress here, like that she has made upon the society of Austin, is refining and good. She is amiable and lovable, and it is said

of her that not a moment of coldness has ever existed between her and her friends. Such a nature deserves wealth, palatial surroundings, devoted friends.

MRS. R. B. PARROTT has been for many years an ornament to society and is in no ordinary degree esteemed and beloved. She has passed her youth and womanhood in Waco and at her own home in this city has welcomed many distinguished guests. Her varied mental qualities render her conversation delightful and she speaks from a full heart of the beautiful in nature and art. Beneath her mental wealth, courage exists in proportionate strength, and of late this quality has been called into requisition, for a shadow lies upon her heart and is reflected upon her face, telling that she has entered the temple of physical pain.

MRS. JOHN J. STEVENS, the well-known leader in charitable movements, and the soul of social and hospitable entertainments in San Antonio, has endeared herself to a large circle of admiring friends by her rare qualifications as an organizer and her genial nature as a social leader.

She is the vice president of the Battle of Flowers Association of San Antonio, one of the original promoters of this beautiful festival, which has been celebrated under the shadow of the Alamo for three years past. Mrs. Stevens evinced taste by her appreciation of the artistic beauty of this medieval, Italian fête. The genius which conceived the idea of transplanting this flower festival of the old world and the past, to this part of the new world, where so much of the population claim the mingled blood of the Latin, the Gaul and the Saxon, was worthy of the families from which Mrs. Stevens sprang.

A Simpson on one side and a Caldwell on the other—she is a cousin of John Caldwell Calhoun—and is closely related to many of the most distinguished old families of the South.

The same executive ability and enthusiasm displayed by Mrs. Stevens in this spring carnival of the Southwest, she carries into a work of more important significance, being the

MISS MARY ABBOTT.

first vice president of the Orphans' Home of San Antonio. Indeed, wherever a good work is to be done, demanding intelligence and the substantial qualities of a leader, Mrs. Stevens is to be found among those who labor to advance its best interest.

Nor is it alone in public work that she is known. In domestic life and by her intimate friends she is greatly valued for strong and genuine traits of character. In the attractive interior of her well-ordered home, she moves a "noble woman, nobly planned, to warn, to comfort and command;" to command by her gentle nature and attractive personality and presence, the respect and love of all who come in contact with her, and to retain a more than usual share of such ennobling influences as years shall roll on and add maturing graces.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MRS. MARY ABBOTT JONES—MRS. JOHNNIE HOUSE—MRS. ALEXANDER W. TERRELL—MRS. HERMAN KAMPMAN—MRS. EDWARD ROTAN—MRS. JULES E. SCHNEIDER.

MRS. MARY ABBOTT JONES, of Hillsboro, the daughter of Congressman Abbott, is popular and prominent. Personally she is rarely beautiful in face, form and expression, while her remarkable talent for society has made her the recipient of unusual social attentions for several winters past in Washington. Gifted with a fine power of expression, her full, speaking eyes and mobile features give to her conversation a charm which is rare, even in women whose minds are highly cultivated, and who possess, as Mrs. Jones does, along with intellectual acquirements, that subtle charm of the culture which is the result of the best associations in life. Educated in the East, she has returned to her native State with both an innate and a cultivated taste for the best literature and the highest culture. With such advantages

and tastes it is not surprising that she should be sought by society in the best sense of the word. At the receptions of the Governor of Texas, as well as in the homes of the most distinguished public men, she is the honored, beloved and fêted guest of their wives and daughters. A perfect mistress of the arts of the toilet, she dresses with exquisite taste and is the very life and soul of every occasion graced by her charming presence. Mrs. Jones is a descendant of the best old Scotch and English blood of the State of Maryland. From her mother's side she inherits the beauty of the lovely Miss Rosalie Smith, whose untimely death was so deeply mourned, and she is also related to the Mrs. Rowena Sturgis Cowen, who is noted for her many charms of person.

> "Who can curiously behold
> The smoothness and the sheen of beauty's cheek,
> And feel his heart can ever all grow old?"

MRS. JOHNNIE HOUSE, of Houston, possesses personal beauty and is a delightful conversationalist. To these endowments she adds graceful courtesy, kindness of heart, and exquisite taste in all matters, personal and domestic. She has made her home so attractive that it has ever been the favorite resort of the refined and the youthful, while her varied attainments have enabled her to afford them enjoyment. By marriage Mrs. House is allied to one of the oldest families in the State. She occupies an enviable position founded on universal esteem.

MRS. ALEXANDER W. TERRELL was born and bred in the South. Her home is fixed in Austin, though she travels extensively with her husband, and wherever they go Mrs. Terrell is the center and star of attraction, as she is an ornament to diplomatic society. She possesses much strength of character and an attractive personality. To her culture she unites sound judgment, and that inbred fineness which is the crowning grace of true womanhood. Mrs. Terrell passed a year very pleasantly in Constantinople, where she dined with the Sultan and met the representatives

of France, Greece, Russia, and Turkey. During her stay in Europe she had many opportunities to observe the interesting phases of society. Mrs. Terrell has a generous nature and in conversation exalts all that is noble in human nature, and gives to the misfortunes of existence a sunny softness and coloring, like the subdued light in a Turner picture.

MRS. HERMAN KAMPMAN is prominent in all noble and charitable work, as she has been in society, by right of intellectual gifts, and a generous, sympathetic nature. Her beauty, judgment and discrimination enable her to exercise an influence widely acknowledged, while her sunny, genial disposition and cordial manner illustrate a peculiar charm of Southern character. Her palatial home is surrounded by palms and beautiful plants, which are covered by unfading verdure, flourishing amid the eternal spring tide of San Antonio. This home is the center of an elegant circle of society, the resort of the cultivated, and it is here its mistress delights to dispense the courtesies and kind offices of true hospitality.

MRS. EDWARD ROTAN is the daughter of Judge J. L. L. McCall, who was a prominent lawyer at an early day in Texas. He was at one time the law partner of Senator Richard Coke, and at a later period became a member of the law firm of McCall & Norris. Mrs. Rotan's early associations in life inspired intellectual achievement, and developed the force of character which has eminently qualified her for usefulness. Of The Home, a charitable institution in Waco, she is the especial patroness. Active benevolence is the appropriate field for woman, and Mrs. Rotan's influence is extended by the possession of intellect, social position and ample means.

MRS. JULES E. SCHNEIDER, of Dallas.—Miss Belle Fonda, the noted beauty and belle of Louisville, Kentucky, in which city she was born, is a descendant on her father's side of one of the oldest Dutch Knickerbocker families of New York. In 1879 she married Mr. Jules E. Schneider, of New Orleans, and

came to Texas to make Dallas her home. The Schneiders have proven a valuable acquisition to the city. Not only is their home one of the most palatial and beautiful in that city of charming homes, but in addition to this, its lovely mistress, besides being an acknowledged and graceful social leader, is one of the most liberal patrons of music, art and charitable institutions in a city noted for its public-spirited and philanthropic women.

The Women's Home, a noble institution for homeless and sick women, counts Mrs. Schneider among its charter members, officers and most generous supporters; and of the Orphans' Home and all other charitable institutions of Dallas she is a liberal patroness. The benefaction of such a home as Mrs. Schneider's to the city of Dallas is appreciated by those who have the entrée to the social functions of the house. It is a veritable casket of art, enriched by the critical collections of its mistress during her extensive travels on the other side of the water as well as in America. Here are seen, among the splendors of their surroundings, "rare bits" that money could not buy, while from her jewel casket glow and flash gems and jewels that a duchess, a queen, or even a Mrs. Astor might envy. Her brilliant entertainments are famed far and wide, but the exquisite, subtle charm of a hostess "to the manor born" and gifted with "a spirit pure and bright," can scarcely be imagined by those who have not the honor and boon of her friendship or acquaintance.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MRS. C. S. HOUSE—MRS. HARRY PRINCE—MISS MADGE WILLIAMS—MRS. WM. GARNER—MRS. H. C. SILLIMAN—MRS. J. W. SWAIN.

MRS. C. S. HOUSE will be remembered as Miss Mary Shearn. Her home has been fixed in Houston for a number of years, where she has an extensive circle of friends, and where she exerts the gentlest and sweetest of womanly

MRS. KATIE HOUSE-CAMP.

influences. Though surrounded by luxury and in the full enjoyment of every terrestrial pleasure, her nature has remained unspoiled. Her manners are graceful and unaffected, giving evidence of her mental culture and elevated nature. The taste which displays itself in her love of music, painting, and sculpture, has always appeared in her style of dress, and her costumes are rich without being ostentatious. The House mansion on Main Street is famed for elegant hospitality in small social gatherings, as well as more elaborate entertainments. Reared in this atmosphere, the lovely daughter, Katie, received the advantages of fortune and judicious culture. She is a graceful representative of her mother, to whom she is devoted, and in this instance the filial relation is fully realized. In the bloom of her early youth she was married to Hon. Berry Camp, of Fort Worth.

MRS. HARRY PRINCE, *nee* Miss Cornelia Kiam.—Happiness is a wonderful beautifier, and the beauty of a happy wife is one that surpasses all others, even that exquisite fleeting loveliness of young girlhood which the French, for some inexplicable reason, call *la beauté du diable*. Contemplating the beauty of the loveliest and fairest flower brought to its highest point of perfection by the hands that have tended it and watched its growth from bud to bloom, we do not forget the care that has developed and protected its loveliness. Admiring the beauty of a wife we do not forget that her radiant face is the mirror in which is reflected the courtesy, the chivalry of the husband. This quality of happiness and beauty asserts itself in the countenance of Mrs. Harry Prince, *nee* Miss Cornelia Kiam, who has passed the brief years of her life in Houston. There she is the central figure in a coterie of refined and cultivated women, the fit associates of one whose rare personal gifts attract a host of friends. Mrs. Prince entertains her guests with a lavish hospitality, graceful elegance and *ententé cordialé*, which insures her popularity in a city famed for its social culture and refined hospitality. Without being absorbed in

fashionable life, Mr. and Mrs. Prince are genial. They do not refuse to frequently be drawn into the social life of Houston, and it goes without saying that the inherited grace, beauty and intelligence of the lovely wife is the theme and inspiration of every fête to which she lends her presence.

MISS MADGE WILLIAMS was chosen by Texas to christen the war ship "Texas" at Portsmouth, Virginia, two years ago, and during her stay in that State was the recipient of many social courtesies. She was chaperoned by her mother and was entertained with refined and lavish hospitality by many prominent people in Virginia and elsewhere. Her Southern tour proved a continued ovation, and the homage paid her was an appropriate tribute to her beauty and intellectual charms. Miss Williams' home is at Independence, Texas, where her life of quiet seclusion serves to bring in piquant contrast the stormy periods of another era in which her grandfather, General Houston, played a distinguished part as the hero of San Jacinto.

MRS. WM. GARNER, of Nacogdoches, Texas, won distinction in social life. She became the wife of Commodore William Garner, the multi-millionaire and merchant prince of New York. They were both drowned in 1876 by the capsizing of their yacht, the "Mohawk," in New York harbor. Mrs. Garner's youngest daughter, Florence, married Sir William Gordon Cummings, who, with the Prince of Wales, acquired notoriety in the London baccarat scandal.

MRS. H. C. SILLIMAN often refers to her old friends throughout England and to the scenes of her unfettered childhood. She is an enthusiastic traveler, and has an artist's love of nature. Her palatial home in Fort Worth has been adorned by many souvenirs rich in historic association, valued by their owner not only as curios, but as links connecting her present life with former days. The home is "given to hospitality," and though its mistress thoroughly enjoys quiet visiting among her friends, she frequently

entertains in a lavish way, and has often extended a cordial welcome to members of conventions and to distinguished persons visiting the city. Mrs. Silliman has much talent as an artist. Her most striking characteristic is her practical sense, which is a union of all the senses. She has much executive ability and fine gifts of intuition. Kind and charitable, she freely confers material benefits and, by exerting her own buoyant spirit, inspires others to put aside their burdens and accept her cheerful views of life.

MRS. J. W. SWAIN, of Clarksville, exerts a wide influence in the eastern part of the State. Refined and agreeable, she has a heart full of warm sensibilities, a lofty spirit and a mind of noble cast. These are the qualities which have enabled her to make an abiding impression, and influence those with whom she is associated. During the past few years, Mrs. Swain has suffered many sorrows in the loss of members of her family, and during her retirement has been offered the solacing companionship of devoted friends, and has at all times commanded the highest consideration.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MRS. WALES J. TOWNSEND—MRS. CORA BACON FOSTER—MRS. AUSTIN POLLARD BOYD—MRS. KATE C. CURRIE—MRS. BETTIE BRYAN—MRS. BENEDETTE B. TOBIN —MRS. MARY ELIZABETH LEASE.

MRS. WALES J. TOWNSEND.—This estimable lady was the daughter of Robert M. Forbes, and his wife, *nee* Mary J. Read. She was born in Port Lavaca, Texas, where her father was a prominent merchant for many years, having previously served in the congress of the Republic, and in the convention which formed the first constitution of the State, in 1845. He was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, descended from early settlers in that county; one of his ancestors served in the House of Burgesses from 1649 to

1666. In 1848 Mr. Forbes, in Port Lavaca, married Miss Read, a granddaughter of the Rev. Finis Ewing, one of the three founders of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, whose sons became eminent men in Missouri and Illinois. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes had four daughters and three sons, among these Mrs. Wm. G. Sterett, now of Washington City. Two of the sisters, Florence Jeannette, wife of W. A. Blackwell, and Mrs. Maggie Starker, live in Cuero, Texas. In Port Lavaca, Miss Alice, an intelligent and charming young lady, married Mr. Wales J. Townsend, who soon removed to Dallas, where they have since resided, having a beautiful home, given to hospitality, covering all the amenities of social life and moving in a large circle of the most refined and estimable families in the city, winning and holding their esteem by charms naturally springing from her heart, and in every sense being a noble wife, mother and friend.

MRS. CORA BACON FOSTER is a conspicuous figure in the business world. Upon the death of her husband she invested her means in real estate, opened an office in Houston, and began buying and selling for herself and others. She has transacted a large and successful business, and is a fair example of a woman's ability to succeed in practical life.

MRS. AUSTIN POLLARD BOYD.—Among the many active, philanthropic, and public-spirited women of Texas none more worthily wear the civic bays than Mrs. Austin Pollard Boyd; and among all the bright, progressive towns of Texas none is more attractive than the pretty city of Paris—the home of Mrs. Boyd, and for more than a quarter of a century the scene of her devoted toil.

She was born in Alabama, reared in Georgia, married in Mississippi, and has lived the most of her life in Texas. On arriving in the frontier State, she at first murmured at the discomforts incident to a new country, but she soon adapted herself to her environments, realized her proper relation to the land of her adoption, and recognized her duty to aid in its development—nor did she tarry in the performance of

that duty; in the spirit of Lady Macbeth's advice to her noble guests, she did not stand upon the order of her acting, but acted at once, and Paris, upon the instant, felt the impulse. Aided and encouraged by her husband she, thenceforward, aligned herself with the noble women of her town and threw the force of her energetic life into every scheme devised for its moral and material advancement. Each new work seemed to refresh and strengthen her for renewed effort, and thus followed the projects for civil and social progress that have culminated in the culture, enterprise, and refinement of the beautiful city of Paris.

The combination of rare feminine instinct with robust, masculine intellect in Mrs. Boyd, eminently fit her for her work, to the support of which she is enabled to bring the influence of the press, owing to her connection with the newspaper fraternity.

Whether as secretary of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, or of the Woman's Parsonage and Home Mission Society of the Methodist Church, or of the Ladies' Auxiliary Society, or of the Woman's Industrial Home, or of the Hospital for the Poor, Mrs. Boyd has evinced wondrous capacity, skill and courage. Each of the associations in which she has worked has been a pronounced blessing to Paris. Its Charity Hospital and its Industrial Home are sources of incalculable beneficence to the poor, and its picturesque cemetery is a perpetual tribute of praise to the virtue of a people who honor their dead. Here, beneath two "sighing pines," brought from her native State, Mrs. Boyd hopes to rest after her life's work is done. She has built her own monument, and no shaft of stone can so well commemorate her deeds.

Mrs. Kate Cabell Currie, president of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Texas, is the daughter of Gen. William Lewis Cabell, who graduated at West Point in 1850, served in the United States Army until 1861, when he resigned and joined the Confederate Army and served with distinction until the close of the war. General Cabell's

father was Gen. Benj. W. S. Cabell, an officer in the War of 1812, and was after the close of hostilities between England and the United States, honored with many positions of trust, holding in succession the commissions of Major, Colonel, Brigadier General and Major General of militia, the last being by election of the General Assembly. He was a lawyer by profession, and a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1829–30, and member of the State senate from 1837 to 1838.

Mrs. Currie's mother, Harriett, was the daughter of Maj. Elias Rector, and his wife, Catherine J. Du Val. Major Rector was one of the quaint historic characters of Arkansas. He was the original of "The Fine Old Arkansas Gentleman," a parody by Gen. Albert Pike on the "Old English Gentleman." Major Rector was the youngest son of Whorton Rector, one of the nine Rector brothers who were soldiers in the War of 1812. He was a nephew of the celebrated Ann Rector, wife of Thomas Conway. He removed to Arkansas in 1825, and in 1835 married the gentle and much-loved Catherine Du Val. From that time until the war bereft him of his numerous slaves and other property, their home, which Gen. Albert Pike christened "Grouse Hill," became the center of generous and refined hospitality. Both Major and Mrs. Rector had an extended acquaintance with the prominent men of their own State, and elsewhere. Major Rector was appointed by General Jackson, United States Marshal of the Indian and Arkansas Territories, and he held the position sixteen years. Under President Pierce he was again appointed Marshal. The Seminole chief, Billy Bowlegs, and his followers, were removed from Florida to the Indian Territory by him. With such an ancestry, Mrs. Cabell could not fail to be a patriot, and in the war that followed soon after her marriage, she was both patriot and heroine, following her husband to every battlefield to nurse the wounded soldiers. "Baby Katie" came in the midst of the turmoil to gladden their hearts. Her father and mother took great interest in all that pertained to the days of '61–'65, and she inherited their love for "the lost cause."

General and Mrs. Cabell remained in Arkansas until 1873, when they removed to Dallas, Texas. General Cabell has filled positions of honor and trust, having been several times mayor of the city, United States Marshal under President Cleveland, and is now Lieutenant General of United Confederate Veterans, to which organization he devotes much time and labor.

Mrs. Currie was educated at the convents in Fort Smith and Dallas. She was a close student and, possessing a brilliant mind and fine memory, her standing as a pupil was far above the average. Among the memorable events of her childhood days, she recalls the visits of President Jefferson Davis, Gen. Braxton Bragg, Gen. Albert Pike and Gen. Joe E. Johnston. She greatly enjoyed the visits of Gen. D. S. Stanley, of the United States Army, and his reminiscences of the early days in the Indian Territory, when he and General Cabell were brother officers, defending the frontier from the Indians, and when Mrs. Stanley and Mrs. Cabell were the only white women at Fort Cobb. After the death of Mrs. Cabell in 1887, Mrs. Currie assumed the charge of her father's home and the care of her two younger brothers. She was married in 1889 to Mr. J. R. Currie. They have traveled extensively and have visited the important cities of the United States and Canada. Boston greatly interested Mrs. Currie for the historic associations of old Fort Warren, where her father was a prisoner of war. As president of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Mrs. Currie takes great interest in all that pertains to Camp Sterling Price, and the duties of this office occupy much of her time. She is a brilliant conversationalist and presides with grace and dignity over her father's home in Dallas. She has three brothers: Ben E., now the sheriff of Dallas County; Lawrence Du Val, a cadet at West Point, and Lewis Rector, a student at the Virginia Military Institute.

Mrs. Bettie Bryan, well known as a business woman, has high standing in the community in which she lives. Endowed with energy, perseverance and great executive ability,

she has achieved marked success in the real estate business. She is public-spirited and enterprising, and her office in Houston is a rendezvous for those who wish to invest in realty. Mrs. Bryan is refined and cultured. Her home is one of the most attractive in the city, and the daughter of the house is quite popular in society.

MRS. BENEDETTE B. TOBIN was born at Camden, Arkansas, and educated in New Orleans, Louisiana. Since her marriage in 1871 she has lived in Austin, where she has a large circle of friends, and is much admired for her refinement, culture and personal charms. Her work as president of the Woman's World's Fair Exhibit Association of Texas was inspired by a strong attachment for the State, and the responsibilities of the position were faithfully discharged. Her social disposition, cordial manners and executive ability enable her to wield a wide influence.

MRS. MARY ELIZABETH LEASE is the first woman in the United States whose name was ever mentioned seriously as candidate for the United States Senate. For nine years she was identified with Texas and took an active interest in the organization of the W. C. T. U. Her first public address was made in this State on the temperance question. In this work she was associated with Mrs. Sarah L. Acheson, of Denison, and other friends, who retain many kindly remembrances of the distinguished orator. It is said Mrs. Lease determined to go upon the rostrum when Senator Ingalls, two or three years ago, cynically told a Kansas audience that "woman, like the decalogue, has no place in politics." This is probably legendary, for her appearance was strictly in accordance with the social and political development of Kansas. Women in that State wielded an influence previously unknown to their sex in the more conservative East. Kept in the background during Republican supremacy they had been preparing themselves for the political conditions in that revolution with which the Kansas farmers two years ago astonished the country. Mrs. Lease then assumed the

leadership as a strong representative of her sex. She is one of the most conspicuous women in America, judging by the number of paragraphs written about her in the newspapers of the country. The entire press of two great political parties have made her the target for ridicule and abuse. Few have recognized her real ability, sincerity and great strength of character.

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