



MISS TURNER MACFARLAND, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. J. Wilson Brown, of Baltimore.)



MISS VIRGINIA PEGRAM, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. David Gregg McIntosh, of Baltimore.)



MISS MARY MABEN, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. Frank Peyton Clark, of Baltimore.)



MISS LELIA POWERS, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. W. Stuart Symington, of Baltimore.)

"A Southern Girl In '61"

The Romance And Tragedy Of A Great Conflict. By Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, Of Baltimore.

There is always great charm in simple truth, and in a book when such truth deals with vital questions concerning a thrilling period of American history and is presented with a vividness that makes these events live again in the reader's mind, a delightful piece of literary work is usually the result.

Such a book is "A Southern Girl In '61," just published by Doubleday, Page & Co., the author of which is Mrs. Louise Wigfall Wright, wife of Judge Daniel Giraud Wright, of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore. Mrs. Wright is a daughter of Gen. Louis T. Wigfall, who was both a Senator of the United States and of the Confederate States from Texas, an aid on the staff of President Davis and a brigadier-general of the Confederacy. Mrs. Wright is also the president of the Baltimore Chapter and of the Maryland Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and to her very honorable energy and devotion to the Southern cause is largely due the erection in Baltimore by the Daughters of the Confederacy of the splendid sculptured group, "Glory Stands Beside Our Grief," which commemorates the heroic military service of the soldiers and sailors of the Confederate States. The work is written "in loving memory of two Confederate soldiers—my father and my brother."

Mrs. Wright was only a girl of 14 years at the outbreak of the Civil War, but her book unconsciously shows her to have been of thoughtful and ardent nature and incidents of the war period that came beneath her notice were etched upon her mind with such intensity that time has in no wise blurred the memories she so graphically portrays.

The daughter of a father honored in council and military action, chaplain for months by the wife of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, with a brother who participated in great battles while on General Hood's staff, Mrs. Wright felt the very heart-throbs of the Confederate executive circle, and her book, which includes many letters written by these Southern leaders, thus possesses the value of containing the unimpeachable utterances of those upon whose shoulders rested the burden of Confederate official life.

The author's memories open with the portentous appearance of the comet of 1858 as it dashed across the broad plains to front of our home in Marshall, Texas, watching the great comet that hung in the heavens. I can see now the crepe myrtle bushes with their rose-colored blossoms flanking the steps; feel again the warm, languorous air of the summer night, heavy with the odor of white jasmine and honeysuckle and hear again the voices, long stifled, as we talked together of the comet and its portent. As a child I felt the influence of the time; great events were forming; the irrepressible conflict, which culminated in the awful struggle of the sixties, was just becoming to the minds of thinkers a fearful probability, and when we looked at the blazing comet in that fair summer sky a feeling of awe and mystery enveloped us."

In the autumn of 1858 Mr. Louis T. Wigfall was elected to represent Texas in the State Senate, and his daughter gives a most interesting description of their 10 days' drive to Austin, halfway across the State of Texas, by carriage. In leaving her old home the writer touches incidentally upon the faithfulness of the negro servants, to whom many of their valuables were entrusted, and says in comment: "The negro in slavery before and during the war was lazy and idle—he will always be that—but he was simple, true and faithful. What he has become since his emancipation from servitude is a queer comment on the effect of the liberty bestowed upon him."

Upon Senator Wigfall's election to the United States Senate his family removed with him to Washington. "In our drawing room in I street were often gathered many of the distinguished men of the day, a child of 14, would sit quietly by listening to the talk and hearing the great questions of the hour discussed. The war clouds were growing black and threatening, and even the children felt the impulse of the time. My great delight was to go to the Capitol and hear my father speak in the Senate, and he never had a more ardent admirer of his fiery eloquence than the little daughter in the gallery, who listened to the debates with beating heart, but with the most supreme confidence in his wisdom and power to vanquish all adversaries."

Concerning the makers of history, Mrs. Wright says: "In thinking of the men who made the South famous in the Senate at that day, the Vice-President, John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, naturally comes first to mind. With what inflexible dignity and grace he presided as President of the Senate. Even his worst enemies accorded him praise for the justice and impartiality of his rulings. He was a delightful man to know well, and I shall never forget the charm of his conversation." Mrs. Wright tells a droll little story of General Breckinridge having been invited in London to dine with a countess after the Civil War. He mistook the hour and appeared at a time when the lady was expecting a new butler, and the visitor being ushered into a semi-darkened room, the following conversation was the result. The countess seeing only the splendid physical proportions of her guest and not his features, asked:

"Have you a reference from your last place?" The General took in the situation instantly and with a twinkle in his eye, unobserved by his hostess, answered respectfully, "Yes, my lady."

"What were your duties?" was the next query. "Well, my lady, in the last three places I held I was Vice-President of the United States, Major-General in the Confederate Army and Secretary of War of the Confederate States of America."

Referring again to the "makers of history," Mrs. Wright says:

"Jefferson Davis was afterward to be the most famous of that remarkable group of men. . . . My father's intimacy with him was of the closest, and he loved and esteemed him as a friend and admired him as a man until in the last unhappy years of the Confederacy an estrangement grew up between them, owing to differing views as to the conduct of affairs." Others of the group were Judah P. Benjamin, R. M. T. Hunter, Senator Clement C. Clay and Senator Liddell.

"As the fateful winter of 1861 wore on the Southern Senators began to drop off one by one with the secession of their States, until at last my father was left almost alone in his place, Texas not having seceded, he held his ground and refused to give up his seat in the Senate until his State had passed the ordinance of secession. During that time he stood at bay, surrounded by enemies, the champion of the South. . . . In anticipation of leaving Washington, and in view of the uncertainty of their move, my parents had sent my sister and my children of 8 and 14 years of age to remain temporarily with my maternal grandmother at Longwood, a suburb of Boston."

Shortly after this Senator Wigfall joined Gen. G. T. Beauregard's staff and was in constant communication with Jefferson Davis in regard to the attacking of Fort Sumter before it could be reinforced by Federal troops. Mrs. Wigfall writes to her children in Massachusetts from Charleston on April 11, 1861: . . . "Your father was gone all night with Captain Hartstein, seeing to placing light boats, with fires of pine wood, in the harbor, for the purpose of detecting the approach of the enemy's boats. He has gone again today and will not return again until evening. A demand for the surrender of the fort was made today, but the answer has not yet come. In case of

Anderson's refusal (of which there is little doubt) the fire of the batteries on him will open at 8 tonight. God grant the fort may be surrendered before the arrival of the fleet, for, although I believe General Beauregard is prepared on every side, yet I should feel all danger were over if we had the fort. It will be a night of intense excitement, and although I can't help feeling shivery and nervous, yet I am not as much alarmed as I might be, and something tells me it won't be so bad after all. I am going down after a while to walk with Mrs. Chesnut on the Battery, and will add more when I hear the answer Anderson returns."

"April 12—I was awakened about 4.30 this morning by the booming of a cannon, and it has been going on steadily ever since—the firing is constant and rapid—with what results we don't yet know."

From a contemporary newspaper is inserted an account of the surrender of Fort Sumter and the connection of the Hon. Louis T. Wigfall with that affair. "Mr. Wig-

water within five yards of her and was followed by a shell which came near proving fatal. The Africans strained every nerve to get under the lee of the fort and the officers at the batteries, observing that the boat never swayed from her course, inferred that Wigfall must have been in it, thereby acknowledging his more than Falstaffian recklessness and daring."

"On touching the wharf the volunteer sprang ashore, and, finding the gate burst open by the flames, made his way round to an open port hole on the town side of the fort, through which, with the aid of a loose piece of timber which he placed beneath it, he swung himself from a protruding gun into the embrasure."

"He stumbled unchallenged upon one of the garrison, who did not know where Major Anderson was. The fire was still raging, the heat intense and the smoke insupportable. Shells were still exploding above, and from time to time within the fort from the mortars on Sullivan's Island. He

defended this fort. "You have. Haul down your flag." "But your people are still firing into me." "Hoist a white one. If you won't, I will on my own responsibility."

A shell burst in the ground within 10 paces of them as they were speaking. Major Anderson invited the ex-Senator into a casement; a white flag was hoisted, the firing ceased and what is called the "Battle of Fort Sumter" was over.

"All parties concur that Wigfall's performance was an act of heroism and high humanity. There can be no doubt that Major Anderson and the garrison were in that state of morbid exaltation which is the forerunner of martyrdom. They were ready to see their magazines explode and die in their tracks."

From Montgomery Mrs. Wigfall writes April 26: "The people here are all in fine spirits and the streets are so lively and everyone looks so happy that you can

scarcely realize the cause of the excitement. No one doubts our success." A few days after the fall of Sumter Colonel Wigfall had gone to Richmond to attend the session of the Congress to which he went as deputy from the State of Texas. Later from Richmond the same writer continues on May 30: "The whole country as we came through was like a military camp. The cars crowded with troops and all as jubilant as if they were going to a frolic instead of to fight. The President is to take the field; but I don't know the exact program and if I did it would not be safe to write it for there is no telling who may read our letters now-days. Your father, of course, will go with him. It seems strange to me that I don't feel more frightened."

"Col. and Mrs. Bradley Johnson, of Maryland, were in Richmond at that time eagerly engaged in equipping a regiment of Marylanders for the field. Mrs. Johnson was having the clothing made for the men. One day at the President's table, where she was dining, she told the assembled company

worked his way up to a group of officers and men standing near a casement. "Was Major Anderson there?" "No." Before the party had recovered their surprise at the apparition Major Anderson came up from the quarter Wigfall had just left. He saw the sword and white handkerchief to the fort and persuade Major Anderson to desert from a resistance manifestly so unavailing. Despite the remonstrances of those around him he embarked in a skiff, and with three negro oarsmen and a coxswain pulled over to the fort. He was scarce a hundred yards from shore when they hailed to him to return: "The Stars and Stripes are again flying." He literally turned a deaf ear to this call and pushed on, brandishing his sword, to which he had tied his white handkerchief as a flag of truce. From the batteries of Fort Moultrie balls and shell were aimed at the skiff. The white flag was invisible at that distance and the boat, only noticed when nearing the fort, if not carrying reinforcements had no business there. A 32-pound ball struck the

star in this portrait was from the coat collar of General Johnston and was given by him to the author.

MISS LOUISE WIGFALL
(Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, of Baltimore.)

MISS EVELYN BAXLY, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. Louis McNamee Tiffany, of Baltimore.)

(Photo by E. Berkeley, Stamford, Va.)

MISS HETTY CARY, OF BALTIMORE

(Photo by Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, at the age of ninety.)

He fired the first shot at Fort Sumter, and after the surrender at Appomattox killed himself, saying: "I cannot survive the liberties of my country."

MISS FANNY WIGFALL, OF TEXAS
(Mrs. E. Jones Taylor, of Baltimore.)

MISS MARY MABEN, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. Frank Peyton Clark, of Baltimore.)

MISS LELIA POWERS, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. W. Stuart Symington, of Baltimore.)

MISS VIRGINIA PEGRAM, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. David Gregg McIntosh, of Baltimore.)

MISS TURNER MACFARLAND, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. J. Wilson Brown, of Baltimore.)

MISS MARY MABEN, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. Frank Peyton Clark, of Baltimore.)

MISS LELIA POWERS, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. W. Stuart Symington, of Baltimore.)

MISS VIRGINIA PEGRAM, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. David Gregg McIntosh, of Baltimore.)

MISS TURNER MACFARLAND, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. J. Wilson Brown, of Baltimore.)

MISS MARY MABEN, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. Frank Peyton Clark, of Baltimore.)

MISS LELIA POWERS, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. W. Stuart Symington, of Baltimore.)

two had come across the lines after experiencing many thrilling adventures on the way. In a letter written at the time I found the following: "The young ladies who seem to be the greatest belles are the Misses Cary, of Baltimore. . . . They are very beautiful and are commonly known by the name of the Cary Invincibles. Constance Cary also a very lovely girl and even in those days was noted for her facile pen which from time to time delighted her many friends with charming little productions. Miss Cary, as is well known, married Mr. Burton Harrison, President Davis' private secretary, and has since attained widespread note from the clever fiction of which she is the author."

"My sister and myself had been entered at Miss Pegram's, on Franklin street, which was then the fashionable school in Richmond. With all the distractions of the time it was difficult to keep the girls at their books. It was difficult to keep the girls' attention on ancient history and belles-lettres when very modern history was being made in our midst and such *deus solvets* were marching, with drums beating and banners flying, by our very doors. Richmond has always been famed for its lovely women, but I venture to assert that there has never been a larger assembly of beauties than that collected at Miss Pegram's school during the war."

"Reading over the letters written at this period (the winter of '62-'63), the thing that strikes me is the tone of cheerfulness and hope that runs through all of them. It had not dawned yet on the minds of anyone that success was not assured. Jackson was the idol of the people and everything was anticipated of him when the spring campaign should open. The course of Lee was absolute and no one doubted that he would carry all before him. The fact that provisions were scarce; that prices were phenomenally high; that the purchasing power of our currency was depreciating daily seemed to make no impression on the temperaments of the people."

"The girls made the best show possible with their meager wardrobes, and fortunate were the extravagant ones of other days who had a multiplicity of gowns and banners which to levy supplies, to cut and make over to suit the fashion of the day. . . . The schoolgirls, too, in spite of the troublous times, found many ways to amuse themselves."

"One day, when the snow lay thick on the ground, we were all at luncheon, when we heard a great shouting in the street, and with one accord rushed to the windows to see the cause. We found a regiment marching by, on their way through town to the railway station. They were footsore and weary, ill clad and worse shod, but the flag was flying and they held their heads up and stepped out bravely as the bevy of girls appeared on the doorsteps and greeted them with a great shout. We rushed in again and came out speedily, with our hands and aprons full of bread and everything portable from the table. There was a halt, and we ran out into the street and passed our refreshments from man to man. They laughed in great glee and cheered and shouted, and then such a frolic ensued for one of the mischievous girls threw a snowball in their midst. This was a dare and they took it. All discipline was at an end and the snowballs flew thick and fast—as they flew past us on their journey, alas to be batted down from which many a head and hungry till suppertime, but were so glad to have cheered them on their weary way."

"One of the interesting incidents that occurred at this time was the arrival of Miss Hetty Cary from Baltimore. She had just been released from Fort Sumter, where she had been imprisoned for wearing a white apron with red ribbons, the Confederate colors. I remember seeing her at a dance at Mrs. Pegram's, which is thus described in a school letter: 'We had a glorious time—plenty of ice-cream, cake and the latter predominating. When the evening was a little advanced we were honored by the presence of the beautiful Miss Hetty Cary and we danced until nearly 3 o'clock.' Of all the women I ever met I think she was the most beautiful, and combined with great loveliness of person brilliancy of spirit which made her remarkable. At this time, having just come through the lines, she was dressed in the latest mode and shone resplendent in an exquisite violet moire, with pink roses in her

hair. This last was Titian-tinted and rippled back from her fair, low forehead. Her complexion was lilacs and roses and her figure magnificent. She was, indeed, a beauty. It is told of Miss Hetty Cary that, on one occasion, when Federal troops were passing through Baltimore, she stood at an open window of her home and waved a Confederate flag. One of the officers of a regiment passing below noticed the demonstration, and calling it to the attention of the colonel, asked: 'Shall I have her arrested?' The colonel, glancing up and catching a glimpse of the vision of defiant loveliness, answered emphatically: 'No; she is beautiful enough to do as she pleases.'"

Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, commanding at Chattanooga, December 4, 1862, appears to have been the only one of that company so loyal to the Confederate cause who appeared to have any premonition of the disastrous events so soon to follow. From the first he appeared to feel the disposition of troops to have been unfortunate, and writes to General Wigfall:

"Nobody ever assumed a command under more unfavorable circumstances. If Rosecrans had disposed our troops himself, this disposition could not have been more unfavorable for us." Again and again he writes to the Senate through his friend urging a different policy from that pursued in which suggestions he had the sympathy of General Wigfall, but his propositions were not adopted. These letters form an interesting portion of the book.

The death of Stonewall Jackson sounded, in the letters given in Mrs. Wright's memoirs, the first note of discouragement on the part of the women of the South. Mrs. Wigfall writes: "May 11, 1863. We are all saddened to the heart tonight by hearing of the death of our hero, Jackson. In addition to our own irreparable loss, it will put new life and courage into our cruel foe. It will cause mourning all over our land, and each person seems to feel as if he had lost a relative. I feel more disheartened about the war now than I have ever felt before. It seems to me it is to be interminable and a wretched life of anxiety it is to look forward to."

During an imperative journey to Texas undertaken by General and Mrs. Wigfall their two daughters, then girls of 19 and 17 years of age, respectively, were left in the charge of Mrs. Joseph E. Johnston at Atlanta, Ga. General Johnston believed that here they remained members of his household until the position of affairs at Atlanta became so uncertain that General Johnston thought it best to send the two young girls to Macon, Ga., to the care of their mother's friend, Mrs. Clay.

"I shall never forget the horrors of that journey from Atlanta to Macon. We left in a hospital train filled with wounded, sick and dying soldiers, in all imaginable stages of disease and suffering. My little sister and myself and one other lady were the only other passengers on the train, except the officer put in charge of us to see us safe to our journey's end. I never imagined what a hideous, cruel thing war was until I was brought into direct contact with these poor victims of man's inhumanity to man. For this was no modern hospital train with scientific arrangements for hygiene and the relief of suffering. There was scant supply of the common comforts and even decencies of life—no cushions nor pillows for weary heads; no ice to cool the fevered thirst; no diet kitchen for broths and delicate foods for these half-starved sufferers; no wine or brandy to revive the falling pulse and stimulate the weakened vitality; not even medicine enough to check the ravages of disease nor anesthetics nor anodynes to ease their agonies—for the supply of medicines and anodynes was daily diminishing and they could not be replaced, as our foes had declared them 'contraband of war!' There was not even a place in that crowded car where the sick could lie down, but, packed in as close as possible on the hard, uncomfortable seats, they made that journey, as best they might, in uncomplaining martyrdom."

The concluding chapters recorded by "A Southern Girl in '61" give a series of intensely interesting letters from the men into whose hands the guidance of the last days of the Confederacy had fallen and of soldiers who fought with unflinching courage and faith to the end. A week before its evacuation the writer left Richmond.

MISS HETTY CARY, OF BALTIMORE

(Photo by Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, at the age of ninety.)

He fired the first shot at Fort Sumter, and after the surrender at Appomattox killed himself, saying: "I cannot survive the liberties of my country."

MISS FANNY WIGFALL, OF TEXAS
(Mrs. E. Jones Taylor, of Baltimore.)

MISS MARY MABEN, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. Frank Peyton Clark, of Baltimore.)

MISS LELIA POWERS, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. W. Stuart Symington, of Baltimore.)

MISS VIRGINIA PEGRAM, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. David Gregg McIntosh, of Baltimore.)

MISS TURNER MACFARLAND, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. J. Wilson Brown, of Baltimore.)

MISS MARY MABEN, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. Frank Peyton Clark, of Baltimore.)

MISS LELIA POWERS, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. W. Stuart Symington, of Baltimore.)

MISS VIRGINIA PEGRAM, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. David Gregg McIntosh, of Baltimore.)

MISS TURNER MACFARLAND, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. J. Wilson Brown, of Baltimore.)

MISS MARY MABEN, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. Frank Peyton Clark, of Baltimore.)

MISS LELIA POWERS, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. W. Stuart Symington, of Baltimore.)

MISS VIRGINIA PEGRAM, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. David Gregg McIntosh, of Baltimore.)

MISS TURNER MACFARLAND, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. J. Wilson Brown, of Baltimore.)

MISS MARY MABEN, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. Frank Peyton Clark, of Baltimore.)

MISS LELIA POWERS, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. W. Stuart Symington, of Baltimore.)

MISS VIRGINIA PEGRAM, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. David Gregg McIntosh, of Baltimore.)

MISS TURNER MACFARLAND, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. J. Wilson Brown, of Baltimore.)

MISS HETTY CARY, OF BALTIMORE

(Photo by Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, at the age of ninety.)

He fired the first shot at Fort Sumter, and after the surrender at Appomattox killed himself, saying: "I cannot survive the liberties of my country."

MISS FANNY WIGFALL, OF TEXAS
(Mrs. E. Jones Taylor, of Baltimore.)

MISS MARY MABEN, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. Frank Peyton Clark, of Baltimore.)

MISS LELIA POWERS, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. W. Stuart Symington, of Baltimore.)

MISS VIRGINIA PEGRAM, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. David Gregg McIntosh, of Baltimore.)

MISS TURNER MACFARLAND, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. J. Wilson Brown, of Baltimore.)

MISS MARY MABEN, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. Frank Peyton Clark, of Baltimore.)

MISS LELIA POWERS, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. W. Stuart Symington, of Baltimore.)

MISS VIRGINIA PEGRAM, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. David Gregg McIntosh, of Baltimore.)

MISS TURNER MACFARLAND, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. J. Wilson Brown, of Baltimore.)

MISS MARY MABEN, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. Frank Peyton Clark, of Baltimore.)

MISS LELIA POWERS, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. W. Stuart Symington, of Baltimore.)

MISS VIRGINIA PEGRAM, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. David Gregg McIntosh, of Baltimore.)

MISS TURNER MACFARLAND, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. J. Wilson Brown, of Baltimore.)

MISS MARY MABEN, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. Frank Peyton Clark, of Baltimore.)

MISS LELIA POWERS, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. W. Stuart Symington, of Baltimore.)

MISS VIRGINIA PEGRAM, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. David Gregg McIntosh, of Baltimore.)

MISS TURNER MACFARLAND, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. J. Wilson Brown, of Baltimore.)

MISS MARY MABEN, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. Frank Peyton Clark, of Baltimore.)

MISS LELIA POWERS, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. W. Stuart Symington, of Baltimore.)

MISS VIRGINIA PEGRAM, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. David Gregg McIntosh, of Baltimore.)

MISS TURNER MACFARLAND, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. J. Wilson Brown, of Baltimore.)

MISS MARY MABEN, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. Frank Peyton Clark, of Baltimore.)

MISS LELIA POWERS, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. W. Stuart Symington, of Baltimore.)

MISS VIRGINIA PEGRAM, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. David Gregg McIntosh, of Baltimore.)

MISS TURNER MACFARLAND, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. J. Wilson Brown, of Baltimore.)

MISS MARY MABEN, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. Frank Peyton Clark, of Baltimore.)

MISS LELIA POWERS, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. W. Stuart Symington, of Baltimore.)

MISS VIRGINIA PEGRAM, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. David Gregg McIntosh, of Baltimore.)

MISS TURNER MACFARLAND, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. J. Wilson Brown, of Baltimore.)

MISS MARY MABEN, OF VIRGINIA
(Mrs. Frank Peyton Clark, of Baltimore.)