

Clara Bell Walsh Goes Into Business

Clara Bell Walsh has decided to become a professional business woman. After a long career as an amateur she has become the president of the Mayfair Productions, an organization which will arrange for the presentation of plays by the Junior League in New York and throughout the country. Her associates in the Mayfair Productions are Vera Murray, who was with Charles Dillingham at the Globe Theater, and Frank Shea, who is well known as a director.

TERNOON—THE LEXINGTON

ARTHUR CARY WILL

PROPERTY BEQUEATHED TO WIFE
AND SON; TRUSTEE'S BOND FIXED
AT \$50,000. *Sep 9/1927*

The will of the late Arthur Cary, admitted to probate in county court today, directed that after the payment of any debts and funeral expenses, one-half of his property be held in trust for his wife, Mrs. Sydney Sayre Cary, and the other half pass in fee simple to his son, Graddy Cary.

The Security Trust Company was named trustee for Mrs. Cary and directed to pay her the income from the money held in trust. At her death, it is to go to Graddy Cary.

Graddy Cary and the Security Trust Company, named executors in the will, qualified, bond being fixed at \$100,000. The will directed that no surety be required.

The will was written in 1912. A codicil added in 1919 directed that any advances made to Graddy Cary by his father be considered gifts and not charged against his half of the estate.

E. Sayre Courtney, W. H. Courtney and John Fitch were appointed appraisers of the estate.

Bond of the Security Trust Company as trustee was fixed at \$50,000.

ARTHUR CARY'S WILL IS FILED FOR PROBATE

SEP 10 1927

Widow and Son of Former Rail- way Executive Named Beneficiaries

Mrs. Sydney Sayre Cary and Graddy Cary, widow and son of the late Arthur Cary, former president of the Lexington and Eastern Railroad company, were the beneficiaries under the will which was filed in the Fayette county court yesterday for probate. One-half of the estate is to be held in trust for Mrs. Cary, the income to be paid to her annually as long as she lives. The son is to receive the remainder in fee simple and the entire estate at the death of his mother.

The will was written in 1912 and the codicil, providing that any advances made to Graddy Cary be considered as gifts and not chargeable to the estate, was dated in Jan-2, 1919. Graddy Cary and the Security Trust Company, executors named in the writing, qualified under \$100,000 bond each. The will directed that no surety nor inventory be required.

The Security Trust Company, through its president, Charles N. Manning, also qualified as trustee for Mrs. Cary under \$50,000 bond, no surety other than its corporate effects being required. E. Sayre Courtney, W. H. Courtney and John Fitch were appointed appraisers of the estate.

THE OLD SAYRE FAMILY HISTORY.

Many of the Descendants and Branches of the Family in New Jersey Towns.

NEWARKERS IN THE FAMILY.

The Sayre Homestead on Long Island—Oldest English Built House in New York State—An Interesting History.

Many descendants of Thomas Sayre, who came to America from England 238 years ago, live in Newark and other New Jersey towns. A history of the Sayre family and its branches is being prepared by Thomas M. Banta, secretary of the "Holland Society," of New York City. Mrs. Laura Sayre-Jones, at one time a teacher in the Washington Street Public School, has collected for Mr. Banta a great deal of information about the Sayre family.

For eight years Mr. Banta, who is cashier of the New York Life Insurance Company, at 48 Broadway, New York, has been collecting material for the history, which will be published in book form. Last summer he spent several months in Europe, where he traced the Sayre family in an unbroken line of descent back to the early part of the fifteenth century, nearly 500 years. He has sent out through 1,000 agents of the Holland Society several thousand circulars, with blanks to be filled and has written over 2,000 letters. From the information thus gathered he is now arranging material for the printer. In 1883 he published an illustrated history of the Banta family, entitled "A Frisian Family."

SAYRE FAMILY CHARACTERISTICS.

Among the Sayre family characteristics noted by Mr. Banta are these: First, longevity, with well preserved vigor to the last; second, personal beauty; third, an uncommon average of intelligence and morality; fourth, ability to manage extensive enterprises successfully; and, fifth, a large percentage of professional members. In a list of graduates from Oxford College for 200 years the name of Sayre appears scores of times. (Various meanings have been ascribed to the Sayre name, as follows: Sears, a navigator, one who follows the sea; Sayer, either from as-sayer, a crown officer of the royal mint, or the sayer, the King's taster in times when poisoning was feared.) Howell's history of Southampton, at the rooms of the New Jersey Historical Society, in Newark, shows the Sayre coat-of-arms, crest and mottoes. The latter, gathered from various sources, are: Saxon, "Sais and Doe" (say and do); Latin, translated, "He upholds the humble"; "Honor and fidelity," and "by courage, not by cunning."

THE SAYRES IN AMERICA.

Thomas Sayre, founder of the American family of Sayre, was born in Leighton-Buzzard, in the borough of Bedford, England, in 1593, thirty-eight miles northwest of London. His father was a silk merchant, and in Mr. Banta's book will be a picture of the ancient church at Leighton-Buzzard, in which the father was married, a picture of the church in Faddlington, in which town the father lived, and a copy of his will, dated 1651. Thomas Sayre emigrated to America in 1633 and settled at Lynn, Mass., with three grown sons and several daughters. The sons were Francis, Job and David. Two of the daughters married but died young, leaving no descendants. Thomas Sayre's will dated September 16, 1653, names daughters Damaris Atwater, Mary Price and Hannah, the latter under sixteen years. The three sons left many descendants.

In 1640 a new colony was started at Southampton, L. I., with Edward Howell as leader. The names of Thomas and Job Sayre are in the list of eight "undertakers" who bought the Southampton tract, several miles square, from the Indians for 36 coats and 80 bushels of corn. Job Sayre was also one of the negotiators with the Indians for the purchase of the East Hampton tract in 1645. As the leaders of the colony came from Bedfordshire, England, and as one of the titles of the Duke of Bedford was Earl of Southampton, it is reasonable to infer that the town was named in his honor. Thomas Sayre was buried in the old cemetery at Southampton, but the precise spot is not known. An inventory of his effects was made in June 10, 1659.

THE ANCIENT SAYRE HOUSE.

The old Sayre homestead, built by Thomas Sayre in 1648, is yet standing on Main street, Southampton, and it is in a fair state of preservation. It is said to be the oldest English built house in New York State. Many persons visit it annually. It is two stories, with an attic and a "lean to," and the old clapboards are covered with moss. There are six rooms on the first floor and a wide hallway through the middle of the house. The windows are small, the ceiling low, the floor beams massive and the "living room," 11 by 14 feet, has a big fireplace, cupboards and a settle. On the second floor there are six rooms, also. The low attic contains spinning wheels and the old cradle in which the Sayre children, for generations, were rocked to sleep. The house has remained in the hands of some descendant of Thomas Sayre since it was erected.

THE SAYRES IN NEW JERSEY.

Francis Sayre, the oldest son of Thomas, had a son, Jonathan (1622-1722), who was adopted by an uncle, Waiters or Waters, one of the early settlers of Newark, whose son, Joseph, made Jonathan his heir. Jonathan's daughter, Hannah, married Judge John Ogden, son of Captain David Ogden, son of David, who came to Newark from Elizabethtown in 1674. Their daughter, Hannah Ogden, married the Rev. James Caldwell, the "fighting parson," and she was murdered by a Hessian soldier at a window of the parsonage at Lyons Farms, N. J., in 1781. One of their descendants has recently contributed an excellent record of 250 members of this family.

Francis had a grandson, Caleb Sayre, son of Caleb, who married Martha Ogden, sister of Judge John, and their descendants write their name Sayre, Sayer or Sayers. Their son, Caleb Sayre—1745-1820—was one of the building committee of Trinity Episcopal Church, in Newark, and a mural tablet was erected in that church in his honor by the vestry of the church. His son

was the rector of a church in Georgetown, D. C., where there is a handsome monument in the churchyard to his memory. Caleb and his brother, Jonathan—1717-1818—are buried together in the Rector Street Churchyard, Newark.

SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS.

Thomas, third son of Daniel, was an ancestor of Mr. Banta, whose mother was Sarah Ann Sayre, of Connecticut Farms, now Union, N. J. Daniel had a grandson, Isaac Sayre, who bought of the Indians, about 140 years ago, a large tract of land southwest of Springfield, near Summit, on which many of his posterity are now living. Among the family names are Denman, Hedden, of Irvington; Faltoute, Kaim, of Somerville; Griffin, Conklin, and Thompson. "Zip" Sayre, the famous hunter and phrenological lecturer, who died at Springfield last September, was of this branch.

Isaac Sayre was born after his father's death, about 1725. His mother subsequently married Jeremiah Ludlow and became the ancestress of Governor Ludlow, General Ludlow, Gideon P. Chase, who was Chief Justice of the United States under President Lincoln, and other persons distinguished in military or political circles.

In 1840 Thomas had another son, Joseph, born, who, in 1861 came to New Jersey as one of the eighty "Elizabethtown Associates." With him came Benjamin Price, son of Joseph's sister Mary. Joseph died in Elizabethtown in December, 1885. He left several sons. From his son, Thomas, is descended the family of the late William Pelot Sayre, a manufacturing jeweler in Chestnut street, Newark, for many years. A memorial altar has been placed in the south transept of Grace Episcopal Church, in the memory of himself and his wife, by their children.

Daniel, third son of Thomas Sayre, died in Elizabethtown in 1722. He was very active and influential in town and church affairs. He was one of the first seven Councilmen of the town, a surveyor of highways, and a generous supporter of the church. His will has been found in Trenton, in which he names his six sons Daniel, John, Ephraim, Ebenezer, Jonathan and Joseph, and three daughters Sarah, Elizabeth and Hannah. Daniel, the eldest, born 1702, married Elizabeth Lyon, Deacon Ephraim Sayre, of Madison, N. J., the friend of General Washington, and of the Rev. James Caldwell, was of this branch. He was a man of more than ordinary ability in many ways. Among his posterity are Dr. Lewis Albert Sayre, the famous surgeon of Bellevue Hospital, New York, and David Austen Sayre, the founder of Sayre Institute, of Lexington, Ky., and of a large banking institution there. Joseph Sayre, real estate dealer on Broad street, Newark, with his brother and nephews, also of this city, are nearly related to Dr. Sayre.

OTHER BRANCHES OF THE FAMILY.

John Sayre, born 1715, lived as a tailor on Broad street, New York, in 1735. He afterward moved to Philadelphia and had two sons, John and James, who were Episcopal clergymen there during the Revolution. From one of them descended Dr. Francis Jones Sayre, who died of yellow fever during the epidemic in Philadelphia in 1793, and his grandson, Robert Sayre, the banker and railroad magnate, now lives near South Bethlehem, Pa., where the Sayre Observatory is located.

Ephraim Sayre, born 1715, married in 1737 Lisbet Lynnesson (variously spelled), granddaughter of Jost Lynnesson, one of the early Dutch settlers of New York. He lived on Broad street, next door to John Sayre. Ephraim and his wife were among the first settlers of New Providence, N. J., in 1738. They had several sons: One, Daniel, born 1741, married Anna Runyon, and they have 200 living descendants, mostly in Newark and its suburbs and Elizabeth. Another, Joseph, went West during the Revolution, and some of his descendants have recently been found in the Western States. One branch of this family are in, or near, Philadelphia, the best known of whom is Professor William Lynnesson Sayre, principal of the Manual Training School, at Seventeenth and Wood streets, Philadelphia. One of his sons is a professor in the Manual Training School in Denver, Colo., and another is a public school principal at Mount Airy, Pa. His father's family all inherit scholarly tastes, many working as teachers, authors or journalists.

NEWARKERS IN THE FAMILY.

Ebenezer Sayre was the progenitor of many well-known people in this vicinity. Among them are Miss Eliza Brookfield, principal of the State Street School; Dr. David Sayre, who died in Newton, N. J., in 1876; James Cook, at one time president of the First National Bank, Newark; and his cousin, Elias Sayre Ward, president of the South Orange Railway Company, and Dr. Leslie D. Ward, vice-president of the Prudential Insurance Company. Jonathan Price's family has many representatives in this locality also engaged in large manufacturing and commercial enterprises. Some of them are J. Teece Sayre, wholesale grocer, living in Fulton street, son of James B. Sayre, who died recently when 85½ years old; James B. Sayre, Jr., and his brother, Marcus Sayre, sons of Moses, dealers in mason's materials, fire brick, coal, etc., with their nephews and business associates, James and Samuel Higbie; William Henry Sayre, the Orange street druggist; and George W. Sayre, printer, who had worked on The Newark Daily Advertiser many years.

Joseph Sayre—1719-1777—was the ancestor of still another family well and favorably known in Elizabeth, Newark and suburbs. He married Miss Price, from Maryland. They had three sons, Thomas, Nathan and John. From Thomas are descended Miss Laura B. Sayre, principal of the Camden Street Public School, the late Lewis Nesbitt and the wife of the Rev. William Bergfels. Nathan and John were Revolutionary heroes. John married Sarah Townley. Some of their descendants are James A. Sayre, the Broad street druggist; Job Sayre Pever, whose mother died lately, aged 100 years and 4 months; Edward Sayre, coal dealer, of East Orange; his brother, Sylvanus, and his daughter, Miss E. Louise Sayre, a teacher in Franklin; the late John Joseph Field, varnish manufacturer, of Chestnut street, and Wickliffe B. Sayre, of Elizabeth, sergeant-at-arms in the Chancellor's Court, Newark. In the British Museum there is a book called "Willy's Hundred," a history of 100 Bedfordshire families, in which it is stated that "the Sayres were a respectable yeoman family in the thirteenth century." The book is so rare and valuable that the last copy sold brought \$100.

Will Be Prosecuted.

ANTON KLING, of 78 Sussex avenue, is to be prosecuted for putting the fire sign box at Broad and Market streets last Sunday morning. Judge Mot has found that the law covers such a case.

Hart's Plaster Busts Of Jackson And Dudley, Owned Here, Also Valuable Poems By Noted Sculptor Are Revealed



Bust of Dr. Benjamin W. Dudley By Hart in 1839

By C. Frank Dunn

The story of the search for the original model of Joel T. Hart's "Woman Triumphant" group and of the will of the world-famous Kentucky sculptor, published in these columns recently, has brought to light locally-owned bust models by Hart and more about his lesser-known talent as a poet.

Mrs. Howard Evans furnished a photo of a signed Hart plaster bust of Dr. Benjamin Winslow Dudley, the noted surgeon who headed old Transylvania Medical School, that is in the art collection of the Peter family. It is signed, "J. T. Hart, Sculpt., 1839."

W. Viley McFerran produced a plaster bust of President Andrew Jackson, with the signature: "J. T. Hart, Ken., Apl., 1838." As it was many years before Hart located in Florence, Italy, and rose to such wide fame, McFerran asked this writer to ascertain if he was here at that time and working other than at stone-cutting.

Reference to MacCabe's Directory of Lexington 1837-38 brought out the fact that he not only was here a century ago but already had attained local prominence. The directory revealed—as most directories do—a comedy of errors about Hart's name but not of his fame. The only Hart listed was:

"Hart, P., sculpturer, 42 W. Short St."

As it is generally known that he was employed at Doyle's marble yard, where the Lexington Clinic today is located, Second and Upper streets, Doyle's listing was looked up and found to be as follows:

"Doyle, P., marble factory, S. E. Second St., c. (cor.) Upper St."

It didn't take a Sherlock Holmes deduction to conceive "why the P." for Hart's initial. Obviously the enumerator was chatting with Doyle—probably admiring some of the carved stones in the "factory" and asked: "Who's that fellow over there—does he work for you?"

And one readily can imagine Doyle, thinking everyone had heard of his up-and-coming workman—he had arrived in Lexington from

Clark county in 1830—succinctly replying: "Yes, that's Hart."

The remainder of the directory is easy. The enumerator in listing his day's work, simply copied the "P." in Doyle's name to be coupled with Hart's moniker, either thinking Hart was more or less of a non-entity or in his haste adopting the scheme of most of us lazy newspaper men of using any initial to prevent a "trip back"—there were no telephones in that day.

Reputation grew. At any rate, MacCabe, who apparently overlooked the enumerator's error, was fully familiar with the growing reputation of the 25-year-old Clark countian, as he took occasion to do him the high honor of individual, exclusive and complimentary mention in the directory introduction.

In listing the large and wide number of business establishments in Lexington in 1838—listed by classification only and not by name—MacCabe inserted the following:

"A native sculptor, Mr. Hart, of very promising genius."

Thus Viley McFerran's plaster bust of Andrew Jackson by "J. T. Hart, Ken., (Kentucky), Apl., 1838," was fully authenticated.

As usual, while the old directory still was in hand, this writer went on a divergent search for the "42 West Short St." of a century ago. "Possible chance for a shrine, positive chance for a marker," he opined.

First crack out of the box he discovered that the Post Office, then at the north-west corner of Short and Mill streets, bore the "next door" number. Reference in the history introduction of the directory, however, gave the Post Office another number—below 20. Then the numbers of inns, livery stables and whatnot, located on Short west of Mill street, were looked up, and while no numbers were given west of Broadway, there was a regular olla podrida of them within the one Mill-Broadway block—but no No. 42.

However, sufficient evidence of the fact that Hart lived and worked here in 1838 already had been found, and the tribute paid in the directory introduction to his "very promising genius" is fully sustained by the dated bust of Jackson. This bust, by the way, came down to Viley McFerran from his great grandfather, Capt. Willa Viley.

And Hart still was here the next year, as the Dudley bust in the Peter family bears the signature: "J. T. Hart, Sculpt., 1839." The sculptor gave it to Dr. Robert Peter, professor at old Transylvania Medical School, in appreciation of the latter's presenting him with tickets to Dr. Peter's lectures on anatomy—an important subject to sculptors as well as doctors.

Another plaster bust here was discovered in the chase for writing material. It is in the Lexington Public Library—a bust model of John J. Crittenden, signed "Hart, Sculpt., 1840." It has been bronzed at some time in the past—probably to conceal wear, tear and dust.

Hart The Poet. All of this provided material aplenty for another story about the genius of Hart, but inquiries now were coming in for more about Hart—the poet—brief mention of which was made in the previous article.

A Western Kentucky historian, learning of the article through the Filson Club, stated that he wanted to prepare a monograph on Hart, the poet, and asked if any of his poems were available here.

This writer recalled that, when conducting a column locally a few years ago, he had unearthed at the Lexington Public Library and published in part a signed poem by Hart.

Then, while on a search among old newspaper files for further material for the Patterson Log Cabin story, one of those once-in-a-lifetime things happened: A "Letter to the Editor" of a local paper fifty years ago, protesting against a distorted "Woman Triumphant" group claimed to be Hart's, and also assailing the lack of appreciation of Hart's poems after his death, was accompanied by what must have been the poetic masterpieces of the sculptor—and it was a forecast, in 1864, of what his marble masterpiece would be when completed several years

later. He even titled the poem, "Woman Triumphant!"

The "Letter to the Editor," dated Florence, Italy, Nov. 20, 1877, was much too lengthy to be re-printed here, but it is possible and pertinent to quote part of what he said about Hart's poetry, after complaining bitterly about the incongruous reproduction of Hart's marble group: "I enclose a copy of a poem which he brought me to illustrate his idea—not innocent Eve or pagan Venus—but the true woman, whose purity takes the sting (his arrow) away from Love. . . One of these executors has decided that Mr. Hart's . . . many and beautiful poems—some of which have been published—are rubbish, and thus to be burned. We who knew and loved the great old man are perhaps too deeply indignant at all this. Let it pass. . ."

The previous story published in these columns, revealing Hart's will, quoted his arrangements and request for publishing his poems.

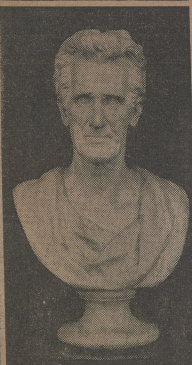
The poem, as published with the letter, follows:

Woman Triumphant
By Joel T. Hart.
Hail holiest vision lent to earth,
And warm as thrice of pulse albeit
With youth's first love of heavenly birth,
As angel bright, as seraph sweet!

And beautiful from inward glow,
In majesty she stood, and bright
As morning light on virgin snow,
With purity and truth—and bare!

It were a dream no longer now,
A fabled goddess of the wood,
But woman, of the thoughtful brow,
With light, and truth, and love imbued.

The winged boy with slackened bow
On tipoe reached—his arrow sped,
Pleading to one who answered
"no!"



Bust Of Andrew Jackson By Hart In 1838

In kind rebuke high o'er his head.

His empty quiver fell beside
The arrows broken, harmless,
'round;
And Beauty all his arts defied,
With virtue's spell securely bound.

A triumph—not to charm the child—
But teach him that the thrilling
dart
Sped but to wound, if Love defied,
Which, when exalted, wins the
heart.

And that henceforward Love's control

O'er Beauty should be as his power
To bless, appealing to the soul
To sooth her in her trying hour.
And I would give that vision form,
And symbolize for Love a throne:
Would strive to animate and warm,
And dare to bid it live in stone?

(Copy made, Florence, 1864).

Signature Is Legible
The Hart poem at the Lexington Public Library is headed, "Address for the Lexington Observer and Reporter, January 1, 1841," and was richly embellished with an ornate border set by the printer. The penned signature, "J. T. Hart," is faded but very legible.

Poets usually are considered in this age to be peace-loving bards who seclude themselves from the paths of warriors and declaiming patriots, buried in the quiet haunts of their Muse. But Hart sounds the battle-cry in his poetic "address" of 1841—the Mexican War is in full-tide—in fact, it was but seven weeks afterward, at the Battle of Buena Vista, that the "scion from the mighty Clay" mentioned in the poem, fell on that bloody battlefield.

Here are some of the stanzas: . . . "How doth great Columbia bear
Her regal form to Nations far?
At home, to whom does she confide
Her trust, her wealth, and power,
and pride?"

Brittania's Lion shook in ire
His flowing mane,—the forest king
Scand the proud Eagle's eye of fire,
His ruffled crest and banded
wing—
From Oregon, like warrior tried,
The proud beast sought his lair
again;

The bird, on pinions wild and wide
In triumph soared to Palma's plain!
Then stoop'd a nation's high command,
Through follies of a reckless Son—
To force through blood, from sister
land,
What wisdom, justice, else had
won;

With CLAY's prophetic eye before,
To mark the ruin, count the cost,
And spare that blood shed to restore
That honor so ignobly lost.
To you Americans, O shame!

Fresh victor-wreath, or Spartan
grave,
And dark Alamo's murdered through
Bid valor still avenge their wrong—
wing—
And San Jacinto's eye of Fame
Is resting on proud TAYLOR'S
name,
And by him in that stern array,
A scion from the mighty CLAY;
And brand, by high ambition steel'd
Hath led a Cassius to the field;
And Marshall, with a tongue of
flame,
And Butler, with a warrior's name,
But who can number every Star,
That spears the grave, or glory
there? . . .

While Peace, with olive-branch
above,
Shall loose the tyrant's chain, and
bear
The Eagle, wedded to the Dove;

Who lit that torch to mock the
sun,
To scorch you now, before that
NAME
Which honor loves, and GENIUS
won.
You crossed the "Rubicon" to fly
Would be inglorious now, ye
brave!
Who would not rather do, or die,
Than live to fill a coward's grave?

.. Go! Send our WARRIOR, gener-
ous aid
And steed, and lance, and battle-
to wave the Eagle-flag on high,
And bear it home in victory!
But warn the foe ere lance be dyed
Again that they are battle-tried—
That Palo Alto's warrior band
Are with the brave of Rio Grande—
That dread Palma's ensanguined
plain
Shall call her thunders back again,
And Monterey hath pledged our
brave
Fresh victor-wreath, or Spartan
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Is resting on proud TAYLOR'S
name,
And by him in that stern array,
A scion from the mighty CLAY;
And brand, by high ambition steel'd
Hath led a Cassius to the field;
And Marshall, with a tongue of
flame,
And Butler, with a warrior's name,
But who can number every Star,
That spears the grave, or glory
there? . . .

.. Go! Send our WARRIOR, gener-
ous aid
And steed, and lance, and battle-
to wave the Eagle-flag on high,
And bear it home in victory!
But warn the foe ere lance be dyed
Again that they are battle-tried—
That Palo Alto's warrior band
Are with the brave of Rio Grande—
That dread Palma's ensanguined
plain
Shall call her thunders back again,
And Monterey hath pledged our
brave
Fresh victor-wreath, or Spartan
grave,
And dark Alamo's murdered through
Bid valor still avenge their wrong—
wing—
And San Jacinto's eye of Fame
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SARATOGA SEASON NEARING ZENITH

By Barclay Beckman

SARATOGA, N. Y.

WHEN WILLIAM WOODWARD, steward of the Jockey Club, arrives in Saratoga tomorrow, the season will reach its zenith. Woodward has been abroad and reached New York this week. A brief time in the metropolis, then his war cry: "On to Saratoga!"

Wideners, Whitneys and Zieglers are all good enough in their way, but the fact remains that Woodward stands first in equine affairs. With him at the course, Saratoga leaves nothing to be desired.

When the George Wideners returned from Newport, Tuesday, they went to Aquidneck Isle to attend the ball which George's mother, Mrs. A. Hamilton Rice, gave in honor of beautiful Jane Pope. They brought with them Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon Douglas and Mrs. Frank Crocker. The latter trio remained until after the second race and then started for Raquette Lake, where Mrs. Margaret Emerson, whose guests they will be, has a lodge.

A RACE TRACK CELEBRITY who is expected here by the end of the week is Mrs. Julius Walsh, the famed Clara Bell of Kentucky, who knows more about horses than any other woman in America and so much about society that society wishes Clara would be stricken with loss of memory. Just ask Clara about some of our fashionable women and listen for ten minutes. Then you will know the meaning of the word disillusion.

Mrs. "Dickey" Wilson left for New York yesterday. She had been a guest of the Sam Riddles. Marion has had a gay time here. So did Jack Curtis. That boy knows how to drive a car.

"Jock" Whitney and "Lize" were at the course, Tuesday afternoon, and so were Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Livingston Mills. The latter had as the luncheon guests "Tiny" Fell, who appears to be interested in a very pretty girl, and Phil Randolph, Jr. Phil is Mrs. Mills's brother.

Ogden is a very modest man. When a photographer asked him to pose for his picture, saying that it would be good Presidential publicity, Ogden smiled grimly and refused. Perhaps he already sees the handwriting on the wall.

MRS. C. OLIVER ISELIN, very smart in brown and white, viewed the races from her box. She appears to be ill and walks with the aid of a cane. Oh, Chronos, how cruel thou art! "Tim" Durant tried to be as debonnaire as ever, but it required much effort. "Tim" is not as jaunty as he was when he wed Adelaide Hutton and her Post Toastie millions. He was a well-behaved boy then and did not wink a roving eye, as Mr. Gilbert wrote. It is a long leap from a jewelry store in Palm Beach to the Social Register, but "Tim" made it. Now he does not know what the future has in store for him.

"Pete" Bostwick is very polite. He wanted to enter a box and instead of disturbing Mrs. "Jock" Whitney, who sat in the entrance, he just put one leg over the balustrade and then followed it with the other. Alfred Vanderbilt had a party of his own age and the most sartorial female present was Mrs. "Pete" Widener. What a fashion plate that woman is! Every frock shrieks Paris. She was in white, and instead of there being dots on the dress, it was decorated with squares, some black and others red. Her large hat was black, and a red belt circled her waist. Was she chic? Well, every other woman present seemed non-existent as far as clothes were concerned.

THE D. WALTER MABEES were also guests at the Riddle cottage. The Mabees are one of Saratoga's old families. They owned the beautiful old house at the beginning of Union Ave., near the park. They sold it to Skidmore College and the road leading into the picturesque domicile is barred by a heavy chain from which hang thirteen cannon balls. Tradition says that the projectiles were used by the American forces at the Battle of Saratoga. But there they hang and ingress to the estate is prohibited by their warlike appearance.

Saratoga is chuckling over a good story—a true story. A group of fashionable sportsmen were on their way to Kentucky in a private car. Their destination was the Derby. To kill time they imbibed potations and swapped yarns.

But the topic to which they always returned was horses. One of the jolly company seemed exceptionally well informed on the subject. Apparently he knew just as much, or possibly more, about equines' pedigrees than Billy Hitt, or more about stock farms than Sam Riddle. He impressed his hearers with his knowledge.

Just before they turned in for the night our hero took one of his friends aside and asked: "Isn't a filly a female colt?"

I would not tell you the whole name of this man for ten of Sam Riddle's mint juleps. His family cognomen is Pell. Now guess the rest.

Nina Prime was a very sorrowful woman when her husband, the agreeable Billy, arrived from New York by motor, Nina was not sad to see her hubby, but she was unhappy to leave Saratoga, for that is what Billy's advent meant.

Billy was on his way to Montreal and he wanted Nina to accompany him, so she packed her baggage, had it placed in the Prime motor and bade Mrs. Chauncey Olcott au revoir and started for Canada. Nina has been here since before the season and she quit even on the races. Rita Olcott is so lonely now that she is planning a luncheon for females only—hoping that affair will pull her out of the doldrums.

MISS JOSEPHINE BLAKE, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas C. Blake, will be married today to Harry Joseph Strickler, vice-president of the International Circulation Co. The ceremony will be performed at 11 o'clock at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, New York City.

The bride will be given in marriage by her father. Her sister, Miss Margaret Blake, will be her only attendant. Thomas J. Buttikofer, president of International Circulation Co., will be best man. A reception will be held at the Warwick Hotel. Mr. Strickler and his bride will spend their honeymoon in Colorado Springs and will live in New York City on their return.

Just a little gossip I thought I might receive from you

Walsh's Masked Party a Great Success.

aide is such a kindly, thoughtful and generous person.

In which respect she is very much the daughter of her mother, the philanthropically-inclined Mrs. Joseph E. Davies.

Masked Dance A Gay Novelty

Wherever Clara Bell Walsh got the idea of having a masked dance, she certainly hit upon the gayest party ideas arranged in Gotham in eons.

It was at the second of her "Evenings of Fun and Frolic" in the Trianon room of the Ambassador Hotel the other night and it was even more hilarious and jolly than the first dance.

And the high light of the evening was that masked dance.

Clever Clara Bell had provided masks of animal faces—frogs, dogs, apes, etc.—and during this particular dance, only those who donned the masks were permitted on the floor.

The men were corralled to one side of the room, the women to the other, all wearing the grotesque faces over their evening attire, and the men had to try to find their partners among the masked feminine figures on the opposite side of the room.

It was the funniest sight I

have ever seen, as they danced about to the music of Vincent Lopez's orchestra—these animal faces on human bodies.

The ceiling of the Trianon room was hung with figures of dogs, monkeys, mickey-mouses, etc., in addition to the usual vari-colored balloons, and when they were dropped from the strings, there was a mad rush on the part of otherwise staid and steady adults to grab as many of the figures as possible.

It was a delightfully mixed party of society, stage and cinema, and Gloria Swanson, radiant in a green-blue gown, was the cynosure of all eyes, as was June Walker, a pretty little figure in white.

One who attracted much attention among the socialites was Mrs. William Wooley-Hart, that amazing lady who gives London parties with elephants as guests of honor. Mrs. Wooley-Hart was in a party with the Charles F. Watson's Jr., Mrs. Watson's sister, Eva F. Burnside; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Stehli, Naila Kyatt and the talented Schuyler White.

There was an abundance of lace present—many of the guests coming on from the lace ball at the Waldorf, and none looked more resplendent than Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken, in a white Alencon lace gown, with which she wore beautiful emeralds.

Katherine Allen, daughter of the Benjamin Allens, danced about happily with her fiancee, the handsome Frederic St. George-Smith, to whom she will be married in April; Major and Mrs. William L. Rich were also in a happy frame of mind as they danced together constantly; Ganna Walska was her usual conspicuous self in a black gown with which she wore long jade earrings; Mrs. Busch Greenough, who was with St. Louis relatives, was in white chiffon of blue ombre, and in her party, too, was the gracious Mrs. Richard T. Wilson, who has the most shapely ankles in society and who dances better than a debutante.

There were ever so many more interesting people—too many to mention in this limited space.

They made Clara Bell's second dinner dance a greater success than her first, and that's saying a lot.

* * *

IF YOU DOUBT that Mrs. Julius Walsh is a far-seeing woman, regard the ladies she has chosen as patronesses for the Fun and Frolic entertainment she is sponsoring at the Plaza Hotel for New Year's Eve.

Mrs. William Woodward, Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Mrs. Harrison Williams, Mrs. Busch Greenough, Mrs. William A. Prime, Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken and Beth Leary are among those serving on Mrs. Walsh's list. Their friends should assure a large attendance. Paul Whiteman will supply the music, and radio, screen and stage stars will appear. Crippled children will receive the proceeds.

Richards, of New York City....All of the banks, the postoffice and public buildings will be closed Monday, Labor Day. The county schools will dismiss school Labor Day....Mrs. George Moore moved from east Hickman street to Dudley street....Mrs. Addison T. Witt entertained with a luncheon Thursday in honor of Miss Lois Warden, of Louisville, who is the house guest of Miss Lucy Tallaferra Davis....The St. Joseph's Aid has planned a card party Tuesday afternoon. Those wishing to reserve tables may notify Mrs. James McCourt....Mrs. Hugh E. Witt entertained her division of the C. W. B. M.

RESOLUTIONS ON MR. CARY'S DEATH

Officers and Directors of Kentucky Union Company Pay Tribute to His Life of Usefulness.

Officers and the board of directors of the Kentucky Union Company have passed resolutions upon the death of Arthur Cary with a tribute as follows in part:

"In the death of our friend and business associate, Mr. Arthur Cary, late vice president of the Kentucky Union Co., the officers and directors of this company feel that they have not only lost a true friend but a wise counsellor, an able and faithful fellow-servant of the corporation, and a most devoted guardian of the interests of all concerned in its welfare.

"In one official capacity or another, Mr. Cary has served the Kentucky Union Company continuously since its original formation, more than 30 years ago, down to the day of his death. He was for many years the president and chief executive officer of the company, and, about ten years ago, resigned that position to resume his previous office as vice president, only when the burden of advancing years began to tell upon him and to seem to make it expedient that he lighten his labors. No one else connected with the company has ever had a more intimate or more serviceable knowledge of its affairs, and none have ever served it more efficiently or more loyally. He was justly regarded by us all as the final arbiter on all questions of disputed fact or doubtful policy.

"So brief a statement does but scant justice to the merits of one with whom we have so long had the privilege of being associated on terms of such close and helpful intimacy; and we should count ourselves remiss were we to omit saying more respecting our feelings for Mr. Cary as a personal friend.

Soul of Courtesy

"He was at all times the soul of courtesy, and, in word and act, manifested always the utmost consideration for the views and feelings of others. His sense of honor was most acute, and a striking proof of this signal trait may be found in the fact that he never allowed himself to draw distinctions between the moral conduct of a business corporation and that of a high-principled private individual. For him, the same high code of ethics applied equally to both. By consequence, he uniformly and inflexibly strove for the maintenance of an irreproachable standard in the management and administration of this company's affairs. The character he exhibited in his private relations, he carried with him into the everyday business of the commercial world. While he seemed to make no active or conscious effort, particularly in his later life, to extend the circle of his friends, his agreeable personality, his buoyant good humor, his alertness to current events, his delightful and informing conversation, and his marked but unobtrusive social charm, made him a welcome addition to every company, for whether at home, in the club, or in the resorts of commerce and trade, his acquaintances always found him one of the most companionable of men.

"Within a month of attaining his eighty-sixth birthday, Mr. Cary, it will be seen, had passed well beyond the allotted span of human life, when stretched to its utmost limit. Yet he grew old gracefully and serenely. A sufferer for many years from a painful disability due to lameness in one of his limbs, he was seldom or never heard to complain of this or any other ailment. Cheerfulness under all circumstances and conditions was a predominant trait of his finely marked nature, and this trait revealed itself in a healthy and well-balanced optimism,

which rarely dealt with unwarranted superlatives or exaggeration. To the limit of his strength, he kept actively at work to the last, and shirked no duty or responsibility which rightfully fell to his lot.

"His life was gentle; and the elements

So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

"Aware as we are that the words we have used fall short of expressing the things we fain would say concerning our dear departed friend, and yet unwilling to let this mournful event pass unnoticed, we, the officers and directors of the Kentucky Union Co., in token of our high regard and admiration for the person and character of Arthur Cary and of the loss we have sustained in his death, do hereby unite, with full accord, in the following resolutions:

The Resolutions

"That we deeply lament the passing of our valued friend and associate, which brings grief to us but falls with far greater severity upon the loved ones of his own immediate family;

That despite the fact that, in the remorseless course of nature,—

"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late,"

we must, nevertheless, acknowledge we ourselves keenly sensitive to the irreparable loss which death inflicts; and, in the death of Arthur Cary, not only has this community been deprived of an useful and exemplary citizen, his family and friends of one bound to them by many endearing ties, but we, as his long-time associates, of a co-worker whose unique place in our company we recognize it is quite beyond our power to fill;

"That we tender to his bereaved widow, son, and daughter, and to the other members of his family, who were nearest and dearest to him, our sincerest and most heartfelt sympathy, and beg leave to assure them, one and all, that we share in no small measure their sorrow and deep sense of loss;

"That these resolutions be entered on the records of the Kentucky Union Co., and a copy thereof be furnished to the local press of our city for publication.

ARTHUR CARY, 85, FORMER RAILROAD OFFICIAL, PASSES

Had Served as President of
Kentucky Union and Lex-
ington and Eastern Rail-
ways and Was General
Counsel; Funeral Services
Saturday, 3 O'Clock.

Arthur Cary, former president of the old Kentucky Union Railroad, later general counsel of the Lexington and Eastern Railroad and president of the latter company at the time its property was sold to the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, died Thursday night at 11:10 o'clock at St. Joseph's hospital. He was 85 years old.

Mr. Cary was an attorney, capitalist and clubman and widely known. His death followed the amputation Wednesday of his left leg, which had been giving him trouble for several years. The amputation was resorted to in the hope of saving his life, but he gradually grew weaker until the end came.

Funeral services will be held at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon at the residence at Sayre avenue and Bell Court, west, Dr. H. H. Pitzer, of the Presbyterian church, officiating. Burial will be private in the family lot in the Versailles cemetery. The family requests that no flowers be sent.

Mr. Cary is survived by his wife, Mrs. Sidney Sayre Bell Cary; one son, Graddy Cary, a Louisville attorney; a brother, Edward Cary, of Louisville; two sisters, Mrs. Charles Tabb and Mrs. Clifton Brown, both of Louisville, and two grand children, Arthur Cary and Henry Burnett Cary, both of Louisville.

Mr. Cary was a member of the Lexington Club and in his late years spent considerable time there, where he was the center of a genial circle of friends.

Native of Louisville

Arthur Cary was born in Louisville Oct. 1, 1841, where he received his early education. He graduated from the Louisville Law School in 1868 and from that time until 1889 practiced law in Louisville.

In 1889 he became general counsel for the Kentucky Union Railway Company and vice president of the Kentucky Union Land Company. Subsequently for a quarter of a century he was president of these two corporations until 1917, when on account of advancing years he retired. He was an active Republican and cast his first vote for Abraham Lincoln in 1864.

Mr. Cary's first wife was Miss Fannie Graddy, of Woodford county, who died April 8, 1878, just two days after the birth of her only son and child, Graddy Cary.

Mr. Cary on Feb. 12, 1895, married Mrs. Sydney Sayre Bell, widow of D. D. Bell, of Lexington.

Mr. Cary in early days, before a railroad penetrated that section, rode horseback over a large part of eastern Kentucky securing options and buying land for the Kentucky Union Company.

ARTHUR CARY'S FUNERAL TODAY

Express Herald

Prominent Lexington Citizen
Will Be Laid to Rest
at Versailles This

Sept 3 Afternoon *1927*

DIED AFTER OPERATION

Arthur Cary, 85 years old, former president of the Lexington and Eastern railroad and president of the old Kentucky Union railroad, died Thursday night at 11:10 o'clock at the St. Joseph's hospital following an amputation of his leg Wednesday, which was resorted to in the hope of saving his life. He failed to rally after the operation and grew gradually weaker until his death.

Mr. Cary was a prominent Lexington attorney and served for a long time as general counsel of the L. and E. railroad. He was widely known in Lexington and in Kentucky and was a prominent member of the Lexington Club.

Funeral services will be held at 3 o'clock this afternoon at the residence at Sayre avenue and Bell Court West with Dr. H. H. Pitzer, of the First Presbyterian church officiating. Burial will be held in the family lot at the Versailles cemetery. The family requested that no flowers be sent.

Pallbearers will be Arthur Tabb, Lucas B. Combs, Arthur Cary II, J. Will Sayre, George Montgomery and E. Sayre Courtney.

Mr. Cary is survived by his wife, Mrs. Sidney Sayre Bell Cary; one son, Graddy Cary, a Louisville attorney; one brother, Edward Cary, of Louisville; two sisters, Mrs. Charles Tabb and Mrs. Clifton Brown, of Louisville; and two grandchildren, Arthur Cary and Henry Burnett Cary, both of Louisville.

Mr. Cary was born in Louisville October 1, 1841, where he received his early education. He was graduated from the Louisville Law School in 1868 and from that time until 1889 practiced law in Louisville.

In 1889 he became general counsel for the Kentucky Union railroad and vice president of the Kentucky Union Land Company. afterward served as president these two organizations until 1927 when he retired. He was an active Republican and cast his first

COBB'S KERNELS

BEVERLY HILLS, Cal., July 16
—The future has a rotten trick of mussing up the judgments of the present. What a pity it is that we can't wear our hind-sights in front.

When I read where some ponderous performing pachyderm of the literary elephant quadrille says, "This story will live forever," I get to thinking about a time-yellowed copy of a metropolitan newspaper I saw once, a paper that was printed on November 20, 1863.

It devoted great gobs of praise and nine solid columns—very solid—to the eloquence of the Honorable Edward Everett of Massachusetts, who, on the day before, after months of preparation had, on a battlefield down in Pennsylvania, spoken two hours and turned loose enough oratory to fill about nine gas balloons. But of the subsequent and incidental remarks of another man, an awkward, shy man from Illinois, who had spoken just two minutes, it said, "The President was also heard briefly. The applause was formal and scattering."

P. S.—The brief remarks made on the occasion referred to are even today quite well known under the title "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address."

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"The several States having soldiers in the Army of the Potomac, who were killed at the battle of Gettysburg, or have since died at the various hospitals which were established in the vicinity, have procured grounds on a prominent part of the battlefield for a cemetery, and are having the dead removed to them and properly buried. These grounds will be consecrated and set apart to this sacred purpose, by appropriate ceremonies, on Thursday, the 19th instant. Hon. Edward Everett will deliver the oration. I am authorized by the Governors of the different States to invite you be present and participate in these ceremonies, which will doubtless be very imposing and solemnly impressive. It is the desire that after the oration, you, as Chief Executive of the nation, formally set appropriate remarks. It will be a source of great gratification to the many widows and orphans that have been made almost friendless by the great battle here, to have you here personally; and it will kindle anew in the breasts of the comrades of these brave dead, who are now in the tented field or nobly meeting the foe in the front, a confidence that they who sleep in death on the battlefield are not forgotten by those highest in authority; and they will feel that, should their fate be the same, their remains will not be uncared-for. We hope you will be able ~~to be present~~ to be present to perform this last solemn act to the soldier dead on this battlefield.

*apart
these
grounds to
their
sacred use
by a few.*

On the next day Mr. Everett sent the President the following note: "My dear Sir: Not wishing to intrude upon your privacy, when you must be much engaged, I beg leave in this way to thank you very sincerely for your great thoughtfulness for my daughter's accommodation on the platform yesterday, and much kindness otherwise to me and mine at Gettysburg. Permit me also to express my great admiration of the thoughts expressed by you, with such eloquent simplicity and appropriateness, at the consecration of the cemetery. I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes. My son who parted from me at Baltimore, and my daughter concur in this sentiment.

To this courteous compliment Mr. Lincoln replied on the same day: "Your kind note of to-day is received. In our respective parts yesterday you could not have been excused to make a short address, nor I a long one. I am pleased to know that, in your judgment, the little I did say was not entirely a failure. Of course, I knew Mr. Everett would not fail; and yet, while the whole discourse was eminently satisfactory, and will be of great value, there were passages in it which transcended my expectations. The point made against the theory of the General Government being only an agency, whose principals are the States, was new to me, and, I think is one of the best arguments for the National supremacy. The tribute to our noble women for their angel-ministering to the suffering soldiers surpasses in its way, as do the subjects of it, whatever has gone before."