

Washington's Real Name

By W. G. CHAPMAN and PROF. BERNARD J. CIGRAND

THE real name of the first president of the United States was not Washington. His baptismal name was George, and he was born February 22 in the year 1732. The old colony of Virginia was his birthplace, but the true name of his male ancestors was not Washington. This may seem a sweeping statement in the light of generally accepted history, but careful research has established beyond doubt that the ancient founder of the family from which came the Father of our Country was named William De Herburn. The key to this apparent paradox lies in the fact that, in common with many noblemen and monarchs of Europe, the first president possessed an estate name and a real, or family name, the latter being known as the patronymic, or paternal name.

The first Washingtons were of French, and not English, origin, and were numbered among the powerful knights of the northern portion of France. When the Duke of Normandy conceived the ambition of becoming King of England he called to his aid the Catholics of France, and among those who responded to his appeal was an ancestor of George Washington. The duke gathered his soldiers about him and announced that by right and promise he deserved and intended to be the new King of England. His spirited address had the desired effect and the knights and their vassals thronged to the standard until there was soon gathered under the leadership of William, Duke of Normandy, the greatest army France had ever mustered, ready for the field and thirsting for the glories of conquest. Among the many banners thrown to the breeze appeared the shield of the multi-great-grandfather of our own George Washington. His name was William de Herburn. The 60,000 followers of the duke set sail in 3,000 vessels of war for the English coast and landed without opposition, because of the English King Harold's conflict with the Norwegians in another part of his invaded domains. On October 14, 1066, the rival armies met, and on the field of Hastings took place one of the most terrific battles in the history

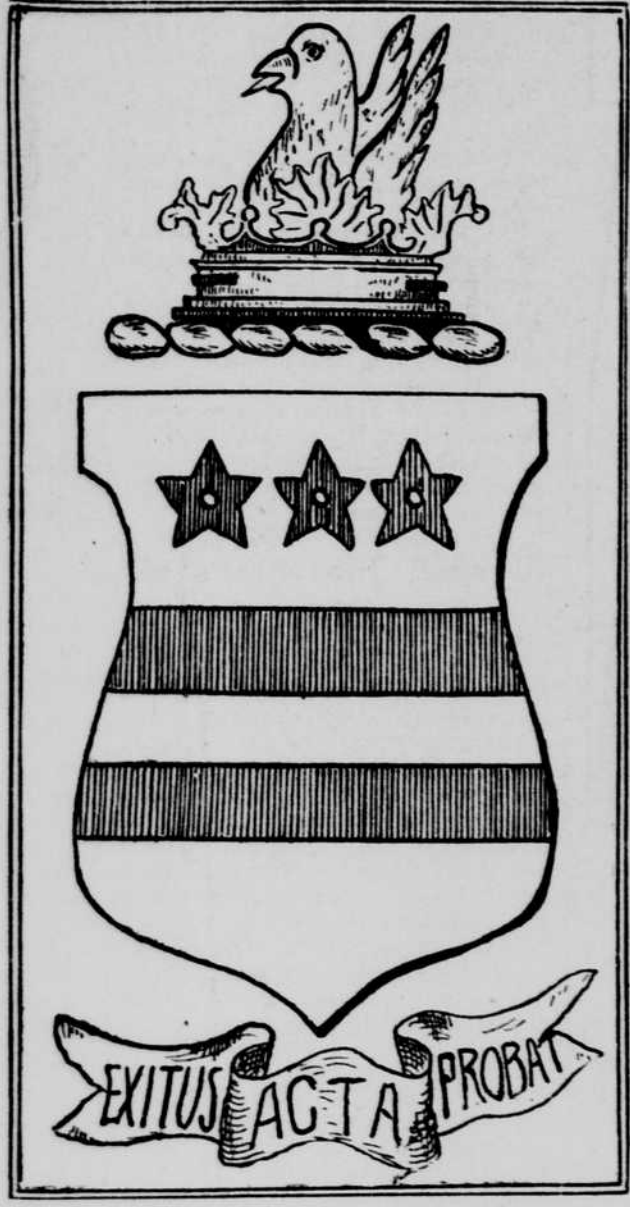
well as an accurate record of the biographical and heraldic character of the new or French proprietors. And in this last seemingly unnecessary entry appears the statement that the brave, ever reliable Knight, Sir William De Herburn, for military service to William I, be granted with feudal rights and power the extensive estate known as Wessington, and henceforth said Sir Knight shall be known as Sir William de Wessington; but he shall still be a vassal of the bishop and his heraldic denomination shall continue to be, Arms: Argent, two bars gules (red); in chief, three mullets of the second. Crest: A raven with wings endorsed proper, issuing out of a ducal coronet or (gold)."

As a further demonstration of the importance of the De Herburns, or "Wessingtons," history furnishes the information that the estate in question was under the command of the Bishop of Durham, and situated in a locality exposed to the attack of the Scots of northern England. On this border there was constant warfare, and the king naturally selected the bravest and most warlike of his adherents to hold lands in the disputed district. For nine years this country between Durham and York was laid waste, and for ten years it was practically a desert, no man having the courage to attempt cultivation of the blasted fields or inhabit the ruined towns. One hundred thousand people died in this debatable strip of land, and there, where active hostilities ever reigned, the De Herburns, or Wessingtons, were stationed. This record of the great family is absolutely authentic in every detail, having been proved by minute research and personal visits to the locality where its members were lords of the soil—a task which embraced fifteen years of heraldic investigation.

Later the estate known as Wessington was spelled and entered officially as Wessington, the proprietors assuming the same name. Then it was recorded as Washington, and a natural change of the owner's name in accordance with that of his land followed. The proprietors became known as William, John, Lawrence, Robert and Nicholas De Washington. Finally the heraldic shields and French prefix of "De" was dropped, and the modern spelling of Washington prevailed.

The Washingtons were very prominent in the military as well as the civic phases of English life. In the days of Henry VIII, when that monarch was in conflict with the pope of Rome, Lawrence Washington sided with the king, and the latter confiscated the monasteries, convents and churches of the Roman Catholic church, giving to this Washington the Sulgrave estate, where for over a century the Washington family ruled supreme. A decline in their fortunes then appears to have taken place, for in 1620, the year the Pilgrims set sail for America, the Washingtons were practically driven from the Sulgrave estate to take up residence at Brighton with minor means and holdings. The loss of the hundreds of acres of rich meadows and harvest fields was in a measure counteracted by the marriage of a Sir William Washington to a sister of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. This union brought about new alliances and affiliations which made Washingtons possible in America, and ultimately led to the rearing of George Washington to be the military leader of the colonies and eventually our first chief executive.

This marriage brought the Washington family into direct domestic and court relationship with the prominent and powerful favorite of the then reigning monarch, and a political circumstance destined the Washingtons to espouse the cause of the king, rather than the idol of the Commons—Oliver Cromwell. The Washingtons performed heroic services for the king, but when Cromwell proved victorious and seized the reins of government, they found England to be no longer a safe dwelling place. Prison sentences, exile and death was

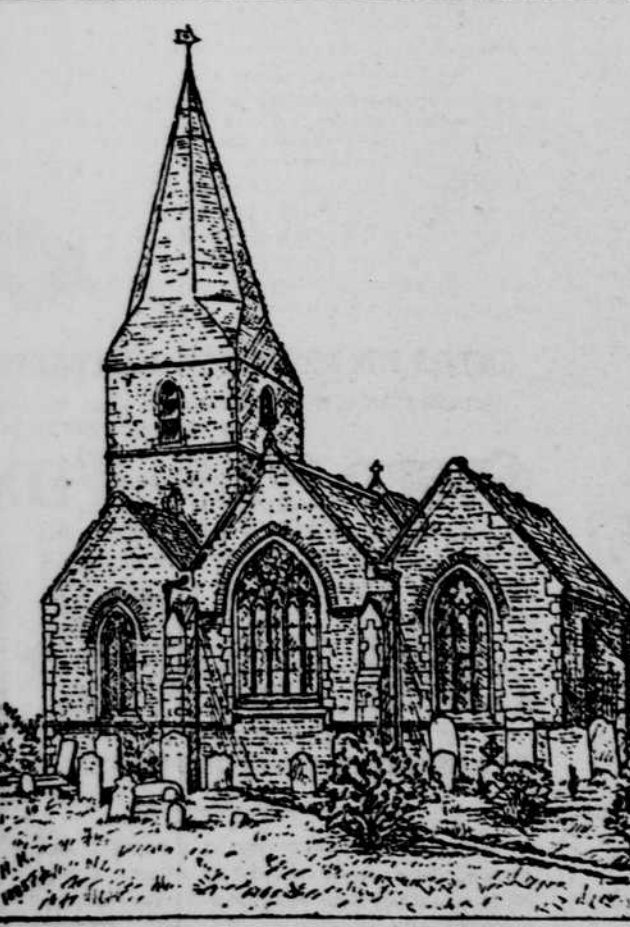


Washington's True Coat-of-Arms.

the unhappy lot of the royalists, or King's Cavaliers; and rather than bow to one whom they looked upon as a usurper, many of the Washingtons fled to foreign lands. John and Lawrence, brothers, came to Virginia, the former being the grandfather of George Washington, the first president of the United States.

Among the distinguished Washingtons who escaped persecution by flight from England was one whose identity genealogists long sought vainly to verify—the brother of General George Washington's great grandfather. This Washington's name was James, and he fled to Rotterdam, Holland, where in 1650 he wedded Clara Vander Laen, daughter of the mayor of the port. From this union was derived the present Dutch and German Washingtons, a sturdy folk who adapted themselves to these governments under which they have held and are at present holding official positions of high station. One of these German Washingtons offered his services in a military capacity to the United States consul at Frankfort-on-Main in 1862. He expressed himself as anxious to enlist in the Union army, and presented the consul with a verified genealogical chart prepared from the records of the Dutch government. This gentleman was Baron de Washington. The statement has been certified by William W. Murphy, consul at that point, and attested by the Honorable Frederick Kapp, of New York City, who was visiting in Germany and wrote a letter in which the circumstances were fully described.

The original correspondence and data in my possession relating to the Dutch and German Washingtons prove the baron to have been a direct lineal descendant of the James Washington who landed in Holland in 1650. He married a Bavarian lady and held a certificate of honorable discharge showing that he had been a lieutenant in the Bavarian army. To obtain a commission as officer in the Federal army was his wish, but because of the inability of our consul to assure him



Graves of Washington's Ancestors at Sulgrave, England.

him." Finally, however, Detective Charles Steinhart gained entrance to the place, pushed his money through the wicket and secured a lot of chips and cards. He put them in his pocket and took them to police headquarters. From them he took innumerable "finger prints," left by the unsuspecting gambling house keeper. These he compared with the finger prints in the rogue's gallery.

That evening he arrested a man on the streets and charged him with conducting a gambling house. And the

of this honor, and possibly because he deemed that sufficient respect had not been shown to one of such noted ancestry, he did not emigrate to the United States. However, before the interview was closed, he deposited a certified genealogical chart on which the following appears:

"Baron de Washington is a direct descendant of the ancient and honorable Washington family of England, the earliest emigrant to Holland being James Washington, one of the four brothers of Stuart sympathizers (Charles I). James came to Holland in 1650, his two brothers emigrated to Virginia, and the third brother remained in England, where he was serving as a divine."

This remarkable bit of genealogical history gives the earliest and most authentic record of the Dutch and German Washingtons, of which there are many and of whom the church records abound in entries of marriages, births and deaths. Further investigation brings to light the fact that this earliest Dutch emigrant, James, was married in the English church of Rotterdam, all of which tends to corroborate that he was of English training. Baron de Washington was born in 1833, and his brother Max married the Duchess of Oldenburg and in this way became connected with one of the oldest sovereign families of Europe. The House of Oldenburg is the prime

branch of the Holstein-Gottorp stock, which has given emperors to Russia and Kings to Denmark, and is prominently related to the present King of England, George V. And Jacob Washington was first lieutenant of the Dutch navy in 1845, this branch being related to the wealthy banking firm, Cornelius L. Keurenour of The Hague. Upwards of seventy-five Washingtons are numbered among the inhabitants of Holland and Bavaria. Hence the Washingtons, in the farthest genealogical tracings, hail from France. We next find them in England and then in Holland and Bavaria.

Regarding the Washingtonian coat-of-arms some odd discoveries have also come to light. Quite contrary to our American belief the Washington shield does not contain "stars and stripes," notwithstanding that more than a thousand books and as many more published articles so proclaim it. The facts are that the Washington shield contains "bars and mullets" (spurs of the Knight's boots). The earliest reference which I have been able to find which announces the Washington shield blazoned with stars and stripes, relates to a public banquet at Baltimore, Maryland, in 1851, where the ideas of an English poet—Martin Tupper by name—were voiced, proclaiming that the American flag, with its heraldic notions, was borrowed from the Washington shield, which possessed stars and stripes. Ever since this banquet American authors and orators have, without further investigation, accepted the statement as correct.

The English poet was misled by his fervid fancy, for the Herald's College at London, the highest authority on British heraldry, writes as follows: "A Washington shield with stars and stripes (pales) has never been of record." It is altogether probable that Tupper, as well as others, was deceived by the shape of the "mulletts." These spurs, as worn by the knights of old, were round in form, resembling modern cog-wheels somewhat, and their bristling points possibly suggested the "stars" of which Tupper spoke.

Hundreds of writers have also announced that the crest on General George Washington's coat-of-arms is an eagle, and that this family emblem was the foundation of the suggestion that the eagle be the emblem of the American republic. While the crest may appear like an eagle, the facts are that the heraldic grant of arms to this Washington branch present a raven issuing from a golden ducal crown, the crest of the family. Furthermore, Washington himself clearly shows by correspondence with the Herald's office at London that it was not an eagle, and the letter is dated ten years after the eagle had become the emblem of the republic (June 20, 1782). His letter was sent from Philadelphia May 2, 1792, the third year of his presidency, and the package was sealed with the Washington family arms as is indicated in a letter which reads:

"The arms enclosed in your letter are the same that are held by the family here; though I have also seen, and have used, as you may perceive by the seal to this packet, a flying griffin for the crest."

The Washington crest, "a raven issuing from a ducal coronet, gold," was evidently given because of the sportsmanship of the early English Washingtons. In fact the crow, falcon and hawk have been for more than four hundred years the emblem of sport. The pastime of hawking was engaged in only by the wealthy and the Washingtons were noted for their love of hunting and sporting. Benson J. Lossing lent some color to the foregoing conclusion when he wrote of the English Washingtons:

"For more than two hundred years the De Wessingtons, or Washingtons, were conspiring after their kind (robber knights) fighting, hawking, carousing and gaming."

This grant of the raven was in 1500, at about the same time that hawking was at its height as a sport, for at about the same period we find that in Spain the son of Columbus attempted to prove that his father was of aristocratic and also of heraldic family in that "he was of a people who kept their own hawks." This alone, in those days, stamped the man as a falconer, as only people of high social standing were permitted by license to engage in that enjoyment; hence a raven, a falcon, a crow or a hawk on the shield or crest indicated prominence. This sporty and hunting disposition of the Washingtons was distinctly manifested in the Washingtons of Virginia, of which our first president also gave liberal expression.

There are five distinct Washington shields, but in the heraldic records they are pronounced of the same origin, as follows:

A silver (argent) shield upon which are two red (gules) bars; in the top (chief) three red mullets (spurs of knights' boots).

A red (gules) shield with a single



Ancient Washington Shield.

white (silver) bar charged with three mullets.

A red shield with a white bar upon which are three cinquefoils, also red.

A red shield with two bars white, in chief three martlets.

A shield of four bars, white and red, three mullets.

A shield in green, a lion rampant in white, within a border gobonated white and blue.

These constituted the heraldic arms of all Washington people as recorded in the English College of Heralds. Washington was fond of genealogical investigations, and in the College of Heralds can be seen a score or more of pages he wrote at various times in his eager search after family arms and crests. He was proud of his heraldic ancestors, and this family estimate is well expressed in the frequency with which he blazoned the Washington shields upon his choice tokens and valuables.

Many such instances may be noted in his heraldic watch charms, his several personal seals; the doors of his carriage; the porcelain of his dinner set; the silver ware of his liquor service; the fireplace and his library walls; picture frames and his saddle, and practically everything upon which a family signature or shield might be engraved, painted or printed.

The illness of Sir Isaac Heard, the head of the English department of heraldry, closed the correspondence relating to Washington's eager attempt to prepare a Washington genealogy and origin and evolution of the family coat-of-arms. This interesting correspondence has never yet been scripturally reproduced, and it is to be regretted that a continuance of the investigation was disturbed by illness since many disputed biographical problems would doubtless have been solved.

The man who is doing good work is writing his name on the memory of the world. Stone monuments are only seen by a very few, no odds how high they may be built.

A Girl of Yesterday

By MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS
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"It's no use—not the least," Dora said despondently, though her lips curled faintly. "Wear that—thing to the Marstons! I won't. That's flat. I don't expect, of course, to have things like other girls—but this once—well, it seems to me, if father—"

"Shut up!" Prudence, her elder, worn and worried, said imperatively. "Nag me all you want to, but leave father out. The salt of the earth—that's what he is—so good I don't see how he can have a flirty, flighty child such as you."

Dora was used to such sisterly amenities. There were just the two of them—father did not count. Unlucky, mild, the soul of honor, he had a talent for losing whatever he ventured, so had ceased from venturing—not quite voluntarily, to be sure. Squire Hexly, his wife's father, had tied up his daughter's portion, so it inured solely to the benefit of the two girls. It was safely invested—so safely the income was mighty slender. Hence the chafings of Dora—and Prudence's careworn face.

Prudence loved her father passionately—because she understood him. The fine fibre that made it impossible for him to be shrewd and money-making seemed to her the most wonderful thing in the world. She petted him undemonstratively—chiefly in the way of cooking what he liked, exactly as he liked it. Further, she made Dora keep the peace—mainly by giving the young lady much more than was equitably hers. But she had refused the new party dress, firmly, and spent herself on refurbishing an old one. Dora had already spent much more than her share of the joint income—and Prudence was bent upon buying her father a new greatcoat—he had needed one for two winters at least.

Commonly, she either coaxed Dora out of the sulks, or ended them by herself giving in. This time she did neither. Instead, she nonchalantly took up her shears, saying over her



"Give it to her and welcome."

shoulder, "If you are so set against this dress, I know a girl that'll be glad to have it. It only needs a little shortening and a bit of the waist measure to make it fit Elinor Lee—"

"She shan't have it—it's my dress—even if I don't mean to wear it." Dora flashed out. "Hateful thing! She'd feel fine as Friday—though she knew everybody was laughing at her, because she had on my cast-off clothes."

"You don't want them to laugh at her, I suppose," Prudence said argumentatively.

Dora gave her a withering look, saying, "You know I don't want her to go. She's so uppish, and forward, always pushing herself into everything."

"I say she's nice—always trying to help along. Tastes differ," Prudence countered loftily, still clutching the shears. "As you say—this is your frock. Wonder if I haven't got something that might do for Elinor? There's my graduating dress—you turn up your nose to it—but those old-fashioned rosebud silks are coming back again."

"Give it to her and welcome—if she comes in it, she will be worse than a laughing stock," Dora said, scowling.

Prudence turned sharply on her. "You're my blood—whether or no," she said. "Don't let a bean, more or less, make you so mean and hateful. You're afraid Elinor will cut you out with Tazewell Gray. I hope she won't—be the best chance you'll ever have—but you won't get him by being so despicable. He has eyes that see deeper than a pretty face—even if it is yours."

Strange.

It is strange how a man who sits for hours doubled over a touring car steering wheel will strain his back if he handles a shovel for five minutes.

There Are Others.

In our adolescent inexperience we cherished the notion that hotel clerks and book store attaches were the most conspicuous of the unintelligents. Yesterday, however, a telegraph operator objected to our using "juxtapose" in a night letter. "We don't allow code words," said he. "And for the life of us we couldn't think of a snappy comeback."

"Yet—you won't help me," Dora snuffed, hiding her eyes. "You know how particular he is—that's why I must have something new—"

"You can't! That's the word with the bark on it," Prudence retorted. "But if you'll be sensible, I'll drape my lace shawl over this green satin—and then nobody will know it isn't new—right straight from the city."

It was an enormous sacrifice—made in the interest of peace and matrimony. Dora knew it—the lace shawl was, next to her conscience, Prudence's most cherished possession, an heirloom, fine and costly, descended from a great grandmother, to whom fine and costly things were not rare. It would give distinction to any frock. Instantly, Dora was smiling. She even patted her sister's hand, saying, "Oh, but you are clever, Prue. I won't be naughty again for a whole month."

Then the two fell to work, with the result that Prudence had time next day to fit the rosebud silk to slight, pretty Elinor Lee—and feel more than rewarded by the girl's shy yet genuine gratitude.

"You—you are—better than a fairy godmother, Miss Prue," she said. "Because this beautiful frock won't turn to rags even if I do dance on past 12 o'clock."

The Marston dance reached almost the dignity of a ball. Dora was easily the belle of it—tall and dashing, vivid in color, mobile of face, she caught every eye. The transfused green satin became her as no other gown had ever done. It swathed her slender, curving shape modestly, yet alluringly. Because she knew she was looking her best, she was at her best—until the unexpected happened.

Elinor was unaccountably late in coming. Truth to tell, she had come long before the rest, and spent the interval in helping kind Mrs. Marston with the fine, last details of supper. She had been wise enough to rest afterward—even to sleep a little while. As a result she came among the dancers dew-eyed, and as rosy fresh as the flowers upon her frock. They had held color, and showed finely against a ground once white but now the softest cream. The low bodice had a lacé berth at top—the frostwork of it was caught up in front with a knot of real pink roses. Tiny ruffles fluffed over the foot of the full skirt. Truly, Elinor's feet, beneath, "like little mice, played in and out." Her mass of fair, wavy hair, simply parted, and coiled low, went beautifully with the gown's lines. Altogether, she was a picture, the sweetest picture in all the world to one pair of eyes—Tazewell Gray's eyes.

He had hung about Dora half a year, all the while conscious of Elinor's attraction. Commonly he had seen her in the world of workaday—a fragment of the huge machine known as public education. Rosy and rose-beset, he knew her for what she was—the woman of all the world to fill and crown his life.

He strode toward her, forgetting all else. But before he came to her, Allan Muir had whisked her off in a waltz. Indeed, for a full hour he could not get near her. Outblotting the roses of yesterday, she put even Dora in the shade. Partners, the most finicky, the most eligible, swarmed about her—her card was full in a twinkling. By way of keeping the peace she even parted dances between the young fellows she knew best.

Tazewell would have no such partnership. Audaciously, in the face of an eager partner, he drew Elinor out on the piazza to say:

"Girls of yesterday didn't flirt—you look the part—are you going to live up to it?"

"No—because I don't know how," Elinor murmured, drooping lightly toward him.

Then and there he kissed her—quite forgetting Dora.

Properties of Metals.

As is well known, some metals are unsuitable for casting, while others, like iron, can readily be cast in any desired shape. The property of casting well is said to depend upon whether the metal contracts or expands on solidifying from the liquid form. Iron, like water, expands in solidifying, and hence the solid metal may be seen floating in the liquid iron about it. The expansion causes it to fill the die into which it is poured, and so it can be cast easily. Gold and silver contract in cooling, and, therefore, are not suitable for casting.

Find Rest in Needlework

More Women Should Realize the Beneficial Effects Such Employment Has on the Nerves.

Not many realize what a restful effect needlework has on one, and it has this great advantage over books, that one is not lost to all around. One woman of artistic tastes goes to the museum and makes sketches of well-known pieces of art needlework and tapestry designs, and then sets to work to copy them. And the woman who would look charmingly picturesque well knows she is most fascinating sitting before a frame, with exquisite colored silks near her.

But this kind of needlework needs more thought than white work. As one sows, the thoughts come fast. One remembers one's grandmother, showing one how to put the needle in, and advising stroking the cotton under the hem neatly, when an impatient beginner would tie a knot. One also re-

Solely By Finger Prints

New York Police Hope to Convict Gambler Who Always Kept His Face Hidden.

The New York police force is willing to admit that it can go M. Bertillon one better on his finger print identification system, which, by the way, was invented by the Chinese a few thousand years before M. Bertillon became a terror to the French

rogues. On the strength of the fingerprint they have arrested a man they know was guilty of a crime, but whose face no person concerned had seen. There was a swell gambling house up town in which the proprietor was more effectually hidden than "the man in the iron mask." To remain in a little room, which he entered from another house. No one ever saw him; not even his employees. All business was transacted through a little wicket, through which his voice might be heard, but his face could never be seen. When a player wanted to buy cards or chips he passed his money through the wicket and got his cards and chips—but never saw the proprietor. When he wanted to "cash in" he passed his chips through the wicket and got his money—but never saw the proprietor.

The nimble wits of the police department wanted to "pinch" that man, but they couldn't "get the goods on

him." Finally, however, Detective Charles Steinhart gained entrance to the place, pushed his money through the wicket and secured a lot of chips and cards. He put them in his pocket and took them to police headquarters. From them he took innumerable "finger prints," left by the unsuspecting gambling house keeper. These he compared with the finger prints in the rogue's gallery.

That evening he arrested a man on the streets and charged him with conducting a gambling house. And the

queer part of it all is that the police are sure they will convict him, though no person can be found who ever actually "saw" the man in the gambling house. His finger prints, however, are deadly evidence against him.

Misconstrued.

Shopman—The fresh herrings are very nice this morning, m'm.

Lady—Er—have they roes?

Shopman—Well, m'm, all fish is dearer at this season!—Punch.