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**HISTORY**  
**OF**  
**FREDERICK COUNTY**  
**MARYLAND**

By **T. J. C. WILLIAMS**  
and **FOLGER MCKINSEY**

**With A Biographical Record of Representative Families**

*Reprint of the original edition of 1910*

**With A New Introduction**

By **EDWARD S. DELAPLAINE**

**and An Added Index**

By **JACOB MEHRLING HOLDCRAFT**

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**IN TWO VOLUMES**  
**VOLUME ONE**

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them are the hymns in the Hymnal of the Episcopal Church of which he was a member, "Lord, with Glowing Heart I Praise Thee" and "Before Thee Lord, I Bow." Upon the death of his friend Bishop Thomas John Claggett, the first Bishop of Maryland, he wrote the latin epitaph which was engraved on the marble slab over the Bishop's grave, which slab is now in the chancel of St. Albans Church, D. C., and will eventually be placed in the crypt of the great Episcopal Cathedral to be erected on Georgetown Heights. The original manuscript

of this epitaph is in the possession of Dr. Samuel C. Chew, of Baltimore, a great grandson of Bishop Claggett.

William Schley ranks among the greatest of Maryland lawyers. He was born in Frederick City, October 31, 1799, and died in Baltimore March 20, 1872. He graduated at Princeton in 1821 with the highest honors, was admitted to the bar in 1824. In 1836 he was elected to the State Senate but he resigned before the end of his term and went to Baltimore to practice his profession. It was while in the

world, hardly less than the words of the poem, are full of patriotic exhilaration. It was during the darkest days of our second war for independence. An English army had invaded and occupied the seat of the National Government and had burned the Capitol of the Nation. An English squadron was in undisputed possession of the Chesapeake bay. There being nothing of interest, or value left within the vicinity of Washington to detain them, the British were massing their land and naval forces for other conquests, and, as their ships sailed down the Potomac, Dr. William Beanes, a prominent citizen of Maryland, who had been arrested at his home in Upper Marlboro. charged with some offense, real or fancied, was carried off a prisoner.

It was to secure the liberation of this gentleman, his neighbor and friend, that Francis Scott Key obtained leave of the President to go to the British Admiral under a flag of truce. \* \* \*

The poem tells its own story and never a truer, for every word comes direct from a great heroic soul, powder-stained and dipped, as it were, in sacred blood.

"O, say, can you see by the dawn's early light  
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,

Whose broad stripes and bright stars through  
the perilous fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming!"

The two that walked the deck of the cartel boat had waited long. They had counted the hours as they watched the course of the battle. But a deeper anxiety yet is to possess them. The firing has ceased. Ominous silence! Whilst cannon roared they knew that the fort held out. Whilst the sky was lit by messengers of death they could see the National colors flying above it.

—"the rockets' red glare and bombs bursting in air  
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there."

But there comes an end at last to waiting and watching: and as the first rays of the sun shoot above the horizon and gild the Eastern shore, behold the sight that gladdens their eyes as it—

—"catches the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glory reflected now shines in the stream," for there over the battlements of McHenry the Stars and Stripes float defiance to the breeze while all around evidences multiply that the attack has failed, that the Americans have successfully resisted it, and that the British are

withdrawing their forces. For then, and for now, and for all time, come the words of the anthem—

"Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!

Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land

Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!"

for—

—"conquer we must when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust;"  
And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

The Star-Spangled Banner! Was ever flag so beautiful, did ever flag so fill the souls of men? The love of women; the sense of duty; the thirst for glory; the heart-throbbing that impels the humblest American to stand by his colors fearless in the defense of his native soil and holding it sweet to die for it—the yearning which draws him to it when exiled from it—its free institutions and its blessed memories, all are embodied and symbolized by the broad stripes and bright stars of the nation's emblem, all live again in the lines and tones of Key's anthem. Two or three began the song, millions join the chorus. They are singing it in Porto Rican trenches and on the ramparts of Santiago, and its echoes, borne upon the wings of morning come rolling back from far-away Manila; the soldier's message to the soldier; the hero's shibboleth in battle; the patriot's solace in death! Even to the lazy sons of peace who lag at home—the pleasure-seekers whose merry-making turns the night to day—those stirring strains come as a sudden trumpet call, and above the sounds of revelry, subjugate for the moment to a stronger power, rises wave upon wave of melodious resonance, the idler's aimless but heartfelt tribute to his country and his country's flag.

Since the Star Spangled Banner was written nearly a century has come and gone. The drums, and trappings of more than half its years have passed over the grave of Francis Scott Key. Here at last he rests forever. Here at last his tomb is fitly made. When his eyes closed upon the scenes of this life their last gaze beheld the ensign of the republic "full-high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted nor a single star obscured." If happily they were spared the

Senate that an incident occurred which caused a duel between Mr. Schley and William Cost Johnson who was also a member of the Senate at the time. This duel has been famous as the "pattern" or "model duel" because of the punctilio with which it was conducted. Each combatant begged the other to fire first and when it was over Mr. Schley had received a slight wound and Mr. Johnson had a bullet in his leg. Then they shook hands upon the battlefield with expressions of mutual esteem and regret for the misunderstanding. They were

ever afterwards excellent friends. The duel took place near Alexandria, Virginia. In 1824 Mr. Schley married a daughter of Gen. Samuel Ringgold of Fountain Rock, Washington County. This lady died in 1870, two years before the death of her distinguished husband. Mr. Schley was a Whig. In 1838 he was a candidate for the United States Senate and was defeated in the caucus by one vote. The vote that disappointed Mr. Schley was that of Teagle Townsend of Worcester County. He was in favor of Mr. Schley and his vote would

spectacle of a severed Union, and "a land rent by civil feud and drenched in fraternal blood," it may be that somewhere beyond the stars his gentle spirit now looks down upon a Nation awakened from its sleep of death and restored to its greater and its better self, and known and honored, as never before throughout the world. Whilst Key lived there was but a single paramount issue, about which all other issues circled, the Constitution and the Union. The problems of the Constitution and the Union solved, the past secure, turn we to the future; no longer a huddle of petty sovereignties, held together by a rope of sand; no longer a body of mercenary shopkeepers worshipping rather the brand upon the dollar than the eagle on the shield; no longer a brood of provincial laggards, hanging with bated breath upon the movements of mankind, afraid to trust themselves away from home, or to put their principles to the test of progress of arms; but a Nation, and a leader of nations; a world power which durst face Imperialism upon its own ground with Republicanism, and with it dispute the future of Civilization. It is the will of God; let no man gainsay. Let not man gainsay until the word of God has been carried to the furthest ends of the earth; not until freedom is the heritage of all His creatures; not until the blessings which he has given us are shared by His people in all lands; not until Latin licentiousness fostered by modern wealth and culture and art, has been expiated by fire, and Latin corruption and cruelty have disappeared from the government of men; not until that sober-suited Anglo-Saxonism, which, born at Runnymede, was to end neither at Yorktown nor at Appomattox, has made at one and the same time, another map of Christendom and a new race of Christians and yeomen, equally soldiers of the Sword and of the Cross, even in Africa and in Asia, as we have made them here in America. Thus, and thus alone, and wherever the winds of heaven blow, shall fly the spirit of not the actuality of the blessed symbol we have come here this day to glorify; ashamed of nothing that God has sent, ready for everything that God may send! It was not a singer of the fireside, but a hearthless wanderer, who put in all hearts the Anglo-Saxon's simple "Home, Sweet Home." It was the poet, not the warrior, who gave to our Union the Anglo-American's homage to his flag. Even as the Prince of Peace who came to bring eternal life was the Son of God, were these His ministering angels; and, as each of us, upon his knees, sends up a prayer to Heaven for "Home, Sweet Home," may he also murmur, and teach his children to lip, the sublime refrain

of Key's immortal anthem—

"And the star-spangled banner, oh, long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

#### ODE OF THE DAY.

The following is the ode written for the occasion and read by the author, Mr. Folger McKinsey, secretary of the Key Monument Association:

Heart of the Land, rejoice!  
That he who gave Thee voice  
Is honored here today!  
Hopes of the Land, arise!  
That here beneath these skies  
Wind-wafted banners sway—  
Banner to banner, sweet,  
Through vale and lane and street,  
Kissing with folds of beauty rare and fine  
Each passing breeze  
The green mid-summer trees  
Usher from haunts of bee and bird and vine!  
Heart of the Land, declare  
Thy joy unto the air!  
In music of the drums that beat for Thee  
A martial melody;  
In trumpet blasts, the tocsin of the flute,  
The sibilant life and silver-stranded lute,  
And all the stirring life  
Of song and story  
That entone thy glory—  
Greatening through all the greatness of thy  
strife!  
Rejoice and be glad today,  
That through the years' delay—  
Forgotten long, but still remembered late—  
He that translated into deathless song  
The spirit to Thee doth e'er belong  
Rises to greater glory on this spot—  
Forevermore to Freedom dedicate,  
And by the generations unforgot.  
Rejoice, that his countrymen—  
Exalting not the sword above the pen—  
But honoring here  
One who gave, large and clear,  
To listening ages, in his song's refrain,  
The essence and the elemental strain  
Of Thy immortal fire—  
Land of our dear desire—  
Honor themselves, likewise.  
And lift unto the skies  
A monument, prefiguring not alone—  
In bronzen effigy and sculptured stone—  
The gifted son of song,

have nominated him. But on the morning of the caucus he was shown a copy of the deed by which Mr. Schley had manumitted his slaves on his coming of age. At that time Whigs were charged with leaning toward the Abolitionists of the north, or the anti-slavery sentiment and Mr. Townsend was sensitive under this charge and refused to vote for Mr. Schley's nomination. William Schley died of smallpox which it was supposed he contracted in the railroad car coming from Washington. He was carried upon his own orders to a pest

house at the Marine Hospital in Baltimore where he was nursed by his daughter, Mrs. William Woodville, who with a noble devotion left her own young family to minister to her dying father suffering from a loathsome disease among horrible surroundings. "Such was the pathetic end," said Judge James U. Dennis of the Supreme Bench of Baltimore, in an address before the Bar Association, "of one of the sweetest natured and most attractive men I ever knew; and, in my judgment, the most accomplished all-round lawyer at the Baltimore

The patriot and the poet and the seer,  
But ever great and dear,  
And true and strong,  
The spirit of the deathless love whose fires  
Kindled his heart and lit his lips with flame—  
That leaps and grows and nevermore expires,  
In song still greating to immortal fame—  
When through the roar and rumble of the fight  
He saw the light  
And hailed the saffron day  
Above the smokewreath of the thunderfray;  
And hailed afar,  
Where flashed each golden star,  
And gleamed each stripe and hue—  
The crimson and the white against the blue—  
The flag he loved, the starry banner fair,  
Still, through the storms of battle fluttering  
there!  
Flag of the free and brave,  
Flag of the land and wave,  
Flag of the legions bold—  
Whose deeds are writ in gold.  
Flag of the land we love  
All other lands above;  
Flag of the altar fires  
Lit by our valiant sires;  
Flag that floats now, as then,  
A light before loyal men—  
Leading through dark to light,  
Leading through battle- plight,  
Through storm of shot and shell,  
Through war's fierce flame of hell,  
Through night and day,  
Ever to hero-dreams,  
To height where triumph gleams  
Above the fray!  
Flag of Freedom and of Might,  
Flag of Justice and of Right—  
Freedom, fair, that now, as then,  
Cries aloud unto all men,  
Calls from summits where she reigns  
With her musical refrains;  
Call the Nations to arise  
Where she blazons all the skies,  
As the sun of victory  
Blazons all the billowy sea.  
Freedom divine and sweet,  
Goddess with winged feet,  
Ever since Time began  
The strength, the hope, the worshiped dream  
of man!

The sculptor takes his clay,  
And fashioning day by day  
Unshapen masses into form and face,

Where Beauty lends her grace,  
And Art, with touch divine,  
Draws the immaculate line;  
And still, forsooth,  
Following ideals with unblemished truth,  
Endows each concrete thought  
With form, by patience wrought  
Into the final semblance of the thing  
That lived and breathed so unenduring  
Till, lo, the granite lives,  
And, shaped to perfection, gives  
Back to the passing ages  
Upon its carved pages  
Records of deeds divine  
That men may more opine  
How great the gifts of greatness to the earth  
From souls that grew to genius from their birth.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Yet gracious and all beauteous as are these  
Ensculptured rocks and bronzen effigies—  
Age, with its angry teeth,  
Long after we who here  
Twine for his fame the gift of palm and wreath  
Have passed unto dreamless slumber many a  
year,  
Will gnaw yon stone,  
And round the bronzen zone  
Clasp its firm fingers, till they heave and fall  
For dust of distant ages to enthral.  
But Time cannot defy  
The poet's song and sigh.  
The hands that touched the lute  
Until it woke, that had so long been mute,  
The sovereign strains of patriotic fire,  
May fall to dust  
Within the narrow house of moth and rust.  
Not so the song that breathes the soul's desire,  
That speaks in flame  
From peaks the when it came  
To peaks beyond the verges of all time—  
A Nation's voice, far, echoing and sublime!  
Song is immortal, though the singer pass  
Unnoted with the flower and with the grass.  
And here reposes one  
Who shone in Freedom's sun,  
Who rose with strength to sing  
And make an articulate thing  
Out of the patriot-spirit of the land;  
Who swept the silver strand  
Of lute and lyre and all sweet instruments,  
Far wafting thence  
Immortal measures that forever flow  
From lips that voice the spirit's afterglow,  
While men step strong  
Unto the moving music of his song.

Bar in my day." "In law, in his knowledge of principles, in appreciation of the broader philosophy which has shaped them to the needs of the changed conditions of more modern times," Judge Dennis said, "and especially in his familiarity with adjudicated cases, both of this country and of England, I have thought that William Schley was the most learned lawyer it has ever been my privilege to know. He used citations from authors copiously, weaving them into his discussion of a principle with consummate skill so that you never wearied, as

you sometimes do, when at the end of his argument a lawyer thumps upon you a dozen books *in solido*. In manners he was so polite, so courteous, so sweet natured, that it seemed to me almost impossible for anyone to be thrown much with him without entertaining for him a feeling approaching affection. I never heard him utter a harsh or unkind word to or about anyone either at the trial table or in private intercourse. And he carried to the trial table the same gracious manner which characterized him in social converse, both as

A small, sweet, modest, courteous gentle man,  
Living his life upon one settled plan  
Of righteous conduct, Christian charity.  
He loved his country and he loved it free.  
Eloquent tongue, true heart, high nobleness.  
Stooping to take a comrade's fond caress  
With consummate grace of manly tenderness—  
So passed he, quiet in his happy days,  
To whom his country gathers here to raise  
The carven stone, the towering monument.

\* \* \* \* \*

Song of beauty and of light,  
Song of grandeur and of might,  
Song of thee, O flags that stand  
As a symbol of the land!  
Song whose note of triumph and whose voice of  
victory  
Wakes the great heart of the people from the  
mountain to the sea;  
Song that binds the mighty Nation in the ties  
of brotherhood—  
Ever greating toward the spirit of the higher  
Nationhood,

Song that rolls in choric thunder,  
Mighty anthem, filled with wonder.  
Song the Southern valleys greet  
With their echoes, blossom-sweet;  
Song the vast plains of the West  
Lift unto the snow-clad crest  
Of the far Sierran peaks.  
Song that in the breezes speaks  
Of the flag of light and glory—  
Song of martial dream and story.  
Song of valley and of hill,  
Song whose stirring measures thrill  
Heart and soul with love for thee,  
Land of glorious liberty!  
Land, whose harvests fill the field;  
Land, whose teeming acres yield  
Comfort for the mighty breed,  
Stirred to valorous word and deed.  
Land, whose heroes prove their worth  
In the great years of the earth,  
In the forefront of the line  
Where the leveled rifles shine.  
Where the mighty cannon roar  
In the thunder-song of war.  
Song that leads the hosts of strife,  
Song that charms the ear of peace,  
Song that stirs the higher life  
When the martial movements cease.  
Song that binds the land in one—  
North and East and West and South.  
Song for lands of midnight sun,  
Song that fl..s the rose-red mouth

Of the valleys sweet with bloom,  
Of the rivers rippling down—  
Through the meadows and the flume—  
To the wharves of mart and town.  
Song that fills the soul with fire  
Of the ancient world-desire,  
Breathed from lips that slumber now—  
Faithful to their patriot vow!  
Hail the singer and the song!  
Here their name and fame prolong—  
'Neath the shadow of these skies  
Where his slumbering spirit lies.  
And for ages hence, grown strong  
In the spirit of his song,  
Bid the cenotaph arise,  
Bid the hand of childhood lift  
Veils that hide the tribute gift—  
Shrine that holds in sacred trust  
Hallowed remnants of his dust;  
Altar, at whose granite base  
People through all time may trace  
The lessons Freedom teaches to her race!

Heart of the Land, rejoice!  
That he who gave These voice  
Is honored here today!  
Heart of the Land, grown one  
In thy new hour begun  
'Mid hopes of greater sway!  
Heart of the North and South,  
Now by thy word of mouth  
One land for aye!  
Greating upon the sea  
With each new victory—  
Thy banner of the free

\* \* \* \* \*

Leap and be glad that here  
Thy poet and thy seer,  
Thy flag's bright beams,  
Out of thy people's pride—  
That thou may'st e'er abide  
Beneath the light  
Of the uplifted face  
Of truth and right,  
Drum-beat and martial grace,  
Voices of old desire—  
Here on this sacred spot,  
To be no more forgot,  
Is lit the fire  
Once more of Freedom's ray—  
As on her natal day,  
To glow alway  
As glows on high—  
Where thy unvanquished hosts  
On alien fields and coasts  
With courage vie—

to parties and witnesses, as well as to court and counsel. Yet he was a most successful and accomplished cross-examiner. It took only a few questions to establish the most friendly relations between him and a hostile witness, and under his suave and adroit leading Mr. Schley was enabled to secure admissions which harsh and aggressive tactics could never have evoked. It was almost amusing to hear him deal, in his argument before the jury, with an adverse witness whom he had caught lying. He never denounced him or took savage pleasure in ex-

posing his short comings or discrepancies. Nevertheless he never failed to show them up to the jury in a most effective manner; but it was always with a half apologetic way, as if he was sorry for the witness or hoped he might be honestly mistaken. \* \* \* Let no one suppose that Mr. Schley's graciousness of manner or speech was in any degree a source of weakness to him as an advocate; before court and jury alike it was a source of power. In every smile lurked danger, and his weapon though wreathed with flowers, sought no less surely

Flag of the free and brave,  
Banner of land and wave  
Against the sky!  
Banner that ever here  
Beside the immortal bier  
And silent tomb  
Shall light the way  
For pilgrim feet that stray  
Through doubt and gloom  
Unto this hallowed shrine,  
Set 'mid these avenues of oak and pine,  
Forevermore to learn,  
Where patriot memories burn,  
The elements that woke his lyre divine—  
Undying love of country.  
At the last:  
Undying love of country holds us fast!

#### MRS. M'LEANS TRIBUTE.

##### Address Delivered by Her at the Unveiling.

Mrs. Donald McLean, daughter of the late Judge John Ritchie, of this city, regent of the New York Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and one of the most prominent members of that society, who has been an active member of the Key Monument Association, delivered an address of which the following is an extract. Speaking of the battle at Santiago in the Spanish war of 1898, Mrs. McLean said—

The ambushed enemy opened a deadly fire; scores of our men fell, stricken, dying; suddenly the exultant strains of the Star-Spangled Banner rang forth. Those who had been brave men became invincible heroes—the foe fled; the rampart was carried and the flag floated over a country born anew into freedom's life. Monarchical clay that moment became liberty's son and from the Star-Spangled Banner breathed the vital spirit. To our men, dying for it became undying fame, for: "If we die, we die not." 'Twas well nigh the sacrament to the passing soul; 'twas revivifying strength to the wounded; 'twas the glorious anthem of victory to our heroic host; 'twas the solemn knell to tyranny on this Western hemisphere.

Who dares say the thrilling triumph of that Santiago day was not due those burning words? Ah, men's souls, true metal as they may be, must needs be melted, poured together in the great crucible of high emotion, that actual attainment may be achieved! The Star Spangled Banner was the fire flaming beneath that battle crucible and the souls of the men ran forth at white heat and were moulded into the tempered sword of unconquerable valor.

This chanting forth the Star Spangled Banner

by living, wounded and dying on the field of war, in the face of wondrous fire, while the very jaws of death gaped wide, was the apotheosis, of Immortal Song!

How impotent, then, are words to laud our poet and his lay beside such tribute from our marshaled ranks!

Or rather, how little worth seemed words until from the tongue of pure eloquence they fell upon our gladdened ears! Of such thought, of such language do we weave for thee, Oh! Key, a mantle rich and here invest thee with it. And I, a woman, pray your grace, Mr. Orator, (to Mr. Watterson) that I may but embroider, as befits my sex, the hem of the garment your eloquence has created, with a few tender, feminine words—the seed pearls on your cloth of gold. Through the pattern I would broider runs this lettered legend: In the beginning was a void and God willed it should be filled by an universe of stars. Each nation of our own star-world should have added its individual star of light to the shining whole until this earth became a glowing constellation, radiant witness to the eternal truth of man's inalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. But, alas, there were those among the nations who looked to the glow worm, rather than to the stars—to the earth worm of sordid, selfish end, rather than to the celestial attitude of man's justice to man; and so the radiance longed for, was not; man walked in darkness and the way was long.

But what eye will forever be content with the glow worm? What soul for eye satisfied with the earthy? Suddenly in 1776 athwart the gloom of blackest cloud shot a golden gleam—the sky and men's souls were alight and lo! amid stress and warfare and the birth-pangs of a nature a new constellation burst upon the zenith and the brilliance of its beams! The old world turned its eyes affrighted from the sight—unrivaled, uneclipsable! The sun itself grows pale beside it—it must needs set, but this?—Never!

It was to this proud constellation—star added to star as state on state rose upon the world's horizon—that a single, feeble, cloud-obscured but veritable sister-star, sent forth its agonized plea: "Help or I perish;" and the true harmony of the spheres rolled out in resonant cadence, when that plea went not unanswered and today it is, Cuba Libre and Peace! So the flag was born a century ago—what next? Its baptism!

I know well neither bronze nor granite can add to his fame—that is safe, imperishable; but the rearing of this monument can and does add to our own worth in life—had it gone undone, every

the weak links in his opponents armor. He truly illustrated the union of the *Suaviter in Modo* with the *fortiter in re*. His usual speech was fluent, persuasive and almost in a conversational tone. \* \* \* But it is upon the hours of private intercourse I was privileged to enjoy with him, that I love most to dwell."

Frederick Augustus Schley was the son of John Jacob and Anna Maria (Shelman) Schley. He was born in Frederick May 4, 1789 and studied law in the office of Roger B. Taney. His parents moved to Georgia and

spent the remainder of their lives in that State. Soon after entering the bar Frederick A. Schley acquired a large practice in Frederick, Washington and Allegany Counties. In politics he was a Whig and for many years he was prominent in public affairs. He was a man of fine presence, being over six feet in height, a graceful, strong and logical speaker, gifted with a retentive memory, his mind was stored with useful and scholarly knowledge. The earlier volumes of the Maryland reports contain abundant evidences of his professional

tongue which sings the Star Spangled Banner (as millions will sing it thro' the oncoming years till time shall be no more) could have launched at us the scornful taunt. Every hand which upholds this precious flag could have held aloof from us its Stars and Stripes; even the Banner itself could have turned its every starry eye in reproach upon us.

But now 'tis done; we believe, well done. The ashes of Key rest marked, protected. The hand of Maryland stretches across the Continent to the hand of California (where, too, Key's name is writ in lasting stone,) and the two clasp. North and South join theirs. The bond is complete, the circle of the country perfected. Never will it be broken, for Maryland binds it fast with the Star Spangled Banner.

#### THE KEY MONUMENT.

The monument unveiled today consists of a circular pedestal of granite on a series of wide-spreading bases. The height of this pedestal is 16 feet and its breadth at the base will be fifteen feet, making the base 45 feet in circumference. It is exceedingly simple in design, save for a band of carving around the base of the die and a band of stars under the cornice, the artist having devoted more time and study to the simplicity and harmony of its outlines than to florid elaboration. Nevertheless, the whole effect of the design is one of elaboration owing to its sculptors. These consist of a bronze statue, nine feet five inches high, surmounting the pedestal, a portrait of Francis Scott Key.

Key is represented on shipboard "By the dawn's early light," and upon the band that girdles the pedestal beneath his feet bears the inscription, "'Tis the Star-Spangled Banner," which certifies that these were the words that inspired his soul when he discovered that, "The flag is still there." His attitude is one of exultation and inspiration, as with the right arm he indicates to his companions the fact and with the other he holds aloft the hat that he has just snatched from his head in an action of reverential salute to the starry flag.

At the base of the pedestal is a bronze group emblematical of patriotism. This allegorical group consists of three figures. The central or principal one is that of a female symbolising the Goddess of Patriotism. Its height, if standing, would be about seven feet. It is represented as sitting in any easy, natural position. The figure is large and imposing. About the waist is a band or broad girdle, ornamented around the lower border with raised stars and in the centre

with a shield, an eagle and a flag. The right arm is extended and the hand holds a staff, with the stars and stripes hanging from it in folds. The staff is surmounted by a spread eagle. The entire attitude is easy, natural and attractive. On her left is the figure of a boy, apparently fourteen or fifteen years old, standing, his hands resting on a sword, representing war. His face is strikingly fine, expressing temper and great determination. On her left is the figure of a child, about five years old, representing song or music. In it's left hand it holds a lyre and with the right grasps the folds of the overhanging flag by which it is partly enveloped.

Beneath the group, on the face of its base, is carved the seal of Maryland, surrounded by laurel and resting on a palm branch that extends across the face of the stone. In the rear of the monument, resting on its base, is a tablet, bearing the immortal text of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

The artist who furnished the monument is Mr. Alexander Doyle, of New York. Mr. Doyle, is the sculptor of the Henry W. Grady monument at Atlanta, Ga., the bronze equestrian statue of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at New Orleans, the bronze statue of Gen. Robert E. Lee at New Orleans, the marble statue and pedestal of the Rt. Rev. William Pinkney at Washington, marble portrait and pedestal of John Howard Payne at Washington, and other works in all parts of the country.

The statue of Key was modelled after various portraits of the poet. One of the best portraits is the work of Miss Nellie Thomas, of Frederick, by whom it was presented to The News. From this most of the pictures used by the Key Monument Association, including the engraving on the invitation to the unveiling exercises, were made.

#### KEY MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

The unveiling of the Key monument today is the consummation of long years of patriotic labor. The movement to provide the memorial started in Frederick, and appropriately so, not only because here rest the remains of the famous author but because in Frederick county he whose genius was inspired to write "The Star-Spangled Banner" when, "By the dawn's early light," he saw the flag waving over the ramparts of Fort McHenry, first saw the light of day.

Frederick county was Francis Scott Key's birthplace; here he was educated and spent many of the best years of his life and when he died in 1843 in Baltimore it was with the wish that his remains might rest near the place of his birth,