

An address followed by Rev. Dr. Luther J. Fletcher, (grandson of 2298) of Buffalo, N. Y., full of interesting historical incident. "My great grandfather, Timothy Fletcher⁴ (93)," he said, "was in the French and Indian war, and was a great hunter. He, with a certain Capt. Church, entered the camp of the Indian chief, Anawam, ascertained the strength of that warrior's forces, and then acted as guide to our troops that surprised and routed them. In one battle a French general fell by a ball from his musket." Dr. Fletcher exhibited the powder-horn which hung by Timothy's side while he hunted and fought. The same powder-horn was also used by his grandfather, Joseph Fletcher⁵ (2298) in the war of the Revolution.

Edwards Hall,⁶ (p. 67) M. D., of New York City, was next introduced and spoke of the pleasure he enjoyed in meeting so many of the kindred. He referred to our genealogical work and spoke of its importance, urging the assistance of the members in perfecting it, and in forwarding the enterprise of a new edition.

Rev. Stephen C. Fletcher,⁷ (grandson of 2254) of New London, N. H., a colonel in the late war, serving nearly four years, and participating in twenty battles, addressed the meeting, and was followed by

Prof. Austin B. Fletcher,⁸ (gt. grandson of 102) of Boston, Mass., who said: "It was a common saying of my fathers that boys and cabbages needed transplanting, and I have found in my own little experience that it is a good thing to go away from home once in a while. I used to think that about all the Fletchers in this country lived in Mendon, the town in which I was born; but about a year ago I found that the Fletcher family had had a meeting in this city, and that my branch had not even been invited. I felt that it was a matter which needed looking into, and after a time I got hold of the book, the compilation of which has occupied the time and talents of our honored kinsman from New York for so many years, and I found that the branch to which I belong was so insignificant when compared with the others that he hadn't noticed us at all. I wrote to Edward H., and as the result of our correspondence, he has promised to give us a small branch upon the family tree, and I feel that I have been reinstated into good society.

I trust that these meetings will awaken in us a deeper interest in each other, and that they will be the means of drawing us closer together into a truer family.

The president read a poem contributed by Mrs. Caroline F. Dole (dau. of 2862), of which the following are the first and last verses:

This gathering of a summer's day,
So soon to scatter far and wide,
What means it? but that each would say,
One tie binds brother side to side.

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Thus in the true nobility,
God makes of character on earth,
Long may the name of Fletcher be
A synonym of truth and worth.