EIGHTH ANNUAL MEETING

AND

BANQUET

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY,

AT THE

HOTEL BELLEVUE, PHILADELPHIA,

FEBRUARY 26th, 1897.

PHILADELPHIA:
ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT'S PRINTING HOUSE,
1211-13 Clover Street.
1898.

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SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT,

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MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,
COL. JOHN CASSELS,
HON. JAMES A. LOGAN.

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C. S. PATTERSON,
ROBERT PITCAIRN,
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ON ENTERTAINMENTS:

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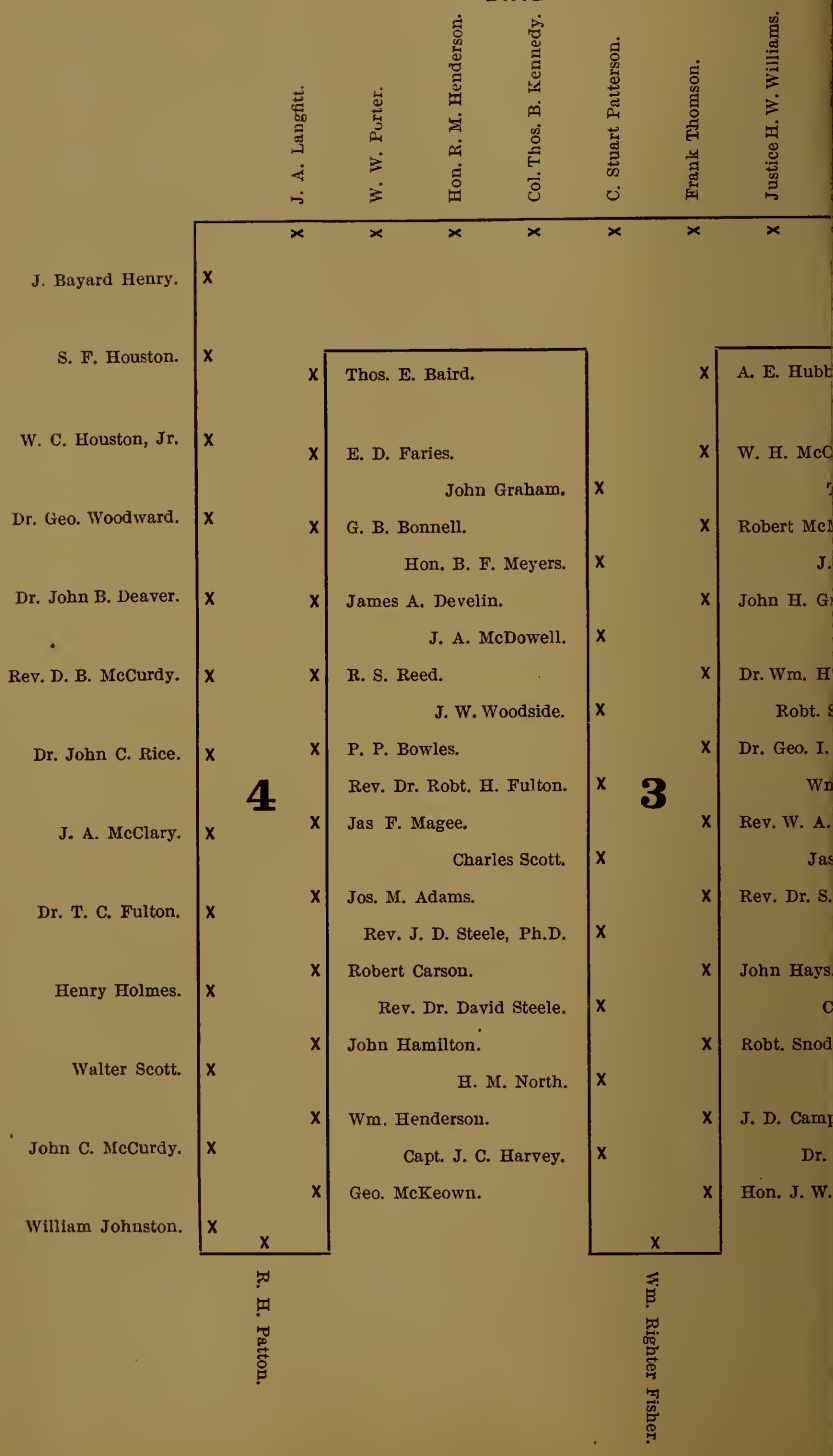
PENNSYLVANIA SC

DIAGRAM OF THE BANQUET



TCH-IRISH SOCIETY.

ABLE, FEBRUARY 26th, 1897.

Dr. Robt. E. Thompson.	Dr. Henry C. McCook.	Hon. John Stewart.	A. K. McClure.	Justice J. B. McCollum.	Dr. John S. MacIntosh.	Dr. James McAlister.	
X	X	X	X	X	X	X	
						X	Edwin S. Stuart.
				Chas. E. Bushnell.	X		Chas. N. Mann.
Geo. Hay.	X	X		John H. Chestnut.			
				Geo. H. Brown.	X	X	W. H. Stuart.
. Ferguson.	X	X		Weston Donaldson.			
				H. S. P. Nichols.	X	X	Hon. A. D. McConnell
J. Donaldson.	X	X		John P. Logan.			
				T. Elliott Patterson.	X	X	Cyrus E. Woods.
Jas. Hay.	X	X		John McIlhenny.			
Fadden.				John C. Bell.	X	X	E. B. McCormick.
ammersley.	X	X		W. H. Hunter			
Kelway.				Geo. G. Mercer.	X	X	Capt. W. W. Wallace.
ammersley.	X	2 X		Hon. Geo F. Huff.		1	
ton.				J. B. Scott.	X	X	Fred'k J. Geiger.
Pinkerton.	X	X		W. A. Patton.			
Snively.				Chas. L. McKeehan.	X	X	Sam'l G. DeCoursey.
W. J. Latta.	X	X		John Lloyd.			
				John D. McIlhenny.	X	X	Thos. H. Patterson.
. W. Henry.	X	X		Col. John Cassels.			
				James Long.	X	X	Jas. Slocum Rogers.
Sam'l Rea.	X	X		Maj. Luther S. Bent.			
				Dr. W. H. Egle.	X	X	Talbot M. Rogers.
. Thomson.	X	X		Edgar C. Felton.			
aonton.				W. M. McAlarney.	X		
eo. N. Ely.	X	X		W. H. Barnes.		X	Chas. T. Shoen.
	Capt. John P. Green.					James Pollock.	

Eighth Annual Meeting.

The eighth annual meeting and banquet of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Hotel Bellevue, Philadelphia, February 26th, 1897, Hon. James A. Logan in the chair.

The report of Charles L. McKeehan, Secretary and Treasurer, was presented and approved.

The following officers and Board of Directors were elected to serve for the ensuing year:—

President, William Righter Fisher.
First Vice-President, Justice Henry W. Williams.
Second Vice-President, James Pollock.
Secretary and Treasurer, Charles L. McKeehan.
Board of Directors and Members of Council:

Col. A. K. McClure,	Mr. William J. Latta,
Mr. C. Stuart Patterson,	Hon. Wm. W. Porter,
Hon. R. M. Henderson,	Rev. S. D. McConnell, D. D.,
Rev. J. S. MacIntosh, D. D.,	Col. John Cassels,
Mr. T. Elliott Patterson,	Mr. Robert Pitcairn,
Mr. J. Bayard Henry,	Hon. James Gay Gordon,
Mr. Samuel F. Houston,	Rev. Henry C. McCook, D. D.

Hon. James A. Logan.

On motion, the business meeting was then adjourned, and the company proceeded to the banqueting room, where the President, Hon. James A. Logan, took the chair.

Rev. John S. MacIntosh, D. D., invoked the Divine blessing.

During the progress of the dinner Hon. James A. Logan, the President, arose and spoke as follows :—

GENTLEMEN:—Do not be apprehensive. It does not follow that because the speaking has begun that the dining is done. (Applause.) On the contrary, I assure you that it is our purpose to pursue the bill of fare down to the very dregs of the menu. (Laughter.)

I have the pleasure of reporting to the Society that we have had a year of unusual progress in its affairs. There have been added to the membership a very considerable number—quite as many as we feel we have the ability to accommodate up to this time, although we are open for as many more in the future as will feel it to be to their interest to give us the pleasure of having them part of us.

This table bears testimony, if nothing else does, to the good and progressive instinct of the Society. It is, if not the largest, certainly quite as large as any dinner this Society has yet given.

We have had in the past year several things to give us special comfort of the character I have indicated; and we have had others that were not quite as we would have liked. Notably among the latter is the project that was in the minds of some of the officers in connection with Robert Fulton. It was brought to the attention of the officers of the Society, during the early part of the year, that the homestead—the birthplace—of Robert Fulton, in the adjoining county of Lancaster, was about being offered for sale, and could probably be purchased for a comparatively small amount. The project was encouraged and the matter looked up, but so far we have not been able to consummate a purchase of the property. Indeed, for the present it seems to be altogether beyond the reasonable ability of the Society.

You all probably know a little of Robert Fulton, and the leading characteristics and incidents of his life. These do not seem to have been preserved with that detail and particularity that would be gratifying to the Scotch-Irish who admire that probably most marked man of their number.

Robert Fulton was born in the year 1765, in the neighbor-

ing county of Lancaster. He seems to have developed in his early life a fondness for portrait and landscape painting. He had so far progressed in that profession and obtained such confidence in his own power therein as to have led him, at the early age of twenty-one years, to go to London, where he desired to pursue the study of his chosen profession under another distinguished native Pennsylvanian, Benjamin West. Benjamin West did not have all the good fortune of Robert Fulton—not being a Scotch-Irishman. He was only a Quaker. Mr. Fulton remained in London, and there seems to have taken on his first impulse in the direction of mechanical engineering. His companion was the noted Watt, and he, together with certain members of the English nobility who had made a special study of mechanical art, diverted his mind in that direction, and we soon afterwards hear of him in Paris, where, about the beginning of the century, he succeeded in first having a boat propelled by steam. It will be observed that this was about an even century after Savery had made a commercial success of the application of steam. Fulton remained there until about 1807, when he returned to this country and successfully erected a very much larger boat than had been propelled on the Seine, and made a more distinct success of it. He then built the first war vessel propelled by steam, and became engaged in exploiting and perfecting a scheme for submarine torpedoes. We think of this generally as of something of to-day, but we thus find it to have begun in the beginning of the century. He died in 1815, with his submarine torpedo rapidly proceeding towards consummation.

I hope that this Society will be fortunate enough to procure and perpetuate much more in detail than I have been able to secure, or you would now care to listen to, the history of this most remarkable Scotch-Irishman.

You will all recollect how one year ago we were under a dark shadow, occasioned by the death of Mr. McKeehan. I need not attempt to add to what was then so well and eloquently said by Colonel McClure, descriptive of Mr. McKeehan's qualities, his geniality of manner and ability in all directions in connection with the Society. We felt at that

time that it was almost impossible to get along without Mr. McKeehan. The loss was sore and sad.

I have, however, the pleasure of saying—because after the darkness comes the light—that Mr. McKeehan's mantle seems to have well descended upon his son; and we have been fortunate in securing the services of that son as Secretary of this Society. (Applause.)

A distinguished member of the Society said to me some time ago that any one of our number would do for a president. That statement proceeded on the assumption that any Scotch-Irishman was willing to work in the lead. (Laughter.) He further said that it required very delicate and careful thought to secure from our membership one who would make a fitting secretary. That statement had as its basic fact this, that it is exceedingly difficult to drive a team with a Scotch-Irishman in the lead.

However, we have with us gentlemen whose special function it is to entertain us oratorically; and I am charged with the obligation, and favored with the honor, of being the presiding officer.

I shall now call for the report of the Committee on History and Archives, of which Dr. McCook is Chairman. (Applause.)

Rev. Henry C. McCook, D. D.:—

Gentlemen:—Before presenting the report on behalf of the Committee, one of our fellow members has a word to say, to which I am sure you will be glad to listen. I will call on Mr. Porter. (Applause.)

Mr. William W. Porter:—

Mr. President:—Just before we entered this room two gentlemen approached me with this box, one having it under his arm. They had the cheerful demeanor and joyous air of a couple of surgeons on their way to remove somebody's vermiform appendix; but the operation that was impending was a much more severe one. They asked me to deliver a presentation address—an address which had not then been conceived. I feel, under these circumstances, that any re-

marks I might make will be as malapropos as those of the young gentleman who indited a poem to the daughter of an old clothes dealer, entitling it, "My heart's passionate pants." (Laughter.)

I hesitated about assuming this responsibility, but finally consented, and as the two gentlemen left me I opened the box and found that, sir (holding up a large wooden spoon, and addressing Judge Logan); and I heard Dr. McCook, as he was going away, murmur, "First he wood and then he wooden." (Laughter.)

This spoon which I, on behalf of the Society, am about to present to you is well worthy of preservation. Upon one end of it is depicted the head of an Indian, suggestive of this meal, or, at least, a portion of it—the Indian meal. I find next something inscribed upon it, which I believe to be the seal of the corporation with which you have the pleasure of being associated; also the flower of the Scotch-Irish. Next below upon it are the judicial scales, indicative of the title which you have the honor to bear. In the bowl of the spoon are carved the arms of the Scotch-Irish Society; and around the sides of the bowl the words, "Pioneer Porridge," "Mush and Milk." Whether that shall be your permanent diet hereafter, under this impulse, I know not, but when you become addicted to the habit you will, at least, have this implement to aid you.

When I was at college, many, many years ago, all through the college course there was an undercurrent of feeling, which only culminated when we came to graduate. There was something then to be conferred which, in the hearts of the students, was much greater in honor than sheepskin, which no money could buy, no effort attain. It meant that the man at graduation who got the wooden spoon was the man who held the hearts of his classmates. And when, to-night, this Society presents you with this emblem, I beg that you will receive it in the spirit of a man whom this Society delights to honor. (Applause.)

The President :—

It would be an affectation to say that this does not give me the most intense pleasure, but it is so personal (if I may

be allowed to put it that way) as to excuse me from more than saying that I am extremely obliged to the speaker and to the Society. (Applause.)

Rev. Henry C. McCook, D. D. :—

Gentlemen:—Before presenting these papers I beg the privilege of making an explanation.

The Council of the Society has resolved that its Committee on History and Archives shall present, at every banquet, one or more papers which may be read in part or in whole or by their titles, as circumstances shall warrant, with leave to print in whole in the report of the proceedings of the banquet. The purpose of this resolution will meet with the approval of all who are interested in the objects of this Society, one of which is to guarantee that there shall be printed in every annual pamphlet historical matter bearing on the Scotch-Irish and their achievements.

In accordance with this resolution, as Chairman of this Committee, I am now prepared to present by their titles, at least, two papers, as follows:—

I. "The Uniform and Equipments of Scotch-Irish Pioneer Riflemen."

II. "Marcus Alonzo Hanna and His Scotch-Irish Ancestry."

(See for historical papers presented by Dr. McCook page 50 of this report.)

The President :—

I have here a letter from the former Chief Justice, Daniel Agnew, expressive of his regret at his inability to be present at this dinner, a part of which I know you will listen to with pleasure. It is written from Beaver, Pa., February 5th, 1897, and is as follows:—

"Having reached the age of eighty-eight years I am too old to banquet in Philadelphia, but it would give me great pleasure to be there and to meet the distinguished gentlemen who will be present.

"I trust that all may meet in the spirit which belongs to the race of men who settled so largely Western Pennsylvania, and may all enjoy the pleasures of the fraternal banquet, going home duly sober, as a Scotch-Irishman should do."

Through the acquaintance, industry, and good intention of Dr. McCook this Society secured a promise from the distinguished Ohio statesman lately active in political affairs, Marcus A. Hanna (applause), to be present to-night. Dr. McCook, however, received this afternoon the following telegram:—

"I regret that important business prevents me from being present at the Scotch-Irish dinner this evening. If I have established my eligibility I crave fraternal recognition and send greetings to all.

"M. A. Hanna."

Rev. Henry C. McCook, D. D. :—

Mr. President:—I think it will be quite appropriate, although Mr. Hanna is a citizen of Ohio, since his ancestors were of Pennsylvania birth, that we consider his eligibility to membership as established; and I take the liberty to move that he be elected an honorary member of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society.

The motion was seconded and carried.

The President :—

We had all expected great pleasure in hearing from Hon. John K. Cowan. Many of you have had the pleasure of listening to him, and know what a treat we would have had if he had been here. He, however, was compelled to send me this telegram:—

"My little girl, just recovering from an illness, suffered a severe relapse this morning. I regret, therefore, it will not be possible for me to be with you to-night. I send, however, my greetings to the Society organized for the purpose

of preserving the history and memory of those who, in the language of Fitz James Stevens, have formed 'the bravest and hardiest race of men that ever trod the face of God's green earth!' "

The Bar of Allegheny County has furnished probably as great legal strength as any other Bar of the State, relatively. Its Forwards, Hamiltons, and Hamptons of the earlier days stood second to no lawyers in the profession. That Bar furnished to this Commonwealth its present distinguished Chief Justice, than whom I think there is no more capable and able man. (Applause.) It furnished Judge Acheson, of the United States Circuit Court, who is a man of signal ability and great success in the administration of his office. It also furnished Mr. Justice Shiras, who is now serving with distinction on the Supreme Bench of the United States.

We have with us to-night a gentleman representing that Bar, whom it will be a treat to hear. I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. J. A. Langfitt, of the Bar of Allegheny County. (Applause.)

Mr. J. A. Langfitt :—

Mr. Toastmaster:—I almost shudder when I think that but for the kind invitation of my friend, Mr. Justice Williams, I might have missed this banquet. The invitation was certainly as agreeable as it was unexpected. It came to me in the nature of a surprise. I felt something like Goliath did when David hit him with the stone. You know he was surprised; he said such a thing had never entered his head before; and it surely never entered my head that there was anything that I, of the West, could say that might interest the "Wise Men of the East." (Applause.)

The flattering introduction of the Toastmaster is as pleasant to me as though it were deserved, and I can readily forgive him because of his evident good intentions toward me and possibly toward you; and good intentions are creditable in this world, despite the claim that Moloch's dominion is paved with them, clear out beyond the city limits. (Applause and laughter.)

The "press of matter" and the "crowded condition of my columns," as the editors would say, remind me that I would do well (since for the last three hours or more I have lived, "not wisely, but too well") if I should now emulate the busy bee, which, when full, makes straight for home. (Applause.) Or, at least, should profit by the experience of the Sphinx, which secured the reputation for profound wisdom simply by keeping its mouth shut for several thousand years. James Whitcomb Riley, in one of his quaint dialect rhymes, makes one of his characters say something like this: "Ef I can't think o' somethin' good, I jest set still and chaw my cud." I should certainly chew the cud of bitter reflection and ill requite your courtesy and hospitality did I not express, however feebly, my appreciation of this banquet, of its members, and the cause that draws them together. To do this fittingly is no light work; but we Pittsburghers (if you will pardon the seeming vanity) are not ashamed to work—not even if we have to "work" some other fellow. (Laughter.) Now, I am surprised that I should be taken up that way, because I came here to-night to light my candle from your torches. I have crossed the trocha, invaded your province, as it were, with some faint trace of that boldness of spirit—that Scotch-Irish boldness of spirit—that pushed my ancestors from Ulster to Virginia, and their sons up into the Pittsburgh region while yet Virginia claimed it, and where I, as a child, played around Mason and Dixon's famous line. But I do not wish to boast of my good blood, because before Summer comes again I may be compelled to buy sarsaparilla. Nor will I trace my genealogical survey too far back into my own family, because if I succeeded in tracing it clear back to Adam and Eve I could probably find no record of their marriage (laughter) and I would be cut out of the "Four Hundred." Marriage, it seems, was a later invention; and some fellow has defined it recently to be a committee—a committee of two, with discretionary power to increase the number. (Applause and laughter.) I see that you are all acrobats, you tumble so easily. (Laughter.)

An old chap down West, who had lived by his wits, and found a poor living, was finally convicted of a crime and sent

for a short term to the "pen." When he arrived at the institution he was taken in to the ante room and subjected to the usual examination. He was asked, "What is your name?" He answered, "John Paisley." "What is your age?" "Fifty-four." "What is your religion?" "Great Scott," he exclaimed, "does a man have to get religion before you let him in here?" (Laughter and applause.)

To gain admission into the inner circle of the Scotch-Irish a man must not only have religion, but it must be of a special type. They were always sticklers for religion; and a celebrated divine, in discussing this phase of their character, said that they always kept the Sabbath and pretty much everything else that they could get their hands on. (Laughter and applause.) But what grand old fellows they were, your fathers and mine; what an open hand they had for a friend; what a fist for an enemy. (Applause.) They sometimes bowed to fate, but never as a matter of courtesy. They were always ready to admit that there were two sides to a question, their side and the wrong side. (Laughter and applause.) They were always willing to do as they were done by, provided they were done by first. (Laughter.) But they made the groundwork of a nation; they were the base upon which our national character was built, that is the envy and the admiration of the world to-day. Impetuous, rugged, persistent, they rushed to the Revolution as to a banquet. They furnished the stimulus, the force, the energy that gave an irresistible sweep and impulse to the War for Independence. They loved the Lord God and they hated King George, and thought no sacrifice too great for the honor and glory of the Republic.

Among the Scotch-Irish in Pennsylvania (and this is history, not boasting) there was not a single Tory; they trod the wine press gladly; they revelled in glory; they shed their blood like water and gave their bodies to be burned for their homes, their friends, their country, and their God. They were strong and aggressive in action, quick and fervid in speech; and they and their sons have left to us and our sons a name, a fame, and a story that defy the tooth of time. They may have had faults—they had: glaring faults—but

a lack of patriotism or of courage was not among them. Why, they tell us in fable that Ajax defied the lightning, apparently with impunity; but if that same Ajax had defied the typical Colonial Scotch-Irishman, the chances are that Mrs. Ajax would have married again, later on. (Laughter and applause.) And if that lightning had been "Jersey lightning" the result might have been different to Ajax, while such lightning would not phase the average Scotch-Irishman. (Laughter.) He is made of sterner stuff.

The Scotch-Irish gave to Pennsylvania three of her greatest Chief Justices—McKean and Black and Gibson. They gave to her her wisest statesmen, her boldest warriors, her best and bravest citizens; and I have always held it to be a blot upon the escutcheon of George Washington that he was not born a Scotch-Irishman. (Laughter.) What a grand pedigree that would have given him. (Laughter.) He was a great man; he was first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen. First in everything? No; not first in everything, because he married a widow. (Laughter and applause.) Washington was a truthful man, notwithstanding the fact that many considered him to be a number one Fourth of July-er. He was truthful because, not being a lawyer, he could not tell a lie—well; and, besides that, the hatchet would have given it away by its "sharp practice;" he could not stand up and say that "it wasn't in the wood." (Laughter.) All this proves, if it proves anything, that Washington would have been as sorry as we, if he could, that he was not born Scotch-Irish, and from Pennsylvania instead of the Old Dominion. (Applause.)

If you will indulge me a moment longer let me spend it in commending the thought, or the sentiment, that caused this Society to come into being, and that draws us here to-night. It was a splendid thought. We are practical people, and so busy with affairs that sentiment commonly plays a minor part in the drama; but we are not so busy or so devoid of sentiment, thank God, as to forget the glorious past of our race and the magnificent deeds they have done. To hold them in grateful remembrance is a proud and pleasant duty, and in doing this we are ourselves insensibly drawn

together; we learn to know each other better, cement and extend our friendships and fellowships, and hasten the time "when man to man, the world over, shall brother be, and a' that."

The spirit that prevails in this assembly to-night is most infectious, and makes us all akin. There is "snow on the roof" of many of you, but if your heads are old your hearts to-night are young and warm and tender, and in this hour—this pleasure hour—when memory plays a merry tune and the past to the present is vassal, the general good feeling, the spirit of friendship and fraternity and fellowship, one with another, like the cotter's Saturday night, "do all our weary, carping cares beguile, and make us quite forget our labor and our toil."

More than twenty centuries ago, over the gate Nicanor, the mighty gate of Herod's Temple at Jerusalem, there hung a splendid golden vine. It had on it bunches of golden grapes, some as large as a man. Like a natural vine, it grew greater and greater from the offerings of grateful devotees. Men would bring there, some gold to make a leaf, some a grape or a bunch of grapes, and so it kept on increasing until the whole massive burnished gate was covered with its richness and its beauty.

My brothers of Ulster, we too have our temples and our shrines. Within them are stored the glories of our ancestors, the words they have spoken, the deeds they have done; and over our gate Nicanor is hung the golden vine of remembrance, of friendship, of the fraternity of the living, to perpetuate the actions of the dead. Every banquet like this, cheek by jowl, every association and companionship grafts on that splendid vine a golden leaf or still more precious fruit. Let us cherish the vine, for its fruits are the friendships that distill the wine of life; the memories that look backward with a smile and the fellowship one with another that bid the sad rejoice, that lift the low, that bind the broken, that cause the day star to arise, and sends the song bird of happiness singing, far up into the blue sky of a man's heart, its carols of gladness and of peace. As the years slip past, and the meetings of this Society recur again

and again, may each year find us prouder than before of the heritage that is ours. And, as in the legend of old, the spirit of Charlemagne every springtime crosses the Rhine on a bridge of gold, at midnight, to bless the corn fields and the vineyards, and make them bring forth their fruits abundantly, so may these anniversaries increase the prosperity of this Society, its growth, and its membership, and keep forever fragrant the priceless memory of past achievements—achievements that made possible to us the substantial glories of the present, and which, for the future, bid Hope to rise as bright and brilliant as a star when only one is shining in the sky. (Prolonged applause.)

The President :—

Gentlemen:—We have among our membership a man whose youth and the War of the Rebellion were contemporary. In that war he was an officer, gallant, brave, and trustworthy. Coming home, at the end of the war, he entered upon the study of his profession, and became a successful student of law and a member of the Philadelphia Bar. He afterwards engaged in business, and has been a successful executive officer of one of the large corporations of this State—one quite equal to the others so distinguished in that line in this State. I have the pleasure of presenting Capt. John P. Green.

Mr. John P. Green :—

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—When I was notified by your President that I might be called upon to say a few words this evening, it seemed to me that perhaps I might be indulged if I wandered somewhat from the beaten path which we have pursued at a number of these dinners at which I have had the honor to be present, and that I could well do so without getting away from the pleasant atmosphere that has always surrounded them.

I have been thoroughly satisfied, since coming to these meetings (if I ever had any doubt about it before), that the Scotch-Irish possessed a great deal more than an ordinary

share of the cardinal virtues; and it was somewhat of a satisfaction to realize that while they did possess this exceptional portion, there was still a slight residuum for gracious distribution among our sister societies. But while fully sharing in the gratification at the proud record they had made in the past, it seemed to me that there were two or three thoughts bearing thereon that perhaps I might present to you this evening, and that, in connection with what is to us a very charming symposium, it might occur to some of us that there were still duties incumbent upon the Scotch-Irish in these days; and I felt sure if these duties were incumbent upon them they would be just as ready to fulfill them and just as quick to meet them as they had been at any time in the past.

Certainly there is no great struggle prevailing to-day—I mean no great military struggle; and while your President has been kind enough, in connection with my own record, to allude to one that closed between thirty and thirty-five years ago, I think it will not require much reflection to realize that although these battles have ceased, and we no longer read the sad lists of dead and wounded, we have in the last year gone through a struggle, the issue of which was quite as vital to the life of the nation as that which marked the dark days between 1861 and 1865.

There are underlying principles that must be maintained in order that this country may continue in its career of prosperity; and neither Scotch-Irish nor any other man having the fear of God and the welfare of his fellowmen before his eyes can shut them to the questions which must be discussed, which must be determined, and upon which the welfare of this nation must inevitably depend.

Most of you who have read the brilliant pages of Froude's "Life of Cæsar" will certainly recall startling analogies between some of the facts existing in that day—in the day of the great Roman Commonwealth, just before the time of its decadence—and the things that are now forced upon our attention, and have been forced upon us for the last ten or fifteen years.

You will remember that in that admirable book he speaks

the solemn words which give warning to every nation where the love of wealth, the desire for luxury, and the growth of corruption inevitably show that decay has begun in the body politic. He speaks of the great Roman Empire, and says that amid the endless chain of circumstances there are always certain phenomena which point to impending danger. No nation, he says, can prosper unless the individual conducts his life upon moral principle. If the man is not pure, is not brave, is not true in word and deed, the nation cannot be. He points to the great Senate, which held the entire power of Rome in its hand, which manipulated its treasury, which sent out governors to its provinces; and he speaks of them in their early days as having at heart the good of the public alone. He shows how the control of that magnificent territory tributary to the Mediterranean Sea brought to them enormous wealth, until money poured in upon them in rolling streams of gold, and until the fortunes that were attained by the Roman Senators exceeded anything that their fathers could have imagined in their wildest dreams. He points to the fact that with this influx of wealth came corruption, the lust for power, the desire for wealth, and, at last, the downfall of the Republic. And he refers to shameful facts in the history of the Roman Senators which recall to one, almost forebodingly, things that must be familiar to you all in connection with our own Senate; and when I refer to that body (and I speak here, not as a Democrat or Republican, but simply as one of the people, believing in this country, and believing that when the time comes the people will rally to its rescue just as they did thirty-five years ago, and will rescue it, just as they did then), can you not all realize that during the last ten or fifteen years, perhaps before that, but certainly during that time, we have seen what might well be called the decadence of the Senate of the United States?

Do you recall, gentlemen, that the Senate was established to be the great balance wheel in the confederation of these United States? It was thought out prayerfully. It was the only device by which large States and small States could be brought together into a common confederation; and it

required all the ingenuity of all the best statesmen of that day to accomplish it.

Mr. Madison and Mr. Hamilton speak again and again in the *Federalist* and the State papers of this balance wheel, of this great body, which must, of necessity, be the chosen body in this country, chosen with peculiar care, not directly by the people, but by men who have been tried and tested in the crucible of public opinion, and, having undergone that test, have been delegated to select men to represent the deliberate, well-balanced thought of the nation, to look after the material interests of the country, to dictate its foreign policy, and to be the great conservative power that shall hold the nation together and perpetuate in the future the glorious record of the past.

And when we look at the Senate of the United States in its earlier days, and recall such men as Rufus King, Roger Sherman, Hamilton, Morris, Madison, Pinckney, Wilson, Rutledge, Randolph, Geroy, Webster, Calhoun, Clay, and Benton, and the famous men who all through the Civil War covered themselves with glory in the defense of our country, and then ask ourselves, Have the men of the present day kept up to the lofty ideal which possessed the fathers of our Commonwealth? Are they there with an eye single to the public good? Have they in any way failed in their high trust? Have they prevented the nomination of men of ability because they were not their henchmen, and because their selection would not bring to them patronage and power to strengthen their influence in their own section of the country? Have they, when great questions of finance and home and foreign policy came before them, been true to their duty, or have they paltered with their trust, and lent themselves, under the guise of statesmen, to the shuffling tricks of the petty politician? Have they taken refuge in what is called the "courtesy of the Senate," and permitted its time to be wasted, day after day, by the twaddle of some eminent driveller, whose mouth the concentrated wisdom from our forty States could not find means to close, while the nation bled at every pore?

Now, gentlemen, if I am wrong in this; if they have

kept up to the high ideal of our fathers, and have shown that they were indeed right in selecting this Senate as the balance wheel of the country, then, indeed, are we thrice happy who live under the benign rule of these Conscript Fathers. But if it be not so; if, in dealing with foreign countries, they have departed from that conservative spirit which is careful not to wound the susceptibilities of our friends among the commonwealth of nations; if, in fact, the mantle which was supposed to rest upon the Senate has fallen from their shoulders and now rests upon the popular branch of the legislature; if we look to this body, which was not supposed to be the conservative body—if we look to them to-day to represent the best judgment of the American people, to maintain its dignity at home and abroad, to watch over its material interests and preserve that sense of national honor which reflects the manhood and God-fearing self-respect of the individuals who compose it, then I fear we must say, reverently, but with grave foreboding for the future, God save the Commonwealth. (Great Applause.)

The President :—

The distinctive characteristic of the American lawyer is that he is an all-around man. Besides being well up in his profession he is found to have a taste for literature, to have a place in boards corporate, municipal, and educational, and to be prominent generally in affairs. I know of no more marked instance illustrative of these characteristics than our brother, J. Bayard Henry, whom I now have the pleasure of presenting. (Applause.)

Mr. J. Bayard Henry :—

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—It is natural on such occasions we should felicitate ourselves on our good fortune. We are proud of our Scotch-Irish ancestry, and these are the occasions, above all others, when we can exchange congratulations on our birthrights, with no one to molest us or find any fault.

Amid our rejoicings at having been born among the elect, and on our descent from a people noted for their integrity,

purity, and patriotism, it behooves us to consider what others are saying about our ancestors. We well know what kind of people they were; we know their honesty of purpose, their desire for justice, their unswerving devotion to liberty, and their religious earnestness; but we must have a care or their reputation will suffer, if historians give them so little credit as our friend Mr. Sidney George Fisher has, in his "History of the Colony and the Commonwealth." In it the Scotch-Irish are scarcely mentioned, and when referred to, are spoken of most disparagingly.

They are represented as having come to Pennsylvania in 1711; having scattered among the mountains, and as being unruly, semi-civilized, and barbarous. Their contests with the Indians and the part some of them took in the "Whisky Rebellion" are described at length, but little is said of the trials and hardships they endured as the advance guard of the mighty army of colonists who were so soon to follow; of their self-sacrifice and heroic devotion to liberty; and the fact that they were the pioneers in the settlement of a country which is now the greatest and most prosperous in the world.

The Puritans, the Pilgrim Fathers, the Dutch, and even the Quakers, have had their historians who have recorded their deeds, and made much of their bravery and love of liberty; but the modest Scotch-Irishman has ever been content to do what he thought was right, not caring who received the credit. This has continued too long, and what we need are historians who will do justice to our ancestors.

The Scotch-Irish took a leading part in the Revolution, and were among the bravest of the brave. Whatever may have been thought of the troops from New England or the South, Washington could always rely on the Continental forces of Pennsylvania, whether during the sufferings and privations of the long and dreary Winter at Valley Forge or in the battles of Germantown, Trenton, Princeton, or Monmouth. It was the liberty-loving, impetuous, and fearless Scotch-Irish who turned the tide of battles and made victory possible. In our late war, the Scotch-Irish, no matter whether they wore the Blue or Gray, fought for what they believed to be right. They fought for principles,

National Sovereignty or State Rights, as the case might be; on whichever side they fought they were noted for their bravery and heroism.

Gentlemen, we must write our own histories, and not allow it to be supposed the Scotch-Irish came to this country, scattered in the mountains, and remained there. They builded wiser than they knew. They have been the great developers of our land. Most of our highways, canals, railroads, and our great cities west of the Alleghenies were planned and constructed by the Scotch-Irish. To-day the descendants of those hardy and brave men and women stand among the leaders in all great commercial or industrial enterprises. In statesmanship as well, they have ever been at the front, and even in politics they have always placed principles above party.

Last Summer, when the whole nation was aroused by the danger of repudiation and the introduction of fiat money, the Scotch-Irish, without regard to party, were almost unanimously on the side of good government and honest money. The States of Maryland, West Virginia, and Kentucky were Democratic States, and it was a Scotch-Irishman, Hon. John K. Cowen, a member of Congress, who, though he had been a life-long Democrat, for a time gave up allegiance to party and stood for principle, and carried those States for the Hon. William McKinley, another Scotch-Irishman. No more loyal race of people ever lived than the Scotch-Irish of America, and especially the Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania. They have their faults in common with other people, but their virtues and their devotion to their God and their country outweigh all deficiencies, and place them among the races to whom the United States are most deeply indebted for much of its present prosperity and bright future.

The President :—

Whatever difference of opinion there may be as to whether or not a great college or university has its best development in a large city, there can be no question of the entire harmony and fitness of the union between a great city and its High School. I have the pleasure of presenting to you Dr.

Robert Ellis Thompson, President of the Philadelphia High School. (Applause.)

Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson :—

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—In one of Sir Walter Scott's novels there is an account of a mischievous fairy, whom you can get into the house only by dragging her across the threshold, but when once she is in, you will have trouble enough with her before you get her out. I am here somewhat like that fairy to-night. Dr. McCook told me I must come, but I warned him it would be in the capacity of an *advocatus diaboli*, to say things which may sound unpleasant about this newly canonized Scotch-Irish stock, from which you have sprung.

Not that I am or have been unmindful of the great qualities which have been characteristic of that stock. Twenty-seven years ago I published in a magazine I was then editing—*The Penn Monthly*—the earliest article that I know of as appearing in any of our city monthlies that dealt with the magnificent record made by the Scotch-Irish of America. I called attention to the great area over which it was spread, down the Appalachian chain, from Titusville in our own oil district to Huntsville in Alabama, now containing a far greater population of Ulster derivation than is to be found in Ulster itself. It was the people of that region that alone in the South upheld the cause of the Union during the War and did much for its preservation in the day of its peril. They were not planters and slave owners, but farmers and free workers of their own lands. They constituted just such a middle class as the South lacked, and the lack was fatal to the success of the Confederacy, because these hardy dwellers in the upland valleys of that great mountain system took their orders from Washington and not from Richmond during those terrible four years of domestic strife. In one night, it is said, acting under the orders of the National Government, they broke down every bridge in Eastern Tennessee so as to impede the marching of the Confederate troops. Few of them comparatively served in the Southern army, and those few unwillingly; and every escaped pris-

oner from the Confederate prisons knew he was safe when once he found himself among the mountain folk.

It is only recently that facts such as these about the part played by the Scotch-Irish of America have come to be noticed. There has been a disposition to assume that America was made up of Puritans, Cavaliers, Quakers, and Knickerbockers. There is a reason for this ignoring of an element which has been at least as important as any of these. It has been the inarticulate element. The Yankee has been the thinking brain of this new world; the Quaker has been its sympathetic heart; but the Scotch-Irish have been the backbone of America. That was the title of my article: "The Backbone of America." And this backbone has had the qualities of a true and efficient vertebral column—firmness and uprightness. In the practical qualities of resoluteness and determination, the Ulster stock has no superior in the world.

I say the Ulster stock, for you must not think only of this part of it we have here in America. Look at its achievements in every part of the British Empire. Look at Nicholson and the Lawrences in India, men among the greatest in the work of winning the country for England and keeping it under the British crown. In his recollections of his long service in India, which have just appeared, General Roberts can hardly find word to express his admiration of General Nicholson, the man who broke the back of the Sepoy Rebellion by the capture of Delhi, and died in the very hour of victory. So in other fields of effort not less heroic. The English sent one Englishman after another, from Drake to Sir John Franklin, to discover the Northwest Passage; and they had to send a Scotch-Irishman to find what had become of Franklin. Captain McClintock did so, and then they took the hint and sent another to find the Northwest Passage itself. So Captain McClure sailed his ship from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, around the northern coast of this continent; and to this day he is the only man that ever achieved that feat. They are sending Norsemen and such people to find the North Pole, but it is only waste of time and money. The Pole will never be found till they send a Scotch-Irishman

after it, and he will bring it home over his shoulder and think nothing of it. (Laughter and applause.) For it is in his blood never to know when he is beaten or when to turn back.

This quality of the Ulster stock was never better expressed than in the prayer of an elder here in Pennsylvania. "Grant," he prayed, "that I may be always right, for Thou knowest that I am hard to turn." (Laughter.) Yes, they are hard to turn; that has been at once their fault and their merit all through our national history. When they have made up their minds to a course of action, they will go to the end of it; and more than once this constitutional obstinacy of theirs has been of the greatest service to the country. General Jackson was hard to turn. He had his own way about the points of national policy to which he had made up his mind, in spite not only of all the politicians of the opposite party, but of those of his own party as well. He rallied the people to his support by the very sight of his courage, and they made him a second time President, in spite of the hostility of all parties to him. That was the Scotch-Irish temper exactly. (Applause.)

Nor were they to be turned back when they came out here to settle Pennsylvania and to disturb the Quaker experiment of governing a great Commonwealth by rosewater. They had the Book of Joshua for an Indian policy, and they did not, as Mr. Fisher tells his readers, scatter into the mountains. They took possession of the colony, elbowed the Quakers out of the Legislature, and have run the machine ever since. You must make allowance for Mr. Fisher, as he is of Quaker stock, and the Friends did not take kindly to being elbowed out of control by these new immigrants. Nor were they very welcome in any of the colonies to which they came during that memorable half century in which Ulster was emptying itself into the American colonies. Along the fence on the Atlantic coast the sign was out, "No Irish need apply." But they came on just as equably as though they had been sent for. They poured into the northern tier of the Eastern States, into Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. They effected settlements in Massachusetts also. In-

deed, Professor Perry, of Williams College, told me that wherever a town of that State amounted to anything you would find a Scotch-Irish kernel in it. (Applause.) The Select Men of Boston, in their innocence, ordered them to leave town. They stayed. In Worcester the solid men of the place turned out and tore down the frame work of the Presbyterian church the immigrants were building for themselves, declaring they would have "no Irish church in Worcester." Happily for the town they declined to take the hint. They also stayed, and such men as Asa Gray, the great botanist, Justice Gray of the National Supreme Bench, and Professor Perry adorn the annals of Worcester in consequence. (Applause.)

That is their strong side: they have gone where they had a mind to go and stayed where they had a mind to stay. But they had and have a weak side also, and Mr. Henry touched on it when he said that they must now write their own histories, and no longer leave that to men who made a travesty of it. They have been what Carlyle would call an "inarticulate" factor in the world's history. They have been strong in action, but feeble in putting their action or thought into words. They have acted out their thought rather than uttered it. So others than themselves have written their history, and often in the fashion satirized in Esop's fable, in which the lion criticizes human portraiture of his kind. A history of the Scotch-Irish stock—why, you have not even a song! Mention one if you can.

This literary barrenness of the Scotch-Irish stock has been all the more remarkable in view of the literary fertility of the Scotch stock which stayed at home and of the English stock in Ireland. What have you to put beside Ramsay, Ferguson, Burns, Scott, Galt, Ferrier, John Brown, Stevenson, Barrie, Crockett, Ian MacLaren, and the rest who have made and are making that little country one of the world's intellectual centres? What to put beside the Usshers, Denhams, Swifts, Steeles, Goldsmiths, Burkes, Edgeworths, Crokers, Levers, Allinghams, Leckeys, and the rest of the Anglo-Irish colony, whose circumstances have been so like those of the Ulster colony? At home in Ireland you have

Miss Elizabeth Hamilton (the humorous author of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie"), Captain Mayne Reid (once the idol of boys who read stories of adventure), and Sir Samuel Ferguson, whom some pronounce the greatest of modern Irish poets, though Mangan might dispute the distinction. In America the record has been even poorer. You can claim half of Edgar Allen Poe—and Dr. McCook thinks that half too much—half of Henry James, Jr., and the whole of Mrs. Margaret Preston Junkin, a true poet sprung of this unpoetic stem.

Nor is it hard to see why this is the case. The qualities of mind and temper which lead to literary production are precisely those which the Scotch-Irish stock, in their excessive practicality, have despised. The first of these is imagination, and the Scotch-Irishman has no conception of it except as a faculty which deals with the delusive, the vain, and the fanciful. Yet, as Tyndall has shown us, this faculty of imagination is indispensable even to the man of science, and enables him to reach truths which else would forever have lain beyond our ken. It is by this faculty that Shakespeare lays bare the human heart to us and gives us an insight into human nature that no amount of mere observation would have brought to us. So the love of matter of fact works to shut out from our knowledge many of the most important classes of facts, and especially those which form the content of literature. You may write a chronicle without the aid of imagination, but never a history. You cannot make its characters live and move, as Macaulay does those who took part in the siege and defense of 'Derry, without the imagination being brought into full play. It is this alone that can make the past alive to us; and until the Ulster stock values and fosters it, instead of despising it, others will write the histories and "disperse them into the mountains" in Mr. Fisher's fashion. It is not enough to be hard-headed, resolute, and determined. It is not enough to make history; you must, as Mr. Henry said, write history. You must recognize the fact that literature and art count for something in the work of the world. (Applause.)

See what the children of the Puritans have done for Boston and its neighborhood by their literary gifts. They have

taken every corner of the State in which anything happened they thought worth the telling, and their poets, historians, and novelists have made it a matter of national interest, until the children of Philadelphia come to know more of what went on in Boston than they do of what happened in their own city. Even some of the things which were least creditable to the Bostonians have been polished up until they have quite another look. There, for instance, is that miserable "Tea Party" of theirs. You would not infer from their accounts of it that Boston was chosen, along with Charleston (S. C.), for the landing of that tea, as being one of the weakest places in the line of resistance to the aggressions of the British Government, and that the mob took action because the "solid men of Boston" shrank from the responsibility that had been taken by the leading men of Newport, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. (Applause.) But I honor and respect the Bostonians of our day for making the best of what they have, and glorifying every corner of that little Commonwealth of theirs. I even admire their audacity, first illustrated by Bancroft, in making Boston the centre of our national history, and representing the War for Independence as taking place mostly within twenty-four miles of the "Hub." You will find that the last school history, whose claims have been pressed on our own schools, makes room for mention of just two Pennsylvanians who took any part in the Revolutionary War, and gives but a scanty mention of either.

Philadelphia is richer in historic associations than all the rest of our American cities put together. But what poets have sung them and what artists have commemorated them? The average Philadelphian knows that there is an historic State House on Chestnut Street, and he goes to see it if he has to take a stranger around to enjoy the sights of the city. But ask him where Washington lived, or Franklin flew his kite, or, indeed, almost any of the things that he would know all about if they had happened in Boston, and he will have to confess his ignorance. That he knows where Jefferson wrote the Declaration is due to the singular public spirit of the bank which occupies the site and has commemorated it by a tablet. The only readable books you have that recall that

stirring time, with the exception of my friend Professor Macmaster's "History of the American People"—a Scotch-Irishman's book, that shows what they *can* do—are the work of Yankees or Quakers. Professor Thomas, of Haverford, has written what I think the best history of the country for school use; and Mr. Fisher has given us the books which have set the country to reading about our Commonwealth, and has shown how interesting its early history really is. I want here to say a word for Mr. Fisher. His first book did much ampler justice to the Scotch-Irish than his second has done. He even admits in that that they supplied a very necessary element in the make-up of the Commonwealth, which was not found in the Friends and the Germans. And you must make some allowance for a Friend's feelings about the class of settlers who definitely put an end to the Quaker experiment of governing the colony. We none of us feel very kindly to the people who turn us out.

The second quality which leads to literary production is sympathy, the art of putting yourself into another man's place and seeing things with his eyes and understanding his way of looking at things. Now the Scotch-Irish, both in Ulster and America, suffer from defect of sympathy, both with each other and with other kinds of people. A Scotch-Irishman never puts himself into anybody's place until he has turned the other fellow out. (Laughter.) They are too fond of what have been called "wet-blanket proverbs," and of keeping down any unusual aspirations, either social or intellectual, that they detect in any of their own number. They are so sure that they are right themselves that they never feel the need of asking what any one else thinks about the matter. One of them, a distinguished professor of political economy, was telling a visitor who had just returned from a course of study in Germany that he had been completing his final revision of his text book on the subject. The visitor asked of the professor whether he had looked into the German writers, who had been making some fresh investigations. His answer was in substance, "I confess I have not, nor do I need to do so. I have got the thing about right in this book of mine, and if the Germans agree with me, so much the

better; if they do not, they are wrong." That is the true Ulster temper, and it goes far to explain why a race so rich in practical achievement, a stock that has shown in statesmanship, in discovery, in generalship, in business life, has yet been so barren in all the fields of effort that call for mental versatility and adaptability, for sympathy and for imagination. (Applause.)

The time has come for a new departure, and most of all in this great Commonwealth of ours. "Pennsylvania is a sleeping giant," Dr. John W. Nevin once said. She needs to be roused to the possibilities of her own future and to a recognition of all there is worthy of thought and of honor in her past. (Applause.)

The President :—

No meeting of the gravity and importance of this seems quite complete unless we hear from Ohio. I have the pleasure, therefore, of presenting Mr. W. H. Hunter, editor of the *Steubenville Gazette*, Steubenville, Ohio. (Applause.)

The President and Gentlemen of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society:—While in attendance at the Harrisburg session of the Scotch-Irish Society of America last Summer, I was thrilled by the eloquence of your honorable Past President, Dr. McCook, who then delivered one of the most impressive addresses I ever heard—beautiful in diction, eloquent in presentation—his subject being "The Scotch-Irish Pioneer Women." Among the accomplishments of those noble women described was the manufacture of mush and milk, or rather, I should say, "Pioneer porridge," the *piece de resistance* on the table of the fathers. His panegyric was so eloquent and his description of the process was so real one could close his eyes and hear the mush sputter as it was stirred in the pot, could see the particles fly over the brim, and smell the odor of burning meal as the globules fell upon the fire. When I think back to the old homestead in Eastern Ohio I run against the fact that I did not like mush and milk any more than I loved the catechism, which we had together at our house eight evenings in the week. I recall it now as

the one cloud over the sunshine of happy boyhood days; but Dr. McCook's eloquence made such an impression on me that all my early repulsion for mush and milk has left me. I have never been so fortunate as to hear him on the catechism. Through the kindness of my good friend Colonel McIlhenny, I am here to enoy with you the food of our ancestors. I promised him when he gave me the opportunity to break mush and milk with the Society, I would endeavor to partly pay my way with a story of the influence of the Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania in Ohio. Just as I was about to plunge into a mass of data in preparation of an elaborate address, he wrote me that I must keep in mind that this, being a Scotch-Irish gathering, would be a gabfest; that there would be a good many folks wanting to make speeches, and that no one would be allowed to say all that was in his mind. However, I feel that I should make my contribution to this interesting subject and I here present a paper which you may dispose of according to your own tender mercies. My great grandfathers having been among the early settlers of the western part of this State and among the founders of Old Unity, the first Presbyterian church west of the mountains, and one of them among the slain in the disastrous Lochry expedition during the Revolutionary War, I feel strongly moved to the task. My sainted mother also was reared to young womanhood in this city, and it was through her influence that Bishop Simpson when a young man in Ohio was induced to adopt the ministry as his calling—the eloquent bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church who made Philadelphia his seat, and whose erudition, whose fertile genius, wonderful perception, and pushing enterprise gave his Church much of its power in America.

(For Mr. Hunter's paper see page 64 of this report.)

The President:—

Our ancestors had a keen eye for good lands and beautiful topographical surroundings. Therefore it was not surpris-

ing, as the tide of emigration set westward, that a large number of them lodged in the Cumberland Valley. A descendant of these ancestors, distinguished in legislation and judicial administration, is present to-night, and I have the pleasure of presenting him to you in the person of Hon. John Stewart, of that valley. (Applause.)

Hon. John Stewart:—

Mr. Chairman:—If I fail to appreciate as I should the complimentary terms in which you have introduced me, it is because I cannot forget your remarks at the opening of the feast. You then announced that you proposed to see the menu through, from "the blue points to the dregs." (Laughter.) Since you have appointed me to close the exercises of the evening, it will doubtless occur to many, as it has to me, that your preliminary announcement is to be understood as qualifying largely what you have just said with reference to myself. Had you adopted the old Roman manner of speech, and said that you proposed to see the menu through, from the egg to the apple, under your flattering introduction I would have blushed like an apple orchard in May; but since you have put me in apposition with dregs, you have relieved me from any such severe exercise of modesty. It may be, however, that you intended no personal application of the word, but used it with reference to the exercises which have so happily graced this occasion and made the evening so delightful. If so, we must all agree that the word was well and fittingly chosen. By "dregs" we ordinarily understand that which remains after all that is of value or interest has been extracted. You clearly enough foresaw that the gentlemen who have preceded me, and have so delightfully entertained us with their tributes to our Scotch-Irish ancestry, would leave but little to be said by way of eulogy or defense. They have justified your speech; they have extracted and given to us, from the history of that race of hardy pioneers whose memory we are here to celebrate, inspiring and ennobling lessons and examples in such abundant measure that all of us have been made to feel a fuller warrant for our

pride and a heightened appreciation of the virtues and labors of the race to which we belong.

As I sat listening I realized how much I had missed in failing to attend upon the earlier meetings of the Society. I remembered that I had been in at its birth, having been one of a dozen who gathered about the hospitable board of one of your ex-Presidents and there instituted the organization, but at the same time regretfully remembered that I had never after answered a roll call. (Applause.) I trust this delinquency may be pardoned, if for no other reason because of the constituency which I am supposed to represent here to-night—the Scotch-Irish of the Cumberland Valley. That was the valley into which Ulster was emptied, and there about the middle of the last century was gathered the largest and most compact body of exclusively Scotch-Irish people to be found on equal area on the continent; and in that early settlement you may find the fruitful source of much of the enrichment which has come to our national life, in all its varied departments, through Scotch-Irish influence. You will find, in the early history of our country, Scotch-Irish scattered throughout all the colonies, from New England to Georgia; and it may be difficult now to discover the reasons which determined this general dispersion; but when at a later period the increasing stream of Ulster emigration was turned into Middle and Southern Pennsylvania, in the light of what occurred so soon thereafter, we can see that it was in accordance with a divine strategy, the object and purpose of which was the achievement of American independence. Without Pennsylvania actively and earnestly enlisted in the cause of independence there would not, could not, have been a revolution; and but for the presence here in the colony of these Scotch-Irish in such constantly increasing numbers, Pennsylvania would have remained loyal to the throne and submissive to the yoke. No facts in history can be better substantiated than these. And let it be remembered to the credit of the men who occupied the great Valley of the Kittochtiny, now known as the Cumberland, that the first formulated demand for a separation of the colonies from Great Britain came from them. In early May, 1776, these people gathered by

thousands in Carlisle, their shire town then, and in public assembly adopted resolutions which were promptly transmitted to the Colonial Assembly, demanding that the instructions which had previously been given the delegates in the Continental Congress to vote against separation be withdrawn. Let it be remembered as well that from their own numbers this people contributed to that Continental Congress the delegate whose casting vote placed Pennsylvania on the side of the Revolution. (Applause.) That man was James Wilson, whose lofty genius and ardent zeal in the cause of liberty made him conspicuous even among the most prominent characters of that important era, and who, later on, was to render greater service, and win for himself still greater renown, in the making of the Federal Constitution. And let it not be forgotten that when the War of the Revolution came, the heaviest quotas for the Continental army were drawn and filled from the true and loyal yeomanry of the Cumberland Valley, until it became literally true, when that war ended, that there was scarcely a man able to bear arms between the two mountains who had not at some period of the war been in his country's service. Where such patriotism prevailed, you would not expect to find attainted persons or forfeited estates when the day of reckoning came; and there were none. (Applause.)

I have studied with much care and always with increasing pride, Mr. Chairman, the history of the Scotch-Irish of our southern counties, and indeed of the whole colony, and it will not be thought strange if one who claims kinship with them, and is proud of the inheritance he has received through them, should show some little indignation and resentment when reference is made to that recent publication entitled "Colony and Commonwealth," written by Mr. Fisher, of Philadelphia, in which they are grossly defamed. (Applause.)

Until now, we had no more serious complaint to bring than that the writers of American history had failed to recognize and appreciate at their true worth, the distinctive contributions which the Scotch-Irish have made to our American civilization. None of them, so far as I know, have ever openly

assailed them; none have catalogued them with the ignorant and reprobate. This ungracious and unmanly work was reserved for Mr. Fisher, a citizen of Pennsylvania; and he has attempted it with utter indifference to historical accuracy, and in entire disregard of the obligations which rest upon one who attempts historical narrative. His extravagant adulation of the Quaker, and his ascription to that element of colonial population of all that was good, and pure, and beneficent, in the political and social life of the colony, we can afford to smile at; but when he attempts, in the name of history, to defame a race, but for whose virtues and sacrifices his own citizenship would lack much of its enlightenment, security, and freedom, it is our right and duty, as the descendants of that people, to challenge him to his proofs.

I doubt if the gentlemen who have this evening referred to Mr. Fisher's book have read it as carefully as I have. I understood them to complain that it contained but few references to the Scotch-Irish; that the book to a marked degree ignored them and their work. On the contrary, sir, it so abounds in them, and all so dishonoring to the race, that in spirit, purpose, and effect the book is a studied and deliberate libel.

Mr. Fisher is the advocate of the Quaker. Of that we cannot complain. It is too much to expect of the historian what Burke called "the cold neutrality of the impartial judge." To a certain extent, all unconsciously perhaps, he will espouse one side or the other. But he must never sink the historian in the advocate. Imagination has its proper place in historical narrative; but the historian must never draw upon his imagination for his facts. When he deliberately violates these canons of historical writing he exposes himself to the pillory as a perverter of the truth. So frequent and glaring are Mr. Fisher's violations in this regard, that enough material can be found in every chapter of his book to sustain an indictment charging him with offense against the truth of impartial history. Let me instance but one or two; and I refer to these not because they are the most flagrant, but because they happen to occur to me at this time.

The settlers in the Kittochtiny Valley seem to be the spe-

cial objects of Mr. Fisher's antipathy. Assuming him to be a Quaker himself, it is easy to understand why this is so—his dislike comes to him by inheritance. His fathers before him disliked them, as the impenitent always do those whom they have wronged or outraged.

I beg the indulgence of the Society, Mr. Chairman, that I may for a moment speak of the early settlement of the Kittochtiny. As early as 1730, under licenses from the Proprietary Government, and with full consent of the Indians, the Scotch-Irish crossed the Susquehanna and began the occupancy of the Kittochtiny Valley. So rapidly did the new settlement grow, that in 1755, it is safe to say, it numbered fully eight thousand souls. It was the extreme western frontier of the country. Facing it stood the Tuscaroras and the Alleghenies, with their limitless forests, presenting what then must have seemed an insuperable barrier to all further advance westward. In this valley of surpassing beauty and loveliness the Scotch-Irish built their homes, their churches, their schoolhouses, and subdued to fruitful arts a country that had theretofore been occupied only by savages. Indians were among them and about them, and the association was neither unfriendly nor dishonorable. Nowhere in that valley will you discover fable or tradition of any wide-spreading elm, under which these Scotch-Irish pioneers sat and played heathen Chinee with the children of the forest, in the purchase of their lands; but you may learn from authentic history, that nowhere on the continent was there a frontier settlement where greater peace prevailed between the white settler and the Indian, where the latter received a greater measure of consideration and justice from his white brother, than in the Valley of the Kittochtiny. I challenge Mr. Fisher to show a murder or an outrage upon an Indian in that valley, committed by the hand of a Scotch-Irish settler during all that period from 1730 to 1755. I challenge him to show a single complaint of unjust appropriation of land east of the Tuscarora Mountain in that time. Absolute peace and harmony marked the intercourse of the Scotch-Irish and the Indians, not purchased with glass beads and tin ornaments, but as the result of honest, fair dealing, in

which rights and possessions were respected, and truth and honor maintained. I put the record of these twenty-five years in the Kittochtiny region against the record of any like period of Quaker rule, and I fear neither fable nor tradition.

In the early Fall of 1755, following quickly upon Braddock's defeat and the retreat of Dunbar to Philadelphia, that peaceful settlement fell beneath the wild fury of the western Indians who had vanquished Braddock. I do not stop to picture the desolation that was wrought. I could not if I were to attempt it. I know of no subject so inviting to the pen of the historian or the pencil of the artist as the awful tragedy that was there enacted during those terrible years of indescribable suffering and woe, abounding in instances of sublimest courage and devotion, of heroic endurance and courage, and at the same time full of the saddest, sweetest romance that ever started a tear in sympathetic eye. It answers my present purpose to call your attention to the fact, established by unquestioned history, that by no act or word, by no Walking Treaty or other covinous bargain, had the settlers of that valley provoked the savage fury that devastated their homes by torch and tomahawk; nor has any one ever charged the contrary until Mr. Fisher wrote his "Colony and Commonwealth." He knew, or ought to have known, the record of the twenty-five years to which I have appealed, and the further fact, that at the period to which he referred, no question was made as to the right of the Scotch-Irish in the valley, and that the few settlements made by that people west of the mountain were included within the limits of the Albany cession of 1754. When he asserts that the Indian drew from his belt his tomahawk in 1755 because of the injustice, chicanery, and misconduct of the Scotch-Irish, even in part, he utters a libel of serious import.

With equal recklessness of statement, and in like spirit of unfairness, he charges that in 1763, when Bouquet passed through the valley on his way to the Ohio and beyond to suppress the conspiracy of Pontiac, this people were too indifferent or cowardly to recruit his ranks and too mean to supply him with transportation.

Mr. Fisher knows, or ought to know, that Bouquet, a Brit-

ish officer, in command of British troops, called for no recruits, and was without any authority to make such a call. He knows, or ought to know, that at that very time this people, whom he charges with indifference and what is worse, had left their burning homes and the charred remains of their slaughtered kindred in the western part of the valley, and as homeless fugitives were crowded within the shelter of the few forts they had themselves built, and the scattered towns in the interior. It was the day and hour of their deepest gloom and intensest suffering. What a spectacle was presented! Men, women, and children stripped and peeled of everything, dwelling in stables and pig sties, absolutely famishing, and dumb with grief for their kindred who had fallen; these were the people whom Mr. Fisher upbraids because they were slow, as he says, in furnishing Bouquet with supplies and transportation for his troops. I challenge Mr. Fisher again for his proofs that anybody but himself has ever made such complaint. I know whom Bouquet censured; it was not the Scotch-Irish, for whose relief he made persistent but unavailing supplication to the Quaker Government at Philadelphia, depicting their sorrowful condition in terms that ought to have made their hearts melt in sympathy, but *it was* the colonial authorities who received his severest condemnation for their unpatriotic and heartless indifference.

From Mr. Fisher's standpoint, it is a fact worthy of being recorded on the page of history that no Scotch-Irish of the settlement joined Bouquet's ranks; but from his standpoint it is a fact too insignificant for mention that in the previous campaign this same settlement sent twenty-five hundred of its chosen men, under the lead of John Armstrong, to march in the van of Forbes' army to the Ohio, and that this same John Armstrong with his own hands unfurled the first English flag that ever floated over Fort Pitt.

I could mention many other charges quite as serious as these I have referred to, and equally unfounded, that this author brings against the early settlers. With ill-concealed avidity for anything that may seem to compromise their good name, he neglects to narrate much that is important, and dilates at length upon the one incident in the history of the Scotch-Irish of the colony that calls for explanation and defense;

the explanation of which impartial historians have fully given, and to which defense has been made, which, if not sufficient to acquit, should go far to mitigate censure. I refer to the killing of the Conestoga Indians in Lancaster by the Paxtang boys. Eager to accord them distinction in any way that is dishonoring, he seizes upon this incident, and out of it fabricates the accusation that it was the Scotch-Irish who introduced lynch law into this country. Who has ever said so but Mr. Fisher? I do not know, Mr. Chairman, how the recording angel entered down this unfortunate occurrence against our progenitors, when the accusing spirit carried their offense up to the chancery of Heaven; but I doubt not he did, as in the case of Uncle Toby's oath, blot out the record with the tears of sympathy he shed. In any event I am quite sure that his record differs widely from that of our historian.

Let the instances I have given stand for all. For this author's generalizations and opinions we need have no care. The facts which appear in his book, and which he could not suppress or conceal, show how absurd these are. The careful reader will wonder how from such a race as he would have the world believe the Scotch-Irish were, uncouth, unlettered, profane, given to riot, plunder, and all manner of unrighteousness, could come such men as Wilson and Mercer and Armstrong and Chambers and Magaw, all of these from the valley settlement, illustrious alike in war and peace; such men as McKean, the Chief Justice; Charles Thompson, whom he calls the Sam Adams of Pennsylvania; Joseph Reed, Provost Smith, Dr. Francis Allison, the Tennents, and a host of others who adorned every profession and were conspicuous in every walk of life.

But, Mr. Chairman, enough of Mr. Fisher. We do not ask or expect that men of such narrow views and sympathies, and such irremediable bigotry as his, shall garnish the sepulchres of our Scotch-Irish ancestry; but we owe it as a sacred duty to protect these sepulchres from malicious profanation at their hands. We can leave the fame of these ancestors to the just judgment of impartial history, and that we invoke, with the fullest confidence that it will award to them imperishable honor and renown.

I have always admired the spirit of that pagan chieftain whom Motley tells about in his history of the Netherlands. After being subjugated, he was mechanically converted to the faith of his conquerors, and was persuaded to submit to the rite of baptism. Much was made of the occasion, for the ceremony was expected to impress profoundly the whole heathen tribe. The chief was given to understand that his salvation depended on his being baptized, and so consented. The bishops and the officers of State were all assembled; the font was produced, and with an array of attendants the old pagan was led up to it. With native dignity, but with some hesitation, he placed one foot in the font; then a sudden thought struck him, and turning to the bishops, he said, "You tell me that this is necessary to my salvation? Where, then, are my dead ancestors? They were never baptized." The good bishop replied, "In perdition, where all lost souls are." Instantly the chieftain withdrew his foot from the font, and indignantly exclaimed, "I'll none of it then. I'd rather feast in the halls of Woden with my dead ancestors than dwell in heaven with your starveling band."

I do not know, Mr. Chairman, that my admiration for my Scotch-Irish ancestors would carry me quite so far, but I confess to something of the same spirit. Nor do I know just where these ancestors are, but knowing what kind of men and women they were when they first settled in the Cumberland Valley, I feel satisfied that wherever they are, they form a goodly society, and fellowship with them would be pleasant, unless they are as cruelly circumstanced there as they were in the Cumberland Valley, with hostile savages in front of them and an indifferent Quaker Government in their rear. (Applause.)

The President :—

Gentlemen:—I do not know that we can do better than to end this banquet under the inspiration of the most eloquent speech we have just heard. Dr. McCook, however, has an announcement to make, and some other gentlemen probably brief statements, when we will introduce to you the President elect, and close the evening.

Rev. Henry C. McCook :—

On behalf of the Pennsylvania Historical Society I have promised to lay before this Society at the present meeting an important suggestion. It is that every member, and every Scotch-Irishman throughout Pennsylvania, might contribute largely to the elements out of which history is to be made by looking up his own ancestors. Most of you could give a personal history of your fathers and, perhaps, of your grandfathers. But when you get back of that (and this is true even of our grandfathers), how few can tell just where they came from, who they were (on both sides), and what were their characteristics and achievements. The suggestion of the Historical Society official is that every member of this Society shall make out a family tree, tracing back, as nearly as he can, his ancestors to Ulster or elsewhere, giving names and dates and places of origin, the parts in which these persons settled, with occupation, special services rendered to society (if any), and other matters of personal, local, or general interest. These memoranda should be sent directly to the Pennsylvania Historical Society, or through your Committee on History and Archives, or the Secretary. That is the request which I promised to bring from officers of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, and I cordially commend it to you. But make it a matter of urgency; if you defer, you will be likely to forget it.

The President :—

Mr. Woodside will entertain us for a time, not exceeding five minutes, with a reference to a distinguished gentleman of this country, the particulars and name of which and whom he will state.

Mr. J. W. Woodside :—

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—The absence of the distinguished business man of Ohio is probably the excuse for calling on an humble business man of Philadelphia. I wish to remind this audience to-night that this twenty-sixth day of February, 1897, is the fifty-third birthday of one of the most distinguished statesmen of this country; and he is a

Scotch-Irishman. He is to-day a private citizen of a neighboring State, but on the 4th of March next he will be inaugurated the President of the United States. I had occasion a few days ago to write him this letter:—

"My Dear Major:—I am invited to respond to the toast, "Our Next President," at a Presbyterian dinner on the 26th of February, and while I am familiar with your history, there is one point on which I would like to be enlightened. We know you are Scotch-Irish; and being Scotch-Irish, why is it you are not a Presbyterian? Was it your good pious mother or your wife that influenced you away from the true 'blue stocking' faith, because we know there must have been a woman in it?—not that I consider it any harm to be a Methodist, for, on the contrary, it is very commendable for a public man to be a consistent member of any evangelical church."

In due course of mail I received his reply. He says, "In making my church connections I was much influenced by the fact that my mother was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church." And that, gentlemen, accounts for the fact.

Hon. John Stewart:—

I move he be excused. (Laughter and applause.)

Mr. J. W. Woodside (continuing):—

We have, in the last twelve years, had a succession of Scotch-Irish Presbyterian administrations, and now we are about to enjoy a Scotch-Irish Methodist administration; and we will hope that it may be even an improvement on the last.

Mr. James Pollock:—

I would move that that tribute be printed in the *Times* of to-morrow.

Col. A. K. McClure:—

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—The *Times* has no real need to pay any tribute to Mr. McKinley. It supported

him very earnestly, and I voted for him with great pleasure; but having no favors to expect of him it is not necessary to offer profuse adulation.

I make a motion, Mr. Chairman, that a committee of three members of this Society be appointed to prepare and place upon the record of the Society a minute on the death of Mr. John Scott. I need not say to any of those present, nor, indeed, to any of the intelligent citizens of Pennsylvania, who John Scott was. He was a typical Scotch-Irishman—a man whose entire record, from the time he became active in his profession and in public life, stands absolutely without a stain. I know that it is expected, in speaking of the dead, that we must remember the old saying, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*"—"Speak only kindly of the dead"—but there is no one who had knowledge of John Scott, of his sterling personal qualities, of his great intellectual power, of his purity of character, who could speak otherwise than kindly of him if he speaks the truth.

I was profoundly impressed with the distinguished character of John Scott while listening to the most remarkable speech that was made here this evening, and one of the best that I have ever heard before this Society—that delivered by Vice-President Green, of the Pennsylvania Railroad. (Applause.) It was the best because it was the most needed, and because it was presented with a clearness and incisiveness that none could misunderstand, and with a truthfulness that none could dispute. He spoke of the Senate of the United States, of its decadence, of its having fallen from the distinguished position it occupied under the leadership of men whose names have been made immortal in American history.

I recall an instance in the public career of John Scott as United States Senator that perhaps nearly all this assembly have forgotten. One of the first important duties he performed after he entered the United States Senate arose in a contest to unseat a fellow member of that body because it was clearly proved that he had obtained his seat by corruption and fraud—and he was a Pennsylvanian, also, although not representing this State. He was not only a Pennsyl-

vanian, but he had powerful friends in Pennsylvania. He was a young man who had gone westward and grown up with his State, and who had at his command influences most potent in politics then as now. For a long time the contest trembled in the balance between maintaining the dignity and vindicating the honor of the Senate or bowing to the confession of its shame. The issue turned upon the action of John Scott. For weeks he held in his hand the decision whether the Senate should declare in favor of its honor or whether it should accept dishonor; and I need not say what appeals were then made, or what influences could be commanded; for many, at least some, in the Senate, perhaps as guilty as he, felt that this would be a precedent dangerous to all, not only those who held seats either fraudulently or by corruption, but to those who might come there in the future. John Scott decided that the honor of the Senate was his first duty; and he declared finally, in disregard of all the influences which surrounded him, that the man who had come into the Senate by corruption and fraud must vacate his seat. (Cries of "hear" and applause.) And when he gave that decision the man resigned his place to escape disgrace.

There had been records of such heroic devotion to public duty before that in the Senate, not only in the earlier days of the Republic, but even within the last half century; and I was profoundly impressed with the appeals made to our consciences by the vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to-night, when he inquired whether or not the people of this land were prepared to maintain the dignity and the intellectual force and purity of our highest legislative tribunal, or to have it continue in its decay. I recall the fact that since that day, since that record made by John Scott, there has never been another such record made in the Senate of the United States; and I think none will dispute when I say that since that time there have been many opportunities to enforce just such heroic devotion to honest government. He was the last man who has enforced integrity and honor in reaching a seat in the Senate of the United States.

The appeal was made by Mr. Green with great propriety and force to this assembly, that if these evils are to be corrected it cannot be done by any party now in existence, and you cannot create a new party to accomplish it. It will not be done by the accepted political leaders of to-day, but it can be done if the people of the land will seek to maintain their devotion to honest, dignified government, and assert their absolute sovereignty in its control. It is the Scotch-Irish people who employ the means to do this. They have the groundwork of integrity, personal and political. They teach from the mother's lap; in the Sunday school; in the free school; in the college; in the pulpit; and from these sources must come the reformation of our Government, if it shall come at all. It must come, not from political leaders, because they will not bring it about; it must come from the foundation of sovereign power in this Government, and that is the people themselves; and they must be taught, and taught heroically, that if they would save their Government they must save it by enforcing integrity and honor in the highest places of authority.

When the last of the Roman tribunes fell it was because of the vices of the Roman people. It was not because the leaders were corrupt, for even then Rome could defy all its enemies throughout the world; but when the debauchery of high places reached the people of Rome, and they accepted the vices of their rulers, Rome tottered in the agonies of death for a century and finally perished. Here, as there, until the people of the nation shall become so debauched there will be safety for the Republic, but when they shall bow themselves to the methods and teachings of political leaders who simply seek personal advancement, they will follow Rome to self-destruction by the vices of the people themselves.

It is in the home, the school, the college, the church, where you must enforce purity and integrity in your Government; and this one people of all other peoples can best enforce it if they will simply go back to the stern integrity of their fathers, who gave their lives and made sacrifices which could not be told to create a Republic for us to enjoy; and is it not worth preserving by teaching the integrity that their sacrifices have taught us?

John Scott stands out as a man who made his record for the purity of the authority of your Government; and in passing away he deserves from this Society the highest tribute that language can pay to integrity, purity, patriotism, and every manly attribute.

Hon. John Stewart:—

Mr. Chairman:—It is only proper and becoming that the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania should attest its recognition of those virtues and graces which were so conspicuously illustrated in the life of Mr. Scott, and I simply rise to second the motion of Colonel McClure. I desire to say also that it is peculiarly our duty to do so at this time, because while recognizing those virtues which made him conspicuous in life, we give expression to our belief and acceptance of the doctrines which have been so handsomely, intelligently, and concisely expressed by Vice-President Green.

(The motion unanimously carried.)

The President:—

This gathering does not need an introduction to the distinguished gentleman who has just been elected President of the Society. I have the pleasure of presenting him to you in the person of Mr. William Righter Fisher. (Applause.)

Mr. William Righter Fisher:—

I feel very sure that, after the prolonged and inspiring feast we have just been enjoying, this assembly does not wish to wait long for any drawling remarks from me. I hasten to say one thing, however, that I am not the Fisher who wrote the book which has been so pertinently criticised to-night by our friend from the Cumberland Valley. (Laughter and applause.) I should be sorry indeed to have any member of this Society go to his home carrying that chilly impression with him to his warm and inviting couch.

I need not say that personally I deem it a grateful honor to have been chosen the President of this body in line of

succession with the distinguished and high-minded men who have preceded me in that office. In that part of my ancestry whence my Scotch-Irish blood is derived; in the spirit and achievement of the men who assemble here from year to year; and in the brilliancy and sterling sentiment of the speeches which are here uttered, I take a just and laudable pride.

What has been so admirably said here this evening by Captain Green, and in turn so forcefully emphasized by Colonel McClure, has set in motion currents of thought within us all, which Scotch-Irish virtue and vigor should translate into living acts and valiant, patriotic deeds.

It has been my fortune, on various occasions, to go to the farthest corners of the United States, and business or other interests have taken me, from time to time, into almost every State and Territory of which our Union is composed. I have been very deeply impressed, in looking at the schools, the churches, and the thriving institutions of many kinds which flourish in every section, with the persistency of the influence which emanated from the early settlers upon these Western shores. I have sometimes wondered how it came about that this country has shown such magnificent and enduring strength in its institutions, as not only to withstand the influence of the large and diverse streams of immigrants which have poured into it from year to year, but to actually so assimilate them as to maintain those institutions unimpaired upon the high plane which they have always occupied, and occupy to-day. There seems to be but one explanation of this remarkable and striking fact. Almost to a man the early settlers of the country came here impelled by what we might call a moral motive. They came because they had a devouring love of liberty, or because they possessed a cherished religious principle, whether narrow or broad, it matters not, for which they were ready to sacrifice all their property and ease and even life itself. In other words, they were not impelled to action by sordid motives of gain, but by a living principle of right and by high moral purpose. Herein, I take it, we must seek to-day for the secret of the remarkable strength and magnificent development of the United

States on so many of the noblest lines of human endeavor. Amongst all these early men of undeviating moral purpose and double-tempered wills of steel, our own Scotch-Irish sires in no instance occupied a second place. (Applause.) It is right, therefore, that we should stand to-day like a bulwark of native granite against all that can lower the standard of our civic life.

No doubt we all look thoughtfully at times upon the questionable events which pass before our eyes, in the transactions of our public life, and lead us to wonder whether the virtue of our fathers will not some day forsake us, and leave us to travel the same road over which Rome passed to destruction. There are not wanting indications of evil which must make us all pause. A learned judge of one of our courts said to me lately that he "looked upon the country as lost." No such pessimistic despair can enter the Scotch-Irish heart! That the country is sound and strong, and is destined to be maintained in its integrity, we all believe, but this can only be done by the preservation through ourselves of the high spirit and lofty moral purpose which prompted our fathers to their deeds of self-sacrifice and patriotic devotion.

In closing, I will express the hope that all assembled here to-night will gather to my support a year hence, that there may be no waning in the spirit and inspiration of these delightful occasions, where, as brothers of the same sturdy stock, we stir up the fires which burned so brightly in our fathers' breasts. I pledge my own best endeavor to maintain the high standard of the Scotch-Irish clans of this noblest of Commonwealths, and shall not wittingly permit it to be trailed in the dust. (Applause.)

(Mr. Fisher here took the chair.)

Col. A. K. McClure:—

Mr. Chairman:—I desire to modify the motion I made concerning the minute in memory of Mr. Scott. I intended to designate Judge Logan as the chairman of that committee.

The committee was accordingly appointed by the chair, to consist of Hon. James A. Logan, Col. A. K. McClure, and Hon. John Stewart.

Rev. Henry C. McCook :—

Mr. Chairman :—One thing remains to be done. I move that the thanks of this Society be extended to the President, Hon. James A. Logan, for the dignified, courteous, and most successful manner in which he has conducted the exercises of the evening.

Col. McClure :—

Mr. Chairman :—I desire to suggest that the vote upon that motion be taken by the Society rising as it adjourns.

The vote was accordingly so taken, the motion carried, and the banquet adjourned.

HISTORICAL PAPERS PRESENTED BY Dr. McCOOK ON BEHALF OF COMMITTEE ON HISTORY AND ARCHIVES.

Marcus Alonzo Hanna and his Scotch-Irish Ancestry.

The most important figure in the recent political campaign which resulted in the election to the Presidency of William McKinley, of Ohio, was Marcus Alonzo Hanna, the Chairman of the Republican National Committee. The latter has been called the "Warwick" of the campaign. Certainly, if not a President maker, it may be truly affirmed that without him William McKinley would not have been the nominee of the Republican party.

Perhaps no figure in our political history ever made a more picturesque apparition above the political horizon or commanded a wider interest. His career seems to set at defiance all the accepted rules of party power and management. Without any previous national history as politician, he swept into the field as rapidly and unexpectedly as a comet comes into the stellar dome above us. Like the comet as seen by modern science, he attracted universal observation and admiration; although, on the other hand, he awakened the mediæval hos-

tility and objurgation which attended the apparition of these celestial visitors in the days when the Pope launched his bull against comets. The figure, however, is likely to fail in the matter of endurance, for instead of making a brief transit across the political sky, Mr. Hanna gives promise of being a permanent and growing influence. Yet, strange to say, notwithstanding these facts, Mr. Hanna is by no means a picturesque character in his ordinary life—only a plain, solid, vigorous, sound-headed, and sound-hearted representative of our best business men. He appears to have brought to bear upon political methods the same practical common sense and activity which are wont to reign in commercial and industrial circles in America. Thus, by the power of his knowledge, his tact, his good sense, and his sound principles, he accomplished what must be regarded as a phenomenal success in American political life.

This fully justifies us in presenting a brief account of his ancestry, for it is needless to state, after such an introduction, that, like his friend and chief, William McKinley, he is of Scotch-Irish descent. What is still more pertinent to the aims of this Society, his forbears and the founders of the American branch of his family began their career upon the Western Continent in the State of Pennsylvania.

The Hannas are widely spread throughout Scotland, Ulster, and America. They represent several branches of the original stock, most of whom, perhaps, can be traced to Patrick Hannay, who, in the thirteenth century, built and ocupied a castle on the southwest coast of Scotland, known in history as "Castle Sorby." The family was an influential one, and continued to occupy Castle Sorby until the close of the seventeenth century, when it passed by marriage to a member of the famous Galloway family, by whose heirs it is still held.

The Hannays occupied many useful public positions. They were members of Parliament during several generations, and in 1630 Sir Robert Hannay was made a baron. In arms, in literature, in politics, and in commerce, the descendants of this family made their mark. So much in passing as to the original Scotch family.

It lies neither within our proper function nor our personal wish to trace the connection of the hero of the McKinley campaign to these Scotch lords of Castle Sorby or their immediate descendants. Even if such connection could be established, it would be of little interest to the members of this Society, although doubtless most of us will acknowledge the truth of the adage "that blood will tell."

The Stamp Act imposed by the British Parliament upon the American Colonies was indirectly responsible for the advent of the progenitors of Mark Hanna into Pennsylvania.

Benjamin Franklin, of Philadelphia, represented the Colonies before the English Ministry, in the effort to convince the rulers of Great Britain that their Colonial brethren would never submit to the stamp tax. With a canny regard to the main chance, he alternated his protests before the ministers with glowing proclamations to the people of the soil, climate, and varied resources of the New World. His words appear to have had a wider and more persuasive influence along this line than in the matter of mollifying the stamp tax, for they influenced many Britons to try their fortunes in the virgin forests and fat valleys of America.

In the same year that Franklin returned home, A. D. 1764, Thomas Hanna, the great-grandfather of Senator Hanna, sailed for the New World. In the Autumn of the same year he arrived in Philadephia, the then metropolis of the Colonies, and the most general port of entry. Instead of tarrying here, he followed the long train of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who had preceded him into the pioneer parts of Southern Pennsylvania. He at once began to hew and build a home in the forest primeval. But in the year after his arrival he died, leaving two young sons, Robert and Thomas Hanna.

From these two lads many of the numerous American families of that surname have descended. According to a custom that then prevailed, both the boys were indentured until of age. It was the lot of Robert Hanna to be bound out to a member of the Society of Friends. The name of this person is at present unknown. Although educated and reared as a Presbyterian, or perhaps because of that fact,

Robert readily adapted himself to the ways of Friends, at least so the story runs. But no chronicler has left on record the struggles of the young Ulster Scot to bring the natural fire and turbulence of his ancestral blood to the mild discipline of a Quaker household. He would have found less difficulty in adapting his ecclesiastical preference to the methods of the Society of Friends. However that may be, he grew into manhood as a Quaker.

He married in Southern Pennsylvania, and subsequently moved to Lynchburg, Va. There he lived during the Revolutionary War, and his religious convictions were strong enough to hold him to the non-combatant principles of the Friends. They must have had a tenacious grip upon him to have kept the Scotch-Irishman out of such a hurly-burly. However, he was not prevented by these convictions from showing kindly sympathy with soldiers of the Continental Army. It is a family tradition that the old Quaker visited a battlefield and brought home to his house four wounded men, whom he nursed until they were strong enough to rejoin their regiments. This was an indirect method of recruiting the army of the Continentals which, in its way, was perhaps as effective as if he had shouldered a gun and joined the ranks.

Benjamin Hanna, the son of Robert, was born at Lynchburg, June 14th, 1779. In 1802 he removed with his father to Columbiana County, Ohio, where he took up a farm of eighty acres in what was then little more than a wilderness. He was married in 1830 to a Miss Rachel Dixson, whose name would indicate that she also was of Scotch-Irish extraction. After he had cleared forty acres of forest land, he sold out his original farm, and bought another farm of one hundred and sixty acres. Some time afterwards he abandoned farming and established a country store at Salem, which is now a flourishing town on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad, near the border of Columbiana and Stark Counties. Two years thereafter he established himself in New Lisbon, the county seat, where he conducted a flourishing business in a miscellaneous store of the sort well known in frontier districts, and which has developed into the im-

mense caravansaries which characterize modern retail business, especially in Philadelphia.

The writer well remembers Benjamin Hanna as one of the leading members of the Society of Friends in New Lisbon, in whose parochial school he learned the elements of reading, writing, and arithmetic under the instruction of a Miss Converse. He was a tall, large-framed man, with clean-shaven face, and a kindly, dignified demeanor.

Father Stephen Paxson, who acquired world-wide notoriety as a Sunday-school missionary in Illinois and the West, once related to the writer this incident: He was apprenticed to a saddler in New Lisbon, who treated the lad with much harshness. This, added to the sufferings of a lame limb, diseased with "white swelling," brought him to such a state of mind that he resolved to run away. At this juncture it was his lot to fall in with Benjamin Hanna, who met the boy one day upon the street. Attracted, perhaps, by his sad face and unfortunate lameness, the old Quaker merchant spoke kindly to him, laid his hand upon the lad's shoulder, bade him to be patient, industrious, and faithful, and that Heaven would bless him, and all would be well. These words, coming from one of the most prominent citizens of the town, gave the youth a new heart. They turned the whole bent of his life.

He went back to his saddler's bench, finished his trade, removed West, and in the course of Providence became one of the most useful characters of our time. His old horse, Robert Raikes, and his buggy filled with Sunday-school books and papers, became a familiar object upon the Western prairie, and more than a thousand Sabbath schools were established by him, carrying blessedness and light to scores of thousands of little children. "How far a little candle throws its beams!"

The writer also recalls the funeral of Benjamin Hanna. With boyish curiosity, he followed the procession to the little Quaker graveyard on the summit of one of New Lisbon's beautiful hills. At the gates of the lane leading up to the burial place, the stalwart sons took the coffin upon their shoulders and bore it over the green pathway and under the

embowering trees to the open grave. Two of those sons bore the old family names of Robert and Thomas. A third was Leonard Hanna, the father of Marcus A.

Leonard Hanna was born in Columbiana County, March 4th, 1806. On the ninety-first anniversary of that birth his now famous son will share in the inauguration to the Presidency of his distinguished friend; and next to the new President he will be the most observed of all the eminent characters who will take part in the imposing rites of Inauguration Day.

Leonard Hanna studied medicine, and for a number of years practiced his profession in New Lisbon, where the writer's father was engaged in the same arduous profession. The rough exposure of practice among the hills at that early day impaired his health, and he went into his father's store as a partner. He took an active part in the discussion of the burning questions which then agitated Americans. He espoused the cause of the slave. He became an earnest advocate of the temperance reform, and when the Washingtonian movement swept over the country, he frequently occupied the platform as a public speaker.

Dr. Hanna's wife was a Miss Samantha Converse Porter, another Scotch-Irish name, a daughter of Mr. —— Porter and Rhoda Converse, of Lake County. She was born in Vermont, and still lives in Cleveland, enjoying a ripe old age, engaged in religious and charitable work, and happy in the midst of her devoted family.*

Marcus Alonzo Hanna was born in New Lisbon, Ohio, September 24th, 1837. He was the second born of a family of seven children. He was educated in the common schools and in the high school of his native town, and removed with his parents to Cleveland in 1852, when he was about fifteen years of age. Having finished his education, he entered his father's establishment, a large wholesale grocery, in 1857. His father's failing health devolved the affairs of the concern upon Marcus, and after the father's death and the settlement of the estate he became manager of the business.

*Since the writing of this paper this venerable lady has entered into rest.

During the War against the Rebellion Marcus served four months, his field of duty being the National Capital. He was married in 1864 to Miss C. Augusta Rhodes, a daughter of Mr. Daniel P. Rhodes, one of Cleveland's pioneer citizens, a New Englander. Mr. Hanna was associated with his father-in-law in business until the death of Mr. Rhodes. Then the firm of Rhodes & Co. was succeeded by M. A. Hanna & Co., dealers in coal, iron ore, and pig iron.

His success in business has been as great as in his first attempt in national politics. He employs between six thousand and eight thousand men. And it is said that the interests under his control have never been disturbed by labor troubles, and that he has always maintained the most friendly relations with his employees.

He has a charming home upon the beautiful shores of Lake Erie, where he exercises a graceful and unbounded hospitality to his many friends. His successes both in business and in politics have not spoiled him. He is to-day what he has always been; the same level-headed, kindly, unostentatious, earnest character, diligent in business, fervent in spirit, holding fresh in his large heart the memories of boyhood and the friends of early youth; a man in every way worthy the confidence and affection of his countrymen and the respect of all.

HENRY C. McCOOK.

THE UNIFORM AND EQUIPMENTS OF SCOTCH-IRISH PIONEER RIFLEMEN.

The Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society last year adopted mush and milk, under the title of "Pioneer Porridge," as the racial dish of the descendants of American Scotch-Irishmen. This year (1897) the procession of waiters bearing the bowls of mush and milk into the dining room was headed by a person wearing the uniform and equipments of a pioneer rifleman of the Revolutionary period. The uniform selected was made by a costumer from the pattern displayed upon the banner of the Hanover Associators of 1774 as it ap-

pears in one of the plates in vol. XIII., section 2, of the Pennsylvania Archives. This fact suggests a brief account of the riflemen of that period with an especial view to justify the appropriation by our Society of this uniform as a sort of racial dress.

Pennsylvania Pioneer Riflemen.

We are all familiar with the Puritan's high hat and the typical dress worn by him, which figure on the menu cards and other illustrated paraphernalia of New England dinners, along with the invariable racial dish—baked beans. Our modesty prevents us from appropriating everything that is "in sight," and we therefore will not disturb our New England Society brethren in their pre-emption of the steeple-crowned hat, the smock frock and broad collar, and match-lock blunderbuss as the badge of the Pilgrim Fathers. Nevertheless, if we were so minded, on purely historical grounds, we might perhaps claim—however, let that sleeping dog rest! Moreover, we are not disposed to deny that persons of other blood and of mixed ancestry wore the famous hunting shirt, leggings, and round hat attributed to the American pioneers; nor will we deny that others were expert in the use of the rifle. Were we to do so, the famous Green Mountain boys would rise up to condemn us—although, by the way, we must not forget that a considerable number of those New England riflemen were children of the Ulster Scots who, like General Stark and other heroes of Bennington, had settled those parts. It can hardly be disputed, however, that a large proportion—one might truly say, a large majority—of the expert riflemen of the southern and frontier parts of the original Thirteen Colonies who wore the picturesque uniform of the riflemen of the Revolution were Scotch-Irishmen. Certainly, it is true beyond dispute that in our State of Pennsylvania, where this vigorous stock occupied a great part of the frontier, the men who served in the Revolutionary army, and those who "stayed by the stuff" and kept the border from the encroachment of the Indian allies of Great Britain, were distinguished by this uni-

form. Its formal introduction into the Colonial army was due to Washington, who had a keen appreciation of its fitness and picturesqueness.

In the seething period which led up to the Revolution and the Declaration of Independence, Lancaster County embraced the entire section along the Susquehanna. Here numerous Scotch-Irish settlers had their homes, intermingled with colonies of Germans, who were already pressing westward and occupying the beautiful valley lands side by side with the Ulster Scots. At the first rumblings of the Revolution the Scotch-Irishmen of these parts and of the Cumberland Valley to the south prepared for the fray. Their experience as citizens of Great Britain had not filled them with much tenderness for their mother country. They had fled from petty, galling, annoying, and incessant persecutions by the British Government to the province of Penn, encouraged by the assurance that their civil and religious liberties could there be enjoyed without interference. But they came in such numbers that they awakened the fear that they would overshadow the original settlers, which indeed was justified by subsequent events. The Proprietaries of Pennsylvania deftly manipulated affairs so as to send to the frontier the "Irish," as they were contemptuously called by Secretary Logan, himself a Scotch-Irishman. It was certainly "canny" to make these virile fighters a buffer between the peaceful Quaker settlements along the Delaware and the hostile Indians of the frontier. The constant friction between the Scotch-Irishmen and the Penn Proprietaries doubtless added to the bitter feeling against the mother country which urged our forefathers to promptly assert their independence. Thereby they would at once be rid of the unsympathetic and irritable domination of the Colonial Governors and of the hated sway of the British Government.

We find them, therefore, preparing for the conflict by organizing military associations, and when the news of the battle of Lexington reached the Susquehanna, nearly every able-bodied man in the district was enrolled in one of these militia associations within forty-eight hours. They were popularly known as the "Associators," the technical title being "the Association

of the Freemen and the Inhabitants of the County of Lancaster." The Archives of Pennsylvania give us several of the resolutions passed by these Military Associators as well as the rules for the discipline of the companies. These are remarkable documents, and show that even before the Ulster Scots of Mechlenburg made their noble declaration anticipating the Declaration of Independence in spirit and measurably in substance, our Pennsylvania forbears had sounded the keynote of independence.

Here, for example ("History of Lancaster County," page 38), we find that on the first day of May, 1775, the Association of Freemen of Lancaster County passed this resolution:—

"WHEREAS, The enemies of Great Britain and America have resolved by force of arms to carry into execution the most unjust, tyrannical, and cruel edicts of the British Parliament, and reduce the freeborn sons of America to a state of vassalage, and have flattered themselves from our unacquaintance with military discipline that we should become an easy prey to them, or tamely submit and bend our neck to the yoke prepared for us; we do most solemnly agree and associate, under the deepest sense of our duty to God, our country, ourselves, and posterity, to defend and protect the religious and civil rights of this and our neighboring Colonies with our lives and fortunes, to the utmost of our abilities, against any power whatsoever that shall attempt to deprive us of them. And the better to enable us so to do, we will use our utmost diligence to acquaint ourselves with military discipline and the art of war."

There is no break in that resolution. It would seem that the rush of sentiment was so intense that it did not allow the author and the adopters of the same to pause to take a deep breath. The rhetorician might condemn this feature, but the patriot finds in it the ring of that immortal document passed in our historic State House, Independence Hall. In accordance with this resolution companies were formed, not exceeding one hundred men. When, on the 14th of June, 1775, the Continental Congress called for six companies of expert riflemen, they were ready to march. Shortly after-

ward, two additional companies were called for, and they, too, stepped into line. Thus eight companies from the Susquehanna region were formed, constituting a battalion.

Our members will be curious to know the pay received by these patriotic riflemen. The captain had twenty dollars a month; a lieutenant, thirteen and one-third dollars; a sergeant, eight dollars; a corporal, seven and one-third dollars, and the same was given to drummers and trumpeters. Privates had the sum of six and one-third dollars a month, and to find their own arms and clothing! Before referring to the latter item in detail, it may be well to add one of the so-called resolves made June 4th, 1774, by the citizens of Hanover Township, which is now included in Dauphin County:—

"*Resolved, Fourth,* That in the event of Great Britain attempting to enforce unjust laws upon us by the strength of arms,

"Our cause we leave to Heaven and our rifles."

It would be hard to find a more picturesque and expressive phrase than that which concludes this resolve. It is worthy to be placed among the immortal mottoes of the men of that great era.

The Riflemen's Uniform.

The uniform that appears upon the banner of this Hanover Association has been adopted as the typical dress of our pioneer defenders of Scotch-Irish blood. Through the courtesy of Major William Henry Egle, M. D., the learned and affable State Librarian, we are able to give the authority for the particular form which the uniform bears upon this flag. The information in regard to the old Hanover banner was furnished to Dr. Egle by Mr. Samuel Barnett, of Dayton, Ohio, who died about twenty years ago. He gave the Librarian a description of it, and from that description was made the plate in the thirteenth volume of the Archives. From the late Isaac Moorhead, of Erie, Dr. Egle had similar information. His ancestors came from old Hanover.

The tradition as to the flag, although not verified thus far by documentary evidence, came from two widely different sources, and as the ancestors of both these men came from

Hanover and were officers in the Hanover battalion, there would seem to be little doubt that Major Egle was fully justified in designing the plate from the above description.

We know from indisputable authority that the various regiments, and even companies, carried not only the Colonial colors but their individual standards. For example, Colonel Hand, commanding one of these rifle battalions, writes from Washington's camp at Cambridge, during the investment of the British in Boston, as follows:—

"Every regiment is to have a standard and colors. Our standard is to be a deep green ground, the device a tiger (?) partly inclosed by toils attempting to pass, defended by a hunter armed with a spear (in white) on a crimson field. The motto: '*Domari nolo*' (I will not be vanquished)."

This banner now exists, and is preserved among the treasures of the State of Pennsylvania. A plate is to be found in the same volume of the Archives which contains the Hanover banner. The writer apparently erred as to the animal to be blazoned upon the standard. It proved to be a lion, not a tiger, and doubtless typified John Bull. The pioneer rifleman was thus prodding the lion's head, an exercise which has its modern analogy in the "twisting the lion's tail."

By the 25th of July, 1775, some of these riflemen were already at Cambridge with Washington's army, and we have from Thacher's "Military Journal of the Revolution" a description of the men and of their dress: "They are remarkably stout and hardy men, many of them exceeding six feet in height. They are dressed in white frocks or rifle shirts and round hats. These men are remarkable for the accuracy of their aim, striking a mark with great certainty at two hundred yards distant. At a review, a company of them, while on a quick advance, fired their balls into objects of seven inches in diameter, at a distance of two hundred and fifty yards. They are now stationed in our lines, and their shot have frequently proved fatal to British officers and soldiers who expose themselves to view, even at more than double the distance of common musket shot."

Here is another description: "Each man," says Judge Henry, "bore a rifle-barreled gun, a tomahawk, a small axe,

and a long knife, usually called a 'scalping knife,' which served for all purposes in the woods. His underdress, by no means a military style, was covered by a deep ash-colored hunting shirt, leggings, and moccasins, if the latter could be procured. It was the silly fashion of those times for the riflemen to ape the fashion of savages." As to the latter point, we have another confirmatory statement; we read ("History of Dauphin County," page 82) that "the Paxtang boys dressed and painted in the savage fashion."

We thus see that while the hunting shirt, leggings, and moccasins formed the permanent uniform of the riflemen, there was some variety as to the colors; the hunting shirt being white, according to the description of Thacher, or, according to Henry, a deep ash color, which perhaps may mean blue-grey or greenish-grey, as one may decide. The most picturesque form, however, is that of the Hanover Rifle Battalion, of the militia of Lancaster County Associators, of which Col. Timothy Green was the commander, and which appears upon the flag above referred to, an excellent pattern of which was presented this evening in the uniform of the captain of the Pioneer Porridge procession.

Before we leave these sturdy frontiersmen of the Scotch-Irish stock, the justice of history requires us to say that while their record is so honorable for patriotic promptness in coming to the field, and for their accuracy of aim in wielding the rifle, they were not always remarkable for soldierly discipline and submission to the ordinary amenities of a military camp. The fact is, we have a contemporary statement that "the riflemen (at Cambridge) go where they please, and keep the regulars in continual hot water." Not long after their arrival in the camp before Boston, thirty-three of them were tried for rebellious and mutinous behavior, most of them being mulcted in the sum of twenty shillings, nearly half a month's pay, while at least one was sentenced to receive a severer penalty.

The Famous American Pioneer Rifle.

The long, rifled tool which proved so effective in the hands of these Pennsylvania frontiersmen appears to have been a

product of evolution under peculiar American environment. These rifles were manufactured principally in Philadelphia and Lancaster. One of the most extensive manufacturers was William Henry, who served as armorer in Braddock's expedition, and subsequently that of General Forbes. The writer of this paper remembers the form of these weapons as still possessed by the old Indian hunters of Eastern Ohio as late as the early '40's. The stock was usually of black walnut, and extended within an inch or two of or quite to the muzzle of the rifled barrel, which sometimes was forty-eight inches or more in length. There was little or no ornament upon the stock, the theory of the early hunters being that shining metal decorations would catch and reflect the rays of the sun, and would be likely to give signal of the hunter's presence to his Indian adversary, and even to the game which he pursued. For this reason also the rifle barrel was unburnished. A narrow box was cut in the butt with a dull brass lid fastened by a spring snap. Within this cavity the square bullet patches of linen were kept, and also a bit of grease with which every patch was anointed when charging the piece. The bullets molded about sixty to the pound, and the bullet molds always went with the rifle. The writer well remembers running bullets for these old-fashioned rifles to hunt squirrels in the forests of Ohio. Of course, in the Revolutionary days, flint locks and priming pans were used, and in estimating the service and skill of the riflemen of that period we should not forget how great a drawback this must have been to effective service, especially as compared with modern weapons. The demand for rifles was largely increased by the outbreak of the Revolution, and the Lancaster County Committee* took rather heroic action as to the gunsmiths of their section. In case they should refuse to make the proportion of firelocks and bayonets assigned to them, their names were to be inserted in the minutes of the committee as enemies to the country. Further, their tools were to be taken from them, and they were not to be permitted to carry on their trade. Evidently the Germans must have

* Page 299, Pennsylvania Archives, vol. XIII.

been extensively engaged in the business, for we read of three persons, whose names are all German, appearing before the committee to signify their willingness to work for the public benefit, but asking indulgence in completing some private contracts on hand. A few of these individual gun makers, who had learned their trade in Lancaster County or Philadelphia, were at work in Eastern Ohio as late as 1845. The writer as a boy often visited the shops of two of these in New Lisbon, and curiously watched the process of rifling the barrels, setting the stocks, and making the long hickory ramrods. One of these gun makers was a German by the name of Rees, the other a Mr. Samuel Small.

HENRY C. McCOOK.

PAPER OF W. J. HUNTER.

INFLUENCE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH ON OHIO.

When John Randolph said that Pennsylvania had produced but two great men—Benjamin Franklin of Massachusetts, and Albert Gallatin of Switzerland—he possibly did not know that the very best blood of his own State was that of the Scotch-Irish people who went down from Pennsylvania and settled in the Valley. He likely did not know that the great and good Dr. Archibald Alexander, the founder of Liberty Hall, now Washington and Lee University (so much loved by Washington), the very seat of culture and power of the Shenandoah, and James, the greatest factor of the State's prowess, was a Pennsylvanian. He possibly did not know that Dr. Graham, the first president of this institution, was from Old Paxtang; that many of the families whose names are in the pantheon of Old Dominion achievement, the families that give Virginia her prominence in the sisterhood of States, had their American origin in Pennsylvania—in the Scotch-Irish reservoir of the Cumberland Valley—the McDowells, the Pattersons, the McCormacks, Ewings, McCorcles, Prestons, McCunes, Craigs, McCulloughs, Simpsons, Stewarts, Moffats, Irwins, McClurgs, Blairs, Elders, Grahams, Finleys, Trim-

bles, Rankins, and hundreds of others whose achievements along many lines of human endeavor mark the pathway of the world's progress. John Randolph possibly did not know that the first Declaration of Independence by the American patriots was issued by the members of Hanover Church out there in Dauphin County, when on June 4th, 1774, they declared "that in the event of Great Britain attempting to force unjust laws upon us by the strength of arms, our cause we leave to heaven and our rifles." This declaration was certainly carried to Mechlenburg to give the sturdy people of that region inspiration for the strong document issued by them a year later, and which gave Jefferson a basis for the Declaration of 1776. There was much moving from Pennsylvania into Virginia and North Carolina before the Revolution, and Hanover Presbytery in the Valley was largely made up of people from Pennsylvania, whose petition of ten thousand names for a free church in a free land, made in 1785, was the force back of Jefferson's bill for a religious tolerance, a triumph for freedom that has always been considered a Presbyterian victory by the Scotch-Irish of America.*

To him who has the inclination and the time for the task, there can be no more interesting and instructive study than to follow the trail of the Scotch-Irish from Pennsylvania to Ohio through Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky; and had John Randolph taken up this task he would have found men of Pennsylvania blood, who, in scholarship, in statesmanship, in patriotism, in genius, in skill at arms, were as great as the two who occurred to his mind when he was sneering at the position of the great Commonwealth.

We know that Rev. Sankey of Hanover Church was a minister in Hanover Presbytery, and that he was followed into Virginia by large numbers of the Hanover congregation, who kept up a constant stream into the Valley. By the way, two settlements were made by this congregation in Ohio. Colonel Rogers, the Governor's secretary, derives his descent from them. The population of North Carolina at the outbreak of the Revolution was largely made up of Scotch-Irish immi-

* "The Scotch-Irish in Augusta."

grants from Pennsylvania and the Virginia Valley who had a public-school system before the War. These were the people who stood with the Rev. David Caldwell on the banks of the Alamance May 16th, 1771, and received the first volley of shot fired in the contest for independence. This same blood coursed the veins of the patriot army with Lewis at Point Pleasant, the first battle of the Revolutionary War, fought September 11th, 1774, Lord Dunmore having no doubt planned the attack by the Indians to discourage the Americans from further agitation of the then pending demand for fair treatment of the American colonies at the hands of Great Britain. It was this blood that coursed the veins of those courageous people who, having survived the Kerr's Creek massacre, were carried to the Shawanese village in Ohio, and on being bantered to sing by the Indians in their cruel sport, sang Rouse's version of one of the Psalms. "Unappalled by the bloody scene," says the Augusta historian, "through which they had already passed, and the fearful tortures awaiting them, within the dark wilderness of forest, when all hope of rescue seemed forbidden; undaunted by the fiendish revelings of their savage captors, they sang aloud with the most pious fervor:—

> "On Babel's stream we sat and wept when Zion we thought on,
> In midst thereof we hanged our harps the willow trees among,
> For then a song required they who did us captive bring,
> Our spoilers called for mirth and said, a song of Zion sing." *

It was this blood that fought the battle of King's Mountain, which victory gave the patriots the courage that is always in hope; it was the winning force at Cowpens, at Guiliford, where Rev. Samuel Houston discharged his rifle fourteen times, once for each ten minutes of the battle.† These brave hearts were in every battle of the Revolution, from Point Pleasant in 1774 to the victory of Wayne at the Maumee Rapids twenty years later, for the War for Independence continued in the Ohio country long after the treaty

* "Scotch-Irish Settlers in the Valley of Virginia," by Col. Bolivar Christian, 1859.

† Same author.

of peace. And yet, after all this awful struggle to gain and hold for America the very heart of the Republic, one of the gentlemen referred to by Mr. Randolph wrote pamphlets in which he derided as murderers the courageous settlers of our blood on the occasions they felt it necessary to "remove" Indians with their long rifles. After all this struggle, he too would have made an arrangement with England by which the Ohio River would have been the boundary line!

There were giants along that trail—physical and mental giants. The pioneer fathers were men of force and enterprise, and it is to these characteristics that we are indebted for the results that come to us as a heritage. They were not cradled in the lap of luxury, hence a physical prowess that was never bent by enervation; a sterling quality of mind that was ever alert, made keen by the exigencies met on every hand. They were broadened in mental scope and disciplined in habits of action and thought by the responsibilities of home making, not only for themselves but an empire of homes for posterity. Their traits of manhood were of the highest order of God's creation. They were without physical fear. They had no fear save that of God, for religion was their strongest impulse. They were self reliant, having wonderful perception and continuity of purpose, withal, the distinguishing traits that mark their descendants, who are ever in the forerank of the army whose triumph is the advancement of the world's civilization.

Did it ever occur to you, Mr. President and gentlemen, that the brave men of the South who met death in the awful Bloody Angle at Gettysburg died almost within sight of the graves of their ancestors in the church yards of the Valley? Only recently I was shown by Dr. Egle in Old Paxtang Cemetery the stone that marks the last earthly resting place of the forebears of Gen. Jeb. Stewart, whose cavalry was largely composed of descendants of others whose dust lies in the Pennsylvania church yards. The men with Pickett from Virginia, from North Carolina, from Tennessee and Kentucky, in that stubborn charge across the open plain and up the mountain, displayed the physical courage of their Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish ancestors who never faltered on the field of carnage.

I spoke of Rev. Sankey, who went from Hanover Church into Hanover Presbytery in the Virginia Valley in 1760. He taught and preached, and the boys of his congregation after going through his blessed hands were sent to Liberty Hall and from there into the West and South in after years, where they founded the families that give character to many States, filling the highest stations of usefulness and fame. The prominent families of Tennessee, Kentucky, and of Ohio had their origin in the Scotch-Irish reservoirs of the Cumberland and the Virginia Valleys. The father of Ephraim McDowell went from Pennsylvania to Virginia and peopled Burden's grant with Scotch-Irish from Pennsylvania. Dr. McDowell was the greatest of the pioneer surgeons, being the first surgeon in the world to undertake ovariotomy, which successful operation distinguished him in Europe as in America.* Many of the trustees of Liberty Hall were from Pennsylvania, including Rev. Carrick, Samuel Houston, and James Mitchell. President Junkins of Washington and Lee was also a Pennsylvanian, having established schools in this State before going into Virginia; and he followed the trail of the fathers into Ohio, where for years he was president of the Miami University, which has given to Ohio many of its brightest minds. He wrote a pamphlet in defense of slavery which John C. Calhoun, whose father went to North Carolina from Pennsylvania, characterized as the ablest defense of the institution he had ever read†. George Rogers Clark, who won the Northwest Territory and gave to the Republic the five States of Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, and Michigan, drew from the Valley the men with the fortitude and endurance, bravery and patriotism, all men of Scotch-Irish Pennsylvania blood, to undertake and carry to success the complete conquest of the Northwest. George Rogers Clark may well be called the Hannibal of the West. President Thompson told us to-night that Anthony Wayne is neglected by the historian. George Rogers Clark, too, is neglected. While every schoolboy knows of Wayne's achievements, not

* "Scotch-Irish in America," Vol. VII.

† Dr. Alexander White.

one in a hundred ever heard of George Rogers Clark. This being true in Ohio, what must be the knowledge of Clark in Massachusetts!

I have thus, in this rambling way, tried to establish that the Virginia Scotch-Irish were from Pennsylvania, with a view to impressing the fact that the Scotch-Irish who were among the first settlers of Ohio were of Pennsylvania blood, no matter whether they came into the State from the South or directly through the gateway to the boundless West at the meeting of the rivers. The establishment of this claim is more important than many appreciate. There are Virginia Scotch-Irish in a certain part of Ohio who lay great store in the belief that because their forefathers came from Virginia they descended from the Cavaliers!

The Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish came into Ohio in parts of congregations and in families, many of them previous to Wayne's treaty with the Indians at Greenville in 1795, up to which time no progress had been made by the settlers, for no one was safe from the outrages of the Indians, incited, as they were, to the most diabolical deeds by the British, who continued the war in the Ohio country through their savage allies with hope of forcing the settlers to give up all attempts to hold the territory won by Clark, and thus rid the country of the sturdy men, already discouraged in the fact that it seemed almost impossible to erect a home in peace. The British inflamed the Indians with liquor and furnished them with arms with the hope that the continued outrages by the savages would force final abandonment of the Republic's claim to the treaty boundary.* It was well that the pioneers were characterized by unyielding firmness, for the East, not having proper appreciation of the importance of the boundary, or else being jealous of the power that might be divided by increase of territory, was willing to give up the contest for the Rogers' claim; but strong petitions from the sturdy women whose children had been torn from their breasts and murdered before their eyes by the savages, brought the East to a realization of the awful condition of the settlers. Then came

* Caldwell.

Anthony Wayne, the historian tells us, crashing through the forest like a behemoth.* The achievement of Clark and the victory of Wayne mark the two most notable epochs in the annals of the West.

While it is true the first settlement noted in the histories was made by forty-eight Puritans at Marietta, in 1787, there were Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish settlements previous to that time, notably at the mouth of the Scioto River in 1785 by four families from the Redstone Presbytery, while at the same time there was a larger settlement at what is now called Martin's Ferry, a few miles above Wheeling, where a government had been organized with two justices in office.‡ The father of John McDonald, the famous Indian fighter, and companion of Clark, Simon Kenton, Duncan McArthur, and J. B. Finley, whose historical notes preserve the brave deeds of daring times, with seven stalwart sons from Northumberland County, settled on Mingo Bottom previous to 1780.† The great majority of the Indian fighters, who fought and suffered as no men in history fought and suffered before, that the Ohio country might be made a home of peace and plenty, were from Pennsylvania and of the royal blood—General Wilkinson, Butler, Irvine, Findley, Hickson, Finley, John and Thomas McDonald, the Lewises, the McCulloughs, Col. Richard Johnson, who killed Tecumseh; Colonel Crawford, whose awful death at the stake fills one with horror even to this day when the mind reverts to it; Col. Robert Patterson, one of the founders of Cincinnati; Colonel Williamson, of Gnadenhutten fame; Samuel Brady, the Marion of the West; and Andrew and Adam Poe, who killed the big Indian, and Simon Girty—you all know, without me telling you, that Simon Girty, the renegade, was contributed to Ohio by Pennsylvania, likewise McKee and Elliott, all traitors. As wicked as Simon Girty was, as hated as he was, because of his diabolical character, he did one good turn for the pioneer settlers of Ohio—he saved the life of Simon Kenton when

* Caldwell's "History of Belmont and Jefferson Counties."
‡ Caldwell.
† J. B. Finley's Autobiography.

this life was needed, which he could not have done had he not been with and of the Indians; and if we are good Presbyterians we must believe that he was a renegade for this very purpose. The Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Indian fighters were very much in evidence in the Ohio country, and their daring exploits are the most thrilling chapters in the history of the Northwest Territory. They were men of iron frame, with resolution that never winced at danger, and with endurance to bear pain with the fortitude of stoics. These men were created, and no one who follows the trail of blood that is the pathway to their achievement can believe otherwise, to found this great empire of the Northwest. They have never been given the full measure of honor due them, nor do those who enjoy the fruits of their victories appreciate the sacrifices they made and the hardships they endured. It is well that there were giants in those days.

There is a disposition among the people of the present day to even cast the reproach of murder upon the brave hearts whose every moment was constantly filled with apprehension of awful outrages by Indians. General Williamson and his Scotch-Irish soldiers from Pennsylvania have had their memories clouded by even those who should defend, or at least excuse, the massacre of the Moravian Indians at Gnadenhutten on the Tuscarawas; and I take it as a privilege on this occasion to declare, and this fact should be borne in mind, that the British were wholly responsible for this massacre; in fact, they planned the scheme at Detroit.* The hostile Indians who were the allies of the British had captured the missionaries having in charge the Moravian Indians, and with the Christian Indians had taken them to Sandusky on a trumped-up charge. The Winter following was a very severe one and provisions ran short, and about one hundred of the Christian Indians were given permission to return to the Tuscarawas River to gather corn left standing in the field when they were taken away. At the same time warriors were sent to murder the whites in the Ohio Valley to incense the Americans against the Indians, the British knowing they

* Caldwell.

would organize and make cause against the Moravians on the Tuscarawas, and doing so would be reproached by the civilized world. These red warriors crossed the Ohio about fifty miles below Fort Pitt and committed all sorts of awful depredations, among them the murder of Mrs. Wallace and her babe. The plan laid at Detroit by the British was carried out as anticipated. Colonel Williamson and his men marched to the Moravian village, and finding the Indians there and in possession of Mrs. Wallace's bloody garments, naturally supposed that the Christian Indians were at least in part responsible for her death, just as the British at Detroit had anticipated. There has been much written against Colonel Williamson, "the murderer of Christian Indians," just as there has been much written against the Paxtang boys in Pennsylvania; but those who would cloud the memories of Colonel Williamson and the Paxtang boys do not appreciate the conditions then obtaining. The pioneer to whom we owe everything is entitled to every doubt. He knew the treacherous nature of the Indian as well as of the diabolical character of the British who carried on the warfare in the West, and it was natural to suspect every Indian and trust none, Christian or otherwise; the British were of a Christian nation, so called, and they were not trusted. Why should a savage under the British flag be trusted simply because he professed Christianity? As matters turned out, the massacre of those Christian Indians was a great wrong, but I do not call it a crime except as I charge it against the British. Rather than blacken the memory of those pioneer soldiers with the charge of murder, I would erect a monument on every hill and in every valley where they shed their blood. On these occasions when we celebrate the wonderful achievements of the fathers we should rejoice in the fact that they were men of stern stuff. They were wonderful men, the like of whom we shall never see more. There was no emotional sentiment manifested by them when an Indian's head was seen peeping from behind a tree. They "left their cause with heaven" and kept their powder dry. They were cool, deliberate Presbyterians.

The Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish, and not the Puritans from

New England, were and are now the great factors in the progress of Ohio. I care not from what point we view progress or upon what factors we base progress, whether religious, educational, industrial, or commercial, I make the claim for the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish after the most careful research possible, using the various county histories for data. Pennsylvania gave to Ohio no less than a dozen Governors, ten of them Scotch-Irishmen. Ten of our counties were named for Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishmen, and they are abiding monuments to some of the bravest men of pioneer days—Wayne, Logan, Ross, Mercer, Darke, Crawford, Butler, Fulton, Allen, and Morrow. Pennsylvania gave to Ohio its ablest statesmen, its most eloquent orators, its ablest jurists, its most noted educators, and a look through the directories of many of the counties allows me to say that the great majority of the officers of the financial institutions and those who manage the great industrial and commercial enterprises are of our blood and either from Pennsylvania or are descendants of the pioneers from your State.

The Presbyterian as well as other ministers came to Ohio from Pennsylvania; and I should mention here that in my research I find that in most counties the first church erected was invariably the Presbyterian. This alone gives a strong suggestion as to the influence of the Scotch-Irish in Ohio. Had the Puritans been the great factor in the settlement of the State the first churches would have been of another communion—the Puritans burned the first Presbyterian church built in Massachusetts.* In the city where I live, founded by your Senator Ross, and whose centennial is to be celebrated the coming Summer, six out of the seven Presbyterian ministers are natives of Pennsylvania, and the seventh a descendant of a Pennsylvanian. John Rankin, whose ancestors settled in Pennsylvania one hundred and sixty years ago, and whose father was a soldier of the Revolution, came to Ohio through Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, founded the Free Presbyterian Church, and was one of the finest specimens of physical manhood that ever blessed the earth. He came to

* Dr. Perry, of Williams College.

Ohio after the Virginia ordinance of cession was adopted, to get away from the environment of slavery, as did also Francis McCormack, the founder of the First Methodist Church in the Northwest Territory. It was from this stock that the abolition sentiment got its spirit, its abiding force. While the handful of Puritans who settled Marietta have been given the credit in history, the truth is, the Scotch-Irish from the Virginia Valley gave the abolition movement its men of steadfastness of purpose—men who never gave up the fight until the victory was won. President Ruffner, of Washington and Lee University, wrote one of the first pamphlets issued advocating abolition of slavery.† It was John Rankin's home that gave succor to George Harris, made famous by Mrs. Stowe, and it was John Rankin who organized the underground railroad by which many slaves escaped to Canada and to liberty. As I have said, Bishop Simpson was of the same blood; so was that other powerful Methodist divine, Dr. William Hunter, whose sweet songs of praise are in nearly all the Church hymnals. So was Alexander Campbell, the founder of the Disciples Church, which has exerted vast influence in the Ohio country, and of which communion President Garfield was a distinguished member. The college founded by Dr. Campbell is a West Virginia, Ohio, and Pennsylvania institution, so near the lines that all can enjoy its influence, as all three States enjoy the influence of Washington and Jefferson. Alexander Clark, the most noted minister of the Methodist Protestant Church, the founder of the first magazine for children, *The Schoolday Visitor*, which afterwards became *The St. Nicholas;* for years editor of *The Methodist Recorder* at Pittsburgh, the author of books that are a part of the nation's most interesting and instructive literature, was of the same virile strain. The Scotch-Irish ministers of the Gospel are not all Presbyterian, but very few Presbyterian ministers are of other breeds. I must not neglect to mention here Rev. Joseph Hughes, who was born in Washington County, and in 1810 established the first Presbyterian church in Delaware County, Ohio. He was not

† Dr. Alexander White, Washington and Lee University.

a characteristic Presbyterian minister, although some folks would say he had many of the traits that distinguish our blood. He would pitch quoits for the grog, play the fiddle for the dance, and preach as long a sermon as any minister in the Presbytery, and when brought before the Church court he made such an able defense that he was permitted to go on with his long sermons, quoit pitching, grog, and fiddling.*

The first church built in Cincinnati, the metropolis of the State, founded by men of the strong force of character of Colonel Patterson, who was with Clark, and given its name by General St. Clair, whose remains lie out there in the Greensburg Cemetery, was of this communion, and on the subscription list I find the names of Dr. Allison, surgeon of General St. Clair's and General Wayne's armies, Captains Ford, Elliott, and Peters, and General Wilkinson, the roll being dated 1792. Among the first settlers of Cincinnati was John Filson, a pioneer school teacher, who was born in the Cumberland Valley. He wrote the first history of the Western country, which was published as early as 1784. He also published a history of Kentucky and made a map of that State, being among the first surveyors to venture among the Indians, and he met death at their hands near Cincinnati.*

The Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish looked upon education as the strongest factor that moved the world along the way of progress, and the schoolhouse was one of the first buildings erected in a settlement. The Scotch-Irish schoolmaster was ever abroad in the land. The annals of Ohio are filled with incidents of the pioneer schoolmaster, who always had a standing in the community next to that of the minister himself, who was always held in the highest reverence. The father of Dr. Jeffers, of the Western Theological Seminary, was one of the early itinerant school teachers in Eastern Ohio. His eccentricity of pronunciation invariably stumped the pupil, for he would not know whether the word given out to be spelled was "beet" or "bait," whether "floor" or "fleur,"

* Howe's Historical Notes.

but Jeffers would explain that "bait" was a "red root," and "fleur" was a "boord" to walk on; and through the influence of the good man's erudition and hickory gad, the sons and daughters of the settlers waxed strong in knowledge. Dr. John McMillen founded several colleges in Ohio, one of them, Franklin, in Harrison County, settled by Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish, which is still a flourishing institution, and in its years of usefulness gave to America many statesmen and jurists, among them men of Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish blood, your Senator Cowan, John A. Bingham, Judges Welch and Lawrence, while hundreds of Presbyterian ministers have been taught within its walls, among them Dr. J. H. Sharp, of your city. Athens County, in which the State University is located, the first college in the State, was settled by our people, and Thomas Ewing and John Hunter were the first graduates, being the first collegiate alumni in the West. Thomas Ewing was one of the greatest statesmen Ohio ever produced—strong, sincere, intellectual to the highest degree. It was in his family that the Shermans were reared. Of the Athens University W. H. McGuffy, the noted author of school books still widely in use in the public schools, was the president for thirty-five years. He was also a professor in the Miami University, another Scotch-Irish college, and of the Virginia University. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1800; a man whose sterling qualities of mind and heart marked him as a teacher of power and influence. Joseph Ray, the author of mathematical works, as an educator displayed a scope of mind force that was an honor to his race. Rev. George Buchanan, in whose academy the great War Secretary, Edwin M. Stanton, received his classical education, was born in the "Barrens," so prolific of men prominent in the affairs of the Republic. Col. John Johnson, one of the founders of Kenyon College, one of the most noted of the Protestant Episcopal institutions of learning in the land, was reared in Pennsylvania. He was the first president of the Ohio Historical and Philosophical Society, and the author of the "Indian Tribes of Ohio," a standard work published by the United States Government. He possessed those intellectual qualities to which all pay homage, and his influence

had a wide scope of power. The father of Professor Sloane, of Princeton, was a Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishman who taught in a Scotch-Irish academy in Jefferson County—Professor Sloane is the anthor of the ablest "Life of Napoleon" ever written. Dr. C. C. Beatty, whose munificent gift made possible the union of Washington and Jefferson Colleges, founded at Steubenville, Ohio, the first distinctive seminary for the higher education of women west of the mountains, which institution was conducted for many years by Dr. A. M. Reid, a native of Beaver County, and to-day a trustee of the Western Theological Seminary and of Washington and Jefferson. Dr. Reid's trained mind and scope for usefulness have not been without influence in Ohio; his influence has been much wider. The noble women who have gone out from the sacred precincts of the old seminary are in every missionary field, home and foreign. This institution is still being conducted by a Pennsylvanian, Miss Stewart, whose Scotch-Irish blood gives assurance that the power of the school will continue a factor of progress. Francis Glass, of Londonderry stock, came from Pennsylvania to Ohio in 1817, and taught one of the first classical schools. His building was a primitive one, a log college to be sure—clapboard roof, windows of oiled paper, benches of hewn timber; but notwithstanding all this lack of conveniences, like the Tennants of sacred memory, he sent out into the world boys well equipped for contests in the intellectual arena. He had forty pupils in the backwoods settlement, and whenever an additional pupil "knocked at his door for admission to his classes, he would be so rejoiced that his whole soul appeared to beam from his countenance," writes a former pupil.* Such was the intense interest in the work, such the benevolence of the Scotch-Irish schoolmaster of the pioneer days, to whom our fathers owe so much and to whom we owe more. Glass published a two hundred and twenty-three page "Life of Washington" in Latin, and that such a work in Latin should have been written in the backwoods by a schoolmaster was for years a marvel to those who did not know of the scholastic

* Howe's Historical Notes.

attainments of the Scotch-Irish boys even of pioneer days. Rev. J. B. Finley, the Indian fighter and itinerant Methodist preacher, was an educated man, although we often hear stated in derision of the Methodist Church that her early ministers were illiterate. He studied Greek and Latin in his father's academies in North Carolina and Kentucky, established on his trail from Pennsylvania to Ohio. When his father's congregation settled Chillicothe, the first capital of the State, he was a Presbyterian and a member of his father's church, but he "became converted" and was for years the most noted itinerant preacher of the country, and exerted more influence for good in the Ohio region than any other man in the State. He preached in every county and organized churches everywhere. He founded the Indian schools and mission at Wyandott, the site of which institution is marked by a memorial church erected by the Methodist Episcopal Conference on ground given for the purpose by the United States Government. His autobiography is a record of pioneer times, and to its pages the historian must turn for data of the achievement of the early settlers. John Stewart was the first to preach the gospel-bearing tidings of peace and goodwill to the Wyandotts. Allen Trimble, Acting Governor one term and Governor two terms, while Acting Governor appointed the commission, a majority of whose members were of Pennsylvania stock, including Judge William Johnson, that formulated the public-school system that is the brightest star in our diadem, which system was afterwards perfected by Samuel Galloway, born at Gettysburg of Revolutionary stock, a teacher, jurist, statesman, upon whose advice and opinion Lincoln set high value. The Trimbles came to Ohio from Augusta County, Virginia, Allen having been carried in his mother's arms while she rode horseback through the trackless forest. There is a tradition in the family that the farm occupied by them in the Virginia Valley was shown their ancestor by an Indian in return for a favor shown him in the woods of Pennsylvania.* Gen. O. M. Mitchell, teacher, astronomer, soldier, was of the Virginia-Kentucky stock which

* "The Scotch-Irish of Augusta."

I have shown had its origin in Pennsylvania. We could rest our honors on his achievement and still be sure of an abiding place in the memory of those who instruct the youth of the land. While Mitchell explored the heavens, Jeremiah Reynolds explored the earth beneath, his expedition to the South Pole being one of the notable events of the early days. John Cleves Symms, nephew of the founder of the first settlement of the Miami Valley, a New Jersey Scotchman, promulgated the theory of concentric spheres, holding that the earth is hollow, inhabitable within and widely open at the Poles. Reynolds undertook the expedition with a view of proving the Symmes theory. Adams' administration fitted out a ship for the expedition, but Jackson coming in as President, Government aid was withheld; but Reynolds, undaunted by this turn of affairs, started on a private expedition, reaching within eight degrees of the Pole.* Mordecai Bartley, a native of Fayette County, who succeeded his son as Governor of Ohio, and who represented Ohio for three terms in Congress, was the first man to propose the conversion of land grants into a permanent school fund. The father of C. L. Vallandigham, whose fight for freedom of speech is a part of the nation's history, was a Washington County Scotch-Irish-Huguenot and a Presbyterian preacher, to whose classical academy we are largely indebted for the foundation of the scholarship of the justly celebrated McCook family.

Inasmuch as the greatest measure of influence is exerted in a community through efforts along educational lines, I have spoken at length on this point of my subject; and yet there is much more that might be recorded here to show the high place held by Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish in the educational history of Ohio. I might omit all I have said and be able to record other achievements along educational lines and still show that our blood stands out in bolder relief than the Puritan as a factor of education in Ohio; yet the Puritan is given the credit for the moral and material progress of our people, and all because forty-eight Puritans settled Marietta

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* Howe's Historical Notes.

and made so much fuss about it that the advertising done then is still alive, but the town isn't a great deal larger now than it was in 1787.

The Pennsylvanian has served Ohio in both branches of Congress, the first territorial delegate being William McMillen and the first State Representative Jeremiah Morrow; the first Governor was Arthur St. Clair, the first Judge Jeremiah Dunlavey. The Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishman has been on the Ohio Supreme Bench; he has gone from Ohio to the President's Cabinet. It is said that in 1817 a majority of the Lower House of the State Legislature were natives of Washington County, and I believe it, for my investigations have discovered the fact that the Pennsylvanian is very apt to hold office, especially if he gets into Ohio from Washington County and he also be a Scotch-Irishman. As late as 1846 one-fourth the members of the State Legislature were from Pennsylvania.* We all know that one of the warmest Gubernatorial contests in the State's history was when Governor Vance and Governor Shannon were pitted against each other in 1836, one a native of Washington County and the other's father was from that county. Vance's father was the first settler of Champaign County and Shannon's father one of the first settlers of Belmont, the son being the first native of Ohio to hold the office of Governor. Vance and Shannon held the office two terms each. I think I am safe in making the claim that one or more Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishmen are holding office in each courthouse in Ohio. The two greatest lawyers of the pioneer West were Judge Jacob Burnett and Judge John McLean, who were born just over the river here, and near enough to be counted in the family. Their influence had a wide scope and it still goes on. The wife of McLean was a daughter of Charlotte Chambers, one of the foremost women of the Cumberland Valley. President Harrison was born in Ohio, but his mother was a Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish woman. Vice-President Hendricks, although credited to Indiana, was also a native of Ohio, but his people were

* Howe's Historical Notes.

of Westmoreland Scotch-Irish stock, and he was a cousin of my father.

Gov. Jeremiah Morrow was a native of Gettysburg, and without doubt impressed himself on the progress of Ohio more than any other man holding office in the gift of the people. He was a characteristic Scotch-Irishman, mentally, physically, and religiously. He was the father of the national pike and other internal improvements that gave Ohio her first impetus in industrial progress. He was Congressman, Senator, Governor, and of him Henry Clay said, "His influence was greater than that of any of his contemporaries, for his integrity was so fully recognized and appreciated that every one had faith in any measure he brought before Congress." A prominent Pennsylvanian, a few years ago, in referring to a newspaper article I had written on Governor Morrow, said that he was the finest example of the statesman of the old school with whom he had ever come in contact, noble, honest, and brave. I have been greatly gratified to meet in this assemblange to-night a relative of Governor Morrow, Mr. T. Elliott Patterson, of your city, and I want to say that he may well be proud of the blood that courses his veins. Morrow's successor in the Senate in 1819 was William A. Trimble, of the same royal Pennsylvania blood.

It is a fact shown by the census that there are to-day more natives of Pennsylvania in three-fourths of the Ohio counties than natives of any other State, Ohio excepted, and in this list I include counties on the western border as well as Washington County, the first county settled by the New England Puritans; I include the Western Reserve, first settled by the Yankees of Connecticut, which settlement was made thirty-three years before a church was built, but a whiskey distillery was in full operation all those years.* This can never be said of Scotch-Irish settlers, no matter from whence they come. Our forefathers had their weakness for distilleries too, but they always had the church in operation before the distillery was built; and yet there are those who place great

* Diary of Rev. Thomas Robbins, D. D.

store in their Mayflower blood who sneer at us because our forefathers had a little trouble with the revenue collector over in Washington County away back in the last century. I admit that on occasions even to this day there are Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishmen in Ohio who will take a drink of mountain dew, but never without an excuse. One of them said to me the other day that he had "the iron in his soul," and he took a little liquor to mix with it for a tonic.

The claims made for the Puritan settlement at Marietta give us example of Puritan audacity; the New England settlements on the Western Reserve give us examples of Yankee ingenuity. In Connecticut he made nutmegs of wood; in Ohio he makes maple molasses of glucose and hickory bark. In New England the Puritan punched the Quaker tongue with a red-hot poker; in Ohio he dearly loves to roast Democrats. The Reserve was the home of crankisms. Joseph Smith started the Mormon Church in Lake County. And there were others, some of which the Northern Ohio emigrant took with him to Kansas.

In the graveyard on the hill above old Chillicothe lie the remains of five Governors, two of them Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishmen—one the noble William Allen, a strong man from every point of view, whose every distinguishing trait was Scotch-Irish, a very Jackson; but because his people went from Pennsylvania into North Carolina they were said to be Quakers, which calls to mind the fact that when I was a boy all Pennsylvanians were either Quakers or Dutch. In several of the county histories I also find the statement that the early settlers were "Quakers and Germans from Pennsylvania," but in the lists of settlers given the "Macs" predominate. Achilles Pugh, the first publisher of an abolition paper in Ohio, came from Pennsylvania and was called a Quaker, but who ever heard of a Quaker giving that name to his son? The other Scotch-Irish Governor buried in the Chillicothe Cemetery was Duncan McArthur, who, although not a native of your State, was reared to manhood in the old Commonwealth, and became one of the most notable figures in Ohio—soldier, surveyor, Indian fighter, statesman, Governor. William Allen's sister was the mother of Allen

G. Thurman, the noblest Roman of them all, and Allen's wife was a daughter of McArthur.

In literature and journalism the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish have always held a prominent place in Ohio. Dr. McCook has already told you of the fact that Foster, the greatest American song writer, lived in Ohio, and no one of his nobility of character and intellectual attainments could go in and out among a people without exerting influence. General Lytle, the author of

> "I am dying, Egypt, dying;
> Crimson flows the ebbing tide,"

one of the most beautiful poems in the English language, was the grandson of General Lytle, born at Cumberland, Pa., and whose Spartan-like conduct at Grant's defeat in Indiana in the War of 1812 is a part of history. James Buchanan Reed, the author of "Sheridan's Ride," which has become an American classic, was a Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishman. James McBride, the historian and archæologist, supplying much of the manuscript and drawings for the "Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley," a very important work, was born at Newcastle. He was a careful historian, and to him we are greatly indebted for much of the early history preserved in book form. In journalism our blood has been pre-eminent in the Ohio field, the first paper in the State having been launched by William Maxwell in 1793. Colonel Miller, who is noted as the commander of the sortie from Fort Meigs during the War of 1812, one of the most daring acts of that war, when he rushed out under fire and spiked the British cannon with files and won the battle, was a journalist, having started a paper in my city as early as 1806. Colonel Miller came to Ohio by the way of the Virginia Valley. His successor, James Wilson, the grandfather of Prof. Woodrow Wilson of Princeton, was a pupil of Duane, of *The Aurora*. Samuel Medary, one of the most prominent Ohio editors, especially during the exciting war period, his journal, the Columbus *Crisis*, being a very strong advocate of peace, married a daughter of James Wilson. M. Halsted's ancestors came to Ohio from Pennsylvania, and our blood has every

reason to be proud of his achievements as an editor. The McLeans, who for two generations have held the throttle of that great moral engine, the Cincinnati *Enquirer;* McClure, of the Columbus *Journal;* and Morrow, of the Cleveland *Leader*, all among the foremost journals in America, are of the same stock.

The first woolen mills west of the mountains were established just after the second War for Independence at Steubenville, by your Senator James Ross, and it was in these mills that the first broadcloth ever made in America was produced. James Ross and his partner, Mr. Dickinson, whom I believe to have been of the same royal stock, introduced into America the Spanish sheep that were the foundation of the great wool-growing industry of Eastern Ohio and Western Pennsylvania. John Campbell invented the hot blast employed in iron furnaces, and James Means erected the first iron furnace north of the Ohio. The first furnace west of the mountains was erected by a Grant near the Virginia-Pennsylvania-Ohio line, and the cannon balls used by Perry in the battle of Lake Erie were made in this furnace and carried on the backs of horses to the lake shore. And by the way, Perry's mother was Scotch-Irish, and for years after fought the battle of Lake Erie was called Mrs. Perry's victory by the people of Rhode Island who appreciated her force of character. It may not be amiss to say in this connection that some of the men who gave the New Englanders basis for their claims as to Ohio got their forceful characteristics from the Scotch-Irish blood of their mothers, notably bluff Ben Wade—born in Massachusetts, was educated by his mother, his father being without means, and coming to Ohio, settled in the Western Reserve, and ever since has been in the galaxy of Puritan greatness. Chief Justice Chase was born in Vermont, his mother being Scotch, but his achievements have been placed to the glorification of the Puritan blood. Joshua Reid Giddings, who gave the Reserve its greatest renown as the producer of great men, was a native of Pennsylvania, his birthplace being Athens. I do not claim him as a Scotch-Irishman, but he had all the distinguishing traits; and his name will ever shine as one

of the brightest stars in the Buckeye diadem. If Pennsylvania had given birth to but one man, and that man Joshua Reid Giddings, her place in the pantheon where we celebrate the immortals would still be assured. James Geddes and Samuel Forrer, the pioneer engineers, who did much to develop Ohio and give her her proper place in the progress of nations, were natives of the Keystone State. The father of J. Q. A. Ward, America's most noted sculptor, was a pioneer coming from the great Commonwealth.

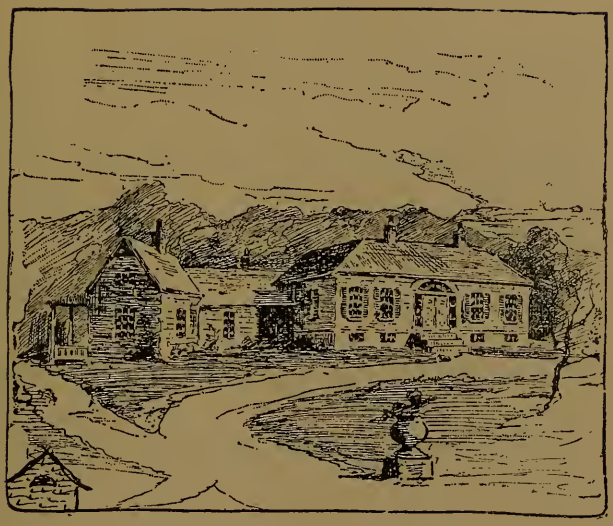
The notable events that mark epochs in the history of Ohio are monuments to the achievements of Pennsylvania Scotch-Irishmen: The first settlement at the mouth of the Scioto; Wayne's treaty with the Indians; adoption of the Constitution; the building of the first steamboat on the Ohio River by Fulton; the building of the national pike and the canals; the formation of a public-school system; and coming down to the present, the nomination and election of a President of the Republic by Mark Hanna. McKinley is a Scotch-Irishman with the sign of the Keystone blown on his breast; and Mark Hanna—I made an effort to discover that he was a descendant of Judge Hanna of Hanna's town, but was discouraged by running against the fact that the old gentleman was never married. Pennsylvania may not be the mother of Presidents; she holds a higher position in the sisterhood—she is the grandmother of the Ohio man. General Grant was born in Ohio, but his mother was a Bucks County Simpson. The generals Ohio gave to command Federal troops in the late war were largely of the royal family. I have mentioned Grant, the greatest captain of the age; and there is General Porter, his companion and commander of the Ohio division; he was a native of the Juniata Valley, and has been selected by the President to represent our country as ambassador to France. There were the McDowells, the Gilmours; the brilliant Steedman, the hero of Chicamauga—he was born in Northumberland County; George W. Morgan, the hero of two wars, was a Washington County product; and as further evidence that blood will tell, I need only mention the fact that Major Daniel and Dr. John McCook, the fathers of nine commissioned officers in the army,

were born in Washington County. And how appropriate it all was that Gen. George B. McClelland should be placed in command of the Ohio troops! General Harmer, who procured Grant's admission to West Point, was a Pennsylvanian, but I am not certain as to his race. And John Randolph said that Pennsylvania produced but two great men, one from Massachusetts, the other from Switzerland!

W. H. Hunter.

The following prints were omitted from the Seventh Annual Report:—

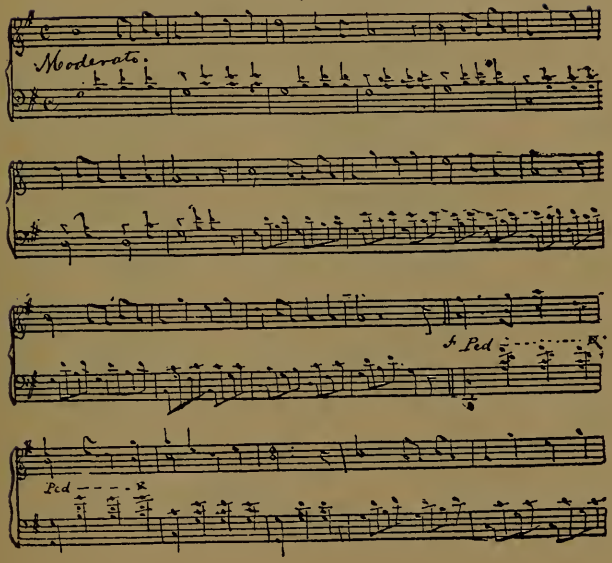
STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.



BIRTHPLACE OF STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER.

Old Folks At Home

Composed by Steph.n C. Foster




STEPHEN C. FOSTER
BORN
July 4 1826
DIED
Jany 13 1864
S. C. F.

APPENDIX A.

REPORT OF CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, TREASURER PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, MADE FEBRUARY 26TH, 1897.

1897.	DR.		
Feb. 1	Balance from preceding year		$507 39
	Dues from members and subscriptions to seventh annual banquet		632 00
	Interest on deposits		11 64
			$1151 03
	CR.		
	Hotel Bellevue, seventh annual banquet	$281 55	
	Allen, Lane & Scott, printing seventh annual report	155 54	
	Stenographer and clerk hire	45 00	
	Avil Printing Co., printing booklet of songs	25 00	
	The Art Printing Company, menus	30 00	
	William H. Hoskins, invitations	9 25	
	Music	30 00	
	Postage, stationery, &c.	35 50	
		$611 84	
	Balance	539 19	
			$1151 03

The above report of Treasurer has been examined and found correct, showing a balance of $539.19 to the credit of the Society in bank February 10th, 1897.

JOHN W. WOODSIDE,
JNO. A. McDOWELL,
Auditors.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

I. Name.

The name of the Association shall be the "Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society," and it shall constitute the Pennsylvania branch of the Scotch-Irish Society of America.

II. Objects.

The purposes of this Society are the preservation of Scotch-Irish history; the keeping alive the *esprit de corps* of the race; and the promotion of social intercourse and fraternal feeling among its members, now and hereafter.

III. Membership.

1. Any male person of good character, at least twenty-one years of age, residing in the State of Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent through one or both parents, shall be eligible to membership, and shall become a member by the majority vote of the Society or of its Council, subscribing these articles, and paying an annual fee of two dollars: *Provided*, That all persons whose names were enrolled prior to February 13th, 1890, are members: *And provided further*, That three officers of the National Society, to be named by it, shall be admitted to sit and deliberate with this Society.

2. The Society, by a two-thirds vote of its members present at any regular meeting, may suspend from the privileges of the Society, or remove altogether, any person guilty of gross misconduct.

3. Any member who shall have failed to pay his dues for two consecutive years, without giving reasons satisfactory to the Council, shall, after thirty days' notice of such failure, be dropped from the roll.

IV. Annual Meeting.

1. The annual meeting shall be held at such time and place as shall be determined by the Council. Notice of the same shall be given in the Philadelphia daily papers, and be mailed to each member of the Society.

2. Special meetings may be called by the President or a Vice-President, or, in their absence, by two members of the Council.

V. Officers and Committees.

At each annual meeting there shall be elected a President, a First and Second Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary, and twelve Directors, but the same person may be both Secretary and Treasurer.

They shall enter upon office on the 1st of March next succeeding, and shall serve for one year and until their successors are chosen. The officers and Directors together with the ex-Presidents of the Society shall constitute the Council. Of the Council there shall be four Standing Committees.

1. On admission; consisting of four Directors, the Secretary, and the First Vice-President.

2. On Finance; consisting of the officers of the Society.

3. On Entertainments; consisting of the Second Vice-President and four Directors.

4. On History and Archives; consisting of four Directors.

VI. Duties of Officers.

1. The President, or in his absence the First Vice-President, or if he too is absent the Second Vice-President, shall preside at all meetings of the Society or the Council. In the absence at any time of all these, then a temporary Chairman shall be chosen.

2. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of the Society and of the Council.

3. The Treasurer shall have charge of all moneys and securities of the Society; he shall, under the direction of the Finance Committee, pay all its bills, and at the meeting of

said committee next preceding the annual meeting of the Society shall make a full and detailed report.

VII. Duties of Committees.

1. The Committee on Admission shall consider and report, to the Council or to the Society, upon all names of persons submitted for membership.

2. The Finance Committee shall audit all claims against the Society, and, through a sub-committee, shall audit annually the accounts of the Treasurer.

3. The Committee on Entertainments shall, under the direction of the Council, provide for the annual banquet.

4. The Committee on History and Archives shall provide for the collection and preservation of the history and records of the achievements of the Scotch-Irish people of America, and especially of Pennsylvania.

VIII. Changes.

The Council may enlarge or diminish the duties and powers of the officers and committees at its pleasure, and fill vacancies occurring during the year by death or resignation.

IX. Quorum.

Fifteen members shall constitute a quorum of the Society; of the Council five members, and of the committees a majority.

X. Fees.

The annual dues shall be two dollars, and shall be payable on February 1st in each year.

XI. Banquet.

The annual banquet of the Society shall be held on the second Thursday of February, at such time and in such manner, and such other day and place, as shall be determined by the Council. The costs of the same shall be at the charge of those attending it.

XII. Amendments.

1. These articles may be altered or amended at any annual meeting of the Society, the proposed amendment having been approved by the Council, and notice of such proposed amendment sent to each member with the notice of the annual meeting.

2. They may also be amended at any meeting of the Society, provided that the alteration shall have been submitted at a previous meeting.

3. No amendment or alteration shall be made without the approval of two-thirds of the members present at the time of their final consideration, and not less than twenty-five voters for such alteration or amendment.

LIST OF MEMBERS.

E. B. Dawson . . . . . Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
John B. Deaver, M. D. . . . . 1634 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
James Aylward Develin . . 400 Chestnut St., Phila., Wood Building.
Rev. Charles A. Dickey, D. D., 2211 St. James Place, Philadelphia.
J. M. C. Dickey . . . . . Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
S. Ralston Dickey . . . . . Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
A. W. Dickson . . . . . Scranton, Pa.
James P. Dickson . . . . . Scranton, Pa.
Dr. James L. Diven . . . . . New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
J. P. Donaldson . . . . . Manhattan Life Building, Fourth and Walnut Sts., Philadelphia.
Robert Dornan . . . . . Howard, Oxford, and Mascher Sts., Phila.
Rev. Geo. S. Duncan, Ph. D. . 1208 N. Second St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Daniel M. Easter, M. D. . . . 1516 Christian St., Philadelphia.
Hon. T. B. Elder . . . . . Elders' Ridge, Indiana County, Pa.
Rev. Alfred L. Elwyn . . . 1422 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, D. D., Newville, Cumberland County, Pa.
Hon. Nathaniel Ewing . . . Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
Hon. Thomas Ewing . . . . Pittsburgh, Pa.
Samuel Evans . . . . . Columbia, Pa.
Edgar Dudley Faries . . . . 308 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
Hon. Joseph C. Ferguson . . 1423 North Broad St., Philadelphia.
William N. Ferguson, M. D. . 116 West York St., Philadelphia.
John Field . . . . . Young, Smyth, Field & Co., 816 Market St., Philadelphia.
William M. Field . . . . . 1823 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
Hon. Thomas K. Finletter . 500 North Fifth St., Philadelphia.
William Righter Fisher . . Stephen Girard Building, Philadelphia.
D. Fleming . . . . . 325 North Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Samuel W. Fleming . . . . . 32 North Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Hon. Morrison Foster . . . . Shields, Allegheny County, Pa.
Hugh R. Fulton . . . . . Lancaster, Pa.
Rev. Robert H. Fulton, D. D., 3420 Hamilton St., Philadelphia.
Harvey Grëme Furbie . . . The Lorraine, Broad and Fairmount Ave., Philadelphia.
Rev. S. A. Gayley . . . . . Wayne, Pa.
Rev. W. H. Gill, D. D. . . . 1318 South Broad St., Philadelphia.
Samuel F. Givin . . . . . 2116 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
William B. Givin . . . . . 204 Locust St., Columbia, Pa.
Hon. Jas. Gay Gordon . . . 1628 North Thirteenth St., Philadelphia.
Albert Graff . . . . . 4048 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
Duncan M. Graham . . . . . Carlisle, Pa.
John Graham . . . . . Wilkesbarre, Pa.
John H. Graham . . . . . 533 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
Rev. Loyal Y. Graham, D. D., 2325 Green St., Philadelphia.
Theodore R. Graham . . . . 1917 Wallace St., Philadelphia.
Capt. John P. Green . . . . Pennsylvania Railroad Office, Broad and Market Sts., Philadelphia.

J. M. Guffy . . . . . 43 Sixth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Hon. J. Milton Guthrie . . . Indiana, Pa.
George T. Gwilliam . . . . . 2317 DeLancey Place, Philadelphia.
Robert S. Hammersley . . . Beach and Laurel Sts., Philadelphia.
William Hammersly . . . . Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
Hon. William B. Hanna . . 110 South Thirty-eighth St., Philadelphia.
Capt. John C. Harvey . . . Harrisburg, Pa.
Hon. Daniel H. Hastings . . Harrisburg, Pa.
George Hay . . . . . 25 South Water St., Philadelphia.
James Hay . . . . . 25 South Water St., Philadelphia.
John Hays . . . . . Carlisle, Pa.
Rev. I. N. Hays, D. D. . . . 117 Sheffield St., Allegheny, Pa.
Rev. John Hemphill, D. D. . 2220 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
Hon. R. M. Henderson . . . Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.
W. M. Henderson . . . . . Fifth and Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.
Charles W. Henry . . . . . Wissahickon Heights, Philadelphia.
J. Bayard Henry . . . . . 701 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
Col. W. A. Herron . . . . . 80 Fourth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
A. G. Hetherington . . . . . 2049 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
Henry Holmes . . . . . Trenton Ave. and Auburn St., Phila.
James W. Houston . . . . . 27 Seventh Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Jno. J. L. Houston . . . . . 814 North Twenty-first St., Philadelphia.
Samuel F. Houston . . . . . 308 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
Joseph M. Houston . . . . . Provident Building, Phila.
Rev. Robert Hunter, D.D. . 2828 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia.
B. K. Jamison . . . . . 137 South Fifth St., Philadelphia.
John W. Jordan . . . . . 1300 Locust St., Philadelphia, Historical Society of Pennsylvania.
William J. Jordan . . . . . 804 North Twentieth St., Philadelphia.
George Junkin . . . . . 532 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
Joseph De F. Junkin . . . . 532 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
George C. Kennedy . . . . . 38 North Duke St., Lancaster, Pa.
Col. Thos. B. Kennedy . . . Chambersburg, Franklin Co., Pa.
Hon. James Kerr . . . . . .
J. B. Kinley . . . . . Lynwood, Germantown, Philadelphia.
H. P. Laird . . . . . Greensburg, Pa.
J. A. Langfitt . . . . . 110 Diamond St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Hon. James W. Latimer . . . York, York County, Pa.
John S. Latta . . . . . 1217 Market St., Philadelphia.
William J. Latta . . . . . Broad St. Station, Philadelphia.
Rev. Wm. Laurie, D.D. . . . Bellefonte, Pa.
John A. Linn . . . . . Radnor, Pa.
John Lloyd . . . . . First National Bank, Altoona, Pa.
Harry V. Logan, M.D. . . . Scranton, Pa.
Hon. James A. Logan . . . . Broad St. Station, P. R. R., Philadelphia.
John P. Logan . . . . . 826 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
Rev. Samuel C. Logan, D.D. . Scranton, Pa.

Wm. P. Logan	826 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
James Long	203 Church St., Philadelphia.
Rev. J. S. MacIntosh, D. D.	1334 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
Thomas MacKellar	612 Sansom St., Philadelphia.
James F. Magee	114 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia.
W. M. McAlarney	"The Telegraph," Harrisburg, Pa.
Hon. H. J. McAteer	Alexandria, Huntingdon County, Pa.
Hon. Robert McCachran	Newville, Cumberland County, Pa.
Hon. Samuel J. M. McCarrell,	Harrisburg, Pa.
J. P. McCaskey	"Penna. School Journal," Lancaster, Pa.
W. J. McClary	Wilmington, Del.
Alexander K. McClure	"The Times," Eighth and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.
Justice J. Brewster McCollum,	Girard House, Philadelphia.
R. S. McCombs, M. D.	648 North Eleventh St., Philadelphia.
Dr. William McCombs	Hazleton, Pa.
Hon. A. D. McConnell	Greensburg, Pa.
Rev. S. D. McConnell, D. D.	157 Montague St., Brooklyn.
Rev. Henry C. McCook, D. D.,	3700 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
John D. McCord	2004 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
Edward B. McCormick	Greensburg, Pa.
Hon. Henry C. McCormick	Harrisburg, Pa.
W. H. McCrea	Carlisle, Pa.
George D. McCreary	3301 Arch St., Philadelphia.
M. Simpson McCullough	1717 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.
John C. McCurdy	2200 North Front St., Philadelphia.
John M. McCurdy	Franklin Building, 133 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
Rev. O. B. McCurdy	Duncannon, Pa.
J. A. McDowell	1727 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
John M. McDowell	Chambersburg, Pa.
William H. McFadden, M. D.,	3505 Hamilton St., Philadelphia.
Andrew C. McGowin	1818 Green Street, Philadelphia.
John McIlhenny	1339 Cherry St., Philadelphia.
Dr. J. Atkinson McKee	1628 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
Charles L. McKeehan	2116 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
Dr. George I. McKelway	1612 Locust Street, Philadelphia.
George McKeown	506 Library St., Phila. (care of F. H. Bailey).
Rev. H. W. McKnight	Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa.
J. King McLanahan	Hollidaysburg, Pa.
Hon. William McLean	Gettysburg, Adams County, Pa.
Robert McMeen	Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pa.
Hon. John B. McPherson	Harrisburg, Pa.
Daniel N. McQuillen, M. D.	1628 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
Wm. F. McSparran	Furniss, Pa.
A. W. Mellon	Pittsburgh, Pa.
Chas. H. Mellon	1734 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
Hon. Thomas Mellon	Pittsburgh, Pa.

George Gluyas Mercer	636 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
John Houston Merrill	625 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
John S. Miller	Harrisburg, Pa.
Rev. J. D. Moffat, D.D.	President of Washington and Jefferson College, Washington, Pa.
Robert H. Moffitt, D.D.	200 Pine St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Edward E. Montgomery, M. D.,	1818 Arch St., Philadelphia.
Rev. J. H. Munro	714 North Broad St., Philadelphia.
S. A. Mutchmore	Eighteenth and Montgomery Ave., Phila.
H. S. P. Nichols	S. E. cor. Sixth and Walnut Sts., Phila.
A. Wilson Norris	No. 5 North Market Sq., Harrisburg, Pa.
H. M. North	Columbia, Lancaster County, Pa.
D. A. Orr	Harrisburg, Pa.
John G. Orr	Chambersburg, Pa.
William B. Orr	421 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
C. Stuart Patterson	600 Girard Building, Philadelphia.
D. Ramsey Patterson	525 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
T. Elliott Patterson	501 Franklin Building, Philadelphia.
T. Hoge Patterson	1728 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
Theodore C. Patterson	715 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
Thomas Patterson	Carnegie Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa.
R. H. Patton	Roxborough, Pa.
Rev. W. A. Patton	Wayne, Delaware County, Pa.
Thomas R. Patton	1308 Pine St., Philadelphia.
William A. Patton	Broad St. Station, P. R. R., Philadelphia.
Rev. James D. Paxton, D.D.	2027 DeLancey Place, Philadelphia.
Hugh Pitcairn, M.D.	206 West State St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Robert Pitcairn	Supt. P. R. R. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
James Pollock	2226 East Dauphin St., Philadelphia.
Hon. Wm. W. Porter	2025 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
William Potter	Stenton Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Phila.
Samuel Rea	Broad St. Station, P. R. R., Philadelphia.
R. S. Reed	Thirty-third and Chestnut Sts., Phila.
Dr. John Calvin Rice	Cheltenham Academy, Ogontz, Pa.
Craig D. Ritchie	637 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
Hon. John B. Robinson	Media, Pa.
Rev. Thomas H. Robinson, D.D.,	Western Theological Seminary, Ridge Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
James Slocum Rogers	Fortieth and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia.
Talbot Mercer Rogers	Fortieth and Spruce Sts., Philadelphia.
J. E. Rutherford	Harrisburg, Pa.
W. F. Rutherford	P. O. Box 104, Harrisburg, Pa.
Charles Scott	1520 Arch St., Philadelphia.
Charles Scott, Jr.	Overbrook Farms, Philadelphia.
John Scott, Jr.	2218 Locust St., Philadelphia.
John B. Scott	1520 Arch St., Philadelphia.
William H. Scott	1211 Clover St., Philadelphia.
J. A. Searight	Uniontown, Pa.

T. B. Searight . . . . . Uniontown, Pa.
W. C. Shaw, M. D. . . . . 135 Wylie St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Chas. T. Shoen . . . . . Hotel Stratford, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. W. Simonton . . . . Harrisburg, Pa.
Rev. David M. Skilling . . . Harrisburg, Pa.
Chas. H. Smiley . . . . . New Bloomfield, Perry Co., Pa.
Frank W. Smith . . . . . 134 South Twentieth St., Philadelphia.
Rev. S. E. Snively, M. D. . . Sixty-third and Market Sts., Phila.
Hon. Robert Snodgrass . . . 13 North Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.
E. J. Stackpole . . . . . Harrisburg, Pa.
John B. Stauffer . . . . . Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
Rev. William S. Steans . . . Washburn St., Scranton, Pa.
Rev. James D. Steele . . . . 29 West Ninety-third St., New York.
Justice James P. Sterrett . . 3800 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
George Stevenson . . . . . 238 West Logan Square, Philadelphia.
George H. Stewart . . . . . Shippensburg, Pa.
Hon. John Stewart . . . . . Chambersburg, Franklin County, Pa.
Rev. George B. Stewart . . 215 North Second St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Samuel C. Stewart . . . . . 1429 Moravian St., Philadelphia.
William M. Stewart . . . . 2008 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
Wm. Shaw Stewart, M. D. . . 1801 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
William C. Stoever . . . . . 727 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
Hon. James A. Stranahan . . Mercer, Pa.
Hon. Edwin S. Stuart . . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
William Thompson . . . . . 233 South Thirty-ninth St., Philadelphia.
Frank Thomson . . . . . Broad St. Station, P. R. R., Philadelphia.
William Thomson, M. D. . . . 1426 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
M. Hampton Todd . . . . . 133 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
Thomas L. Wallace . . . . . P. R. R. Freight Station, Harrisburg, Pa.
William S. Wallace . . . . 812 Girard Building, Philadelphia.
William W. Wallace . . . . 1510 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.
Rev. Frank T. Wheeler . . New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
William Wigton . . . . . New York City.
James S. Williams . . . . . 711 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
Justice Henry W. Williams . Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.
Prof. J. Clark Williams . . Pittsburgh, Pa.
Rev. David Wills . . . . . Disston Memorial Church, Tacony, Pa.
Alexander Wilson, M. D. . . 1863 North Front St., Philadelphia.
M. J. Wilson, M. D. . . . . 1750 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia.
Cyrus E. Woods . . . . . Greensburg, Pa.
D. Walker Woods . . . . . Lewistown, Pa.
Hon. Joseph M. Woods . . . Lewistown, Pa.
Richard W. Woods . . . . . Carlisle, Pa.
John W. Woodside . . . . . 2107 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.
Rev. Nevin Woodside . . . . 25 Granville St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
William H. Woolverton . . 1323 Broadway, New York.
Hon. Richardson L. Wright . 4308 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia.
Hon. John Russell Young . . 2034 Arch St., Philadelphia.

In Memoriam.

JOHN SCOTT.

In earlier life John Scott moved in the full front of conceded leadership of an exceptionally able country Bar. He practiced in a district composed of the counties of Huntingdon, Blair, and Cambria regularly, and in the adjoining and adjacent counties frequently.

A lawyer may be a great leader at a city Bar, and yet be wholly or largely a specialist. His possible clientage may be so large, within local reach of his office, as to enable him to find ample occupation within the one branch of the law for which he may discover himself to have a mental aptitude. He may, therefore, be a leader in civil or criminal practice, or in the direction of maritime or patent practice, and have little taste or ability for, or knowledge of, the other lines of professional pursuit to which he has not directed his thought or practice. The country lawyer, however, before being classed as a leader, must have demonstrated an all-round fitness. This Mr. Scott did to an eminent degree.

As a debater and public speaker, he was upon any question, and in any forum, flowing, graceful, logical, and grandly strong in all.

As a United States Senator, Pennsylvania was never better represented in Congress than by John Scott. The mental qualities which made him so eminent at the Bar had their fuller fruition in the Senate. His doings there were in all particulars creditable and distinguished. He was not a man who was in much companionship with newspaper reporters, nor was he apt in adopting other agencies much used by public men for advertising themselves. However, his honest, earnest, capable discharge of public duty brought him fame as only fame can justly come among or with those with whom it is worth while to be held famous.

After his return to the Bar, from which indeed he never, during his senatorial life, wholly departed, he took professional service in lines of larger corporate engagements, believing that this furnished an ample field for clear, clean, professional life, where the lawyer might discharge the highest and most distinctively professional service. In the discharge of this function he attained an eminent professional growth himself and helped to secure to large interests law-abiding practices, thus realizing the sure ground on which his faith was predicated.

In entering upon his work, he at once took steps to plan the Legal Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company on the healthy basis of separation of counsel and client. The practice of commingling the legal advisory with the executive officers found no favor with him. He chose the seat of the counselor and sat therein. He kept himself advised of the doings of the lawmakers. He gave a cautious ear to the ruling of the courts. He kept himself informed of the purposes of the corporation, the officers of which it was his duty to counsel. Thus he was always equipped with knowledge and his mind kept in judicial poise to fairly consider and accurately instruct on all questions which were submitted to him. He mingled with law in its higher atmosphere of duty and right to all, and therefore breathed the same breath as that of the just judge who, after full hearing of all interests, reaches sound conclusions. It is not surprising, therefore, that his conclusions were the usual forerunners of later judicial decisions.

As a home-loving, public-spirited citizen, he illustrated the highest type of the benevolent Christian gentleman.

DECEASED MEMBERS.

Hon. Joseph Allison	Philadelphia, Pa.
John Baird	Philadelphia, Pa.
J. C. Blair	Huntingdon, Pa.
Rev. Charles Wesley Buoy, D. D.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Hon. Andrew G. Curtin	Bellefonte, Pa.
William Crossley	Philadelphia, Pa.
William Holmes	Pittsburgh, Pa.
H. H. Houston	Philadelphia, Pa.
Hon. R. A. Lamberton	Harrisburg, Pa.
John Mundell	Philadelphia, Pa.
C. Watson McKeehan	Philadelphia, Pa.
James McKeehan	Newville, Pa.
James E. McLean	Shippensburg, Pa.
John P. Rutherford	Harrisburg, Pa.
Hon. William A. Wallace	Clearfield, Pa.
Hon. David Wills	Gettysburg, Pa.
Col. John A. Wright	Philadelphia, Pa.
Hon. John Scott	Philadelphia, Pa.
John A. Thomson	Wrightsville, Pa.