ELEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING

AND

BANQUET

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

AT THE

HOTEL STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 8th, 1900

PHILADELPHIA
PRESS OF ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT
1211-13 Clover Street
1901

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OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT,

Hon. John Stewart.

First Vice-President,

Hon. J. Bayard Henry.

Second Vice-President,

Rev. J. D. Moffat, D. D.

Secretary and Treasurer,

Mr. Charles L. McKeehan.

Directors and Members of Council:

Hon. A. K. McClure,
Mr. T. Elliott Patterson,
Rev. J. S. MacIntosh, D. D.,
Hon. R. M. Henderson,
Mr. Samuel F. Houston,
Rev. Henry C. McCook, D. D.,
Mr. William Righter Fisher,
Hon. James A. Logan,
Hon. W. W. Porter,
Mr. Robert Pitcairn,
Mr. William J. Latta,
Mr. C. Stuart Patterson,
Col. John Cassels,
Mr. James Pollock.

COMMITTEES.

On Admission of Members:

Hon. John Stewart, *Chairman*,
Hon. W. W. Porter,
C. Stuart Patterson,
Robert Pitcairn,
Hon. J. Bayard Henry,
Charles L. McKeehan.

Finance:

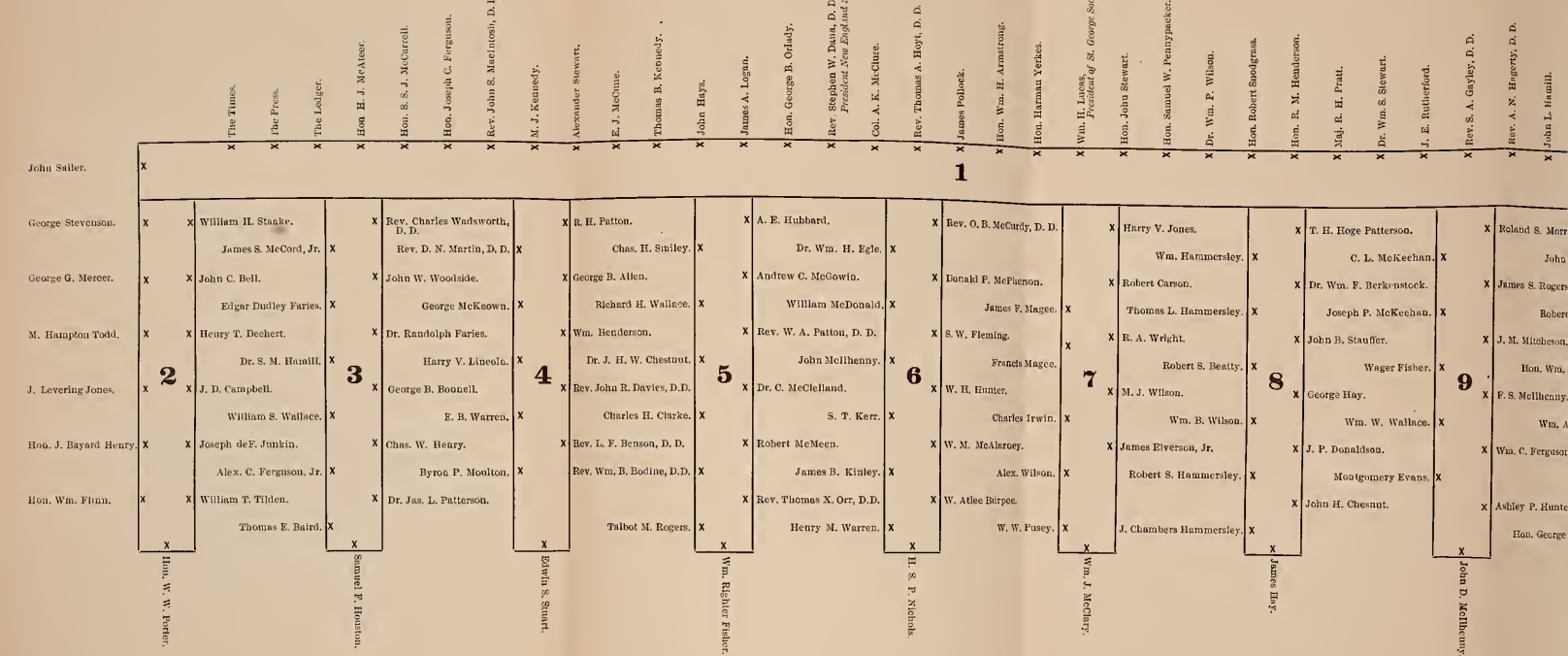
The Officers of the Society.

On Entertainments:

Hon. J. Bayard Henry, *Chairman*,
Hon. A. K. McClure,
T. Elliott Patterson,
William J. Latta,
John Cassels.

History and Archives:

Rev. Henry C. McCook, D. D., *Chairman*,
John Hays,
Rev. J. S. MacIntosh, D. D.,
Hon. R. M. Henderson.


The Times.
The Press.
The Ledger.
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Hon. Joseph C. Ferguson.
Rev. John S. MacIntosh, D. D.
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Rev. A. N. Hegerty, D. D.
John L. Hamill.
John Sailer.
1
George Stevenson.
William H. Staake.
James S. McCord, Jr.
George G. Mercer.
John C. Bell.
Edgar Dudley Faries.
M. Hampton Todd.
Henry T. Dechert.
Dr. S. M. Hamill.
J. Levering Jones.
J. D. Campbell.
William S. Wallace.
Hon. J. Bayard Henry.
Joseph deF. Junkin.
Alex. C. Ferguson, Jr.
Hon. Wm. Flinn.
William T. Tilden.
Thomas E. Baird.
2
Hon. W. W. Porter.
Rev. Charles Wadsworth, D. D.
Rev. D. N. Martin, D. D.
John W. Woodside.
George McKeown.
Dr. Randolph Faries.
Harry V. Lincoln.
George B. Bonnell.
E. B. Warren.
Chas. W. Henry.
Byron P. Moulton.
Dr. Jas. L. Patterson.
3
Samuel F. Houston.
R. H. Patton.
Chas. H. Smiley.
George B. Allen.
Richard H. Wallace.
Wm. Henderson.
Dr. J. H. W. Chestnut.
Rev. John R. Davies, D.D.
Charles H. Clarke.
Rev. L. F. Benson, D. D.
Rev. Wm. B. Bodine, D.D.
Talbot M. Rogers.
4
Edwin S. Stuart.
A. E. Hubbard.
Dr. Wm. H. Egle.
Andrew C. McGowin.
William McDonald.
Rev. W. A. Patton, D. D.
John McIlhenny.
Dr. C. McClelland.
S. T. Kerr.
Robert McMeen.
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Rev. Thomas X. Orr, D.D.
Henry M. Warren.
5
Wm. Righter Fisher.
Rev. O. B. McCurdy, D. D.
Donald F. McPherson.
James F. Magee.
S. W. Fleming.
Francis Magee.
W. H. Hunter.
Charles Irwin.
W. M. McAlarney.
Alex. Wilson.
W. Atlee Burpee.
W. W. Fusey.
6
H. S. P. Nichols.
Harry V. Jones.
Wm. Hammersley.
Robert Carson.
Thomas L. Hammersley.
R. A. Wright.
Robert S. Beatty.
M. J. Wilson.
Wm. B. Wilson.
James Elverson, Jr.
Robert S. Hammersley.
J. Chambers Hammersley.
7
Wm. J. McClay.
T. H. Hoge Patterson.
C. L. McKeehan.
Dr. Wm. F. Berkenstock.
Joseph P. McKeehan.
John B. Stauffer.
Wager Fisher.
George Hay.
Wm. W. Wallace.
J. P. Donaldson.
Montgomery Evans.
John H. Chesnut.
8
James Bay.
Roland S. Morr
John
James S. Rogers
Robert
J. M. Mitcheson,
Hon. Wm.
F. S. McIlhenny,
Wm. A
Wm. C. Ferguson
Ashley P. Hunte
Hon. George
9
John D. McIlhenny.

Eleventh Annual Meeting.

The eleventh annual meeting and banquet of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Hotel Stratford, Philadelphia, on February 8th, 1900, the President, Mr. James Pollock, in the chair.

The report of the Treasurer, Charles L. McKeehan, was presented and approved. (See Appendix B, page 88.)

Upon motion of Edwin S. Stuart, the following officers and Board of Directors were elected to serve for the ensuing year:—

President, Hon. John Stewart.

First Vice-President, Hon. J. Bayard Henry.

Second Vice-President, Rev. J. D. Moffat, D.D.

Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Charles L. McKeehan.

Directors and Members of Council:

Hon. A. K. McClure,	Hon. James A. Logan,
Mr. T. Elliott Patterson,	Hon. W. W. Porter,
Rev. J. S. MacIntosh, D.D.,	Mr. Robert Pitcairn,
Hon. R. M. Henderson,	Mr. William J. Latta,
Mr. Samuel F. Houston,	Mr. C. Stuart Patterson,
Rev. Henry C. McCook, D.D.,	Col. John Cassels,
Mr. William Righter Fisher,	Mr. James Pollock.

On motion, the business meeting was then adjourned, and the company proceeded to the banquet room.

Rev. Charles Wadsworth, D. D., invoked the Divine blessing.

Toward the close of the Dinner Mr. James Pollock, the President, arose and spoke as follows:—

Gentlemen of the Society:—We have reached that point in our annual celebration where the President is expected to make a speech; but I want to say at the outset that it is not my purpose to do so. We have so much material here to-night that we intend to use, that I am sure you do not want to hear from me. I feel, anyway, that I have had no special fitness for this high office, but being the machine candidate for President, and having had the vote set up for me by such good politicians as Colonel McClure and Judge Porter, I was left no recourse but to accept the responsibilities of the office.

It is true, I have had the advantage of having been born in Ulster about fifty-three years ago. (Laughter.) I had the additional advantage of having been brought to Kensington, that old Scotch-Irish industrial centre, where we had at least six Psalm-singing Presbyterian churches. The principal text books of my father's library were the Bible, with references and commentaries, the Westminster Confession of Faith, the Catechism, Larger and Shorter, with proofs (laughter), Fisher's and Flavel's Catechism. These, of course, were expected to be committed to memory. We had, in addition to these, other books, such as "Edwards on Redemption," and they were all teeming with Scottish theology. It was only after my father's death that I dared believe that a man who sang anything in the public worship other than the one hundred and fifty Psalms, that were all inspired and set apart by the Kirk of Scotland, would have any earthly chance here or hereafter. It was years after that that I developed into a Presbyterian of the modern school, who believes that perhaps there may be a mansion in the sky somewhere for a man who does not take his theology from the moors of Scotland or the bogs of Ireland. Now, in addition to those books, I was expected to read the periodicals of the Church—*The Banner of the Covenant* and the *Reformed Presbyterian Advocate*. It is true that for light reading I was permitted to have the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the library books in the Sunday school that had been read by the eldership and pro-

nounced sound. And yet, perhaps it would be well to inquire whether the books that I see on the table of my children—"David Harum," "Mr. Dooley in Peace and War," and the "Jungle Book" of Kipling—are really more nutritious than what I had. Enough to say, however, that with all my father's severity, I revere his memory, believing that he held the torch of the Covenant, that had been given to him by his father, with a steady hand. Now, recognizing the fact that I have a difficult duty to discharge to-night, I beg leave to say that I will do my best, and neither saints nor angels can do more.

We had hoped to have present to-night Prof. Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University, but on account of the severe illness of a member of his family, he is not here.

Whether it is a feast or a funeral, we always like to see the clergy about. (Laughter.) And I am sure there is no man more welcome than the Rev. Dr. Hoyt, who will now tell us what the Scotch-Irish have done for higher education in the South. (Applause.)

Rev. Thomas A. Hoyt, D. D.:—

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—Among the ancients the highest possible distinction that could be reached was this triple one: to be a Greek, to be a Roman, and to be an Israelite. And there was only one man in all those ages, so far as I know, that came anywhere near reaching that perfection, and that was the illustrious Apostle Paul, who boasted that he was a Hebrew of the Hebrews. He claimed the privileges of a Roman citizen to protect himself against the mob. He also made this challenge: "I am a citizen of no mean city"—referring to Tarsus, in Cilicia, which was at that time one of the great centres of Grecian culture. Therefore, I say he came nearer than any one to including in himself those three great strains of civilization and of blood. He was a Greek, not in blood, but culture; he was a Roman citizen by birth, he tells us; and he was a Hebrew.

Now, if there be anything in modern times to correspond with this triple crown, it is the privilege you enjoy, gentlemen, of being at one and the same time Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Americans. (Applause.)

First of all, you are Scotchmen. You trace your lineage to the land of mountain and of mist, to the land of cakes and of claymores, the land where not only the muses but philosophy and religion were "cultivated on a little oatmeal"; the land of Wallace and of Bruce, the land of Knox and of Chalmers, the land of Scott and of Burns. And I think this is glory enough for any man. It seems to me that if I were a Scotchman I would go about repeating it to myself all day long, "I am a Scotchman; I am from Scotia's Isle; I am from those scenes that Burns describes in his 'Cotter's Saturday Night.'" I am afraid, though, they have passed away a good deal there now. I doubt whether so many of those fathers "wale a portion with judicious care."

Now, what effect has it had upon the Scotch character to go to Ireland? It must have had some, some marked effect, though I will not attempt the analysis, because I might dissect wrongly; I might offend instead of gratifying your sensibilities; I might not hit it off. I can perceive it, though I may not be able to depict it. It is impossible that men coming from the mountain and the moor to the bogs and fens, to the banshee and the land of the Boyne and of Londonderry, that these men should not be affected by it. There has come a new strain into your blood; there is something of a different humor, of a changed kind of wit, of new intellectual perception and certain emotional qualities.

I have lived among the Scotch-Irish all my life, and I know whereof I speak. Though I may not be able to articulate, I understand.

Then, gathering all up that you can from that mystic isle, you have come to America, to this Imperial Republic—and America, gentlemen, is to-day very much what you and your ancestors have made it. (Applause.) The largest factor in the history of this country is the Scotch-Irish. (Applause.) Now, I say that with some hesitation (applause), because I am not a Scotch-Irishman, or of Scotch-Irish descent, or of Irish descent, or of Scotch descent; but the strain of feeble blood that flows in my veins is English and partly Puritan. But I am not so proud of it as I used to be. When I read the story of the Puritans in England, of Cromwell, and also

of those Presbyterians that he crushed out, I am proud; but I am not proud of New England now, because it has departed from the faith of its fathers. You have all departed more or less. The President has confessed it. I hung my head as he told us that the young people of the Scotch-Irish families no longer read Fisher's Catechism. How can you live without that Catechism? It is the very marrow of divinity. Now, you have all departed from those catechisms and those confessions of faith and those commentaries, more or less. He thinks now a man can be saved who doesn't sing Psalms. What a change is there, my countrymen! Does it not mark a great decadence in the sternness of one's principles?

But I would contrast Western Pennsylvania with New England, and point out the difference in character, in churches, in integrity I might almost say, though I don't want to accuse them of anything wrong.

But now I am to speak for a moment, and I will not detain you long, about the influence of the Scotch-Irish in the South. You know a large stream of immigration came through Pennsylvania and went down through West Virginia, the Valley of Virginia, and North Carolina, to South Carolina, and ran over a little into Georgia, though the Savannah River seemed to stop that flow somewhat. As they went South they made a marked impression upon the country, and in order to understand it we must go back for a moment to the days of Knox. When Knox returned to Scotland from his stay in Geneva, he undertook one of the greatest works of mortal man. He made the effort to place in every parish in Scotland, however poor and small, two educated men, a minister and a dominie—church and school—and that is what made Scotland what it is. Then, when these people came from Ireland, under those old traditions which they had observed in Ireland, they were not able to have both minister and teacher, and so the minister became also the teacher, and these two buildings, the schoolhouse and the church, were side by side, and this laborious, educated, accomplished minister labored all the week in the schoolhouse and on Sunday in the church. I could tell you of scores of such men. The most remarkable of them all was a certain Dr. Moses Wad-

del, who, in the famous district of Abbeville, in South Carolina, had a school to which all that generation of great men in South Carolina and Georgia went as boys.

Now, this was the great effect—if I should speak an hour I could not intensify the impression that it ought to make, just the bare statement of it—that it was the walking together, hand in hand, of religion and education, that made those people what they are to-day, and stamped those features upon the Valley of Virginia, upon North Carolina, upon the whole country of South Carolina, and upon Tennessee, and portions of Kentucky—not the vendetta portion: no Scotch-Irish engage in those feuds.

I want to tell you one other thing about this influence before I sit down. There came together four streams of immigration pouring in, and they united at a spot called—say Augusta, Georgia, or Aiken, S. C. There was the stream of the Scotch-Irish population; there was the stream of the French Huguenots; there was the stream of the Cavalier; and there was a large Puritan settlement, under Oglethorpe, that came and took possession of a whole county below Augusta, and their descendants remain there to this day. These four streams flowed together and produced a most remarkable result.

I am afraid it will appear incredible to you, and that I am boastful, but if time permitted I think I could prove that more eminent men in this country were born in that section, say within a radius of sixty miles from Augusta, Ga., than in any similar portion of this continent.

First of all, there was the most illustrious Scotch-Irishman that ever lived, an American—John C. Calhoun. Then there was that other Scotch-Irishman, who hated John C. Calhoun a great deal worse than any of you do, and who died with a feeling of regret that he had not hung him—old Andrew Jackson. (Applause.)

I confess that I am so much out of sympathy with my audience that I do not appreciate an applause for Andrew Jackson that is withheld from Mr. Calhoun. (Applause.) But I understand it; you thought Jackson was for the Union and that Calhoun was not. Calhoun was the better Union

man of the two. He didn't take as popular a way to go at it. (Laughter.) He never talked of disunion; he only talked of nullification. Why, he was for the prevention of disunion. I am not going to be beaten from my position. I pronounce Mr. Calhoun second only to Edmund Burke, the greatest philosophical statesman of the English race.

You have all heard of Alexander Stevens. Well, he was born there. Robert Tooms, he was born there. William C. Preston was born there. He was the greatest orator this country ever had, in the estimation of many people; and I will tell you a story about his tricks of oratory. He was once engaged in defending a young man who was being tried on the charge of murder, and there was one very difficult point for him to surmount, and he said, "Now, gentlemen of the jury, the moment I relieve your minds on that topic it will be your duty and your pleasure to acquit this young man and restore him to his anxious family, to his father and his weeping mother," and in the midst of that pathetic appeal he knocked his wig off, caught it, however, before it reached the floor, put it on awry, wrong side before, and was so much confused that he could not remember the point. "Where was I, gentlemen? Well, it will recur to me again," and passed on, leaving the impression on the minds of the jury that if he could only have thought of it he would have made it very plain. It had its effect, and the man was acquitted. Years afterwards one asked him, "Was that a trick, Mr. Preston?" "Why," said he, "I practiced catching that wig for hours." (Laughter and applause.)

And there were the Hamptons; they were considerable men in those days. And there was William H. Crawford, who was once a candidate for the Presidency; and there was Herschell B. Johnson, who was a candidate for the Vice-Presidency at one time. There was the illustrious Mr. Pettigrew; you all remember him. Of course, you do. He was a Union man in Charleston through the war. And I might name many others. But the fact is simply that this little section of country became remarkable, as I think, from the confluence of these four races, and that among these four races the Scotch-Irish predominated. That is the compli-

ment I want to pay you. (Applause.) Your race has been dominant throughout our history. The Revolutionary War was called in London "the Presbyterian war." (A Voice: "That's true.") That is true; it is historic. It was a Presbyterian war, and those Presbyterians were Scotch-Irishmen. There is your glory. (Applause.)

The President:—

The baby member of the Supreme Court of the State of Pennsylvania came down to the city yesterday for the purpose of speaking to us to-night, and he got into the company of some of our members this afternoon (laughter), and the result is that he is not well enough to make the speech he had intended, and has sent a note here to the President, excusing his absence.

But we have a distinguished judge present, who is amply able to take the place of Justice J. Hay Brown, of the Supreme Court, on this occasion, and who tried to prove to the Society seven years ago, if I remember rightly, by indisputable facts that he was a Scotch-Irishman, and this was his story:—

He said: "One hundred and thirty-two years ago there resided on Pickering Creek, in Chester County, a Scotch-Irishman who, like his race, busied himself in bringing on the Revolutionary War; and when the war came on, at the first tap of the drum, he went away as major under Gen. Anthony Wayne, and while he was away his furniture was burned, his cattle were taken, and his place was laid desolate. On the other side of that creek there lived a Dutchman, a man of peace, a Mennonite preacher, who didn't believe in war. He stayed at home, and waxed fat and rich. His cattle grew in numbers, and he ground out the corn in his mill that supplied the army. In that Scotch-Irish home there was a comely red-cheeked maiden. In the Dutchman's house there was a big, stolid, dumb Dutch boy; and in some way or other that boy got across the creek, and the result was Judge Pennypacker." (Laughter and applause.)

Now, I am satisfied that the abilities and the qualities that

have made him so distinguished a judge were inherited from the buxom Scotch-Irish girl. Yet, like his ancestor the Dutchman, he has always managed to keep out of a fight, because when he runs for an office he runs on both tickets.

Gentlemen, I have the pleasure of introducing Judge Pennypacker. (Laughter and applause.)

Hon. Samuel W. Pennypacker:—

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Scotch-Irish Society:—It is not surprising to me that your witty and able and efficient—I had almost said handsome (laughter)—President, having come so recently from the bogs of Tyrone County, should be unfamiliar with the antecedents of the true representatives of the Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania, and should show such a propensity to get upon both sides of a creek at the same time. I am here in no sense as a Dutchman, but in right of my Scotch-Irish great great grandfather, who commanded the Pennsylvania Musketry Battalion in the Revolutionary Army—Maj. Patrick Anderson. (Applause.) As such representative, however, it is my duty, as well as my pleasure, to admit and acknowledge and concede the superiority of the Pennsylvania Dutch. (Laughter.)

Since I have been sitting here to-night I have been talking over the matter with my friend upon my right (Hon. John Stewart), and he admits, though with sorrow and with sadness, and with a Psalm-singing countenance, that those broad acres in Cumberland County, where he was born, and which once belonged to the Stewarts and the McGettigans, are now turned by the plow of the sturdy Dutchman.

I looked, when I came here, at the beautiful programme which your Committee has prepared, and I found on the page devoted to such intelligence as may be here present (laughter) the clover leaf (laughter), which was adopted as the town seal of Germantown in the year 1691. It has suggested to me a thought.

It is a law of nature that vital energies, both in animal and vegetable life, are best secured by the crossing of allied and near stocks. The botanist will take the common Johnny-

jump-up and, by a system of crossing, produce all the beautiful forms and colors of the violet. Darwin tells us that the naturalist and the bird fancier, from the ordinary home pigeon, by judicious crossing, have produced all the varied and divergent species, the fantail, the pouter, the carrier, and the rest of them.

What is true of them is also true of the races of men. If you care to glance backward, over the history of the world, you will find that all the great civilizations of mankind have originated, by chance or otherwise, in the same way.

The development of Egyptian progress was due to the fertility of the country along the Nile. The soil borne down from the mountains was cast along the banks of that river, and the result was that the neighboring tribes, attracted by its richness, poured in there and were blended together, and presently you had the civilization of Egypt. Greece was a peninsula, with bays, which made it adapted to the purposes of commerce; and there gathered Ionians and Dorians, Bœotians and Hellenes, and presently from their intermingling arose the glories of Greece. And to Rome, mingling with the ancient Etruscans and with the Sabines, we are told, came the refugees from Troy, and Rome became an empire which dominated the world. And in England, with the blood of the old Celt was intermingled that of the conquering Saxon, Dane, and Norman.

Now, what chance did for those ancient civilizations philanthropy has done for Pennsylvania. William Penn builded better than he knew. With a broad spirit of philanthropy he invited to the shores of the Delaware, where had been before the Dutch and the Swedes, the English Quakers, the Welsh, the French Huguenots, the Germans, and the Scotch-Irish. And what has been the result? Whatever is of worth and of value in American civilization has come as the result of the blending of all those races. The politics of this country, from the very beginning of the nation, have been dominated by what has been called the "Pennsylvania Idea." The Province of Pennsylvania, settled last of the original thirteen colonies, soon became the most prosperous and the strongest of them all. If you look over the list of the com-

manders of the armies of the United States you will find that half of them were Pennsylvanians.

The three most important events in American history—the Declaration of Independence, the framing of the Constitution, and the battle of Gettysburg—have all occurred within the limits of one great State. This was not due to chance. It was the result of antecedent cause. Let me ask, when it was that this country really became a nation? It was not when the Constitution was first adopted and signed. No mere writing ever made a government. Governments are the outcome of conditions. They are the result of growth and development. It was not in the conflicting decisions of the Supreme Court made by John Marshall and Roger B. Taney. It was not when Daniel Webster made his great speech in the Senate in response to Hayne, important as were the effects of that magnificent effort. But this country became a nation only when that magnificent soldier and gallant Scotch-Irishman, George G. Meade, wrote with his sword upon the rocks of Culp's Hill and Round Top the final interpretation of the Constitution of his country. (Loud applause.)

Mr. C. Stuart Patterson :—

Mr. President:—Even under your iron despotism the people have some rights, and I am here to-night to speak for the people. This Society is a school of presidents. Year by year we go through the form of selecting from among our ranks a new President, and we flatter ourselves that we are making a free choice, but those of us who have been in the councils of the administration know that instead of making any choice at all we are simply putting into that august office the individual whom Colonel McClure proposes to lift into a little temporary superiority. (Laughter and applause.)

Now, Mr. President, this Society encourages every member to cherish hope—the hope that some day the eye of Colonel McClure may rest upon him. And when we put a man into the presidential office we encourage him to cultivate the Christian virtues of humility and resignation—humility, be-

cause he is provided with an Executive Committee of ex-Presidents, who in their turn were never permitted to do anything, and who will not let him do anything; resignation, because he has always before him the thought that when the annual banquet comes again he will be promptly and effectually deposed.

Nevertheless, in order to soften to the retiring President his deposition from office, we always present him, by way of "speeding the parting guest," with a token of our esteem, and it has now become our established custom to give to him a spoon, the principal ornamentation of which is the picture of one of those Indians who was converted to Scotch-Irishism. (Laughter.) The Indian took the hair of our ancestors, and we have taken his effigy and put it upon our spoon. As we moved on, the Indian moved off.

As I hold in my hand this implement of peaceful Scotch-Irish life, which will be devoted by you, sir, to the regular and daily consumption of porridge as your food, I am reminded of a Scotch-Irish lady in the North of Ireland, who gave a dinner. One of the distinguished guests at that dinner was not provided with a spoon; the guest called the attention of the butler to the fact, but the butler was utterly disregardful of her, and finally the hostess had her attention directed to it, and calling her butler, she said to him, "Sampson, Mrs. McCurdy has no spoon." To which the butler responded, "Well, ma'am, if you please, the last time Mrs. McCurdy dined with us we lost a spoon." So the next time, Mr. President, that you do us the honor of dining with us, we will be reminded that the last time you dined with us we lost a spoon.

I am reminded, also, of another little incident. A short time ago, in the city of London, there was given a dinner by a great many opulent men, who were not Scotch-Irishmen. One gentleman, who was seated at a table, observed that a gentleman who was seated directly opposite to him was engaged in putting a spoon up his sleeve. There were various speeches and songs, and finally the gentleman of the observing turn of mind said, "You know I cannot make any speech, and you know I never sing; but I have done a few tricks of

conjury, and I will do one for you now," and, taking up a spoon, and twirling it around, he said, "You observe this spoon. *Presto*, that spoon disappears, and you will find the spoon in the sleeve of the gentleman opposite." But the conjurer walked away with another spoon, which he had secreted in his own sleeve.

Now, I am not like that gentleman, I do not walk away with my spoon, but I enable the distinguished President of this Society to put his spoon up his sleeve as an expression of that sincere regard and affection which every member of the Scotch-Irish Society has for the gentleman who has so gracefully filled the office of President this year. (Applause.)

The President:—

Gentlemen of the Society:—I cannot say that I am entirely taken by surprise and that I am overwhelmed with the munificence of this gift. A year ago I had a notice that I was going to get this. Consequently, I thought it was important to prepare some appropriate remarks in reply. I do not know the significance of the spoon. I do not know who injected this innovation into our peaceful, quiet annual dinners, but I fancy that it was Dr. McCook. The doctor is a genius for getting up things of this sort. I cannot see why, at this stage of our civilization, I am given a spoon, when we have reached a period when we know how to eat with knives and forks. Perhaps it suggests the propriety of my being brought up upon the bottle, and I am satisfied that Colonel McClure and I, if we have been brought up upon the bottle, have not been taking the same kind of nourishment. (Laughter.) I drink wine, and he takes straight whiskey, which will remind you of the two men that walk Chestnut Street every day. One of them is about the size of Colonel McClure and the other is about my size. One of them has a placard on his back which says, "I take Juniper Tar." And the my size fellow has a placard on his back which says, "I don't." (Laughter.) But whoever invented this idea of giving this spoon, I accept it, and of course will hold it and keep it as a trophy that will be handed down to posterity.

Gentlemen, I was invited the other night to attend the annual festival of the New England Society, as your representative, and among the things that I brought away with me were some baked beans—I believe I have them yet—(laughter and applause) and a story. One of the toasts responded to upon that occasion was "Oliver Cromwell, the First Puritan." And by way of illustration the speaker told the story of a lad who was asked to write an essay upon Cromwell, and he said, "Cromwell was a bad man. Cromwell was a very bad man. He cut his king's head off, but he was sorry for it, and when he came to die he said, 'If I had served my God as I have my king, I would not be in this terrible condition.'"

We have the pleasure of having present with us a representative of the New England Society who serves his God and his king as well as the New England Society. I present the Rev. Dr. Dana. (Applause.)

Rev. Stephen W. Dana, D. D.:—

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Scotch-Irish Society:—Mr. President, I really thought you were my friend. You have just reminded the company that you were at the annual dinner of our New England Society, and you recalled the fact that I allowed you to sit in peace and listen to those speeches undisturbed; and yet you summon me to appear on this occasion. You have made reference to your Scriptural training, but I am afraid you have forgotten a little of your Bible, which says that you are "to lay hands suddenly on no man."

I had a little intimation from you yesterday that I might be called upon to say something, but I supposed that it would be a few words at the close, and was greatly surprised when I found my name here on the printed list of speakers, but I said to my friend on my left, "I am going to enjoy my dinner anyway." The worst of it is you take the best story I had and tell it here before this company. I thought the story of Cromwell might illustrate my condition, that "if I had served my God as I have served my king," I should not be here. (Laughter.) Inasmuch as I am here, Mr. Pres-

ident, I am very glad to bring to you the very cordial greetings of the New England Society. We rejoice with you in your prosperity, and I think we find that we have many things in common, both in our principles and in our aims. We have similar characteristics as a people, the same traits of industry, enterprise, and progress. Wherever the Yankee goes, whether toward the North Pole or into the heart of Africa, he generally finds a Scotch-Irishman a little ahead of him or alongside of him, and if he has forgotten his New England rum he generally finds the Scotch-Irishman has brought his whiskey. But, aside from the progressive spirit of these peoples, we find that they have both contributed greatly to the progress of liberty and of law, of morality and of religion. I am sure that this would be a very different country if the New England element and the Scotch-Irish element had been withdrawn. As Judge Pennypacker has said, we have a combination of forces here in this country, varied streams of influence that have affected our national life; and we ought to be grateful for those which have been so beneficial in the past. I am sure that I am appreciative of what has been accomplished by the Scotch-Irish in our country.

I am very glad we have a Scotch-Irishman in the White House, Mr. President. (Applause.) And I, for one, feel proud of what he has done for us and for our country. I know there are those who say that Mr. McKinley is a weak man; that he is a mere politician, an opportunist. A man said that to me the other day. I replied, "I will give you three illustrations which I think indicate that Mr. McKinley is not a weak man." I said, in the first place, he wanted a Postmaster-General, and he came over to Pennsylvania, and he didn't consult the powers that be, but he took the man he wanted. He wanted a Secretary of War—he needed one very much—(laughter) and he went to New York, and selected a man without consulting the powers that control New York. Any of you who are in the current of politics know that it requires some firmness of character to do that. Not only was he firm, but he showed his very good sense in selecting two New England men on these occasions. The

third thing to which I referred was the choice of the Governor-General of Cuba, General Wood, another New Englander. In spite of all the opposition that might have been made to that, I think we all see that it is an ideal appointment, and yet there are those who are continually saying with reference to our relations to Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines, that only the politicians will be chosen for those positions. It seems to me that a man who can take a stand like that shows that he has a high ideal, that he has a broad spirit of patriotism, and that he is showing elements of statesmanship which ought to commend themselves to us as a people.

I do not know how you feel on the subject of expansion. I judge, though, that at this stage of the evening you are all expansionists. Perhaps you recall what Mr. Dooley has said on this subject. After making some of his sharp flings on both sides, he says at last, "Well, I suppose that Mr. Carnegie may have to secede from the Union, but there is one consolation, and that is that if the American people can govern thimselves they can govern anything that walks. (Laughter.) I believe we all feel that we are confronting serious conditions at the present time. Yet I see no reason why, as an American people, we should shrink from that which is manifestly before us, and to which we are summoned in this unexpected manner. I believe, therefore, that in the coming days when these grave problems will have been solved, we shall find that alongside of Washington and Lincoln will be placed the name of President McKinley. (Applause.) Heavy as were the responsibilities of the President from 1861 to 1865, in many respects they are equally heavy to-day.

We have a good, true man at the helm, and I hope that not alone the Scotch-Irish, but our whole people, will stand behind him in facing the problems that are now before us.

I thank you, gentlemen, for your attention. (Applause.)

The President:—

Gentlemen:—We have heard a distinguished judge of the Court of Common Pleas of this county, who, I have no doubt, will occupy a seat on the Supreme Court bench at no far

distant day, who has answered for the Supreme Court. We have a judge from Huntingdon County who represents the Superior Court. I know a lot of things about Judge Orlady—I traveled with him in the West—but I don't propose to tell them here to-night. I will let him tell his own story, and I introduce to you the handsomest judge on the Superior Court bench—Judge Orlady, from Huntingdon. (Applause.)

Hon. George B. Orlady :—

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:—All that I can say is that I have enjoyed the evening very much, and as I had the solemn assurance, Mr. President, that the bill of fare would not be departed from in the least, I simply congratulate you on the entertainment you have set for your friends, in the sincere hope that in the future some great man may rise up to take the place of your present President. (Applause.)

Col. Alexander K. McClure :—

Mr. Chairman, Gentlemen, and Guests of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society:—The achievements of the Scotch-Irish people are not recorded in written history. I remember some years ago, when the first National Congress of the Scotch-Irish was called in Tennessee, and I was requested to deliver an address on the achievements of the Scotch-Irish race, I was amazed to find that there was not a single history—not a single work—published in this country that gave anything like a connected record of the achievements of the Scotch-Irish. Their heroism was written in deeds, and not in words. Our friends, the Quakers, have their histories written over and over and over again, recording everything good that they ever did, and even much more. And with due respect to our distinguished friend, the President of the New England Society, I must say that I think no people in any country have so over-written their achievements, grand as they are even when confined to truth, as have the Puritans. The Scotch-Irish people of the country were not the men who sought distinction except by achievement.

It has been well stated to-night by Dr. Hoyt that the Scotch-Irish went southward from the Cumberland Valley, through the Valley of Virginia, on down into South Carolina, where they took even the names of their Pennsylvania counties of York, Chester, and Lancaster; but he forgot to tell that as the Scotch-Irish extended southward, so did the inspiration for independence, and the first formal declaration of the Colonies came from the Scotch-Irish of Mecklenburg, N. C. That was reflected back through the Valley of Virginia and repeated in the Cumberland Valley. All these formal expressions demanding the absolute independence of the Colonies long preceded the action of Congress adopting the Declaration of Independence.

Nor will the story ever be known of the heroic qualities needed to consummate the Declaration of Independence. It is the common idea that on the Fourth of July the independence of the Colonies was absolutely and finally declared. It was not so. And it was some time later that any single representative of the Colonial Congress had the courage to attach his name to the document. It meant self-sacrifice, and it was not until the venerable Scotch-Irish minister of New Jersey, his head silvered with age, came forward and first attached his name to it, and said he could afford to give his head in defense of the liberties of the nation in case it should be required, that others had the courage to give unanimous assent by affixing their signatures. They not only performed their part well in accomplishing the independence of the Colonies, in which, I am proud to say, the Puritans bore a most conspicuous part, but they have done the grandest service to this civilization in one other respect, in which they stand singly and alone. I repeat, in one of the most important and grandest features of our civilization the Scotch-Irish people and Scotch-Irish teaching and Scotch-Irish influence stand singly and alone. It is from them that came the inspiration of the liberty of law. Remember that never until this republic was founded had the world a republic that was anything but a republic in name. We speak of the Republics of Greece, of Rome, and of Carthage. There were none such.

There were the free Democracies, the liberty of license, to deify to-day and crucify to-morrow; to build monuments to its victories to-day and raze them to the earth in the next outbreak of public resentment. Here, for the first time in the history of civilization, was the liberty of law founded, and it was founded by the Scotch-Irish teachings of the liberty of intelligence and of religion. It came from them, and they are entitled to that grand attribute, the grandest of the republic to-day. (Applause.) The majesty of law and respect for the law have become cardinal features of every government where Scotch-Irish influence prevails or is even felt; and in no spot have these principles been more clearly and greatly illustrated than in the State of Pennsylvania.

There is fitness in this reference, which is prefatory to what I shall say to you of him who should have been, and would have been, most cordially and heartily welcomed as with one voice as the guest of honor at this table to-night. I refer to ex-Chief Justice James P. Sterrett. (Applause.) He expected to be with us, and when I called with a carriage to bring him here this evening I found him so ill that he could not even sit up in his chair. He asked me to say to you that he had most earnestly desired to be with us, as he had been specially invited by the council of the Society, but to say that he did not appear to-night simply because he was not at all able to leave his room. He is one of the great Scotch-Irish administrators of the law in Pennsylvania. He has served the full term of his judicial career, and is the only one elected under our new Constitution who has attained that distinction. I have known him almost from boyhood. I stood by his side half a century ago when the beautiful bride of his youth first lisped to him the name of husband. I have watched his career since then with interest, as in all the mutations of life, in all the vicissitudes which come to a career of over forty years on the bench, he has never had an accuser, and all have conceded to him the most blameless public and judicial conduct. (Applause.)

I sat by the side of his law partner in the Senate nearly forty years ago, when a vacancy occurred in the judgeship

of his county. He said to me that it could hardly be disputed as to who should be appointed to the place, and I agreed with him. We went directly to Governor Curtin and asked James P. Sterrett's appointment to the president judgeship of Allegheny County. It was given, not because of the influence of Senators, but it was given because the Bar of Allegheny and the public sentiment of the county asked for him as the one best fitted to administer the law. He has had no part in the political struggles of the day. He went upon the bench nearly forty years ago, and since then has had but a single purpose in life: that of illustrating the highest and noblest qualities of a judicial career; and in all that time, in all the fierce criticism that has been evoked by judicial decisions, I have never heard the integrity of Judge Sterrett questioned by even the most reckless. (Applause.) He has rounded out his long career, having nearly reached his four-score years, and I would have been glad, indeed, could he have been here to receive the welcome that I know would have been given him by his Scotch-Irish friends.

I shall ask that, in admiration of the record he has written as a great Scotch-Irish Chief Justice, second only to Gibson, and the lustre that he has given to a judicial career extending long beyond a generation, this Society shall rise and drink the health of Chief Justice James P. Sterrett. (The members and guests of the Society then arose and drank.) (Applause.)

The President:—

I am about to introduce to you one of our own members, who will make a few remarks. This is a member like Judge Pennypacker—we have him under suspicion. Like Jakey Einstein, of whom one of his friends said, on being told that Jakey had "got religion": "I bet you if he has got religion he has got it in his wife's name." (Laughter.) If this man is a Scotch-Irishman, he has got it from his mother or his grandmother, or some female member of his family.

I would like to introduce a judge who sits in the courts of this county occasionally when our own judges get tired

drawing their salaries, and who fills the place with great acceptance to the citizens of Philadelphia. I have the pleasure of introducing Judge Harman Yerkes, of Bucks County. (Laughter and applause.)

Hon. Harman Yerkes:—

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Society:—I will not say any hard things about your President in the presence of this assemblage, thereby returning good for evil, but when I shall get him alone, I assure you, he will learn my private opinion of him.

I do not know whether it is usual with the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania, after such an illustrious committee as Colonel McClure, Dr. MacIntosh, and President Pollock himself have passed upon applicants for membership, as being of the elect, that they must be called upon, in the presence of the entire membership of the Society, to establish a pedigree and title to a seat in this most honorable circle. I presume, however, in view of some previous discussions, that the mention of a Dutch name excites suspicion. In my case it is true that late in the seventeenth century there came over from Holland a Dutch Boer by the name of Anthony Jarges, accompanied by his son Hermanus, who, with the good companions of Pastorius, helped to settle and build up the borough of Germantown, and that the restless sons of the younger man wandered along the Pennypack Creek to become millers, coopers, and farmers, and took to themselves wives from the families of their neighbors, and finally, when that little disturbance arose between this country and the English Government, nine of those German-Americans took up arms, like good Dutchmen, for the country of their fathers' adoption and to defend their firesides. In the course of events one of these came up into Bucks County to do guard duty upon that famous picket line which starved Howe out of Philadelphia, and happened to be stationed upon one of those beautiful hillsides that thereabouts skirt the peaceful Neshaminy, at the very spot, in fact, that for three-quarters of a century had been the centre of Scotch-Irish

Presbyterianism in America. There it was his good fortune to meet the family of a Scotch-Irish patriot, Capt. Andrew Long, of the Continental line. And that Dutch grandfather of mine, being a youth of rare discrimination, decided that the captain's daughter was the girl for him, and made a little arrangement whereby, after the war was over, he came back, put her behind him upon his horse and brought her down to Christ Church and married her. That is the record of the origin of my Scotch-Irish pedigree. (Laughter and applause.)

I think it was an honor to the beauty and worth of that Scotch-Irish girl, the grandmother that dangled me upon her knee, that the brawny Dutch youth picked her out from all the maidens of the world and carried her away to be his own, and I am sure that their descendants have always rejoiced in honoring them both alike, as true Americans. (Applause.) And as it is true that ancestry does not count as stock does, I am vain enough to say that I know of no better stock than that which comes from the commingling of the blood of the Holland Dutchman and the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian.

The other day I met your President upon the street, and he, with characteristic maliciousness, threw another challenge at me. If I recall correctly, he said, "How is it that there is any Scotch-Irish in Bucks County for you to represent in the Society?"

Judge Pennypacker has truly said that, unfortunately, our President, through his ancestry, came to America at too late a day, probably, to have learned the true history of the Scotch-Irish people of Pennsylvania. Why, Bucks County was the cradle of all that was good and great in the origin of the Scotch-Irish Pennsylvanian. The first great expansionist was a Scotch-Irishman from Bucks County. When the avaricious offspring of William Penn thought to steal a little land from the Indians they made a tricky bargain with their chiefs, and to find the brawn, bone, and endurance to reap its benefits, they came up to Tinicum and prevailed upon that vigorous Irishman, Edward Marshall, who, in a walk of a day and a half through the virgin forest, spanned

a distance of sixty-one miles, to the dismay of the confiding Indians, marking the boundaries of the purchase far up in the Blue Mountains.

Thus the Scotch-Irish of Bucks County have the honor of claiming in Edward Marshall the original expansionist.

But this is not all. When the great conflict against English oppression had been waged until endurance could hardly longer resist the power of the mother country, when Burgoyne was sweeping down from Canada with his resistless hosts, when even the stoutest hearted began to waver, and when the defenders of independence required an inspiration and some new incentive to prolong the struggle, it seemed as if the great God who controls our battles set a sign and a sacrifice to fire the hearts of Americans, through the shedding of Scotch-Irish blood.

It was the orphan daughter of a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian at Deep Run, in Bucks County, and a graduate of our Log College, the beautiful Jane McCrea, who, being taken to her friends in the North, was murdered on her journey through the forests by British and Indian savages, and by her fate gave spirit and inspiration to our ancestors to continue the unequal contest, that maddened the already beaten Americans to the renewed effort that compassed the destruction of Burgoyne and his army.

But the greatest honor that the Scotch-Irish can boast of is that they laid the foundations of education, learning, and advancement and love for the law that Colonel McClure has spoken of. This work was commenced in that old Log College in Bucks County, founded by William Tennent—the germ from which emanated your beloved Princeton. And yet our good President presumes to question the right of my county to a representation in a Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society, when it can point to history such as this, when it can boast the ownership of the names of Scotch-Irish pioneers who will be known and honored as long as history lives; the county which guards and cherishes the grave of that old soldier of Scotch-Irish Presbyterian faith, the founder of the Log College there in my native township of Warminster, the school of the Tennents, the Blairs, of Finley, Davies, Mac-

Henry, Latta, McCrea, and Beatty, where were educated ten of the charter members and three of the early presidents of Princeton College. These men were not only the fathers of that institution, but they were the fathers and first directors of that advancement and Scotch-Irish enterprise of which we hear so much. In this country they formed the characters of the men who, leaving their homes here when they saw, farther on towards the Alleghenies, the opportunity for larger development and a wider field for education, carried the banner of American liberty, and planted it with native energy and proverbial Scotch-Irish perseverance throughout the central West and far to the South.

But the Scotch-Irish sons of my county are yet making themselves felt in the world's doings. When Dewey sailed into the Bay of Manila and fired the shot that wakened the East to the realization of a new Western power he won his victory with a fleet that had been equipped, organized, and prepared to his hand by a Scotch-Irishman from Bucks County—Admiral McNair, from whom favor had robbed the honor of reaping the glorious reward of his own foresight; and as the battle raged around him every order communicated to his captains depended upon the fidelity and alertness of the signal officer at his elbow, Ensign William Pitt Scott, another child of my native county; and when he called off his men to that historic breakfast, another Bucks Countian, Purser William Long, had prepared the wherewithal.

This is the claim that we make to our right to participate in celebrating the honor, glory, and greatness of Scotch-Irish achievements, and it is the claim I make of having descended from one of those honored pioneers, whether through the male or female line, whether with a Dutch or Scotch name, to participate in your rejoicings, and to join with you in honoring a race that has been great because it was never narrow enough to confine itself to doing honor to its own greatness alone, but has reached out and embraced the companionship of other nationalities and other peoples in carrying on the great work of extension, improvement, advancement, liberty, and equality into whatever part of the globe they have gone. (Applause.)

The President:—

Gentlemen:—It has been suggested that perhaps we are hearing from too many of our own Society, and that we get too much of the same kind of medicine. With the view of variety I would like to introduce and exhibit to you a sample of a Welshman. I take great pleasure in introducing Mr. J. Levering Jones, who will represent the Welsh Society. (Applause.)

Mr. J. Levering Jones:—

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Scotch-Irish Society:—It is a traditional rule, I believe, in all festive gatherings, that a guest called upon to respond to the command of the President of the evening can reply by a toast; and if you will allow me, I will present a complimentary allusion to your august and noble body in that form. It is the toast of a Welshman to the Scotch-Irish.

A race that neither
Fawns nor fears;
But in its aims
It stern adheres
To its great objects.
Patient and tranquil,
E'en amidst alarms,
Its courage strengthens
And its faith oft calms.
It conquers as it goes,
O'er land and sea.
It has no foes
That yield not to its destiny.
Blent of three peoples—
Northman, Angle, Celt—
It blends their virtues.
All the world has felt
Its shrewd and strenuous power.
Haughty of mien,
Demanding right of kings,
It stands on honor,
Scorning meaner things.
Its motto, "Justice,"
Guides it in the fray,
And while it fights,
It ne'er neglects to pray.
Lover of freedom,
Long may it endure;
For freedom's cause
Is in its hands secure.

(Applause.)

The President:—

Among the various responsible duties that I have had to discharge during this year there have been none that have given me more trouble than trying to keep Mr. John W. Woodside from writing poetry. Early in the year I had an intimation that Mr. Woodside was going to write a poem. I understand that he has now completed the production, and therefore I introduce to you Mr. John W. Woodside, who will read to you an histe(o)rical poem.

Mr. John W. Woodside:—

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—I suppose it is a source of great regret to the majority of us present to-night that we were not, like our President, born on the old sod, in the Isle of the Blarney Stone. I had the good fortune to have been born in a Scotch-Irish family, in a Scotch-Irish settlement, in the southern part of Chester County; and to have received my moral and religious training in the old Scotch-Irish Presbyterian Church at New London, one of the oldest churches in this country, organized in the year 1726, and of which the Rev. Francis Allison was once pastor, who afterwards became one of the founders of the University of Pennsylvania.

In my boyhood days many of the old customs of these people still existed; and it is a picture of this old church and its minister and its people and their customs that I will try to present to you to-night in a few lines entitled "The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians of Fifty Years Ago." (Applause.)

Mr. Woodside then read to the Society an interesting poem, which, however, he has not furnished for publication.

The President:—

Gentlemen:—I have just been advised that there is a gentleman present who has distinguished himself in a way that we ought to take note of. He is a guest, and he recalls to me a story about an old colored man taking leave of his

pastor, who was about to leave the church. The Lord had called him away to another part of His vineyard at an increased salary. He was getting $2000 where he was, but he was going to get $4000 where he was going. And the darkey, on taking leave of his pastor, said, "Yes, the Lord might call 'till He was blue, but He couldn't call from four to two." We have a gentleman who has proved the exception, in the Rev. John R. Davies, D. D., of Tyrone. He came direct from New York to Philadelphia, to the Bethlehem Church, at a reduced salary.

(A voice.)

He has been called away. He is not here.

The President (continuing) :—

Such a rare man as that ought not to have been called away.

We have a member here to whom we may always turn with confidence in emergencies. The distinguished Chairman of the Committee on History and Archives is unfortunately absent from us to-night, but he has sent his manuscript, and I am going to ask Dr. MacIntosh to present the report of the Committee on History and Archives. (Applause.)

Rev. John S. MacIntosh, D. D. :—

Gentlemen:—We are supposed to have some history in connection with the Scotch-Irish Society, but there are some men, you know, who can make history, and they make it largely to suit their own necessities. We have a Committee on History and Archives, but it is a Committee that strives to find out history, and not make it.

The object of our Committee on History and Archives is to find out a few interesting facts in regard to our people; and it is given to us, as our obligation, to do a little reading and a little investigation during the year.

I have been reading with a good deal of interest of the days that really developed my friend, Dr. Dana, and the New

England Society and the Puritans, and I find that one of the most interesting things in their development was the time they spent in Holland. There were two distinguished men there, Brewer and Brewster. Brewer, you will remember, was the great printer for the Pilgrims in Holland, printing those tracts that stirred the whole of England, sending them over in batches of woolen cloth, and having them distributed all over England, and particularly through those parts of England from which the best part of the Puritans came, the neighborhood of Kirby, and around that part of the country; and King James the First of England and Scotland became exceedingly disturbed about it, and sent over Sir Dudley Clayton, and tried to influence the rulers of Holland to suppress both the author and his articles—stating that the pamphlets were inflaming the people of England, preparing them for revolution, teaching them that the king should be restrained; that the executive ought to be under a constitution; that the Church ought to be separated from the State; that the citizens of the country ought not to be taxed beyond their own will, and that when they were taxed they ought to have a right to say how the moneys should be expended. King James said that these documents all grew out of one very bad book. This particularly bad book had been brought over to Holland. In 1607 or 1608 there was in Amsterdam a church that was known as the Scotch Presbyterian Church. To that Scotch Presbyterian Church there came a number of men, not only from Scotland, but also from Ulster, and one of these men brought over with him Calderwood's book, regarding the usurpation of the king in Scotland, and it was out of that book brought by this Scotch-Irishman to Amsterdam that Brewer and Brewster drew their ammunition.

And thus we see that the formation of a good deal that lies behind the education of the Pilgrim in Holland that prepared him for his work in this country is to be associated with the work of our Scotch and Scotch-Irish friends away back in 1607, 1608, 1609, 1610, and 1612, that prepared the foundations for that great principle of liberty and for the separation of Church and State which have been so marvelously exemplified in the history of our own country.

There is another thing which I have found. You know that names change strangely, and I have been very much surprised to find that a number of Ulster names, like the familiar Ulster name of Hanna, changed in Holland, and John Hanna became N. Van Hanniken. And I have discovered that some of those who now in New York are presenting themselves as the "blue blood" of Holland, are really Scotch-Irish back of a changed name and a residence in Holland. And so you find that if you are going to have a good Hollander you must go back to a Scotch-Irishman to find where you are to start with him.

Dr. McCook has prepared for the Society the following report, which he requests me to present on his behalf:—

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON HISTORY AND ARCHIVES.

Your Committee on History and Archives begs leave to report the title of two papers. The first is "The Scotch-Irish Influence of the Cumberland Valley." It is to be prepared by Capt. John Hays, of Carlisle, who is well known as a local antiquarian, and whose knowledge of the section of which Carlisle may be spoken of as the natural capital, will enable him to present a most valuable paper. With that instinct for good land and the best outlooks which characterized the Scotch-Irish immigrants to America, our forefathers discerned afar off a land of promise in the fat plains and rich mountain slopes of the Cumberland Valley. It is not strange, therefore, that in all lines of thought and labor that section should have proved a rich seedbed of activity. One of the most remarkable and fascinating phases in the history of our national development is associated with the history of transportation. The hand of romance has garnished the old Indian trails by which the pioneers pushed their way into the far forests. The rude wagon roads over which the trains of Conestoga wagons carried the growing freightage of the blossoming wilderness; the old-fashioned arks and flat boats, canal boats, and side-wheel steamers, all have their interesting chapters.

On the far Western plains, what thrilling stories gather about the "pony express" and the venerable stage coach that traversed the wilds from St. Joe, Mo., to the Golden Gate, through lines of howling hostile savages and herds of buffaloes! But no chapter will arrest the attention of future students of our country's development as worthier of thoughtful consideration and enthusiastic praise than that which tells the story of the progress of the iron horse from the shores of the Atlantic, around the winding "waters of the blue Juniata," across the mountain barriers of the Alleghenies, over the rolling hills of fair Ohio, across the fat prairies of Indiana and Illinois, away and away, until the snort of the iron steed awoke echoes amid the Rocky Mountains and the answering greetings of the Pacific Sea.

Among the heroes of transportation there are three names that shine resplendent—a galaxy of honor. One is Robert Garrett, once president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Another is Col. Thomas A. Scott, sometime Secretary of War, who, by mastering the problem of transportation involved in the rapid movement of troops, contributed as greatly to the success of the Union armies, in the civil conflict of the sixties, as any general who wore the triple stars, save General Grant alone. The third name, like Colonel Scott, a president of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is Frank Thomson, who so lately, amidst the mourning of the chief men of the nation, passed from the scene of earthly activity. Robert Garrett, Thomas A. Scott, Frank Thomson, all hailed from the Cumberland Valley!

If you turn to the law, there are the illustrious names of Gibson, Duncan, and Kennedy, all of the Supreme Court. If you turn to other fields of activity, there arise before you a mighty multitude of soldiers, divines, doctors, and statesmen, too numerous to mention on such an occasion as this, who have sprung from those fathers of warproof that settled and developed the Cumberland Valley. Why, gentlemen, Senator Quay was born in the Cumberland Valley! and if his senatorial mate escaped that good fortune, at least the Penrose family belonged to that section.

In pre-Revolutionary times the inhabitants of that valley,

with their Scotch-Irish congeners and fellow-citizens of German descent, scattered along the frontier, formed a wall of defense against the savage Indians beyond the border. In every time of need its sturdy sons have poured forth to the national defense; and among the daughters of the land, none have been fairer and none have been worthier than the matrons and the maids cradled amid the mountains that guard the smiling valleys and rippling streams of the Cumberland.

Standing, one day, in Carlisle's historic streets, while the writer was seeking local coloring for his Scotch-Irish story, "The Latimers," this incident was told him, illustrative of the spirit that from childhood was inbreathed by the sons of Cumberland Valley. During the Western Insurrection, Washington led his troops through the valley, and sent them onward across the Alleghenies to Pittsburgh. While in Carlisle, he reviewed the various troops as they moved on westward. One day, while standing upon the edge of the pavement, surveying one of these militia regiments passing in review, a crowd of boys stood just behind the great chief, watching with subdued awe every movement. When the review was ended, and Washington and his staff rode away to their headquarters in the old Blaine mansion, one of these lads ran home to his mother. The canny dame noticed upon the sleeve of her boy's coat a great black blotch, and straightway called him to account for such an abuse of his fair linen coat.

"How got you that?" cried the dame, indignantly, laying hold of her lad and dragging him toward the wash basin.

"Don't mother; don't!" wailed the boy. "I got that off General Washington's boots."

It was even so. In that spirit of hero worship, which is irrepressible in the bosom of a Scotch-Irish lad, or of any genuine boy, for that matter, he had dropped on his knees behind the great President while he was reviewing his troops and rubbed the sleeve of his coat upon his military boots, that he might carry away with him at least a bit of the blacking as a relic of that mighty personality. And who was that boy, you ask? That Cumberland Valley lad became Chief Justice Gibson, of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court!

Long may his generation live! For a hundred and fifty years Cumberland Valley has been sending forth boys and men of such calibre, and we may well expect that, in the able hands of Capt. John Hays, the record of their influence will vastly add to the interest of the report which shall issue from this meeting and banquet of the Society in the closing year of the century.

The second paper which your Committee asks permission to print is entitled "The Scotch-Irish Pioneer Hunters and Scouts of Pennsylvania." Dr. William H. Egle, of Harrisburg, has consented to prepare this paper, and no one within the borders of this State, or probably of any other State, could be found more capable of preparing an account which will be of real historic value. His long experience as State Librarian, a position which he not only occupied, but *filled*, has given him a thorough knowledge of the original sources of information; and his diligence, patience, and historic accuracy guarantee the Society a paper whose solid memories will command the attention of history as well as of the general reader.

The story of the frontiersman is crowded with incidents of sterling interest; but it has been studied rather from the standpoint of the novelist than of the historian. We are too apt to undervalue the services of these men, the pioneers of civilization, the thin edge of the wedge that wrought a pathway through the American wilderness for those forces which have occupied the country with the millions of prosperous, happy, enlightened, and Christian people who compose the American public. Their names are, for the most part, forgotten; and even those that survive live in a mythical atmosphere, as the heroes of boys' stories, in which they perform such impossible feats that the reader remands them at once to the imaginary realm of Sinbad the sailor and Aladdin and his lamp. In point of fact, however, they were very real personalities; and not always rude characters, unlearned, uncultured, without the solid and refined virtues which adorn humanity. Their names are worth preserving by this Society, not only because of what the men did, but of what the men were. The sculptor chooses a marble block

within which lies, in his conception, the form of a beautiful statue. Chisel and hammer are set to their task, and in a little while the surrounding space is covered with spalls, the marble chippings that drop from the rude mass. Now comes the laborer, and gathers together the crude chippings and wheels them off to the refuse heap. But when the observer stands and sees the skillful hand of the artist himself putting the finishing touches upon face and finger and form, he has forgotten the spalls that lie on their refuse heap, or that fill a cavity in yonder street. Nevertheless, the sculptor's beautiful statue never would have been had not the rude mallet of the workman cleft from the marble mass the chippings that he carried to the dump. The pioneers of society—the frontiersmen of the border—are the spalls thrown, for the most part, to the refuse heaps of historic events and men. As society advances towards its perfect stage we gaze upon the completed structure, and rejoice in its beauty, forgetful of those whose casting-off has been the precursor of the artist's finished thought.

Pennsylvania has borne an important part in the work of making and saving the frontier of America. And it is due to the Scotch-Irish people of our State that the fact should be known. When one comes to analyze even the famous brigade of Morgan's Virginia Riflemen he shall find that two-thirds of his well-known invincible corps were enlisted from the hills and mountains and frontiers of the Keystone State.

Your Committee has confidence that in asking you to place this paper in the hands of Major Egle, it is opening the way for a new chapter in the record of these gallant borderers. The theme is so attractive that one may well feel inclined to congratulate the learned doctor upon the task before him, although perhaps the embarrassment of riches with which he will find himself burdened will entitle himself also to the sympathy of his associates.

HENRY C. McCOOK,
Chairman.

Dr. McCook also desires to express his sincere regret that he was not able to be present this evening. He has been compelled to leave home by order of his physician, but hopes soon to return. He sends his cordial greetings to the Society and says, "I am sure they will have a good time, unless the experience of the past has failed to be an indication of the future." (Applause.)

For Dr. Egle's paper referred to in the report of the Committee on History and Archives, see Appendix A, page 46.

The article by Mr. John Hays, announced in the report of the Committee, will appear in the next annual report of the Society.

The President :—

Gentlemen:—Before introducing the new President of the Society, I am sure there are a number of gentlemen here who would like to hear a word from Judge Armstrong, of Williamsport. (Applause.)

Hon. William H. Armstrong :—

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—I thank you for the courtesy of this call, but at so late an hour and at the tail of the feast, I feel that it would be trespassing upon your patience to enlarge upon subjects which might be properly discussed under other conditions. I have attended the meetings of many societies of this kind, amongst them the New England Society, the Quaker Society, as well as this and others. To judge from the usual tone of such assemblies, so given to the laudation of the merits of their particular organizations, one might suppose that each society, in its own estimation, has been the particular and almost exclusive influence which has settled and civilized and promoted the interests of this great Government and nation. (Laughter.)

Having listened with great interest and pleasure to the remarks which have been made this evening, it occurs to me

that what has been said might be supplemented with another thought closely allied to the discussions of the evening. It is well that these various societies maintain their organizations and influence. They serve a useful purpose in the economies of a free people, but it should not be forgotten that we are *all*—of whatever organization we may be members—American citizens, neither distinctly Scotch-Irish, nor Quakers, nor descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is the combination of *all* the influences which this and other societies have so efficiently wrought that has lifted the American people into the conditions which have made their progress and civilization the wonder of the age. It is distinctly characteristic of the American people that they have an undying love for liberty regulated by law and for the power which controls lawlessness by the force of law and gives to every citizen, however humble, the assurance of protection in whatever pertains to his life, his liberty, and his pursuit of happiness. (Applause.)

It has been said with great truth that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, and it may be said with equal force and truth that the blood of the martyrs was the seed of liberty in every country wherever human rights have been recognized as the distinctive purpose of government and where a sense of submission to law is the surest foundation of liberty. Nothing has so pre-eminently distinguished the people of the United States as the unquestionable fact that they have always been equal to the conditions that surround them. I have never doubted that the statesmen of to-day are equal in their judgment, in their patriotism, and in their knowledge of affairs to the Fathers of the Republic who made the Declaration of Independence and who subsequently framed the Constitution of the United States. There is no genius greater than that which makes men equal to the conditions under which they live. The Constitution of the United States, which Gladstone so appropriately described as the greatest instrument which had ever emanated from the thought and hand of man, was the first establishment of a paramount law superior in its operation and control and in its commanding power to the unrestrained discretion of a

legislative body, whether it be the Parliament of Great Britain or the council of imperial power in Europe. But it is not to be forgotten that the Constitution of the United States, whilst it is the grandest instrument which human thought and patriotism has ever devised, has not been independent of a safe and sound construction of its powers by the Supreme Court of the United States. This court has exercised a power not often appreciated as it should be, but which has supplemented the written law of the Constitution by constructions which have made it safe and efficient in the protection of all the rights which belong to the sovereignty of the United States, without infringing upon the reserved rights of the States. This great tribunal of the United States stands distinctly alone among the forces of government in all civilized governments of the world. It is recognized by the citizens of all the States as the most efficient restraint upon the encroachment of the general Government. The decisions of that court are marked with a conservative wisdom which has commanded the admiration of the entire world, and has ever reconciled the apparently conflicting rights of the sovereignty of the general Government with the reserved rights of the State. A marked instance of this occurs to me, well known to lawyers and well deserving to be held in the highest respect by every thoughtful citizen. It will be remembered that early in the century the discovery of the steamboat gave promise—so magnificently fulfilled in after years—of a new power to be more and more effectively felt in the progress of commerce and civilization. In the early stages of the development of this great power, the State of New York conferred upon Livingston and Fulton the exclusive right to navigate all the waters of the State of New York for a period of some thirty years, giving them the exclusive right to license boats or vessels for commerce in all those waters. The State of Connecticut, resenting this assumed power of New York, passed a law that any boat or vessel navigating under a license from Livingston and Fulton should be excluded from the waters of the State, and that any boat or vessel coming within the waters under such license should be forfeited. The State of New Jersey passed a law in which they subjected any

vessel coming within the waters of that State with a license from Livingston and Fulton to seizure, and subject to damages and triple costs. Each of these States claimed that the legislation each of them enacted was within the distinctive rights of the State. But other interests were involved, and it finally came for adjudication before the Supreme Court of the United States under the distinctive claim that the waters of all these States were open to the commerce of the entire Union, and that no exclusive privilege could be granted or exercised in restraint of the general commerce of the States. The Supreme Court, in an exhaustive opinion by Chief Justice Marshall, sustained this contention, and settled once for all the exclusive right of the general Government to control the navigable waters of all the States in the interests of its general commerce. The effect of this decision cannot be over-estimated. It established the commerce of the country upon a basis which has never been shaken. Under this decision no bridge or other obstruction of navigable waters can be built without the permission of Congress. It preserves all rights without infringing upon any.

This Government, keeping even pace with the progress of civilization in all the world, must necessarily take its place among the powers which control its commerce and civilization. There is a providence which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may, and in this providence the United States has been compelled to stretch its arms across the vast Pacific. The Philippine Islands are ours. The problems which their possession entails are in many respects new and all-important. Their future welfare is committed to our hands. I believe we cannot leave them if we would, and we would not if we could. They are within 600 miles of the coast of China, with a population of 400,000,000, and the centre of a population estimated to be not less than 800,000,000—all of whom are just awakening to the value of modern civilization and opening their arms to the new and improved conditions of life. I do not hesitate to say that if the Commission which settled the Spanish War by the treaty with this Government had not taken the Philippine Islands into the control and custody and civilization of the

United States, they would have betrayed the patriotism of the people. (Applause.)

It is not the time, nor does the late hour of the night permit, to enter into any full discussion of this great question, but we have always been an expanding people—expanding not only as to territorial possessions, but expanding in the love of liberty and in all the influences which must ultimately control the civilization of the world. I believe that the time is coming when these far-off possessions which are now inhabited by more than eighty distinct tribes, speaking some fifty languages, many of which are not intelligible to other tribes of the same group, will be civilized, educated, and Christianized by the influence which the United States is now exercising, and will continue to exercise, in those islands, and which I believe is irresistible in its power and will be immensely successful in the result. We stand on vantage ground; we stand where other nations would have given hundreds of millions of dollars to have taken our place, but it was not to be. The English-speaking nations of the world—the United States and England—are the greatest civilizing powers of the world, and are extending civilization upon its broadest lines and upon its surest foundation. What shall be the future of this nation? Who shall place a limit upon our expansion? Who shall say that we have attained to that degree of regulated liberty that admits no further improvement? We live in an age when the forces of civilization are irresistible. We cannot stand still if we would; it is impossible that the advancing powers of civilization shall be curtailed by any power on God's earth; it is a power that grows; it is a seed which has been planted deep in the hearts of all men who love liberty, and it is expanding until its branches shall cover the nations of the earth.

I thank you again, gentlemen, for the courtesy of this unexpected call and for the kind attention which you have given me in this brief and desultory address. The subject opens so wide a field that every thoughtful person must feel instinctive interest in the progress of these great events, and I believe we may safely trust the power which now controls the destiny of those far-off islands of the sea to work out

the various and complicated problems which confront us in the best interest of the people of those islands and of the United States. (Applause.)

The President :—

Gentlemen:—The absence of two of our leading guests to-night led us to fear that perhaps we would not have enough good speeches to make a success of our dinner, but you will observe that it is getting late and we have so much good material in our own Society that it becomes a question who we will let make a speech. We have ample material to go on, but I am admonished that we ought to close these proceedings by introducing the new President of the Society for the year 1900. Your retiring President has had some honors thrust upon him by the Board of Judges of this county during the past year, which was due entirely to the fact that he was the President of the Society. We rejoice that we have had a year of peace and prosperity, which is more than can be said of the State of Pennsylvania, on account of the vacancy in the United States Senate. As our new President has been named for that office, might we not hope that the mantle of the Senatorship should fall on his shoulders, as I am sure no more worthy man could occupy the seat. As I introduce him I recall the story of a Scotch-Irishman who was at the battle of Trenton. Washington was supposed to have said upon the eve of that battle, "Put none but Americans on guard to-night." And an Irishman hearing that, said that was not all that Washington said. Washington said, "Put none but Americans on guard to-night. Let the Irish sleep. There will be fighting to-morrow." I say if there is going to be any fighting during the coming year, I want Judge Stewart, of Chambersburg, to be on guard. I present him to you. (Applause.)

Hon. John Stewart :—

I beg to assure you, gentlemen of the Society, of my full appreciation of the honor conferred in calling me to the Presidency of this Association. And yet, at the present

moment, this feeling does not assert itself half so strongly as does my sense of embarrassment and distrust. The duties of a presiding officer are ordinarily not difficult, as I have been led to believe. There are exceptions, however, and I feel that I am facing a notable one in assuming the office to which your generous favor has called me. The reason for this is not found in any peculiar order or regulation of the Society, but in the very high standard there has been established and maintained by the distinguished gentlemen who have been my predecessors, and to whose exceptional skill in directing the proceedings of our annual meetings the Society owes, in a very large degree, its success.

Such experience as I have had as a presiding officer avails me but little. As a civil magistrate, I am accustomed to the composure and assurance that comes with the reflection that I have behind me always, though unseen, the supporting power of the Commonwealth. As President of the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania, I am disturbed by the reflection that with nothing whatever behind me, I have a very strong suggestion of the power of the Commonwealth in front of me, in these seats where sit so many who are conspicuous in the intellectual, religious, political, and industrial life of our great State. The difference may not be so serious as I imagine; but it is enough to make me rely upon your indulgence, rather than upon any ability of my own.

The delightful exercises of the evening, the very large attendance, and the general enjoyment, attest the continued prosperity of our Society. That it has won a permanent place as a historical and social organization, is no longer open to doubt. It already has done much to quicken and deepen the interest of our brethren in the task of restoring the hidden and obscure landmarks which our Scotch-Irish progenitors set up in their toilsome and hazardous work as original settlers in this western world, and authenticating and preserving the records of their achievements. This is a pious duty we owe to them; one which yields an abundant reward, not only in the reflection that we are rendering a service that it would be discreditable to neglect, but which the more earnestly it is pursued, and the more thoroughly it is accom-

plished, appreciates and magnifies the splendid heritage that is ours as descendants of a heroic race.

With this brief acknowledgment—the lateness of the hour forbids more—I accept from my predecessor who has used it so becomingly, and whose incumbency has been so acceptable to all, this gavel, the symbol of my office, and, as you will be glad to know, am ready to hear and entertain a motion to adjourn, now that we are prepared to do so in good order, in perfect safety to ourselves, and without risk to the public peace. (Applause.)

On motion, the meeting then adjourned.

APPENDIX A.

The Scotch-Irish Pioneer Hunters and Scouts.

BY

WILLIAM H. EGLE, M. D.

It is somewhat remarkable that in the long list of hunters and scouts in pioneer life who made famous the western borders of Pennsylvania and Virginia, only two or three belonged to another race than that of the Scotch-Irish. Not that their intrepidity and hardihood were the greater—but that they were the people who led the march of civilization into the Western wilds and the prairies—and savannahs beyond. Leading the van of Empire, their feet first pressed the virgin sod of the border, the echo of which never ceased until the roar of the far-off Pacific sounded in their ears. We glorify the deeds of the military heroes by land and by sea, but give little thought to that army of pioneers who were the true conquerors of soil and sovereignty.

And who were these men, who thus bravely entered upon the lands where the aborigines, the red men of the forest, had roamed unmolested for centuries—the sound of whose axe and the crack of whose rifle heralded the advance of that era of religious liberty and civilization, the echoes of which will not cease reverberating until time shall be no more? Who were they—this advance guard? Let us rehearse in brief the chief incidents in the lives of a handful of these historic characters. Most of the readers of our early history are conversant with the exploits of some of these heroes—but who and what manner and mold of men they were, how little is known by the many.

Prior to the breaking out of the French and Indian War, the backwoodsman had little fear of the uprising of the savage red man. As hunters they frequently met in the chase and were friends—but with the encroachment of the French

on the Ohio, and the powerful influence they exerted over the Indians—there was a great change. The frontiersmen, nay the borderers, at this era, were chiefly of Scotch-Irish—the most of whom were skilled hunters and unerring with the rifle. They, especially of all the early Pennsylvania settlers, depended much upon the forest game for sustenance. They were far from the centres where meats could be procured. They raised more produce than they could really consume, but there was no market for the surplus. The cattle they raised were required for their own sustenance, and hence the chase, to most excellent marksmanship, supplied the table with meats.

The defeat of General Braddock, in July, 1755, emboldened the Indian allies of the French to desolate the frontiers of Pennsylvania. At this time every man was a scout—and many a backwoodsman's home was prepared as a block house—where the women and children of the locality gathered for protection, while the men served as hunters and scouts in defending the neighborhood from the wary and marauding Indian. To these men are we indebted for staying the destructive hand which wielded the tomahawk and scalping knife—to these men do we owe a debt of gratefulness in stemming the tide of ravaged homes and savage cruelty. Here and there were incidents of hardihood and valor, of brave endurance and bold adventure—but these only did what all might and would have accomplished under similar circumstances.

It was Bouquet's little army which was composed chiefly of these backwoodsmen—it was Bouquet's brave Scotch-Irish frontiersmen who fought and gained the Battle of Loyalhanna, one of the great decisive contests of that struggle of the French for supremacy on the Allegheny and the Ohio. Inured to hardships, with untold love for their family and homes, there was no such word as fail in their makeup. As notable scouts, they fought the savage in his own way, and the unerring aim of the Scotch-Irish borderer was more than a match for the crafty Frenchman or the wily Indian.

Although, as stated, every frontiersman was a hunter and scout, and thus few of that period have left behind them

distinctive incidents of their prowess, yet there is one name which stands out pre-eminent on the pages of our Provincial lore—upon whom the contumely of a century has rested, and yet, as will be shown, none braver nor more honorable—that man, Capt. Lazarus Stewart! There has been in every age of the world's history some individual whose remarkable characteristics command the admiration of lovers of right and honor, of admirers of true and exalted patriotism—the defense of home and kindred. That personage—that hero of two wars—upon whose head Quaker pamphleteers and historical scavengers have heaped dishonor—was none the less than Capt. Lazarus Stewart, who fell at the head of his command at the Massacre of Wyoming, on the 3d of July, 1778.

For a number of years, on the Conestoga Manor, in Lancaster County, in the midst of the settlements, was an Indian town. It has always been stated that the Indians there settled were the remnants of the Susquehannocks, the aboriginal inhabitants of the river bearing their name; and also, that they were Moravian or Christian Indians; neither of which statements are true. Every member of the Susquehannocks had disappeared before the Proprietary came to his Province—but the deserted town was taken possession of by some Shawanese, who were driven from the Carolinas in 1698. Here, perchance, a dozen of these located, with an equal number of other vagabonds from the Senecas and Oneidas, who had wandered away from their seat on the head-waters of the Susquehanna, preferring to live near or among the white settlers, where they eked out an existence by begging or stealing—too lazy to cultivate the soil, or follow the chase. They were nomadic in their character—and scarcely one of them had remained for a long period on the manor; and we reiterate this, despite the assertions of writers alluding to this transaction.

It was during the Pontiac War that the Governor of the Province of Pennsylvania, in reply to the earnest appeals for help and protection, said he could give the frontiersmen no aid whatever, but commends their zeal and urges them to act with caution; while the Assembly paid less heed to the supplications of the distressed inhabitants, and instead of re-

dress and aid, abused and insulted those who asked for protection. One member of that body, Nathaniel Grubb, of Chester County, mild and placid Quaker, used this bland-like expression in referring to the "back inhabitants"—"A pack of insignificant Scotch-Irish, who, if they were killed, could well enough be spared!" The leading Quakers who controlled the affairs of the Province of Pennsylvania from 1682 until towards the beginning of the Revolution, when Quaker rule and British supremacy sank to rise no more, were undoubtedly designing political demagogues; and the private correspondence of the Penns themselves are absolute proofs of the former's duplicity and artfulness.

Neither the Governor of the Province, or the controlling power of the Assembly, showed the proper spirit. It was at a time when the tomahawk, the scalping-knife, and the torch were desolating the country. The frontier counties became wretched and deplorable beyond description. Then Paxtang became truly the frontier; for west of the Susquehanna, so great was the terror, that scarcely an inhabitant was left. At this juncture, the Rev. John Elder, the aged and revered pastor of Paxtang and Derry Churches, organized his rangers, under authority, however, of the Government. They were mostly members of his own and Hanover congregations. During the subsequent harvest the reapers of these localities took their guns and ammunition with them into the fields to defend themselves from the sudden attacks of the enemy. On the Sabbath the trusty rifle was taken to the sanctuary, and the pastor of Paxtang had at hand his weapon of defense.

In August, 1763, Col. John Armstrong, the "Hero of Kittanning," with two hundred Paxtang and Hanover rangers, and a few soldiers from Cumberland County, marched to the Indian town on the Big Island. While *en route*, learning that a party of fifty Indians were on their way to the settlements, a portion of the volunteers followed them and routed them on Muncy Hill. The rest of Colonel Armstrong's force proceeded to the Indian town, but found it deserted, the Indians having been apprised of the approach of the volunteers. The latter returned home, enraged at learning that

the Conestoga Indians had sent messengers to inform their friends of the expedition.

Indians had been traced by Captain Stewart and his scouts to the wigwams at Conestoga and to those of the Moravian Indians in Northampton County. Suspicion was awakened; the questions, "Are these Indians treacherous? Are their wigwams the harbors of our deadly foe? Do they conceal the nightly-prowling assassin of the forest—the villain, who, with savage ferocity, tore the innocent babe from the bosom of its mother, where it had been quietly reposing, and hurled it in the fire? The mangled bodies of our friends cry loud for vengeance." Such were the questions, surmises, and expressions of the exasperated people. The Paxtang rangers were active in endeavoring to discover the perpetrators of those acts of violence, and they succeeded. Their scouts traced the Indian marauders to the Conestoga town. It was not alone the few miserable, squalid wretches who had been caressed and supported by the Government—but strange Indians were there harbored and protected. Captain Stewart proposed to Colonel Elder to capture the murderers—but the merciful Colonel dissuaded him from the attempt. The latter appealed to the Governor of the Province to remove the Conestoga Indians—so did John Harris, as well as Capt. Timothy Green, an officer in the Provincial service—but all to no purpose. The Rangers, finding these appeals to the authorities useless, resolved on taking the law into their own hands. The safety of the frontier inhabitants demanded it—there was no alternative. It was at first decided to capture several of the most notorious, and try them by due course of law. This was found to be impossible, as referred to in Captain Stewart's Declaration. The destruction of the Conestogas, so-called, was not then projected. That was the result. The capture of the Indians was approved of by Colonel Elder, but the attempt failing, as an officer of the Province it was his duty to prevent extreme measures. Parkman states that Colonel Elder, learning of an intent to destroy the entire tribe, as they were about to set off, rode after them, commanding them to desist; that Stewart threatened to shoot his horse, and much more. Such was not the case. In

this relation it is not necessary to detail the events leading up to the destruction of the Indians at Conestoga and at Lancaster. The entire Province was in a ferment, and a proclamation was issued offering a reward for the arrest of Captain Stewart and his fellow-scouts. The former was taken prisoner by the sheriff, but finding that he was to be removed to Philadelphia for trial, he escaped from that officer—the reason therefor he gives in his Declaration. The backwoodsmen, determined upon redress, gathered upon the frontiers and formulated the immortal "Declaration" of their grievances, appointing certain of their number to present the same to the Assembly then in session. This action has been designated by those writers who are determined not to understand the affair, as the "Paxtang Boys' Insurrection"—which it was really not—but it afforded the Quakers of the city an opportunity to show their true colors. So far as the citizens of Philadelphia were concerned, it was a most ludicrous farce. The "Declaration" was peaceably presented—but no endeavor to right the great wrongs was attempted by the authorities—nor was Captain Stewart and his party ever molested, although threats were frequently made—while no Provincial officer dare touch the brave partisan. The following Declaration of Captain Stewart is well worth reading in this connection, published as it was immediately after his escape from arrest:—

"Let all hear! Were the counties of Lancaster, York, Cumberland, Berks and Northampton protected by government? Did not John Harris of Paxtang ask advice of Col. Croghan, and did not the colonel advise him to raise a company of scouters, and was not this confirmed by Benjamin Franklin? And yet, when Harris asked the Assembly to pay the scouting party, he was told 'that he might pay them himself.' Did not the counties of Lancaster, York, Cumberland, Berks and Northampton, the frontier settlements, keep up rangers to watch the motions of the Indians; and when a murder was committed by an Indian, a runner with the intelligence was sent to each scouting party, that the murderer or murderers might be punished? Did we not brave the summer's heat and the winter's cold, and the savage

tomahawk, while the inhabitants of Philadelphia, Philadelphia county, Bucks and Chester 'ate, drank, and were merry'?

"If a white man kill an Indian, it is a murder far exceeding any crime upon record; he must not be tried in the county where he lives, or where the offense was committed, but in Philadelphia, that he may be tried, convicted, sentenced, and hung without delay. If an Indian kill a white man, it was the act of an ignorant heathen, perhaps in liquor; alas, poor innocent! he is sent to the friendly Indians that he may be made a Christian. Is it not a notorious fact that an Indian who treacherously murdered a family in Northampton county was given up to the magistrates that he might have a regular trial; and was not this Indian conveyed into Bucks county, and is he not provided with every necessary, and kept secured from punishment by Israel Pemberton?

"Have we not repeatedly represented that Conestoga was a harbor for prowling savages, and that we were at a loss to tell friend or foe, and all we asked was the removal of the Indians? Was not this promised by Governor Penn, yet delayed? Have we forgotten Renatus that Christian (?) Indian?

"A murder of more than savage barbarity was committed on the Susquehanna; the murderer was traced by the scouts to Conestoga; he was demanded, but the Indians assumed a warlike attitude, tomahawks were raised, and the fire-arms glistened in the sun; shots were fired upon the scouts who went back for additional force. They returned, and you know the result. Conestoga was reduced to ashes; but the murderer escaped. The friendly and unfriendly were placed in the work-house at Lancaster. What could secure them from the vengeance of an exasperated people? The doors were forced, and the hapless Indians perished.

"Were we tamely to look on and see our brethren murdered, our fairest prospects blasted, while the inhabitants of Philadelphia, Philadelphia county, Bucks and Chester, slept, and reaped their grain in safety?

"These hands never shed human blood. Why am I singled out as an object of persecution? Why are the blood-hounds let

loose upon me? Let him who wished my life—let him come and take it—I shall not fly. All I ask, is that the men accused of murder be tried in Lancaster county. All I ask is a trial in my own county. If these requests are refused, then not a hair of these men's heads shall be molested. Whilst I have life you shall not either have them or me on any terms. It is true, I submitted to the sheriff of York county, but you know too well that I was to be conveyed to Philadelphia like a wild felon, manacled, to die a felon's death. I would have scorned to fly from York. I could not bear that my name should be marked by ignominy. What I have done, was done for the security of hundreds of settlers on the frontiers. The blood of a thousand of my fellow-creatures called for vengeance. I shed no Indian's blood. As a ranger I sought the post of danger, and now you ask my life. Let me be tried where prejudice has not prejudged my case. Let my brave rangers, who have stemmed the blast nobly, and never flinched, let them have an equitable trial; they were my friends in the hour of danger—to desert them now were cowardice.

"What remains—is to leave our cause with our God, and our guns."

Brave and defiant ranger! Words which thrill the soul and fire the heart, even to-day, coming down through the cathedral aisles of Time for over a century, with all its pathos and its eloquence.

The strife at Wyoming between the Connecticut settlers and Pennsylvania gave Captain Stewart and his rangers an opportunity, not to gratify their love of adventure, but for their more perfect security and to show their hostility to the Proprietary Government; and there on that fated July day, 1778, in the defense of his home and kindred and neighbors—in defense of the American Declaration—he fell in the midst of the contest.

* * * * * * *

For a period of ten years, after Bouquet's campaign, there was a calm—the savages had been taught a terrible lesson of righteous retribution. It was not until the primal events of the Revolution transpired that the scene of the hunter

and scout shifted to the waters of the Allegheny and Monongahela, in Western Pennsylvania and beyond. At the beginning of the struggle for independence a large population had migrated west of the Alleghenies, and the county of Westmoreland had been organized. The race preponderance was largely Scotch-Irish, a few German-Swiss, with some adventurous settlers from Maryland and Virginia—and yet the majority of these were the descendants of North of Ireland people. To them and to their posterity are due in a large measure—the energy, thrift, and success of that section of Pennsylvania, as well the country beyond the Ohio, and to the westward across the continent.

It is, however, the individual backwoodsman, the pioneer hunter and scout, that we have to do in this connection. Much concerning him has been written by the Munchausen historians of the West—but following in the footsteps of the Rev. Mr. Doddridge, who was as erratic and fabulous as his *confrère*, Rev. Mr. Weems—their incidents of border life and warfare are in the main wholly unreliable; and yet this is not the time nor the place to enter into a defense of men whose intrepidity and bravery, whose hardihood and enterprise, have made the wilderness and the prairie the abode of industry, education, and wealth. All honor and renown be to those Commonwealth builders.

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No story of adventure on the Ohio would be complete, without pretty full references to the Bradys, uncle and nephew—both Samuels, and at this remote day very difficult to designate which incident belongs to the elder or younger Sam Brady. The Bradys were natives of the beautiful Cumberland Valley, that great stamping ground of Scotch-Irish settlement in America. The elder Sam Brady was the third son of Hugh Brady, Sr., and brother of Capt. John Brady. When at the age of twenty, the French and Indian War broke out. After Braddock's defeat he enlisted as a private. His company belonged to John Armstrong's little regiment of three hundred and seven men. In the Fall of 1756, he participated in the capture and burning of the Indian town at the Kittanning. During the capture, Brady entered the chief's

wigwam and found all deserted, save a little papoose lying in a cot. The baby looked up into Brady's face with smiles and chuckles, but another soldier approached from behind and seized it. Brady interceded strongly for the child's life, but the other dashed its brains out upon a post, swearing as he did so that "nits make lice."

During this campaign Brady served in the company of Captain Steel, a Presbyterian preacher from Cumberland County. When the retreat from the burning town had been taken up, some of the prisoners said that a band of twenty-four Indians had left the village the day before. As the army continued the march during the evening, they saw a light not far off the trail, and a scout was dispatched to investigate. He stepped up close and counted the fires. Returning, he said there were not more than five or six Indians in the camp. It was decided to leave Lieutenant Ford with twelve men to fall upon the Indians at daylight. When the attack was made, it was discovered that instead of five or six there were upwards of two dozen Indians. The surprised lieutenant and his men stood the return attack for awhile, but he himself being twice wounded, and the men taking to the bushes for cover, the little band was obliged to fall back. The brave lieutenant was placed upon a horse and carried as far as he was able to stand the riding. Then his men placed him on the ground to leave him. They passed him in line, each man taking him by the hand and saying good-bye. As Brady passed, the lieutenant would not let go his hand, but clung to him for three hundred yards. Then Brady stopped and laid him down on the ground, remaining with him till he died. Brady, secreting his body, hurried on to the main army, and prevailing upon some friends to return with him, bringing along some tools, they buried the lieutenant's remains and covered his grave with leaves to hide it from the Indians. Hurrying on, they overtook the army during the night and returned with them to Fort Shirley, after an absence of eight days.

Samuel Brady did fort duty at Fort Shirley for some time after this, but later joined the company which his brother John formed in Cumberland County. They marched by way

of Bedford to Fort Ligonier, after which the valley takes its name. The whole of Forbes' army to which they belonged was massed at this point, together with twenty-seven hundred Virginians, sixteen hundred Marylanders, and two hundred Carolinians. After Fort Duquesne had been captured and burnt, and the French had been driven from the neighborhood, General Forbes returned to the East, leaving a garrison to hold the fort till the next Spring.

John Brady removed his family to a point near Huntingdon's present site, and a few years afterwards (1775) his brother Sam, who had recently married, came and settled on the other side of the river, nearly opposite. In the year 1776 both families removed to Muncy Valley, where John soon after formed a company for Revolutionary service. When his brother's company was ordered to the front, Samuel Brady enlisted as a private, and served with the company in all its engagements, remaining with the army after the defeat at Brandywine, where Captain John was retired severely wounded, returning home after the Battle of Germantown.

While at home, Samuel Brady made a pet of an old Indian called Wamp. He would often throw a deer in at the door of the Indian's wigwam, and Brady, with the co-operation of his brother John's son James, managed to keep the old fellow during the Winter. Next Spring, just before the threatened Indian outbreak, as Brady was out in the woods hunting, he caught sight of old Wamp acting queerly and seeming to want to shoot Brady. The latter stepped behind a tree and peeped out to see what Wamp was about. Bang! went the old Indian's rifle, and the bullet took off a portion of his left ear. Brady's Scotch-Irish was up in a minute, and, vowing not to allow any Indian to take such liberties with him, rushed upon the miscreant and clove his head with a tomahawk.

Samuel Brady was at Fort Muncy the day Captain John was killed in ambuscade, and it was he who rushed out, followed by some of the garrison, and bore his brother into the fort. He succeeded to the command of his brother's company, although he served without a commission. He

pressed the pursuit of the Indians with undeviating energy, and drove them out of the country along the Susquehanna, following one party as far as Fort Bedford. He and his men returned afterwards to Fort Freeland. Brady, during these campaigns, had a close companion, a little Irishman named "Hughey" Dougherty, and many were the experiences they went through together. On one occasion, at Fort Freeland, the main part of the garrison had crossed the river on an expedition, leaving Brady and Dougherty with the women. A scouting party of British suddenly appeared and demanded the surrender of the fort. Brady said "No," and he and "Hughey" set about a defensive fire upon the British and Indians, while the women loaded the rifles. After quite a fight, during which more than one of the enemy were stretched out on the grass, the garrison crossed the river and raised the siege.

Later on, Brady and the remnant of his brother's old company formed part of the garrison at Bedford, and frequently did scouting duty in the mountain districts. On one occasion they set out on what is known as the Bedford scout. Leaving the fort with two days' rations, they traveled northward as far as the present site of Hollidaysburg. Here they suddenly fell in with a large party of Indians. The scouts being greatly outnumbered, fell back, and the Indians followed closely. At intervals the scouts made a stand, until driven from their position. A stand was made at a stream called Bloody Run. Quite a number of the Indians were shot and killed, but the scouts had suffered the loss of nearly half their number. The last stand was made not far from Bloody Run. A commanding position was obtained; and, as before, the scouts did effective work, but the pressure became too strong, and they were dislodged again. Samuel Brady was here shot in the leg. He sprang on the leg, and finding that the bone was not broken proceeded to make his escape to Fort Bedford. The next day quite a number of men were sent out, but did not succeed in overtaking the enemy. The troops gathered up the remains of the unfortunate scouts and returned with them to the fort.

After this battle the Indians seemed to have left the neigh-

borhood for good. Samuel Brady soon after received an appointment as scout or spy at Fort Ligonier, and scouted the country between that place and a block house, the subsequent owner of which was known as Block House Thompson, and which was located not far from the present town of Indiana.

When General St. Clair marched against the Indians, Brady volunteered and was present at the memorable defeat. As the army started to retreat, an old Indian sprang up in front and shouted to kill all white men and take no prisoners. Brady remarked that he had a pill for him, and brought him down with his rifle. Brady also joined General Wayne in his more successful Indian warfare, and although serving to an extremely old age, managed to keep abreast of the younger blood. Samuel Brady died in Indiana County in 1811, aged seventy-seven years.

This man with his military career is a striking picture. Starting out in his twenty-first year as a soldier, he served as a private in the ranks till white-haired old age drove him from the camp. For a full half century of America's most eventful career he took part in every military movement that presented itself.

Samuel Brady, familiarly known as "Old Sam" and "Uncle Sam," in distinction from his celebrated and much-loved nephew, was of large figure, and of a jovial, genial disposition. His rather neglected family consisted of two sons and three daughters. Joseph, his younger son, died unmarried; and John, the older, lived in Indiana County to the age of eighty-one years, and was father of nine children. Of these, Jane (McBeth), William, Samuel, John, Robert, James W., Hugh, and Cooper raised families of various proportions.

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As to the younger Sam Brady, more could be written than of all the scouts on the frontiers. A century ago every backwoodsman was full of the story of his life. He was a son of Capt. John Brady, and was born at the Standing Stone, on the Juniata, about the beginning of the old French War. His father, a brave officer of the Revolution, as we have seen,

was killed by the Indians in an ambuscade near Fort Muncy in 1779, and it may possibly be that partly from a spirit of revenge he became the most daring, venturesome, and remarkable scout that he was; and yet his station with his command at Fort Pitt, and his prior fellowship with such kindred spirits as Hardin, Lochry, Crawford, McCullough, and Kenton, may have fitted him for the excellent service he gave his country on the confines of civilization. He was admirably equipped for this work, which was highly appreciated by Generals Irvine and Brodhead—and his sturdy compatriots just alluded to. He made himself familiar with the language of the various Indian tribes, with their manners and customs, and, as will be seen, in one instance at least, deceiving the aborigine himself. One of the most interesting and daring exploits of young Sam Brady was the rescue of Jenny Stupes, and it bears recital here.

Brady, with a few men, had been sent out to the northwestern part of the Ohio to scout, or had gone out voluntarily, and was upon his return to Pittsburgh. He had been gone so long that his ammunition and that of his men was exhausted. They were within twenty miles of Fort McIntosh. They had nothing to eat for many hours. Brady had shot an otter, but it was so tough that it could not be eaten. He had his last load but two in his gun, and was looking anxiously about for game; his men were scattered through the deserted fields, picking strawberries to appease their hunger.

At this moment the Indian, behind whom Jenny Stupes was mounted, was seen by Brady, and he hesitated not a moment about his duty. As soon as the body of the Indian chief came under the range of his rifle he fired, and the Indian fell. Jenny Stupes and the child fell with him. The Indian was killed outright. Brady sprang forward to the spot where all of them had fallen from the affrighted horse, which ran rapidly away. She demanded of him why he had shot his brother Indian. Brady was painted and otherwise so well disguised as an Indian that she did not know him. He replied, "I am Captain Brady. Do you not know me?"

She informed him, in hurried tones, that a number of other Indians were immediately in the rear. These now appeared

upon the scene, and he seized her by the arm and hurried her away. He had no time to save the child, a boy of four years of age, attached by a cord to the body of the dead Indian. His own men, hearing the shot and also the yells of the Indians as they dashed off in pursuit of their leader, and having no ammunition, at once scattered and fled. Fortunately, nightfall overtook the fugitives, and farther pursuit, except at random, was impossible. They concealed themselves in an enormous hollow log, and lay there all night in breathless silence. Several times they heard the crackling of twigs, and the rustling of leaves made by the stealthy footfalls of the savages; occasionally the well-known imitation of the owl's cry was heard and repeated.

They continued the occupation of their curious retreat until noon of the next day, when they slowly emerged from it, and by a rapid, vigorous, but circuitous march, they reached Fort McIntosh that evening.

The commandant received them with great rejoicing. Brady's men, not aware of his escape, had reached the fort before him, and reported him dead or captured. Within a day or two afterwards he ascended the Ohio to Pittsburgh, to which post the intelligence of his exploit had preceded him. Mrs. Stupes accompanied him, and the whole party was received with all the formalities of military rejoicing.

This was but one of the numerous exploits he performed during the trying hours of the Revolution. Many a settler's child was restored to its family, and many an Indian paid the forfeiture of life who attempted to cross the frontier to pillage and murder, and many a warrior slept with his fathers who was returning from successful forays and laden with plunder and scalps. His name became the synonym of protection and security along hundreds of miles of the borders. His presence was an incentive to high deeds, and with him he bore courage and hope.

Of the subsequent capture of Brady and his escape from the Indians, who, when they discovered who their prisoner was, were frantic with triumph, the incident is replete with adventure, daring, and unexcelled markmanship. This, with many others just as brilliant, just as brave, must be shoved

aside for the nonce, for the following transcript of one of the most remarkable on record.

Sam Brady had attained a reputation for daring and hardihood with which he might have been content, but his keenness for adventure only seems "to have grown by what it fed on." He suffered no relaxation in his efforts to defend the frontiers. His success in penetrating into the Indian country for two successive years, and his safe return, only appeared to whet his appetite for another trial. Accordingly, during the Winter of 1782, information from various sources reached the commandant at Pittsburgh that a grand council of Indian chiefs was to assemble early in March of that year, at Upper Sandusky, to form a grand plan for attacks at various points upon the whole Western frontier.

It will be remembered by those familiar with the history of the Northwest, that this year was distinguished in Western history for the ferocity and persistence with which the Indians attacked the block houses, and even strong forts along the whole line of defenses. The old pioneers, who lived upon the borders and were familiar with the horrors of that year, called it, by way of distinction, "the bloody year," and "bloody '82." Hitherto the fortunes of war had been as favorable to the settlers as to the savages; but during this year the tide seems to have turned. Not a single gleam of success rested on the whites. Although they succeeded in repelling the savages from the forts in some instances, yet they were negative triumphs. They were fighting for life alone. Wherever they risked a battle in the field, and where the wager was victory, they were uniformly beaten.

Brady resolved this time to take with him no person but John Hardin. Nor could he have selected a braver man or better scout. He disguised himself as an Indian chief. His companion was similarly metamorphosed. To none save his friend did he disclose his plan, and not even to him until after they had entirely left the white settlements. After full consultation Hardin agreed to it. Its novelty and extreme boldness electrified his lion-heart.

They marched as rapidly as the melting snow and deep mire of the paths would permit. They had but a limited

number of days to perform their march. The council was to assemble early in the month. When they came nearer the village at which it was to be held, they acted with extreme caution. They found a young Indian loitering some distance from the village. They entered into a conversation with him, and so well disguised were they that he had no suspicions about their identity. He was bright, intelligent, and communicative. From him they learned that many chiefs and warriors had arrived, and that a delegation expected from a small band of one of the tribes on the upper Susquehanna or Allegheny had not arrived, nor had any from the Shawanese yet come.

Brady, who, as before stated, was perfectly acquainted with the Delawares and Shawanese, and who spoke the language of both fluently, as did Hardin, resolved to personate, as circumstances might point out, chiefs of one or the other of these tribes, bands of both of which lived then upon the waters of the two rivers already named.

They entered the village and moved about, strictly following all the customs and usages of Indian life. They gave all the assurances, both from speech and action, which were necessary to accredit them to their wary foes. No suspicion seemed to be excited. They in somewise obtained accommodations, and waited patiently until the hour for opening the council. This was done with great formality.

At length the discussion began. As it proceeded, even Brady was astonished at the audacity and breadth of the plans it disclosed. The whole frontier was to be attacked simultaneously, and an utter annihilation of the white settlements from Westmoreland County westward and southward to Kentucky River, was the aim.

It came Brady's turn to speak. He fully concurred in their plans, pointing out what he declared to be the best mode of attack, where to strike with most effect, and proceeding with fluent energy of speech, when he pronounced some Indian word as only a white man would. It was some guttural shibboleth upon which a civilized tongue must fail. An old Indian brave who sat with his hand resting upon his tomahawk, and who had watched Brady with uneasy glances, sprang for-

ward with the vigor of a tiger, mad with rage, and aimed a blow at Brady's head. The latter raised his rifle and shot him through the heart. The whole assembly were magnetized with surprise, and Brady and Hardin sprang for the door, meeting with no opposition in their egress. A moment more, and had all the hounds of hell let loose their fiendish yell, a more terrible sound of fury could not have issued from their hoarse throats than went up from that infuriated throng.

The details of a three days' hard fight, and a hard-pressed pursuit, would only disclose the usual expedients of practiced scouts to avoid letting a deadly foe come within rifle range of them, and the straining of every power of body and muscle on the part of the savages to overtake their bold and reckless enemies, who had thrown them down a challenge of mortal defiance, and who had possession of all their ideas relative to the coming campaign. Never did the Indians feel so keenly the stigma cast upon their reputation for detective cunning, or the insult offered to their skill as warriors, as they did to think that their most dreaded foe had entered into their villages and war councils, and utterly eluded discovery until the moment the explosion came.

At the end of the third day Hardin's horse gave out; he could go no further. He had moved rapidly, day and night, almost without rest and without food. Their course had lain in a southeast direction, towards the Ohio River, which they desired to strike at or near Wheeling. A little after nightfall of the third day they stopped for a few hours' rest. By midnight they were mounted and again on their way. They alternately rode the remaining horse and walked. Either of them could pace in this way with any horse at a gait which he could sustain for hours together.

They finally reached the Muskingum villages of friendly Indians. These latter could not give them shelter or food, but said to them, "We are men of peace; take what you please by force." They did snatch a hasty meal and seize another horse. One of the animals they had taken at Sandusky still held out. The scouts felt that they could not press high up the Ohio to cross, and that their safety lay in reaching some post on the southern bank at the earliest possible

moment. Accordingly, they pushed for the river. They reached the northern bank just as the sun was setting. Their remaining Sandusky horse was now completely knocked up, their Muskingum animal comparatively fresh.

The Ohio was reached and successfully crossed. About midnight, the Indians appeared upon the opposite bank, and seeing the reflection of the fire between the banks of the ravine, yelled and shouted in most terrific style. They even fired off their guns. As soon as Brady and Hardin had cooked a portion of a dead horse and supped upon it, they began to feel comfortable, and therefore defiant. They well knew no Indian, however hardy, would venture into the surging stream that even then could be heard grating its icy teeth through the night. They knew where they were, and that less than twenty miles would bring them to a block house. The continuance of their march was deferred until daylight.

They answered the Indians by taunts occasionally during the night, by calling them "old women," "dogs," "that they knew nothing about hunting," "that if they would cross the river they would take their scalps." These jibes rendered the Indians furious with passion, and they replied with similar sneers and scurrilous epithets.

Next day Brady and his companion reached a block house some miles below Wheeling, in safety; and thus returned to Pittsburgh by way of Fort McIntosh. Such information of the purposes of the Indians, as was in his judgment prudent to be communicated to the sub-commandant of the post, he gave him.

The plan of the Indians for their campaign was so frustrated by this adventure that they dispatched no large expeditions until full three months afterwards, and then their plans were materially changed. Indeed, the whites sought to break the force of the expected blow by sending out a force under Colonel Crawford. This, and the murder of Captain Lochry's men, so encouraged the savages that in July they attacked Hanna's town, in Westmoreland County, burned it, and laid waste the surrounding country. This attack was made by a party of British and Indians, who rendezvoused at

Lake Chautauqua, and descended the Allegheny in canoes to a short distance above Fort Armstrong, now Kittanning.

Of Brady's invaluable services to Generals Brodhead and Irvine, who were respectively in command of the post at Fort Pitt, the correspondence of those distinguished officers abundantly show. He was nominally in the regular service in January, 1783, as the published return of his regiment gives that fact. As the Revolutionary struggle ended that year, his corps was disbanded. He had been nearly five years in the West, and manifested no desire to return to the Valley of the Susquehanna to reside. Shortly after the close of the war he changed his condition in life. Although he did not abandon his fondness for the woods, his love for hunting and scouting, he yet permitted his life-long habits to be interrupted. In 1784 he married Drusilla Swearingen, a daughter of Captain Van Swearingen, a noted officer of the Pennsylvania Line. About 1786 Captain Brady removed to now West Virginia and settled near Wellsburg, where, on account of the Indian troubles, he erected a block house. When General Wayne assumed charge of the Northwestern Army he sent for Captain Brady and gave him command of all the scouts in the employ of the Government, some sixty or seventy in number. His plan of carrying the war into the Indian country put a stop to all murders on that frontier. He continued in command of these rangers until the period of his death, which occurred on December 25th, 1795, at his own residence, about two miles west of West Liberty, in the thirty-ninth year of his age. He left a widow and two sons.

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John Hardin, generally known in Kentucky history as Gen. John Hardin, was a native of Pennsylvania, his parents having first settled on the Conecocheague, in the Cumberland Valley, about 1745, where he was born the 1st of October, 1753. The family subsequently removed to Fauquier County, Va., where they remained until about the year 1760, when they accompanied other Virginia families to the Redstone settlement. Here he was brought up amidst all the hardships and adventures of a rugged pioneer life. He was

an expert with the rifle, and a noted hunter—hunting was an occupation of necessity. When Indian hostilities began, war was added to the former motive. Young Hardin, finding even in the first of these, scope for the exercise of his active, enterprising disposition, and not being called to any literary occupation, for there were no schools, hunting became his sole pursuit and chief delight. With his rifle he traversed the vales, or crossed the hills, or clambered the mountains, in search of game, insensible of fatigue, until he became one of the most expert of the craft. The rapidity and exactness with which he pointed his rifle made him what is termed "a dead shot." And so, when the struggle for independence came, he entered early into the contest, and was commissioned an ensign in the First Westmoreland County Battalion of Associators, commanded by Col. John Proctor in 1776. When, by authority of a resolution of Congress, the Eighth Pennsylvania Regiment was raised for the defense of the Western frontier, to garrison the posts of Presqu' Isle, Le Boeuff, and the Kittanning, John Hardin was commissioned a second lieutenant, August 11th, 1776, and promoted to first lieutenant July 13th, 1777. In November of the latter year he is returned as "on command with Colonel Morgan." It was during that period of his service that we have this incident of Hardin's coolness, courage, and eminent military talents. While with the Northern army, he was sent out on a reconnoitering excursion with orders to capture a prisoner, for the purpose of obtaining information. Marching silently in advance of his party, he found himself, on rising the abrupt summit of a hill, in the presence of three British soldiers and a Mohawk Indian. The moment was critical, but without manifesting the slightest hestitation, he presented his rifle and ordered them to surrender. The British immediately threw down their arms—the Indian clubbed his gun. They remained motionless, while he continued to advance on them; but none of his men having come up to his assistance, he turned his head a little to one side and called them to come on. At this time the Indian warrior, observing his eye withdrawn from him, reversed his gun with a rapid motion, with the intention of shooting. Hardin caught the

gleam of light which was reflected from the polished barrel of the gun, and readily divining its meaning, brought his own rifle to a level, and without raising his piece to his face, gained the first fire and gave the Indian a mortal wound, who, however, was only an instant too late, sending his ball through Hardin's hair. The rest of the party were marched into camp, and Hardin received the thanks of General Gates. Before he left the army he was offered a major's commission in one of the new regiments about to be raised; but he declined, alleging that he would be of more service where he then was. He resigned, however, in 1779, and returned home, owing probably to the troubled state of the frontiers by Indian incursions. The following year (1780) Hardin went to Kentucky, where he located lands on Treasury warrants for himself and some of his friends, but did not attempt to remain there. At that period every man who could use a rifle was a ranger and scout on the frontiers, and Hardin was on frequent tours of duty. On several occasions, as will be seen in the sketch of young Sam Brady, he accompanied that intrepid scout on some of his important adventures; while some of the thrilling narratives and hair-breadth escapes for which credit has been given others, he was the real hero of the wilderness. His name was a terror to the Indian warriors. He did valuable military service on the frontiers until comparative quiet was restored. In April, 1786, he removed his wife and family to Nelson, afterwards Washington County, Kentucky. In the same year he volunteered under General Clark for the Wabash expedition and was appointed quartermaster. In the year 1789, among other depredations a considerable party of Indians stole all his horses, without leaving him one for the plow. They were pursued, but escaped by crossing the Ohio. In the course of this year he was appointed County Lieutenant with the rank of colonel, which gave him the command of the militia of the county. As the Summer advanced he determined to cross the Ohio and scour the country for some miles out, in order to break up any bands of Indians that might be lurking in the neighborhood. With two hundred mounted men he proceeded across the river, and on one of the branches

of the Wabash fell on a camp of about thirty Shawanese, whom he attacked and defeated, with a loss of two killed and nine wounded. Two of the whites were wounded—none killed or taken. From these Indians Colonel Hardin recovered two of his horses and some colts which had been stolen in the Spring, and it is worthy of remark that no more horses were stolen from that neighborhood during the war. There was no expedition into the Indian country after Hardin settled in Kentucky that he was not engaged in, except that of General St. Clair, which he was prevented from joining by an accidental wound received while using a carpenter's adze. In the Spring of 1792 he was sent by General Wilkinson with overtures of peace to the Indians. He arrived on his route towards the Miami villages, attended by an interpreter, at an Indian camp about a day's journey from the spot where Fort Defiance was afterwards built. Here he encamped with the Indians during the night, but in the morning they shot him to death. Thus perished one of the builders of the Commonwealth of Kentucky—one whose name will ever be linked with its early history. He was a man of unassuming manners and great gentleness of deportment; yet of singular firmness and inflexibility.

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The mention of one name—a name famous in the annals of Western Pennsylvania—vividly recalling to mind Gnadenhuetten and Sandusky—is that of David Williamson. He is the one person upon whom has been heaped more dishonor than all the rest of those mighty Indian fighters of the backwoods. And yet David Williamson was a patriot. He was a native of the Cumberland Valley; was the third son of John Williamson and his wife Mary Davidson, and a younger brother of the Rev. Hugh Williamson, the celebrated Presbyterian divine, as also of John Williamson, a noted lawyer in his day; while his sister Margaret, who married Daniel Nevin, was the ancestor of John Williamson Nevin, D. D., the theologian, of Rev. William M. Nevin, D. D., and others celebrated in literature and history. David Williamson removed to the Western country prior to the

Revolution, and settled in what was subsequently Buffalo Township, Washington County, Pennsylvania. Here his skill as a hunter and scout brought him into prominence, and his services on the frontiers in their defense against the Indian marauders and white outlaws made him a natural-born leader. He was accustomed to the Indian mode of warfare—was dexterous with the rifle—and disguised as a red man, with his knowledge of their language, made him a formidable scout—one greatly to be feared by the savages.

The murder of Colonel Lochry and his party, on the 24th of August, 1781, while descending the Ohio to go to the assistance of Col. George Rogers Clark, upon his contemplated expedition against Detroit, filled the Western country with horror and alarm. Although positively denied by the Brethren, it was ascertained that the Moravian Indians of the Mission at Gnadenhuetten on the Muskingum were in part guilty of the Lochry massacre. It was well known on the frontiers that some of these Moravian Indians frequented Detroit during a few weeks' absence on ostensibly hunting excursions. Hence the ignorance of their whereabouts by the Brethren of the Mission. These facts were satisfactorily ascertained by the scouts. In February, 1782, a number of murders were committed on the frontiers, especially that of the family of Robert Wallace, and scouts traced the perpetrators to Gnadenhuetten. In the month following, at the instigation of the County Lieutenant, and with the approval of the authorities, volunteers were organized and David Williamson urgently requested to take command. It was with reluctance he did so. It was not then the intention to destroy Gnadenhuetten, but, if possible, to ferret out the Indian marauders, capture them, and take them prisoners to Fort Pitt. This has been denied, but it is nevertheless a fact. The expedition, notwithstanding the severity of the weather, snow, ice, and swollen streams, safely reached the Muskingum. It is a noticeable fact that sensational American history is always based upon the wildest rumors and assertions—rarely facts—and conclusions are arrived at which cannot easily be disproved; and thus, as in the French courts, every one who cannot establish his innocence is declared

guilty. Somehow this destruction of Gnadenhuetten by the borderers, with its dark details, are only given, allowing those who read no extenuating circumstances—believing in verity that the average backwoodsman was a fiend incarnate. It is not remarkable therefore that such is the case in this instance. But to our narrative. On demand, the Indians surrendered to the frontiersmen, and upon being told to prepare for the journey to Fort Pitt, they appeared delighted with the prospect of removal. Williamson's men at once began to ransack the village and found there what they considered damning proof of the treachery and guilt of the Moravian Indians. They found their horses branded and stolen from the settlements. Tea kettles, pots, basins, and pewter plates, with a variety of other articles, were found, which the rangers recognized as having belonged to the white settlers east of the Ohio. These charges were denied; but then came the fatal evidence that some of the household utensils and apparel had been taken from the house of Robert Wallace and others whose homes had been destroyed and inmates murdered. In addition, the dress which Mrs. Wallace wore when she was massacred was found upon the person of a young squaw, which was fully identified by Wallace himself, who was present on the expedition. Protestations of innocence were of no avail: their doom was sealed, and the borderers demanded that the Indians should be put to death. It is authentic that Colonel Williamson was opposed to this measure, but his opposition was of little account, for the question was immediately put, "Shall the Indians be taken as prisoners to Fort Pitt or put to death here?" and those who were in favor of sparing their lives advanced three paces to the front. Only eighteen, a hopeless minority, thus voted. And so the bloody work began, the massacre was ended, and the torch applied, and Gnadenhuetten was a heap of smouldering ruins. The Moravian Brethren—not one of whom was present, and therefore not competent witnesses of the bloody transaction—sought to prejudice the minds of the inhabitants, of the Pennsylvania Assembly, and of the Congress, against the officers and men composing the expedition. Whatever may have been the views of well-thinking men,

the rangers were paid for their services by the State, proof of which is furnished by the receipts of the individuals preserved in its archives—and the list of these, compiled therefrom, is to be found in volume fourteen of the second series, Pennsylvania Archives. Men who have lost friends and relations, whose homes have been desolated and all hopes of life blasted by the bloodthirsty savage, cannot be restrained from executing summary vengeance upon the perpetrators. There were few of Williamson's men who had not lost much through the perfidious and traitorous Indians at Gnadenhuetten. At the first "hue and cry," against any deed whatsoever, few there be who have the bravery to stand up for the right, and it is owing to this that the transaction at Gnadenhuetten has come down to us as one of the "darkest crimes" on record; and yet during any maraud by a body of Indians, noticeably during the French and Indian War, just as many who fell at Gnadenhuetten were victims of the tomahawk and scalping knife. At Fort Granville nearly as many were put to death by the inhuman savages. It is a good thing sometimes to fight fire by fire. In civilized warfare no prisoners are killed, but if one side is savage they should be dealt with as they have done and will do to others. Without being an apologist for the Gnadenhuetten affair, some consideration should be made for the frontiersman. It is perhaps well sometimes to put ourselves in the place of others.

On the Sandusky expedition under Col. William Crawford, David Williamson was second in command. By reference to the second series of Pennsylvania Archives, it will be seen that the best men on the frontiers accompanied this expedition. Nineteen-twentieths of the officers and men were Scotch-Irish, and firm in the Presbyterian faith and doctrine. This expedition, so well narrated by Mr. Butterfield, deserved a better fate. The disaster caused a profound sensation throughout the country.

The struggle for supremacy having ceased by the defeat of the Indians and the treaty of Greenville with General Wayne, peace was restored to the frontiers of Pennsylvania, and the scouts and rangers sought their homes and the delights of domestic life. Colonel Williamson, upon the break-

ing up of the army, returned to his home in Washington County, but was soon after sent by the County Lieutenant, James Marshal, with a company of men to guard the frontier along the Ohio. In 1787 he was elected sheriff of the county, and was very popular with the people. He was an elder in the Presbyterian church, and enjoyed the respect and veneration of the community. He died in 1814, and was buried in Cross Creek graveyard. Colonel Williamson married Mary Wise, a daughter of Thomas Wise, of Washington County, but a native of the Cumberland Valley. They left a family of four sons and four daughters.

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The brothers Adam and Andrew Poe are so well known among readers of border or backwoods life that no allusion would be made to them in this connection were it not from the fact that our historians have never practically settled the nativity of those noted Indian scouts. Some authorities give New England as their birthplace, while others with as much certainty give Maryland as the place of their nativity. Their father came from the Province of Ulster and settled near the Maryland boundary, not far from Parnell's Knob, within the boundary limits of the Province of Pennsylvania, about 1735. A grandson John had a son David Poe, who removed to Maryland, and was the father of Edgar Allan Poe. But our present narrative concerns Andrew and Adam Poe, the noted Indian scouts.

Andrew Poe, born September 20th, 1742, settled on Harmon's Creek in now Washington County, Pennsylvania, during the Revolution. In 1790 he removed to Beaver County, this State, where he died in 1831, and is buried in Mill Creek graveyard. Adam Poe, born in 1745, accompanied his brother Andrew to Western Pennsylvania, and we find both as signers of the call to the Rev. Joseph Smith to be minister of Cross Creek Church, Washington County, June 21st, 1779. He removed after the Revolution to the mouth of the Little Beaver, and from thence to near New Lisbon, Ohio, thence to Wayne County, and later on to Masillon, where he died in 1840. These men were remarkable for

their personal prowess—powerfully built, active and fearless—and they enjoyed great renown among the borderers as the bravest and most successful scouts during the Indian hostilities that were carried on along the Ohio River and its tributaries from 1777 to 1794. Many accounts of their remarkable adventures in Indian warfare are found in the annals of frontier life. One incident, however, is worthy re-narration in this connection.

The courage, boldness, and shrewdness of the Poe brothers as hunters and scouts soon attracted the attention of Brady, McConnell, McGuire, and other border braves who made their headquarters at Fort McIntosh. Andrew and Adam Poe joined the scouts, and from his intrepidity the latter soon won the position of captain, by which he was known to his decease. The scouts under his command generally patroled the border from Wheeling to Fort Pitt, often making Fort McIntosh a sort of half-way point, to learn the movements of the savages of the Northwest. While thus engaged, in the Summer of 1782, a party of seven Wyandots crossed the Ohio River near the mouth of Little Yellow Creek, and proceeding some ten or twelve miles into the sparse settlement, they found an old man alone in his cabin, whom they killed, scalped, and plundered the hut of such articles as they desired, and then retreated to the Ohio, where they had left their rafts, to recross the stream. The fate of the poor settler soon spread, and a party of scouts, with Adam Poe at the head, shortly after appearing, were apprised of the murder. The scouts followed the winding trail as rapidly as possible; but having received news of the murder late in the afternoon, and night coming on, they were compelled to abandon the tracks, and pushed on in the direction of Yellow Creek, a favorite crossing point for the Indians. The pursuit continued the greater part of the night. In the morning the party found themselves on the trail of the Indians, which led to the river. The imprints of the large moccasins of one of the Indians attracted particular notice. The scouts, eight in number, were quickly on the alert, having learned by dear experience the cunning of the red fiends of the Ohio.

When arrived within a little distance of the river, Andrew Poe, fearing an ambuscade, left his companions to follow the trail, while he moved across to the river under cover of the high weeds and bushes, with a view to attack them in the rear should he find them situated as he expected. He had not gone far before he saw the Indian rafts at the water's edge, but seeing nothing of the savages, moved cautiously down the bank, with his rifle cocked. When about half way down he discovered the large Wyandot chief and a small Indian within a few steps of him. Poe raised his gun, and aiming surely at the chief, pulled trigger. It missed fire, and the snap betrayed his presence. Too near to retreat, he sprang forward, and seizing the large Indian by the breast, and at the same instant encircling his arms around the neck of the smaller one, threw them both to the ground. Extricating himself from the grasp of Poe, the small savage raised his tomahawk; but as he aimed the blow, a vigorous and well-directed kick staggered him back, and he let fall the hatchet. Recovering quickly, he aimed several blows in defiance and exultation. The vigilance of Poe distinguished the real from the feigned stroke, and suddenly throwing up his arm, averted it from his head, but received a wound in his wrist. By a violent effort he freed himself from the grip of the chief, and snatching up a gun, shot the young Indian through the breast as he advanced the third time with the tomahawk.

By this time the large Indian had regained his feet, and seizing Poe by the shoulder and leg threw him to the ground. Poe, however, soon got up and engaged with the savage in a close struggle, which terminated in the fall of both into the water. Now it became the object of each to drown his antagonist, and the efforts to accomplish this were continued for some time with alternate success, first one and then the other being under the water. At length, catching hold of the long tuft of hair which had been suffered to grow on the head of the chief, Poe held him under water until he supposed him dead; but, relaxing his hold too soon, the gigantic savage was again on his feet and ready for another grapple. In this both were carried beyond their depth, and had to swim for safety. Both sought the shore, and each with all

his might strained every nerve to reach it first, that he might end the conflict with one of the guns lying on the beach. The Indian was the more expert swimmer, but Poe, outstripped by him, turned and swam further into the river, in the hope of avoiding being shot, by diving. Fortunately, his antagonist laid hold of the gun which had been discharged at the little Indian, and he was enabled to get some distance into the river.

At this juncture Adam Poe, missing his brother from the party, and supposing from the report of the gun which he fired that he was either killed or engaged in conflict with the Indians, hastened to the spot. On seeing him, Andrew called out to him to "kill the big Indian on the shore;" but Adam's gun, like that of the Indian's, was empty. The contest was now between the white man and the Indian who should load first and fire. Very fortunately for Poe, the savage, in loading, drew the ramrod from the thimbles of the stock of the gun with so much violence that it slipped out of his hand and fell a little distance from him; he quickly caught it up, and rammed down the bullet. This little delay gave Adam Poe the advantage. He shot the Indian as he was raising his gun to take aim at him. As soon as Adam had shot the Indian he jumped into the river to assist his wounded brother; but Andrew thought more of carrying the scalp of the big Indian home as a trophy of victory. Adam's solicitude for his brother prevented this, and in the meantime the Indian, jealous of the honor of his scalp, even in the agonies of death, succeeded in reaching the river and getting into the current, so that his body was not obtained.

During this contest six of the Indians were killed, one escaping, while of the rangers the loss was three men killed and Andrew Poe wounded. Thus ended this Spartan conflict. Never on any occasion was there a greater display of desperate bravery, and seldom did a conflict take place which, in the issue, proved fatal to so great a proportion of those engaged in it.

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We must pass over the brilliant careers of Lochry and Crawford—the sad ending of brave, experienced, and active

lives on the frontiers—the very remembrance of which a century after causes a shudder to come over those who in their youth read the description of the murder of the former by the Moravian Indians as given by the survivors; and of the heartrending details of the melancholy fate of the other through the narratives of Knight and Slover. As in these instances, so must be omitted the brilliant adventures and thrilling incidents connected with the lives of just as brave hunters and scouts as ever drew a rifle in protecting the sparse settlements in the backwoods of Pennsylvania—of Sam McCullough and his wonderful leap—a leap unequaled by that of the gallant Putnam—of Benjamin Logan and his heroic deeds—all Pennsylvania born and veritable builders of Commonwealths. Confining our researches within the borders of Pennsylvania, we find here and there some unknown hero of the backwoods who deserves a place in this brief recital of the actions of the hunters and scouts a hundred and more years agone.

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Andrew Sharp, a native of the Cumberland Valley and an officer of the Revolution, in 1784, with his wife, Ann Woods, and an infant child, emigrated to the Plum Creek region, then in Westmoreland County. He was a good shot and an excellent hunter, and yet his case is here given as illustrative of the dangers and hardships, varying in kind, encountered and endured by the inhabitants on the borders in the early settlement of the country. As an officer of the militia in the struggle for independence, he was noted for his daring and prowess, and these qualities were brought into requisition on the frontiers. His services as a scout were appreciated in the settlement, and he was the hero of more than one adventure. But success did not crown every effort, and his last struggle with the perfidious Delawares resulted in the loss of one of the bravest men on the Allegheny. In the Spring of 1794, for certain reasons not now known, but probably imbued with the restless spirit of the age and of his race, he, with others, proposed to settle in Kentucky. This was just prior to Wayne's victory at the "Fallen Timbers," on the 20th of August that year. The Indians had become

very troublesome, but the vigilance of the rangers and scouts kept them at bay. Captain Sharp and his companions built a flat boat, on which, with their household effects, twenty persons in all embarked on their proposed passage down the Kiskiminetas and Allegheny Rivers to Pittsburgh, and thence on to "Kentuck," that being the familiar name for the "dark and bloody ground." Low water in the Black Lick rendered their descent down tedious and difficult. Two miles below the falls of the Kiskiminetas, at the mouth of Two Mile Run, Captain Sharp tied the boat and went back for the canoe, which had been detached while crossing the falls. When he returned, the children were gathering berries and playing on the bank; the women were preparing supper, and the men who led the horses had arrived. It was about an hour and a half before sunset. A man then came along and reported that the Indians were near. The women and children were called into the boat, and the men having charge of the horses tied them on shore. It was then thought best that the party should go to the house of a friend to spend the night. While the men were tying the horses, seven Indians, concealed behind a large fallen tree, on the other side of which the children had been playing half an hour before, fired on the party in the boat. Captain Sharp's right eyebrow was shot off by the first firing. Taylor, one of his companions in the boat, is said to have mounted one of his horses and fled to the woods, leaving his wife and child to the care and protection of others. While Captain Sharp was cutting one end of the boat loose, he received a bullet wound in his left side, and while cutting the other end loose received another wound in his right side. Nevertheless, he succeeded in removing the boat from its fastenings before the Indians could enter it, and discovering an Indian in the woods, and calling for his gun, which his wife handed to him, shot and killed the savage. While the boat was in the whirlpool it whirled around for two and a half hours, and when the open side of the boat, that is, the side on which the baggage was not piled up for a breastwork, was towards the land, the Indians fired into it. They followed it twelve miles down the river, and bade those in it disembark, else they would fire into

them again. One of the company, a young man, with his mother, wished to land, and the former requested the Indians to come to the boat, informing them that all the men had been shot. Captain Sharp ordered him to desist, saying that he would shoot him if he did not. Just then the young man was shot by one of the Indians, and fell dead across Mrs. Sharp's feet. Another of the occupants was killed, while the last man was severely wounded. All the women and children escaped injury. After the Indians ceased following, Captain Sharp became so much exhausted by his exertions and loss of blood that his wife was obliged to manage the boat all night. At daylight the next morning they were within nine miles of Pittsburgh. Some men on shore, having been signaled, came to their assistance. One of them preceded the party in a canoe, so that when they reached Pittsburgh a physician was ready to attend upon them. Other preparations had been made for their comfort and hospitable reception by the good people of that place.

Captain Sharp, having suffered severely from his wounds, died July 8th, 1794, forty days after he was wounded, with the roar of cannon, so to speak reverberating in his ears, which he had heard celebrating the eighteenth anniversary of our National independence, which he, under Washington and a benign Providence, had helped achieve. Two of his daughters were the only members of his family that could follow his remains to the grave, but he was buried by his companions with the honors of war and in the presence of a large concourse of people. His youngest child was then only eleven days old. As soon as his widow had sufficiently recovered, she was conducted by her eldest daughter, Hannah, to his grave. Mrs. Sharp and her children were removed to their kindred in the Cumberland Valley, but three years later they returned to the farm on Crooked Creek, of which the family had been repossessed, and where, fifteen years later, Mrs. Sharp died.

The foregoing was the last Indian foray in that section of Western Pennsylvania. Such is a story of the hardships, inconveniences, dangers, and sufferings to which the early pioneers were subject. These, however, called forth the

highest type of manhood and womanhood—the former for intrepidity and heroic bravery—the latter for those splendid characteristics which ennobled every pioneer woman, and whose life history should be gathered up and preserved for those who come after. The endurance, the self-sacrifice, and saintliness of character which in such numerous instances exemplified the lives of the women of the backwoods of a century and more ago, should, by all means, be made familiar to the people of to-day. The case of Mrs. Sharp just narrated is one in point. Who will take up this subject, "Pioneer Wives and Daughters of the Eighteenth Century"?

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Concerning John Findley, who some one has styled "the precursor and pilot of Daniel Boone to Kentucky," we find that he was the son of John Findley, of Lurgan Township, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, and was born about 1720. The father was a licensed Indian trader, was one of the first justices of the county upon its erection, and a ruling elder of Middle Spring Church in 1744. He died prior to 1759. The son entered upon the vocation of his father, but the French and Indian War coming on, he joined the military service as a ranger and scout on the frontiers. He served with distinction as a private on the Forbes and Bouquet campaigns to the Westward.

After the war, having on his trading expeditions ventured as far as Kentucky, he inspired Daniel Boone, whom he had frequently met at his cabin on the Yadkin, with an intense desire to seek this "promised land" beyond the Cumberland Mountains, which he had explored as early as 1767. Findley's glowing account of the richness and fertility of the new country excited powerfully not only the hunters of the Yadkin, but the curiosity and imaginations of the frontier backwoodsmen of Virginia and North Carolina, ever on the watch for adventures, and to whom the lovely wilderness with all its perils presented attractions which were not to be found in the close confinement and enervating inactivity of the settlements. Findley, like Boone, was a good shot, his aim was unerring, and the daring life of a pioneer had great

charms for him. An expedition to Kentucky was agreed upon, and the party set out from Boone's cabin May 1st, 1769. It was composed of Findley, now well advanced in years, but just as venturesome as ever, of Daniel Boone, the latter's brother in law, John Stewart, and three Yadkin neighbors, Joseph Holden, James Mooney, and William Cooley. The story of their expedition through Cumberland Gap and their long hunt is now familiar to readers of border history. Their principal camp was probably on Red Lick Fork of Station Camp Creek. On the 22d of December Stewart and Boone were surprised and captured by Indians while out hunting. They remained with their captors seven days, until, having by a rare and powerful exertion of self-control, suffering no signs of impatience to escape them, succeeded in disarming the suspicions of the Indians, their escape was effected without difficulty. On rejoining their comrades on Rockcastle River, they found that Daniel Boone's brother, Squire Boone, had arrived with fresh horses and traps from Western North Carolina; and with him was Alexander Neely, whom Squire Boone had found on New River. Findley, with three others, now elected to return home, leaving the rest to spend a longer period in Kentucky. The first named took the left-hand road through the West Virginia settlements to Pennsylvania, and the others turning to the right, wended their way to North Carolina through Cumberland Gap. For several years John Findley entered the Indian trade, with headquarters at Fort Pitt. It is stated that not long after this he "was lost in the wilds of the West," but that was not the case, for we find that at the outset of the Revolutionary struggle he was in the service as a ranger on the Western frontiers. It is stated that on one of his scouting tours he was waylaid by three Indians, but espying them first he succeeded, by dodging behind trees, in killing one after the other, although his horse was badly wounded in the encounter. Lieutenant Findley, towards the close of the struggle, broken down by age and exposure, sought the home of his kindred in the Cumberland Valley, where he died shortly after, on the 16th of October, 1781, and was interred in the old graveyard at Middle Spring Church.

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For his valuable services on the ill-fated Crawford expedition to the Sandusky towns in 1782, the name of Lieut. Francis Dunlevy as a hunter and scout ought not to be overlooked. His father, Anthony Dunlevy, was a native of the North of Ireland, and came to America about 1745, where he afterwards married Hannah White, of Winchester, Va. Francis was born there on the 31st of December, 1761. In the Spring of 1769, supposing that the locality was within the Virginia claim, Mr. Dunlevy removed to what was afterwards Washington County, Pennsylvania, and here the son was brought up in the rugged school of pioneer life. From a declaration for a pension in the possession of the Department at the Federal Capital, we get a good insight of some of the services of Francis Dunlevy. He volunteered, October 1st, 1776, in Capt. Isaac Cox's company, for a tour of duty in the neighborhood of Holliday's Cove, on the Ohio River. Here the command erected a chain of block houses and scouted in pairs up and down the river for a distance of twelve miles. This tour of duty expired the 20th of December following. In July, 1777, he served a brief time in the militia at Fort Pitt. On the 15th of August, 1778, he served one month's tour of duty in Lieut. John Springer's company. This body of men ranged the woods, visiting all the stations on the frontier line between Fort Pitt and Wheeling. In October following he again entered the service and assisted in building Fort McIntosh, at the mouth of the Big Beaver. The Pennsylvania militia then marched into the wilderness, crossing the forks of the Muskingum, and built Fort Laurens, on the west bank of that river. They then returned, and were discharged on the 20th of December.

On the 25th of August, 1779, Dunlevy was called upon for another tour of duty, the rendezvous this time being Fort Pitt. He was in camp three days at the "King's Orchard," on the Allegheny. Under Colonel Brodhead as chief officer he then marched up that stream. In this army were John Hardin and Sam Brady, both famous in Indian warfare. John Montour, a half-blood, a man of information and edu-

cation, but a great savage, accompanied the expedition, which consisted of about seven hundred whites, including some light horse, and about sixty Indians. Proceeding up the east bank of the Allegheny, they crossed the Kiskiminetas at its mouth, and Crooked Creek, and came to the Kittanning, where there was a garrison. The army lay several days at an old Indian town on the river about twelve miles above. They then marched up the river and crossed about fifteen miles below the mouth of French Creek. They then crossed the latter stream and moved toward the Monsey towns, meeting and defeating a small body of the savages—some thirty or forty in number. Four or five of the Americans were wounded, among them Jonathan Zane, who was acting as guide to the expedition. The Monsey villages were deserted. The army destroyed several hundred acres of growing corn on the banks of the river, then returned to Fort Pitt, where the militia were discharged on the 29th of September.

In the Spring of 1782, Dunlevy was a student in the Rev. Thaddeus Dod's Latin school, on Ten-Mile Run, in Washington County, near Amity. He was then considered "a young man of superior talent and of amiable disposition." In April of that year, however, under a call of the County Lieutenant, he volunteered against the hostile Indians threatening the borders. This term of service was brief, but on the 15th of May following we find him as lieutenant of Capt. Craig Ritchie's company on the expedition against Sandusky. Of the history of this noted campaign he left a manuscript relation, which is of profound interest. It disproves many of the statements of the Moravian missionaries Heckewelder and Loskiel, whose descriptions are not only highly colored, but in numerous instances fictitious. The pretended colloquy between the lamented Crawford and the war-chief Wingenund is wholly apocryphal. Viewed in the clear light of historic research the whole conversation "vanishes into thin air." Mr. Heckewelder, for whom we have the highest regard, when questioned as to his authority, sought to screen himself by the statement that he had received it from Wingenund, and that he (Heckewelder) was not responsible for the misstatements; and yet it really

looks as if it was the work of that distinguished Moravian alone. Lieutenant Dunlevy's narration settles this point, and no reliance is to be placed on any portion of the relation concerning the leader of the expedition or the gallant borderers under him.

Largely to Lieutenant Dunlevy's ability as a scout and ranger under Major Rose, were the settlements indebted for the salvation of much of the expeditionary force and the subsequent defense of the border, it being naturally supposed that the savages, emboldened by the defeat of Colonel Crawford, would push on to the frontiers. Their spies, however, found the people prepared, and no attempt was made.

After the return of Dunlevy from the Sandusky campaign, and as soon as the peace of the country permitted, he was sent to Dickinson College. He was afterwards a student of divinity under the Rev. James Hoge, of Virvinia, and finally taught a classical school in that State. In many respects he was a remarkable man. His memory was astonishing. He read and wrote the Latin with ease. About the year 1790 he accompanied his father's family to Kentucky, but in 1792 we find him teaching a classical school in Ohio. He was twice elected a member of the Legislature of the Northwestern Territory; and chosen to the convention which framed the first Constitution of Ohio. He was a member of the first State Legislature, and subsequently chosen president judge of the Court of Common Pleas, which office he held fourteen years. After this he practiced law about ten years. He died at Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 6th of November, 1839, aged seventy-eight years.

* * * * * * *

Another distinguished scout and ranger on the frontiers who participated in the Crawford expedition was James Paull. His father, George Paull, was a native of Limavaddy, Ireland, and came to America about 1750, settling in Frederick, now Berkeley County, Virginia, where his son James was born September 17th, 1760. About 1767 he, with others of his neighbors, removed to what was subsequently Westmoreland, now Fayette County, Pennsylvania, where the boy grew up to manhood, well equipped for pioneer life, given to

hunting and ranging. He had a physical constitution of the hardiest kind, with all those qualities of heart and soul calculated to render him conspicuous. He loved enterprise and adventure as he loved his friends, and shunned no service or dangers to which they called him. He came to manhood just when such men were needed, especially in the confines of civilization. At the age of eighteen, about the 1st of August, 1776, he was drafted to serve a month's tour in guarding the Continental stores at Fort Burd (Brownsville). During that and the following year he was frequently on occasional brief tours of service on the Washington and Westmoreland frontiers. In May, 1781, he was commissioned first lieutenant in Capt. Benjamin Whaley's company to recruit in Western Pennsylvania for the projected campaign of that year against Detroit, then held by the British and Tories. The company was raised, and on proceeding to Fort Pitt they were joined by Capt. Isaac Craig's artillery. The troops from thence found their way down the Ohio to the Falls (Louisville) in the month of August, and went into garrison at that point. He was attached to the regiment commanded by Colonel Crockett, and among the other officers were Hardin, Morgan, and Lowder. The requisite forces for the expedition having failed to assemble, it was abandoned. Lieutenant Paull returned home in the company of about one hundred others, through the wilderness of Kentucky and Virginia, after more than two months of privations and hardships.

In the ensuing Spring (April, 1782) he was drafted for a month's ranging duty at the mouth of Turtle Creek, some nine miles above Fort Pitt, which he served as a private under Capt. Joseph Beckett, of the "Forks of Yough" settlement. This service was no sooner ended than he resolved, as the expedition against Sandusky was then projected, to volunteer for that campaign, and was attached as a private to Capt. John Biggs' company. His leave-taking with his widowed mother has come down to us. When he determined on going he told his mother, who was greatly distressed. "Why, James," said she, "you are not well enough to go; you are sick." "I can ride," was the response, "and I can

shoot." "But," interrupted his mother, "suppose you lose your horse?" "Well," said James, "I have made up my mind to go." And go he did, leaving his mother in great grief, as he embraced her, and bid her good-bye. He was very sad when he mounted his horse and rode away. Once with his comrades, however, his sadness soon wore off. Usually, however, the ranger took leave of home without ceremony. "A common mode," says Butterfield, "was to step out of the door of the cabin, discharge his rifle, and immediately march off, without looking back or saying a word. Handshaking, parting words, and kissing were too trying to his feelings."

Paull was in the engagement of the 5th of June on the Sandusky prairie. In the retreat, he went in a squad with five or six others. They were soon surprised by the pursuing savages, and all save Paull were killed or made prisoners. At the Mingo encampment, Paull had the misfortune to burn one of his feet severely, and was lame throughout the march and retreat. He lost his horse in attempting to pass the swamp near the battle ground. When surprised in the flight, he was very lame and barefoot. The man at his side, on whom he was leaning for assistance, was shot down. Paull instantly fled from the path into the woods, an Indian after him. He quickly came to a steep, bluff bank of a creek, down which he instinctively leaped, gun in hand. His pursuer declined the leap, and with a yell gave up the pursuit. In the descent he hurt his burnt foot severely; but having bound it up with part of the ragged extremities of his pantaloons, he wandered on, and by betaking himself to fallen trees and crossing his trail occasionally, he escaped further molestation. For two days he subsisted on roots, bark, leaves, service berries, and young birds—"very *fresh* fare," Paull used afterwards to say, "but wholesome." He had saved his gun, but was afraid to shoot any game for fear the discharge would be heard by the Indians. He was very lame and had become weak. The second night he slept under a shelving rock upon some leaves, and rose the next morning much refreshed. Being now very hungry, and seeing a deer, he shot it; but having lost his knife, the only device he could adopt was to

open the skin with his gun-flint and get some of the flesh. Some of this he ate raw. Arriving at the Muskingum, he found it too deep to cross, and thereupon changed his course up that stream until a shallow place was reached, where he forded the river in safety. Reaching the Ohio River near Wheeling, he constructed a raft with drift logs and grapevine and succeeded in crossing the stream. He finally reached a block house near Short Creek, on the Virginia side, where he found the inhabitants of the vicinity had collected upon hearing the news of the failure of the expedition. He also found here some who, like himself, had just escaped the perils of the wilderness—some of his companions in arms. Resting a day, he procured a horse and proceeded to the vicinity of Washington, where he had relations. Remaining there until his strength was somewhat increased, he started homeward, a boy and a horse having been sent to help him. His meeting with his widowed mother can better be imagined than described.

In 1784 and 1785 Paull commanded a company of scouts or rangers on two towns along the frontiers of what is now Greene County. In 1790 he served under General Harmar as major of Pennsylvania militia, in the campaign against the Indians at the head of the Maumee. History and tradition both accord to Major Paull, in this perilous march and series of encounters, the character of a brave and good officer, although most of the troops belonging to his command have been sadly traduced. With Harmar's campaign he ended his soldiering, save that in after life he was elected colonel of a regiment on the peace establishment. Having married, he settled down to the pursuits of agriculture, in which he was eminently successful. He was elected sheriff of Fayette County during the Whiskey Insurrection. He died on the ninth day of July, 1841, aged eighty-one years. He left a narrative of his escape and sufferings, which was published in 1869. In the language of Judge Veech, who personally knew him, "He was a man of most heroic and generous impulses, of integrity and truth. These qualities he evinced by many deeds and few words."

* * * * * * *

As there comes an end to all things, so we find that we must close these relations of the Wilderness Days in our State and National history. If the backwoods was overrun by the savage whose treachery, cruelty, and bloodthirstiness were at the first instigated by the French, whose dream of empire vanished in the morn, or the cold-hearted Briton for loss of power—or yet later on by the renegades of the settlements, "fleeing from the wrath to come"—it was the seat of chivalry greater than that of the knightly days of yore. The thrilling adventures, the hardihood of bravery, the romance of boldness and sublimity of execution of the scouts and rangers on the borders of civilization cannot be rehearsed too often. To the pioneers of every age in our country's history, the Nation owes a debt of gratitude, and we should ever hold their memories dear. They founded States and thus builded an empire on these western shores—an empire dedicated to civil and religious liberty, the wisest and greatest the world ever saw. If the foregoing narration will make any one more appreciative of the land he lives in, a wise purpose will be fulfilled.

APPENDIX B.

REPORT OF CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, TREASURER PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, FOR YEAR ENDING FEBRUARY 1ST, 1900.

1900.	Dr.	
Balance from preceding year		$412 13
Membership dues and subscriptions to tenth annual banquet		934 00
Sale of back reports		1 50
Interest on deposits		17 50
		$1,365 13

	Cr.	
Stenographer for tenth annual banquet	$25 00	
Return of canceled dinner subscription	4 00	
William H. Hoskins, engraving invitations	9 00	
Louis Dreka, menus	57 50	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing diagram of banquet table	23 50	
Hotel Stratford, tenth annual banquet	505 75	
The Armstrong Company, plates for music of "The Ballad of Boyne Water"	3 85	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing and mailing tenth annual report	168 33	
Stamps for 1899	10 04	
	$806 97	
Balance	558 16	
		$1,365 13

CHARLES L. McKEEHAN,
Treasurer.

The above report of the Treasurer has been audited and found correct, showing a balance of $558.16 to the credit of the Society in bank, February 1st, 1900.

CHARLES W. HENRY,
GEORGE G. MERCER,
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.

Alexander Adams	1621 Derry St., Harrisburg, Pa.
W. J. Adams	Harrisburg, Pa.
Hon. Daniel Agnew (Honorary)	Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
Hon. William H. Armstrong,	Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.
W. J. Armstrong	4033 Baring St.
Thomas E. Baird	214 South Twenty-fourth St., Phila.
Hon. Thomas R. Bard	United States Senate, Washington, D. C.
James M. Barnett	New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
Robert S. Beatty	Broad St. Station, Philadelphia.
John Cromwell Bell	1001 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
R. T. Black	Scranton, Pa.
Hon. Edward W. Biddle	Carlisle, Pa.
Benjamin R. Boggs	Phila. & Reading Ry., Harrisburg, Pa.
Samuel Bradbury	Wayne Ave., Germantown, Phila.
Samuel R. Broadbent	3431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
Francis Shunk Brown	815 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
Rev. Marcus A. Brownson, D.D.	218 S. 20th St., Phila.
John W. Buchanan	Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
Charles Elmer Bushnell	Atlantic Refining Co., The Bourse, Phila.
W. J. Calder	5 South Second St., Harrisburg, Pa.
J. Albert Caldwell	902 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
Seth Caldwell, Jr.	1939 Chestnut St. (Girard Bank, Third below Chestnut), Philadelphia.
Hon. J. Donald Cameron	U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.
Hon. Edward Campbell	Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
George Campbell	Washington Ave. and 21st St., Phila.
George Campbell	Union League, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. D. Campbell	P. & R. Terminal, Philadelphia.
Robert Carson	Huntingdon St. and Trenton Ave., Phila.
Henry Carver	Harrison Building, Philadelphia.
A. J. Cassatt	Haverford, Pa.
Col. John Cassels	1907 F St., Washington, D. C.
Rev. William Cathcart, D.D. (Honorary)	Hoyt, Montgomery County, Pa.
John H. Chesnut	601 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.

A. H. Christy	Scranton, Pa.
James Clark	Harrisburg, Pa.
Charles H. Clarke	3943 Market St., Philadelphia.
Thomas Cochran	4200 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
Rev. J. Agnew Crawford, D. D. (Honorary)	Chambersburg, Pa.
Alexander Crow, Jr.	2112 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.
Roland G. Curtin, M. D.	22 South Eighteenth St., Philadelphia.
Hon. John Dalzell	House of Representatives, Washington, D. C.
E. B. Dawson	Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
John B. Deaver, M. D.	1634 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
Henry T. Dechert	West End Trust Building, Phila.
James Aylward Develin	400 Chestnut St., Phila., Wood Building.
Rev. Charles A. Dickey, D. D.,	The Gladstone, 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.
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.
Dr. Randolph Faries	2007 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.
W. H. Francis	Beach and Vienna Sts., Philadelphia.
Hugh R. Fulton	Lancaster, Pa.

Rev. S. A. Gayley, D. D.	Wayne, Pa.
Samuel F. Givin	2116 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
William B. Givin	224 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.
Rev. Loyal Y. Graham, D. D.,	2325 Green St., Philadelphia.
Theodore R. Graham	1917 Wallace St., Philadelphia.
William H. Graham	Mercantile Trust Co., 413 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
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	3 North Fiftieth St., Philadelphia.
Rev. Andrew Neely Hagerty, D. D.	Carlisle, Pa.
Dr. Samuel McClintock Hamill	1822 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
John L. Hamill	4816 Springfield Ave., Philadelphia.
John Hamilton	2300 Venango St., 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.
Hon. M. A. Hanna (Honorary)	United States Senate, Washington, D. C.
Capt. John C. Harvey	Harrisburg, Pa.
Hon. Daniel H. Hastings	Harrisburg, Pa.
George Hay	554 North Eighteenth 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.	San Francisco, Cal.
Hon. R. M. Henderson	Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pa.
W. M. Henderson	Fifth and Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.
Charles W. Henry	Wissahickon Heights, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. Bayard Henry	701 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
John J. Henry	Wissahickon Heights, Chestnut Hill, 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	3707 Locust St., Philadelphia.
Samuel F. Houston	307 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
Joseph M. Huston	Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.
Rev. Robert Hunter, D. D.	128 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia.
W. H. Hunter	Steubenville, Ohio.

B. K. Jamison	137 South Fifth St., Philadelphia.
John Fleming Jones	3719 Hamilton 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	Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
George C. Kennedy	38 North Duke St., Lancaster, Pa.
Col. Thos. B. Kennedy	Chambersburg, Franklin Co., Pa.
M. C. Kennedy	Chambersburg, Pa.
Hon. James Kerr	
J. B. Kinley	411 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
P. C. Knox	Pittsburgh, Pa.
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	Wissahickon Heights, Germant'n, Phila.
Dr. Samuel W. Latta	3626 Baring St., Philadelphia.
Thomas Love Latta	3918 Spruce St., 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.
L. H. Lovell	Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
Rev. J. S. MacIntosh, D.D.	Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.
Thomas MacKellar	612 Sansom St., Philadelphia.
Francis Magee	1220 Market St., Philadelphia.
James F. Magee	114 North Seventeenth St., Philadelphia
Rev. J. D. Martin, D.D.	1917 Mt. Vernon St., Philadelphia.
George V. Massey	Broad St. Station, Philadelphia.
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.
Rev. W. H. McCaughey, D.D.,	3616 Baring St., Philadelphia.
W. J. McClary	Wilmington, Del.
Dr. C. McClelland	316 South Eleventh St., Philadelphia.
Alexander K. McClure	"The Times," Eighth and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.

Justice J. Brewster McCollum, Continental Hotel, Philadelphia.
Dr. William McCombs . . . . Hazleton, Pa.
Hon. A. D. McConnell . . . Greensburg, Pa.
Rev. S. D. McConnell, D. D. (Honorary) . . . . . 157 Montague St., Brooklyn.
Rev. Henry C. McCook, D. D., 3700 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
James S. McCord, Jr. . . . . 400 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.
E. J. McCune . . . . . Shippensburg, Pa.
John C. McCurdy . . . . . 2200 North Front St., Philadelphia.
John M. McCurdy . . . . . Franklin Building, 133 S. 12th St., Phila.
Rev. O. B. McCurdy . . . . . 3405 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
J. A. McDowell . . . . . 1727 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
John M. McDowell . . . . . Chambersburg, Pa.
William H. McFadden, M. D., 3505 Hamilton St., Philadelphia.
Andrew C. McGowin . . . . 4222 Parkside Ave., Philadelphia.
John McIlhenny . . . . . 1339 Cherry St., Philadelphia.
John D. McIlhenny . . . . . 1339 Cherry St., Philadelphia.
Francis S. McIlhenny . . . 1001 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
Dr. J. Atkinson McKee . . . 1838 Wallace St., Philadelphia.
Charles L. McKeehan . . . 618 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
Joseph Parker McKeehan . Carlisle, Pa.
Dr. George I. McKelway . . 1612 Locust Street, Philadelphia.
George McKeown . . . . . 506 Sansom St., Phila. (care of F. H. Bailey).
Rev. H. W. McKnight, D. D. . Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, Pa.
J. King McLanahan . . . . . Hollidaysburg, Pa.
Hon. William McLean . . . . Gettysburg, Adams County, Pa.
Robert McMeen . . . . . Mifflintown, Juniata County, Pa.
Donald P. McPherson . . . Gettysburg, Pa.
Hon. John B. McPherson . . Post Office Building, Ninth and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.
Daniel N. McQuillen, M. D. . 1628 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
Wm. F. McSparran . . . . . Furniss, Pa.
A. W. Mellon . . . . . Pittsburgh, Pa.
Chas. H. Mellon . . . . . 1811 Walnut 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.
Dr. Robert H. Moffitt . . . 1705 North Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.
Edward E. Montgomery, M. D., 1818 Arch St., Philadelphia.

H. S. P. Nichols . . . . . Real Estate Trust Building, Broad and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.
H. M. North . . . . . Columbia, Lancaster County, Pa.

Dr. Thomas J. Orbison . . . 1424 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
D. A. Orr . . . . . 1420 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
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