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NINETEENTH ANNUAL MEETING

AND

BANQUET

OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA
SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

AT

THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 21st, 1908.



PHILADELPHIA
PRESS OF ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT
Nos. 1211-1213 Clover Street
1908

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Gift

Hon. John W. Gaines
1878

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OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT,
HON. HARMAN YERKES.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT,
HON. EDWIN S. STUART.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT,
HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER,
MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

DIRECTORS AND MEMBERS OF COUNCIL:

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,
MR. WILLIAM J. LATTA,	COL. JOHN CASSELS,
MR. ROBERT PITCAIRN,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY,
MR. JOHN McILHENNY,	HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,
REV. THOMAS B. LAIRD, D.D.,	MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,
HON. A. K. McCLURE,	REV. HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D.,
MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,	HON. W. W. PORTER,
MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,	MR. JAMES POLLOCK,
REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D.,	MR. JOHN P. GREEN,
MR. ROBERT SNODGRASS,	HON. NATHANIEL EWING,
HON. JOHN STEWART,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON,	REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.

COMMITTEES.

ON NEW MEMBERS:

HON. EDWIN S. STUART, <i>Chairman</i> ,	MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,
MR. BAYARD HENRY,	MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,
MR. JAMES POLLOCK,	MR. CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

ENTERTAINMENTS:

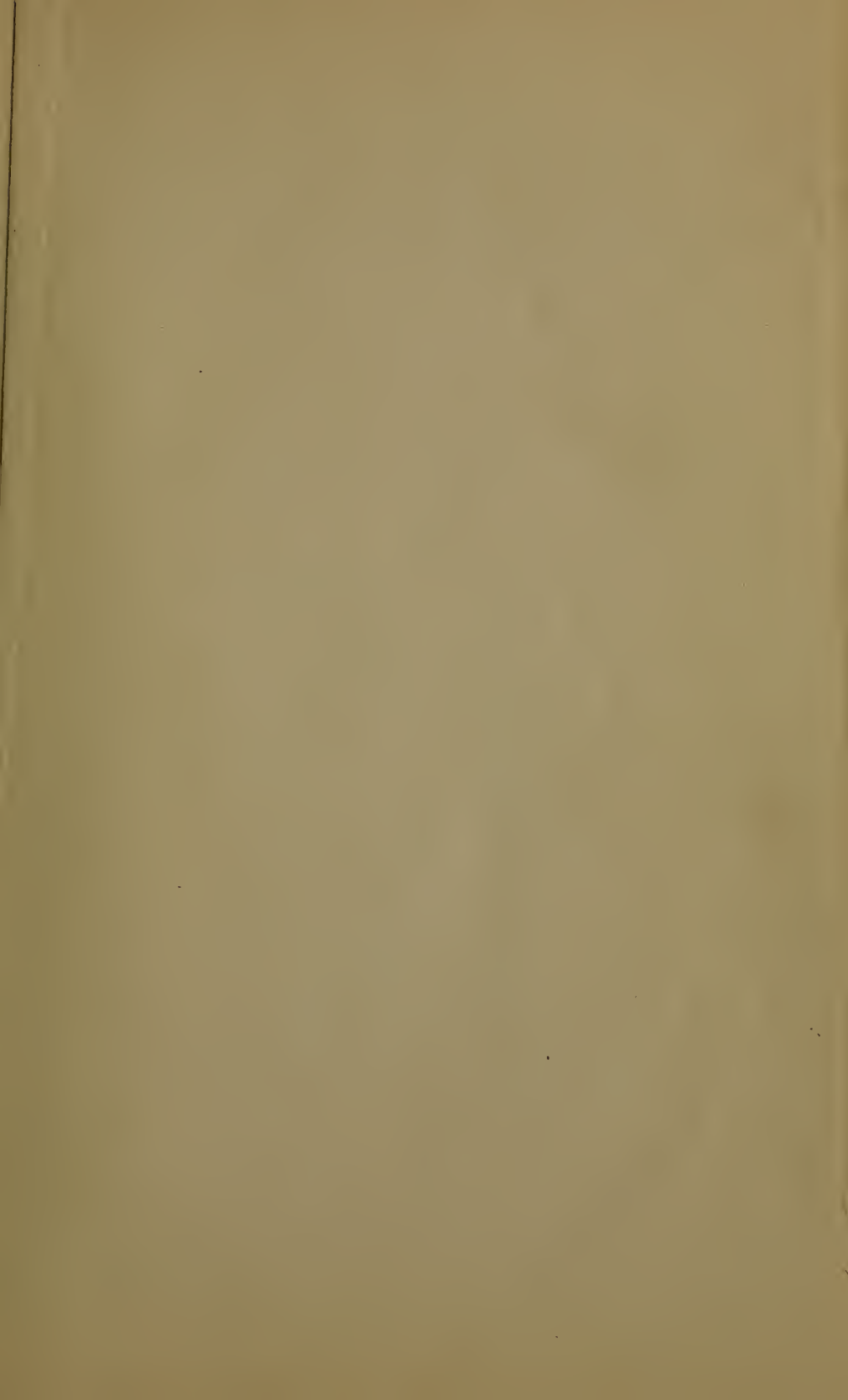
HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER, <i>Chairman</i> ,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY,
MR. JOHN McILHENNY,	REV. THOMAS B. LAIRD, D.D.,
	MR. JOHN P. GREEN.

HISTORY AND ARCHIVES:

REV. HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D., <i>Chairman</i> ,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	MR. WILLIAM J. LATTA.

FINANCE:

THE OFFICERS OF THE SOCIETY.



PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY.

Diagram of the Banquet Table (Bellevue-Stratford Hotel), February 21st, 1908.

- X W. A. Glasgow, Jr.
- X John C. Bell.
- X Hon. S. J. M. McCarrell.
- X S. W. Fleming.
- X Sharswood Brinton.
- X Rev. H. C. McCook, D.D.
- X Hon. John Stewart.
- X Albert B. Weimer.
- X Rev. C. E. Grammer, D.D.
- X Dr. Martin C. Brumbaugh.
- X Hon. George Gray.
- X Hon. Edwin S. Stuart.
- X Rev. M. A. Brounson, D.D.
- X Rev. R. S. Holmes, D.D.
- X Hon. Robert S. Murphy.
- X Hon. John W. Gaines.
- X Hon. Nathaniel Ewing.
- X Hon. S. E. Ewing.
- X Hon. A. K. McClure.
- X Chas. N. Mann.
- X William H. Stuart.
- X Harman Yerkes.
- X William Lauder.
- X C. Stuart Patterson.
- X David B. Oliver.

James Pollock.	X	A										X John S. Rilling.	
Garfield Scott.	X	William D. Neilson.	X	R. Dale Benson.	X	A. B. Millar.	Thomas E. Baird, Jr.	X		X		X	
Wm. H. Scott.	X	Wm. P. Scott.	X	F. S. Geiger.	X	Daniel G. Herr.	John E. Baird.	X	John Baird.	X	William M. Clift.	X	Wm. Penn Lloyd.
Preston Parr.	X	Louis A. Davis.	X	George Stevenson.	X	Thomas B. Harper.	Richard W. Woods.	X	Thomas E. Baird.	X	James W. Sharpe.	X	George Ross.
Robert S. Hammersley.	X	John C. McKinney.	X	John Douglas Brown.	X	Irvin C. Elder.	Layton M. Schoch.	X	J. A. Searight.	X	Thomas Ross.	X	John I. Bright.
Wm. S. Hammersley.	X	A. M. O'Brien.	X	H. S. P. Nichols.	X	Hon. W. Rush Gillan.	Samuel T. Kerr.	X	Robert McMeen.	X	W. W. Porter.	X	Samuel L. Chew.
Wm. Hammersley.	X	T. H. Hoge Patterson.	X	A. M. Zane.	X	M. C. Kennedy.	Albert M. Harris.	X	James Gay Gordon, Jr.	X	D. G. Baird.	X	John J. Henderson.
T. Edward Ross.	X	B Carroll E. Carstairs.	X	C Robert Carson.	X	D A. T. Dice.	E Charles M. Gordon.	X	James Gay Gordon.	X	F William S. Wallace.	X	Leonard A. Rossiter.
Adam A. Ross, Jr.	X	James M. Lambertson.	X	William J. Montgomery.	X	George H. Stewart.	R. N. Durhorrow.	X	D. A. Orr.	X	John H. Chestnut.	X	C. L. McKeehan.
Wm. M. Lybrand.	X	George Wilkinson.	X	Dr. Alexander Wilson.	X	Edwin McCandlish.	George W. Creighton.	X	William J. Latta.	X	Wager Fisher.	X	Hon. F. S. McIlhenny.
Dr. A. S. Bolles.	X	J. E. Sterrett.	X	Dr. M. J. Wilson.	X	A. Nevin Pomeroy.	Hon. George F. Huff.	X	George V. Massey.	X	James S. Rogers.	X	Hon. W. C. Ferguson.
Samuel F. Houston.	X	Dr. George Woodward.	X	George D. Gideon.	X	John Gribbel.	J. N. Purviance.	X	Samuel Rea.	X	T. M. Rogers.	X	John A. McCarthy.
J. Levering Jones.	X	H. H. Bonnell.	X	Dr. Richard F. Woods.	X	Henry R. Cartwright.	George Wood.	X	George B. Rea.	X	James Hay.	X	T. Elliott Patterson.
		William Wunder.	X	Dr. David F. Woods.	X	Charles H. Dickey			Kane Green.	X			Thomas Huston.
	X Bayard Henry.												
			X I. S. McCord.			X John McIlhenny.							
									X John P. Green.				
													X W. R. Fisher.

NINETEENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Nineteenth Annual Meeting and dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, on Friday, February 21st, 1908, at 7 P. M., the President, Rev. Marcus A. Brownson, D. D., in the chair.

Rev. Dr. Henry C. McCook reported that the movement to erect a monument to Francis Makemie had been successfully completed and that the monument would be dedicated on May 14th, 1908. For an account and picture of this monument see Appendix "B," page 73.

The report of the Treasurer for the year ending February 1st, 1908, was presented and approved. (See Appendix C, page 77.)

The following officers and directors were unanimously elected to serve for the following year:—

President, HON. HARMAN YERKES.

First Vice-President, HON. EDWIN S. STUART.

Second Vice-President, HON. WILLIAM P. POTTER.

Secretary and Treasurer, CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN.

Directors and Members of Council:

MR. T. ELLIOTT PATTERSON,	MR. JAMES POLLOCK,
MR. SAMUEL F. HOUSTON,	HON. JOHN STEWART,
HON. EDWIN S. STUART,	MR. BAYARD HENRY,
HON. JOHN McILHENNY,	REV. THOS. B. LAIRD, D. D.,
HON. A. K. McCLURE,	REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D. D.,
HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON,	MR. THOMAS PATTERSON,
REV. HENRY C. MCCOOK, D. D.,	MR. JOHN P. GREEN,
MR. WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER,	MR. ROBERT PITCAIRN,
MR. WILLIAM J. LATTA,	MR. M. C. KENNEDY,
COL. JOHN CASSELS,	MR. ROBERT SNODGRASS,
HON. W. W. PORTER,	HON. JOHN B. MCPHERSON,
MR. C. STUART PATTERSON,	HON. NATHANIEL EWING,
REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D. D.	

On motion the meeting then adjourned to the banquet room.

The Rev. Carl E. Grammer, S. T. D., invoked the Divine blessing.

At the close of the dinner Rev. Marcus A. Brownson, D. D., the President of the Society, said:—

GENTLEMEN OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—It is my high honor and pleasant privilege to preside at this nineteenth annual meeting of our noble organization and at the nineteenth annual banquet of our society; and this honor and this privilege ought to awaken within the breast of any man a feeling of pride that is somewhat pardonable. Certain is it that this is my attitude of mind and my feeling of heart, to-night. I thank you for your gracious consideration and for this expression of your confidence, in calling me to this high office; and now I call upon you for your enthusiastic support, in an abundant entrance into the spirit of this occasion, by giving due heed to the wisdom—"the feast of reason"—which will be spread out before you, by the distinguished gentlemen who will address you; and by giving due applause to the wit which is sure to find mirth-provoking voices (applause), as it *flows* from their *souls* to ours. These occasions are worth while. They justify themselves. They have accomplished much toward the removal of a reproach which has rested upon our renowned race. Before the era of the Scotch-Irish Congress in America, and the era of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society banquets, no poet had arisen from among us to sing our "arms" and our "men;" nor had any historian appeared among our own people to write the "plain, unvarnished," perhaps varnished, tale of the unprecedented heroism, in war, of our sturdy stock in this land, or of the achievements of men of our blood along the paths of peace. It had been left for Froude, for Fiske, and for Bancroft and other great historians, to tell of the sturdy virtues and heroic deeds of the Scotch-Irish race. But in these later and better days we have been growing our own annalists, our own novelists, and even our own poets. Our men of our heroic age were too busy in making history to record the part which they

themselves were playing in it; but their descendants, stirred and stimulated by occasions such as this, have undertaken the just and the worthy task of telling us who our forefathers were and who we are, and so justifying our right to be. Signs are not wanting that the muse of poetry is now among us, and that graceful and glowing verse will yet celebrate, with all its sweet charm, the heroic virtues of our forebears, and their noble achievements already written in stately prose. You will remember that, two years ago, at this banqueting board, the most versatile Scotch-Irishman of us all, equally at home in history and heraldry (civil and ecclesiastical), under the flag of his country on the battlefield, and beneath the cross of peace in the pulpit, among the bugs of the field and amidst the subtleties of human thought, broke out into a song of King's Mountain which held us spellbound (applause), and if I mistake not, and for aught I know, there will be another outburst of this same fountain of poesy here to-night.

I repeat it. These occasions justify themselves. We are, and of right ought to be, the eulogists of our own noble race.

It is a noble race we represent. "Scotch, and therefore sane," is a phrase which lately dropped from the pen of a distinguished son of Scotia. I take the liberty of adding "Irish, and therefore sensitive;" and of defining the Scotch-Irishman as a man sane and sensitive, or, in other words, a man of head and a man of heart (applause), and if I mistake not, there is need for the Scotch-Irishman to-day. Emphasis is being placed, in our time, upon the virtue of sanity (laughter), and there is a call for leaders among men who have wisdom enough to solve the complicated problems of our complex life, by destroying what is distinctively pernicious and evil, while preserving that which is distinctively good and to be approved. There is need of sensitiveness also, that virtue which our Scotch forebears took on when they migrated to the north of Ireland. For, although strict orthodoxy upon this racial question, with no taint of the "liberalism" which fails to make any close distinction, or of the "higher criticism" which destroys all our preconceived notions with reference to our people—although untainted orthodoxy insists that the Scotch emigrants to the north of Ireland never intermarried with the native Irish,

but remained a Scotch people, and do until this day; yet I think we must all acknowledge that, alongside the big sane brain of our ancestors there was an enlargement of heart in Ireland, the land of sentiment, and the Scotchman was improved by his emigration, and, coming to this new land, he expanded with the expansion of the country in both brain and heart, and we humbly believe that the Scotch-Irishman has reached his highest development here. (Applause.) Look about you. (Laughter.) You will find the Scotch-Irishman to the fore always. We have in this State of ours, where some wrongs are yet to be righted, I understand (laughter), a Scotch-Irish Governor (applause); a Scotch-Irish Lieutenant-Governor (applause); a Scotch-Irish Attorney-General (applause); a Scotch-Irish Railroad Commission (laughter and applause); a goodly sprinkling of Scotch-Irishmen throughout the entire official life of the State, and a large Scotch-Irish vote in all the counties thereof; and, with such sanity and with the sensitiveness that retains, in reverence, the highest ideals of our race, particularly that reverence for law whose "home is the bosom of God" and whose glory is that "the very least feel its protecting power, while the greatest are not exempt from its control" (applause)—with the sanity and the sensitiveness of the Scotch-Irish race to the fore, in Pennsylvania, may we not hope for brighter and for better days in the good old Commonwealth?

The Scotch-Irishman knows what he is about. From a boy, he knows that. I feel sure it was a Scotch-Irish boy who asked his father for a half-dollar, that he might give it to a man at the foot of the village street, who was there taking in money, and, when the father, pleased with the boy's benevolent turn of mind, asked him who the man was, replied: "Why, he is standing at the door of the circus tent." (Laughter.) The Scotch-Irishman always knows what he is about. Mr. Carnegie, we are told, received a letter some time ago, entreating his financial assistance, and the letter ran thus: "Dear Mr. Carnegie: Please send me a dollar. I wish to buy a hymn book. P. S. Be sure and send a dollar and not the hymn book." (Laughter.) That was a Scotch-Irish petitioner, surely.

A Scotch-Irish minister was in a great predicament. He was about to mount the pulpit stairs to deliver his weekly sermon, when he discovered, to his dismay, that his manuscript was missing. It was a mile away, in the manse, and he could not preach without it. This was a poser for the preacher, but he was equal to the occasion. He set the people to singing the 119th psalm (laughter), which, as you seem to know, is terrifically long, and, after the congregation had begun to sing, away galloped the minister to the manse and back again, as quickly as horse's hoofs could bring him, and, entering the church, with some trepidation he quietly asked the clerk how the congregation was getting on with the singing. "Well, sir," said the clerk, "they have reached the 87th verse, and now they are cheepin' like wee mice." (Laughter.)

Gentlemen, sane and sensitive, let this occasion which has brought us "home" to break bread together and to rejoice in this pleasant fellowship and in recollections of the folk-lore and the tales and traditions of our forebears, be to us an inspiration as well as a pleasure. With the principles of our godly fathers and mothers fixed in our minds, let us press on to complete what they so triumphantly began, and let us remember Earl Russell's line, which he quoted to men of his day who were boasting of their goodly heritage, as appropriate perhaps in the way of a sentiment for to-night:—

"They who on noble ancestry enlarge,
Proclaim their debt instead of their discharge."

(Applause.)

Gentlemen, we are favored this evening, and this occasion is graced, by the presence of a distinguished jurist, whose personal character has endeared him to all who have the privilege of his acquaintance, and whose conspicuous public services, in the Senate of the United States, as plenipotentiary of our government in the commission which sat at Paris to determine the conditions of peace after the Spanish-American War between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain, as an arbitrator in the section of our State where mining difficulties had prevailed and where his

ripe judgment and unimpeachable sense of justice were brought to bear upon the settlement of a most difficult question, and, particularly, whose public services on the bench of the federal court have endeared him to the hearts of many people of this land and have awakened, among all men who know of his services, a high regard. It is my privilege to-night to present to you the Honorable George Gray, of Delaware, Judge of the United States Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit. (Applause.)

HON. GEORGE GRAY:—

MR. PRESIDENT:—When my friend Judge Yerkes broached to me the idea that there was to be a Scotch-Irish banquet in this city some weeks ago, and that they were gracious enough to ask for my presence, he told me, "It is a very informal affair. You will not be required to speak unless you want to." So he has put me in the position of wanting to speak, but he did not tell me that I should have to deprecate the compliments of your chairman, so undeserved and so beyond anything that I have a right to expect. I cannot live up, Mr. Chairman, to all that you have said, either in speech or in conduct.

I wonder how many banquets like this would be able to respond as heartily as this one did, with apparently an evident understanding as to what the 119th psalm was. (Laughter and applause.) I know that most of those who claim Scotch-Irish descent understand it, but I was very much struck with the hearty appreciation of the story told by your chairman, which I doubt very much would have received a like appreciation from any like number of men of any other faith or lineage. (Applause.) I was reminded, as your chairman was speaking, of a story of a Scotch-Irishman in the Valley of Virginia, a fine old Virginia colonel, who had led the life of a Virginia colonel. (Laughter.) He was fond of horse racing and cards, but nevertheless he had been brought up in the faith, and when he was over sixty, becoming ill, he sent for the rector of the Episcopal Church to come and see him, and he came and, being a gentleman, as such men in his calling are apt to be, he said, "Colonel, I am very glad to respond to your call. I was a little sur-

prised, knowing that you had been brought up in a different faith, but I hope I may be of service to you." "Well," said he, "Doctor, it is true I was brought up, as you know, a Presbyterian, but I have been leading rather an Episcopalian sort of life." (Laughter.) I suppose that story will not offend any of my Episcopalian brethren (laughter), for I am very sure that the Colonel received great consolation from the gentleman who called upon him.

It is pleasant to be here and to look over this great assembly of brainy men, sane men, and sensitive men, who contribute so largely to the well being of the commonwealth of which they are citizens. It seems as if we were a little safer when we get together men, may I say, of our blood and lineage, for I have the satisfaction of claiming, on one side at least, to be of your people and of your ancestry. (Applause.)

The County Antrim in Ireland did a great deal for this country when, in the middle of the century before the last, it started that stream of immigration over here, which flowed down through the hills of Pennsylvania and the valleys of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and East Tennessee, and peopled them with the sturdy, courageous men and women who, as pioneers in the wilderness, built up so many of the glorious communities that now are the strength and pride of the American people. (Applause.) We owe much to them, as you all know, and it is not for me to recount the history and the achievements and the triumphs of your race in this country, and how they have participated in every struggle for freedom and liberty regulated by law, and for that individual independence that has made this country what it is. You hear your own praises often enough (laughter), but you will pardon me if, in a somewhat desultory fashion and very briefly, I speak to you this evening of matters of present interest and of matters which come home to the heart of every Scotch-Irishman, as they do come home to the heart of every true American over this broad land of ours.

If my thought and what I say to-night are colored, like the dyer's hand, with what it works in, you will pardon me, but I cannot refrain from reminding you that we have not

only a country and a government to reform, but, as our President said the other day, you have a country to save as well as a country to reform (applause), and it is worth saving. The institutions of this country are worth the price that was paid for them. It is worth something to know that they mean to us what they meant to our forefathers. They mean the guarantee of individual liberty to work out our own salvation in our own way, accountable to the God over us all, and untrammelled except by those restraints that are put upon every free man, not to interfere with the like freedom of his brother and his neighbor. (Applause.) We are not a country of malefactors, wealthy or poor. (Applause.) I do not believe that the people of this country are a lawless people. I know they are not, and you know they are not. If they know the law they will obey it—I mean the mass of them—and those who do not will receive not only the punishment denounced by law, but they will receive the opprobrium of good men everywhere, of our race and of every other race. The man who violates the laws of a free country puts himself in a position where every honest man is his enemy. Therefore, when the laws are known and understood, we need have little fear but that they will be obeyed, and I have no fear that we are to have any serious stop or let-up in our advancing civilization by reason of the lack of any of those personal qualities which are essential to a law-abiding community.

Our institutions, I said, are worth preserving. Our dual form of government is worth preserving. We do not, unless I mistake the character of the American people, believe in absolutism anywhere. We do not believe in placing untrammelled power anywhere. We believe in that local self-government which the happy accident of our history has made our birthright. Our colonies grew into separate States, each endowed with a sovereignty which is only qualified by the formation of a general government, to which enumerated powers have been delegated. Owing to this happy beginning, there has been an opportunity for the realization of a local self-government, which theretofore and in other lands has only been the dream of political philosophers. In other civilized countries its attainment

has been attempted by a distribution of powers by a central government down through and among communities which were the creations of that government and were dependent upon it for their existence, while here it has, like all enduring institutions, been the natural product of time and circumstance. The right of local self-government is inherent in the sovereignty of each State, and depends upon no power extraneous to itself, and looks to no great central authority, except for its guaranteed protection. The States one and all—the smallest as well as the greatest, the newest as well as the oldest—stand on the firm ground of their equal sovereignty and equally share the rights of the charter members of the great corporation of American Liberty.

Your distinguished and honored Governor is the head of a sovereign State, and has no authority or power other than that derived from the expressed will of the freemen of this great commonwealth. He is not the Governor of a province, the appointee of the federal government at Washington. This dual government is, as I have said, our birthright, and from it such tremendous and beneficent results have flowed that we are driven to believe that neither chance nor accident, but the guiding hand of a Divine Power, has shaped our destiny and controlled our ends. We are proud of our citizenship in the States to which we severally belong. It is there we learn the first lessons of civic duty and are taught the first principles of that liberty which subordination to self-imposed law can alone make perfect. Good citizenship of the State creates and fosters good citizenship of the United States, and there is a competition among the States in all that makes for the advancement of civilization and the betterment of the condition of humanity. Owing to this competition, comparative jurisprudence has had a development here that it has had nowhere else in the civilized world. One State may take a forward and tentative step for the betterment of social conditions, while all the other States stand by and watch the result of what may be an experiment. With the advancing education and intelligence of the people, experiments in government have thus been enabled to be localized. The tentative step

sometimes proves a desirable advance step, which may thus safely be taken by other communities, without shock or disturbance of public feeling or existing institutions. A certain healthy rivalry and competition between the States have resulted, and have done much for the common advancement of all. Wyoming and Colorado are trying the experiment of woman suffrage, and the results are watched by the people of all the States. Whether this system shall generally obtain, will depend upon the comparison of advantages and disadvantages that flow from it, as found by actual experience.

A wholesome State pride is not inimical to the union of the States, nor does it detract from loyalty to the general government in the exercise of its just powers. On the contrary, as we all remember, that self-respect and pride in State citizenship was a potent factor in rallying the military force of the nation to the defense of its government in the Civil War, and there was a keen and loyal competition among the States in furnishing their regiments at the call of the federal government in that war, as well as in the late war with Spain, each proudly bearing the designation of the State. It is thus that the people comprising the community of each separate State have learned to feel and believe that their civic well being, their enjoyment of the largest measure of individual liberty consistent with public order and the like liberty of others, and their protection in the rights of person and of property, depended upon themselves—upon the wisdom, virtue, and self-restraint they could bring to the exercise of their duty as citizens of a free State. Their capacity for self-government will be tested by their ability to recognize the wisdom and to appreciate the importance of those limitations which, while they are limitations on their own power, will preserve their liberties in the future as they have done in the past.

The powers confided to the general government are large and beneficent, and, within their proper sphere, controlling and paramount. The growth of wealth and population, and the increasing activities of modern life, have created a wider range for the exercise of the powers delegated by the

Constitution to the general government, and have been extended to new objects of federal control. Under the commerce clause of the Constitution, there is no difficulty in controlling all the great instrumentalities of interstate and foreign commerce. The corporations engaged in interstate commerce may be controlled as easily as individuals engaged in a like pursuit. We have no need of larger powers. The general government is strong enough for all the purposes for which it was created. What we chiefly need to guard against is the extension of its powers in directions and to objects never intended for their exercise. We should oppose at all times and everywhere the beginnings of encroachment by centralized power upon the reserved rights of the States and the local self-government guaranteed by those rights. We do not wish to close the door through which the powers of the federal government may legitimately enter for the control of commerce, but it behooves us, as good citizens, to guard against the entry through that door of those forces of centralization which, under the mere pretense of regulating interstate commerce, are seeking participation in the internal affairs of the States. There are some advantages, we may admit, in a highly centralized and absolute government, and we may appreciate the thoroughness and directness with which such governments may accomplish their ends, but we must forego such incidental advantages for the sake of the blessings of freedom and the institutions of local self-government. We must pay the price of the liberty we enjoy.

These things are all the more necessary to be considered in times of stress and excitement than in those of comparative peace and quietude.

I do not know that I ought to say anything more. You have very kindly listened to these unprepared and desultory remarks, and I ought not to detain you from those who are to follow me, but I wish to say before I close that we all must feel that we are living in a changing epoch.

Problems have ripened, or are ripening to-day for us, that have never been ready for solution before. Every generation had its own peculiar problems. We had the

formative period of our government. We had crises of different kinds. We had the contests between the strict constructionists and liberal constructionists of the Constitution, but under the wise formative decisions of the great central tribunal, the Supreme Court of the United States, there is very little ground left for difference of opinion as to what this government is and what is the genius of its structure. Then we come to the great Civil War, the contest that could not be submitted to arbitration, but had to be fought out in the bloody arbitrament of the sword, and when that passed we went through the period of reconstruction with all its problems, so serious, so fraught with danger, not only to the States which had seceded and were restored to the Union, but to the whole country, and my friend from Tennessee can tell you better than I the dangers and the perils of that distressing period. We have come through economic crises, and now we come to the present time when social questions are pressing to the front. They challenge our serious and our most patriotic consideration. How shall they be most wisely solved? The great industries of the country have grown so enormously, the wealth of the country, collective and individual, has increased to such enormous proportions that it seems as if we were confronted with dangers from the very colossal nature of the prosperity that has been the result of the remarkable development of the national resources of a continent not yet fully occupied, and whose wealth has not been yet fully exploited. We have invited from foreign lands a stream of immigration that awakens fears in the breasts of many lest we shall be overwhelmed with alien races who do not speak our language and who do not think our thoughts and who are strangers to this complex government of ours, which seems to us so beautiful in its symmetry, this dual government of ours. They do not understand its genius or its structure, and may not be able to appreciate the blessings that have flown and will flow from it if it is preserved. It may be that we have grown too fast. It may be that this incoming tide that crosses the ocean on our eastern coast, to speak nothing of a still more menacing threat upon the west, is coming too fast.

The great steamship companies of our country and of the old world, for their own gain, are distributing their advertisements all over the great centres of population in the old world, and bringing here a mass of people who, if they come too fast, we may not be able to properly assimilate. I do not know. Sometimes I feel it is true we might be happier and safer if we made a slower rate of progress, if we were content with smaller gains, if we did not depend too much on the exploitation which needs these incoming hordes, and trusted, as our catechism says, to the ordinary processes of generation for the increase of our population. I do not know, but it seems to me that it is a matter that deserves consideration, and it may be that it deserves and will receive some sort of defensive provision and some sort of legislation that may check what is abnormal about it and bring it down to its natural proportions. We do not need that we should build up the fortunes of the few who are inviting this incoming tide, to stimulate almost to frenzy the dollar-getting propensities of our race, and then after arriving at a culmination, so to speak, periodically, sink down into a depression which is full of danger and fraught with menace to the very existence of society, and certainly to its peace and its order. We could get along, I am sure, with less of government aid, with less of government stimulus to the money-getting and the money-accumulating of our time. (Applause.) Whether we call it protection or subsidy, we do not need in this broad land of ours, with all its natural resources that an abundant providence has spread out before us, the artificial stimulus that legislation has been supplying. However good the intention may have been, we no longer need that stimulus, because it begets dangers that were not thought of or dreamed of by those who inaugurated or advocated the policies to which I refer. (Applause.) No, I believe that the country is sufficiently protected now, and some of its evils come—God save the mark—from an overweening prosperity. I do not believe that the many are dishonest. As I said before, I believe that the great mass of my countrymen are honest and law-abiding citizens of their several States and of the great republic of the United

States, and that when they know the law they will obey it in the main, and when they do not obey it they will receive the punishment that they deserve, with the applause and approbation of all good citizens, and that is all there is about law at any rate. There is no necessity for excitement. There is no necessity for hysteria, no necessity for proclaiming that there are these great dangers of lawless people to overwhelm this country with the maleficent influences that come from men who do not feel the responsibility that good citizenship should always make men feel.

In order that we may understand, in order that we may appreciate what this government of ours is, and what these institutions are that have lasted for one hundred and twenty-five years or more, what they have done for this country, let us cherish that scheme of government made by the Constitution of the United States. It was good enough for our fathers. Under its benign influence and under the government it has created, we have advanced as no other people have ever advanced, and there is no reason why we should deem it inadequate for the future. A government so strong that it can put its hand out and control the greatest corporation that ever existed in the world's history is strong enough without seeking to add to its powers. (Applause.) We do not need to. The powers of the general government have been adequate to the new occasions that have arisen. That great "commerce clause," as it is called, of the Constitution, the great open door through which these powers have been summoned and will be summoned in the future, surely should be wide enough to gratify every man who seeks or who admires a strong central government, and we do not need, either by construction of the Constitution or by legislation, to increase those powers. The institutions of the country as they exist, our dual form of government, State and national, are adequate for the future problems with which we will be confronted, as they have been in the past. It is just as easy to control a corporation engaged in interstate commerce as it is to control an individual. A man who carries truck across from New Jersey to the Philadelphia market is engaged in interstate commerce, and whether it be a corporation or a

huckster, it or he can be controlled under the commerce clause of the Constitution, and we need have no fear that they will not be controlled when the American people awake to the necessity of that control. But do not, I implore you, let us lose sight of individual liberty, and the local self-government that fosters it. Let us leave something to individual initiation, and not look to Washington for a remedy for every grievance, real or imaginary, or seek to create a centralization and paternalism in the federal government that will destroy the fabric our fathers have constructed. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

GENTLEMEN:—The Scotch-Irish of Pennsylvania are proud of their achievements along many lines of civilization and progress, but, perhaps, for no one phase of the public development do our people cherish a loftier pride than for the educational services rendered by our race. We have with us, to-night, a gentleman who has served the University of Pennsylvania,—an idol among his students; and who is now the superintendent of public schools in the City of Philadelphia. Our city has never had a more intelligent or more competent head of its public school system, and I know that you will receive with gladness this gentleman who is now to speak to us. I may say that his presence here to-night is illustrative of one of the fundamental beliefs of the Scotch-Irish people, namely, “the perseverance of the saints,” for, to my personal knowledge, this is the third time that a committee of the Scotch-Irish Society has been most diligent, painstaking and persistent in trying to secure the services of Dr. Martin G. Brumbaugh. He is here, and we welcome him heartily. (Applause.)

MARTIN G. BRUMBAUGH, LL.D.:—

GENTLEMEN:—I feel, in response to that introduction, pretty much as the darkey did who was accosted on the street by a man who said to him, “Sambo, can you change for me a twenty dollar bill?” He said, “Lord, Boss, I never saw that much money, but I thank you for the com-

pliment." (Laughter.) As I sat here in this brilliant array of gentlemen, I was impressed once again with the peculiar situation confronting me. I am not the governor of this commonwealth, I am not a judge on the United States bench, I am not a great minister of the church. I am just an ordinary public school teacher, belonging to that mighty army of people who in a quiet and unobtrusive way everywhere in this mighty republic are making for our country its governors and judges and ministers. (Applause.) These all shine by reflected light. (Laughter.) They bear the mark and the impress and the polish of the faithful school teacher somewhere in this republic of ours. In this great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, perhaps as nowhere else in the Union, from the beginning we had fortunate conditions. To start with, the grandest man that crossed the Atlantic Ocean in Colonial days, grand as a man, as a statesman, as a leader, as a patriot, was the founder of this Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, William Penn. (Applause.) Because of his broad catholicity and his vision of the type of life that we have come to prize, Pennsylvania from the beginning became the home of all sorts of people, particularly of three large groups of people, the Quakers, the Pennsylvania Germans, maliciously called the Pennsylvania Dutch (laughter), and the Scotch-Irish. For myself, I belong to that slow, deliberate Pennsylvania group of our people. If I were not a Pennsylvania German I would want to be another one. (Laughter.) I have no use or sympathy for any man who is ashamed of his ancestry in America (applause), and I am glad that mine smacks of schmierkäse and sauerkraut back to the Rhine Valley. (Laughter.)

Just for a minute let us study the situation in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. If you were to take a string and tie one end of it to William Penn on our beautiful, modern, delightful city hall, and, extending the string to twenty-five miles, describe a circumference through Pennsylvania, you would enclose in that zone substantially the home of the Colonial Quaker, busy in his capital with trade with the mother country, and in the development of incipient

industries, which now seem no longer to be incipient. If you were to extend the string to double that length and describe a second circumference, in that second zone beyond the Quaker, and between the twenty-five and the fifty mile belt, you would enclose substantially the home of the Colonial Pennsylvania German. Now if you were again to extend the string to one hundred miles and describe a third circumference, in that outer zone you would find substantially the home of the Scotch-Irish. You have heard it said, and said with pride, that not a drop of Quaker blood was ever shed by the Indians. How could it be with fifty miles of aggressive Scotch-Irish (laughter), and twenty-five miles of solid stolid Dutch between the Quaker proprietor and the Indians yonder in the mountains? (Laughter.) In the Colonial times the German, for reasons which I have not time to enumerate, was very fond of his Quaker neighbor, to the east. Together they organized the Colonial Legislature. Together they controlled the destinies of the colony, leaving the poor frontiersman to fight his battles unaided and alone, and to fight out with the Indians on the mountains of Pennsylvania the security of American civilization for his children, but when the Revolutionary War came on and the Quaker retreated from his aggressive control of the government, it was the Scotch-Irish, backed by a large number of the Pennsylvania Germans, that leaped to the front, won the revolutionary struggle, and organized the government of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, and to this day the Scotch-Irish have run Pennsylvania with Dutch aid. (Applause.) Once in a while we give a German a little chance to become something in the State, but substantially, as your presiding officer has proudly enumerated, it is a Scotch-Irish government, and we are proud of that fact, and I suppose we might as well be proud of it, because that is the way it will be, proud or not proud. (Laughter.) Yes, you have got to make the best you can of a bad job! Have you ever wondered how this Scotch-Irish frontiersman found himself in the valleys between the Blue and the Alleghanies? You will remember that at one time there was a dispute here as to who owned a certain belt of territory lying north of the

Maryland Proprietary and south of the Pennsylvania Proprietary. You know that line was finally surveyed, but long before the survey there was only one group of people that had the courage to enter upon that disputed belt of territory and, pushing westward upon it, flank the Quaker and the German and possess the frontier of Colonial Pennsylvania. That was the Scotch-Irishman. His trail, starting at the Log College, can be traced by his institutions of learning all the way to the frontier, for two things must be said always to the credit of the pioneer Scotch-Irishman on the frontier of Pennsylvania. Wherever he fought the Indians, erected his cabin, and founded his home, he built there his church and his school (applause), and carried with him in the very forefront of our American activities education and religion, and when Washington invested the British army at Boston, the first troops to march to his relief were Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish and Germans from the town of York, in Pennsylvania. Marching under Captain Henry Miller, through the dead of winter, all the way to Boston, the Pennsylvania frontiersmen tightened the grip upon the British army and literally drove it to Halifax.

There are one or two things that I happen to know about you Scotch-Irish (laughter), because I was brought up in your midst in the heart of Pennsylvania, and I want to tell you just a few of those things. It is not generally known that the first literary magazine published in America west of the Susquehanna River was published by the Scotch-Irish in the town of Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, in 1810. It is not generally known that only a little east from there lived a man on the frontier, acting as the agent of the British Government, who next to the Pennsylvania Germans (this man being a Scotch-Irishman and therefore next to the Pennsylvania German) was the ablest interpreter to the Indians in all North America, and when the Albany Convention was called by Franklin in 1754 it was Conrad Wiser, a Pennsylvania German from Berks County, and George Groghan, a Scotch-Irishman from Huntingdon County, that acted, with Andrew Montour, as interpreters in that mighty convention that led the way for the first and second congresses here in the City of Philadelphia. (Applause.)

Your chairman has referred to the essential headiness and heartiness of your people. My observation leads me to add another trait. You are the scrappiest lot in Pennsylvania. (Laughter.) You like a fight. You hunted for it in those Colonial days and got it good and hard here and there on the frontier, but don't you think that the measure of the prowess of a people is the measure of their power of initiative? Everything that made for the essential development of this colony and commonwealth was headed in a most effective and aggressive way by this same dominant Scotch-Irish pioneer. It was he, somewhere in the group, that broke away from the traditions and set the standards for the new things that had to be.

There is another thing that I have noticed about the Scotch-Irish up in Pennsylvania. I do not know much about them here in Philadelphia. We are such a cosmopolitan lot here that nobody knows which is the other until you find them out at a dinner like this, but up there in the State I have noticed this thing, and I speak of it with a very great deal of satisfaction, that Pennsylvania has no warmer, stauncher, or more aggressive supporters of her mighty educational system than the Scotch-Irish people. (Applause.) That is the truth of history, and it is a far reaching thing to remember when you call to mind the fact that your democracy, State and national, that your governmental institutions that you have heard so boldly and so discriminatingly defined here in your presence to-night, depend entirely upon the common knowledge which the common masses of our people possess, and your little red schoolhouses on your hilltops and in your valleys are the very foundations of your democracy and the teachers of your republic (applause), and the man who stands by the side of the public school and gives to it his sympathy and his resources is the highest type of patriot that we breed in this republic to-day wherever he lives. (Applause.) So I wanted to-night to come here and pay my tribute of reverence and regard to a people who have been consistently and steadily the friends of the public schools of Pennsylvania. More than that, as early as 1726, over at the Old

Log College on the Neshaminy, Rev. William Tennent began a series of educational activities, the history of which is without parallel in this great country of ours. For along that line on the southern border of Pennsylvania the pupils of William Tennent established three distinct and separate schools of divinity to train frontiersmen to preach the gospel to their brethren. There was, first of all, what is known as the School of the Prophets in Chester County, founded in 1741, by Rev. Samuel Blair. In this school there was trained for the presidency of Princeton University, Rev. Samuel Davies, also to the church the Rev. John Rodgers, Rev. Alexander Cumming, James Finley, and Hugh Henry. A brother of Rev. Samuel Blair, John Blair, was vice-president of Princeton University, and here in this little Chester County school was also educated Dr. Samuel Finley, afterward president of Princeton College, and who himself established three years later a second of these great schools along the frontier to the south at Nottingham in Chester County, and from this school went Governor Martin, of North Carolina, also Dr. Benjamin Rush, his brother Judge Rush, Ebenezer Hazard, Esq., Rev. James Waddel, D.D., the eloquent blind preacher of Virginia, made immortal by William Wirt, also Colonel John Bayard, and Governor Henry, of Maryland. This man Finley, out in the woods of Chester County, had conferred on him by the University of Glasgow the degree of Doctor of Divinity. It was the first time in the history of the world that an American educated minister received that degree from any European institution of learning.

The third of these schools was on Pequa Creek, in Lancaster County, founded in 1750 by Rev. Robert Smith, who was also a graduate of Tenant's school at the Log College. His son, Samuel S. Smith, D.D., was president of Hampden Sidney College, Virginia, afterward president of Princeton University. Another son, Rev. John Blair Smith, became president of Hampden Sidney College, and was the first president of Union College at Schenectady in New York. The third son, William, his father declared was the equal of either of them in preaching the gospel to the comfort

of the common people. I mention these names, familiar as they are to Scotch-Irish people, to point a second thought concerning the educational interests of these people. They stood for the integrity of an educated leadership in their church from the beginning, and that has been of far reaching consequence here in our American civilization, for it would be unfortunate indeed and sad would be the hour for our people when we should lower the standard of intelligence that directs the thought along religious educational lines for the masses of our people, and it is of immense value to us that from the beginning these Scotch-Irish people had the courage to stand, often with empty pulpits, until they secured a man of the right intellectual and religious fibre and spirit to teach effectively the message of the Master to the frontiersmen in the wilderness. (Applause.) It was also this high standard of effective leadership that brought first to our American soil the recognition of European scholars. It was their work that answered in the most effective way the slur of one of England's lords of trade, who said, "Let the Colonists raise tobacco," by proving to the lords of trade that here in the wilderness, as yonder in the cultured capital, we were raising not only tobacco, but men, able, chivalrous, and courageous, fighting the battles of humanity and laying broad and deep the principles of a civilization which later on was organized into this mighty government of ours. (Applause.)

The lesson for you and for me, as I see it, is that we shall keep those standards and that devotion intact, that we shall make our public school system absolutely the finest institution in all our civilization, looking to it as the very nursery and cradle and hope of our democracy, and that we shall breed always in our higher institutions of learning men of a pre-eminent type of scholarship, who shall stand in the pulpit and public places and lead the people not only to understand, but also to love both their country and their country's God. (Applause.)

HON. BAYARD HENRY:—

MR. PRESIDENT:—I have been requested by the Committee of Arrangements to present this token to you—a Scotch-Irish

spoon. As you know, it is very difficult for the Scotch-Irishman to give up anything he has laid his hands on, but it is easier to give it to another Scotch-Irishman than to anyone else.

THE PRESIDENT:—

Councilman Henry, I desire to express my appreciation of this token. I receive it with gratitude and I thank you, with all my heart, for the spoon and for your graceful presentation of it.

HON. BAYARD HENRY:—

I was warned by the Committee to make no speech.

THE PRESIDENT:—

A Scotch-Irishman always takes a hint from another Scotch-Irishman graciously, and I will make no speech in reply. (Laughter.)

Gentlemen, the sunny South contributed, from its Scotch-Irish element, towards the making of our great republic, the Mecklenburg Declaration, and the South has sent to us to-night a gentleman whose voice and message I am sure you will be glad to hear, the Honorable John Wesley Gaines, who represents, in the National House of Representatives, the Sixth Congressional District of the State of Tennessee. He has left the national capital to spend the eve of Washington's Birthday with us, and we give him a glad welcome. (Applause.)

HON. JOHN WESLEY GAINES:—

MR. TOASTMASTER, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—To be your guest is a great honor, which I appreciate, but to be at the same time invited to respond to the toast, "The Mecklenburg Declaration," is a distinction which I fear I do not merit. I have not had the opportunity to bestow upon it the careful study it deserves, my main excuse being, gentlemen, that I have been facing a Cannon since the first Monday in last December (laughter), and I gladly change positions, even to face Scotch-Irish,

whose forefathers shed first blood for American Independence, at the Alamance, one hundred and thirty-five years ago.

Mr. Toastmaster, I came here thinking that it was not your desire that I give an extended history of the Mecklenburg Declaration, but since reaching the Chamber, I have been otherwise advised.

To the student of history, such a research is most interesting; to the lover of the antique, it is most enjoyable; to the public speaker, it is a fruitful source of discourse, but to the plain liberty-loving American citizen, it is all these and more, for it rekindles the fires of patriotism, and especially in the heart of the Scotch-Irishman, who wrote and proclaimed the first Declaration of Independence on American soil.

That such a Declaration was framed and proclaimed "May, 1775," is admitted, but its birthday and genuineness are disputed. One school contends that it was considered throughout May 19th, 1775, and until two o'clock A. M. May 20th; that then and there it was signed by all of the committee and publicly read about mid-day of May 20th, 1775, at the Court House in Charlotte, North Carolina. The other school denies that it was issued on either of these days and contends that the only or real Declaration was framed and promulgated in Charlotte, May 31st, 1775. In brief, both schools agree that the Mecklenburgh Declaration was issued and proclaimed "May, 1775."

Regardless of the day, "The Mecklenburgh Declaration" antedates, by more than thirteen months, the Declaration of Independence of July 4th, 1776.

The friends of the May 31st document contend that the May 19th-20th document is not genuine, mainly because, as they say, there is no "contemporaneous" record of it, while the May 31st document was printed in several newspapers in the Summer of 1775. It is claimed the May 20th document and the proceedings of the meeting of that date were accidentally burned, in 1800, along with the house of John McKnitt Alexander, who was secretary of the meeting and signer of the May 20th document.

The May 20th document literally declares the independence

of the people of Mecklenburg. The May 31st document may not in so many words, *but does in effect*, I think, and, *if* it is the document to which the then Royal Governor, Martin, alludes in his several official letters in 1775, he clearly so treated it.

The Declaration of May 20th, in part, reads thus:—

“I. *Resolved*, That whosoever, directly or indirectly, abets or in any way, form or manner countenances the invasion of our rights, as attempted by the Parliament of Great Britain, is an enemy to his country, to America and to the rights of man;

“II. *Resolved*, That we, the citizens of Mecklenburg County do hereby dissolve the political bonds which have connected us with the mother country, and absolve ourselves from all allegiance to the British Crown, abjuring all political connections with a nation that has wantonly trampled on our rights and liberties and inhumanly shed innocent blood of Americans at Lexington.

“III. *Resolved*, That we do hereby declare ourselves a free and independent people; that we are, and of a right ought to be, a sovereign, and self-governing people under the power of God and the General Congress; to the maintenance of which independence we solemnly pledge to each other our mutual co-operation, our lives, our fortunes and our most sacred honor.

“IV. *Resolved*, That we hereby ordain and adopt as rules of conduct all and each of our former laws, and that the Crown of Great Britain can not be considered hereafter as holding any rights, privileges, or immunities against us.

“V. *Resolved*, That all officers, both civil and military, in this county, be entitled to exercise the same powers and authorities as heretofore; that every member of this delegation shall henceforth be a civil officer and exercise the powers of a justice of the peace, issue process, hear and determine controversies according to law, preserve peace, union and harmony in the county, and use every exertion to spread the love of liberty and of county until a more general and better organized system of government *be established*.

“VI. *Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by express to the President of the Continental Congress assembled in Philadelphia, to be laid before that body.”

This instrument is a clean-cut Declaration of Independence, creating also a rude system of Government, to continue "until a more general and better organized system of Government be established," and hence, perhaps, as some contend, the elaborate resolutions of May 31st, establishing a "System of Government."

In a few days after May the 20th, 1775, Captain Jack was duly authorized and was sent to Philadelphia to deliver, and did deliver, copies of this instrument to the three North Carolina members of the Continental Congress and its President, but he was informed that these proceedings were "premature," and Jack so reported.

Why premature? Because at this time this Congress was considering the question of reconciliation and not independence, as shown by the second petition to the King, then being prepared by Congress. This petition, dated July 8th, 1775, in part reads:—

"Our enemies charge us with sedition. In what does it consist? In our refusal to submit to unwarrantable acts of injustice and cruelty? If so, show us a period in your history in which you have not been equally seditious. *We are accused of aiming at Independence*; but how is this accusation supported? By the allegations of *your Ministers, not by our action.*"

While the Congress was asking for a *reconciliation* and not independence, the Mecklenburgers assumed the right of self-government and declared their independence.

The Philadelphia press, by request or otherwise, omitted in June, 1775, to publish either resolution. The journals of Congress are silent as to the *presentation* or the *existence* of either of these documents. Congress as a body, it seems, officially ignored the document or documents Jack presented. Congress, while seeking peace and not independence, thought it wise to thus act.

That you may compare the two documents and form your own conclusions at will, having submitted the May 20th document, I now submit a few of the resolves of May 31st, as follows:—

“I. That all commissions, civil and military, heretofore granted by the Crown to be exercised by these Colonies, are null and void, and the Constitution of each particular Colony wholly suspended.

“II. That the Provincial Congress of each Province, under the direction of the Great Continental Congress, is invested with all legislative and executive powers within their respective provinces, and that no other legislative or executive power does or can exist at this time in any of these colonies.

“III. As all former laws are now suspended in this Province, and the Congress has not yet provided others, we judge it necessary for the better preservation of good order, to form certain rules and regulations for the Internal Government of this country, until laws shall be provided for us by the Congress.

“IV. That the inhabitants of this County do meet on a certain day appointed by the Committee, and having formed themselves into nine companies (to wit: eight for the county and one for the town), do choose a colonel and other military officers, who shall hold and exercise their several powers by virtue of the choice, and independent of the crown of Great Britain, and former constitution of this province.”

Resolves V. to XV., both inclusive, created and established courts and offices, tax laws and other regulations. In brief, the machinery with which to run the Government.

Resolve XIV. Provided:—

“That all of these officers hold their commissions during the pleasure of their several constituents.”

Here are the other five resolves:—

“XVI. That whatever person shall hereafter receive a commission from the crown, or attempt to exercise any such commission heretofore received, shall be deemed an enemy to his country; and upon confirmation being made to the captain of the company in which he resides, the said company shall cause him to be apprehended and conveyed before two select men, who, upon proof of the fact, shall commit said offender to safe custody, until the next sitting of the Committee, who shall deal with him as prudence may direct.

“XVII. That any person refusing to yield obedience to the above rules shall be considered equally criminal, and

liable to the same punishment, as the offenders above last mentioned.

“XVIII. That these Resolves be in full force and virtue until instructions from the Provincial Congress regulating their jurisprudence of the province shall provide otherwise, or the legislative body of Great Britain resign its unjust and arbitrary pretensions with respect to America.

“XIX. That the eight militia companies in this county provide themselves with proper arms and accoutrements, and hold themselves in readiness to execute the commands and directions of the General Congress of this province and this Committee.

“XX. That the Committee appoint Col. Thomas Polk and Dr. Joseph Kennedy to purchase 300 pounds of powder, 600 pounds of lead, 1000 flints for the use of the militia of this county, and deposit the same in such place as the Committee may hereafter direct.

“Signed by order of the Committee,

“Eph Brevard,

“Clerk of the Committee.”

This instrument was printed in the *South Carolina Gazette and Journal*, June 13th, 1775.

By one school it is claimed this document is only *in effect* a Declaration of Independence, while it is perfectly clear that the document of May 20th literally declares “Independence.” It is unquestionable that as early as June, 1775, a copy of one or the other of these documents, in newspaper form, fell into the hands of the Royal Governor Martin, and that he transmitted the same, with official letters, to the English Government. These letters are quoted by the friends of both documents in proof of their genuineness, meaning, and effect. Whether Governor Martin’s letters refer to the one or the other, or the two combined, his letters show that he had lost control of this colony; that the people had “explicitly” renounced “obedience to His Majesty’s Government, and all lawfull authority whatsoever;” that the people “had usurped the undoubted prerogative of the crown;” that the people had done so to “overturn the Constitution and its just prerogative,” and, as a matter of fact, the people had driven him from the face of the earth and he

had taken refuge on board his ship, the "Cruiser," as his letter shows.

It is equally certain, regardless of which document Martin had before him when he thus wrote, that he regarded it, if not in fact, certainly in effect, a Declaration of Independence.

On June 25th, 1775, he wrote thus:—

"The Seditious Combinations that have been formed and are still forming in several parts of this Colony and the violent measures they pursue in compelling His Majesty's Subjects by various kinds of intimidations to subscribe Associations inconsistent with their Duty and allegiance to their Sovereign,

"The obliging people to frequent meetings in Arms, by the usurped Authority of Committees, the recent Assemblage of a Body of armed Men, in the town of Wilmington for the purpose of awing His Majesty's Local Subjects there into submission to the dictates of an illegal and tyrannical tribunal erected thereunder that name, and the late most treasonable publication of a committee in the County of Mecklenburg explicitly renouncing obedience to His Majesty's Government and all lawfull authority *whatsoever*, are such audacious and dangerous proceedings, and so directly tending to the *dissolution* of the Constitution of this Province, that I have thought it indispensably my duty to advise with you on the measures proper to be taken for the maintenance of His Majesty's Government and the Constitution of this Country, thus flagrantly insulted and violated."

From aboard his ship, "Cruiser," on August 18th, 1775, he wrote thus:—

"All of them (loyal subjects who sought him on board his sloop) who have come down here to consult me about their safety, have been intercepted, coming, or going, and searched, detained, abused, and stript of many Papers they have had about them, except a Messenger from a considerable Body of Germans, settled in the County of Mecklenburgh, who brought me a loyal Declaration against the Very *extraordinary* and *traitorous* resolve of a committee of that county, of which I have the honor to transmit a copy to your Lordship with my last despatches."

Governor Martin's council on board this sloop, June 16th, 1775, held a meeting. Its journal read thus:—

“The Governor having informed the Board that he had received advices that the People of the County of Bladen, were pursuing the Example of the People of Mecklenburgh, whose treasonable proceedings he had communicated to the Council at the last meeting (June 25) desired the advice of the Council on the measures expedient to be taken to counteract such unwarrantable and dangerous extravagancies and to check and prevent the growth of that spirit of disorder which at this time unhappily prevails in a great part of the province and especially in the County of Mecklenburgh and the Counties on the Sea Coasts, particularly evinced by the meetings which have been held among the People for the choice of Military Officers by which they have usurped the undoubted Prerogative of the Crown, and the frequent Assemblings of the People in Arms by the invitation of officers so illegally constituted
* * * James Hassell (a member of the Council) is of the opinion that his Excellency should take every lawful measure in his power to suppress the unnatural Rebellion now fomenting in Mecklenburgh and other parts of the Province in order to overturn the Constitution and His just prerogative.”

I do not find that the genuineness of the Mecklenburg Declaration, whether it be the May 20th or May 31st document, was questioned before 1819, when Mr. Jefferson wrote John Adams, in part, thus:—

“I must not be understood as suggesting any doubtfulness as to the State of North Carolina. No state was more fixed or forward. Nor do I affirm positively that this paper is a fabrication because the proof of the negative can only be presumptive. But I shall not believe it such until positive and solemn proof of its authenticity shall be pronounced.”

Mr. Adams had sent him a newspaper containing the “Davie Copy” of the May 20th document. *Since* Jefferson’s letter the friends of both these documents have “dug up” much evidence tending to support the genuineness of each, while those who deny the May 20th document admit the May 31st document is genuine and, in effect, a Declaration of Independence. Had Mr. Jefferson seen the evidence that is now in known existence, we cannot believe he would have written this letter.

The latest discovery of evidence occurred in 1904. Mr.

O. J. Lehman, of Bethania, N. C., found in the archives of the Moravian Church, Bethania, in said State, pamphlet form, in script, the evidence in question. This church with great care has recorded important events of each year from 1755 to the present time.

In concluding the record for the year 1775 this language was written:—

“I cannot leave unmentioned at the end of the 1775th year that already in the summer of this year, that is, in May, June or July, the County of Mecklenburgh declared itself *free and independent* of England, and made such arrangements of their administration of the law among themselves, as later the Continental Congress made for all. This Congress, however, considered these proceedings “premature.”

The recorder of this event shows he had no doubt about “Independence” *in fact* being declared or the *other* statements he wrote, nor can we presume the church officers would have permitted a false statement to be enrolled in this place of worship.

Dissect this record “over thirty years of age,” and therefore, a “self-proving” or “ancient” document, and at a glance we see:

1. That Independence was in fact declared, and in May, June, or July, 1775;
2. And it would seem, after this action, the people arranged for the “administration of the law,” which tends to prove the adoption of a later document, probably the May 31st instrument, as some contend;
3. That “later,” Congress adopted similar machinery for “all colonies;”
4. That the proceedings of the Mecklenburgers were “premature,” thus corroborating Captain Jack’s report, and supports the contention that he did deliver copies of this declaration to members of this Congress.

In a letter published in the *North Carolina Observer* April 15th, 1906, Miss Adelaide L. Fries, of Salem, N. C., in a lucid and logical way, proves the authorship of this church record. She, in part, says:—

“As merchant, financier, politician, as a sturdy conscientious man, Traugott Bagg ranks among the first in this Colony.”

And concludes her letter thus:—

“Summing up the evidence, therefore, it may be definitely stated that this statement was written in Salem by Traugott Bagg about 1873.” 1783

Mr. William H. Hoyte, in his recent and very able and interesting book (in opposition to the May 20th document and in favor of the May 31st document), says Mr. Bagg was, “a merchant and man of affairs in the town during the Revolutionary War.”

Judge Martin, who settled in North Carolina in 1782, in his history of that State, had access, he says, to the Moravian records, in gathering data for his book, the manuscript of which he prepared between 1791 and 1809. Martin says:—

“During the several journeys, which he afterwards made to several parts of the country, he received considerable information from several individuals.

“The gentleman in possession of the records of the Quaker meetings, in Perquimans, Pasquotank Counties, and the head of a *Unitas Fratrum of Moravian brethren*, cheerfully yielded their assistance.”

Judge Martin in 1791 was employed by the State to digest the statutes thereof and examined them from the Magna Charta to the Declaration of Independence. In 1803 he was employed by the Legislature to revise the Acts of the Assembly passed during the Proprietary, Royal and State Governments, which works suggested writing this history.

Dr. Graham, in showing that Martin had ample opportunity to obtain the facts states that in preparation of his several books and executing his official obligations, Martin was about the State capitol and came in contact “with William Polk, George Graham, and Joseph Graham, who witnessed the adoption” of this document, and he (Martin) became personally acquainted with James Harris and Robert Irwin, two of the delegates who signed the resolutions, who “were members of the legislature from Mecklenburgh County from 1791 to 1803, the time that Mr. Martin was serving his State and collecting material for his book.”

In 1809 President Madison appointed Martin to a judgeship in Mississippi, whither he went that year, and later was transferred to New Orleans, where, in 1829, he printed his book from manuscript *prepared between 1791 and 1809*.

Martin substantially states that the Mecklenburgh Declaration was prepared May 19th and 20th, 1775, and promulgated on the latter date. This Moravian church record does not give the *date*, Martin *does*, and *each* states that Independence, in fact, was declared. Martin's history shows that he was familiar with the history of the Moravian church records.

Permit me to quote a few lines from Judge Martin:—

“In the month of March and April, 1775, the leading men in the County of Mecklenburgh held meetings to ascertain the sense of the people, and to confine them in their oppositions to the claims of Parliament, to impose taxes, and regulate the internal policy of the Colonies. At one of these meetings, when it was ascertained that the people were prepared to meet their wishes, it was agreed that Thomas Polk, then Colonel Commandant of the County, should issue an order directed to each Captain of Militia, requesting him to call a Company Meeting to elect two delegates from his Company to meet in General Committee, at Charlotte, on the 19th of May; giving to the delegates ample power to adopt such measures as to them should seem best calculated to promote the common cause of defending the rights of the Colonies, and aiding their brethren in Massachusetts. Colonel Polk issued the order, and the delegates were elected. They met in Charlotte on the day appointed.

“* * * On the day on which the Committee met, the first intelligence of the action at Lexington, in Massachusetts, on the 19th of April, was received in Charlotte. This intelligence produced the most decisive effect.”

Mr. Hoyte, in a foot-note, says:—

“Rev. Francis L. Hawkes, [who] had richer and more valuable material than any other North Carolina Historian.”

Many years ago in a very learned lecture on this subject, delivered in New York, Dr. Hawkes, in part, said:—

“But there is one fact incidentally mentioned in the story of the 19th and 20th of May, which with a knowledge of the localities, becomes very strong *confirmatory* testimony. You

remember that on the day of meeting, the express arrived (at Charlotte) with news of Lexington and Concord. Now, if anyone will take the trouble to turn to the 584th page of the Second volume of Mr. Lossing's interesting, useful and patriotic field book of the revolution, he will find there a letter from Richard Caswell, one of the North Carolina delegates to the Continental Congress, an attentive examination of which will show that Governor Caswell, on Sunday, the first of May, 1775, met at Petersburg, in Virginia, the express from Massachusetts, bringing the news of the Battle of Lexington. ✕

"We may well believe that the brave men of New England lost no time in communicating to the Sister Colonies that war had begun. The Battle, near Boston, occurred on the 19th of April 1775. We will suppose they sent off tidings on the 20th of April; you must bear in mind that those were not the days of railroads, steamboats, or public conveyances; so you will not be surprised that a horseback traveler, making all the speed he could, had occupied ten or eleven days in reaching Petersburg. His journey southward would next take him to Halifax, in North Carolina, for thither led, then, the only mail route. This would occupy him on horseback, probably six days, which would bring him to the 7th of May.

"He had then to diverge westward from Halifax to Charlotte, a distance of some hundreds of miles, over a country with bad roads and difficult of travel, even now. It would take him, in the then state of that country, about twenty days diligent riding to reach Charlotte, and this would bring him to the 19th of May. He could not, at any rate, without criminal loitering—and that too, when he carried an express—have prolonged his journey from Halifax to Charlotte to twenty-three days, never reaching it until the 30th of May; and yet the testimony shows that he arrived on the day independence was declared, and that his arrival quickened the declaration.

"It must then have been made on the 20th; and this is, to my mind, at least, conclusively proved by the fact that the document *that* day does distinctly refer, in express terms, to the slaughter of our Northern brethren, near Boston, on the 15th of April (a fact which roused the Carolinians almost to frenzy), while that of the 30th is *perfectly silent concerning Lexington*—not a syllable in it of this most exciting event."

✕ It is not at all improbable that this express reached Lexington on April 19th, for it is a matter of record that it reached Annapolis, Md., April 26th, 1775, as shown from Eddie's letters from America, printed in London in 1792, letter XX. Eddie, an Englishman, was in America at the time and wrote home as follows:—

“ANNAPOLIS, Wednesday even, April 26, 1775.

“About noon this day, arrived in express from Boston, which brought an account ‘that on the 19th instant, a detachment of the King’s troops, consisting of about a thousand men, fell in with a company of provincials, whom they attacked without any provocation, killed six, and wounded four; that on an alarm being given, the regulars were, in consequence, assaulted by a numerous body of the militia, who surrounded them; and it was supposed the conflict would be desperate and bloody.’”

It would have been indeed strange for the Mecklenburgers to have ignored the Lexington massacre—express no sympathy, at least, for on *April 7th, 1775*, in a letter addressed to the Governor, the Colonial Assembly said:—

“We take this opportunity, Sir, the first that has been given us, to express the warm attachment that we have to our sister colonies in general, and the heartfelt compassion we entertain for the deplorable state of the town of Boston, in particular.”

This assembly also declared,

“the fixed and determined resolution of this colony to unite with the other colonies in every effort to retain those just rights and liberties, which, as subjects to a British King, we possess, and which it is our absolute and indispensable duty to hand down to posterity unimpaired.”

The next day Governor Martin dissolved this Assembly, severely censuring these patriots for this sympathetic statement.

Right on top of these resolutions and stung by the edict of the Governor dissolving their Assembly, these patriots could not have done otherwise, we are forced to contend, than to have said, on May 19th, when they heard of this Lexington outrage, “Let us be independent.”

The subject, the date of the Mecklenburg Declaration, is very interesting.

I now refer to several bits of evidence found in Dr. Graham’s recent book in support of the May 20th document. John McKnitt Alexander, in whose house this May 20th document was burned, was a very old man when he died,

in 1817. His sons-in-law were the Rev. S. G. Caldwell, who barely escaped being killed at the Battle of the Alamance, the Rev. James Wallis, a noted speaker, and Francis G. Ramsey, father of Dr. J. G. M. Ramsey, the historian. Caldwell was pastor for many years of Sugar Creek Church, and an officer in the Sugar Creek Academy, near by, where James Wallis, Jr., aged ten, a son of Dr. Wallis, delivered a valedictory speech. I ask you to note well his language. He in part said:—

“On May 19, 1775, a day sacredly exulting to every Mecklenburg bosom, two delegates, duly authorized from each Militia Company in the County, met in Charlotte. After a cool and deliberate investigation of the causes and extent of our differences with Great Britain, and taking a review of probable results, pledging their aid in support of their rights and liberties, they solemnly entered into and published a full and determined Declaration of Independence, renouncing forever all allegiance, dependences or connection with Great Britain—dissolved all judicial and military establishments emanating from the British, and established others on principles corresponding with their Declaration, which went into immediate operation, all of which was transmitted to Congress by express, and probably expedited the General Declaration of Independence. May we ever act worthy of such predecessors.”

This speech was delivered in 1809, and was published in the *Raleigh Minerva* in 1810, nine years before the genuineness of the May 20th Declaration was challenged, and was republished in the *Catawba Journal*, in 1823, four years thereafter, being evidently remembered by someone who heard the boy's speech, or who had read the *Raleigh Minerva*.

My inquiry is, why did this boy pick out May 19th, 1775, and declare it a “day sacredly exulting to every Mecklenburg bosom?” Why did he allude to that day at all, if it was not sacred to the heart of that people, the Scotch-Irishmen whom we honor here to-night, as does every genuine patriotic American citizen? (Applause.) Why did he speak of this Declaration, if it never existed? Who put these patriotic sentiments in the heart of this ten year old boy? Who wrote these strong words for this child? Grandfather

Alexander, or Dr. Caldwell, or Mr. Ramsey, his uncle, or his father, or some other patriotic person who then knew the undisputed facts? Who dare teach a child to publicly or privately make a false statement, and that, too, about a sacred subject, so near to the heart of this audience?

Judge Gray, you know that you, as a court, would permit Jimmie Wallis, if living, to testify to-morrow before you that his grandfather, his father, or his uncles, had told him that he was born on May 19th, if the fact was in question. Hearsay testimony is perfectly permissible to prove dates, marriages, births and deaths, and pedigrees. If the boy's date was wrong or his statement of facts incorrect, and on such a subject, why did not the patriots of that day correct him? And if not then, why not later in the *Minerva*, for the benefit of future generations, at all events? But we hear of no such correction. They could have at least informed the child that the date was May 31st, if in truth it was. The particular copy of the *Minerva* is still in existence, and this portion of this boy's speech was photographed a few years ago and reproduced in one of Harper's illustrated papers, which I read in the Congressional Library a few days ago.

Dr. Graham, evidently a kinsman of the Hon. William A. Graham, in his book quotes the language of certain "ancient" deeds recorded in Mecklenburg County, which I read as follows:—

"This indenture, made this the 13th of February, 1779, and in the fourth year of our independence. Page 15, Book 36, Robert Harris Register."

Take four from 1779, and you have 1775, just as young Wallis had it.

Here is another:—

"This indenture, made this 28th of January, in the fifth year of our independence, in the year of our Lord Christ 1780, Page 29, Book 1, William Alexander Register."

Take five from 1780, and you have 1775, just as the boy Wallis said the year was.

Here is still another:—

“This indenture made on the 19th day of May, and in the year of our Lord 1783, and the eighth year of our independence, Page 119, Book 2, John McKnitt Alexander, Register.”

Eight from 1783 leaves 1775, just as the boy Wallis said the year was. (Laughter and applause.)

These deeds are more than “thirty years of age” and existed long before the genuineness of this Declaration was first disputed in 1819. “They prove themselves.” The courts hold that:—

“Recitals in ancient deeds are always competent evidence, and are presumed to be true, unless the contrary can be made to appear.”

And the mere fact that the deed “has no date” is immaterial, and that it was not “in its proper place” only “goes to the question of its genuineness.”

Dr. Graham recites this pleasing pertinent history. Major John Davidson, one of the signers of this Declaration, had a son named Benjamin Wilson Davidson, and he called him “My Independence Boy,” because he was born on May 20th. This is vouched for by two very aged Davidsons. Col. Tom Polk, another signer of this Declaration, named his son “Thomas Independence,” because born on the Fourth of July. The tombstone in a North Carolina cemetery over the grave of “My Independence Boy” has the date of his birth inscribed on it thus: “May 20th, 1787.” Tombstones do not lie (laughter), and you, Judge Gray, adorning the Federal Bench as you do, you the great arbitrator of labor troubles, the juridical peacemaker of the United States, know that you would permit that inscription to be read in your court to prove the birthday of this boy. That rule of evidence is well settled.

It was quite natural for Major Davidson, the signer of this sacred document and a hero in our fight for independence, to thus fondly name his son and thus mark his grave. You have heard of the daughter being named “Maybelle,” be-

cause born on the first of May, the mother would tell you. My father was named "John Wesley," and I have often been asked, and very naturally, if he was a Methodist. He certainly was. There is something, you see, in a name. Some names have not only a technical meaning, but a real historical application.

It is claimed that John McKnitt Alexander, who, as I have stated, had charge of this document, framed a copy of it from memory. Others claim, I believe, he had a *real copy*.

Mr. Hoyt states that Joseph Wallis, of Chapel Hill, Texas, son of the Rev. James Wallis, son-in-law of Alexander, in a letter published in the *National Intelligencer*, August 13th, 1857, said this:—

"That he (Wallis) remembered seeing his father stamp on Williamson's History of North Carolina, because it did not contain a carefully prepared document of the Declaration of John McKnitt Alexander." Williamson omitted to print in this book a number of important events connected with the history of North Carolina, notably the instructions to her delegates in Congress to concur in declaring for independence, which were given April 12th, 1776, being the first of all similar instructions.

And now, gentlemen, we come very near my own heart, inasmuch as I represent, in my humble way, the Hermitage District, in whose bosom lie the sacred ashes of Andrew Jackson, a Presbyterian, and it is contended with great force, a Scotch-Irishman. (Applause.)

In a speech by the Hon. W. A. Graham, in 1875, it is stated that two or three of his reliable acquaintances visited Jackson at the Hermitage, his home, and that this invincible and unconquered hero showed them a copy of this Declaration hanging in his house. Will anyone accuse Andrew Jackson of standing for or having hanging about his house a counterfeit of any kind? (Applause.) He was born near Mecklenburg County in 1767, was a Colonial soldier in that section of the country, was familiar with its history, and at the tender age of thirteen was captured and imprisoned. He attended school, studied law in North Carolina. I stop here to state

that his mother, after attending the stricken American prisoners at Charleston on her way home, sickened, died, and her grave was not only unknown to her son Andrew, but is unknown to-day. His two brothers were soldiers in the war for independence. Their graves are unknown, and the exact spot where his father's remains rest, in a graveyard, is unknown.

I shall not undertake to go further into this history, but shall content myself to refer you to Graham's and Hoyt's books on this subject.

I ask you now, in conclusion, was it not quite reasonable for the Mecklenburgers to first declare for independence? Had they not suffered long? Had they not been patient? Had not promises been broken that should have been kept? Were they not first to openly rebel against the Stamp Tax? Did not the Governor, to appease their wrath, "cook a whole beef," and with rich English viands spread it all before the assembled people? And did they not take the beef and throw it overboard and refuse to partake of the feast? This, Judge Gray, is the first successful attack I have ever heard of being made on the Beef Trust. Had not these people borne up under unjust taxes, official extravagance, and corrupt judges, who, when found guilty, were fined a penny and let go free? Were they not promised their just rights, and were they not ground in the dust? Had they forgotten the outrage perpetrated upon eight or ten of their fellow-citizens, heroes of the Alamance, that historic battlefield, in North Carolina, where the first gun was fired on American soil in defiance of taxation without representation? Had they forgotten the hanging of Pugh and his comrades captured in that battle? Had they forgotten the unjustifiable dissolution of their Assembly, forsooth, because they had expressed their sympathy for their Boston brethren, whom they had succored years before? Had they not reached the point of live or die?

Again, gentlemen, these Scotch-Irish, your ancestors, were then being oppressed by the same government that had invited them or their fathers to abide in Ireland and up-build that country. Did they not go? And becoming happy

and prosperous in Ireland, intermingling and intermarrying with the Irish, building and living in happy homes, could they forget that this same government began to oppress them in Ireland? Could they forget that they fled to America because of this oppression, that they might build up a country and a home, pursue their happiness and live in peace? And yet across the broad ocean, from this same government, came oppression, not only into the American Colonies generally, but into the very precincts of Mecklenburg, until finally these brave Scotch-Irish could stand the grinding heel of English tyranny no longer and declared, and first declared, that by the eternal they would not, and pledged their lives and fortunes to the task. Like true men who love home and country, all they are and should be, they never stopped, though at times disconcerted, until they and their sister colonies achieved that independence had been made their own, the liberties and privileges they transmitted to us and which we enjoy here to-night.

It is well for us, Mr. Toastmaster, to encourage local pride and revive these memories, and hence your State Scotch-Irish Society. It is always well for us to love our neighbors as ourselves. That is a divine injunction, which, if pursued, creates a healthy public sentiment which protects home, our local and national institutions. It is well for you to be here and demonstrate a just pride in the history of the Mecklenburg Declaration, regardless of whether it was dated May 20th or May 31st, 1775, for certainly there was one promulgated on one or the other of these dates, and there can be no question but that the heroism and the patriotism of the Scotch-Irish of this historic Colony sowed the seeds of Independence, that spread throughout the Colonies, and that this sowing brought forth the richest harvest.

You with all of us take a just pride in glorifying our American Institution and in paying tribute to others who so well wrought and established them, and this we all do, regardless of who first sowed the seed, or fought the first battle, or wrote the first Declaration, or framed the Constitution. They are all a rich heritage that should make our hearts swell with honest pride. This is our republic, that has established

in a mighty way the love of republican principles, not only between the two oceans, but throughout the world, wherever there is a spark of personal or national independence or a love of liberty and inalienable rights. There is a grandeur in our republic, enough for each and all of us. All races are living happily under its ægis, and we should all here to-night resolve to prove ourselves worthy of the blessings we have inherited, whether from Scotch or Irish, or Scotch-Irish, or English or what not, and transmit that heritage to our children, praying that they, too, may hand it down in all its purity and strength to every succeeding generation. (Applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

Now a burst of song from Dr. McCook.

REV. HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D.:—

Did you ever hear anybody talk about a Quaker-Scotch-Irishman? It is not a Quaker-Scotch-Irishman I had really intended to read about to-night, but a Quaker-Scotch-Irish woman, Lydia Darrach by name, born in Ireland, but having settled in Philadelphia, as so many good Scotch people do. She lived down on Second Street in the Loxley House. The adjutant-general of Howe's army, then occupying this city, had lodgings in one of her rooms, and on a certain night she was asked by Andre—we all know Major Andre by reputation—to have her room ready for a private conference. Her curiosity was excited. She waited at the door, an unseemly act, of course, but she heard there words that indicated to her a secret purpose on the part of Howe's army to surprise Washington, then encamped at White Marsh, on Camp Hill, as it now is called—one of those scenes in Philadelphia that we, so prone to forget our locality and its history, know little about and ought to know a great deal. Washington was encamped there awaiting the attack of Howe. Howe sought to surprise Washington and failed in it because this good woman, Lydia Darrach, was next morning five miles away to Frankford Mills with a bag of flour, having passed through

the British guard, wanting to find some way of notifying the great commander. She met his aide upon the road and had a private conversation with him, and from this interview Washington was on his guard and so repelled the British troops. It is this old ballad which I had put into song, and which I propose to hand over to the secretary for printing.* Before we sit down, may I remind you that this is the 21st, and that we are very near the morning of the glorious 22d? Will you join me in pledging the memory of Washington?

(The company rose and drank the toast.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

The last speaker of the evening is the Reverend Doctor Richard S. Holmes. When I asked Doctor Holmes to come to this dinner and speak to us, he said to me that he was neither a Scotchman nor an Irishman; but I reminded him that he was the creator of a Scotch character, in a recently published book, entitled "The Maid of Honor," the opening scene of which is a wedding at Old St. David's Church, at Devon, and the closing of which carries us to the city of Pittsburgh. In this book appears this character which is of great interest to all Scotch-Irishmen. The typical Scotch elder has been graphically portrayed by "Ian MacLaren," and, more recently, by Robert E. Knowles, in "St. Cuthbert's," who defined him thus: "No mere Scotch kirkman was Archie M'Cormack, but a pre-historic Calvinist, a Presbyterian by the act of God and an elder from all eternity." But I venture to say that David Henderson will live in the minds of Scotch-Irishmen as quite equal to any fictitious representation of this type of humanity in modern times. If Doctor Holmes will present him to us, briefly, I am sure we will give him a cordial welcome.

REV. RICHARD S. HOLMES, D.D.:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE SOCIETY:—The president said to me at the opening of this banquet to-night that he should make about such an introduction as he has

* See Appendix A, page 49.

made, and that then I might do as I was a mind to. I came here to-night feeling I had no business here at all, not being Scotch nor Irish nor Scotch-Irish, but after hearing Professor Brumbaugh, I find I have just as good a right to be here and may claim a logical and chronological place just now, coming from the outside, in Scotch-Irish Pennsylvania. We have had the Scotch-Irish and we have had the Pennsylvania Dutch, and now you are getting the Quaker. My father was a Quaker. My grandfather and my grandmother were Quakers. My great-grandfather on both the grandfather's and the grandmother's sides were Quaker preachers. Having said so much, I have a right to be here and in a logical place. I am going to put myself in another logical place. I thank you, gentlemen, very much for putting me under many obligations to you for a very delightful evening. Now I am going to put you under equal obligation to me by stopping right now. Good night, gentlemen. (Laughter and applause.)

THE PRESIDENT:—

But one thing remains; that is for me to pass this gavel to a noble Scotch-Irishman who has done much for this Society, and who is held in high esteem among us—Judge Yerkes, now President of the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania. (Applause.)

HON. HARMAN YERKES:—

GENTLEMEN OF THE SOCIETY:—I desire to express to you my appreciation of the high honor which you have conferred upon me by elevating me to your highest office. I feel sincerely the responsibility which has been cast upon me, and I feel at the same time like saying that the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania has reached its highest point of honor and justice when it has elevated to its office a Pennsylvania Dutchman. (Applause.) Notwithstanding I may be in name and in blood partially, at least, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, I claim the right and privilege of asserting that I am a Scotch-Irishman, with all the feelings and the ambitions and the pride which inspire this stock in honoring

their ancestry for what they have accomplished in this country. I have no higher title to the claim of being a Scotch-Irishman than that of having been born, reared, and educated within the shadow of that Log College of which you have heard something from Dr. Brumbaugh to-night. I again thank you for the honor which you have conferred upon me, and, without occupying your time further, am ready to receive any motion which may be in order.

HON. JOHN W. GAINES:—

MR. CHAIRMAN:—Will you pardon me just here? A few days ago I got some post-cards from a gentleman whom I did not know, Mr. Irwin Holt, of Abington, North Carolina. The post-card is a figure of the monument erected on the battlefield of The Alamance. Also a post-card showing the hanging of one of the heroes of The Alamance, James Pugh. I immediately wired him to send me one hundred copies of those post-cards, thinking perhaps that you only had a Scotch-Irish Society of one hundred people, but I am gladly disappointed. He immediately sent those by special delivery, and I broke the package here to-night and asked one of your ministerial friends, and my friend as well, to distribute them among those who are present, from Mr. Irwin Holt, with his compliments.

THE PRESIDENT:—

I have no doubt the Society will be glad to receive these post-cards and to cherish them in remembrance of the Mecklenburg Declaration, but we still adhere to the view that Thomas Jefferson wrote the great Declaration of Independence of America.

On motion, adjourned.

APPENDIX A.

LYDIA DARRACH, THE DAME OF LOXLEY HOUSE.

The legend of how Lydia Darrach saved the camp of Washington and his Continentals at White Marsh in the first week of December, 1777, has passed into popular belief as authentic history. It is one of those delightful idyls which, like William Tell and the apple, and George Washington and the cherry tree, we all would like to believe, despite the historic Gradgrinds and iconoclasts who shatter so many of our fair mental images or remand them to the misty realm of mythland.

There are, indeed, difficulties in the legend as commonly recorded; but after a careful study of all the material now available, one must conclude that it carries a substantial body of truth.

The story was first printed in 1827 in the first number (March) of the *American Quarterly Review* (Carey, Lea & Carey), pages 32, 33. As this is nearest the scene of action, and was received from persons of good repute, and, as the editor affirms, was "implicitly believed by all of them, who knew her (Lydia's) character and situation," it is entitled to our first and serious attention.

In brief, the narrative there given is as follows:

In the winter of 1777, while the British troops were in possession of Philadelphia, General Howe had his headquarters in the Cadwalader mansion on Second Street, four doors below Spruce. Nearly opposite lived William and Lydia Darrach; and a superior officer of the British Army, believed to be the Adjutant General, fixed upon one of their upper back rooms for private conference. Therein the two officers occasionally met in close conference, and, as the record puts it, "with fire and candles."

One day, which appears to have been Tuesday, December 2d, 1777, the adjutant informed Lydia that he would occupy

the room at 7 P. M. and remain late. He particularly asked that all the family should retire, and said that he would call Lydia when they wished to leave, that she might rise and care for the fire and close the house. The great emphasis laid on this request awakened Lydia's suspicions that something was to be discussed of great importance to the American cause.

She complied with the request, but presently rose and stole to the door of the room wherein the British officers were closeted. Listening at the keyhole, she heard read an order of Howe's directing that the British troops should secretly move the next evening from their camps and make a night attack upon the Continentals at White Marsh, some eighteen or nineteen miles distant.

The next morning Lydia, having resolved to attempt to warn General Washington, got from Howe's headquarters a provost pass through the military lines to go to the Frankford Mills for flour. She made the journey of about five miles on foot, left her meal bag at the mill, then an important source of supply of cereals for Philadelphians, and walked on in the direction of the American outposts at Camp Hill, in the hope of meeting some one to whom she could impart her secret.

It so befell that Lieutenant Colonel Craig, with a squad of light horse, had been sent out by Washington on a scout, a duty imperative on all commanders who would keep in touch with their enemies' movements. Colonel Craig, in leaving Washington's headquarters in the Emlen house, near the present station of Camp Hill on the North Penn Railroad, had headed toward the Delaware River at Frankford and met Lydia Darrach. In response to his greeting and inquiry she told him that she wished information about her son, an ensign in the Second Pennsylvania Infantry, and that she would like to have private speech with him. Colonel Craig thereupon dismounted, and bidding his troopers keep in view, heard Lydia's story. He then conducted her to a nearby house, and having ordered for her refreshments which she needed after her long, cold walk, hastened back to Washington with his tidings.

Thus forewarned, the American chief was prepared to meet Howe and his troops, who, instead of surprising the Continentals, found them vigilant and ready not only for assault but for offensive action.

Captain Allan McLane was sent out to reconnoitre, and came in contact with the enemy at Three Mile Run on the Germantown road. The British bivouacked on Chestnut Hill, which was soon bright with their scarlet uniforms. A skirmish followed between the advanced posts of the Pennsylvania militia under General Irvine, who was wounded and captured. Sir William Howe, finding the Americans prepared, and unwilling to venture an assault, sought to manœuvre them from their entrenchments. Washington daily looked and hoped for an attack, especially on Sunday, December 7th; and, indeed, tried to encourage it by sending out General Morgan and his riflemen with a detachment of Maryland militia under Colonel Gist. A severe engagement followed, in which the Continentals lost forty-four killed and wounded, and the British a number unknown.

The next day Howe, finding that he could neither lure his wary adversary from his entrenched position nor attack him with advantage, withdrew his army to Philadelphia. Washington, who at this time was undergoing the secret assaults of the odious cabal that plotted to force him from the chief command and turn it over to General Gates, was bitterly assailed for not venturing battle. But facts proved that his policy was fully justified. On the entrenched heights where his troops were aligned he was superior to his enemy; on the plain below, or in assault upon the British position on Chestnut Hill, he would have been plainly inferior—a fact which Howe knew as well as Washington—his only reasonable hope of victory being to surprise his enemy or meet him in a weaker position.

The Lydia Darrach legend has its effective close after the return of the British to Philadelphia. The Adjutant General visited the Darrach home, strongly suspecting that some of the family had betrayed him. He questioned Lydia closely—according to some versions taking her for that purpose into a room alone and fastening the door. He

declared that he could not suspect Lydia, since he had found her so sound asleep that he had to rap thrice upon her door to awaken her. But as to her family? Were they all abed? Lydia assured him upon this point, and he retired greatly wondering how their well-laid plans had been betrayed and they led into an expedition that reminded him of the King of France, who, "with his forty thousand men, marched up the hill, and then marched down again."

This is the current form of the story as it appears with more or less variation and additions in "Watson's Annals of Philadelphia," (in the edition of 1845), in "Lossing's Field Book of the American Revolution," and in Mrs. Elizabeth F. Ellet's "The Women of the American Revolution," now available in the two volume edition recently published by George W. Jacobs & Co., of this city. In the course of these narratives the two officers grow into several. We learn the location of the Darrach house as No. 177 South Second Street (old number), the property built by Captain Benjamin Loxley, an artillery officer in the Burgoyne expedition. Thus the legend takes on "a local habitation and a name."

What proof have we of the credibility of this story?

First, The author of the original narrative, which appeared in the *American Quarterly Review* (1827), declares that the statement was heard from Lydia Darrach, by several respectable persons of his acquaintance from whom it had been received, and who "implicitly believed" it. The publishers of the *Review* were the highly reputable firm of Carey, Lea & Carey.

Second, John F. Watson, the annalist, records that he had received the account from his friend Mrs. Hannah Haines and others, to whom the particulars had been communicated by Mrs. Darrach herself. (Ed. 1845, Vol. II., page 327.)

Third, From various sources it is established that the Darrachs lived in the Loxley house, directly opposite the Cadwalader place, then occupied as headquarters of General Howe. Thus it becomes most natural and probable, as a

matter of convenience, that an office or room for occasional use should be taken by some of Howe's staff; and that this may have been the Adjutant General is probable, although Major Andre, as we know, occupied the Franklin house as his fixed quarters.

Fourth, From a valuable and carefully wrought paper in the *Pennsylvania Magazine* (the published proceedings of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, Vol. XXIII., pages 86-91), by Mr. Henry Darrach,—no relative of Lydia, however,—we learn much of the history of the Darrachs, who were veritable and substantial folk, in nowise fictitious or mythical. This writer says that “the family tradition states that the house was selected as a place of meeting for the British officers by Captain William Barrington, a cousin of Lydia's and an officer in the British army.” This makes even more probable that feature of the legend.

Fifth, The Darrachs were Irish, Lydia's surname being Barrington. William Darrach, her husband, was the son of a clergyman, and met Lydia while acting as a tutor in her father's family. They were married in Dublin by Friends' ceremony in 1753, and thence came to America. Darrach is a Scotch name not uncommon among the Scotch-Irish or Ulster Scots, who migrated in such numbers to our colonies during the middle decades of the eighteenth century. My own great-grandmother, the wife of Mr. Alexander McCook, of Ulster, was a *Sarah Darrach*, and one of my father's sisters was named *Mary Darrach*, from their ancestress.

This adds at least a noticeable factor to the probabilities of the legend; for the Scotch-Irish Americans were, with scarcely an exception, engaged in or favorable to the Revolution, their experience in their native land having given them excellent reasons for wishing to be free from British domination.

Sixth, The fact is established that Charles Darrach, a son of William and Lydia, was an ensign and afterward a lieutenant

in the Second Pennsylvania Regiment of Colonial Militia, and thus gave to his mother an additional incentive to patriotism and interest in the fate of Washington's army at White Marsh.

There thus seems to be established an undoubted chain of evidence showing the authenticity of the chief persons concerned in the narrative; their probable conjunction at the period alleged; an ample opportunity for the action attributed to the chief actress; a sufficiently powerful motive for that action; and a series of historic events that may be explained in whole or in part by the main facts of the legend. Moreover, the incident comes to us from at least two credible sources, and is declared to have been directly derived from the heroine of the story through several trustworthy persons, the name of at least one of whom is given.

This chain of evidence seems to warrant us in accepting in its general substance and form the legend of Lydia Darrach's attempt to warn General Washington of an impending secret attack by General Howe.

It seems clear, however, that the relative importance of her information has been exaggerated, as Washington undoubtedly had other sources of information, and may even have had sufficient notice of Howe's movements independently of that brought by Lydia. This, however, in nowise detracts from the credit due that heroine for her patriotic and gallant attempt. It is most natural that she—ignorant, doubtless, of other sources of intelligence open to the American commander—should have placed a high estimate upon her own services, which did not diminish in the fond reminiscences of advancing years in the happy days of established independence.

Now, however, there comes into view a record which introduces into our legend a discordant and perplexing element. Elias Boudinot, President of the Continental Congress and a prominent officer during the War for Independence, left a manuscript "Journal of Events," which recently was published in Philadelphia [1894. Frederick Bourquin]. Among other recollections he gives the following (page 50): "In the Autumn of 1777 the American

Army lay some time at White Marsh. I was then Commissary Genl. of Prisoners, and managed the Intelligence of the Army.—I was reconnoitering along the Lines near the City of Philadelphia.—I dined at a small Post at the rising Sun [Inn] abt three miles from the City.—After dinner a little poor-looking insignificant Old Woman came in & solicited leave to go into the country to buy some flour. While we were asking some Questions, she walked up to me and put into my hands a dirty old needlebook, with various small pockets in it. surprised at this, I told her to return, she should have an answer—On Opening the needlebook, I could not find any thing till I got to the last Pocket, Where I found a piece of Paper rolled up into the form of a Pipe Shank.—on unrolling it I found information that Genl Howe was coming out the next morning with 5000 Men—13 pieces of Cannon—Baggage Waggons, and 11 Boats on Waggon Wheels. On comparing this with other information I found it true, and immediately rode Post to head Quarters.”

Mr. Boudinot offered General Washington his opinion that Howe’s design was to fall upon their rear, and urged that a few redoubts be thrown up in that quarter. “The Genl Answered me, Mr. Boudinot the Enemy have no business in our rear. The Boats are designed to deceive us.—To-morrow morning by day light you will find them coming down such a bye Road on our left. Then calling an Aid du Camp [he] ordered a line thrown up along our whole front at the foot of the Hill.”

Now, Boudinot, with several other officers, was quartered on that very “bye road,” and although he believed that Washington was wrong in his judgment, he took the precaution of having a picket thrown out in advance of their quarters, their horses saddled and the servants ordered to have them at the door on the first alarm gun being fired. About 3.00 A. M. they were aroused and rode away, and by sunrise the British were in possession of their quarters on the bye-road named by Washington. Boudinot adds: “I then said that I never would again set up any judgment against his.”

How now are we to reconcile this account with the current legend of Lydia Darrach? That the accuracy of Elias Boudinot's memory may be open to challenge is true, but not his intelligence and veracity. Could there have been another "little old woman" enacting the role of patriotic informer? Was Boudinot's heroine of the needlebook Lydia herself?

It was needful that Lydia on her trip to Frankford Mills should have a British pass. But this would not avail when she had entered the American lines. It is thus easy to explain her presence at the post referred to by Boudinot and her application for a pass. Knowing Boudinot's connection with the secret intelligence department of Washington's army, did she seek to make more certain the attainment of her purpose by handing him the written information prepared; and then, not content to trust to this chance, did she push on to the Frankford Mills in the hope of meeting some one directly from White Marsh Camp to whom she could orally communicate her intelligence? At least I can offer no better suggestion with the knowledge now in hand.

The subsequent history of Lydia Darrach is of interest. Her husband died in 6th mo., 8, 1783, and she thereafter bought a property on the west side of Second Street, between Market and Chestnut, where she kept a store. According to Watson, the annalist, she was also a professional midwife, "who assisted in increasing the census of the city more than any other lady of her profession."

She was disowned or "disunited" from the Friends' Society, 8th mo., 29 (August), 1783, for neglecting to attend religious meetings. This result may have been partly caused by the fact that two years before this (1781) her son Charles, who retired from the Continental Army as a First Lieutenant July 1st, 1788, had also been "treated with for engaging in matters of a warlike nature and was disesteemed" therefor.

She died 12 mo., 28, 1789, and, notwithstanding her disownment, was buried in the Friends' Burial Ground at Fourth and Arch Streets.

HENRY C. McCook.

LYDIA DARRACH, THE DAME OF LOXLEY HOUSE.

The headlong ride of Paul Revere
What patriot does not know?
Through the country-side in the fair spring-tide,
When apple blossoms blow,
He rode and sounded the alarm,
And summoned high and low:
"To arms, to arms! From town and farm
Like angry hornets rise and swarm
Upon th' invading foe!"

'Tis ours to-day to tune our lay
A humbler deed to show,
Yet worthy of as fair a song
And wide a fame, I trow!
How Lydia Darrach trod the way
Athrough December's snow,
And ventured life and periled home
To ward a deadly blow
Aimed at the camp of Washington
By the wary British foe.

CANTO I.

A REVELATION.

I.

Beyond the Bridge on Second Street
In Philadelphia town,
The Loxley House of old was held
A place of high renown.
From the cruel time of Indian wars
To Independence Day,
Full many a man of note had come
Within its walls to stay.

II.

Upon its upper gallery
Had Whitefield often stood
To preach the sweet Evangel to
The eager multitude
Who swarmed the field that faced the house
With gentle westward slope,
And heard the news of God's dear Grace,
And Sinners' Heavenly Hope.

III.

And Captain John Cadwallader
 Upon that gentle hill
 His famed "silk-stocking company"
 Was wont to meet and drill.
 But 'twas the bitter testing time
 In Freedom's holy strife,
 When good Friend Darrach lived therein
 With Lydia, his wife,
 That the Muse of History on its walls
 Inscribed a deathless name,
 And gave the Dame of Loxley's House
 To an enduring fame.

IV.

The new Republic's capitol
 Was in the foemen's hand,
 And all the town was teeming with
 The men of Howe's command;
 But Loxley's house was well apart,
 A quite secluded spot,
 And there the British leaders came
 Their martial schemes to plot.

V.

"Prepare the private room to-night,"
 Had Major Andre said;
 "And, Lydia, see your family
 Are early sent to bed.
 You know I like not gossipers
 Or meddling folk anear
 When I meet my brother officers
 For an hour of good cheer."

VI.

"It shall be done as thee desires,"
 Replied the Quaker dame;
 And when the officers arrived
 'Twas Lydia who came
 To greet them at the threshold, and
 Admit them to her home
 With reverence due, and show them to
 The upper private room.

VII.

Then Lydia sought her chamber, and
Lay down, but not to rest;
For Andre's word and manner stirred
A tempest in her breast.
A strange suspicion troubled her,
A burden on her soul,
A great concern that seemed to burn
As though a living coal.

VIII.

"Why is my spirit sorely moved
With such a sense of fear,
As though something were threatening
Our friends and country dear?
Is this indeed the Spirit's voice,
The still small voice within?
Or whisp'ring of the evil one
To lead me into sin?"

IX.

"'Tis surely God who moves me thus;
I dare not disobey!
Lord, let thine handmaid know Thy will,
And walk Thy chosen way!"
She rose, and through the entry stole,
Until she stood before
The private room—they might have heard
Her heart-beats through the door!

X.

A sound of murmuring voices rose
And fell upon her ear;
And now a word was faintly heard,
Now broken, and now clear.
'Tis this she hears: "March out in force—
"To-morrow—Ready now!
A night attack!—the rebel camp—
White Marsh—Sir William Howe!"

XI.

Enough! She turns; with noiseless step
She seeks again her bed,
Her heart uplifted to believe
She had been Spirit-led.
The clue to that night conference
Is laid within her hand:
A night assault on Washington
In White Marsh camp is planned!

XII.

And now a weightier concern
 Is pressing on her mind;
 A speedy way to get her news
 To White Marsh she must find!
 Still, still she lay, communing there
 With her own troubled heart,
 And seeking inward light from Him
 Who only can impart.

XIII.

Tap! How a knock upon one's door
 Can cause the nerves to start!
 It sounded loud in the silent hall;
 Yet louder in her heart!
 But Lydia held her peace until
 Three times the knocking came;
 For though not wise in worldly ways
 She was a prudent dame
 And deemed it best that friend nor guest
 Should think she had not taken rest.

XIV.

"Who knocks?" she asked. "'Tis I!" replied
 The Adjutant. "Arouse!
 Our night symposium is o'er
 And you may close the house."
 She rose and barred the entry door,
 The window shutters closed,
 With ashes safely smothered o'er,
 The hearth-fire she disposed,
 Then softly sought her couch once more
 And peacefully reposed.

XV.

Faint in the east the rosy glow
 Of coming dawn was seen
 Through broken bands of lavender
 Diffused in olive-green.
 The street, the bridge, the gentle hill
 Were whitened o'er with snow;
 And Lydia said: "The day has come;
 God help me!—I must go!"

XVI.

Then kneeling down before her God,
"Almighty Friend," she prayed,
"Who carest for the lowliest thing
Thy mighty hand hath made,
Look on Thine handmaid graciously,
And give to her Thine aid!

XVII.

"Of old Thou ledest men by dreams
And visions of the night,
And still dost grant Thy faithful ones
The Spirit's guiding light.
I follow that; I follow Thee!
Lord, let me not stray,
And bless the service shown to me
As duty for this day!"

XVIII.

No word of what was in her mind
She spoke to any one;
But when the morning meal was served
And morning duties done,
"I needs must go to Frankford Mills
For flour, to-day," she said.
"Then," said her husband, "be thou sure
To take with thee the maid."

XIX.

"Nay, but the maid must bide at home,
For this is baking day;
'Twere ill that maid and mistress both
Should be at once away."
"Take John; he is a sturdy lad."
"John goes with thee to school!"
"Then Ann—" "Nay, William; dost forget
The city streets are full

XX.

"Of foreign soldiers coarse and lewd
And rude of speech and ways?
And Ann is fair; I would not dare
Expose her to their gaze.
Besides, our little ones will need
Their elder sister near,
And William and Susanna heed
Her kindly rule and care."

XXI.

And so it came (for Lydia
 No other way would own)
 She journeyed forth to Frankford Mills,
 Five miles away, alone.
 A provost pass was in her hand,
 The mealbag 'neath her arm,
 And the sentries knew her Quaker garb;
 What need she fear of harm?

XXII.

The winter air was keen and cold,
 But her heart was beating warm
 With hope to ward the secret blow
 By giving due alarm,
 And save the camp of Washington
 From Howe's uplifted arm,
 And rescue from her country's foe
 Dear lives from loss and harm.

CANTO II.

WHITE MARSH CAMP.

I.

How fair they are, the swelling hil
 That girdle Philadelphia,
 And feed the brooks and tinkling rills
 That through the sunny valleys play,
 And, purling down the dells, attain
 The Wissahickon's winding glen!

II.

How fair they lie beneath the sky
 When spangled gay with flowers of May!
 How fair to see, when shrub and tree
 Are dressed in Summer's livery!
 But fairest far of all they are
 When, answering to the Season's call
 To change their garments estival
 And join the Autumn carnival,
 Each bush and forest monarch tall
 Flings forth the banners of the Fall,
 And every tintured leaf we see
 Is bright with Nature's heraldry!
 In such a time, 'tis sooth to say
 There lies no land beneath the sun
 With fairer scene to look upon.

III.

But Nature showed a ruder view
Upon that drear December day.
The forests thrust their naked limbs
Against the sky-line cold and gray;
Upon the meadow's wrinkled face
The drifting snow in patches lay;
The frost-enshackled streamlets crept
With sluggish pace along their way.

IV.

The northwest wind, with cutting breath,
Blew down the wintry vales,
And moaned among the leafless trees,
And swept, with mournful wails,
Around the wretched huts that housed
The troops of Washington,
Aligned from Wissahickon's banks
To the bed of Sandy Run.

V.

'Tis passing fair, at times, to see
The life of martial men;
The stir, the state, the pageantry
Of an autumn moot-campaign;
The rations plentiful and good,
The quarters snug and warm,
The evening camp-fire's cheerful blaze
The tidy uniform;

VI.

The flags that flaunt the peaceful air,
The flash of burnished steel,
The rhythmic swing and tread of men
As columns march and wheel;
The bugle calls—at eve, at morn,
Tattoo or reveillé—
They echo yet, how sadly sweet!
O'er the hills of memory.

VII.

The burst of martial melodies
That stir the sluggish brain
With sweet and tender memories,
Inwoven with each strain,
Of camping days of long ago,
And comrades dear and brave
Who long have closed their last campaign
In the bivouac of the grave.

VIII.

But in that winter cantonment
 On Wissahickon's heights,
 Few were the pomps of martial camps,
 And fewer their delights.
 The soldiers trod the frosty sod,
 Or waded through the snows
 With feet unshod or scantily clad
 In rags or rawhide shoes.

IX.

The chilly winds at many a vent
 Cut through their tattered clothes,
 Nor shackly hut nor ragged tent
 Its fury could oppose.
 The meat and drink were poor and spare,
 Nor aught was found abundant there
 Accounted fit and wont to be
 For fighting men, by land or sea
 But Hope, and Love of Liberty!

X.

Nestled beneath the White Marsh hills
 The Elmar house was seen;
 Which, in its day, the neighbors say,
 A stately place had been.
 Its owner's open hand was known
 Through all the neighborhood;
 The valley gently opened out
 From where the mansion stood.

XI.

And therein General Washington
 His headquarters had made;
 And thereto Colonel Craig had gone
 On duty as an aide.
 He left his horse with the orderly
 At the great catalpa tree,
 And stood before his chief to learn
 What his commands might be.

XII.

"Your horse is swift, your eye is keen.
 Go forth," the chieftain said,
 "And note if aught is said or seen
 Of hostile movements made,
 Or forage parties sent abroad
 Our horsemen may waylay;
 McLean is out upon a scout—
 I wish some word to-day."

XIII.

And so it came, as Colonel Craig
Rode down the Frankford road,
He spied where at the highway side
A lonely woman stood,
Watching the rider coming near
As in expectant mood,
Yet hesitant 'twixt hope and fear
Of whether ill or good.

XIV.

Beneath her hood the pinching wind
Had set her cheeks aglow;
And whitened o'er her Quaker gown
With flecks of drifting snow.
She drew her shawl of modest drab
More tightly o'er her breast,
And searched his face for trace of grace,
In timid, anxious quest.

XV.

Somewhat within her seeking eyes,
And pleading lips, tho' mute,
Constrained the horseman greet the dame
With soldierly salute.
"Madam," he said, "somewhat, I deem
Has sorely troubled you;
If aught that stranger may beseem,
To suffering woman due,
I fain would aid with purse or blade,
And do what man may do."

XVI.

"Thanks for thy courtesy, kind sir,"
Said Lydia; "'tis true!
Thou seemst a patriot officer
By thy coat of buff and blue;
And, if my eyes deceive me not,
My heart is well inclined,
And conscience free to share with thee
What weighs upon my mind.]

XVII.

"My soul indeed is sorely vexed
With news I chanced to hear,
And grievously am I perplexed
And greatly do I fear,
'Till I have brought to Washington
The tidings that I bear,
Or sent to him the weighty word
By trusty messenger."

XVIII.

“Then, Madam, we are haply met;
 Not half an hour ago
 I came from General Washington,
 Whose house is just below.
 Thy hand, good dame! Fear not the steed;
 He carries double well!
 And back to Washington we'll speed
 Thy weighty news to tell.”

XIX.

“Nay,” quoth the dame, “I dare not ride,
 E'en on thy trusty beast;
 Thy pardon, pray! A better way
 I venture to suggest.
 Here stands upon the road hard by
 A goodly hostelry;
 I know the host, and there may I
 Have private speech with thee.”

XX.

“And I may tell my story there,
 Yet be myself unseen;
 Thence thou mayst to thy chieftain bear;
 Twere safer so, I ween.”
 They sought the inn; her simple tale
 Dame Lydia shortly told;
 “Brave little lady!” Craig exclaimed,
 “Your deed was wise and bold!”

XXI.

“I thank you for the service done
 In such a gallant way;
 And well will General Washington
 Such worthy act repay
 With seemly thanks, and honor due,
 And guerdon meet for deed so true;
 The army, aye, the country, too,
 You may have saved this day!”

XXII.

“Nay!” Lydia said, “For this, reward
 Were verily profane!
 'Tis duty sweet and fit to guard
 Dear lives from loss and pain.
 Nor must my name be spread abroad;
 Fierce would the vengeance be
 If it were known within the town
 Who brought this news to thee.”

XXIII.

“But if thy hap should ever be
To meet a son of mine,
Who holds a junior ensignry
In the Pennsylvania line,
Oh, speak him fairly for my sake!
He is a goodly youth
Whose conscience left him free to take
The sword, although, in sooth,
'Tis counter to the law of Friends,
Who hold it is not right
E'en for the worthiest cause and ends
With carnal arms to fight!

XXIV.

“Farewell! 'Tis time I journeyed home,
Lest some suspect my stay.
May He who led thy steps to me,
Preserve them in thy way!
Deep is the wrong and woe of war;
Yet, if one ever may,—
But, nay!—God pardon me thus far!—
For thy success I pray.”

CANTO III.

THE MORNING SURPRISE.

I.

The soldier hurried to his chief,
And Lydia to the mill.
“O worthy miller, haste, I pray,
My sack with flour to fill,”
Quoth she: “The day speeds fast away,
The road is long and chill,
And I would fain be home again
Before the midday meal.”

II.

The miller smiled at her quaint speech,
And came with ready will;
Such dames as she were rare to see
On errands at his mill.
He greeted her right courteously,
And helped her with her load;
And forth with lightsome heart she trod
Along the snowy road.

III.

'Twas hard to face the cutting wind
 And wade the thickening drift,
 Though a kindly carter eased her with
 A long and helpful lift.
 The British guard visèd her pass,
 And sped her on her way
 To Loxley House—home, home at last!
 And ne'er so blest its love and rest
 As after such a day.

IV.

The moon shone fair on Loxley House
 Upon that winter night;
 It silvered o'er the gentle hill
 In its snowy robe of white;
 The creek nearby rolled 'neath the bridge
 Its rippling wavelets bright;
 The mighty breast of the Delaware
 Was a heaving zone of light.

V.

It glittered in the icicles
 That gemmed the leafless trees;
 It twinkled on the ice-tipped grass
 Swayed by the cold night breeze,
 Like soldiers with their nodding plumes
 Standing in ranks at ease.
 Oh, fair the winter moon that shines
 On scenes as fair as these!

VI.

And yet in Lydia Darrach's heart
 No answering chord was stirred,
 For o'er the white and silent fields
 From the British camps she heard
 The measured tramp of marching men,
 The horses' heavy tread,
 And the rattle-and-clack of the cavalry gear,
 And the rumbling wheels of the cannonier
 On the highway's frozen bed.

VII.

From the window-seat of her upper room
 She saw the proud array,
 The gathering ranks, the forming lines,
 And she saw them march away.
 Oh, what a mighty host it seemed;
 What fair and fearsome sight,
 As on that night, with their weapons bright,
 They marched in the fair moonlight!

VIII.

Could the patriot troops resist the blow
Such a mighty host could smite?
Had her message gone to Washington?
Would he be on guard that night?
Oh, for a night-bird's wings to fly
Over the marching host,
And fling from the sky a warning cry:
Awake! or the cause is lost!

IX.

Vain wish! Vain watch of anxious care!
The night is wearing on.
Rest, Lydia, rest! You have done your best;
And now, God's will be done!
Still, still and bright the moonlit night,
And still and bright the dawn!
The saffron glow above the snow
Blushed into rose, anon;

X.

The bands of lavender and gray
Dissolved in burnished gold,
As now the blazing orb of day
Above the white fields rolled.
Hark, Lydia! from yon White Marsh hills
What ominous sound is that?
Though dim, afar, 'tis a note of war,
The muskets' rattle and spat!

XI.

To mother-love and patriot zeal
Time limps with lagging gait;
When woe and weal hang in the scale
'Tis weary hard to wait!
At last! What sends the citizens
Aflocking up the street?
From White Marsh way a woeful train
They hurry forth to meet.

XII.

See! Wagons filled with wounded men;
O cruel war, how long!
And others following wearily
The icy road along,
"And yonder little band forlorn,
Pray tell us who they are,
With downcast eyes and face forlorn?
Ah! prisoners of war!"

XIII.

'Twixt files of British guards they marched,
 A sadly worsted lot,
 Whose faces Lydia keenly searched
 For Charles—but found him not.
 "Thy son, Friend Lydia, is not there,"
 A Tory neighbor said;
 "His turn will come, thee may be sure,
 And the score will be full paid!

XIV.

"But they've caught the rebel General
 Who led this morning's raid
 On the royal troops at White Marsh camp
 With his riflemen's brigade."
 Ill was the thought in the Tory's mind
 But his speech gave Lydia cheer;
 Her word had gone to Washington!
 Beshrew the Tory's sneer!

XV.

Her heart was gay 'neath her Quaker gray
 But her face and voice demure:
 "'Tis strange!" quoth she, "'twas a night assault!
 'Twas rumored Howe was sure
 Of a great surprise; where was the fault?
 Good Friend, what sayest thou?"
 "Surprise!" quoth he, "Yea, verily,
 'Twas a great surprise to Howe!"

XVI.

The days wore on, and through the town
 Reports from White Marsh hill
 Like birds of evil omen flew,
 And kept all hearts athrill.
 Then suddenly the tidings ran:
 "The troops are coming back!
 The patriots foiled the British plan
 And broke their fierce attack."

XVII.

Now soon the British Adjutant
 At Loxley House was seen;
 His joyous face was overcast,
 And ruffled was his mien,
 Whom Lydia met and welcomed back
 With face and port serene.

XVIII.

“’Tis good to learn thy safe return
From perils of the war,”
Quoth she. “Aye, well enough!” said he;
“But ’twould be better far
Had not some evil chance befell,
Our well-laid plans to mar.

XIX.

“’Tis puzzling, too! I wonder who
Our secret has betrayed?
’Twas here in your secluded home
Shut snugly in your upper room,
That all our plans were laid.
Your family—but they, you say,
Had early gone to bed?”
And Lydia simply answered: “Yea,
’Twas e’en as thou hast said.”

XX.

“And you were sound asleep, I know,
For thrice I knocked upon
Your door, ere you arose to close
The house when we had gone.
Not here—it could not have been here!—
But somewhere was a leak.
The enemy got word that we
Were marching to attack.
And so, when, in the early day,
The rebel lines were neared,
Not we but they began the fray,
All watchful and prepared.

XXI.

“’Twas pitiful, and shameful, too!
Our promising campaign
At one bold stroke to end the war
Was vain, and worse than vain.
In sooth, it proved but little more
Than marching up the White Marsh hills
And marching down again.
We planned to give a great surprise,
And such there was, I vow!
But, truth to tell, surprise befell
Not Washington, but Howe!”

XXII.

Then Lydia faced the Adjutant
With grave and steadfast eyes;
"Thy plans," she said, "Were doubtless laid
With good intent and wise;
But ever in this life 'tis well
To count upon surprise.
For every plan of mortal man
Rests with a Mightier One,
By whose high will the victory still
Is lost to us or won;
And soldiers, too, must learn to say,
'The will of God be done!'"

HENRY C. MCCOOK.

APPENDIX B.

THE MAKEMIE MONUMENT.*

THE year A. D. 1906 was widely observed among the various branches of the Presbyterian Church in America as the "Bicentennial Year." This was in commemoration of the organization of Presbytery as a distinct form of Church Government on the Western Continent. The chief agent and moving spirit in this act was the Rev. Francis Makemie, of Ramelton, Donegal County, Ireland, and the organization was made in Philadelphia. Thus the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society and Scotch-Irishmen and their descendants everywhere, and of all denominations, were brought into sympathy with the movement.

In June of that year (1906), Dr. Henry C. McCook, President of the Presbyterian Historical Society, brought before the Executive Council of the Institution the fact that the family burying ground in which Francis Makemie had been interred was in a state of neglect and even desecration, being covered in part by the outbuildings and stable yard of the farm house that occupied the old farm and home site of Makemie, on Holden Creek, Accomack County, Virginia. He proposed as a suitable act in observance of the Bicentennial of the Organization of Presbytery in America, that the grave of its chief organizer should be redeemed from this desecration, and that the old family cemetery should be bought and a monument thereon erected to Francis Makemie. Further, that the Presbyterian Historical Society should at once begin

* In the erection of the monument to Francis Makemie, the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society had an important part, directly as a contributor, and indirectly through a number of its members, who contributed personally a large portion of the funds that were raised. The leader in the work of erecting the monument is chairman of the Society's Committee on History and Archives. It seems fitting, therefore, that some account of the event, now happily completed, should appear in this annual report, together with a cut of the monument, reproduced from a photograph.

such a movement and take the lead therein. This proposition was unanimously approved. The movement was at once organized, with the president of the society as leader, and its Treasurer, DeB. K. Ludwig, Ph.D., in charge of the funds.

A serious illness of Dr. McCook retarded operations during 1906, but just before the year closed, the Makemie farm was bought, the stable and outbuildings removed, and the cemetery site made clear. The work was continued and completed during 1907, but the formal unveiling of the monument and dedication of the ground was deferred until the Spring of 1908, the two-hundredth anniversary of Makemie's death, and Thursday, May 14th, was the day fixed for the ceremonies.

Three acres, including the site of the Makemie farm and house, had been reserved as the "Makemie Monument Park," the rest of the farm having been sold and the proceeds turned into the fund. On this spot, an assemblage of 2500 persons gathered from the bordering counties of Virginia and Maryland and elsewhere. A special Pullman train was engaged by the Presbyterian Historical Society, and sent out by the Pennsylvania Railroad, filled with citizens of Philadelphia and vicinity. The local enthusiasm shown by the large attendance and the deep interest in the ceremonies was a great surprise to those most interested in the event, and added greatly to their satisfaction in the high success of the movement to honor Francis Makemie, the Scotch-Irish Founder of a Great American Church.

The unveiling ceremonies were opened with a brief address by the president of the Historical Society, giving the origin and development of the effort to build the monument. A sonnet on Makemie, written by Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton University, and vice-president of the Historical Society, was read, in his absence, by Dr. Ludwig. Mr. William H. Scott, of Philadelphia, chairman of the Historical Society's Executive Council, led in the repetition of the Twenty-third Psalm. The historical address was made by the venerable Rev. L. P. Bowen, D.D., of the Southern Presbyterian Church, Marshall, Missouri. Mr. E. G. Polk, of Pocomoke City, Maryland, read a statement of the formal

purchase and transfer of the property, in which he had acted as voluntary agent. John S. McMaster, Esq., of Jersey City, New Jersey, made an address on "Makemieland," of which he is a born son, touching upon the local influence of Makemie in the chief seat of his labors, Southern Maryland and the Virginia "Eastern Shore." The dedicatory prayer was made by the Rev. W. W. Moore, president of Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Virginia, and the Moderator of this year (1908) of the Southern Presbyterian Church. The keys of the Memorial Park and custody of the Monument were formally delivered in a brief address by Mr. John McIlhenny, of Philadelphia. The response was made by the Hon. Frank Fletcher, M.D., of Accomack County, Virginia, the honorary custodian of the grounds.

The pastors of the five original churches in Southern Maryland organized by Makemie took part in the exercises and joined in the unveiling of the statue by the Rev. John A. McKancy, of Nashville, Tennessee, who represented descendants of the Makemies in the United States. The benediction was made by the Rev. B. L. Agnew, D.D., LL.D., of Philadelphia, and an original hymn written for the occasion by Dr. McCook, was sung.

It may be added that the nearest post-office, "Bloomtown," on the New York, Philadelphia & Norfolk Railroad, was, upon personal request and upon petition of a number of residents of the locality, changed through the action of President Roosevelt and Postmaster General Meyer, to "Makemie Park." Thereupon the railroad company made the same change in the name of its railroad station at that place.

ERECTED IN GRATITUDE TO GOD

And in grateful remembrance of His servant and minister

Francis Makemie

who was born in Ramelton, County Donegal, Ireland, A. D. 1658 (?), was educated at Glasgow University, Scotland, and came as an ordained Evangelist to the American Colonies A. D. 1683 at the request of Col. William Stevens of Rehoboth, Maryland. A devoted and able preacher of our Lord's Gospel, he labored faithfully and freely for twenty-five years in Maryland, Virginia, the Barbadoes and elsewhere. A Christian gentleman, an enterprising man of affairs, a public-spirited citizen, a distinguished advocate of Religious Liberty for which he suffered under the Governor of New York, he is especially remembered as

THE CHIEF FOUNDER OF ORGANIZED PRESBYTERY IN AMERICA, A. D. 1706,
AND AS THE FIRST MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL PRESBYTERY.

He died at his home, whose site is nearby, in Accomack County, Virginia, in the summer of A. D. 1708, and was buried in his family cemetery, located on this spot, now recovered from a long desecration and dedicated with this monument to his memory A. D. 1907 by the American "Presbyterian Historical Society," seated at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



APPENDIX C.

REPORT OF CHARLES L. MCKEEHAN, TREASURER PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY, FOR YEAR ENDING FEBRUARY 1st, 1908.

1907.	DR.	
Balance from preceding year.....		\$577 35
Membership dues.....		406 00
Subscriptions and payments Eighteenth Annual Dinner,..		792 80
Interest on deposits.....		10 02
		\$1786 17
	CR.	
James Brown, carving two spoons.....	\$79 50	
Postage and miscellaneous expenses.....	28 00	
Presbyterian Historical Society—contribution to Makemie Monument Fund.....	200 00	
Dreka Company, menus and dinner cards.....	50 00	
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel—167 covers, music, decorations, cigars and wines.....	723 45	
Stenographer, report of Eighteenth Annual Dinner	35 00	
Clerk's services.....	20 00	
Dinner subscriptions returned.....	20 00	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing Seventeenth Annual Report, Eighteenth Annual Dinner notices, table plans, etc.....	204 96	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing Eighteenth Annual Report.....	169 01	
Wm. H. Hoskins Co., engraving invitations.....	22 00	
	\$1551 92	
Balance in bank February 1st, 1908.....	234 25	
		\$1786 17

The above report has been audited and found correct, showing a balance of \$234.25 to the credit of the Society in bank February 1st, 1908.

JAS. AYLWARD DEVELIN,
J. S. McCORD,

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 deter-

mined 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.

- WILLIAM ALEXANDER Chambersburg, Pa.
W. J. ARMSTRONG 3709 Baring St., Philadelphia.
HON. WILLIAM H. ARMSTRONG, Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia.
LOUIS H. AYRES 220 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
- D. G. BAIRD 228 South Third St., Philadelphia.
THOMAS E. BAIRD Haverford, Pa.
HON. THOMAS R. BARD United States Senate, Washington, D. C.
JAMES M. BARNETT New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
J. E. BARR 1107 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
ROBERT BEATTY Coral and Adams Sts., Philadelphia.
ROBERT S. BEATTY Buffalo, N. Y.
JOHN CROMWELL BELL 1333 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
HON. EDWARD W. BIDDLE . . . Carlisle, Pa.
BENJAMIN R. BOGGS Phila. & Reading Ry., Harrisburg, Pa.
REV. J. GRAY BOLTON, D.D. . 1906 Pine St., Philadelphia.
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. The Lincoln, 13th and Spruce Sts., Phila.
JOHN W. BUCHANAN Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
CHARLES ELMER BUSHNELL . . Atlantic Refining Co., The Bourse, Phila.
- A. A. CAIRNS, M. D. 1539 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.
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 943 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
GEORGE CAMPBELL Union League, Philadelphia.
HON. J. D. CAMPBELL P. & R. Terminal, Philadelphia.
JAMES F. CAMPBELL Franklin Building, Philadelphia.
HERBERT M. CARSON Ardmore, Pa.
ROBERT CARSON Huntingdon St. and Trenton Ave., Phila.
WILLIAM G. CARSON 205 South Forty-second St., Philadelphia.
HENRY CARVER Doylestown, Pa.
COL. JOHN CASSELS 1907 F St., Washington, D. C.
REV. WILLIAM CATHCART, D.D.
(Honorary) Hoyt, Montgomery County, Pa.
JOHN H. CHESTNUT 1524 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

- A. H. CHRISTY Scranton, Pa.
 THOMAS COCHRAN 4200 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 REV. J. AGNEW CRAWFORD, D. D.
 (Honorary) Chambersburg, Pa.
 GEORGE W. CREIGHTON Altoona, 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.
 H. C. DEAVER, M. D. 1534 North Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
 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.
 AGNEW T. DICE Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.
 PROF. W. P. DICK West Chester, Pa.
 J. M. C. DICKEY Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
 S. RALSTON DICKEY Oxford, Chester County, Pa.
 A. W. DICKSON Scranton, Pa.
 JAMES L. DIVEN, M. D. New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
 J. P. DONALDSON Manhattan Life Building, Philadelphia.
 J. S. DONALDSON Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 ROBERT DORNAN Howard, Oxford, and Mascher Sts., Phila.
 HENRY R. DOUGLAS, M. D. Newville, Pa.
 WILLIAM FINDLEY DRENNEN 37 South Water Street, Philadelphia.
 PETER S. DUNCAN Hollidaysburg, Pa.
 THOMAS P. DYER 228 Apsley St., Germantown, Phila.
- DANIEL M. EASTER, M. D. 1516 Christian St., Philadelphia.
 IRWIN CAMERON ELDER Chambersburg, Pa.
 HON. T. B. ELDER Elders' Ridge, Indiana County, Pa.
 REV. ALFRED L. ELWYN 1422 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 SAMUEL EVANS Columbia, Pa.
 HON. NATHANIEL EWING Uniontown, Fayette County, Pa.
- EDGAR DUDLEY FARIES 643 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
 RANDOLPH FARIES, M. D. 2007 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
 HON. WILLIAM C. FERGUSON 114 Gowen Ave., Mt. Airy, Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM N. FERGUSON, M. D. 116 West York St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM M. FIELD 1823 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 HON. THOMAS K. FINLETTER 500 North Fifth St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM RIGHTER FISHER 1012 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
 D. FLEMING 325 North Front St., Harrisburg, Pa.
 SAMUEL W. FLEMING 32 North Third St., Harrisburg, Pa.
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 nut St., Phila.
- HUGH R. FULTON Lancaster, Pa.

- GEORGE D. GIDEON 1412 Arch St., Philadelphia.
 HARRY B. GILL 328 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 HON. W. RUSH GILLAN Chambersburg, Pa.
 COL. JAMES R. GILMORE Chambersburg, Pa.
 SAMUEL F. GIVIN 2116 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM B. GIVEN 224 Locust St., Columbia, Pa.
 WILLIAM A. GLASGOW Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
 HON. JAS. GAY GORDON 1829 Pine Street, Philadelphia.
 DUNCAN M. GRAHAM Carlisle, Pa.
 JOHN GRAHAM Huntington, W. Va.
 REV. LOYAL Y. GRAHAM, D.D., 2325 Green St., Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM H. GRAHAM 413 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 CAPT. JOHN P. GREEN Pennsylvania Railroad Office, Broad and
 Market Sts., Philadelphia.
 DAVID C. GREEN Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 HON. JOHN M. GREER Butler, Pa.
 ROBERT B. GREER, M. D. Butler, Pa.
 J. M. GUFFEY 341 Sixth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 HON. J. MILTON GUTHRIE Indiana, Pa.
 GEORGE T. GWILLIAM 1209 Pennsylvania Buildg., Philadelphia.

 REV. ANDREW NEELY HAGERTY,
 D. D. Carlisle, Pa.
 HON. HARRY ALVAN HALL Ridgway, Pa.
 DR. SAMUEL MCCLINTOCK
 HAMILL 1822 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 HUGH H. HAMILL 231 S. State St., Trenton, N. J.
 JOHN L. HAMILL 4811 Regent Street, Philadelphia.
 JOHN HAMILTON 2300 Venango St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN CHAMBERS HAMMERSLEY . 3756 N. Fifteenth St., Philadelphia.
 ROBERT S. HAMMERSLEY 8 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.
 THOMAS L. HAMMERSLEY 410 West Cheltenham Ave., Germantown.
 WILLIAM HAMMERSLEY Broad St. and Washington Ave., Phila.
 WM. LATTI HAMMERSLEY 410 West Cheltenham Ave., Germantown.
 JOHN BELL HARPER 2105 Pine Street, Philadelphia.
 CAPT. JOHN C. HARVEY Harrisburg, Pa.
 J. C. HAWTHORNE Carlisle, Pa.
 GEORGE HAY 111 West Upsal St., Philadelphia.
 JAMES HAY 25 South Water St., Philadelphia.
 EDWIN R. HAYS Newville, Pa.
 THOMAS MCKINNEY HAYS Huntington, W. Va.
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 J. WEBSTER HENDERSON Carlisle, Pa.
 HON. BAYARD HENRY 1438 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
 JOHN J. HENRY Wissahickon Heights, Chestnut Hill,
 Philadelphia.
 A. G. HETHERINGTON 2049 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

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 MAJOR HARRY CRAIG HILL . . . Philadelphia, Pa.
 HENRY HOLMES Trenton Ave., Auburn and Wayne Sts.,
 Philadelphia.
 DR. JOSEPH W. HOUSTON 238 East King St., Lancaster, Pa.
 R. J. HOUSTON Lancaster, Pa.
 SAMUEL F. HOUSTON 610 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
 W. WILLIS HOUSTON Thacker Mines, W. Va.
 REV. ROBERT HUNTER, D.D. . . . 128 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia.
 W. H. HUNTER *The News Advertiser*, Chillicothe, Ohio.
 E. RANKIN HUSTON Mechanicsburg, Pa.
 JOSEPH M. HUSTON Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.
 THOMAS HUSTON Trenton Ave. and Dauphin St., Phila.

 B. K. JAMISON Torresdale, Pa.
 JOHN FLEMING JONES 2139 Market St., Philadelphia.
 JOHN W. JORDAN 1300 Locust St., Philadelphia.
 JOSEPH DE F. JUNKIN Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
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 M. C. KENNEDY Chambersburg, Pa.
 THOMAS B. KENNEDY, JR. Chambersburg, Pa.
 HON. JAMES KERR
 SAMUEL T. KERR 1905 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
 J. B. KINLEY 411 Real Estate Trust Building, Phila.
 HON. P. C. KNOX Washington, D. C.

 REV. JOHN B. LAIRD, D. D. . . . 4315 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia.
 JAMES M. LAMBERTON 216 Market St., Harrisburg, Pa.
 J. A. LANGFITT 110 Diamond St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 JOHN S. LATTA 1215 Arch St., Philadelphia.
 DR. SAMUEL W. LATTA 233 S. Fourth St.—Annex, Philadelphia.
 WILLIAM J. LATTA Wissabickon Heights, Chestnut Hill, Phila.
 THOMAS LOVE LATTA 3918 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
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 JOHN LLOYD Altoona, Pa.
 WILLIAM PENN LLOYD Mechanicsburg, Pa.
 HARRY V. LOGAN, M.D. Scranton, Pa.
 JOHN P. LOGAN 826 Drexel Building, Philadelphia.
 JAMES LONG 203 Church St., Philadelphia.
 L. H. LOVELL Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.
 ADMIRAL GEORGE A. LYON The Rittenhouse, Philadelphia.

 FRANCIS MAGEE 1220 Market St., Philadelphia.
 JAMES S. MAGEE New Bloomfield, Pa.
 MAJOR LOUIS J. MAGILL Mills Building, Washington, D. C.
 ALEX. MARTIN 128 So. 11th St., Philadelphia.

- GEORGE V. MASSEY Broad St. Station, Philadelphia.
 A. W. MELLON Pittsburgh, Pa.
 JOHN HOUSTON MERRILL . . . Stephen Girard Building, Philadelphia.
 JOHN S. MILLER 333 Church St., Bethlehem, Pa.
 REV. J. D. MOFFAT, D.D. . . . Washington, Pa.
 DR. ROBERT H. MOFFITT . . . P. O. Box 158, Harrisburg, Pa.
- HON. H. J. McATEER Alexandria, Huntingdon County, Pa.
 THOMAS M. McCACHRAN . . . P. R. R. Office, Altoona, Pa.
 DR. J. GUY McCANDLESS . . . 1522 Center Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 EDWIN McCANDLISH Newville, Pa.
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 HON. J. P. McCASKEY Lancaster, Pa.
 REV. W. H. McCaughey, D. D., Terre Haute, Indiana.
 W. J. McClary The St. James, Thirteenth and Walnut
 Sts., Philadelphia.
- HON. SAMUEL A. McCLUNG . . 1180 Murray Hill Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
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