TWENTY-THIRD ANNUAL MEETING

AND

BANQUET

OF THE

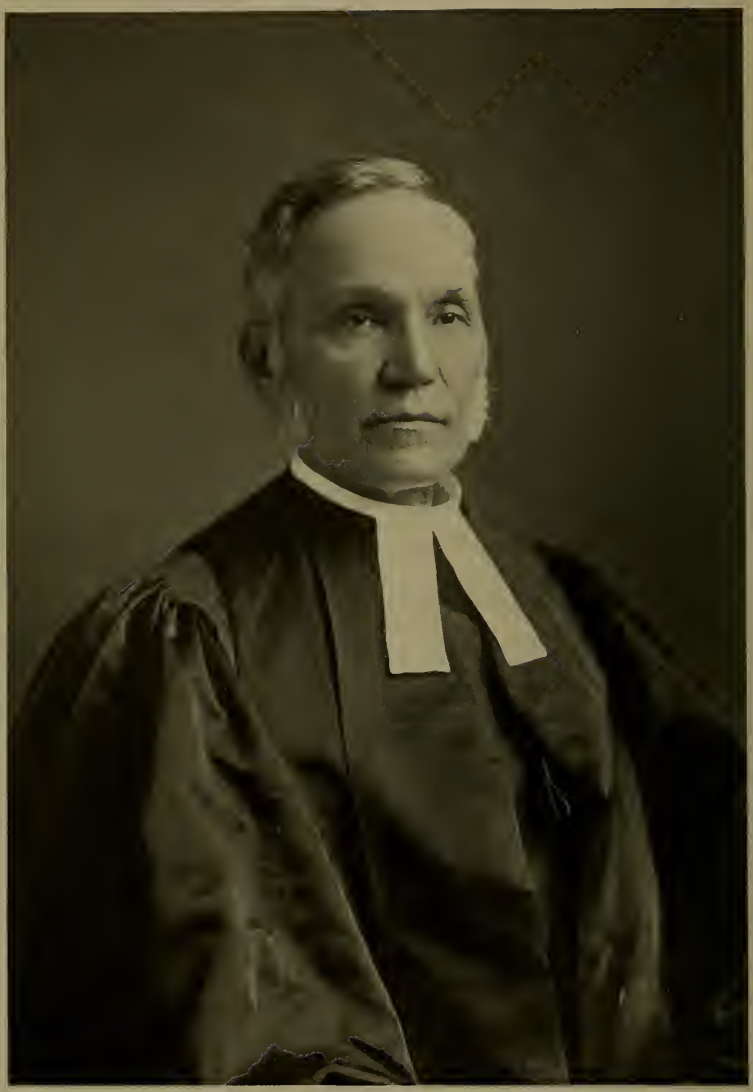
PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY

AT

THE BELLEVUE-STRATFORD, PHILADELPHIA

FEBRUARY 20th, 1912

PHILADELPHIA
PRESS OF ALLEN, LANE & SCOTT
Nos. 1211–1213 Clover Street
1912



Rev. Henry Christopher McCook D.D. LL.D.

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OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT,

Rev. John B. Laird, D.D.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT,

Mr. M. C. Kennedy.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT,

Mr. Samuel Rea.

SECRETARY AND TREASURER,

Mr. Charles L. McKeehan.

DIRECTORS AND MEMBERS OF COUNCIL:

Mr. T. Elliot Patterson,
Mr. Samuel F. Houston,
Hon. William C. Ferguson,
Rev. J. D. Moffat, D.D.,
Mr. John P. Green,
Mr. Thomas Patterson,
Mr. Robert Snodgrass,
Hon. Nathaniel Ewing,
Rev. Marcus A. Brownson, D.D.,
Hon. Edwin S. Stuart,
Mr. James Pollock,
Hon. John Stewart,
Mr. Bayard Henry,
Mr. William Righter Fisher,
Mr. William J. Latta,
Hon. W. W. Porter,
Hon. John B. McPherson,
Mr. C. Stuart Patterson,
Hon. Harman Yerkes,
Hon. William P. Potter,
Mr. John McIlhenny.

COMMITTEES.

ON NEW MEMBERS:

Mr. M. C. Kennedy, *Chairman*,
Mr. T. Elliott Patterson,
Mr. William Righter Fisher,
Mr. Thomas Patterson,
Mr. Charles L. McKeehan.

ENTERTAINMENT:

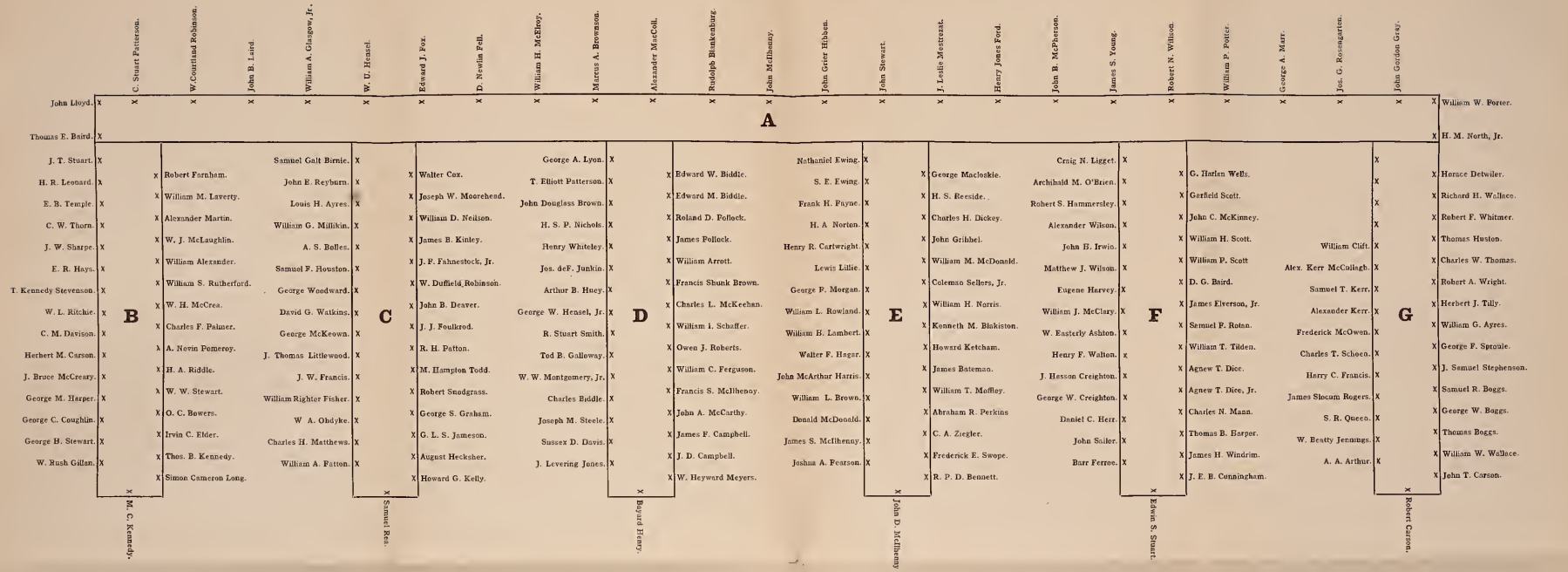
Mr. Samuel Rea, *Chairman*,
Hon. Nathaniel Ewing,
Mr. James Pollock,
Mr. Samuel F. Houston,
Rev. Marcus A. Brownson, D.D.

HISTORY AND ARCHIVES:

Mr. Bayard Henry, *Chairman*,
Hon. John Stewart,
Rev. J. D. Moffat, D.D.,
Mr. John McIlhenny,
Mr. John P. Green,
Hon. Edwin S. Stuart,
Mr. Charles L. McKeehan.

PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY.

Diagram of the Banquet Table (Bellevue-Stratford Hotel), February 20th. 1912.



Twenty-third Annual Meeting.

The Twenty-third Annual Meeting and Dinner of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society was held at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, February 20th, 1912, at 7 P. M., the President, Mr. John McIlhenny, in the chair.

The report of the Treasurer for the year ending December 31st, 1911, was presented and approved. (See Appendix A, page 48.)

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

President, Rev. John B. Laird, D.D.
First Vice-President, Mr. M. C. Kennedy.
Second Vice-President, Mr. Samuel Rea.
Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Charles L. McKeehan.

Directors and Members of Council:

Mr. T. Elliott Patterson,
Mr. Samuel F. Houston,
Hon. William C. Ferguson,
Rev. J. D. Moffat, D.D.,
Mr. John P. Green,
Mr. Thomas Patterson,
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Hon. W. W. Porter,
Hon. John B. McPherson,
Mr. C. Stuart Patterson,
Hon. Harman Yerkes,
Hon. William P. Potter,
Mr. John McIlhenny.

On motion the meeting then adjourned to the banquet room.

The Rev. Marcus A. Brownson, D.D., invoked the Divine blessing.

At the close of the dinner, the President, Mr. John McIlhenny, arose and spoke as follows:—

GENTLEMEN OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—I appreciate the honor and privilege of extending a cordial welcome to our guests and to the members of this Society. I hope you will all enjoy the occasion and have your just pride of ancestry strengthened and the usefulness of this Society enlarged by spreading the knowledge of the share our race has had in establishing this great country out of the wilderness.

Bishop Berkeley, on leaving Ireland to come to America, wrote with prophetic vision:—

> "Westward the course of Empire takes its way—
> The first four acts already past;
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day,
> Time's noblest offspring is the last."

The descendants of all the groups of settlers, who came in the Colonial times, have organized societies to keep alive the memory of their forefathers, and of their noble deeds in helping to establish the Republic. It is no wonder the descendants of the different races who settled here in Colonial times are proud of the share their people had in building up this great, free and enlightened Republic that has stood and is standing to-day a beacon light to the whole world.

Our Society is one of the latest, and in this we have been negligent, for none have a better right to be proud of and to cherish the memory of the character and achievements of our ancestors, of the hardships they bore, the sacrifices they made and the services they rendered in the cause of freedom.

It is the object of this Society, and the duty of all who have Scotch-Irish blood, to stand for civil and religious liberty, and to see that no harm comes to this great inheritance of ours. Sometimes I fear that in the excitement of heated political discussions, and theorizing on economic questions, we are forgetting the inestimable privileges and blessings we enjoy in this land of opportunity.

Who are the Scotch-Irish and whence came they? With your permission, I shall endeavor to give a brief account of them. But first I wish to qualify what I am going to say by relating an incident that occurred when Mr. Robert Bonner, Dr. John Hall, our own Dr. John S. MacIntosh, Prof. Macloskie, of Princeton, and your humble servant were attending a meeting of the National Scotch-Irish Society, which met in different parts of the country. Everywhere Dr. Hall was specially honored and received many invitations. On one of these occasions, dining at the home of a prominent Presbyterian lady, the question arose as to what denomination each guest belonged. One was an Episcopalian, one a Methodist, one a Baptist, &c.; but while all were Scotch-Irish, it happened that the hostess was the only Presbyterian present. Dr. Hall, whose great heart included all ages, turned to the little daughter of the house, and said, "Daughter, what are you?" She replied, "Mama says it is sinful to boast, but I am a Presbyterian."

I wish to say that if I make any large claims for the Scotch-Irish, please understand that I am not boasting, for I know that would be sinful!

For many years before James I. of England ascended the throne there was constant tumult and trouble in Ulster between the English and Irish. After the defeat of the latter their leaders fled the country and this event is known in history as "The flight of the Earls." James, being a Scotchman, invited his countrymen to go to Ireland and take up the lands thus abandoned. Quite a number of Scotch people responded, and, being farmers, and knowing the value of the virgin soil, they raised such good crops on these Ulster lands that many were induced to follow them; but as they were hated by the natives, no great immigration of the Scotch took place at this time. These conditions prevailed till 1641, when the natives, assisted by some Spaniards, undertook to exterminate the Scotch settlers, which proved to be a very serious affair, and is known as "the great massacre of 1641." The settlers appealed to England for help, but at that time the Civil War between Cromwell and the King was going on, and no help came.

Then the Scotch in Ulster appealed to Scotland. Scotland had no Exchequer and the people were suffering themsleves, but the cry of their kindred in Ireland touched their hearts, and one General Munro (an ancestor of our late member, Dr. John H. Munro), asked for volunteers to go to the help of their countrymen. None were asked to enlist unless they could provide their own horses and arms, and serve without pay. Under these conditions 10,000 of the youth and flower of Scotland volunteered. Only 2500 of them were required and they soon put an end to the strife.

I have the authority of Professor Robert Ellis Thompson for saying that this was really the beginning of the distinctive Ulsterman, and for this service they and the rest of the 10,000, and many more that followed them, got all the good lands in the province, and soon established peaceful and prosperous communities. They were the sons of these men who successfully defended Derry in 1688, which is known as one of the seven great sieges in history. They were the sons also of these men who, at the battle of Newton Butler, defeated in the open field three times their number of trained and paid soldiers of James II.

Macaulay, in his History of England, says: "It was a brilliant action, in which the King's forces were utterly routed." Macaulay also says in this connection that "the men led by Colonel Woolsley were not poor peasants, but were even above the average of those left behind them." Out of this action was organized that famous regiment in the Bristish Army, the Enniskillen Dragoons.

After this the country settled down and the Scotch flocked over to the North of Ireland in large numbers. They occupied all the tillable land, built up many prosperous towns, and laid at that time the foundation of the future prosperity of Belfast. These people were young, enterprising and earnest. Many men of note afterwards came out of these communities and wielded great influence in the affairs of the British Empire. Everywhere one goes through Ulster, in every village or country-side, the people have some historic character to speak of, and they will tell you that the ancestor of such and such a great man in America was born here, or his family lived there.

For example, at the small town of Port Rush, I said to a citizen there: "What historic characters have you here?' He replied: "Adam Clark, the great Methodist Bible Commentator, was born here and his monument stands at the edge of the town. Charles Lever, the novelist, was born here, and our great living General White, the hero of Ladysmith, lives here." Another man, whose father and mother were born, raised and married near Port Rush, is the present leader of the Conservation party in the House of Commons, Mr. Bonar Law, who is expected to be Prime Minister after the next general election and will be the first citizen of the realm.

Another man was born near there, across the line of County Down, one of the greatest men our race has produced. His family name was Robert Stewart. But in history he is known as Lord Castlereagh. He was the Bismarck of Napoleon's time and was the most powerful statesman of Europe. He has the credit of having formed the Continental coalitions against the great military genius who led the French armies to so many victories, which in the end defeated him and secured the peace of Europe. He had many enemies among the admirers of Napoleon, and none more bitter than Napoleon himself, who often, during his imprisonment in St. Helena, spoke of him as his arch enemy and said he feared this man more than he did the armies of Europe. On one occasion he said with much bitterness: "Your Castlereagh will soon be buried in the dust of oblivion, whereas the Emperor Napoleon will continue to be the subject and ornament of history forever." Allison, in his history of Europe, says "His success as a statesman is ascribed to his great talent for business, his invincible firmness or moral courage, and adroitness in the management of men." When the Congress of Nations assembled at Vienna, on September 14th, 1814, to settle affairs, after the overthrow of Napoleon, the delegates to this notable assembly were the most eminent statesmen in Europe. The Czar of Russia, the Kings of Prussia, Denmark, Bavaria, and the Emperor Francis, of Austria, were there in person. Some of these nations had more than one representative, but England, in compliment to her great organizer and statesman, intrusted

her entire interests to Castlereagh, who was the British Emperor's only representative.

The Laurence brothers, both generals and direct descendants of John Knox, on their mother's side, with General Nicholson and Sir William MacNaughton, all Ulster Scots, were the real saviors of India from the Sepoy Rebellion. The father of President James Buchanan was born in Milford, near my native place, General Montgomery, of Revolutionary fame, was born near there, and strange to say, Guy Carleton, Governor General of Canada, was also born in the same county. Rev. Francis McKemie, the founder of the Presbyterian Church in America, was born in the same neighborhood, and Mr. Allison, who started a Latin school in Philadelphia, out of which has grown the great University of Pennsylvania, was also born there.

After the defeat of our fathers, who adhered to the Solemn League and Covenant, a great multitude of them fled to Ireland and formed a refuge among their kinsmen, who had already moved to Ulster, but the change of residence did not change the blood or character. The descendants of the original settlers still call themselves Scotch. John Knox is still their patron saint and Robert Burns their poet.

They prospered in their new home and when they began to compete with Birmingham in the manufacture of woolen goods it excited the jealousy of England and their sale was prohibited there. Albert Cook Myers, in his history of the Irish Quakers, published in 1902, says that in the reign of Charles Second an Act was passed prohibiting all trade between Ireland and England or her colonies. This ruined the industry of Ulster, and, as Myers says, 40,000 industrious Protestant workmen were thrown out of employment and 20,000 of them came to America in 1699 and 1700. Many of them came to New England and started to manufacture there. To make a long story short, this destruction of trade and manufacture in Ulster, the act of conformity, the black oath, and the tything system, completely alienated the Ulster Scots in the North of Ireland, and there was nothing for them to do but to go to America. They brought with them their

wrongs and resentment, which added fuel to the flame that was starting in the Colonies, and for much the same reasons. Among the Scotch-Irish in the Colonies we have no record of toryism. The late Dr. Eagle, Historian of Pennsylvania, says: "I say here without fear of contradiction that had it not been for the outspoken words of bravery and the indomitable spirit of the Scotch-Irish in Pennsylvania, Virginia and the Carolinas, there would have been no independence, and the now glorious Union would be but an English Colony." Ploudon says: "It was the immigrants from Ulster that wrested the Colonies from the Crown."

Froude, in giving the causes of the great immigration from Ulster to the Colonies, says: "And so the immigration continued; the young, the courageous, the energetic, the earnest, were torn up by the roots and flung out to find a home elsewhere. The resentment they carried with them continued to burn in their new homes, and in the war for independence England had no fiercer enemies than the sons and grandsons of the men who held Ulster against Tyrconnel."

Our own historian, Bancroft, says: "It was not the Cavalier, nor the Puritan of New England, but the Presbyterians from Ulster that made the first call for the freedom of the Colonies."

No group of people in the British Empire but the Ulster Scot had any sympathy for the patriots in America during the revolutionary struggle, while all the others were offering King George "men and money to put down the wicked rebellion across the seas."

Fisher, in his history of the dissolution of the Irish Parliament, says: "The people of Ulster were in acute sympathy with their brethern in America during their struggle for liberty."

Wolf Tone, who was not in the habit of wishing our people much good luck or speaking well of them, said: "Those Presbyterians of Ulster I believe would welcome and shake hands with the rebels in America. They are dangerous, but they make the best soldiers," and intimated it would be unwise to offend them.

The Scotch-Irish came to this country in great numbers for a period of more than sixty years after 1714, and it is estimated that more than 600,000 came during that time.* I heard Dr. Grammer say at one of our meetings that he "thought every family of a hundred years standing, south of New York, had Scotch-Irish blood in their veins." An old book, written before the year 1800, gives an account of the early settlers and says in their movements from Pennsylvania southward, they made two roads, one leading into Kentucky and one into Tennessee. It is said that for years wagons with families in them could be seen on the roads, but always resting on Sundays, and if one looked into the wagons he would find a rifle, the Bible, the Psalms of David, and most likely the Confession of Faith. The ownership of land has always been a passion with them and they were intrepid pioneers and frontiersmen. If it had not been for George Rogers Clark and his two hundred Scotch-Irish riflemen, the Northern boundary of the United States would have been the Ohio River. It was General Sam Houston and his Scotch-Irish companions, largely from the valley of Virginia, who gave Texas to the Union, and, incidentally, Arizona, New Mexico and California. The history of this country shows us that all this great territory was brought under the stars and stripes chiefly by the restless energy of our race.

Lord Rosebery, a Scotchman, who presided at the session of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institute, in the Synod Hall, Edinburgh, on the first of last November, said: "We know that the term Ulster-Scot is generic and simply means Scoto-Irish. I love the Highlander and I love the Lowlander, but when I come to the branch of our race which has been grafted on the Ulster stem, I take off my hat with veneration and awe. They are, I believe, the toughest, the most dominant, the most irresistible race that exists in the universe at this moment."

Our Ambassador, the Honorable Whitelaw Reid, was present and delivered a splendid address also. I think it is a distinct honor that the two greatest nations in the world should

* See Dr. Henry Alexander White's history of Southern Presbyterians. Leakey—Professor in Columbia University.

be represented to-day by Scotch-Irish Ambassadors; Mr. Reid to the Court of St. James, and Mr. Bryce, a native Ulsterman, to the United States.

Time would fail me to further recount the history and achievements of our people, who heard and obeyed the command, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from my father's house, into the land that I will show thee, and I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great, and be thou a blessing."

Coming back to the incident mentioned in the opening of this address, when Dr. Hall wondered why so many of the descendants of the Scotch-Irish in this country are not Presbyterians. Doubtless when they first came nearly all were Presbyterians. There were always, however, some Methodists and Episcopalians among the emigrants. Many writers tell us of the demoralization that followed the revolution, accompanied by a kind of joyous reaction following their great success. When the people took to sport and pleasure at that time, too, the whole civilized world was being swept by a great wave of infidelity, by the theories of Voltaire and the French school. Paine, too, made great inroads on Calvinistic doctrines held by the large number of the people of the new Republic. This, coupled with the fact that when the first census was taken in 1790 it showed that 94 per cent. of the people lived in the country, which was sparsely settled, and had few church privileges. Six per cent. only were in cities and towns.

The country people amused themsleves by horse-racing, target rifle shooting, whiskey drinking, dancing, &c. It is a curious fact, and the court records show it, that, notwithstanding all this levity, there was little or no crime in the country. These conditions continued till after the War of 1812, when a great reaction took place and a wave of emotionalism spread all over the United States, penetrating to the remotest sections.

Then came the great revival of 1820. The Presbyterian Church refused to allow laymen to preach to the people, while the Methodists and Baptists sent their eloquent preachers and laymen everywhere and scooped in the people right and

left. At that time Dr. Campbell started the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, which operated like the Methodists and Baptists, and held together a number of nominal Presbyterians.

The first Congress of the National Scotch-Irish Society was held in Columbia, Tenn., in May, 1889. The Congress continued for three days, with an average attendance of, it was said, ten thousand people. A leading man of that section told the writer that nearly all of them were Methodists and Baptists, and all of Scotch-Irish descent. Unquestionably the religious bond has proved much stronger than the racial one, for thousands of those people take no interest in where their ancestors came from, and in a general way in the lump think they are English. There never was any real great English emigration to this country like the Ulster hegira. A government report says that only 20,000 English Puritans came to New England. I wish to show by this that there are many more people of our descent than know it themselves.

I have already spoken about the National Scotch-Irish Society, and ask your permission to refer to it again. It was suggested as a means of bringing about better feeling between the North and South, and for healing the estrangement caused by the Civil War and restoring the old affection between brothers of both sections and of the same blood. I think it did a great deal of good, for nowhere were the delegates more cordially recieved than in the South, and the meetings were largely attended. Five of the ten meetings were held in the South and five in the North. Ten volumes of the proceedings of these meetings were published and are now often inquired for by libraries and writers of history.

THE PRESIDENT:—

As most of you know, Professor Henry Jones Ford, of Princeton University, has undertaken, at the instance and with the co-operation of our Society, to write a history of the Scotch-Irish in Pennsylvania. He is now engaged in this

work, which will prove, I believe, a valuable and authoritative contribution to this very important subject. Professor Ford is with us this evening, and I take pleasure in calling upon him for some remarks.

PROFESSOR FORD:—

MR. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH SOCIETY:—I have been asked to give you some account of the work upon which I am engaged. Before doing so, I wish to say that the presence of this assembly has deeply impressed me with the honor which has been conferred upon me in making me the historiographer of such a society. In approaching such a theme it seemed to me that it was essential that I should give some account of the Ulster Plantation. To understand the characteristics of a people you must know something about the influences that have formed their character. Even a history of the Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish would be incomplete unless we started with the formation of that Scotch pool in the north of Ireland whose outflow to this country has been marked by such grand results.

When I began that work, I thought that that portion of it would be simply a matter of intelligent compilation; that the standard histories would contain the main facts, and all that was necessary for me to do was to set them in order in connection with my main theme, the diffusion of the Scotch-Irish through this country. But when I went on to study the authorities, I found them remarkably discordant. While the facts were there, yet facts may be so arranged, they may be so thrown out of focus, as to produce very untruthful impressions. Doubtless you have all seen the trick mirrors that they have in some cheap shows. When you get before one of them you appear as a remarkably elongated personage; before another you become as abnormally wide; and before a third, you are distorted in such a way that while you may believe it is you, yet, oh, how different! It seemed to me that there never was such an array of distorting mirrors as are encountered in the history of the Ulster Plantation. So I was driven to consult the original authorities—the official

correspondence of the times, the Scotch, the English and the Irish calendars—and there I found a remarkable collection of evidence casting fresh light upon that history and rectifying false impressions which have gotten into the standard narratives.

It is a curious fact, rather a paradoxical statement, yet I think it is true, that the very success of the Scotch-Irish occupation of Ulster—that grand ability by which they transformed the most backward province of Ireland into the most thrifty and prosperous—has of itself been the reason for this obscurity as to their character, their motives and their behavior, because the strength and the permanence of that occupation has given a continuity to their history that has kept alive prejudices and feuds, while everywhere else those belonging to that period have sunk into oblivion. This peculiarity becomes very striking when one examines historical writings. For instance, historians will write with serene detachment and calm impartiality of the events of the Thirty Years War. You can discuss the Sack of Magdeburg or the operations in Switzerland and the Palatinate of that period, without stirring up any controversy. But at every step that you take in Ulster history you find that the embers are still smoking. And yet the Thirty Years War was subsequent to the settlement of Ulster. The peace of Westphalia, with which the history of modern Europe begins—which bounds, as it were, the horizon of political thought—was forty years subsequent to the foundation of Ulster. And yet the animosities of that ancient period are still so acute, and so deeply do they color modern writings that it is necessary to exercise the greatest care to avoid being misled.

There is one work cited in histories of this period that is regarded as a work of fundamental importance in the treatment of this theme, so well is it documented. It was with great difficulty that I was able to analyze its statements. I had to compare them with the original records. I had to draft an elaborate chronology before I could clear my own ideas on the subject. I could not understand the bias of that historian until I applied to my friend Professor McCloskey here, who explained to me that he was one who cherished an antipathy toward the Presbyterian Church which, doubt-

less unconsciously, had biased his judgment and had affected the order in which he had marshaled his facts, so that he had procured a false impression.

As I say, in order to escape from those prejudices, from that coloring, I had at last to go to the original documents and spend upon that portion of my work a great amount of time and exercise a great amount of ingenuity in extracting the facts and bringing them into their proper order, from a voluminous correspondence concerning the privy councils of the three countries of the United Kingdom. I am afraid that you will get the idea, from my speaking of the extent to which my labors have been devoted to that portion of the subject, that I am giving it undue prominence and that it may resolve itself into a history of Ulster rather than a history of the Scotch-Irish in America. But that is not the case. After a chapter on the Ulster Plantation, a chapter on the land and people, next a chapter devoted to the causes that brought about emigration to this country, then the stream of the narrative will take me into the State of Pennsylvania, which thereafter will be the basis of my historical campaign.

While it is doubtless true, as your President has said, that you have started somewhat later than other historical societies in studying your past and collecting its records, yet you certainly have been diligent in that field. The address which has been made to you by your President is good evidence of that. You have a fine collection of material for historical use in the transactions of the Scotch-Irish Congresses that were held for a number of years, and in the transactions of this Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania; also in the numerous historical papers written by your members. All this material has been placed at my disposal. I have also a large collection of material dealing with the spread of the Scotch-Irish through this country—the motives that roused their energies, the paths they followed in moving westward and southward, and in general the effect which their activities produced upon the development of this country—a very deep and strong effect, supplying an instructive theme for historical treatment.

After covering the general subject the narrative naturally proceeds to details. Special chapters will be devoted to Scotch-Irish influence upon education, religion, jurisprudence, manufactures, transportation and all the varied aspects of our industrial organization—the deep, strong impress made upon the political history of this country, such, for instance, as the struggle of the Scotch-Irish in Virginia, which brought about the liberalizing of the state constitution. In many respects the activity of the Scotch-Irish breed in this country has made a most important factor in our constitutional development—aye, and still is. It will be a matter of great gratification to me to be able to trace step by step that influence, displaying its architectonic character, the effect it has had and is having upon the destinies of this country. In conclusion, it is my purpose to attempt some appreciation of the character of that breed; some valuation of its importance as an ingredient in our national history. I know that is a task of the greatest delicacy, a task which may well evoke criticism, and yet it is one that I think must be undertaken. The theme itself demands such treatment, and it is one that a conscientious historian must attempt in order to fulfill his task. All I can say to you gentlemen is, that I will approach it with the utmost candor and honesty. I shall do my best, and you must remember that the strong have no reason to hide. You are like Cromwell, the great, sincere man, who could say to the artist who was doing his portrait, "Paint me, wart and all." You can well afford to have the characteristics portrayed in all their rugged strength, even if some blemishes appear upon the picture. I am sure that a portrait done in that spirit of candor will be far more effective and more complete in its revelation than a more eulogistic treatment or a more timid depiction would bring about.

THE PRESIDENT:—

I will now call upon Dr. MacColl to address us. His addresses in Philadelphia are always very much appreciated, and I am sure that it will be a pleasure to listen to him.

DR. MACCOLL:—

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I assume from the degree which your Society has very generously conferred upon me this evening that I am intended to add an air of solemity to this occasion which otherwise it might lack. I shall do my best to furnish that air as briefly as possible. It is a very great privilege indeed for a mere Scotchman to be allowed to enter, even for one evening, the ranks of the hyphenated aristocracy; for I assume that just in the manner in which a Smith-Jones or Jones-Smith feels great superiority over a mere Smith or Jones, so every member of this Society feels a kindly superiority to any mere Scotchman—and certainly any mere Irishman.

I wish very much that some of the speeches this evening would tell us just what traits of strength have been added to the Scotch character through their association with old Ireland. For the life of me I cannot think of any. For the life of me, I cannot see how there can possibly be any. You cannot paint the rose. You cannot add brilliance to the sunlight. Heaven cannot be any better until you and I get there.

But just the same, I am not disposed to dispute the superiority of the Scotch-Irish race to the Scotch to-night; indeed, in this presence, I am not disposed to dispute anything. I suppose every one of you has heard the old story which is told—all good stories are old—of Mrs. O'Donahue, who was asked whether she had been looking up her pedigree. She said, "My pedigree? What is that?" "The people you sprang from." "I would have you to know that the O'Donahue's never sprang from anybody; they sprang at them."

But doubtless there have been elements of strength which have been added through the experience in Ireland. I intended to quote those words of Lord Rosebery—who is the real thing—which your Chairman has already quoted regarding the Scotch-Irish race. I hope you noticed one of the words which he used. He said that you are "without exception the *toughest* race that exists in the universe at this moment." It may comfort you to know that sometimes words have a

different meaning on the other side of the ocean from the meanings they have here. Only the other day a good sister of mine visited me from Scotland. She was walking across Rittenhouse Square with my brother on Sunday afternoon and she said to him, "It is delightful to get out into the open air. We had so much hot air in church this morning." Of course, Lord Rosebery's statement regarding the Scotch-Irish is due to the fact that you have the hyphen in the right place. It is not a mark of varied origin, but simply of the Scot's power and habit of clinging to his own, and adding to it in a perfectly proper way, in any environment. It is an evidence that while Ireland is a fine country, as we all know, a country which has in recent years been giving some evidences of respectability—although some recent rumors indicate that there is apt to be a relapse—the real strength of your race comes from the emphasis upon the Scotch side; and, as an entirely disinterested observer, I would counsel you to keep the emphasis there always.

It would have been a great help to me, and possibly to the other speakers, if the program committee in inviting us here had made some suggestion as to what we were intended to talk about. We would have tried to stick to the subject, I am sure, as closely as possible. I had thought of attempting to outline the triumphs of the race, as has already been so well done this evening. An admirable speech on that subject can be made on an occasion like this in a single sentence by simply quoting the famous remark of Sir Christopher Wren, "Look around you," perhaps improving upon it a little by saying, "Don't forget to look in the mirror." I had thought of endeavoring to solve once and for all the Irish problem. But that has been done so often that it seems hardly worth while. The trouble is that Ireland won't stay solved. Then I thought of speaking upon the relation between the shillelah and the shorter catechism, but that promised to be a little heavy (at either end) for an afterdinner speech. But in my perplexity I had a happy thought, for I remembered that within forty-eight hours we are to celebrate the birthday of one of the few great men in history who was not Scotch; and it occurred to me to show you how wonderfully George Washington over-

came his handicap. It was, of course, made easier for him by the fact that he had so many Scotchmen around him. In his first cabinet of four he had two Scotchmen, and an Ulster Scot. He had at least two generals who were Ulster Scots and three major-generals and nine brigadier-generals who were of Scotch origin. One would not be surprised to read, with an environment like that, that George occasionally spoke with a brogue. Certainly it is the case that he has been accused of a good many things which are commonly laid at the door of the Scotch and the Scotch-Irish. For instance, he has been accused of being thrifty. General Porter tells that his daughter on starting for church on Sunday morning was thus counselled by a foxy Scot, "Keep yer eyes on the ground; its kind o' pious looking; and then forbye ye micht find a purse or something." Put against that the story of George Washington and the plasterer who did the work on his house in the general's absence. When Washington came back (the man having been paid in the meantime), he measured the walls and found that an overcharge of fifteen shillings had been made. Shortly thereafter the man who did the work died, his successor married his widow, and published an advertisement that he was willing to meet all the obligations of his predecessor. On seeing this Washington at once sent in a bill for the sum. There is a story told of him that on one occasion he compelled an old ferryman, whom he employed, to collect something like a penny from a distinguished man who, he claimed, had underpaid in crossing the ferry. But the Scotchman's thrift after all is simply an expression of his caution, his foresight and frugality; and George Washington's thrift was, more than anything else, an expression of his determination that in the handiwork of life every man should give full measure. I find on one occasion when at a hotel a charge had been made of three shillings for his servant and three shillings and nine pence for himself, Washington insisted upon paying the nine pence for the servant on the ground that he had eaten just as much as he had.

Again, Washington, like the Scot and the Ulster Scot, has been accused of being cold. It has been said of him that he was reserved. That is constantly being said of the Scotch-

man, the reason being that the Scot, when alone, lives as a rule in such admirable company that he hesitates to share it with anybody else until he is entirely sure whom he is inviting to so rich a privilege.

On the other hand, no man has ever better illustrated that common sense which is one of the characteristic traits of the Scot, that gumption which is not simply the untranslatable knack of seeing and doing the right thing at the right moment, but which, even more than that is a power of sensing an atmosphere, the finding of a point of contact with the other man, that power which is expressed in our own day as the power of "keeping one's ear to the ground," without any ethical surrender. George Washington had in a singular degree this common sense; and a keen sympathy for all kinds of people, and the work they were doing, was among his notable traits.

Many of you have used the phrase "From Land's End to John O'Groats," but perhaps you do not know the story of the beginning of John O'Groats, the northern-most point of Scotland. It is said that in very early days there settled there a group of three brothers, John, Gavin and Malcolm. In due course there were eight families of that name there, and they lived together in as much peace as a company of Scotchmen could; but at a family banquet which they held one year, when recalling the history of their clan, some argument regarding precedence arose which threatened to lead to a free fight, when John O'Groats, it is said, asked them to postpone the conflict for a brief period and he would find some means of solving it. The way he found of solving it, which it seems to me was a magnificent example of common sense. was by building an octagonal house with eight doors and windows, having within it a table similarily shaped. When the members of the clan arrived, he told each of them to go in by his own door and take his seat at the head of the table. He himself took the remaining seat. Every man felt that his position was one of dignity, and pre-eminence, and the quarrel about precedence ceased. Now just this power of meeting other men on their ground, of appreciating and caring for the interests of other men, was a pre-eminent quality in the character of Washington. It was illustrated in his thought-

ful care of his slaves. It was illustrated in that incident at Ipswich, when he was introduced to the parish minister, Mr. Cleveland, who came forward hat in hand. Washington said, "Put on your hat, Parson, and I will talk with you." "Sir, I cannot put on my hat when I feel in whose presence I stand." Washington said, "I have done nothing more than you have, sir." The Parson dissented but Washington insisted, "Yes, sir, you have done what you could, and I have done no more."

There is one more thing, in which, it seems to me, Washington resembled the Scot and the Ulster Scot, and that is, his distinct Americanism, which in both cases is not always recognized as it should be. You know it was not, Mr. Bancroft tells us, the New Englander or the Puritan, it was not the planter in Virginia, who raised the first voice for entire freedom from the British, but it was the men of Scotch-Irish birth, the Presbyterians of those days. Now it is sometimes said that George Washington was simply an English country gentleman living in Virginia and brought by accident into prominence in the Revolution; but as we read his words, we find expressed in them the elements of the strongest and purest Americanism. We find him writing to General Gage, that "there is no rank more honorable than that which flows from the uncorrupted choice of a brave and free people, the purest source and original fountain of all power." We find him lamenting the tendency to send young men abroad for an education, saying that there they cultivate too frequently "principles unfriendly to Republican Government and to the true and genuine liberties of mankind." In his private life, following his surrender of the Presidency, he showed constantly the spirit of true Americanism, serving on a petit jury, putting his shoulder to the wheel of a stranger's broken-down carriage on the road, ready, if need be, to respond again to the call to arms.

And then George Washington was like the Scotch and Scotch-Irish in his faith in a Divine Providence governing the destinies of men. It must have been with his Scotch blood in view that Mr. Labouchere, who died the other day, said once of William E. Gladstone, that he did not object at all to Mr.

Gladstone having an ace up his sleeve occasionally—whatever that may mean—but he did object to his assumption in every case that Providence had put it there. That has been a characteristic of the men of Scotland and of the Scotch-Irish as well as of George Washington. In the whole work which they have done in our national history, they have been men who believed profoundly in the present government of God in their lives and in their national life; men, some of them, who believed not simply that God and one man make a majority, but that God and one Scotchman are a unanimous vote.

I have wondered what George Washington would think of his country to-day. How marvelously it has grown beyond his farthest fancy; and what vast problems, of which he could have no conception, are facing us to-day! And yet I think that in some of his utterances George Washington showed a marvelous foresight, a marvelous anticipation of the problems which were to face the land of which he is so well called the father. I want before I close to read just two of those sayings of his which, it seems to me, are prophetic, and worthy of the deepest consideration in the days in which we live. He declared that even in that time—how much more in ours—"speculation, peculation and an insatiable thirst for riches seem to have got the better of every other consideration and almost of every order of men; that party disputes and personal quarrels are the great business of the day, while the momentous concerns of an empire are but secondary considerations and postponed from week to week."

Every word of the prayer he suggested for the day of Thanksgiving, to which he called the people in 1795, may, I think, be offered to-day, as we approach again the anniversary of his birth:—

"Humbly and fervently beseech the kind Author of these blessings graciously to prolong them to us, to imprint on our hearts a deep and solemn sense of our obligations to Him for them; to teach us rightly to estimate their immense value; to preserve us"—listen to this, in that age—"to preserve us from the arrogance of prosperity and from hazarding the advantages we enjoy by delusive pursuits; to dispose us to merit the continuance of His favors by not abusing them, by

our gratitude for them, and by a corresponding conduct as citizens, and as men; to render this country more and more a safe and propitious asylum for the unfortunate of other countries; to extend among us true and useful knowledge; to diffuse and establish habits of sobriety, order, morality and piety; and finally, to impart all the blessings we possess or ask for ourselves to the whole family of mankind."

I venture to believe that there is no better program for the days in which we live, as we stand face to face with the tremendous problems of our complex civilization, than these words which come down to us again to-night from the father of his country. Those problems, the gravity of them, their acuteness, we feel many a day; but they will be solved, and triumphantly solved, we believe, as we come more and more to emphasize in our national life, not those outward things—the fierce pursuit of wealth, the rivalries of social display—which are so apt to mark and to mar our life in these days, but rather the simplicity and contentment of a true human life, the simplicity of life as it was shown by Washington in his relations with the people he met every day, as it was shown by him in his emphasis upon the common tasks of citizenship which fell to his lot after he left the Presidency.

Those are but a few of the traits in which it seems to me that George Washington resembled the Scot and the Ulster Scot. I know he was not a Scotchman, but I incline to believe that he was the next best thing.

THE PRESIDENT:—

I would like to say in connection with what our good friend Dr. MacColl has said in regard to Washington that, while he had no children himself, his brothers married into five Scotch-Irish families. I get that from a book recently published by the president of one of the colleges in Virginia. It is very difficult to find a family in this country of any years' standing that has not some of that blood in it.

THE PRESIDENT:—

The next speech will be from our guest and friend, the honored Mayor of this city, Mr. Blankenburg. I am sure I ex-

press the opinion of every member of our Society, when I say that we feel honored in having him here. (Loud Applause.)

Mr. President and Members of the Scotch-Irish Society:—When asked to be your guest this evening, I accepted the invitation without hesitation, for I had taken part in your banquets on several occasions and had spoken once, I believe, some twenty years ago.

I am glad to address you to-night and to have the opportunity of paying my respects to the Scotch-Irish.

On looking over their history, if they have a history, I learn that when they first left Scotland to take possession of the northern part of Ireland, they did some good to the country which they blessed with their presence. I am also informed that at that time they were the most modest and unpretentious people. How bravely they have gotten over these characteristics! Some weeks ago I spoke at the annual banquet of the New England Society and there it was boastfully claimed that everything good, everything worth having, had come from New England and the New Englanders. It has been my lot to speak at banquets of many other societies, and nearly all claim to be the real thing, to surpass all the rest. I have not as yet been able to ascertain who among them all really deserves the first place.

You of the Scotch-Irish Society have, to some extent, eliminated yourselves from real American citizenship, because you persist in calling yourselves the Scotch-Irish. If you would call yourselves Scotch-Irish Americans, as the German-Americans, the Irish-Americans, and other Trans-Atlantic Americans patriotically do, you would deserve more credit, and might even be more successful in obtaining office than you are; this is one of the characteristics in which you outshine all the rest. It has been asked whether this country could have existed and prospered if it had not been for the Scotch-Irish. This question is paramount in the minds of many Scotch-Irish, but I feel, with all due deference to your greatness, your high appreciation of yourselves, that the country would have lived and acquired distinction even had the Scotch-Irish remained at home and never put in an appearance. You have no patron saint and are not even saints yourselves. The

Scotch have Saint Andrew and the Irish Saint Patrick, but you are resting on your own pinnacle. You do not owe anything to anybody, yet it is doubtful whether we owe quite as much to you as you think we do.

I read in a history the other day the story of what the Germans have done for America, and after reading two volumes —I think there are a number of others to follow—I came to the conclusion that the Germans amounted to a good deal after all—far more than their innate modesty ever claimed. Let me call your attention to the fact that the German Pastorius, in the seventeenth century, in Germantown, openly proclaimed against slavery, the first open declaration against this inhuman institution.

A MEMBER:—Rosengarten.

MAYOR BLANKENBURG:—You know it was Pastorius, and if you don't you ought to know. From what history teaches us, the Scotch-Irish were not at all averse to keeping slaves, in Virginia especially, and in other States, but the Germans were the first ones to proclaim against slavery, and at that time it required courage to do so. Pastorius, even two hundred years ago, saw the viciousness of slavery. He recognized human right and he had the courage to denounce slavery.

We were told to-night that six hundred thousand Scotch-Irish came to this country within sixty years. In looking over this assembly and knowing how much you think of yourselves and the noise you are making about yourselves, one might believe that six million or even twenty million had come over.

MR. POLLOCK:—Came by the Hamburg-American.

MAYOR BLANKENBURG:—The Hamburg-American is the largest and best line in the world, and that is something for which the Germans claim, and ought to be given, credit.

MR. POLLOCK:—Too many Dutch here now.

MAYOR BLANKENBURG:—There is one too many here for you. If you look at Germany, with but a few miles of coast line, you must give credit to that country for doing what no

other country has done, given the world the largest steamship line in existence. It is a first class company; I have crossed on their ships more than once.

MR. POLLOCK:—They are subsidized.

MAYOR BLANKENBURG:—No, they are not. I do not know whether you are subsidized or not. If Mr. Pollock has been subsidized to interrupt me you had better have him return the money.

MR. POLLOCK:—You haven't bought anything to-night.

MAYOR BLANKENBURG:—I don't have to. That is one of the perquisites of the Mayor's office. He does not have to pay for his dinner, for his wine, nor for his cigars, but that will never be your good luck, Mr. Pollock. You will never be elected Mayor.

I listened with a great deal of interest and pleasure to the remarks of my friend to the right when speaking of George Washington, whose birthday we are to celebrate the day after to-morrow. Let me say a few words of an American equally as great as Washington, Abraham Lincoln, whose birthday we celebrated on the twelfth day of this month. To my mind no greater man ever lived in this country or is known in the world's history than Abraham Lincoln. He had the true conception of what Americanism means. When he called the people of our country to arms, he didn't ask or say, "I want none but native Americans, none but Scotch-Irish, none but Scotch, none but Irish, or Germans, or English, or none but French." No, he called upon all the people of this great nation to take up arms in the defense of the Constitution and the Union. And all responded, and they fought and bled and died until, after four years' struggle, this great Union of ours was saved.

My remarks, which will be brief, are addressed to you, my friends, not as Scotch-Irishmen, but as Americans, all of whom are anxious and desirous to do for our country what it is our full duty to do. There are many problems confronting us at this hour. It is not the Scotch-Irishman who is called

upon to help solve these problems; it is the American citizen, no matter whether native born or whether he came from foreign shores. The great problems confronting us are many, and especially those of municipal government. If we have good and honest municipal government the whole question is solved, for municipal government underlies all government; I care not whether it be in a city of five millions of people or one hundred thousand people, or whether town or hamlet. Let us work together for honest, non-partisan municipal government; if we accomplish this the country will be safe. This problem presents itself to-day in Philadelphia, and this problem will, if you assist—I know you intend to—in supporting the administration, be solved. Then every municipality in this broad land will loudly praise the symbol of liberty—our own old Liberty Bell—that shall again proclaim from our good Quaker City liberty in all the land from boss government, that has been hanging like a pall over us these many years.

I am trying, gentlemen, here in Philadelphia, where you elected me to the highest office in the gift of the people, to solve the problem of municipal government. If you will help this administration, not as Scotch-Irishmen, but as Americans, I can assure you that Philadelphia will in the near future be looked up to as the one great municipality that has set the pace for every municipality, for every town and for every hamlet. Then the echo will sound and resound, that a strictly business administration is the solution of a great question and must be adopted in every municipality so that the pepole will get their own and hold their own.

This I ask you, fellow-citizens, to help me accomplish. I care nothing for the honors of the office; I care nothing for the emoluments: all I desire is your support to give this city an administration that will be emulated and patterned after everywhere. Then conditions from which we have suffered for many years will be made impossible in the future.

Gentlemen of the Scotch-Irish Society, aid me in this purpose. Even if you tenaciously cling to the name of Scotch-Irish, remember that you are Americans and that your first duty is to be and live as American citizens.

THE PRESIDENT:—

GENTLEMEN:—There have been many great historical characters produced in this free country of ours, and in his great achievement Sam Houston had a character, David Crockett, Colonel Crockett. Colonel Crockett was the hero of Alamo, and he was elected to Congress and in passing through Philadelphia—he was a Scotch-Irishman—no citizen, I think, that ever came to Philadelphia had such a reception as he had. History tells us that the whole population turned out to receive him. On his way back home he called at Nashville to pay his respects to Andrew Jackson, one of the great men of our race. Andrew Jackson said to him, "David, won't you have something?" He said, "I will." "There is the decanter and the glass." And he said, "While I was pouring it out, he turned his back on me, and I knowed he was a gentleman."

I am sure that we are all grateful to Mr. Blankenburg for his great speech, and we all believe in him.

THE PRESIDENT:—

The next address we are to have is from our friend who has come from New York to tell us something and to add to the pleasure of the evening, Mr. William H. McElroy, of New York. I call upon him.

MR. WILLIAM H. MCELROY:—

A great philosopher who formed a part of "the glory that was Greece," left to mankind the admonition, "Know thyself." These dinners, I take it, may be regarded as the outcome of obedience to that admonition. For when we Scotch-Irish come to know ourselves, come to know the Scotch-Irish past and present, we naturally become enamored of ourselves and so feel that a decent respect for what appreciation owes to sterling merit demands that we should celebrate ourselves as opportunity offers. Having the courage of our convictions, modestly but firmly we hold that we Scotch-Irish are the chosen people; that we are the consummate flowers of the human race. We doubt not that if the rule of the survival of the fittest was generally enforced this earth of ours, from pole to pole, would enjoy the blessing of a Scotch-Irish monopoly. We may be

sure that it would not be a grasping monopoly. All that the Scotch-Irish ever aimed to acquire, so far as I know, was the earth and the fullness thereof.

The Scotch-Irish are a demonstration of the proposition that in union there is strength. But there is not always strength in union; it depends upon what is united. Were it otherwise there would be fewer unfortunate marriages. Multiply weakness by weakness and the product is weakness. A thousand times naught is naught. History united to fiction produces the historical novel. But a keen critic has trenchantly observed that the trouble with the historical novel is that the story warps the history, while the history handicaps the story. I have in mind an aforetime president of Princeton University who left the "still air of delightful studies for the vociferous air of practical politics. He has indicated the belief that there is not invariably strength in union. That is to say, that if he returned to teaching he would explain to his class in mathematics that a Presidential boom plus a weekly newspaper is not as strong as said boom minus said weekly.

But the Scotch-Irish union is indeed an ideal union. We are told that when things differ in order that they may correspond you have a counterpart. The Scotch and the Irish thus felicitously differ and the result is a perfect correspondence. To their dual nature the Scotch contributes common sense and the Irish uncommon sense;. the Scotch is a little too pessimistic, but the balance is preserved since the Irish is a little too optimistic. The Scotch contributes wisdom and the Irish wit. The Scotch illuminates with the torch of science; the Irish with that supernal light of fancy and imagination "which never was on sea or land;" the Scotch contributes the thrift, the Irish a generosity in accordance with the exclamation of the Scotch-Irish Motley, "Give me the luxuries of life and I will dispense with its necessities." Sydney Smith stated that "it requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding;" the Irish have a genius for the jocose and are so unrivaled as first aid to the obtuse Scotch. If we pass to the fair domain of the fine arts we find the ethereal romantic music of the Irish harp mitigating the harrowing harmonies of the Scotch bagpipe. I am fond of the story of

Pat's observation on first hearing the bagpipe. He listened for half an hour and then, the bagpiper having retired, he was asked how he liked the music. "Well," he replied, "I was so glad to have the performance stop that I was glad I had sat through it."

Permit me a brief personal reference. Whenever I desire to lay a peculiarly unctious unction to my soul I recall what General Lee wrote to Robert Morris and General Gates in 1779 or thereabouts. Lee bore witness that the government of Northern Virginia, Pennsylvania and Maryland was "neither monarchy, aristocracy or democracy, but *Macocracy*." Now, pondering on this rare tribute to the aptitude for ruling displayed by the Scotch-Irish Macs and realizing that government to-day in this marvelously prosperous country, so far as essentials are concerned, is about as it was in the good old days as to which Lee testified, what are we to conclude?

We are to conclude, are we not, that what Lincoln really meant in his Gettysburg speech was that his countrymen must see to it that government of the Macs, by the Macs and for the Macs should not perish from the earth.

Still the Scotch-Irish attitude toward other races is not one of arrogance or intolerance. By no means. It was said of Charles James Fox that his love of country did not consist in hatred of the rest of mankind. Our appreciation of the Scotch-Irish is indeed ardent, but when we meet people of another lineage we don't vilify them, we don't insist that they shall get off the earth. Oh, no. We simply—more in sorrow than in anger—question their taste in wishing to prolong their days, since they are not Scotch-Irish, and let it go at that.

These may be the words of truth—highly frescoed truth—but they are not the words of soberness. No, not the words of soberness; but then there is a time not to be sober. On the staff of New York's war Governor, John A. Dix, there was a soldier poet, Col. Halpine, who wrote over the signature of "Miles O'Reilly." A great victory during the civil war inspired him to produce an ardent lyric which began

"Bad luck to the man
Who is sober to-night."

Those lines might well be the motto of us Scotch-Irish this evening! Of course I am not referring to physical inebriation, but to that fine intoxication of the heart and the soul whose other name is enthusiasm. Last week occurred the festival of St. Valentine, and my remarks, if you choose, are to be regarded as a belated Valentine. It is in order to be enthusiastic in a Valentine. Indeed, it is always in order to be enthusiastic. Life without enthusiasm would be as dreary as a regulation afternoon tea in a deaf and dumb asylum.

I rejoice at this opportunity of celebrating with you the Scotch-Irish. Daniel Webster in a speech of surpassing eloquence exclaimed, "I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts. She needs none. There is Boston and Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill, and there they will remain forever." Boston, Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill are indeed mighty names to conjure with; but they are not mightier than the names which shine on the roll of the Scotch-Irish, names the simple calling of which constitutes a splendid eulogium of our race. You cannot write the history of the United States without writing the history of the Scotch-Irish. In peace and in war they have proved good and faithful servants of our country. They played a prominent part in making and preserving the Nation. They held up the hands of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. In every important field of human effort they have made their mark. Their record is part of Uncle Sam's goodly heritage. They have shown themselves to the last degree resourceful. Point out to a Scotch-Irishman that there is the highest authority for asserting that "The meek shall inherit the earth," and you by no means cause him to take a gloomy view of his real estate prospects. He may not tell you, but he will tell himself that if he isn't meek, he is masterful, and that being masterful he puts a cheerful courage on, doubting not that he will discover a way of inducing the meek to make a fair divide with him. The Scotch-Irish insistence upon their own point of view, their preference for looking at things through their own eyes and not through eyes which are politely placed at their disposal by Mrs. Grundy, recalls one of the striking peculiarities of the Bostonian. A shrewd observer—it may have been Sherlock

Holmes—states that a Bostonian when in Rome does as the Bostonians do. The Scotch-Irish, as a rule, don't care much for Rome, but those of them that go there do as the Scotch-Irish do.

When Oliver Cromwell was sitting for his portrait he said to the artist, "Paint me as I am, warts and all." He could afford to be painted without reserve because he was Cromwell. Your Scotch-Irishman is by no means a perfect character. He has faults and frailties, some of which are more or less agreeable, and besides he is apt to be dogmatic, apt to take himself too seriously, apt not to recognize the difference between a dignified tenacity of purpose and a bull-headed stubbornness. When I was a small boy in Albany the Scotch-Irish to whom I owed allegiance kept the Sabbath so rigorously strict that we children found the day as long as we didn't find the "Shorter Catechism" short. But whatever his limitations or his sins of commission or of omission, the typical Scotch-Irishman can well afford, like Cromwell, to have his portrait painted, since in comparison with his virtues, all the rest is but as the small dust of the balance. I don't know as he ever has been put on canvas satisfactorily. But Rudyard Kipling might well have had him in mind when he drew the powerful figure which he calls "If:"—

"If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
  But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
  Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

"If you can dream, and not make dreams your master;
  If you can think, and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
  And treat these two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
  Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
  And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools;

"If you can make one pile of all your winnings
And risk it on a game of pitch and toss and lose,
And lose and turn again to your beginnings,
And never say a word about your loss;
If you can force your brain and heart and sinew
To do their turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there's nothing in you
Except the will that says to them 'Hold on';

"If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings, nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run—
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a man, my son!"

Remarks of EX-GOVERNOR STUART in presenting porridge spoon to the retiring President, MR. MCILHENNY:—

I ask the privilege of being allowed to perform a very pleasant duty. It has been the custom of the Society upon the retirement of each President, to present him with a little token of regard for his services during his term. By regulation of the Society, each President is entitled to but one term. I do not think that it has ever been broken. I do not think—and I say it reverently—that any man has been President of the Society who has retired with greater love, affection and regard of the entire Society than the President who retires at the end of this meeting. He was one of the original founders of the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania, and the contribution to the Scotch-Irish history of Pennsylvania in the proceedings of these various dinners has been the only contribution made to the Scotch-Irish history in Pennsylvania. The epoch has been in his term, because, as we have been told by Professor Ford, there is now being prepared under the auspices of this Society, a history of the Scotch-Irish people. I desire in the name of the Society to present to the retiring President this emblem of its affectionate regard, this porridge spoon, which on one side has engraved

"Pioneer Porridge" and on the other side "Mush and Milk" and on the handle the typical representative of Ulster, the red hand of Ulster. I desire to present it to you, not particularly because you are a Scotch-Irishman, not particularly because of the fact that you are the retiring President, but above and beyond everything else, because you are John McIlhenny the citizen, and John McIlhenny the man.

THE PRESIDENT:—

Such a tribute from such a source I hold to be of inestimable value, and wish that I had the power of language to express my gratitude and appreciation of the kind words that have just been spoken by our friend and distinguished citizen, Ex-Governor Stuart. I thank you most sincerely.

Our friend Dr. McElroy has told you about the way in which our ancestors kept the Sabbath. I think it is one of the greatest tributes to them. I was in Knoxville, Tennessee, upon one occasion, and my friend Dr. MacIntosh and I took dinner with Dr. Park there, who is of an old family settled in that valley. He said that in the old days there was only one minister and four churches in the valley, and on Sundays when they had no preaching his grandfather read his Bible under a tree out in the yard. One Sunday morning while he was doing so he saw a hawk come down and take one of his chickens, and his ever-ready rifle standing on the back porch, he picked it up and shot the hawk. The neighbors had never heard the sound of music or gun on the Sabbath before and they ran to Brother Park to find out what was the matter. He was very much put out about it. He did not know what to say about making this disturbance. Finally he got his Scotch-Irish wit together and said, "That is what the hawk got for breaking the Sabbath."

We have with us to-night a gentleman who has recently been honored by being elected president of Princeton University. Some of our speakers this evening have told what the Scotch-Irish have done for this country. They have done a great deal more than we ever claimed, notwithstanding their disposition to claim everything; but one thing that the

Scotch did through John Knox was that they gave free schools to the world. No greater boon was ever given to mankind. It has elevated the masses; it has taught the few who govern the world that the other portion of it have rights; and we have with us this evening this distinguished educator, who will no doubt worthily maintain the prestige and name of Princeton University. I would like him to say a few words to us.

JOHN GRIER HIBBEN:—

MR. PRESIDENT, DR. MACCOLL, WHO INSISTS UPON TAKING SCOTCH STRAIGHT, AND MEMBERS OF THE SCOTCH-IRISH AMERICAN SOCIETY:—

It is indeed a great honor and a privilege to be one of your guests to-night. I came by a late train from Princeton to my room in this hotel, and had just closed the door of the room when I heard the telephone ring, and going to the receiver the message came from the office, "Shall we send up your whiskey now or later?" I replied, "There must be some mistake. I did not order any whiskey." The word came to me, "We have instructions to send whiskey to all the members of the Scotch-Irish Society who have rooms in this hotel."

Gentlemen, I confess that I come before you to-night with some feeling of embarrassment and dread, in appearing before and speaking to this distinguished audience; yet let me confess it is not so much what you are to-day as what you were five generations ago that causes this dread and embarrassment on my part. I feel an awe and reverence when I think of your ancestors, and this feeling of delightful dread, if I may so put it, in coming to you is illustrated better than I can express it by the remark of a Yankee farmer in Maine. He was no Scotch-Irishman, but he had some Scotch-Irish tendencies in his nature. He was going late one afternoon to the village to take the train, with an old-fashioned carpet-bag in his hands. One of his friends stopped and said to him, "Where are you going?" He said, "I am going down to Bangor to get drunk, and gosh! how I dread it."

Our eminent German friend, his Honor the Mayor, has said that we have no patron saint, we who boast of our Scotch-Irish ancestry. I think that the original Scotch-Irishman was Saint Peter, and that goes back to the beginnings of our ecclesiastical relations at least, for, as tradition goes, a Scotch-Irishman came to she gates of heaven and entered into conversation with Saint Peter. In the course of the conversation Saint Peter remarked to the Scotch-Irishman that within the doors of that place one day was the same as millions and millions of years, and indeed one minute was as a million of years and a million of years as one minute. He then went on to say in reply to the question of the Scotch-Irishman, "and a million dollars here is as one cent, and one cent as a million dollars." The Scotch-Irishman said,"Oh, Saint Peter, will you not give me a cent?" And Saint Peter replied—and I base my argument on his reply that he was a Scotch-Irishman —"My friend, wait a minute." We take him, therefore, as being our patron saint.

If you will pardon me in this presence, I should like to give a personal word in reference to my own Scotch-Irish connections. It has been my privilege to claim three homes: one my birthplace, Peoria, Illinois; another a home of four years in the Cumberland Valley in the town of Chambersburg; and the third, in the village of Princeton. I mention my native home in Peoria, Illinois, because that place was settled by a Scotch-Irish colony moving westward along the parallel of latitude from Pennsylvania. As I was brought up as a boy, I was surrounded by the different families in that town, as I recall them by the name of McKinney, McCullough, MacIlvain, McClure and other Macs, also the Coopers, the Reynolds, the Herrons, and my own family by the name of Grier. Every name that I have mentioned I heard again and again when I came back to reside in my home in Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. It was the movement of that body of people towards the West that settled the central counties of Illinois. Reference has been made here to-night to Abraham Lincoln. It was that body of men, the men of that strain, who, in Peoria, Illinois, listened to Lincoln's famous debates with Douglas in the old court house of my native town. It was that body

of men, men of that strain, that helped to elect Lincoln President of the United States, and when the call came we find that body of men going to the front and dying in the service of their country; and I am proud to say that of the group that left my native town, my father was one and died in the civil war, after the battle of Fort Donelson, when I was but a year old.

Later in my life I had the privilege of being for four years in the town of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania. In my native town of Peoria the Scotch-Irish were twice removed from their original settlement. When I came to Chambersburg I found there the Scotch-Irish once removed from their old Ulster surroundings; and I carried away with me, after the years that I lived in that village, a vivid memory of the strength and tenacity of conviction, the thrift, the push and energy of that Scotch-Irish community, and at the same time it was my privilege to sound the very depths of their affections. In this company to-night I am sure that it will not be regarded by any of you as invidious if I single out one man in my memory of that Chambersburg community, a man whose memory I delight to honor. I refer to the one who was my dearest and most intimate friend for four years, Colonel Thomas B. Kennedy, a man known to you all. He represents to me two things of the Scotch-Irish character; two qualities which may seem to some to be absolutely contradictory: the strength and the tenderness of a noble nature; and as I think of Colonel Kennedy these two blended qualities rise to my mind.

My third and present home is Princeton. Will you allow me to say a word with reference to the relation between the old college of New Jersey from which Princeton University has sprung and the Scotch-Irish of this country? I feel that I am entitled to claim this privilege, because I recognize the fact that I am here to-night because I represent Princeton University.

Princeton was, in the old colonial days, a great Scotch-Irish center. It has never lost, and I pray God it may never lose, its Scotch-Irish spirit. I would have Princeton represented in your thoughts as a place into which there set and from which there proceeded a great tide, the constant ebb and flow of Scotch-Irish influences. There was the flood into Prince-

ton of the young boys sent to us from Pennsylvania and the States and colonies of the South, and then back again from Princeton there was a steady stream into those districts, where the men who had been graduated from Princeton founded schools and colleges in Pennsylvania and in the South. In my opinion, the most glorious page of Princeton's history, when that history shall finally be written, will be found in the early days in the record of the schools and colleges established by Princeton men, running west and into the South, down the natural passageways of the valleys, far out into the West. Deep down into the South we find the stream of Princeton influence. Allow me to read the list, very briefly, of the schools and universities founded by Princeton men:—

Jefferson College, Pennsylvania.
Washington College, Western Pennsylvania; becoming Washington-Jefferson College.
University of Tennessee, Nashville, Tennessee.
Davidson Academy.
Greenville College.
Washington College in the Mississippi Valley.
University of North Carolina.
Queen's Museum, North Carolina.
Hampton and Sidney College.
Washington and Lee University.

They are the children of the old college of New Jersey. That, it seems to me, is the very center of the Princeton representative influence in the South, and from that time to the present day this constant relationship has existed between the South and Princeton.

In conclusion, I desire to take up one essential and, as it seems to me, the central characteristic of the Scotch-Irish nature, and I perhaps have picked out this characteristic because it is that which I crave, above all others, to be the characteristic of the young man who goes forth from the American college to-day. I crave above all things that it may be the characteristic of our Princeton men. It is this: it is the consciousness on the part of an individual of his own dignity as a man. We have had reference by his Honor the Mayor to the fact that the Scotch-Irish are not the only people on

the earth. I believe that when you analyze the Scotch-Irish character you will find that the very center of his consciousness is, not the pride that he is Scotch or that he is Irish, but that he is a *man*, and it is because he has risen to the consciousness of the full dignity of manhood, the fact that he has been able to look, throughout his life, every man face to face and eye to eye—that fact has been the secret of the Scotch-Irish success in this country.

We are all of us, as teachers to-day, interested tremendously in the problem of evolution. If there is any one word that would characterize the study and the teaching of this age—and by this age I mean the last forty or fifty years, up to this present time—it is this idea of evolution. Now it is a very simple matter when we are discussing the evolution of the plant or the evolution of an animal, for we can sum up the whole progress of development perhaps in two phrases: the power of adaptation to environment, and the survival of the fittest. But when we come to the history of man, these phrases are not adequate, and when we take up the history of evolution of human nature, the most interesting phase of that development, in my opinion, is the development of the Scotch-Irish character. It is because he recognizes himself as a man, not as a thing, not as something that can be played upon by the forces of nature, but because he recognizes within himself the elements of personality, that this phrase "adaptation to environment" does not fit him. The plant, if it is to survive, must adapt itself to environment; the animal must adapt itself to its environment. The Scotch-Irishman has discovered the secret of adapting his environment to himself, and that makes all the difference in the world. It is the line of difference that we draw between nature and human nature, and the Scotch-Irish, more than any other kind of man—I say this now that his Honor the Mayor has left us—more than any other kind or type of man recognizes this fact. Then that other phrase, the "survival of the fittest." We would say, if there ever was a phrase that fit perfectly the Scotch-Irish, here it is. What does the biologist tell us to-day is the arena of the survival of the fittest? It is the great struggle for existence. There you have a mass of struggling men, and you

throw a body of Scotch-Irish among them. Will they win their way out? Yes. But I say that this characteristic of the Scotch-Irish is not adequate. It is true as far as it goes. Why? Because, in the midst of that human nature so different from nature itself which is not human—in the midst of that human nature, at the very center of that God-given personality, we have that which has already been referred to as the great spring and source of generosity, of consideration for other men. When you have the animal, in his struggle for existence, you have but one impulse, the egoistic, the pushing of another to the wall, the crushing out of his life, but where you have the human being, a personality in the midst of other human beings and other personalities, you have a very different problem. It is not the egoistic impulse alone, but the altruistic along with it. If you ask me what type of man best illustrates egoistic impulse in the world, my reply is the Scotch-Irish; and if you ask me what type best illustrates the altruistic impulse, I say again, the Scotch-Irish. They are the ones who have had upon them for centuries the burden of a missionary compulsion in their nature; not merely living for themselves, but going out into the whole world to minister unto others. We behold, therefore, in the development of this strain of human nature the evolution of the world, it seems to me, reaching its very highest point and the very final phase of its development.

Now, gentlemen, in conclusion, I have but one other thought, and that is one I think that comes to us all at a time like this. We have met, and very appropriately met, to celebrate the work and the life of our beloved ancestors. I do not think that any body of Chinese could more reverently or fervently indulge in ancestral worship than we have done to-night. But I believe that this thought comes to every one of us as we go away from this gathering: in future generations—one hundred years, two hundred years from now—will our children and children's children and the great-grandchildren, gather together and will they rise up and call us blessed in the same way that we have called our Scotch-Irish ancestors blessed?

There is an old story that you have all heard, I am sure, of the habit in old Scotland at the time of the evening prayers.

The servants summoned the family, gathered them all together for "whusky and prayers." We perhaps have held on to the tradition of the "whusky," but on the other hand we may have forgotten the prayers. Will our children say of us, as we say of our ancestors, "They had the courage of their convictions; they were men that could not be bought with any price; they were willing always to sacrifice their convenience and their comfort to their convictions; they believed in the enlightened mind; they believed also in the reverent heart. Will they say of us, in the years to come, "Our fathers' fathers kept faith with God and man, therefore let us unite in praising them." God grant that may be the word in the mouths of those who come after us.

MINUTE
ON THE DEATH OF REV. DR. McCOOK.

PRESENTED BY REV. MARCUS A. BROWNSON, D.D.

Of the Rev. Henry Christopher McCook, D.D., LL.D., the Scotch-Irish Society of Pennsylvania has ample reason to cherish, among its choicest memories, a just pride. He was one of the founders of the Society, a leading spirit of that small group of men, consisting, besides himself, of Colonel McClure, the Rev. Dr. John S. MacIntosh, the Rev. Dr. S. D. McConnell and Mr. C. W. McKeehan; and from the inception of the Society, in the year 1890, until his much-lamented death, on October 31st, 1911, he was an enthusiastic supporter of its interests, freely giving his time, talents and painstaking labor to gather and to preserve the noble traditions and historic achievements of our race. Few occasions, like this which has called us together in goodly fellowship about this board, have passed without a witty word, and a wise one, from his voice, while his pen has contributed in song, in story and in narrative statement, many bits of history illustrative of the heroism and canny good sense of the Scotch-Irish people. He was President of the Society in the year 1895–6, and presided at the Seventh Annual Dinner, held in the month of February, 1896. For many years, he was the Chairman of the Committee on History and Archives. If now living, he would be greatly interested in and gratified over the history on which Professor Ford is at work.

The genial smile upon his radiant face, the merry twinkle of his sparkling eyes, the cordial grasp of his eager hand and the eloquence streaming forth from his warm heart will not soon be forgotten, while his always timely and always forceful presentation of present-day motive and manner of life as incited by the purposes and deeds of our forefathers, never failed to produce a deep impression on our minds.

Such a man we count as among our most highly-valued assets; and it is fitting that we should pause in our proceedings this evening for a brief review of his much-enriched and much-achieving life, as a virile force for all that we esteem instructive, inspiring and uplifting.

Dr. McCook was born in Lisbon, Ohio, on the third day of July, 1837. The blood of a Scotch-Irish and New England ancestry mingled in his veins, the Scotch-Irish element predominating. He belonged to a noble and historic family whose achievements in the professions of the law, of medicine, of the ministry, and in the army are well known. He was prepared for college in the public schools of Ohio, and entered the Scotch-Irish College at Canonsburg, Pennsylvania, then known as Jefferson, now Washington and Jefferson College, located at Washington, Pennsylvania. From that institution he was honorably graduated in 1859. The same year he entered the Western Theological Seminary at Pittsburgh, North Side, then Allegheny City. At the breaking out of the civil war, he left the seminary and entered the service of the army as the first lieutenant of a company in the Forty-first Volunteer Regiment of Illinois, which regiment he helped to organize. Later he became the chaplain of the regiment. After two years of army service, 1861–1862, he took up the active duties of the ministry in his first pastorate at Clinton, Illinois; and, after some three years of pastoral service there, engaged in mission work in the city of St. Louis during the years 1864–1869, inclusive.

In November of 1869 he was called to the pastorate of the Seventh Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia, situated at Broad Street and South Penn Square, which church, by union with the Sixth Church and by taking the original title of that congregation, became the Tabernacle Presbyterian Church, the congregation now worshiping in the beautiful edifice located at Chestnut and Thirty-seventh Streets, which was erected during his pastorate, having been dedicated May 6th, 1886. Dr. McCook's ministry in his Philadelphia charge covered a period of thirty-three years, a third of a century crowded with the ceaseless work of his ever-busy brain and his tireless efforts to accomplish the duties of his calling.

Upon his retirement from the active responsibilities of the Tabernacle pulpit and pastorate, to become pastor emeritus, he built a beautiful house at Devon and lived there until his death, last October. His love of nature and his soldierly spirit found expression in the name he gave his country home, "Brook Camp."

The wide-reaching influence of his ministry and of his labors beyond his distinctive pulpit and pastoral duties can be told but very inadequately in few words. He was richly and variously endowed with rare talents. Like Michael Angelo, "the man with four souls," like the many-sided Franklin, Dr. McCook possessed many amazing abilities which found abundant exercise and achievement in so many lines of effort that increasing wonder is the attitude of mind of all who give thought to his versatile mentality and his variegated work. He was an historical scholar of acknowledged authority, and was well versed in symbolism and in civic and ecclesiastical heraldry. He was a popular platform orator, with great persuasive power over an audience. He was a constructive leader in practical affairs of a civic, charitable and ecclesiastical character. He was a scientist whose original investigations, discoveries and classifications published in his numerous contributions to the volume of exact knowledge of nature, won the recognition and regard of men of science the world over. He was a poet whose stirring songs awakened many hearts to a new appreciation of the beauty of the natural world and to the nobility of heroic deeds of men. Who among us of this Society that listened to his reading of his poem, "The Battle of King's Mountain," will forget that ballad? He was a novelist with brilliant imagination and gift of words to tell and to adorn a tale, "Quaker Ben" and "Prisca of Patmos" having been written upon his bed during the last year of his life. He was an author whose literary product covering the wide range of his thinking is voluminous. One hundred and eleven publications bear the imprint of his name, some of these being books of goodly size and one a work in three large volumes. He was a patriot whose passionate love of country made him a good soldier in war and a good soldier in peace when moral and political battles for righteousness were waged. He was

always and everywhere an heroic soldier. He was a philanthropist, if not in munificent purse, in incessant work for the relief of suffering humanity on the field of battle and in crowded city, which drew heavily on heart and hand.

But above all else, before all else, after all else, he was a preacher of the Gospel, and a soldier, a servant of Jesus Christ. The Rev. Dr. Charles Wadsworth put this well, in his noble address at the funeral of Dr. McCook: "One central purpose runs through the many-sided outgoings of his mentality. If, like St. Paul, he seemed to become 'all things to all men,' at the same time, like St. Paul, he did this only that he "might win some." This was the master passion running through all his diversified efforts. If ever a man loved God with his mind, it was Dr. McCook. He put all his powers at the disposal of the Spirit and sought to use them for the advancement of the Kingdom. Thus, while doing many things, he was always doing one thing, and this thread of mental consecration, like a thread of gold, ran through all the jewels of his separate achievements, binding them together in one necklace of service, the offering which he laid at his Master's feet."

We miss him; we mourn him, here to-night. Yet "he being dead, still speaketh." So deep and lasting was the impression his great mind and great heart made upon us that, now, it all but seems we can feel the touch of the "vanished hand" and hear the "voice that is still."

Let us ever hold in memory dear this noble man, and others of our goodly fellowship also, who, like him, have gone out from our company to enter the great brotherhood of kindred spirits in the land of unbroken fellowships that lies beyond.

APPENDIX A.

Report of Charles L. McKeehan, Treasurer Pennsylvania Scotch-Irish Society, for Year Ending December 31st, 1911.

DR.

Balance from preceding year		$225 68
Membership dues for 1911	$480 00	
Subscriptions to 22d Annual Dinner	725 00	
Interest on deposits	8 22	
		1,213 22
		$1,438 90

CR.

Postage, &c	$30 00	
Dinner subscriptions returned	15 00	
John Maene, carving spoon	43 00	
Speakers' traveling and hotel expenses	86 00	
T. & W. J. Johnson Co., binding reports	1 00	
Dreka Company, menus, dinner cards, etc	39 50	
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, 150 covers at $3.50, cigars, wines and music	633 95	
Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, cigars	14 30	
Wm. Hoskins Co., engraving invitations	12 25	
Wm. Hoskins Co., letter book	2 35	
J. S. Clark, telephone calls and telegrams	1 05	
Clerical service	20 00	
Geo. H. Buchanan Co., printing second notice and envelopes	17 25	
William M. Clift, stenographer	17 50	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing notices, table plan, &c	41 75	
Allen, Lane & Scott, printing annual report	154 70	
	$1,129 60	
Balance January 1st, 1912	309 30	
		$1,438 90

The above report has been audited and found correct, showing a balance of $309.30 to the credit of the Society in bank January 1st, 1912.

William Righter Fisher,
Robert A. Wright,
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 de-

termined 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.

Hon. E. F. Acheson.....Washington, Pa.
William Alexander.....Chambersburg, Pa.
Hon. William H. Armstrong...Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia.
William H. Arrott.....431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
Louis H. Ayres.....4th and Cumberland Sts., Philadelphia.
William G. Ayres.....Cynwyd, Pa.

D. G. Baird.....228 South Third St., Philadelphia.
Thomas E. Baird.....Haverford, Pa.
Thomas E. Baird, Jr.....Villa Nova, Pa.
John Baird.....Haverford, Pa.
Hon. Thomas R. Bard.....Hueneme, Ventura Co., Cal.
James M. Barnett.....New Bloomfield, Perry County, Pa.
J. E. Barr.....1107 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
Robert Beatty.....Coral and Adams Sts., Philadelphia.
Robert O. Beatty.....Buffalo, N. Y.
John Cromwell Bell.....1333 Land Title Building, Philadelphia.
Edward M. Biddle.....321 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
Hon. Edward W. Biddle.....Carlisle, Pa.
Samuel Galt Birnie.....133 South Twelfth St., Philadelphia.
Benjamin R. Boggs.....Philadelphia & Reading Ry., Phila.
Thomas Boggs.....Melrose Park, Pa.
Rev. J. Gray Bolton, D.D.....1906 Pine St., Philadelphia.
Samuel R. Broadbent.....3431 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
Francis Shunk Brown.....815 Stephen Girard Building, Phila.
Rev. Marcus A. Brownson, D.D.1414 Spruce St., Philadelphia.
James I. Brownson.....Washington, Pa.
Right Hon. James Bryce
(Honorary).....Washington, D. C.
John W. Buchanan.....Beaver, Beaver County, Pa.
Charles Elmer Bushnell.....Atlantic Refining Co., The Bourse, Phila.
William H. Burnett.....400 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

A. A. Cairns, M.D.....1539 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia.
J. Albert Caldwell.....902 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
Rev. John Calhoun, D.D.....Mt. Airy, 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.....937 W. Fourth St., Williamsport, Pa.
Robert Carson.....Huntingdon St. and Trenton Ave., Phila.
William G. Carson.....205 South Forty-second St., Philadelphia.
Henry Carver.....Doylestown, Pa.
A. H. Christy.....Scranton, Pa.
Rev. J. W. Cochran, D.D.....Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia.
Rev. J. Agnew Crawford, D.D.
(Honorary).....Chambersburg, Pa.
George W. Creighton.....Altoona, Pa.
Alexander Crow, Jr.....2112 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.
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JOHN B. STEVENSON, JR.....Abington, Montgomery County, Pa.
GEORGE H. STEWART.....Shippensburg, Pa.
WILLIAM M. STEWART.....Residence not known.
HON. JOHN STEWART.....Chambersburg, Franklin County, Pa.
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COL. W. W. STEWART.....Chambersburg, Pa.
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